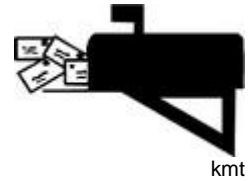




Senior Connection



Articles, News and Activities Calendar for Senior Members at Netherwood Park Church of Christ
October 2009 Issue Volume 5 Issue 10

This Friday

October 16, 2009

Hostess: Dorothy Jones
Decorations: Martha Killough

- 11:30 am Lunch – Potluck
- 12:30 pm Devo: Bill Lewis
- 12:45 pm Announcements: Jim Guthrie
- 12:50 pm “Cowboy Poetry by Jim Franchen

Invite a Friend

Being Friends and Family

What is Going On?

Compiled by Jim Guthrie

NEW ADDRESS

Max and Jody Lowry
817 West Christopher Drive
Clovis, NM 88101
Phone: 980-5151 (Local)

COMING

HELP!!! Your suggestions or recommendations are needed !!!

November’s entertainment that we have been working on will not be available until next year.

For our November luncheon, we are having a catered “Thanksgiving” turkey and all the trimmings. We are planning for 75 (no sign-up needed). We need you to plan to come, enjoy each other and the food. Mark your calendar for 3rd Friday in November, the 20th, at 11:30.

NEWS

We had 42 happy and wonderful singers at our September luncheon.

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The Senior Matinee Movie, *Prisoner of Shark Island*, was enjoyed by 17 of our group.

Our November movie *Enchanted* (2007) with Patrick Dempsey is a movie we can all love and is a musical. See Laura Riehl's review inside.

ON LINE!

The Senior Connection can now be read on line at Netherwood's web site:

<http://www.netherwood.org/members/senior-connection>

Tell your friends and family.

Margaret Aker's Amazing Roots and Childhood

Edited by Marlin Aker from accounts related to him by several sources

Little did I know about the illustrious and adventuress childhood of the beautiful girl I married, or of the amazing genealogy of her family until our son Marlin jr. became a member of the New Mexico Historical Society of New Mexico a few years ago. He has done extensive genealogical research of the early history of the Southwest. It is amazing how deep Margaret's roots are imbedded in New Mexico history. In fact her known roots go back beyond that first expedition of the Spanish Conquistadors under the direction of Don Juan Oñate. The records, plus what I now have learned about Margaret's family history, simply amaze me and I hope will be of interest to those who read this article.

It is unlikely people born after 1940 have much concept of what it was like growing-up without the new technology gadgets of present day America. If you older folks haven't written an account of your life's history for the benefit of your children and grandchildren, I urge you to do so. I can almost guarantee you they will treasure that story and be thankful for it.

Here is a brief glimpse into the life of Margaret (Girard) Aker's child hood and a little of her amazing genealogy. Margaret was born in 1918 to Sam and Cora (Stewart) Girard, in the house once owned by Sandra Day O'Conner's family. (Sandra, you might recall, is the retired judge of the US. Supreme Court from Arizona). Here are the circumstances: Sandra's father,

Harry Day built the house located on a small farm near Duncan, Arizona. Duncan is a small town in a valley straddling the Gila river, about 7 miles west of the NM state line on US highway 70 that travels west from Lordsburg, NM. Mr. Day also owned a cattle ranch, known as "Round Mountain," a few miles south of Duncan. That is where Sandra grew up when she wasn't attending boarding school in the East. Margaret's grandparents, Alexander and Mary Ellen Stewart bought the farm from the Day family in about 1912.

Margaret's mother was a sweet, home-loving soul who would have loved to have lived a quiet life style in one location, but she never got the chance because Margaret's dad, Sam, was a rolling-stone sort of a guy. He was always hoping to find that rich vein of gold or lost treasure just over the next hill. Literally, Sam spent a good portion of his life prospecting for gold and silver all over the states of New Mexico, and Arizona. He was even involved in a few lost treasure hunts. Sam was a guy everyone knew and liked. He was always ready to hear or tell a joke. He had many jokes and could tell them, with perfection, in either Spanish or English. To get a full picture of the adventurous family Margaret was born into, I might as well back up to her great grandfather Joseph Girard.

