

Grace Notes



May 2018

Issue 224

Fallen Soldiers by Cathy Jo Moore



Yes they gave their lives
so that we could be free.
So we could live in a land
where we could be free.

A land of liberty.

They went and fought in battle
and never did return.

Leaving behind their loved ones
who so deeply yearned.

So let's all remember them,
giving honor, thanks and prayers
for our fallen soldiers
who have shown us
just how much they cared.

~Thinking of all of you who have
served our country~

Monthly Events

<u>MAY 1</u>	<u>CHENANIAH GOSPEL HOUR</u>	<u>2:30 P.M.</u>
<u>MAY 3</u>	<u>NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER</u>	<u>10:00 A.M.</u>
<u>MAY 3</u>	<u>COTTAGE CARRY IN</u>	<u>5:30 P.M.</u>
<u>MAY 14</u>	<u>LADIES TEA W/ MARY JANE MUNSON</u>	<u>2:30 P.M.</u>
<u>MAY 17</u>	<u>LIBRARY</u>	<u>10:00-11:00 A.M.</u>
<u>MAY 17</u>	<u>TRIP TO CANDY SHOP AND FARMER BROWN'S</u>	<u>10:00A.M.</u>
<u>MAY 22</u>	<u>SALEM CHURCH OF GOD QUARTET</u>	<u>7:00 P.M.</u>

Weekly Events

Monday	9:00 A.M. Community Grocery Shopping
	Blood Pressure checks with Theo 5:00 P.M. Wii Bowling Practice
Tuesday	10:00 A.M. Hymn Sing & Out to Lunch
Wednesday	4:00 P.M. Wii Bowling Practice
Friday	9:30 A.M. Move it with Marilyn! 4:00 P.M. Wii Bowling Practice
Sunday	2:30 P.M. Chapel—Community Room

Prayer Service

National Day of Prayer is scheduled for Thursday, May 3rd @ 10:30 A.M. in our Community Room. Please join us as we gather together and pray for our country!



Ladies Tea

In honor of Mother's Day we will hold a ladies tea on Monday, May 14th @ 2:30 P.M. Mary Jane Munson will provide our entertainment in the Community Room. Please RSVP to the Business Office by Friday, May 11th!! ~836-4011~

~Thursday, May 17th is Library Day! 10:00 -11:00 A.M.~

May Trip

This month's outing is scheduled for Thursday, May 17th. This will be something different for us! We will travel to New Weston, Ohio to visit the Harry Bird Candy Store! We will then eat lunch at the Farmer Brown Restaurant. This place of business was a barn prior to becoming a place to eat. The restaurant is located in Arcanum. The bus will leave @ 10:00 A.M. You will need lunch money.



Sign up by calling the office. ~836-4011~



MAY 1	ORA
MAY 4	DAN
MAY 5	ESTELLE
MAY 5	PHYLLIS
MAY 8	BETTY
MAY 9	EMILIE
MAY 16	VELMA
MAY 23	BERYL

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

MAY 12 MERLE & DORIS

60th
Wedding
Anniversary



Bill & Joann
June 7, 1958

We are celebrating our
60th Wedding Anniversary!
All cottage residents are invited to
come and celebrate with us!
Saturday, June 9, 2018

1:00—3:30 P.M.

GBV Community Center
East Room

RSVP by May 15, 2018

Please call

We ask only the gift of your presence. This is
the very nicest honor that you could bestow.

Return of the Robins ~by Alice

Spring never truly arrives in Ohio until one morning you glance out a window and see robins playing on your lawn. Then you can run through the house singing, "Spring is here! Welcome Robin Red Breast!"



The male is 9-11 inches long with a brick red breast, a black head, and a white ring around one eye. His back is gray and he has a yellow beak. His habitat is lawns, parks, open woods and villages.

The female, Lill, builds a nest with beak-sized bits of mud, dry grass, and sticks from plants all potted together with her beak in the shape of a cup. The male robin also brings nest material to help with the nest that Lill is fastening on the back wall of Jim McClesse's blacksmith shop, under the roof overhang for protection from rain.

All of the characters in this story live in Cedarville, a small hill location. Now with their nest completed, the two robins, Lill and Ben, left for a two day honeymoon to let their nest dry. They flew around over Cedarville, visiting lawns and gardens. They found earthworms and small insects to be plentiful, but no fruit or berries.

Bess, the Blacksmith's wife, called to her husband, "Jim, come here!" Jim came around the building and looked at the robin's nest and said, "Yes, I was aware the robins made this nest, they will be back."

~Cont'd on Pg. 4

Early on the third day, Lill settled down in the dry nest and laid three little blue eggs. There she must set for 12-14 days, incubating the eggs in order for them to hatch.

It was the male, Ben's job to feed Lill each day while she incubated their eggs.

On the 14th day, there was movement and squeaking sounds in the nest. Egg shells were breaking and the surprised Lill found herself shoved out of the nest by three beautiful little baby bird that were fussing for food.

Lill whistled for Ben. He was so surprised to find three little baby robins crying for food in the nest. Ben asked Lill, "Well, what do we have?" Lill answered, "Two little boys and one little girl."

