

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS -- 7

APRIL – JUNE, 2007

The 7th of my journal-type essays in which I write whatever is on my mind and record the progress of my neurological disease, primary lateral sclerosis (PLS).

Monday, April 9, 2007. Yesterday was Easter, and a glorious day it was! I was surrounded by faith and love! As a matter of fact, faith and love characterized the whole week. Our "Scripture and Prayer with Verna and Friends" services are held on the first Thursday of the month. I was so glad to notice that it fell in "Holy Week" this year, as I've always loved planning services that have to do with the death and resurrection of Jesus. What a wealth of material we have from which to draw! Then George and Janet decided that Easter would be a good time for their next service, to the delight of Gloria, the activities director. And so "Easter Service with Verna and Family" was scheduled for April 8 at 2:00.

All last week I watched good programs and heard wonderful messages on TV about Jesus, his death and resurrection. My mind was busy processing thoughts old and new, and my whole being appreciated the love of God shown in these events. Then Thursday came and how wonderful it was! Cliff Cullum was away, so, for the first time, my friend Barbara Devir happily moderated the service and read the sermon. Carol Thorne, our regular pianist, also was unavailable, but my long-time friend Earl Brown gladly came to fill that position. My husband Leo and Frank Hetzer were there taking part in the service, as usual. What a team God has assembled to spread the Good News at Sky View! Also included as team members are the six to eight friends who come when they can to be part of the audience and help with the singing. Faith and love flowed freely in that room on Thursday and filled me with joy!

On Friday I received an Easter card with loving thoughts from my daughter MaryBeth. It also contained an interesting enclosure: a thank you note to MaryBeth and me from Kelly, a woman I do not know. My daughter had given her friend copies of some of my essays and Kelly, in turn, had passed them on to others. Her note was so encouraging, full of faith and love.

George and Janet came Friday evening, bearing a gift: a DVD of the movie "A Man Called Peter." I had read the book by that title, a biography of Peter Marshall, more than 50 years ago and was anxious to see the movie. It was so excellent, so full of faith, that I watched it twice on Saturday. The DVD includes in its bonus materials an audio recording of the real Peter Marshall delivering a sermon. His topic? The crucifixion of Jesus! I HIGHLY recommend that movie to everyone.

And then it was Easter. I heard several good sermons from TV preachers to set the stage for the afternoon. Leo arrived first. He came into my room and gave me a big hug. "That's from David," he said. Our son had phoned his dad with Easter greetings from North Carolina, requesting that a hug be delivered to me. Then Leo gave me a hug and kiss of his own. Soon we were in the Main Living Room where George, Janet and their three sons, Eric (home from college), Evan and Andrew, were busy setting up the room as people began to gather. Staff members wheeled residents to the area in their chairs or recliners, while others walked there, some using canes or walkers. My daughter Marty arrived along with other dear friends: Vallie Turner, Carolyn Burke, Barbara Devir and Janet's parents, Fred and Maj-Britt Lyons. Marty sat next to me, rubbing my back from time to time.

At 1:50 the prelude began. For the next 45 minutes the musicians - George (piano and keyboard); Evan (trumpet); and Andrew (violin) - filled the area with inspiring songs of faith, some of which we sang from the song sheets Janet had given us. Eric and Leo used their well-balanced voices to do two Scripture reading duets and George so lovingly read my meditation and sermon. After the postlude, a resident who had been sitting next to Marty and whom I knew only by face, wheeled up to me wide-eyed and asked, "Is he your son?" "Yes," I nodded. Then he turned to

Marty and asked, "And is he your brother?" "Yes, George is my brother and Verna is our mother," Marty replied. Faith and love were certainly evident in that room!

Shortly after I got back to my own room, the telephone rang. It was my son Paul, calling from California. Paul knows I can't use the telephone, but that I can hear the messages on the answering machine. Church services had just ended in CA and now he wanted to get in touch with family. You can guess what his message contained: faith and love!

My cup is full and running over!

Tuesday, May 1, 2007. I mentioned before that here on the fourth floor we have meetings every Tuesday with our social worker Diane, who is also director of the social work department at Sky View. Since September Diane has had an intern working under her guidance: Meisha (pronounced Meesha), a senior at Mercy College. I never had a personal conversation with her, though I knew who she was and she recognized me. Last week Diane discussed with us the thought of having a party for Meisha, since she would soon be leaving. After donuts and coffee were selected for refreshments, I suggested that we ask her to tell us what she learned during her time with us.

