



JEWELS OF GOLD

DIAMONDS OF WARD 8 LEGACY COLLABORATIVE

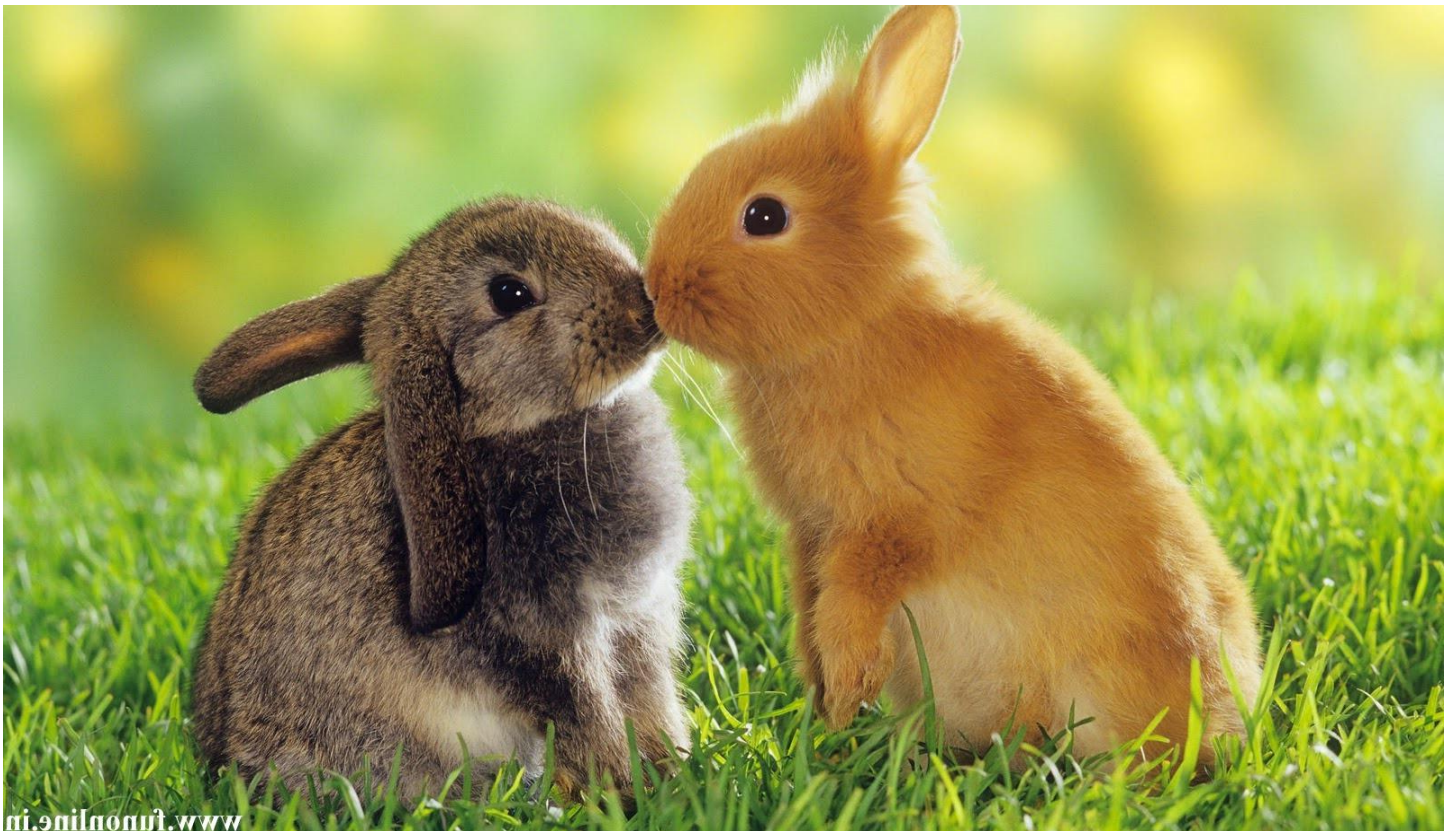
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“BOILED EGGS, JELLY BEANS, AND A BUNNY RABBIT?”