Marlin jr.'s genealogy research has revealed Joseph was born in Grenoble, France. He

became a soldier of fortune and joined the self proclaimed Emperor Maximilian, in his attempt to conquer Mexico. When Maximilian was defeated, Joseph and many of his cohorts fled to the United States. Citizenship was automatically granted to those soldiers who would join the US Army, which at the time was trying to deal with the Indian problems throughout the Southwest. Joseph joined the US. Army and was sent to the Army Fort near Taos, New Mexico. There he became a friend of Kit Carson. (More about this friendship later).

Joseph served his tour of duty, and at some later date drifted down to San Juan New Mexico, There he met and married a Spanish señorita, Marie Vitalia Salazar. Through Marie's lineage, Marlin jr. has traced Margaret's ancestry back some 15 generations to the original Spanish Conquistadors in the late 1500s. The records reveal within the original group of Don Juan Oñate's Conquistadors, there were a dozen or more of Margaret's ancestors. Some of them were Oñate's officers. (One must keep in mind you may not have any descendents, but at birth you automatically inherit thousands of ancestors, (as the number doubles with each generation).

One of Oñate's commissions from the King of Spain was to colonize and convert the Indians he encountered to the Catholic Faith. Oñate, following the Indians ancient trade routes, traversed the entire Southwest visiting Indian pueblos. Water was scarce throughout the region. One popular place with an abundant water supply is located where the El Morro National Monument now stands. Its location is several miles southwest of Grants, NM. This became a favorite watering source and resting place for travelers to this day. It was a common practice for travelers to carve their names on the sandstone bluff near by. If you look closely you will find at least seven of the names originally carved there in the early 1600s, to be the names of Margaret's ancestors.

Another point of interest: through the Spanish land grant system, the records show Margaret's ancestors acquired land at several locations along the Rio Grande river valleys, from as far north as the village of Velarde, all the way down to present day "Old Town" in Albuquerque. In fact, one of Margaret's ancestors owned an apple orchard near where the square is now located in Old Town.

Political hardball was practiced then, as it is now, except back then the loser suffered more severe consequences—they were sometimes annihilated. Two of Margaret's ancestors were accused of treason against the Crown of Spain and beheaded on the square in Santa Fe. Pages of interesting facts could be written about Margaret's New Mexico roots, but let us turn to some of the events of her childhood.

One adventure of interest Margaret remembers was a treasure hunt in the mountains of Colorado about 30 miles northeast of Pagosa Springs. Legend has it a group of French prospectors, belonging to the Masonic Lodge, discovered a very rich vein of gold in the mountains of Colorado. They melted the gold and molded it into bars and were packing it out on mules when they encountered some marauding Indians. To escape the Indians they headed for the high mountains. When it looked impossible to evade the war party, they buried their treasure, carved some directions on the rocks nearby that only Masons could interpret, and made a run for freedom, hoping to recover their gold later.

This fable is well known throughout southern Colorado and is called by several names, but the one Margaret knew it by was "the lost Frenchmen's treasure". Margaret was about 5 or 6 years old at the time. As she recalls the adventure, her dad Sam was working at the Smelter in Douglas, Arizona. Periodically that adventurous urge would overtake him and "here we go again." Some of Sam's relatives still lived in the San Luis valley in Colorado, so he gathered up a party of about 25 or 30 very diverse people. Some could speak only Spanish, some only English. The phantom

treasure's location was supposedly high in the mountains about the elevation known as "timberline".

Due to the steep incline from the west side, this was more easily approached from the east side of the mountains. Margaret recalls clinging to her mother like a leach as they climbed the steep incline of the mountain on horseback. Are you wondering, did they have a map? Oh yes! No legitimate treasure hunt could be made without a map, and it was constantly checked as they traversed up the mountain slope. After several miserable hours of riding they finally found the spot where the treasure was supposed to be located. While some of the party pitched their tents, others couldn't wait to start digging.

This was no ordinary operation; it was "high tech", complete with a Medium who possessed psyche powers. She kept telling the men just where to dig. So they dug here and there but found no treasure. Margaret doesn't remember how long the search lasted, but the normal mountain rains of summer came making living in the tents miserable. Tempers began to flare, so finally the search was abandoned.

