

Thank
you
mom

MAY 2021

SUPER SIXTIES

My Love Abounds

**Oh, the beauty God sends for eyes to behold;
But with our ears, we hear from His soul.**

**In music He's spoken through many a man-
Schubert, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin.**

**Laughter is a song from a child at play;
A rooster's crow ushers in the new day.**

**In the wee hours of morn, hear a babe's cry;
Enjoy the melodious tunes of birds in the sky.**

**The wind whistles, and fires roar;
Thunder claps, and there's so much more.**

**On an old tin roof the raindrops fall;
A gentle rhythm to us does call.**

**Listen to the chorus of cicadas in the trees;
Hear the chirps of crickets and the buzz of bees.**

**The surf roars upon white sand;
It bellows a concerto every so grand.**

**The melodies of mountain brooks over rocks gently spring;
The winds through the pine trees mournfully sing.**

**Summer's day gives way to night;
A choir of frogs chants with delight.**

**In creation He's orchestrated each sound
To proclaim His promise: My love abounds.**

~Joan Brantley



TIME FOR A CHANGE

A sign in a church nursery read: "Not all shall sleep...but all shall be changed." Unfortunately, many of us, like Rip Van Winkle, sleep through change while the world passes by.

Adjusting to change is so uncomfortable. Someone has said you can tell a person's age by the degree of pain he feels in the face of change. We cling to an old, comfortable, worn out pair of shoes, unaware that without change we'll soon be barefoot.

But change we must, since it's a continual process. Yesterday's mansions are tomorrow's slums. As Carlyle reminds us, "Today is not yesterday. We ourselves change. How then, can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same...Change, indeed, is painful, yet ever needful; and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope."

However, change for change's sake may be only an exercise in futility. All change is not progress. Remember when hotels were located near the railroad depot and the noise of the trains kept people awake all night? Today that's all changed. We now build motels by interstate highways and the big trucks keep us awake all night!

And what about changing fashions? This year's fad is next year's garage sale bargain. One fellow said, "Look, I'm fashionable. I'm wearing see-through hair!" Anybody remember the mini-skirt craze? A reader wrote "Dear Abbey" for an opinion on them. She replied: "I can only repeat the immortal words of Jim Klobuchar, "Never in the history of fashions has so little material been raised so high to reveal so much that needs to be covered so badly."

But change, both good and bad is inevitable. And we've seen a lot of it in our lifetime. We can accept this because our faith is in a changeless God. Like the psalmist, we can know, "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they

shall be changed: But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

(Psalms 102:26-27).

That's where we are and that's what we're about. Change can continue its slow, silent work of re-arranging the patterns, but our unchanging Father does have the whole world in His hand. Therefore, we can join with the saints of the ages in singing the precious old hymn:

*"Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me!"*

Lilacs For Memorial Day

Rose Koralewsky

The lush grass deepens by forgotten roads
Where little vagrant breezes softly stray,
Laden with fragrance from the leafy bowers
Where blossom lilacs for Memorial Day.

The dewy sprays of Tyrian rose and white
Still nod above the stone walls old and gray,
As once when happy children laughed with joy
To see the lilacs for Memorial Day.

Gone are the ancient houses mossy-roofed,
Gone the white schoolhouse
where in brave array
The bright-eyes boys and girls
once proudly marched,
Bearing their lilacs for Memorial Day.

The volley and the bugle notes are stilled,
And bright flags flutter in the sun's last ray;
Once more they bloom
on fair New England hills-
The hallowed lilacs for Memorial Day.



2021



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|---|-----------------|----|-----------------------|----|------------------|
| 1 | Grace Fulmer | 11 | Mary Dannettel | 23 | Steve Bond |
| | Peggy Hesson | | Ken Haines | | Joyce Buckner |
| | Violet Street | 12 | Bonnie Kern | | John Fuchs |
| 2 | Veronica Warren | 13 | Sherry Cole | 25 | Pam Cole |
| 3 | Irene Smith | | Ed Dannettel | | Jeannine Peregoy |
| | Donna Upton | | Marcelle Edwards | | Paul Willhide |
| 5 | Grace Woodie | 14 | Shirley Harman | 26 | Betty Davis |
| 6 | Reba Burrier | | Imogene Rill | 28 | Florence Wolf |
| | Joyce Lindsey | 15 | Debra Neubeck | 29 | Nancy Houck |
| 8 | Joyce Applefeld | 16 | Sheila Thomas | 30 | Jane Haines |
| | Marlene Adkins | 17 | Charlotte Gillenwater | 31 | Shirley Campbell |
| 9 | Richard Fenton | | E. May Schmidt | | |
| | Ruth Hopkins | | Jeff Thomas | | |
| | Walter Ritter | 19 | Edna Mae Zitterbart | | |
| | Janet Switzer | 21 | Harry Lindsey | | |
| | | 22 | Nanette Hagan | | |

SUPER 60'S CHUCKLES SUPER 60'S CHUCKLES

SOME PEOPLE'S PRAYERS

One friend to another, "You drive the car and I'll pray."
"What's the matter? Don't you trust my driving?"
"Don't you trust my praying?"

