

# The Academy Perspective

## SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T WIN FOR LOSING

by Vada Lee Barkley

We just thought we lucked out when hurricane-force winds ripped through here Sunday, July 23. Little did we know what the week held in store.

Tuesday morning Art left his dentures with the dentist, expecting new plates that afternoon.

"We'll call you when they get here," the receptionist said. "It'll probably be tomorrow morning."

We can handle that, we reasoned. We stopped at the store to buy soup, jello, ice cream, and oatmeal.

Wednesday morning I called. Mary answered.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Barkley. The power is off and the computers are down at the lab. They're running a day behind."

Art ventured out for more soup. The clerks must have marveled at his change of character. This friendly grandpa they knew so well had no smile, no words of greeting; in fact, he hardly opened his mouth. And his cart contained only soup.

Thursday, no teeth. Friday no teeth. "It'll be Monday," Mary said.

Back to the soup line. No pizza Saturday. No church Sunday.

At 10:30 a.m. Monday we arrived at the dentist's office. The postman came at 11:10. We held our breath. Mary grabbed a box and waved it. "Mr. Barkley's teeth are here!" she announced, as she disappeared into a back room.

We sat on the edge of our chairs.

Minutes later Mary slumped into the chair beside me. "I offered one of the other girls \$5 to tell you this," she moaned. "That box has Mr. Barkley's name on it, and his papers are inside. BUT THOSE ARE NOT HIS TEETH!"

I asked if she had any smelling salts.

I'm going to the lab right now and get your teeth. I'll be back at 1 o'clock," Mary promised.

We came home to eat our last bowl of soup and some ice cream.

Going back to the office, I said, "It would just be our luck for us or Mary to have an accident."

Thank the Lord, we didn't and she didn't. Only a few minutes late, Mary returned, out of breath, but triumphant. The lab receptionist had "chewed her out" for not returning the teeth the lab had sent by mistake. (Someone else would be "sans teeth" another day.) Worse yet, Mary locked her keys in the car and had to call her husband out of a meeting. He was furious. But Mary explained, "Mr. Barkley's got to have these teeth!"

Soon the doctor opened the door and grinned. "Mr. Barkley, are you ready?" At last, our luck had changed.

## NEW MEMBERS

We're delighted to welcome the following new members who joined at the October meeting: Willy Marsh, George Kendall, Louis and Rachel McMahon, June Phillips, and Bob and Naomi Emmel. Mary L. Smith has agreed to serve as caller for this group. She will call for November luncheon reservations on Thursday, November 9.

## HOLIDAY TABLE DECORATIONS

Dawn Tullis will be decorating tables for our Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Valentine's dinners. I'm especially appreciative of such talent and those who enjoy creating beauty for us all. Thanks, Dawn, for accepting this assignment.

## SENIOR HOUSING

Dr. Loren Gresham has named Robert Parker as SNU Counselor for Senior Adult Housing. He is actively engaged in securing a location and making plans for building a Senior Housing Center sponsored as a non-profit organization to serve the seniors of the community.

It is planned that the Academy of Senior Professionals will be represented on a small planning committee that will also contain members from the University as well as the community. He has received information about our previous work in this area, including the survey that we made a few years ago.

We'll try to get Mr. Parker to give us a report on his activities in the near future.

## PROGRAM UPDATE

by Elbert Overholt

Our program for November 13 will be presented by Lecil Brown. He will be presenting a short history of Medicare and Social Security and a brief overview of present conditions in the Medicare program and its benefits. The main thrust of his presentation will center on the proposed changes in the present programs and some of the implications these changes may have for us today.

## ART'S CHUCKLES

"Sometimes those who object to 'playing second fiddle' shouldn't be in the orchestra at all."

"The good old days were when inflation was just something you did to a balloon."

"The man who rolls up his sleeves seldom loses his shirt."

**IT WAS CHURCH  
--BUT DIFFERENT**

by Bob Troutman

If our only two grandchildren didn't live in Mozambique, I would never have been on a 14-hour non-stop flight from New York to Johannesburg! But hearing Nathaniel and Christopher shouting, "Grandma! Grandpa!" made me forget the torture. We stayed a week in Harare, then went on to Beira, Mozambique, where our son Philip and his family live. After a month there, we took a 10-day trip back into Zimbabwe.

What was most memorable about the six weeks? Victoria Falls was magnificent, but not at all like the picture I had in my mind. Watching a herd of 50 or more elephants come out of the bush to drink at a water hole was exciting. Traffic rushing full speed on the wrong side of the road--I'll never forget that feeling. And then there were the church services.

One Sunday we attended the dedication of a new church building. To have the missionary's parents from America was a very great honor. Wilma cut the ribbon and I unlocked the door. The church was about 20' x 35' or so, with a dirt floor and a thatched roof. The walls were grass plastered with mud (it dries as hard as stucco). The platform was dirt which had been raised about 6" and pounded firm. The pulpit was fashioned from mud bricks, and the seats were backless benches. (As guests of honor we had chairs.) Not much of a church by our standards, but you can't imagine how proud those people were of that building. The young pastor was all but dancing during the entire song service.

You've heard about "giving hilariously"--well, they had a hilarious offering. While everyone sang and some instrument kept time, people slapped their money down on a table with as loud a sound as they could make. Then they joined in dancing around the table while others brought their money. Philip told me the lady in

charge scolded, "Some of you are just coming up here and dancing. You're not putting any money down." It was an offering I'll never forget.

We attended three other churches in Mozambique--one in a beautiful new cement block building made possible by Alabaster funds. At all of them we were given gifts, and after the services we ate our rice and chicken with forks. We didn't understand much of what was going on but we could tell the Spirit was there, and we enjoyed it all.

**MORE CHUCKLES**

"The best things in life are free. It's the worst things that are so expensive."

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"Parents who are afraid to put their foot down unusually have children who step on their toes."

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"If you can't think of any other way to flatter a man, tell him he's the kind that can't be flattered."

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"Money is so hard to keep we wonder why anybody is fool enough to work for it."

**BOOK REVIEW**

by Wini Howard

Let me tell you about a book I have read lately. It is called "The Cup of Wrath." It is a novel about Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the well-known German theologian. This is not a biography, as such, but it is carefully based on information that the author has acquired through meticulous research over many years. May Glazener has taken the facts of D.B.'s life and woven them into story form. I have heard bits of information about D.B. for many years, but this novel has made him a living and exciting human being.

The other significant contribution the book makes is to reveal at least a faint picture of what went on in Germany and in the German church under Hitler. There were a few people, both in the church and out of the church, who valiantly opposed him. There were at least two events that should probably be called major assassination attempts. D.B. was aware of these because of relatives who were involved. Also he came under suspicion because of his failure to cooperate with the state church in supporting Hitler. As a result he came under scrutiny of the Gestapo. Finally he was hunted down and executed without even a trial. This took place just shortly before the surrender of Germany. The book ends with one asking "Why?" Only God knows.

The book can be ordered at Mardels. (\$25 or \$19 paperback)