Can you stand another side note? Would you believe I have been to the location of that phantom treasure? In 1966 Sam, his prospecting partner Albert Trujillo, and his childhood companion Nick, and I went up to the site in an old Army Jeep. Someone had bulldozed a road, of sorts, up the mountain from the northeast side. Sure enough there were some hieroglyphics scratched on an outcropping of rocks and some scrub evergreen trees you find high in the mountains at timber line. We scratched around here and there, but no gold showed up. But oh the tales Sam and Nick told of their childhood escapades that night around the camp fire! They were wild and wooly.

When Sam was of a mind to work for a living, he could always go back to Douglas, Arizona and work in the acid plant of the copper mines

located there. During one of those periods, Margaret recalls some of the interesting events she experienced. The family lived in a house near the Mexican border, which was only designated by a barbed wire fence. In the summer time the town kids gathered in the streets to play hide and seek, dodge ball, kick the can or what have you. One day they noticed a gentle-looking horse on the Mexico side of the border. The kids reasoned he was lost and probably didn't belong to anyone, so they would like to give him a home. They would need a rope. One of the boys went home and got one. They were faced with the dilemma, of how to get their newly acquired possession across the fence. While they were pondering their problem, a Mexican border patrol officer rode up on his horse and asked what they were doing. When they explained their intentions, the Officer told them they were about to commit a serious criminal offense. He told the kids the horse belonged to him, and if they didn't turn the horse loose and go home, and never cross that border fence again, he was going to arrest them and charge them as horse thieves and put them in jail. Needless to say that scared the daylights out of the kids. They took off for home like a bunch of scared rabbits, as fast as they could go. In fear of the consequences Margaret never told her parents about that episode.

Speaking of rabbits, while living in Douglas Margaret acquired a pet rabbit. Now this wasn't an ordinary rabbit that you keep outside in a pen, but one that lived inside the house as a pet dog or cat. Upon hearing the icebox door open, Mr. Rabbit would come and beg for food. He liked some special rabbit type food and also liked table scraps. Occasionally Margaret would put a leash on the rabbit and take him down town for a walk, which would cause no small stir, to see a rabbit hopping along as a pet. Sad to say, Mr. Rabbit's exotic appetite was too rich for his constitution, and caused him to die at an early age.

(Editor's note: to be continued with musical talent, a dark-haired boy, Christian influence, and Kit Carson's kin!)

Milestones

Birthdays

October

Nida Clark	22 nd
Harvey Temple	22 nd
Kay Alexander	27 th
Rita Harder	27 th

November

Sue Martin	4 th
Bill Bedwell	7 th
John Franklin	7 th
Roger Jones	13 th
Leta Bassham	14 th

Anniversaries

October

Margarito and Maria Montoya	18 th	43 years
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November

Bud and Kay Alexander	6 th	44 years
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Kissed by a Rainbow

by Marlin Aker

An incident happened to Margaret and me along about September of 1980 while living 20 miles east of Albuquerque in the Village of Edgewood. It was so outstanding I feel compelled to share it with everyone. The providence of God is a profound mystery I believe it is beyond mortal man's ability to grasp. In the letter Paul wrote to the Roman Christians (Rom. 1: 20) That from the very beginning even the unseen attributes, his power, and Divine nature can be seen in all that God has created. How rare was this incident? Did it have a special message? Only God knows. One thing for sure, very specific elements have to be gathered and applied in a special sequence to render its results. Margaret and I happened to be at the right place, the right time, and all those God-given conditions present for this to happen. We have been blessed beyond measure with God's blessings all of our long life. This one is so special to us.

Anyway, here is the event. We drove one Saturday morning into Albuquerque to do some shopping. We finished and started home after lunch. The sun was shining brightly, and it began to shower, a common occurrence in New Mexico in late summer. We were traveling east on Montgomery Blvd. A brilliant double rainbow appeared just ahead of us. We thought, "how wonderful!" We turned south on Eubank Blvd., and there to my left, came that double rainbow just dancing along beside us. I could almost reach out and touch it. If you have ever noticed, when the sun is high in the sky a rainbow will appear to be closer than when it is late and the sun is low, so there it was close by. We turned east at the I-40 onramp. The freeway at that point travels in a southeasterly direction. To our surprise, the south end of that rainbow shifted to the hood of our vehicle and reflected inside, bathing us in the full force of its brilliant colors. I glanced over at Margaret. I have been enthralled by her beauty for 73 years, but I had never seen her lit up and aglow like that. I was so awe struck I couldn't even yell "Wow!!!"

