

The Academy Perspective

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DECEMBER, 1991 VADA LEE BARKLEY, EDITOR



As you prepare to celebrate this Christmas, may the Christ, whose birth we honor, be your honored guest in your heart and home.

FOCUS ON MEMBERS

ELBERT OVERHOLT'S new motto: KEEP OFF THE ICE!

MILTON and MABEL SONNEVIK spent Thanksgiving in California.

CHANT BECK is still hospitalized in St. Anthony's.

LOIS and MILTON BRASHER are virtually shut-ins.

LEON and MABLE JENNINGS thought they could relax when their two sons returned safely from Dessert Storm. But they spent 8 anxious hour October 16 trying to get in touch with their son who often eats at Luby's in Killeen, Texas.

BRONELL and PAULA GREER'S son is recuperating from surgery.

NEW MEMBERS

Mary Jane Eppler, Alumna
David and Dorothy Ellis, grandparents of Josh Poteet.



DEVOTIONAL

"SEE THE PICTURE!"

By

Prof. Richard Howard

In one of Paul's incomparable prayers (Ephesians 1:15-23), his petition is that God might give these earliest believers a "spirit of wisdom and of revelation in the knowledge of Him." Specifically he prayed "that the eyes of their (your) heart may be enlightened." The word "enlightened" is the Greek word from which we get "photo" or "photograph." Paul was asking that God would give them a picture of three marvelous revelations.

First: It was a knowledge of the "hope of His calling." In the Bible "hope" is not something that is wished for, but it brings certainty for the future, just as faith produces certainty for the present. Of course, that would include hope in a hopeless world, but far more! Already, "hope" had taken on the more technical meaning of the hope, which meant the certainty of participation in the resurrection. This was the hope of His calling--but they, as we, needed to "see" it.

Second: The Apostle's petition was that they might see the picture of "the riches of the glory of His inheritance. What a blessed thought. Also, we have our inheritance in Him. Its riches and glory are beyond description. But they, and we, needed to "see" it.

Third: Paul's eloquent prayer is that they might see the picture of "the surpassing greatness of His power toward us who believe." Marshalling the greatest collection of words for power in the New Testament--dynamite, energy, might, strength--Paul describes God's surpassing power. It was the power He used to raise Christ from the grave. And it is toward us who believe! No wonder it took a tableau of divine proportions to reveal it. Have you seen the picture?

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS

By
Vada Lee Barkley

I was nine years old. It was the last Christmas Mother and all five of us children were together.

Our widowed mother attempted to make every Christmas special. A huge cedar decorated with popcorn and crepe paper stood in the corner away from the fireplace. A few gifts--much-needed clothing, candy and oranges--brought joy to our hearts. Life was good. We had love and fun.

The life of every party. Our sister Bee kept us entertained. She thought up the mischief; our brothers helped her carry it out.

The afternoon before our annual school Christmas program, as Mother prepared to wrap the candy for mine and Bee's present to put under the tree at school, she saw one empty box. She sent me after enough acorns to fill the box. I remember picking up those acorns. Mother packed them in the empty box, then wrapped both boxes and put our names on them.

When Santa called my name at school that night. I rushed up to him to get my present. Imagine my surprise when I opened the package and discovered the acorns. Mine and Mother's joke backfired on me.



WHAT IS THE ACADEMY?

Designed for those who no longer need to face the pressures of regular professional activities, the Academy program provides opportunities for interaction with other professionals and for meaningful productivity.

Academy membership is open to those who would like to join with others in realizing intellectual, cultural, spiritual, or service activity goals.

For more information, call Dr. Elbert Overholt, Director, at 789-6400, Ext. 6578 or Vada Lee Barkley, president, 787-4351.

WHY GOD MADE GRANDMOTHERS

By
Fay Clary Beck

T'was the afternoon before Christmas; nothing quieted-- not even a mouth.

My daughter Betty and I, with five little ones under age eight, went to the store to visit Santa Claus. On the way home we stopped by a supermarket for a few nick-nacks. With purchase bags stored in the trunk, we shuffled into the car. Santa just might get to our house before we did.

Backing the car out and easing into surging traffic, I drove safely for about ten blocks.

"Mommy, Mommy!" one little voice exclaimed. "Where's little Paul?"

"He's back there with you," Betty comforted.

Four little faces fanned right to left.

"No, he isn't," shrieked the little quartet in unison.

Betty looked and to our horror, Little Paul wasn't with us. Screaming to a halt, I made a "No-U-Turn."

Back at the store, Betty took the east aisle and I took the west. She finished first. Retracing her steps, she caught up with me.

