

# “THE MEADOWS MESSENGER”

Ann Dietz, Publisher

June 2016, Issue

# DAD YOU'RE



## April and May Financial Reports

We hope that you find this information helpful as you pray for this congregation and evaluate your giving and participation in the worship, work and mission of this part of the Body of Christ. Sincerely, the Session and Pastor

Tithes and Offerings needed for each week of this year = \$1,702.00. This figure is based on a total 2016 budget of \$88,504.00 which was approved by the Session on December 27, 2015.

### APRIL

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (4 weeks)	\$6,808.00
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (4 weeks)	\$4,246.00
This results in a budget <b>shortage</b> for this month	(\$2,562.00)
Total Expenses (4 weeks) resulting in a <b>shortage</b> for the month	(\$2,153.72)

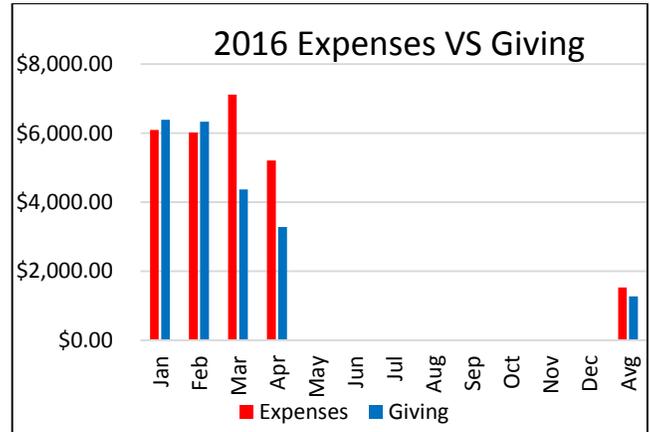
### MAY

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (2 of 4 weeks)	\$3,404.00
Actual Tithes and Offerings received (2 of 4 weeks)	\$5,818.00
This results in a budget <b>overage</b> for this month	\$2,414.00
Total Expenses (2 of 4 weeks) resulting in an <b>overage</b> for the month	\$2,341.63

### YEAR-TO-DATE

Total Tithes and Offerings needed (16 weeks)	\$32,338.00
Actual Tithes and Offerings (16 weeks) received	\$27,410.00
This results in a budget <b>shortage</b> to this point	(\$4,928.00)
Total Expenses (16 weeks)	\$28,262.30
This results in a <b>shortage</b> to expenses for the year	(\$852.30)

For those of you who understand a chart better than a bunch of numbers, below is the 'picture' of our YTD finances for April 2016 (through week 3):



A few more words about this month's financial data. As you are reading this newsletter, I am on vacation to the Grand Canyon with my sister (actually, probably on my way back to NC). Since I left at the end of the second week of May, the information I was able to see in the accounting system was only through May 10, so I have reported to you the best data I had before I left NC. You will get a more up-to-date picture of where we are financially, in the next newsletter.



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### Session Highlights

Due to the timing of my vacation, the Session did not meet in May, so there is nothing to report.

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## The Pastor's Ponderings

On Mondays I receive several emails from some consulting and research groups who focus on congregational ministry. I sometimes read them as a way to know what the 'hot topics' are among ministers and church administrators. Below is an email from May 02<sup>nd</sup> by John Wimberly<sup>1</sup> called: "Is the Era of the 'Program Church' Over?" which I found interesting.

"Everywhere I go, I hear complaints from congregational staff and lay leaders that their programs are not well attended. These leaders seek input about the kinds of programs members want. But then, too often, when programs are offered, attendance ranges between disappointing and none.

Leaders say, "There just isn't the kind of commitment to programs that we used to have." However, I don't think the problem is a lack of commitment per se. Here's why:

First, members today are not less committed. Indeed, it is the opposite; they are over-committed with responsibilities to family, workplace, and community. They have less time to attend events at church – even if they said on a survey, with the best of intentions, that they would do so.