We traveled on in silence too awe struck to speak. As the freeway enters Tijeras Canyon, it turns a little left into a more easterly direction. At that point the end of that rainbow gently slid off of our vehicle and glided over to the hills to our south. As we drove on east, looking into the full arch of that bow of color in the sky, it danced along extending from hill to hill, just a stone's throw in front of us. Still too awe struck to say a word, we rode in silence until we reached somewhere near the Cedar Crest intersection. There the terrain spreads out. The showers tapered off, and our rainbow faded; leaving us to ponder on one of God's most beautiful creations and to wonder. Did it have any special meaning?

We realized we had just been more than just kissed by a rainbow, we had been bathed in all of its glory. Considering the distance covered the total elapsed time had been over thirty minutes. Ever since that day in 1980, when we see a rainbow, our thoughts return to that glorious experience. I can assure you of one thing in good old-fashioned slang that refutes ancient mythology. "There just ain't no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow". However, that experience of being bathed in the glorious glow of one of God's wonderful creations was worth more than any pot of gold.

Ask David...

David Nestor

"What can we do in a multi-generational setting to insure that worship service is meaningful for all and pleasing to God?"

That is a tough question, with no easy answer.

"Multi-generational" says that there are different age groups involved, and different age groups have their own "comfort zones" of what they "like" to see take place during the assembly. Some like the "older songs" (I did not say that the older folks like the older songs because there are young folks who like them too) and some like newer songs (I detest the label of "camp songs"). Some have no preference. There are even some who want instrumental music used.

There are folks who like to clap and those who do not like it; some who like a scripture read or a song sung during the passing of communion emblems and some who do not. There are some who like longer sermons and many (I put that in on purpose) who do not. Some want the announcements read and most (I did that one on purpose, too) do not want that. Do you get the idea that there is a long list of what some want and some do not want going on during the assembly? It is not confined to being "multi-generational".

It is also not a matter of what anyone in any generation "wants". It is a matter of being pleasing to God, honoring Him, and responding according to the revealed word. That also includes the idea that not every detail is provided, so as long as we do not violate the scriptures we have some leeway on how we do things. We also need to remember that there is no "order of services" provided in the Scriptures. It is also a matter of edifying one another during worship and not seeking to be pleased or made to feel good by everyone else. Worship is God-directed and other-directed; it is not self-directed.

So, what can each of us do to insure that worship is meaningful for all and pleasing to God? Make sure we each apply ourselves in every facet of what goes on. It is more about what you and I put into worship and not about what we get out of it. Put your heart and self into it, and you will get what you need out of it. You make sure you worship God and encourage your brothers and sisters, and I will do the same – it is then all good!

NETHERWOOD PARK'S SUPER SENIORS

by Carolyn Thompson

There was a celebration for the birthdays of our very special super seniors 90+ years of age. We are blessed with eleven whose birthdates are from 1912 – 1919: Margaret Akers, Marlin Akers, Geraldine Anderson, Luella Ardrey, Victor Casares, Kenneth Hinkle, Sue Pardue, Rodney Phillips, Ruth Tucker, Katherine Yates, and Oscar Yates.

1912 New Mexico became the 47th state
Sinking of the Titanic.

1916 Poncho Villa leads raid into
Columbus, NM
Einstein theory of general relativity

1917 US enters World I

1918 Spanish flu epidemic
Women allowed to vote

1919 Prohibition became law.
Movie stars: Charley Chaplain and Mary
Pickford.

In their 90-97 years they lived through 11 years of the devastating Great Depression. Then December 7th, 1941, on an ordinary Sunday morning Japanese bombers appeared out of the clouds in Hawaii dropping bombs on the US Navy base, and the world was again at war; one which would change their lives forever.