If you live long enough you will have discovered that there's the world and many worlds within the world, and in these other worlds there are people who take their particular world very seriously. Forget the boiled eggs and the bunny rabbit at least for now, and let us consider the jelly bean and its world. There are people who spend their lives dreaming up new colors for jelly beans, who spend countless hours imagining new and tantalizing flavors by which to entice us with. Currently there are officially 50 flavors of jelly beans ranging from spice, red strawberry cinnamon, orange, orange ginger, yellow lemon clove, green lime, winter green, purple grape, black licorice, licorice, white lemonade mint, pink raspberry, and of course the standard flavors we all are so familiar with. For many of us the boiled egg, the jelly bean, and the bunny rabbit was our first contact with Easter. Our first

introduction was by way of the Easter Basket or that convenient substitute, the unused shoe box stuffed with make-believe grass-green shredded paper laced with an assortment of bright colored tasty jelly beans, a chocolate rabbit or two, and all those cool rainbow colored boiled eggs. And not to be forgotten was Easter Sunday attendance at church. Little boys in brand new suits with their sleeves reaching all the way down to their fingernails, and trousers so long that their tiny shoes barely peeped out from under layers of excess fabric. But not so the little girls in bright pastel colored dresses atop crinoline slips and patent-leathered shiny black or white one strap pumps, faces, arms and legs gleaming from a healthy dosage of Jergens Lotion.



But where did the tradition come from? How did it originate? What is Easter? We must first understand that there are scholars who are as blind as a bat, who make it their business to attack Christianity whenever and wherever they can, and it is they who claim that Easter had its origin from a pagan goddess named 'Eostre' who was worshipped as the goddess of spring and fertility. Nothing could be more absurd, that's like saying that Donald Duck is the great-grandfather of all men named Donald (I heard that, naughty, naughty, naughty, that's not nice, after all he is your President). Now back to our discussion, the word 'Easter' occurs once in scripture, and that's in the Book of Acts 12:4 "And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter (Passover) to bring him forth to the people."

All Theologians translate the meaning here as referring to the Passover. The writer of the gospel and the Book of Acts is the Greek physician Luke who traveled extensively with the Apostle Paul throughout the ancient Mediterranean World. Luke was a Greek by birth who converted to Christianity. The Greek civilization is known for its art and scholarship, but what is rarely published is that it's economic wealth depended on a vast system of slave labor. We know that the word 'Passover' refers to the Jewish festival commemorating the exodus of the Israelites out of slavery in Egypt. Perhaps, Luke had witnessed in Greece a similar act of compassion shown to the slaves of the Greeks during the spring festival of the goddess. However, the Christian celebration of Easter is to commemorate the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, having passed over from death into life; the first fruit and the absolute guarantee to all those sealed by the Holy Spirit, who will likewise rise and pass over from death into eternal life by faith in the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords.



The Holy Spirit revealing truth through the Apostle Paul teaches that love (charity) is the highest of all virtues – (1 Corinthians 13:1-13 “though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I have become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. ² And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. ³ And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned,^[a] but have not love, it profits me nothing. ⁴ Love suffers long *and* is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; ⁵ does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; ⁶ does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; ⁷ bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. ⁸ Love never fails. But whether *there are* prophecies, they will fail; whether *there are* tongues, they will cease; whether *there is* knowledge, it will vanish away. ⁹ For we know in part and we prophesy in part. ¹⁰ But when that which is perfect has come, then that which is in part will be done away.

¹¹ When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. ¹² For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known. ¹³ And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these *is* love.)

Such an act of kindness was on full display the week before Easter. Saturday morning representatives from the Foundry United Methodist Church in collaboration with Emmaus Services for the Aging showed up with some seventy Easter Baskets for our seniors. The baskets contained a beautiful greeting card, several brightly colored Easter eggs, fresh fruit, and an array of bite-size chocolate candy Easter eggs. As always, our Overlook volunteers were there to meet and assist them. Let's pause here and consider how blessed we are to have organizations like CPDC and Emmaus Services for the Aging that sponsor and support the many programs and events we enjoy here. And where else will you find a dedicated group of volunteers that give so consistently of their time and service? And let's not forget those volunteers at our sister locations throughout the Ward 8 collaborative who day in and day out give of themselves to enrich the living experience of their neighbors, even our professional complainers will have to admit that we are blessed, Oh Yeah! There are amongst us those who have elevated complaining to an art form, but we love them, God Bless them! But to tell you the truth I don't think anybody can complain about Easter Bunny Day when 40 children were given Easter Baskets right here at the Overlook. The event was held on Friday, April 14th in the lobby lounge. Those bright eyes, those smiles, dimples and all, enough to melt anyone's heart, and need we say that our Overlook volunteers were there giving love and receiving love. That's what it is all about folks! ... "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."





MY DARK CHILD

Hello, my dark child, come sit on my lap,
Let me tell you the story of how you came to be,
You came from love from your father and me,
When you were born, we were happy as can be,
Do you know why?

Because your father and I thought that you were not to be,
Listen carefully, my dark child,
When you were born, your skin was so cold, clammy and full of wrinkles,
I said you were still beautiful, and cuddly,
I didn't want to put you down to let you sleep,
My beautiful dark child,
Who would have thought you, was to be?
Someday you may become a star shining so bright,
But now you are My Dark Child,
Whom I want to stay always near,
You are asking why I am telling you these things now,
Because it is important.

