



**November 11 Program:
Jenny Broughton,
Orphan and Survivor**
By Shirley Mears

We all feel that we have problems. But if we take our eyes off ourselves and look for ways to serve others, we will soon find that many people have problems and that we can make a difference in their lives.

Our November speaker has known troubles. Learn how she faced her troubles and now helps others.

Jenny Broughton became an orphan when her father strangled her mother and then fired a 32-caliber bullet into his head. Broughton was raised in the South Texas



Jenny Broughton

children's Home and her brothers and sisters were placed in foster homes. Years later, history would repeat itself when her brother dealt with his marriage problems the same way.

Jenny now speaks to groups across the nation. She has spoken at the Southern Baptist Convention, the Texas Baptist Convention, and many civic groups. She has shared the platform with Billy Graham and

Jimmy Carter. You will laugh, cry and be encouraged.

Mrs. Broughton has been married for 29 years to Sam Broughton, pastor of Baptist Temple, Oklahoma City. They have three daughters.



The Mark
By Ruth Miriam Williams*

Who says we're done at sixty-five
and will not be productive?
This fatal mark is quite unfair
and to some folk, destructive.
If it's because our hair falls out
and bones are not so strong
Or teeth decay and eyes grow weak,
this mark is rather wrong.
The human brain is at its peak
with wisdom that is stored.
When not in use, the mind grows dull.
With disuse, it is bored.
A person's spirit does not age
although the body will.
Within the elderly, there lives
a being youthful still.
Insurance companies bump up rates
and jobs are hard to find.
The golden age becomes quite sad.
Life often seems unkind.
Great contributions can be made
by persons deemed past prime.
And I, a senior, vote for change.
I wrote this truthful rhyme.

*Thoughts from *A Mossy Grist Mill* by Ruth Miriam Williams



Your president's point of view:

by Jack David Arnold

What would the world look like if we each believed we could nudge the events of the day in a positive direction?

I've yet to find that imagining the worst has helped me better prepare for it. In fact, it does the opposite. Consumed by fear, I fail to find the peace—and possibility—in the moment.

One Sunday night in the winter of 1965, I called my mother in Oklahoma City. Sunday night was always my night to call home. When she did not answer, I called Mae Longon, the next door neighbor. "I went by to check on Mrs. Arnold a few hours ago," she said, and she was not there."

I then called Geneva, my sister-in-law in El Reno. She said, "I've not talked to Mom in two or three days. I also tried to call her tonight, but there was no answer. Just don't know where she is, Jack. I'll keep trying to find her."

I called again about midnight. No answer. Panic washed over me. My fear and anxiety overwhelmed my thoughts: *She's been mugged again like she was a year ago in the parking lot of the Safeway Store at 16th and Drexel Boulevard. She may be languishing in the emergency room at St. Anthony's Hospital.*

Scenes from the terrifying to the ridiculous played over and over in my head. I couldn't get to sleep that night. I breathed deeply to try to calm my nerves. It did not work.

Then I asked myself as I thought about the miles of night between my mother and me: *What do I know for certain right now? Only this: I can't reach Mother. That's it.*

What was playing in my head was far worse than what I actually knew. Eventually, I drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, my heart pounded as I dialed my mother's number again. No answer. That evening, after work, I dialed her number with a prayer on my lips.

"Hello?"

At the sound of Mother's warm, familiar voice, I burst into tears.

"Mother, I thought something terrible had happened!"

"Oh? I'm sorry, Son. Your Uncle Tony came by last Saturday and said, 'Mittie, Pauline and I are going to take you down to Lake Eufala for some rest and relaxation; get your tooth brush and night gown, and let's go.' We left in a hurry, and I didn't tell Mae, Geneva, or anybody else. You know how your Uncle Tony is—he left his engine runnin', and he doesn't like to wait for folks when he has travelin' on his mind!"

How often have I imagined the worst, and my fears never materialized? More times than I can count.

Living in the present moment is especially difficult in these anxious times. It's so easy to let fear spin out of control and take over our lives. The more fearful we become as individuals, the less energy we have to envision and create a better world.