The little robin girl was named Ann and the cute little boys were named Joe and Roy.

A large healthy cedar tree grew touching Jim's Blacksmith Shop, so Ben & Lill moved into the tree. They enjoyed feeding their babies. Jim and Bess enjoyed watching the robins play on their lawn and bring spring.

Happy Sunshine! ~Alice



Cottage Up-Dates

Welcome
Friends



Still Bearing Fruit

Dr. Charles McCoy never married. He devoted his years instead to pastoring a church and pursuing educational goals. At age seventy-two, when his denomination required that he retire from ministry, he reluctantly left his Baptist pulpit in Oyster Bay, New York. He wasn't sure what to do with himself. Over the years he had accumulated seven different college degrees, but now they all seemed futile. He would just lie on his bed thinking that his life was over, and how he hadn't really done anything yet. He'd been the pastor of this church for so many years, and nobody seemed to want him much, and what had he really done for Christ? He'd spent an awful lot of time working for degrees, but didn't feel he'd won very many people to the Lord." Just a week after his retirement, he met a missionary who abruptly invited him to come to India to preach. Dr. McCoy deferred, citing his age. He had never been overseas, had never even traveled across America. He had never flown in a plane and he couldn't imagine traveling to India. Furthermore, he hadn't the money. The thought continued to nag at him. And so, white-haired old Dr. Charles McCoy announced that he was going to India. He sold his car and a few possessions and bought a one-way plane ticket. "By yourself?" asked his horrified friends. "To India? What if you fall ill? What if you should die in India?" "It's just as close to heaven from there as it is from here!" he replied.

He arrived in Bombay with his billfold, his Bible, and his passport, all of which were promptly taken by pickpockets. He was left with only the clothes on his back and the address of some missionaries that he had clipped from a magazine. The man who had originally invited him had remained in America, and when he showed up on the missionaries doorstep, they weren't sure what to do with him.

After a day or so, McCoy declared he was going to visit the mayor of Bombay. His new friends advised him not to waste his time. After several years of trying, they had never been able to see the mayor. McCoy prayed about it and went anyway. He presented his calling card to the receptionist, and she looked at it carefully, then disappeared through the door. Returning, she told him to come back at three o'clock.

McCoy returned that afternoon to find a reception in his honor attended by the most important civic leaders in Bombay. It seemed that the city fathers had been greatly most impressed by McCoy's tall frame (he was 6' 4"), his distinguished white hair, and especially by the long string of degrees after his name on his calling card. He is a very important man, they thought. Perhaps even a representative of the President of the United States.

Dr. McCoy spoke for a half hour, giving his testimony about Jesus Christ. At the end, he was politely applauded by the assembled crowd, and afterward he was approached by a man in an impressive military uniform who invited him to speak to the students of his school. As it turned out, his school was Indian's equivalent to West Point. After his first address, McCoy was invited back repeatedly.

Invitations soon poured in from all over India, and he began an itinerant ministry of preaching the Gospel. In Calcutta he started a Chinese church. He was asked to do the same in Hong Kong. He was invited to Egypt and the Middle East, traveling everywhere on a shoestring but with an energy that he had seldom before felt. His evangelistic ministry stretched to sixteen years at age 88, and he found himself in India again. His host dropped him off at the Grand Hotel, and as he stepped from the car he said, "You know, I'm speaking tonight at the YMCA. I have time for a cup of tea and a little rest. I don't want to be late for the meeting." He ducked into the hotel, took the elevator to his floor, and suddenly the Lord called him home. It was just as close to heaven from India, he had said, as from America. Dr. Charles McCoy had wonderfully embodied the final words of Psalm 92:

"Those who are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bear fruit in old age. They shall be fresh and flourishing. To declare that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him."

~Chaplain Robbins

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MONTHLY REMINDER

**TEST YOUR EMERGENCY PHONE.
PRESS BUTTON ON PENDANT THE
SAME DAY EACH MONTH, SUCH
AS YOUR
BIRTHDAY DATE**

MONDAY VAN SERVICES

**MONDAY MORNINGS 10:00 A.M. GBV VAN TAKES
COTTAGE RESIDENTS TO GROCERY
AND OTHER ERRANDS
CALL
TO LEAVE A MESSAGE IF YOU REQUIRE
TRANSPORTATION ON MONDAYS
Please call him on Friday, prior to the Monday**

There's a lot to be said for getting older. . .
But as my mother always told me, "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all."



In a changing world, one thing is always certain; I'll end up in the check-out lane that comes to a standstill.

Times sure change . . .
Somewhere along the way, things went from Flower Power to Power Naps.

**The blessing of old friends. . .
can't be counted in cups
of coffee
or hours spent together,
but by the deep and constant
certainty that someone cares.**



**Happy Mother's Day!
May 13, 2018**

**"The bond between mothers and
their children is one
defined by love.
As a mother's prayers for
her children are unending,
so are the wisdom, grace and
strength they provide to their
children."**

~George W. Bush

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\$13,892.10