I want you to know your father and I are always here,
What do you want to know My Dark Child?
Mommy is here to tell you all you need to know,
About life and what it is expected to be.

Life is a test, trial, survival, and learning, making it real,
Life is LOVE, Family, and Friends, Life is what you want it to be,
Life is what will be, will be.

Come My Dark Beautiful Child,
Listen and learn because you are headed to greatness,
By that I mean you will sit high for all to see and remember,
All will come afar to see you in all your glory,
By that I mean you will be loved because you will be,
A Dark Beautiful Woman, an image of me, your mother,
Because I too was told this story as I give it to you,
My mother was also a Dark Beautiful Child
This is how I learned so I could teach you.

My Dark Child, once again I say to you,
Be forever patient in what you seek because you will earn goodness for what you do.
Now, do you understand What I Tell You?
Do you understand what you shall do?
Give me a hug and you will know what to do.

Mother is here, Daddy is too,
We both love you so true,
Believe me when I say you are our Dark Child,
You are our one and only, image of both,
Don't hesitate to ask what you want to know
I am here for you My Beautiful Dark Child
I am your mother and I want you to know,
Whatever the reason, I am here for you.

J. Robin Rice

“MUNCHING AT THE BRUNCH!”

Our Easter Festivities culminated with our Annual Easter Brunch. Neighbors and friends received a gracious welcome from Marie Winston, Connie King took us into the word of God with the reading of Psalm 91. Robin Rice delighted us with a poem reading, while Florentine Jones sang the gospel. The food was all a sane person could ask for, and the conversation was spirited and lively, and if you missed this one you should kick yourself until one of your socks falls off, but be sure to join us next Easter. See you there!

“A COAT OF MANY COLORS”

It's an amazing thing, life, growth,
From this to that, from now to then, yesterday, And the day after,
A breeze sung low, through the branches,
Winding it's way, how else will they survive,



These moments, the ones we forget,
Sunsets, and that perfect love, the kind that slip away,
Back then, and just now,
Adolescent dreams in a different world, not to be realized, not on this street,
But then this is an artist's sky to be realized,
And not to die for, a thing to risk,
Like poverty, and swift brush strokes,
This is an artist's sky, to be realized,
When senses lose their way, wandering
Like drunken things, to know beauty, It's meaning,
Of these the eyes speak, of lost memories,
Back then when rust orange was gold, and gold was amber,
There, where pain knew pleasure,
Outlines and forms, and a different sense,
Remembered, and forgotten, of these the eyes speak, of lost memories,
Of songs sung low, the sound that lovers make, back then,
Below sheets once clean, and soft pillows,
I thought I could remember, I thought I could recall, to know beauty,
It's meaning, to risk all, like poverty, and swift brush strokes,
It's just a theory, where forgotten things follow lovely things,
Pain becomes pleasure, outlines and forms, no more, no less,
When senses lose their way, wandering like drunken things,
To know beauty, it's meaning, of these the eyes speak,
Of lost memories, back then when rust orange was gold.



"A MOUTHFUL"

Don't you dare put that in your mouth! Don't you know that healthy eating can help keep you from gaining unwanted weight. Healthy eating can improve the way you look at yourself by improving your appearance and mental wellbeing. Healthy eating can help prevent heart disease, stroke, and high blood pressure, and healthy eating can help to increase your chances of living a longer life. Now here's the very best of all this good news, right here, that's right, right here at the Overlook we have the "Healthy Eating Club," and anyone can participate, no fees, no requirements. We meet and we prepare delicious healthy dishes, and have a lot of fun doing it. Look for our fliers, we post them everywhere announcing our next meeting. See you there!

"UP COMING EVENTS"

Bingo on May 2nd @ Meadowbrook (5pm)
Flea Market on May 6th @ Overlook (9am-2pm)
Legacy Collaborative Senior Village Meeting on May 9th @ Overlook (6pm)
Health Fair on May 12th @ RISE Center (10am-2pm)
Neighborhood Network Night on May 16th @ Arbor View (7pm)
Sewing Class on Wednesday Nights @ Arbor View (7pm)
Game Night on Monday Nights @ Arbor View (7pm)
Arbor View Food Pantry on May 3rd & 17th (2pm)
Wheeler Terrace Food Pantry May 11th & 25th (2pm)
Arbor View Summer Camp (June 26th -July 28th) Registration is Open for
Pre-K through 3rd Grade "Senior Volunteers Welcome"



SENIOR RESIDENTS OF VILLAGE IN WARD 8 BORN IN MAY.

NOTE: If you have information or material for the Newsletter, contact your representative at your site. We welcome your participation.

**THE OVERLOOK MEADOWBROOK ARBOR VIEW CEDAR HEIGHTS WHEELER TERRACE
RANDLE HILL**

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