Filled with fear, we run the risk of turning into sheep, dangerously easy to manipulate. We become perilously immersed in our own little worlds. I know. I've been there. Haven't we all?

I don't want to let fear diminish my life. There's no time to

Continued on page 6—Arnold



"Sharing a Continuous Flight"

The Academy Perspective

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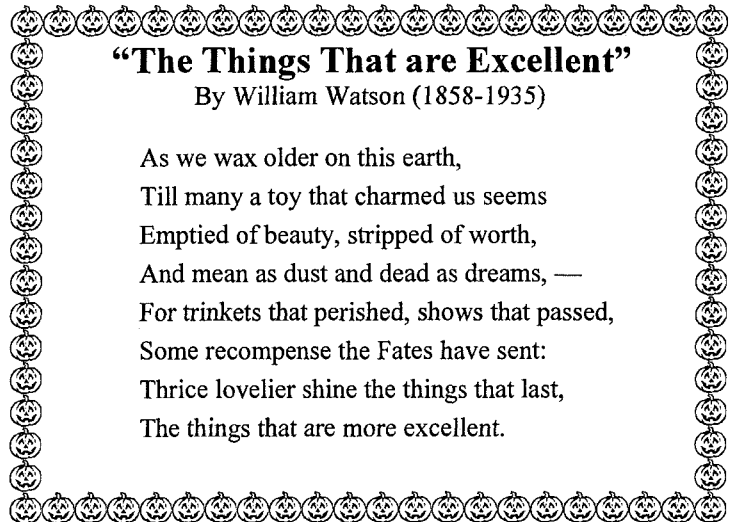
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"The Things That are Excellent"

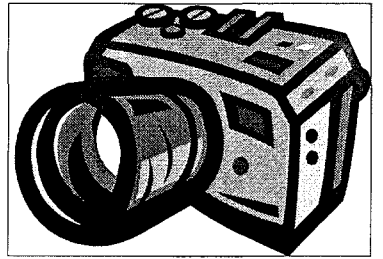
By William Watson (1858-1935)

As we wax older on this earth,
Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,
And mean as dust and dead as dreams, —
For trinkets that perished, shows that passed,
Some recompense the Fates have sent:
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,
The things that are more excellent.



ASP PICS

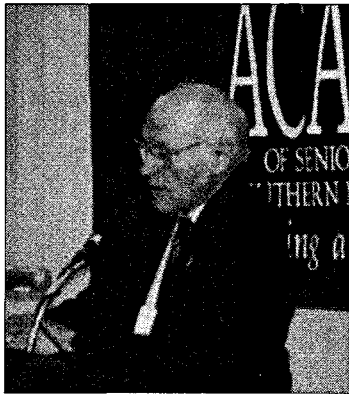
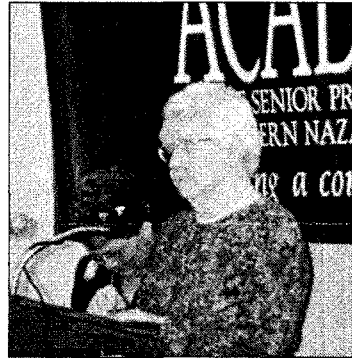
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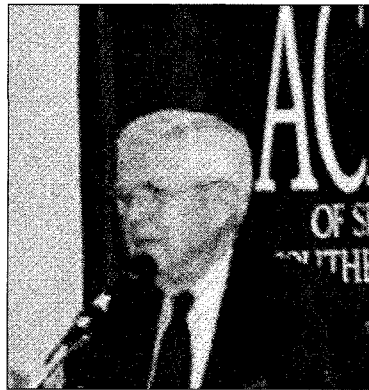
(Right) Speaker, computer nerd Jim Tate and program chairperson, Shirley Mears enjoy a lighter moment following the ASP luncheon.



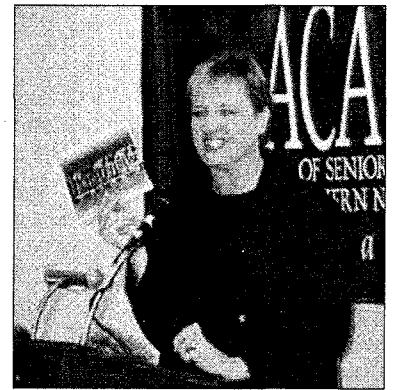
(Left) Dr. Anna Belle Laughbaum, copy editor for The Academy Perspective, offers the invocation to begin the October Academy luncheon.