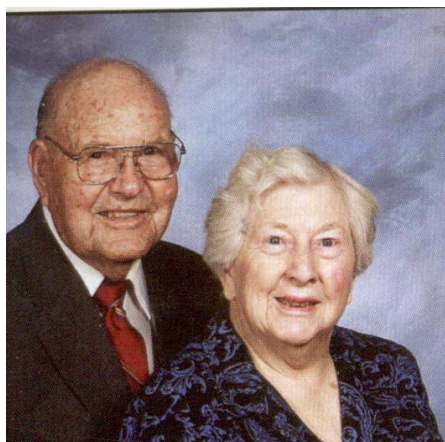
They went to school, married and had their families, working hard teaching their children the love of God, a work ethic, honesty, and love of country.

We were honored to participate in the lunch and birthday cake with our super seniors they are truly special and each one of their lives could be a book. Jim Guthry asked them to reminisce with questions about their happiest day, the saddest day, favorite traditions and others. All of their comments were made with humor and positive attitudes.

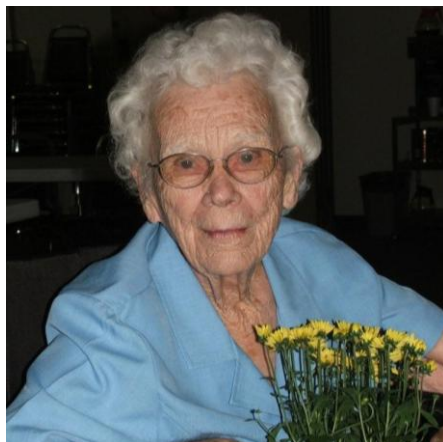
Books are being donated to the Netherwood library in their honor. A laminated picture of the group will be placed on the book covers with a dedication.

To the ones honored, THANK YOU! for your examples of love, caring, compassion, Christian living and what is truly important; the church, our families and preparing some day to meet our God.

“May the Lord make your love increase and overflow for each other and for everyone else, just as ours does for you. May he strengthen your hearts so that you will be blameless and holy in the presence of our God and Father when our Lord Jesus comes with all his holy ones.”
1 Thessalonians 3:12-13



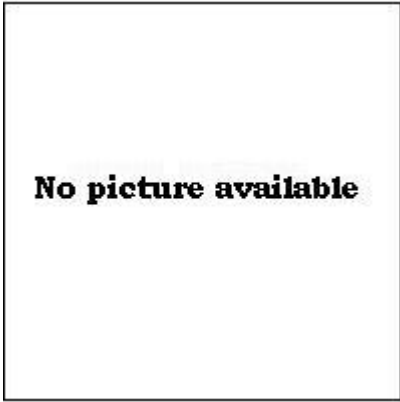
Marlin & Margaret Aker



Geraldine Anderson



Luella Ardrey



Victor Casares



Kenneth Hinkle



Sue Pardue



Rodney Phillips



Ruth Tucker



Katherine Yates



Oscar Yates

Psalm 34:12-15 Whoever of you loves life
 and desires to see many good days,
 keep your tongue from evil
 and your lips from speaking lies.
 Turn from evil and do good;
 seek peace and pursue it.
 The eyes of the LORD are on the righteous

On the Front Porch

Leta Bassham



I have not been able to spend much time on my "front porch" lately. But I have been thinking about a lot of things. I have been helping a friend deal with the sudden passing of her husband, having to sell her home, find a new place to live and deal with all the things that decided to break or quit working when she did not need it. Needless to say, she was "down". I ran across this poem and it really opened my eyes to some things. I hope it will for you also.

It's In The Valleys I Grow

by Jane Eggleston

Sometimes life seems hard to bear,
Full of sorrow, trouble and woe
It's then I have to remember
That it's in the valleys I grow.

If I always stayed on the mountain top
And never experienced pain,
I would never appreciate God's love
And would be living in vain.

I have so much to learn
And my growth is very slow,
Sometimes I need the mountain tops,
But it's in the valleys I grow.

I do not always understand
Why things happen as they do,
But I am very sure of on thing.
My Lord will see me through.