The party was held this afternoon. Obviously Meisha had been told of my request and had given the topic some thought, though when the time came, she spoke spontaneously. I was stunned and deeply moved by what she said, the gist of which I will try to paraphrase here. She said the main thing she discovered was that we residents are real people, individuals who carry within themselves the accomplishments of the past and who are still functioning at a level she never imagined. Previously she had thought those who lived in nursing homes were institutional beings of some sort rather than actual people. What an eye opener that was for her! How brave of her to make that admission! And what a worthwhile service we performed in teaching her that life-changing lesson!

Later on, Meisha came over to me and said, "Thank you, Verna! You almost made me cry." The people sitting around me knew that SHE actually DID make ME cry. Some moments on earth are holy. This was one of them. Best wishes, Meisha!

Saturday, May 26, 2007. I want to begin by adding a P.S. to the above story. After the party, it occurred to me that my essays may be helpful to Meisha in her career as a social worker. So I prepared a packet of literature consisting of a letter expressing my thoughts, a catalog of the essays, and some samples of my writings. On Wednesday I gave the packet to Diane, who told me Thursday would be Meisha's last day at Sky View. I was not surprised, therefore, when the young intern came into my room late Thursday afternoon. Her face told me she was pleased even before she spoke. After expressing her gratitude, Meisha let me know that we shared a common faith in our Lord. No wonder I felt that her speaking to me on May 1 was a holy moment!

Then she said something about the catalog that let me know how creatively she thinks. She said, "This catalog is a menu from which we can order food for our souls." And then, saying she would come back some day for essays, Meisha was gone. It's funny how people come into and go out of our lives all the time. God is such a good weaver!

Sunday, May 27, 2007. Two things happened in the last few days that I want to record. The first concerns a reunion with a dear friend I hadn't seen for at least seven years. I was on the first floor in the Main Living Room area when I saw in a wheelchair a woman who looked vaguely familiar. "Could that be Jane Butcher?" I wondered. I looked again and decided in the negative. On Wednesday when George and Janet came to visit, George said he noticed in the guest register

that someone had come to visit Jane Butcher. Then I knew that my eyes had NOT been playing tricks on me, and I resolved to locate her the next day.

On Thursday I went to Jane's floor and was told she was in Physical Therapy. I went downstairs and saw a woman walking slowly down the hallway using a walker for support. A therapist was by her side and a young man was also with them. I sat in my chair and watched them go by, almost certain that the woman was Jane. I didn't know what to do. My rational mind said that I should wait until this woman was safely seated in her wheelchair before I introduced myself, for a shock might make her unstable. The group turned around and walked back toward me. At that point my desire to know overcame my rationality and I made an unwise decision. I typed the word "Jane" onto my Lightwriter and as they got closer, I activated the voice mechanism. If that's not Jane, I thought, they will pay no attention.

Instead, the woman stopped, looked around and asked, "Who said that?" (Good question! What would YOU think if you heard a voice that seemed to come from someone's lap?) Since I was the only one there, Jane stared at me until finally her mouth dropped open and out came the words "VERNA MAE!!" Then I knew I should have followed my first instinct. I was truly worried as she came over to me with her walker, bent to give me a kiss and began to cry. She wondered what I was doing here; was I in Rehab? That's where she was, learning to walk again after a broken hip. When I told her I lived here, she said she hadn't known that. Soon her son Tom, the man who was with her, took my room number and said he'd bring his mother to see me when her PT was over. As I got ready to drive away, I could hear Jane down the hall saying, "You have no idea!"

Tom and Jane did not come to my room Thursday. On Friday Leo tried to locate her, to no avail. But Saturday evening he found Jane in her room and came back with word that she'd love to see us. By the time we arrived, Tom and his wife Regina were there and soon thereafter Heather, one of Jane's adult grandchildren, also came. I didn't know the other three as well as Jane, and hadn't seen them for at least 18 years. We had a good time getting reacquainted.

Then early this afternoon Jane came to my room, and two friends from the past were together at last. Jane, a few years older than I, commented: "Look at us, two gray haired ladies in wheelchairs and we are still Verna and Jane! And it's OK." I was so pleased with her attitude! Our friendship goes back at least 40 years when our family began occasionally attending the church where she had her membership. In the 1980's she was an important part of the Bible Basics seminars that I taught repeatedly, by attending herself, by bringing others (including Regina), and by helping me in various ways.