Second, many of the events we sponsor for adults are now also offered (and oftentimes done better) by secular groups. Decades ago, I used to bring well-known speakers to the congregation I served. We drew pretty good crowds both from within the congregation and outside. Today in many communities, those same types of speakers are at the local bookstore every night or can be found online offering free lectures. Our members don't need their congregation to provide this kind of intellectual stimulation.

Third, congregations used to generate some of the highest-quality programs available for children and youth. Today, the options from which parents can choose are so rich in quality and quantity that it is [very] hard, if not impossible, for most congregations to compete. Many congregations still have camping programs for their member families, for example, usually through denominationally organized camps. But today parents attend camp fairs with 50–100 highly specialized camps that offer everything from a week performing Shakespeare to an intense ice hockey experience (in July!).

All this leads me to question whether the primary focus of congregations, even multi-celled, "program-sized" congregations, should be on generating programs. Or at least I question whether we should offer the same types of programs we did in the past. There is still a need for **programming**, but it **needs to be focused on deepening our members' spiritual lives, creating small, intimate communities, and offering hands-on mission opportunities**. Even in these areas, we face fierce competition from yoga, meditation, and spiritual retreats of many kinds, and from a plethora of nonprofits doing mission work that used to be the domain primarily of congregations.

In some ways, secular competition to our programs forces us to do what religious congregations can do best – focus on spirituality and mission. Congregations today are liberated to deepen the spiritual lives of their members and teach them the eternal truths of their theological traditions. What does it mean to be a Lutheran, Reform Jew, or Unitarian? No secular group is going to do a better job of helping our members answer questions such as these. The strong competition for our members' time is an incredible opportunity for us to define more

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Wimberly served congregations for 38 years, 30 creation and implementation of strategic plans, of them at Western Presbyterian Church in Washington,

DC. Now he consults with congregations on issues such as the congregational growth and the empowering use of endowments.

clearly what God is calling our congregation and its members to do in this time and place.

As we find out what we can uniquely be and do for our members, I hope we will stop questioning their commitment. It is, quite frankly, disrespectful of the multiple commitments they have. We tell them to be great parents. Well, parenting takes a lot of time ... time they don't have to serve on a committee. We tell them to make the world more just and sustainable. Working with an environmental group or Habitat for Humanity makes a real difference to those ends. But as a result, they may not have as much time to work on the Mission Committee of our congregation.

Surveying a congregation about the kinds of programs they want will not help congregations be effective. Understanding the 21st century – its stresses and opportunities – will make us responsive to the needs of our members. Understanding, rather than criticizing, what our members are doing outside the church with their time, energy and money is crucial. With such an understanding, we can offer them something unique and redemptive.

**[Effective] congregations in the 21st century are not going to be about generating programs. They are going to be about deepening faith, building community and hands-on mission work.”**

Your pastor talking now ... Recently, several members brainstormed with me for a little while on what we might do to get people interested in our church and perhaps to join in God's ministry with us. It is interesting to me that none of the ideas were totally 'program related' but more social or outreach related. So, here is a question for you to think about: What particular gifts and interests do we have, as a congregation, which could be used to provide spiritual, outreach and social opportunities for our community? As I said during the service on May 01<sup>st</sup>, a lot of good theological (spiritual) conversations happen as we sit at the table with each other enjoying food and fellowship. So, how and when and in what

ways can we provide a 'table' for some fun and fellowship where we can encounter God also?

*Pastor Yvonne*

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As you probably know, we now have some men in our congregation patrolling the property during Sunday school and worship. Several people have posed the question of what they would do if someone came into our parking lot with a weapon to do harm. Should they carry guns or knives? A member and I were talking about this and she said that she might just go buy herself a tazer. That reminded me of a story my brother-in-law shared with me many years ago which I will now share with you. Before I do, however, I must warn you that you should sit down and get a couple of Kleenex – you will probably need them.