Nowadays the only time some people seem to get on their knees is when they are looking for a contact lens.

An ocean liner was sinking and the captain yelled, "Does anybody know how to pray?"

A minister on board said, "I do."

"Good," said the captain. "You start praying, the rest of us will put on the life belts. We are one belt short."

Two sailors were adrift on a raft in the ocean. They had just about given up hope of rescue. One began to pray, "O Lord, I've led a worthless life. I've been unkind to my wife and I've neglected my children, but if You'll save me, I promise...."

The other shouted, "Hold it, I think I see land."

COULD NEVER HAPPEN IN CHURCH!

A banquet speaker went on and on with his speech. The mayor nodded and after a while rested his head on the tablecloth. The chairman reached over and bumped him lightly on the head with his gavel. "Hit me harder," the mayor told him; "I can still hear him."

KNOCK KNOCK JOKES

Knock, Knock,
Who's there?
Barbara.
Barbara who?
Barbara a cup of
sugar for me please.

Knock, Knock.
Who's there?
Ray.
Ray who?
Ray team ray!

Knock, Knock.
Who's there?
Lettuce.
Lettuce who?
Lettuce in, we're
freezing out here.

Knock, Knock.
Who's there?
Phillip.
Phillip who?
Phillip the tank,
please.

Knock, Knock.
Who's there?
Popeye,
Popeye who?
Popeye've got to
have the car
tonight.

Knock, Knock.
Who's there?
Don.
Don who?
Don tell me any
more of these jokes.

FATHER ABRAHAM'S MAY QUIZ "FAMILY TIES"

1. Name the prophet Hosea's wife?
2. In which chapter of Proverbs is there a description of a noble wife?
3. What was the name of Moses' mother?
4. Whose wife was turned into a pillar of salt when Sodom was destroyed?
5. In the Old Testament who was the mother of Jacob's son Joseph?
6. Who was the mother of Abraham's son Ishmael?
7. Whose wife warned him to have nothing to do with Jesus?
8. Who is the first woman mentioned in Matthew's genealogy of Jesus?
9. True or false? According to Luke, Elizabeth was a descendant of Aaron.
10. What did Abraham's wife do when she heard she was to have a son in her old age?

Answers:
 1. Gomer 2. Chapter 31 3. Amram
 4. Lot's wife 5. Rachel 6. Hagar
 7. Pilot's wife 8. Tamar 9. True (Luke 1:5)
 10. Laughed

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

There are many ways to pray, but a special kind of intercession will always be precious to me.

Many years ago my son was stricken with polio. Our church family, along with other churches, prayed for him continuously. The hospital chapel was filled with people praying around the clock for several days.

After the crisis passed and my son was out of danger, the doctor confessed, "It was a higher power that brought his healing about." I knew it was the continuing intercessory prayers of Christian people. The Bible admonishes us to *"Pray without ceasing"* (1Thessalonians 5:17).

~Ruth Stallings

The Super
60's



Cracker
Barrel

One of the things I find hard to believe is a recorded message that says, "Your call is important to us."

If I may, I'd like to say
 There's no merrier month than May.
 I love May days more than all the rest
 Because in May the fish bite best!

Doctors say they'll "treat" you,
 But I know that's just not true,
 For they always send a bill
 That reads: "Payment now due!"

In these days of "old age,"
 My body is starting to wear.
 I've found a new pain in a place
 I didn't even know was there.

To make Mother's Day special,
 I hope they stop and think,
 And give the best gift of all-
 No dishes in the sink.

When a woman complains
 About her aches and pains,
 Think of what she endures
 When you talk about yours.

A politician in Washington is trying to get a bill through Congress that would require the following printed on credit cards: "Warning - credit cards may be hazardous to your health!"

If you could sell experience for what it cost,
 you'd never need Social Security.

If a person says, "To make a long story short,"
 they've already made it too long!

George Washington flung a dollar across the Potomac
 and people have never stopped talking about it.
 Washington now pitches millions of dollars across the
 ocean and nobody bats an eye!

Getting up to go to church
 May seem a dreadful chore,
 But the blessings that we gain
 Make up for it much more.

QUOTES WORTH REMEMBERING

It is ironic that at the very moment of Moses' rebellion that kept him from entering Canaan, striking the rock instead of speaking to the rock, Moses would call these people "rebels" (Numbers 20:10).

~ Wil Rice

God writes with a pen that never blots, speaks with a tongue that never slips and acts with a hand that never fails.

~ D.L. Moody

You can be religious without religion. You can't be a Christian without Christ. You can't deliver the goods unless you have the goods to deliver. Quit trying to pump water out of a dry well.

~ Bob Jones, Sr.

Deliberately tell God that you will not fret about whatever concerns you. All our fretting and worrying is caused by planning without God.

~ Oswald Chambers

It is scarcely possible in most places to get anyone to attend a meeting where the only attraction is God.

The heights reached by great men were not attained by sudden flight, but they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night.

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters.

~ George Herbert.

Memorial Day Quotes



"Home of the fee,
because of the brave."

~Unknown

1. "As we express our GRATITUDE, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter the words, but to live by them."

