



# Senior Connection



Articles, News and Activities Calendar for Senior Members at Netherwood Park Church of Christ

Mid-March 2009 Issue

Volume 5 Issue 3

## **This Friday**

March 20, 2009

- 11:30 am Lunch
- 12:30 pm Devotional: Jesse McCarty – “GO”
- 12:45 pm Announcements: Jim Guthrie
- 12:50 pm Entertainment: Kenneth Pardue and Mylli Zdunek singing hymns.  
Magic by Paul Martinez
- Hostesses Zona White, Jody Lowry, and Dorothy Jones
- Decorations Kenneth Pardue

*Come Share Your Love*

## ***What is Going On?***

Compiled by Jim Guthrie

### **NEWS**

Our February luncheon was enjoyed by 48. The Senior Cinema Matinee, “Winter’s End,” was attended by 30! Read Laura Riehl’s review of “Dan In Real Life” and plan to enjoy the popcorn, candy and a good movie.

The March Senior Luncheon will be headlined with Kenneth Pardue and Mylli Zdunek signing oldies and hymns. Paul Martinez is to perform a special act of magic. Bring a friend!

### **CONGRATULATIONS**

Best wishes to Bill and Wanda Bedwell as they celebrated their 67th wedding anniversary March 14th.

### **COMING**

Our April 17th senior luncheon will be a catered “Southern Cooking” from the Cajun Kitchen. The menu will feature jambalaya (chicken and sausage stew), slaw, red beans and rice, with bread pudding for the dessert. All are favorites to the many who patronize the Cajun Kitchen.

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We will be entertained by the New Mexico Fiddlers Association. The cost will be only \$5.00 per person. We will need a “number” of those to come for planning purposes. Call Jim Guthrie at 296-2475. Please, bring a guest, and plan to attend.

We will be making a day trip to Santa Fe via the New Mexico Rail Runner in May. The trip will be in lieu of our luncheon. Details will be in our April “~~Connection~~.” This is going to be FUN!

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday, April 12th is the Second Sunday Fellowship Lunch for the congregation.

Pack the pulpit Sunday is April 26. Look for more information as to what to bring in the bulletin.

When I was young my father said,  
 “Always respect your elders, Son.”  
 It’s difficult because of late,  
 I have a hard time finding one!



# Milestones

**Note: the milestones below are for the end of March and the beginning of April. Birthdays or anniversaries which have already occurred or which will occur after next month’s ~~Connection~~ are not listed.**

## Birthdays

March	
Betty Monroe Martinez	16 <sup>th</sup>
Wayne Rorie	17 <sup>th</sup>
Jean Ashley	18 <sup>th</sup>
Orval Talley	20 <sup>th</sup>
Betty Tribble	23 <sup>rd</sup>
Don Osborn	26 <sup>th</sup>

April	
Anna Lewis	4 <sup>th</sup>
Marge Rorie	4 <sup>th</sup>
Ruth Tucker*	6 <sup>th</sup>
David Lee	7 <sup>th</sup>
Paul Martinez	8 <sup>th</sup>
Ron Phillips	10 <sup>th</sup>

\*Ruth Tucker's birthday is her 91<sup>st</sup>

## Anniversaries

March		
Don and Mary Sue Osborn	26 <sup>th</sup>	54 years
April		
Joe and Mary Mitchell	24 <sup>th</sup>	55 years
Gayle and Mary Self	25 <sup>th</sup>	50 years
Jim and Zona White	47 <sup>th</sup>	51 years

## Autobiography of Sue Pardue

My father, Jack Killebrew, worked for the railroad, so he often traveled with his job. He and my mother, Mabel, lived in Canadian, Texas with their two young daughters Clara Lee and Clela Mae. When it was time for me to be born dad took everyone to my grandparent's home, a small farm just outside of Pampa, Texas. My grandmother had delivered many babies, so this was the best place for us to be especially since dad may have been called to work at a moments notice. On April 21, 1918, I was born at grandma's house on her iron bed. The name they choose for me was Mary Sue. Eventually a younger brother, John Lincoln, and sister, Theda Belle, were born into the family.