### **Pocket Tazer Stun Gun**

(a great gift for the wife)

A guy who purchased his lovely wife a pocket Tazer for their anniversary submitted this story:

Last weekend I saw something at Larry's Pistol & Pawn Shop that sparked my interest. The occasion was our 15<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/purse-sized tazer.

The effects of the tazer were supposed to be short lived, with no long-term adverse effect on your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety. Way too cool!

Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. I loaded two AAA batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button. Nothing! I was disappointed. I learned, however, that if I pushed the button and pressed it against a metal surface at the same time, I'd get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs. Awesome!!! (Unfortunately, I have yet to explain to Julie what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave.)

Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two AAA batteries, right? There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently (trusting little soul) while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh and blood moving target.

I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and then thought better of it. She is such a sweet cat. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong?

So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and tazer in another.

The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant; a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a major loss of bodily control; and a three-second burst would reportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water. Any burst longer than three seconds would be wasting the batteries.

All the while I'm looking at this little device measuring about 5" long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference, loaded with two itzy, bitsy AAA batteries, (pretty cute really), and thinking to myself, 'no possible way'! What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best ....

I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side as if to say, 'Don't do it stupid.' Reasoning that a one-second burst from such a tiny 'lil ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad, I decided to give myself a one-second burst just for heck of it. I touched the prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and ....

Holy Toledo!! Weapons of Mass Destruction!!

I'm pretty sure Hulk Hogan ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then

body slammed us both on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the fetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs!

The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room.

Note: If you ever feel compelled to 'mug' yourself with a tazer, one note of caution: there is NO such thing as a one-second burst when you zap yourself! As soon as you make contact with your skin, your arm muscles will go into spasms and you will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor! A three second burst would be considered conservative!

A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape.

My bent reading glasses were on the mantel of the fireplace. The recliner was upside down and about 8 feet or so from where it originally was. My triceps and right thigh were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs. I had no control over the drooling.

Apparently I had crapped in my shorts, but was too numb to know for sure, and my sense of smell was gone.

P.S. My wife can't stop laughing about my experience, loved the gift and now regularly threatens me with it! If you think education is difficult, try being stupid!!!

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We now have a church website where you can find scheduled events, the latest newsletter, recent sermons, and more. Check it out @ [quakermeadowspc.org](http://quakermeadowspc.org).

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Happy Father's Day to all our Dads on June 19th.

I found two poems online, that I thought appropriate for Dads who are living, and one for Dads that have gone on to be with our Father.

### **"What Makes a Dad?"**

God took the strength of a mountain  
The majesty of a tree,  
The warmth of a summer sun,  
The calm of a quiet sea,  
The generous soul of nature,  
The comforting arm of night,  
The wisdom of the ages,  
The power of the eagle's flight  
The joy of a morning in spring  
The faith of a mustard seed,  
The patience of eternity,  
The depth of a family need,  
Then God combined these qualities  
When there was nothing more to add,  
He knew His masterpiece was complete,  
And also, He called it ... Dad

Author Unknown

### **"You Never"**

You never said I'm leaving  
You never said goodbye  
You were gone before I knew it,  
And only God knew why  
A million times I needed you,  
A million times I cried,  
If love alone could have saved you,  
You never would have died  
In life I loved you dearly  
In death I love you still  
In my heart you hold a place,

That no one could ever fill  
It broke my heart to lose you,  
But you didn't go alone  
For part of me went with you  
The day God took you home.

Author Unknown

### **"Enlightened Perspective"**

Please read all the way to the bottom: If you will take the time to read these. I promise you'll come away with an enlightened perspective. The subjects covered affect us all on a daily basis: They're written by the Late Andy Rooney, a man who had the gift of saying so much with so few words. Enjoy...