Jane had particularly fond memories of the "Set Free" course and quoted one of the Bible verses on which it was based. As she talked of various people and groups who are still benefitting from my teaching in the past, I realized I was identifying in still another way with my mentor, the apostle Paul. There were times when he wondered how the people whom he had taught as he traveled about were doing. Did they even remember him? Then someone would come with good news that the people not only remembered him fondly, but they were thriving spiritually by putting his teachings into practice. Paul was so refreshed by these reports! I knew how he felt as I drank deeply of the "cool water" that Jane was giving me. To God be the glory! Amen.

The second thing I want to record is that on Friday I finally finished writing the essay "Cleanse Me." I began writing it last July and am SO glad to have it on paper instead of just in my mind! Thank you, Lord! The essay is now in the hands of my son George, who serves as my editor.

Saturday, June 2, 2000. I just came back from visiting Jane Butcher in her 5th floor room. What a good time we have had catching up with each other's lives this week! Both of us were in awe this evening as we realized that God had a bigger purpose for bringing us together at Sky View than either of us could have imagined! Praise his holy name!

Sunday, June 3, 2007. A few nights ago an aide, while attending to me, began to talk about some things that were on her mind. She went on for a while and then asked if others come in and talked to me like she does. When I nodded she said, "That's because we know you won't tell our secrets." I smiled, thinking she was referring to the fact that I can't talk, hence cannot spread the news. But then she made a suggestion: "You ought to write down these stories." Puzzled, I motioned for my Lightwriter and typed, "If I write your stories down, wouldn't I be spreading your secrets?" And she broke into a hearty laughter. The next night she recounted the whole story to another aide who came in with her and all three of us laughed.

It is not easy to know how and what to write about other people. I struggle especially with whether or not to use their names when I do decide to include others in an essay. In this portion of my journal I have used first and last names, first names only, and no name (as in this entry). Elsewhere I have changed the names, always mentioning in my writing that I had done so. Occasionally I have asked friends if they mind having their names appear in my essays. No one has objected yet!

My real objective is to use pertinent, current anecdotes without embarrassing anyone. Since I am confined to Sky View, my stories increasingly come from here. Even if I don't use names, I know the staff members at SV might be able to guess who I am talking about by the clues that give, like their gender, position, and shift that they work. Yet I don't want to be concerned about who reads what. Perhaps there is no one right answer that fits all situations.

Once I attended a lecture given by an author who had written a fine memoir of his troubled early years. I was ready with a question when that portion of the program arrived: "Did you use the real names of the people in your book?" (There was no indication either way in the book.) His answer was intriguing: "If you liked the person, I used the real name. If you did not like the person, I used a fictitious name." A wise decision, I think.

Tuesday, June 5, 2007. Last night George suggested that I put in my journal an entry about the writing opportunities that have come my way at Sky View, besides the composing of essays and sermons. They have certainly been interesting!

Last fall Molly Little, the teenage daughter of a staff member here, proposed the formation of a resident literary magazine at Sky View as a service project she was required to perform. The idea was accepted and the solicitation of contributors began. Some people would dictate their stories for others to enscribe, some would write fresh material on their own, while I decided to submit portions of works already written. The first issue of "Sky View's Horizons," which came out in November, included my story about "The Hay" from "Anecdotes" and my poem "Outwardly." It was interesting for me to see all the literary creativity existing among the residents. I am not the only writer here! Eleanor (Elie), for example, is a poet who writes on a regular schedule. A 4th floor resident, she and I have become friends through our mutual interest.

The second issue (February) contains a revised version of my farm story from "Anecdotes," which I titled "Mystery in the Attic" and a piece I wrote for the magazine, called "What a Difference a Year Makes!" Here is that article:

December 29, 2006 marked the one year anniversary of my entering Sky View as a resident. How well I remember my first impression of the facility: it was so beautiful! I used to drive my chair up and down the fourth floor hallways just to gaze at the lovely paintings that graced the walls. I did the same on the first floor.

Recently I realized that I had not paid attention to the pictures for a long time, and I wondered why. My conclusion makes sense to me: people have replaced pictures as the objects of my focus as I move about. When I drive now, I have in mind the person I am going to visit or I am intent on reaching the gathering place where there

are friends with whom I can chat or enjoy entertainment. I exchange smiles and waves with both residents and staff whenever I leave my room. And I see beauty in the people who surround me, so much so that the decorations serve only as a backdrop for that which matters more.