I lived in Pampa until I was about 12 years old when we moved to Abilene. As a student in Abilene my older sister, Clela, shared stories of the mean boy at school who sat behind her and dipped her pigtails in the ink wells located on the desktop. School could be fun and frustrating! One evening shortly after graduating from Abilene High School, I went with some friends to the gym of McMurray College to roller skate. It was in that gym while roller-skating that I met the man of my dreams, Dennis Pardue. What a surprise to realize that this "man of my dreams" was the same mean boy who used to dip my sisters' pig tails into the ink well!

The chance meeting on that particular evening was a fortuitous event. Dennis was four years my senior and had already graduated from Abilene High School. Immediately following high school he had refused a football scholarship at McMurray College due to the influence of the Great Depression. Instead, Dennis had enlisted in the United States Cavalry and on that night was home on leave. At the conclusion of his leave time in Abilene, Dennis was transferred to Panama. While enroute to Panama, Dennis was informed that the Cavalry was mechanizing and he had to choose a new branch of the military. He chose the Air Force. During those three long years, we continued to share many letters!

Dennis returned to the United States on September 27, 1940, and we married on October 13, 1940. Within days we were transferred to Barksdale Field, Louisiana. One year later, on January 9, 1942, we were transferred to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

In 1942 there were two churches of Christ in Albuquerque; one located on Pine and Gold, and one located on Fifth and Marble. We attended the congregation on Fifth and Marble until a new church opened on Southeast Trumbull Avenue.

In 1942 we lived in an apartment on Gibson SE. At the time, there was a stop sign at Yale and Gibson. If there was no traffic we could coast down Yale to Central the light was green and there to High Street and on to purpose for coasting was to save on our rationed gasoline.

During the later part of 1942 we were transferred to several locations including Hobbs, NM, Deming, NM, and Victorville, California. Eventually Dennis was transferred to Okinawa. Wives were not allowed on this trip, so I went to Modesto, California to



stay with my mother. When Dennis returned to the United States we were transferred to Denver, Colorado and I joined him again. After further training, we received orders to transfer to Rome and Utica, New York.

Before long, we received new orders for Dennis to transfer to England. Since they did not have appropriate family housing I was not allowed to go with Dennis so had to make alternative plans. I drove from Rome, New York to Victorville, California. When I arrived at my sisters' home, I called Dennis to let him know I had made it this far, safely. He asked me to immediately catch a train, bus or plane and return to New York because he would be in the United States for three more weeks! I quickly purchased a reservation on the Super Chief from Victorville, California to Rome, New York. At that time, the Super Chief was the fastest train available. As the train came up through the San Bernardino Mountains, it would whistle to alert the Victorville station. When the train approached the station, it did not stop but slowed to a roll. At that time I quickly handed my bag to an agent and then the ticket agent grabbed my arm and helped me onto the train.

I stayed with Dennis for the remaining three weeks until he left for England on Labor Day when I took a bus to Chicago, and on to Albuquerque. There I caught the Super Chief and returned to Modesto, California to stay with my mother. I stayed with Mother until I received orders to join Dennis in England. I returned to New York by train and went aboard ship on December 31, 1948, to join Dennis in Burtonwood, England. (We didn't know it at the time, but our future adopted son Kenneth was born that night).

I boarded the ship, the Private Eldon H. Johnson, for nine seasick days; everyone else went by ship, but I went by rail, over the rail. What a relief to finally arrive in Southampton, England where Dennis met my ship. Then we took a train to Warrington, England to live with Mrs. Roden, a wonderful British widow who had agreed to share/rent her home with us.

While living in England we took trips out of the city at every opportunity. Together we traveled the world, visiting 17 countries, and, eventually, 23 of the original 48 states. One time while traveling from France to Switzerland we stopped to purchase a loaf of French bread. It was longer than the width of our jeep. While crossing over the country in Switzerland we came upon a shepherd with a herd of goats. The goats were blocking the road so I got out of the jeep to take a picture of the shepherd and the goats. Suddenly the goats began to climb in to the jeep, into my seat and began eating the loaf of bread. Dennis began to break off pieces of the loaf of bread and tossed it to the goats. As the goats smelled and tasted the bread they wanted more and continued to climb into the jeep. The shepherd was unable to control his goats as they all began to climb in. Finally Dennis tossed the bread out of the jeep to coax the goats away. As the road began to clear and we started to drive away, we noticed some women who had been washing clothes and watching us, laughing like crazy!

