

PRIME-TIMERS

News and Views for Senior Adults at Waterview Church of Christ

Editor: Betty Sue Hunter

Feature Editor: Gloria Black

PRIMETIMERS LUNCHEON

Our monthly luncheon will be after the morning worship service on Sunday, May 18, in the South Wing. Bring a covered dish and come to enjoy the fellowship.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

Millie Hulme	2
Roy Johnson	6
Louise Lamar	7
Jack Blacketer	8
Hughleen Gross	10
Raybourn Orr	11
Fred Epps	15
Virginia Thomas	16
Willie Jones	19
Pat Wilbanks	19
Tommie Scott	20
Charlotte Almond	20
Lois Williams	20
Wendell Harter	21
Doyce Nance	21
Leslie Noell	21
Connie Willoughby	21
Harold Hilgers	25
Louise Pickle	26
Dub Harrison	30

JUNE ANNIVERSARIES

J. B. & Tommie Scott	1
Leslie & Martha Noell	4
Lester & Laura Balcom	6
Duane & Afton Verner	6
Don & Diane Hiett	6
Louis & Doris Hurst	12
Truman & Dorothy Baker	14
Tom & Bonnie Goodwin	18
Dub & Gloria Harrison	29

SPRING REPRIEVE

'Tis May, my love,
And the winds of March
Have driven the sins of nature
And April's rains made gains
In the floods of buds.
That duty-bound, spread beauty all 'round.

'Tis May, my love,
At last assured that winter's frost
Is but a memory tossed away and lost
In spring's profusion of color
And hue's confusion confounds illusion.

'Tis May, my love,
And these old bones absorb the sweet heat
Of sunlit ways and praise the power
Of His light in these bright days.
'Tis May, my love.

-Gloria Black

PRAY FOR MY HEARING

Leroy goes to the revival and listens to the preacher. After awhile the preacher asks anyone with need for prayer to come forward. Leroy goes forward and the preacher asks, "What do you want me to pray about for you?" Leroy replies, "Preacher, I need you to pray for my hearing."

The preacher puts one finger in Leroy's ear and he places the other hand on top of Leroy's head and prays and prays and prays.

After a few minutes, the preacher removes his hands, stands back and asks Leroy, "How is your hearing now?" Leroy replies, "I don't know, Reverend. It's not until next Wed."

YOUR MOTHER

Your Mother is a living presence. She is always with you. She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick and perfume she wore. She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well. She's your breath in the air on a cold winter's day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow. She is Christmas morning.

Your Mother lives inside your laughter, and she's crystallized in every teardrop. A mother shows every emotion—happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love, hate, anger, helplessness, excitement, joy, sorrow—and all the while she's hoping and praying you will only know the good feelings in life.

She's the place you came from, your first home, and she's the map you follow with every step you take. She's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy; but nothing on earth can separate you.....Not time, not space.....not even death!

--Author unknown

A HEART FOR ART

Last week I had the good fortune to be invited to go to the J.M.W. Turner exhibition at the Dallas Museum of Art. Karen Wilmot and her Mother, Nora Barnes (who are members of Friends of the DMA) took Charlotte Almond and me to this major showing.

J.M.W. Turner was one of Britain's favorite artists. His works were eighty strong covering nine rooms including water colors, smaller in scale, and oils—some gigantic in scope. (If one fell on you, you'd never get up.) Many were ship scenes of ancient schooner and sloops in epic storms. Some showed architectural wonders of the 17th and 18th centuries—some in great detail; others with only suggestions but unmistakable intent.

Turner lived 76 years and must have painted every living day since he was able to hold a brush. His subjects were not just sea scapes. One dynamic piece showed a phantom pale horse carrying a skeletal warrior bathed in blood—reds that demonized the ravages of war before your very eyes. Another serene piece depicted a glowing angel in a creamy sepia swirl. Another showed the burning of the Parliament Building that was an incendiary vision.

Turner sunsets and sunrises are spectacular. They burst off the canvasses, while his water colors depict subtle bucolic romance.

After all of that, we were lucky to see the Onderdonk Blue Bonnet collection next door. I wish everyone had great pals like Karen and Nora to treat them to such an afternoon of visual joy and good company; buy whither or no, I hope all of you art lovers will put the pedal to the metal. It all ends in the middle of May.

--Gloria Black

WATERVIEW DEACONS

Every man at Waterview is special to us, but this week new deacons rule the day,
For they are men chosen for special duties to be performed in God's special way.
So to all the deacons who have served and are serving, you have proven God in the way you
serve.

So our thanks to you all for the fine job you have done; we give you the praise you deserve.

Now some new deacons will take their place and work alongside the ministers, too.
They help ease the load from his shoulders with their responsibilities and God's work that they
must do.

They all work together as a team and whatever is asked of them, they never hesitate.
If you need assistance at all from them, it is never given too late.

So to all new deacons, our prayers for you; if chosen, you truly make God proud.
He will look into your hearts and He will know you are doing His work that you vowed.

MY HAND PLACED IN YOURS

Each morning when I wake and say,
"God, I place my hand in Yours today
With faith and trust that by my side
You will walk with me and my steps You will guide."

God leads me with the tenderest care
When my path is dark and I despair.
No need for me to question or try to understand
If I just keep my faith and hold fast to His hand.

His welfare is ever there for me and by his generous bounty I am fed.
He grants me peace and by great love I am warmed and comforted.
When the day has ended and I quietly seek my rest,
I look back at the wonders He has given me and I know I have been blessed.

I say my prayer and thank my God for the great day it has been.
And in the morning I start the day by placing my hand in His again.

Our love and a smile,
Hattie D. and Nina S.

MEMORIAL DAY

We are here at the grave sites to honor you.
We are at your bed sides to try to ease your pain.
We send our prayers up to keep you from danger.
We worry and are fearful for your safety.
We are grateful for the sacrifices you make in our behalf.
We dream of the day you might return to us.
We write, we send, we give, we do; and we remember
THAT IT IS NOT ENOUGH!
IT IS NEVER ENOUGH!
AND THE WAR RAGES ON!

--Gloria Black

PSALM 23

This is an eye opener. Some may never have thought or looked at this Psalm in this way even though they say it over and over again.

The Lord is my Shepherd –that’s relationship!
I shall not want –that’s supply!
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures –that’s rest!
He leadeth me beside the still waters—that’s refreshment!
He restoreth my soul –that’s healing!
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness—that’s guidance!
For His name sake –that’s purpose!
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death –that’s testing!
I will fear no evil—that’s protection!
For Thou art with me—that’s faithfulness!
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me—that’s discipline!
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies—that’s hope!
Thou anointest my had with oil—that’s consecration!
My cup runneth over – that’s abundance!
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life –that’s blessing!
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord –that’s security!
Forever –that’s eternity!

--Author unknown

QUOTE: What is most valuable is not what we have in our lives, but WHO we have in our lives.

I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.
Galatians 2:20