On December 29, 2005, Gloria was the only person I knew at Sky View. What a difference a year makes! Thank you, my friends. You are beautiful!

I have turned in my submissions for the third and last issue of Horizons, at least as far as Molly's project is concerned. Whether or not we continue is now up to the Sky View staff. (By the way, the woman I referred to is Gloria Kearsley, head of the Activities Department here. The reason I knew her is that she worked for a while at Drum Hill when I lived there.)

On the Friday before Mother's Day, Colleen (from Activities) came into my room during my morning mulching time with a request: "Gloria wants you to write a short poem for Mother's Day that could be put on a bookmark. I'll be back between 1 and 2:00 to get it." I knew there was to be an extravagant celebration on Sunday; now I knew it would include gifts to hand out. I could imagine the Activities staff, along with some residents, working frantically to get everything ready. But now here I was, still in bed, with a poem to write in about 3 hours! Shortly after Colleen left, words began formulating themselves rhythmically in my head. Would I remember them until I got to my computer? I did! When Colleen returned I handed her this verse, soon printed on a bookmark:

Mother's Day

Each of us HAD one –
Many of us BECAME one –

We all join our voices to say
"God bless the Mothers on this day!"

I found out later that Elie also had a poem made into a bookmark. I am printing it here so you can see her positive attitude and her way with words:

One, Two and Three
Sky View is a part of Me
Staff and Residents Are
The Greatest by Far

My latest assignment came last week. Activities is planning to hold an Aides Appreciation event on June 15 and Gloria asked me to write the verse for the card that will be presented that day. I said I would try. That night at about 2:00 I awoke with bits of verse in my mind. Lying there in the dark, I designed the front cover and "wrote" the verse for the card. When this sort of thing happens – and it has happened many times – I give glory to God. How else would you explain it?

Now I faced a different problem. Obviously I was going to be sleeping some more. Would I be able to retain these words through periods of sleep? I repeated them over and over before drifting back to sleep. I must have awakened 3 more times before morning arrived, and each time the words came back to me, praise God! After I got the verse on the computer, I decided to look it over editorially for a few days before handing it to Gloria. That turned out to be a wise decision. Here's what I gave her:

For the front of the card:

To all of our Aides from all of Us

For the inside:

An Attitude of Gratitude is a beautiful thing.
That's why we're uniting to say
Thank you SO MUCH for the aid that you bring
Each and every day!

We may not always show it,
But now you truly know it –

WE APPRECIATE YOU!

I'll see on the 15th what the card will look like. I find it interesting that from time to time through the years I thought of writing a series of greeting cards. Maybe it's not too late! I know now what I would put on the back of the cards: Verse by Verna. Life continues to be full of delights!

Sunday, June 10, 2007. I used to love riding carousels. My fascination with them began in Hershey Park when I was a child. (We called them merry-go-rounds then.) I would try to get on horses that moved up and down as well as around, thus doubling my pleasure. Once, before we were married, Leo and I were walking in a park in Philadelphia when, to my delight, we came upon a carousel! Of course we took a ride. Later we bought ice cream cones and continued walking. That was a wonderful date! I think my last carousel ride was in a mall.

After that I found pleasure in movement from riding escalators! To spectators, it may have looked like I was simply going from one floor to the next in the Jefferson Valley Mall, but I wasn't. I was having an adventure! To those who walked or ran up and down the moving stairs I wanted to say, "Slow down! Life is too short not to enjoy the ride!"

Where do I derive my satisfaction now that escalators have joined carousels as part of my past? From lying in my bed while the aides move it up and down to take care of me. I still enjoy the ride!

Pleasure can be found anywhere. It all depends on your mindset.

Thursday, June 14, 2007. You know how much the worship services we hold here the first Thursday of the month mean to me. My mind is always thinking ahead to the next month, planning themes; thinking how to build a solid foundation of truth; wanting to encourage and challenge through the blend of hymns, Scriptures and prayers. I love doing this kind of work for the Lord.

After George suggested I put my writing opportunities into this essay, I got to thinking that it would make sense to include a service schedule as well. Here is the program for June 7, copies of which I gave to Cliff, Leo, Frank and George (our pianist this month) during the previous week:

SCRIPTURE AND PRAYER WITH VERNA AND FRIENDS

Sky View - June 7, 2007 #9

PRELUDE.