I don't know about you, but after reading this several times I began to see how the Lord had given me strength in the hard times and that I felt stronger for having been "in the valleys". I may not want to go there again but I feel as if God and I can handle anything that comes along and will enjoy the view on the mountain top together.

Thanks and God bless.

My little valleys are nothing
When I picture Christ on the cross
He went through the valley of death;
He's victory was Satan's loss.

Forgive me Lord, for complaining
When I'm felling so very low,
Just give me a gentle reminder
That it's in the valley I grow.

Continue to strengthen me, Lord
And use my life each day
To share your love with others
And help them find their way.

Thank you for the valleys, Lord
For this one thing I know
The mountain tops are glorious
But it's in the valleys I grow!



Senior Cinema Matinee

November 6th, 1:15 pm

Presents

“Enchanted”

Showing in the fellowship room - **Popcorn & Refreshments**

review by Laura Riehl

"Enchanted" is a pure comic confection, at once a spoof and a celebration of those Disney fantasies where a prince and princess fall in love over the course of a duet and bluebirds sew her wedding dress.

Beginning in a world of classic hand-drawn animation, we meet Princess Giselle and Prince Edward, who give us a full first act in about eight minutes -- character songs, story line, climax and all. Giselle is a sweet innocent who, like Snow White, befriends woodland creatures; shares Belle's taste in gowns, and has Ariel's flowing red hair. The heroic Prince rescues her from a monster and is smitten, but the wicked Queen hates Giselle and pushes her down a well to keep her away from her stepson.



The other end of the portal is a modern-day, live-action Times Square. Giselle (Amy Adams) pops through a sewer manhole in a hoop skirt and tiara, eyes agog with delight at this strange new land. In a flash she's gone from the realm of "happily ever after" to a befuddled refugee in "hard knocksville". One downpour later she's as bedraggled as a bag lady, knocking on a billboard mockup of a castle door, pleading to be let back in.

Giselle is rescued by divorced divorce lawyer Robert (Patrick Dempsey), the single dad of a cute princess-starved daughter. Father and daughter warm to Giselle, and Robert puts her up in their apartment until she can contact her family, to the consternation of his possessive girlfriend (Idina Menzel). Meanwhile, Edward (James Marsden) travels to New York to locate his lost love, with the Queen's buffoonish henchman (Timothy Spall) in hot pursuit.

Kevin Lima ("Tarzan," "102 Dalmatians") directs the live-action sequences with high spirits. His animation background taught him to think out gags visually: There's a thigh-slapper where Giselle runs up a hill in Central Park, arms outstretched, in an echo of the famous shots in "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Sound of Music."

The fish-out-of-water gimmick has been mined to exhaustion, but here it works. Adams, with her sunbeam optimism, has some wonderful slapstick tussles with her hoop skirt in cramped, claustrophobic Manhattan. And she has a great moment when, experiencing anger for the first time, she gets a sense of her own physicality and gives Robert a smolderingly sexy stare.

Playing the brave but vapid prince, Marsden (in his second musical of the year, after "Hairspray") is goofily un-self-conscious. The two keep the comic energy so lively that Dempsey's bemused reaction shots are punch lines in themselves.


Everywhere you look there are sly references to Disney's fairy-tale heritage, from Julie Andrews' narration to the happy working tune that Adams trills while a squad of pigeons, rats and cockroaches clean up Robert's apartment. The songs – by the "Pocahontas"/"Hunchback" musical team of Alan Menken and Stephen Schwartz – have an insider's knowingness; they're corny but infectious at the same time. Like the film, they hit all the right notes.

Calendar of Activities

October						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

November						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

December						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

October 15th – 18th		Women's Higher Ground Mountain View Christian Camp in Alto, NM	
October 17th	4-7 pm	Men's Devotional and BBQ at Riverside church of Christ Topic: Handling Adversity	
October 17th	5 pm	Second monthly singles night	
Oct. 29th – Nov. 1st		Men's Higher Ground Mountain View Christian Camp in Alto, NM Registration due ASAP	
November 1st		DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME ENDS Set clocks back one hour on Saturday night.	
November 7th	9 am – 5 pm	Neighborhood Service Day	