(Above) Dr. Elbert Overholt, ASP Director, talks about matters of interest at the Academy luncheon.



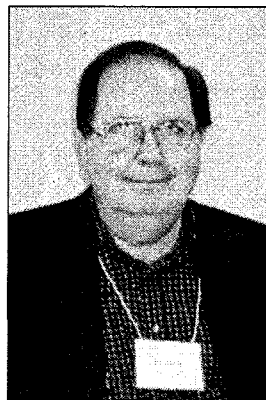
(Above) Academy President, Dr. Jack Arnold, keeps things moving at the October luncheon of ASP.



(Above) Marilyn Bergman, Alumni Association Director, talks about Homecoming activities at the ASP luncheon.

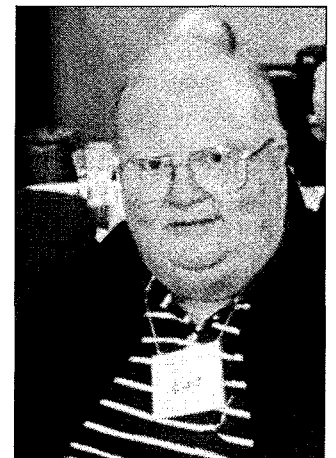


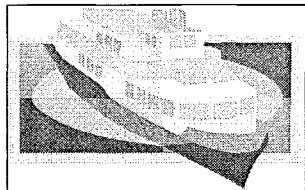
(Left) Tim Griffith was the guest of Vada Lee Barkley who spoke words of gratitude for the computer help Tim provided as Vada Lee was learning the ins and outs of computer operations as they are applied to book publishing.



Member Wally Brown

(Right) Jeff Maddox attended the October Academy Luncheon at the guest of Larry Henderson.





South American Odyssey (part 2)

By James R. (Bob) Emmel

(Continued from part 1)

After another day at sea we were prepared for our venture in Chile. Arica was our first port and here were superb beaches, parks and museums of the ancient Chilean excavated ruins of the Quechua and Aymara Indians. From this port there are spectacular views of the Pacific Ocean. The city crafts markets were a delight and the people enjoyed being photographed, mostly if there were American coins or bills placed in their hands. There are world-renowned Chilean railway memorabilia for the locomotive buff. The Lake District is a place of enjoyment. Walking through the coastal towns gave a real flavor of the Chilean people. There is a strong influence of German life, for many Germans have settled in the area. Chile is noted for its fine parks and lakes; there are over a hundred fifty species of birds, among which are scores of flamingos, giant coots and Andean gulls.

After two days at sea we anchor at Valparaíso, Chile, one of the major cities of this country. Here is the seaport town we enjoyed visiting with the very friendly nationals and observing the peasant life of the Chileans. At this time of the year the Christmas holiday spirit was high and it was interesting to hear a children's choir singing and instrumental groups performing in the town squares. We were made very much aware that children and music are two factors that seem to be common among people everywhere. Here at the main port of Valparaíso, the port for the capitol of Chile, Santiago, over 700 people disembarked for various home-goings. We took on board approximately 1200 South Americans, who were going on their Christmas holiday for the last half of our cruise. On it we observed the South American people at their best and in some cases, at their worst. At least, we saw the wealthy class of South Americans and learned how they viewed life, and in most cases they were not too much different from North Americans. It is noteworthy that in South America there are distinctively two classes of citizens. There are the very wealthy and the very poor, and the rich get richer on the back-breaking work of the poor as they get poorer. It is very sad to see an abundance of poverty in all the countries where we visited.

At this juncture, after fourteen days of cruising, we embarked on the last fourteen days of this spectacular cruise. Another day at sea gave us time to become better acquainted with some of our fellow travelers from various countries and more especially, our new South American guests.