- I've learned ... that the best classroom in the world is the feet of an elderly person.
- I've learned ... that when you're in love, it shows.
- I've learned ... that just one person saying to me, "you've made my day!" makes my day.
- I've learned ... that having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.
- I've learned ... that being kind is more important than being right.
- I've learned ... that you should never say no to a gift from a child.
- I've learned ... that I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help him in some other way.
- I've learned ... that no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.
- I've learned ... that sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.
- I've learned ... that simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

- I've learned ... that life is like a roll of toilet paper, the closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.
- I've learned ... that we should be glad God doesn't give us everything we ask for.
- I've learned ... that money doesn't buy class.
- I've learned ... that it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.
- I've learned ... that under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.
- I've learned ... that to ignore the facts does not change the facts.
- I've learned ... that when you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting that person continue to hurt you.
- I've learned ... that love, not time, heals all wounds.
- I've learned ... that the easiest way for me to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.
- I've learned ... that everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.
- I've learned ... that no one is perfect until you fall in love with them.
- I've learned ... that life is tough, but I'm tougher.
- I've learned ... that opportunities are never lost, someone will take the ones you miss.
- I've learned ... that when you harbor bitterness, happiness will dock elsewhere.
- I've learned ... that I wish I could have told my Mom that I love her one more time before she died.
- I've learned ... that one should keep his words both soft and tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat them.
- I've learned ... that a smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.
- I've learned ... that when your newly born grandchild holds your little finger in his little fist, that you're hooked for life.

- I've learned ... that everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it.
- I've learned ... that the less time I have to work with, the more things I get done.

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### **"God Bless America"**

My head flight attendant came to me and said, "We have an H.R. on this flight. (H.R. stands for human remains).

"Are they military?" I asked.

"Yes", she said.

"Is there an escort?" I asked.

"Yes, I've already assigned him a seat."

Would you please tell him to come to the flight deck? You can board him early," I said.

A short while later a young army sergeant entered the flight deck. He was the image of the perfectly dressed soldier. He introduced himself and I asked him about his soldier. The escorts of these fallen soldiers talk about them as if they are still alive and still with us.

"My soldier is on his way back to Virginia," he said. He proceeded to answer my questions, but offered no words.

I asked him if there was anything I could do for him and he said no. I told him that he had the toughest job in the military, and that I appreciated the work that he does for the families of our fallen soldiers. The first officer and I got up out of our seats to shake his hand.

He left the flight deck to find his seat. We completed our preflight checks, pushed back and performed an uneventful departure.

About 30 minutes into our flight, I received a call from the lead flight attendant in the cabin. "I just found out the family of the soldier we're carrying, is also on board", she said. She then proceeded to tell me that the father, mother, wife

and 2-year old daughter were escorting their son, husband, and father home. The family was upset because they were unable to see the container that the soldier was in before we left. We were on our way to a major hub at which the family was going to wait four hours for the connecting flight home to Virginia. The father of the soldier told the flight attendant that knowing his son was below him in the cargo compartment and being unable to see him was too much for him and the family to bear. He had asked the flight attendant if there was anything that could be done to allow them to see him upon our arrival. The family wanted to be outside by the cargo door to watch the soldier being taken off the airplane.

I could hear the desperation in the flight attendant's voice when she asked me if there was anything I could do. "I'm on it, I said. I told her that I would get back to her.

Airborne communication with my company normally occurs in the form of an e-mail like messages. I decided to bypass this system and contact my flight dispatcher directly on a secondary radio. There is a radio operator in the operations control center who connects you to the telephone of the dispatcher. Once I was in direct contact with the dispatcher, I explained the situation I had on board with the family and what the family wanted. He said he understood and that he would get back to me. Two hours went by and I had not heard from the dispatcher.

We were going to get busy soon and I need to know what to tell the family. I sent a text message asking for an update. I saved the return message from the dispatcher and the following is the text: "Captain, sorry it has taken so long to get back to you. There is a policy on this now, and I had to check on a few things. Upon your arrival a dedicated escort team will meet the aircraft. The team will escort the family to the ramp and plane side. A van will be used to load the remains with a secondary van for the family. The family will be taken to their departure area and escorted into the terminal, where the

remains can be seen on the ramp. It is a private area for the family only. When the connecting aircraft arrives, the family will be escorted onto the ramp and plane side to watch the remains being loaded for the final leg home. – Captain, most of us here in flight control are veterans. Please pass our condolences on to the family. Thanks.”