~John F. Kennedy

2. "Heroism is not only in the man, but in the occasion."

~Calvin Coolidge

3. "Never throughout history has a man who lived a life of ease left a name worth remembering."

~Theodore Roosevelt.

4. "Those who have lived long enjoy such privileges as we enjoy forget in time that men have died to win them."

~Franklin Roosevelt

5. "No man is entitled to the blessings of freedom unless he be vigilant in its preservation."

~General Douglas MacArthur

6. "Never was so much owed by so many few."

~Winston Churchill

7. "To those in uniform serving today and to those who have served in the past, we honor today and every day."

~Unknown

8. "It doesn't take a hero to order men into battle. It takes a hero to be one of those men who goes into battle."

~Norman Schwarzkopf

9. "May we never forget freedom isn't free."

~Unknown

10. "It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died. Rather we should thank God such men lived."

~George S. Patton

REFLECTIONS

Discovery

*I've just been thinking
About this Mother's Day
And wondering what these mothers do
To rate a special day.*

*My mom sends me off to bed
When I still want to play
And makes me do a lot of work
Every single day.*

*I have to hang my clothes up
And then go find my hat
And run a lot of errands
And feed the durned ol' cat.*

*And I have to brush my teeth
And have to shine my shoes...
Gee Whiz! this keeping clean
Sure gives a boy the blues.*

*Mom's always in a hurry
When she combs my hair...
Goes right through a snarl
As if it wasn't there.*

*And the way she washes necks
And investigates your ears
Is enough to give the bravest boy
An awful set of fears.*

*But then, when I'm feeling sick
Or I'm tired or sort of sad
Or got an awful pain someplace
Or maybe I've been bad...*

*She does a lot of nice things.
Then she sits down by my bed
And talks to me real soft-like
While she rubs my head.*

*So I've just been thinking
What to do on Mother's Day
To make it sort of special...
Cause Mom really is okay.*

*Alice W. Thurston
Salt Lake City, Utah*

CARNATIONS FOR MOTHER'S DAY

The first Mother's Day observance was a church service on May 10, 1908, upon the request of Anna Jarvis.

The white carnations which have become such a familiar part of Mother's Day were introduced and supplied by Miss Jarvis. They were chosen because of her mother's fondness for them.

The flowers were immediately accepted as appropriate for the occasion. Jane Steward, a lecturer and editor, said the carnations were a floral emblem of love of one's mother because of their sweetness, purity, and endurance.

In time, red carnations became the symbol of a living mother, while white ones were worn as a sign that one's mother had died.

~Evelyn Witter

SEASON OF LIFE RENEWED

May heralds the beginning of summer. Fields are planted, seeds are bursting, and nature is bringing out all her loveliest colors to assure us once again: "For lo, the winter is past...and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land" (Song of Solomon 2:11-12).

Gardeners are carefully tending crops that will soon delight the eye and tantalize the palate. Neighbors share a portion of the fruits of their labor. Soon jars of jelly, bagfuls of tomatoes, and sacks of corn and beans will be handed over fences or porch rails.

Through nature we catch a glimpse of the rebirth of Spring. As we plant and later share our bounty, may we remember also to share the joy of our Christian love.

~Carol Bessent Hayman

GIFT OF LOVE

The church was silent and shadowy as I entered one afternoon to do my weekly task of flower arranging. I was a little uneasy. An empty church with doors ajar was an open invitation for anyone who wanted to enter.

My uneasiness increased as I looked back at the door and saw a young man enter. His ragged jeans and jacket were rain soaked, and his blond hair was scraggling down his back. I watched as he pulled a bright, shiny trumpet from the case he had been carrying. He put it to his mouth, and the pure, clarion notes of a hymn filled the cavernous church. Each pure note was a gift of love.

Lord, help me not to judge other by outward appearance but to see the love in their hearts.

~Jean Steward

THE MASTER QUILTER

The history of quilts dates back hundreds of years. Women from all economic and social levels have used scraps and pieces of fabric to create objects of service and beauty.

When some people look at a bag of remnants they see only that –small pieces of useless fabric. But to the master quilter, this collection of various patterns and different colors represents an object of lasting pleasure.

Such it is in the life of a Christian. God takes the pieces and makes us a person of service to Him.

Listen to the words of Isaiah 32:17: “The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.”

~Carolyn Ross Tomlin

THE MOTHER OF THE PRODIGAL SON

*Where was the mother of the prodigal son
On that day so long ago?
What were her thoughts
And what were her fears
As she watched him turn and go?*

*How many times in the dark of night
Did the tears slide down her face?
Did she get out of bed
And fall on her knees,
Just to pray that her boy was safe?*

*How were the days when she did not know
Was he alive?
Was he warm?
Was he well?
Who were his friends?
And where did he sleep?
Was there anyone there she could tell?*

*But, oh, on that day
when she looked down the road
As she had looked since her son went away,
Did love unspeakable flood her soul?
Was she angry?
What did she say?*

*I think when the father
had welcomed their son,
And the boy had greeted his brother,
That the servants made a path
For him to enter the door
And the waiting arms of his mother!*

~Myrtle Wilgis