After another day at sea our port of call was Puerto Montt, Chile's capital of the Lake District. Here we saw colorful shingled houses and picturesque fishing wharfs. Then it was on to Chilean Patagonia, a city that many foreigners visit in order to conduct various kinds of research on the sea and plant life; the area is unspoiled by human beings. Traveling north, we noted the lush countryside overlooking Chile's largest lake, Lake Llanquihue, where we stopped at the beautiful village of Frutillar, founded in 1856 by German settlers. The alpine and traditional-style German architecture and the German regional handicraft markets were unsurpassed. A further drive along the Lake gave us an impressive view of the snow-capped Osorno volcano.

We sailed the Strait of Magellan, the same waters as Francis Drake, Charles Darwin, and other exploring seafarers sailed,

where we observed magnificent scenery of giant rock formations. We had to backtrack somewhat through the Strait in order to drop anchor at the next port, Punta Arenas, Chili. As we traveled via luxury bus through the impressive Chilean countryside, we were astonished by its many vineyards, huge cattle and sheep ranches, and farmlands of indescribable grandeur.

We then cruised to Ushuaia, Argentina, the capitol of the province of Tierra de Fuego, Antarctica and the South Atlantic Islands which belong to Argentina, where we observed the Fuegian Andes and viewed many glaciers, imposing fjords and high mountain peaks. This area is considered the southern most point of the South American continent.

The following day we cruised around Cape Horn, a spectacular experience in very rough seas where the Atlantic meets the Pacific Ocean. Jetting out into the ocean were unbelievably gigantic blue glaciers defying the ocean of sunrays to pry them loose from their secure holds, turning them into icebergs. Pen or word processor is inadequate to project with words the overwhelming vision beheld by human eye.

At our next port, Puerto Madryn, Argentina, we traveled by bus a hundred miles south to a natural reserve of Magellan penguins and other birds. As we walked through the penguin rookery we saw over a million Magellan penguins. This was a highlight of our cruise—observing these curious and entertaining birds. Watching both the mother and father penguins teaching their babies to swim and to fish for food was an educational joy.

Another day at sea, as we gazed at elegant scenery, we arrived in Buenos Aires, Argentina, often referred to as "The Paris of South America." Because of the political unrest we were not certain that permission would be granted to anchor at this great South American city, but very early in the morning of our arrival date the American Embassy gave clearance to anchor and we had great opportunities to see this amazing city.

Among the points of interest were Plaza de Mayo surrounded by the Casa Rosada, The Cabildo (Colonial Town Hall) and a wonderful cathedral. A drive through the charming streets of San Telmo and down the colorful roads of La Boca, famous for its multicolor tin houses, was an experience to be remembered. Then we drove through the elegant residential Barrio Norte on our way to the Recoleta Cemetery, which is an amazing above-ground cemetery lined with magnificent mausoleums and statues. Here we saw the elegant mausoleum of the famous Eva Peron family, and this showed a final resting-place at its best.

After two more wonderful days at sea, our seaworthy vessel in the early morning approached what we considered one of the most stately harbors in all of our travels—Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Miles out into the ocean we viewed many giant mountains of solid rock jutting from the water into the heavens above. The splendor of Sugar Loaf Mountain and the wonderful Christ of the Andes, hundreds of feet above the city beckoning with His outstretched hands, was breath-taking. Riding the cable cars and walking up steps to approach the upper levels of these magnificent wonders of man and nature defy description. Rio is a city one could never forget.

After a month at sea, with time seeming to go so very quickly, we were happy to wing our way from Rio de Janeiro back to our American home, "Where the land is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."



"If you ask me"
By Vada Lee Barkley

"Hello. How are you?" is the usual greeting. Sometimes the emphasis lets you know whether the greeter really wants to know.

If he says, "How are you?" he expects you to say, "Fine." If he says, "How are you?" watch your words. He may want to know more, but few people want to know how you really are. It's just a formality.

The adolescent son of a long-winded speaker asked his mother some questions about the birds and the bees. She suggested that he ask his father. The boy said, "I don't want to know that much."