I sent a message back, telling flight control thanks for a good job. I printed out the message and gave it to the lead flight attendant to pass on to the father. The lead flight attendant was very thankful and told me, "You have no idea how much this will mean to them."

Things started getting busy for the descent, approach and landing. After landing, we cleared the runway and taxied to the ramp area. The ramp is huge with 15 gates on either side of the alley way. It is always a busy area with aircraft maneuvering every which way to enter and exit. When we entered the ramp and checked in with the ramp controller, we were told that all traffic was being held for us.

"There is a team in place to meet the aircraft", we were told. It looked like it was all coming together, then I realized that once we turned the seat belt sign off, everyone would stand up at once and delay the family from getting off the airplane. As we approached our gate, I asked the co-pilot to tell the ramp controller, we were going to stop short of the gate to make an announcement to the passengers. He did that and the ramp controller said, "Take your time."

I stopped the aircraft and set the parking brake. I pushed the public address button and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking: I have stopped short of our gate to make a special announcement. We have a passenger who deserves our honor and respect. His name is Private XXXXX, a soldier who recently lost his life. Private XXXXX is under your feet in the cargo hold. Escorting him today is Army Sergeant XXXXXX. Also, on board are his father, mother, wife, and daughter. Your entire flight crew is asking for all passengers to

remain in their seats to allow the family to exit the aircraft first. Thank You"

We continued the turn to the gate, came to a stop and started our shutdown procedures. A couple of minutes later I opened the cockpit door. I found the two forward flight attendants crying, something you just do not see. I was told that after we came to a stop, every passenger on the aircraft stayed in their seats, waiting for the family to exit the aircraft. When the family got up and gathered their things, a passenger slowly started to clap his hands. Moments later, more passengers joined in and soon the entire aircraft was clapping.

Words of "God Bless You", "I'm sorry", "Thank you", "Be proud", and other kind words were uttered to the family as they escorted down to the ramp to finally be with their loved one.

Many of the passengers disembarking thanked me for the announcement I had made. They were just words, I told them, I could say them over and over again, but nothing I say will bring back that brave soldier.

I respectfully ask that all of you reflect on this event and the sacrifices that millions of our men and women have made to ensure our freedom and safety in these United States of America. I know everyone who reads this will have tears in their eyes, including me. Please pray for our Military. They die for me and mine and you and yours and deserve our honor and respect.

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### **"Yellow Shirt"**

The yellow shirt had long sleeves, four extra-large pockets trimmed in black thread and snaps up the front. It was faded from years of wear, but still in decent shape. I found it in 1963 when I was home from college on Christmas break, rummaging through bags of clothes Mom intended to give away.

"You're not taking that old thing, are you?" Mom said when she saw me packing the yellow shirt.

"I wore that when I was pregnant with your brother in 1954!"

It's just the thing to wear over my clothes during art class, Mom. Thanks!"

I slipped it into my suitcase before she could object. The yellow shirt came to be a part of my college wardrobe. I loved it.

After graduation, I wore the shirt the day I moved into my new apartment and on Saturday mornings when I cleaned.

The next year, I married. When I became pregnant, I wore the yellow shirt during big-belly days. I missed Mom and the rest of my family, since we were in Colorado and they were in Illinois. But, that shirt helped. I smiled, remembering that Mother had worn it when she was pregnant, 25 years earlier.

That Christmas, mindful of the warm feelings the shirt had given me, I patched one elbow, wrapped it in holiday paper and sent it to Mom. When Mom wrote to thank me for her "real" gifts, she said the yellow shirt was lovely. She never mentioned it again.

The next year, my husband, daughter and I stopped at Mom and Dad's to pick up some furniture. Days later, when we uncrated the kitchen table, I noticed something yellow taped to its bottom. The Shirt! And so the pattern was set.