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTIONS.

We will begin our service today with a hymn of praise:

****TO GOD BE THE GLORY**

We'll continue our praise with readings from the Psalms. First, a responsive reading by Leo and Frank.

PSALMS 57, 99 - RESPONSIVE READING Leo, #1 Frank, #2

The next Psalm we will read together:

****PSALM 100.**

Last month we talked about the fact that this world is not our home; we're just passing through. We'll continue that theme today beginning with the singing of:

****THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME**

MEDITATION: ON A JOURNEY. (Read by Cliff with Scripture passages to be read by Leo.)

****MARCHING TO ZION**

Prayer time:

****SERENITY PRAYER - Frank**

SPONTANEOUS PRAYER - Frank

****THE LORD'S PRAYER - Frank**

SERMON: OH, WOW! Part 2. (Either re-read or tell the opening story that gives the essay its name.)

CONCLUSION: (Whatever you think is appropriate: comments, prayer, ??)

ANNOUNCEMENT(S): Lord willing, we will be back with another session of Scripture and Prayer with Verna and Friends on July 5 at 2:00.

Blessing:

****GOD BE WITH YOU 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN**

POSTLUDE.

Everything marked with asterisks was printed on two sides of a handout sheet that Cliff prepared. The service, excluding prelude and postlude, takes 30 - 35 minutes to complete. By the way,

Jane Butcher and her son Tom attended this service. The next day, her rehabilitation at Sky View completed, Jane returned home.

Friday, June 15, 2007. Today Leo and I are celebrating the 50th anniversary of our marriage! Wow! Leo spent some time with me this afternoon and Marty, George and Janet were here to-night. Cards, flowers and good wishes have been arriving at both Drum Hill and Sky View. But our real celebration, A Gathering of Friends, is scheduled for tomorrow afternoon. Lord willing I'll tell you about it after the fact.

Sunday, June 17, 2007. It's so satisfying when something you've envisioned unfolds according to plan! Such an event took place yesterday afternoon in the General Purpose (GP) Room of the United Methodist Church in Shrub Oak, NY. Two months ago the thought of having A Gathering of Friends centered around our anniversary originated in my mind. Through Cliff I reserved the GP room for June 16, but said nothing to my family for a few weeks. First I needed to recover from a bout of bronchial congestion that had me wondering if I would die before June. By May my health had improved so much that I told Marty my plans. Breaking into a big smile, she said, "You do the planning and we'll make it happen!" Soon the rest of my local family knew and I was encouraged to move ahead.

I never intended for this to be a family event, though I was sure Marty and Ed and George, Janet and their sons would not only attend, but would help. I thought MaryBeth, who lives three and a half hours away, should be informed so that she could attend if she wished. She opted to come by herself on the 16th, stay with her dad overnight and return to her family on the 17th. I knew our son David, from NC, would be on a cross-country trip with his two sons at that time and that their route would allow them to visit our other son Paul and his family in CA. I was delighted to find out that the two were together at the time of our party! When Dave and Paul do eventually visit us, I would like it to be at a time when we can concentrate on them without the distractions that crowds bring.

The friends we invited were all from our geographic area and included people we have known for 45 years and those we met in recent years. We invited a couple whole congregations. And all the invitations said, "If you know people who would like to say hello to the celebrants, please invite them." I knew some people had wanted to see me but were afraid, not knowing how I looked with PLS. This event would provide a safe way to break through these fears, I thought, and so it proved to be!

Then it was Saturday, June 16. The staff at Sky View cooperated to get me ready early, MaryBeth arrived, and soon we were in the Paratransit bus taking a lovely ride on a perfect late spring day! We arrived at the church more than an hour and a half before the guests were to begin arriving, giving me plenty of time to look around and get adjusted. In the foyer outside the GP room was a reception table where guests would get their name tags, sign the registry sheets and perhaps put their cards or notes in a basket (we had indicated "No Gifts"). On the table were bouquets of yellow and white roses from Leo's sister and her husband, as well as other simple decorations.