I grew up in Arkansas where friends would often say, "Come go with us." That meant for a meal. When Art and I were in a revival in Wheeler, Texas, after a morning service, an elderly man—probably from Arkansas—said, "Come go with us." The pastor said, "They aren't scheduled to go anywhere for dinner today." So we went.

Before dinner, the lady had to go to the cellar for food and the man to the grocery store. Then we realized that our invitation was only a formality. We didn't feel unwelcome, but our hosts were certainly not prepared.

When someone asks me how I am, I know better than to go into detail despite the temptation to do so. Not only does that make me feel better, it relieves my friend as well. And it saves time.

Nowadays, when I see a new doctor—which is seldom because I already have a specialist for almost everything—the nurse asks about my surgeries. My answer? "Do you have an hour and a half?"

We Christians can honestly say, "I'm fine!" That's essentially what Paul told the church at Philippi: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13

In times of distress or anxiety, I turn to a motto on my dresser. It reads: "Vada Lee, trust me. I have everything under control. Jesus."



A look at a book
By Wini Howard

IN THIS MOUNTAIN by Jan Karon

In This Mountain is Jan Karon's seventh book about Father Tim and the people in the little town of Mitford, North Carolina. Having read the six previous books in the series, I really felt at home as I read this climactic book.

Father Tim has retired, but he is busy still ministering to the people of Mitford. The people have not changed. The cantankerous ones are still the same, and there are several of them. The loving, caring ones are the same too. Father Tim is getting a little bored, however, and wishes he were in charge of a parish again.

Father Tim is a diabetic. His doctor (affectionately called "Hoppy") has given him strict rules to live by. But he becomes somewhat careless and decides he can cut back on his insulin. Then on a hot afternoon when he stops his car at a gas station and asks for water—and it isn't handy—he drinks a cold coke. "It tasted so good."

But this careless action leads to a terrible accident. His recovery and lessons learned take quite some time. The people of Mitford are as involved as Dr. "Hoppy" and Cynthia, Father Tim's wife, will permit. Also interesting things are happening in several other lives.

In some definite ways the Mitford series seem to be drawing to a close. (We'll have to ask Jan.) They probably should be. Those who have read all of the books probably feel as I do that they have become acquainted with "Southern living" in a very meaningful way, thanks to Jan Karon.

This book is in the BFC library and at Mardels'. Also, no doubt, in the Metro Library.



Writing Workshop Report
By Carol Spencer

The Writing Workshop met prior to the luncheon on October 14, 2002. Those in attendance shared either their ideas for future compositions or recently completed works. Vada Lee Barkley gave a brief synopsis of her recently published book, Smile, God Loves You. The purpose of her book is declared by a verse from Psalms, Ps 71:18 NIV "Even when I'm old and gray, do not forsake me, O God, till I declare your power to the next generation.

Jack Arnold read his essay, "So Long, My Sweet Grandma." This essay is a personal account of family relationships and the sad reality occurring when an admission to a nursing home is inevitable.

Knowledge, skill and published works are NOT a prerequisite for membership in this group. Only a desire to write is required. So don't be shy, everyone is welcome.



Web Guide for Seniors

[The following web site information appeared in the June 3, 2002 issue of U. S. News and World Report.]

www.AARP.org	(miscellaneous information)
www.SSA.gov	(social security information)
www.professorbeyer.com	(estate planning)
www.elderhostel.org	(travel and learning)
www.benefitscheckup.org	(finance, housing, needs)
www.healthfinder.gov	(health information)
www.bankrate.com	(finances)
www.volunteermatch.org	(volunteerism)
www.grandspace.com	(raising grandchildren)

Arnold (continued from page 2)

fritter away precious and limited energy by worrying. What's at stake is far too important. At this critical juncture in our history, we have so many decisions affecting our lives which seem driven by fear rather than reason or a sense of possibility. I want to imagine the best rather than the worst.

Choosing possibility over panic gives me the energy to imagine what I might do, in my own small way, to help nudge the events of the day in a positive direction instead of resigning myself as history's victim.

Fear is, of course, a fact of life, but we can choose what we do with it every moment. If we let fear take over, it can drive us to terrorize, dominate, invent ever more cruel and destructive weapons, and put up every kind of wall between us and them— whoever "they" happen to be at the moment.