On our next visit home, I secretly placed the shirt under Mom and Dad's mattress. I don't know how long it took for her to find it, but almost two years passed before I discovered it under the base of our living-room floor lamp. The yellow shirt was just what I needed now while refinishing furniture. The walnut stains added character.

In 1975 my husband and I divorced. With my three children, I prepared to move back to Illinois. As I packed, a deep depression overtook me. I wondered if I could make it on my own. I wondered if I would find a job. I paged through

the Bible, looking for comfort. In Ephesians, I read, "So use every piece of God's armor to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up."

I tried to picture myself wearing God's armor, but all I saw was the stained yellow shirt. Slowly, it dawned on me. Wasn't my mother's love a piece of God's armor? My courage was renewed.

Unpacking in our new home, I knew I had to get the shirt back to Mother. The next time I visited her, I tucked it in her bottom dresser drawer.

Meanwhile, I found a good job at a radio station. A year later I discovered the yellow shirt hidden in a rag bag in my cleaning closet.

Something new had been added. Embroidered in bright green across the breast pocket were the words, "I BELONG TO PAT."

Not to be outdone, I got out my own embroidery materials and added an apostrophe and seven more letters. Now the shirt proudly proclaimed, "I BELONG TO PAT'S MOTHER." But I didn't stop there. I zig-zagged all the frayed seams, then had a friend mail the shirt in a fancy box to Mom from Arlington, Va. We enclosed an official looking letter from "The Institute for the Destitute", announcing that she was the recipient of an award for good deeds. I would have given anything to see Mom's face when she opened the box. But, of course, she never mentioned it.

Two years later, in 1978, I remarried. The day of our wedding, Harold and I put our car in a friend's garage to avoid practical jokers. After the wedding, while my husband drove us to our honeymoon suite, I reached for a pillow in the car to rest my head. It felt lumpy. I unzipped the case and found, wrapped in wedding paper, the yellow shirt. Inside a pocket was a note: "Read John 14:27-29. I love you both, Mother."

That night I paged through the Bible in a hotel room and found verses: "I am leaving you with a gift: peace of mind and heart. And the peace I

give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you: I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love me, you will be very happy for me, for now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that when they do, you will believe in me."

The shirt was Mother's final gift. She had known for three months that she had terminal Lou Gehrig's disease. Mother died the following year at age 57.

I was tempted to send the yellow shirt with her to her grave. But I'm glad I didn't because it is a vivid reminder of the love-filled game she and I played for 16 years. Besides, my older daughter is in college now, majoring in art. And every art student needs a baggy yellow shirt with big pockets.



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### "Definitions of Old"

1. I very quietly confided to my best friend that I was having an affair. She turned to me and asked, "Are you having it catered?" And that, my friend, is the sad definition of "OLD"!
2. Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked, "How old was your husband?" "98" she replied. "Two years older than me." So she responded, "Hardly worth going home, is it?"
3. Reporters interviewing a 104-year-old woman: "And what do you think is the best

thing about being 104?" the reporter asked. She simply replied, "No Peer pressure."

4. I've sure gotten old! I have outlived my feet and my teeth: I've had two bypass surgeries; a hip replacement; new knees; I'm half blind; fought prostate cancer and diabetes; can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine; take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blood clots; have bouts with dementia; have poor circulation; can hardly feel my hands and feet anymore; can't remember if I'm 85 or 92; have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.
5. I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness class and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors. I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour. But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over.
6. An elderly woman decided to prepare her will and told her preacher she had two final requests. First, she wanted to be cremated, and second, she wanted her ashes scattered over Wal-Mart. "Wal-Mart?" the preacher exclaimed. "Why Wal-Mart?" "Then I'll be sure my daughters visit me twice a week."
7. My memory's not as sharp as it used to be. Also, my memory's not as sharp as it used to be.
8. Know how to prevent sagging? Just eat till the wrinkles fill out.
9. It's scary when you start making the same noises as your coffee maker.
10. These days about half the stuff in my shopping cart says, "For fast relief."
11. The Senility Prayer: Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

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A pizza delivery boy arrived at a house to drop off an order. The customer asked, "What is your usual tip?" "Well," replied the boy, "this is my first trip here, but the other guys say if I get a quarter out of you, I'll be doing great."