Looking down the aisle, Betty saw the little red bundle perched on the arm of the mammoth store manager. Little Paul had not seen me. His total concentration centered on three stockers scrambling around on the floor retrieving canned goods, boxes of cereals and cake mixes strewn all the way down the aisle.

Betty stomped out to the car, jumped in and slammed the door just as I reached the car with the precious bundle.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"You surely didn't expect me to bear the humiliation of being identified as the mother of an 18-month-old tornado, did you?" she fumed.

PRERETIREMENT SEMINAR

The Academy of Senior Professionals sponsored a preretirement seminar November 15th, during Homecoming Week at SNU. Along with a number of Academy members, alumni from as far away as Tempe, Arizona, participated in the seminar.

COMMITTEES

The Plans and Program committee is planning some interesting programs for the rest of our year.

The Membership committee is recruiting. Let them know of any prospective members.

The Senior Housing committee is still in business. The future looks good.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

By
Edith Payne

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY . . . these words evoke scenes of a snow-covered land, cold temperatures and even jingling sleigh bells. In my home town Stavanger, on the West coast, however, the climate is much different. During my growing-up years in Norway we had only a few white Christmases. I remember roses in late December. But the Christmas spirit could not be denied.

December 23rd, "Little Christmas Eve," and December 24th Christmas Eve are both very much a part of the Christmas holidays. All businesses close at noon; everyone hurries home to start the celebration. At 4 p.m. church bells begin to ring, and it is a stirring experience to hear the bells pealing from all over town. Norwegians are normally not church-going people, but on Christmas Eve the churches are filled.

After church, the family sits down to a dinner of boiled cod, pork roast, boiled potatoes, gravy, a vegetable (no salad), and for dessert rice pudding with an almond hidden in it. The lucky one who finds the almond receives a gift. After dinner the family join hands and walk around the Christmas tree singing carols.

CHRISTMAS WITH MY SON AL

By
Ethel Dickerman

He met me with a smile and a hug at the end of the TWA ramp in San Francisco a few days before Christmas 1981. It was my first visit to Al's house since the death of Charles, his dad and my husband, with whom I had shared 33 years in the pastoral ministry.

The drive across the heights of San Francisco, over the Golden Gate bridge, past Sausalito was scenic. His Cadillac was purring softly as we wound our way through the green hills to Sonoma Valley.

It was obvious this was to be a special week of remembering and bonding with my stepson Al. A giant Christmas tree was brilliantly beaming its welcome to the patio door.

Before his warm fire in the living room we shared the latest news of his sister Doris and her family. He and Doris had attended B.N.C. We recalled the Christmas that Al had stayed in Bethany to work at the post office through Christmas Eve.

"Christmas dinner was delayed until 2 p.m., when your bus would arrive," I reminded him.

"When you finally came and the rolls were done, your dad asked you to say grace. Never before had I heard a more sincere expression of gratitude for food."

After attending church again Christmas Day, families get together for food and fellowship lasting the rest of the day. The day after Christmas is called "Second Christmas"; it is another national holiday. Parties continue through New Years Day. The Christmas tree is not taken down until the first week in January.

My experience deviated somewhat from this. I grew up in a bi-cultural home. Mother was American and Father had lived in the U.S.A. many years and was a naturalized citizen. So we celebrated Christmas with both Norwegian and American customs. Christmas Eve was Norwegian. Christmas morning was American, with Christmas stockings and more gifts.

During the five years of German occupation, life was changed. And our coming to the U.S.A., in 1948 was another different experience. But regardless of where we are or what the circumstance, the birth of Christ is what we are celebrating. And the blessings I have experienced over the years could fill a book. I will end by sending you a Norwegian Christmas and New Years greeting: GOD JUL og GODT NYTT AAR!

The week in Sonoma was a beautiful time. Al took me into the city to eat at Dodge's restaurant and to shop at Macy's, to the summit of Moon Valley Drive to view the grape vineyards, to church in Santa Rosa, and to see the museum and ranch of Jack London.

On Christmas Eve we opened gifts, called Doris in Tulsa, sang Christmas carols while Al played his piano, and listened to Pavarotti sing "O Holy Night."

We ate Christmas dinner with a friend.

On my last day in Sonoma we shopped around the square. In one shop Al introduced me as his mother. When I selected a crystal vase, the clerk volunteered, "Since you are Al's mother, you may have the vase at half price."

For my last evening there, Al set the table with beautiful embroidered white cloth and napkins with blue candles in crystal holders.

"My! with all this, you would think we were having someone special for dinner," I quipped.

"We are," was Al's ready reply. And when he said grace he thanked our heavenly Father for the privilege of having me as his guest.

Since that time Al signs his letters, "Your son."

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