Fear can cage our hearts, make us run for our lives instead of living them, and blind us from seeing the gorgeous clouds drifting over the traffic jam.

I saw that Sunday night that I panicked when Mother did not answer her phone as a sort of fire drill. It was a chance to practice sifting real fears from imagined ones. I want to devote my energy to finding ways to act on imagining the best world possible.

Will my pursuit make a difference? The words of historian Howard Zinn in his book *You Can't Be Neutral on a Moving Train*, (1994) make me believe it will. Zinn wrote, "To be hopeful in bad times is not just foolishly romantic, it is based on the fact that human history is not one of cruelty, but also of compassion, sacrifice, courage, kindness. What we choose to emphasize in this complex history will determine our lives.

"If we see only the worst," Zinn continued, "it destroys our capacity to do something. If we remember those times and places—and there are so many—where people have behaved magnificently, this gives us the energy to act, and at least the possibility of sending this spinning top of a world in a different direction."

We face scary times as we walk the surface of Mother Earth. As author Richard Rhodes wrote in his autobiography, "There's a hole in the world." John Bunyan in his classic allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, wrote about the Slough of Despond, which entrapped Christian for a time as he began his journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

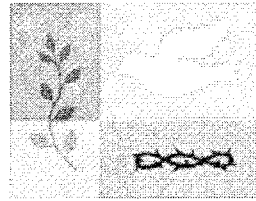
In spite of the darkness, ugliness, and dishonesty in our world, there's still plenty of light, beauty, and truth in it for us to see, appreciate, and experience. **When we refuse to let our fears run our lives and imagine the best, we can nudge the events of the day in a positive direction and find possibility in every moment.**

BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP by Elbert Overholt

Hugh Bright and Vada Lee Barkley will be sharing their writings at our first meeting of this year. Hugh Bright's books were recently written and are illustrated by his son, Shural James Bright.

Vada Lee has written a number of books and will be reviewing her writings during this first session.

Anyone interested in reading and discussing good books is encouraged to meet with us at 9:00 a.m. in the Conference Room of the Commons on November 11.



Academy Obituary

By Billie Harrison

Charles M. Stipe was born 8-30-31 in Lonoke County, AR. He was graduated from Southern Nazarene University and Nazarene Theological Seminary. As an ordained elder he and his wife, Eula Mae, pastored for thirty seven years in the Church of the Nazarene. His leadership abilities and his great devotion to God defined his ministry.

Charles passed away 9-16-02 after a lengthy illness. He is survived by his wife, Eula Mae, and two children, Denise Fitch and Paul Stipe. We rejoice that he is no longer in pain and is enjoying his Lord.

Charles was a member of the Academy of Senior Professionals prior to his death.



ASP Calendar

Monday: November 11

9:00-11:00	am	Book Discussion Group-General Conf. Rm.
10:30-11:00	am	Shuttle: West BFC Parking Lot to Commons
11:15am-1:00	pm	Luncheon meeting-Heritage Room
1:00-1:30	pm	Shuttle: Commons to West BFC Parking Lot
1:15-2:00	pm	Administrative Council: Faculty Lounge
2:00-3:00	pm	By-Laws Committee: Faculty Lounge



News Briefs

- **New Easier Access to ASP Web pages:**

As a result of work done recently on the SNU web pages, it is now easier to access the ASP web pages. Once on the internet all you need to do to get into the ASP pages is to enter the address: www.snu.edu/sr_professionals. You will also enjoy the "new look" for SNU and ASP. (The ASP pages are being updated and upgraded which will require additional time.)

- **Membership Directory for 2002-2003:**

The new membership directory for the Academy will be ready for distribution at the November luncheon meeting. Be sure to check your information for accuracy. Please inform Don Beaver of any change that needs to be made.

- **ASP Contributions needed:**

Please consider making a tax-deductible contribution to the Academy of Senior Professionals (ASP) this fall. Your contribution will help us to have a positive balance in our operating projects throughout this academic year and to sponsor future projects. Kindly make your check payable to Southern Nazarene University with a notation on the check for the ASP.