"Is that so?" the customer snorted. "Well just to show them how wrong they are, here's \$5."

"Thanks, I'll put this in my school fund." "What are you studying?"

"Applied psychology."

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### **Pineapple Lemon Pie**

- 1(6 oz.) can frozen lemonade
- 1(14 oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
- 1(8 oz.) carton Cool Whip
- 4. 1(15oz) Can crushed pineapple, drained

Mix above ingredients and pour into graham cracker crust. Freeze until ready to serve.

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### **"What's Happening at QMPC in June"**

#### **ELDER ON CALL**

- May 29 – June 04 – Rich Bruder
- June 05 – June 11 – Bennett Ross
- June 12 – June 18 – Ann Dietz
- June 19 – June 25 – Judy Galey
- June 26 – July 02 – James Sanford

#### **CHILDREN'S SERMON & DOWNSTAIRS WORKER**

- June 05<sup>th</sup> – Heather Kramer/Betty Williams
- June 12<sup>th</sup> – Darleen Caputo/Gladys Ross
- June 19<sup>th</sup> – Ruth Pershing/Visiting Shut Ins
- June 26<sup>th</sup> – Heather Kramer/Leila Bruder

#### **OTHER ACTIVITIES**

- June 04<sup>th</sup> – Rent a Table Yard Sale, Breakfast & Lunch
- June 13<sup>th</sup> – Circle #1 Meets at Ruth Preston House 10 am
- June 27<sup>th</sup> – Circle #2 meets at Church 6:00 pm

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Did you hear about the absent-minded professor who returned from lunch, saw a sign on his door saying: "Back in 30 minutes," and sat down to wait for himself?

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A teacher gave her class a lecture on the human body. She asked the first graders if they knew that there is a fire burning in the body all the time.

One girl raised her hand and answered, "Yes, when it's cold I can see the smoke."

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### **"What Are Friends For"**

What are friends for?

To laugh with, to giggle with,  
To share your little corner of the world with  
The joy to visit over lunch, over tea  
To share little secrets  
Discuss life's problems,  
The freedom, the closeness  
The bond of friendship  
Open hearts, open minds  
Just kind sharing  
That's what friends are for.

Always remember to have hope  
Although it is something  
Easily lost.

Thankfully it can also be easily found  
Love & Kisses from the heart  
Geri & Kimberly Lowdermilk

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### **Dr. Young vs Dr. Geezer**

An old geezer, who had been a retired farmer for a long time became very bored. He tried golf and loved it, he couldn't give it up, but it wasn't enough, so he opened a medical clinic and put a sign up outside that said: "Get your treatment for \$500, if not cured get back \$1,000."

Dr. "Young" who was positive that this old geezer didn't know beans about medicine, thought this would be a great opportunity to get \$1000. So he went to Dr. Geezer's clinic. This is what transpired.

Dr. Young: "Dr. Geezer, I have lost all taste in my mouth. Can you please help me???"

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from Box 22, and put 3 drops in Dr. Young's mouth."

Dr. Young: "Aaagh!! this is gasoline."

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your taste back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young gets annoyed and goes back after a couple of days figuring to recover his money.

Dr. Young: "I've lost my memory, I can't remember anything."

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Dr. Young: "Oh no you don't, that is gasoline!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your memory back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young (after having lost \$1000.) leaves angrily and comes back after several more days.

Dr. Young: "My eyesight has become weak. I can hardly see!!!"

Dr. Geezer: "Well, I don't have any medicine for that so here's your \$1000 back."

Dr. Young: "But this is only \$500."

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You got your vision back. That will be \$500."

Moral of Story: Just because you're "Young" doesn't mean that you can outsmart an old farmer "Geezer"!!!

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