And then I entered the GP room. What a treat greeted my eyes! The dominant color was deep yellow. It looked – GOLDEN! There was one long food table and three tables set up for guests to use. On the tables were five huge identical bouquets, each with ten large yellow roses. Chairs lined one wall and were grouped in other places. On the piano were a few pictures of Leo and me, including one of our whole family. I looked around and thought, "How inviting! Simple, but elegant – MORE than I had imagined!"

The food table held two large, beautifully decorated cakes; a platter of cookies; pretzels; coffee; lemonade and punch. On the invitation I had written: "Come join us for cake, coffee (or other beverage) and conversation." And at 1:30 until the closing at 3:30, people came – and it was wonderful! The name tags helped people to mingle and reduced stress, just as I had thought they would. Food always helps make folks feel at home, and we had plenty of that.

Did you ever notice how musical a roomful of friendly conversation is? I saw no need for any other program of any kind. But on two occasions Leo asked for "Quiet, please!" The first time he gave a talk about how we met and why he wanted me to be his wife (to be the mother of his children!). He closed by reading a beautiful tribute to us that David had written while on his travels out west and sent by email. The second time Leo said his pastor, Dr. Gordon Anderson from the First Baptist Church in Ossining, wanted to say a few words. Dr. Anderson gave high praise to Leo, telling in detail how valuable Leo has been to the church since he began attending a few years ago. Then he praised me as well, mentioning my writings in particular. And then he prayed God's blessings on us and our family. All glory to God!

Some people are uncomfortable with being praised, yet I think God wants us to honor each other. Certainly saying "Thank you for a job well done" is a part of gratitude and should be graciously received. I've told you that in my head I form the praise I receive into a bouquet of flowers and mentally present them to God. That way the praise cannot turn into pride and everyone benefits. That said, there are some people I want to thank besides my family (who already know how thankful I am): First, thanks to the staff at the United Methodist Church in Shrub Oak for allowing me free use of their wonderful facilities, even though I hadn't been to the church since I got my feeding tube two years ago. It's good to know that I am still considered a part of you! And to the women of the church who helped with the pre-party planning and attended to all the details on Saturday, thanks for your labor of love. God bless you!

One more thank you remains – for Cliff Cullum. Cliff has become very much a part of our lives and ministry, as you know if you've been reading my essays. George paid him the ultimate compliment when, referring to the fact that I had asked all family members to write their relationship to us along with their names on the name tags, he emoted, "The way Cliff works with us makes me feel that he should write a relationship on his tag besides his name. He is more than a kindhearted person. He's family!" Thank you so much, Cliff!

Leo and I both enjoyed the gathering. Now we are left with happy memories and a basketful of cards, good wishes, mementos and pictures which will eventually be turned into a notebook by our children. And I learned one thing which I had suspected: I have much more stamina than people think I do. I was not at all tired when I got back to my room in Sky View. I had not had a Paratransit outing for seven months. Maybe I should plan them more often!

Wednesday, June 20, 2007. I want to record a tender moment from last week, as it is too precious to forget. A nurse came into my room to give me my daytime meds. Glancing out the window, she saw something that made her move over for a closer look. "There's a baby deer nursing from its mother!" she marveled. "Can you see it?" I drove over and maneuvered into position until the picture came into view. There, in a clearing on the edge of the woods, a doe stood still while her fawn drank its fill. It was a holy moment that I felt privileged to witness.

Equally rare was the scene taking place in my room. There, a busy nurse was taking time out from her hectic schedule to relax and share a delightful few minutes with me, her resident. She was the picture of serenity as she gazed out my window. Holiness wrapped itself around that scene, too. I am blessed!

Saturday, June 23, 2007. Well, I did it! I had another Paratransit excursion today and enjoyed it so much! We gathered at George and Janet's house to celebrate the high school graduation of Evan, their second son. I could not go into their house, but George had set up a sun and wind screen at the top of their driveway that served us all well. I was relaxed and happy to be around the other guests, including the guest of honor!

Saturday, June 30, 2007. It seems impossible, but it's time to close out another journal. The days fly by for me! I'm sure having to prepare a monthly service has something to do with this, but so do the state of my health and my living conditions. I really do not feel sick as I sit in my chair or lie in my bed. True, I can't move or talk or eat by mouth, but other than that I feel as well as I ever did. All my basic needs are well taken care of here at Sky View and my family members take care of the special needs as they arise. The presence of the Lord is in this place and opportunities for ministry abound. What more could I ask? Not only am I content, I am happy! Glory be to God!

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Verna Kwiatkowski