While in Warrington, England we found The Church of Christ to be quite different than what we had been familiar with. The song director was not allowed to stand in front of the congregation but was instead required to sit with his back to the congregation and use a baton to direct the singing from the front row. It was thought that it was wrong for the director to stand before the members. At the end of the service there was an announcement that the Friday night dance was to be held in the church hall. Dennis and I decided to attend church services on the base.

While attending those services we met the Chaplain, a Baptist minister, who told us about Irish children available for adoption. We immediately



looked into the details and went to Dublin, Ireland as soon as the paperwork was in order. After a great deal of directions, rules and details, paperwork and trips from England to Ireland and back we were the proud parents of two Irish babies; Kenneth and Kathleen. The babies were natural brother and sister, and Kenneth was exactly ten months older than Kathleen. We were able to adopt both children. We took the children back to Warrington, England to live for the next two and one half years. In September of 1951, we were transferred to the United States and to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

On Armistice Day, November 1951, Kenneth and Kathleen became United States citizens. That same year, we purchased our house on Truman Street.

We were able to furnish our new home with two new Irish babies and plenty of used furniture from England and Ireland. Our home was located directly south of what would soon become the Netherwood Park Church of Christ. At that time we attended Trumbull Avenue Church of Christ, and Dennis was baptized by the minister, Bob Hawkins.

In 1942 the first time we lived in Albuquerque, San Mateo was considered the east city limits and the paving ended at Indian School Road, which designated the north city limits. When we bought our house in 1951, there were no buildings or development north of Indian School Road, just mesa. There was very little settlement east of San Mateo. The mesas and arroyos, dirt, dust, tumbleweeds, flooding during rain and the distant mountains represented the city.

Albuquerque was rapidly expanding and by 1952, Netherwood Park Church of Christ was started. Bob Hawkins came as our first minister with his wife Jody. At that time we only had an auditorium and two classrooms at the front for babies and toddlers. There was a room for grade school and one for teenagers. The adults met in the auditorium. We had a tiny room, which served as a kitchen with a stove and refrigerator. Dennis and other men of the congregation helped build the church on Saturdays.

As the congregation and the city continued to grow, the church building was reaching capacity. As decisions and plans were being made to expand our building, the United States was faced with the Cuban missile crisis. In 1957, we were transferred to Patrick Air Force Base in Florida. We leased our home on Truman because we wanted to return to Albuquerque. Fortunately, the Cuban crisis resolved somewhat, and we were returned to Albuquerque within a year. During this year the new Netherwood addition was near completion. The church was growing, and we were happy to be home.



I love Albuquerque and have enjoyed my life, my friends, my church family and my memories of life with Dennis, and raising my “two stinking Irishmen.”

February 6, 2009

## ***Ask David...***

David Nestor

**“Are there degrees of punishments and rewards in the afterlife?”**

Biblically, we are not given many insights into what is going on or will be going on in the afterlife, whether Heaven or Hell. The few places where we get a “glimpse” behind the scenes would caution us to not speculate too much nor read too much into what little we do get to “see”.

In Luke 16, the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus is told. In that story, the Rich Man is in a place called "torment" while Lazarus is in "Paradise." The Rich Man is in torment for the way he spent his wealth: on himself. He was not generous or benevolent apparently toward those who had needs. In the story, the Rich Man is representative of the Pharisees, who misused the opportunities of secular life and avoided the real demands of the law. They were guilty of compartmentalizing their religion and were judged according to that standard.

When we get to eternity, we will be judged based on our lives in or out of Christ. One who is out of Christ will be judged based on what they merited or earned in this life toward God's favor. They have nothing to offer, so they will not see eternal life. On the other hand, they will also be judged based on what they did wrong in this life. The implication of scripture seems to be that since some sinners were worse than other ones in this lifetime, they will be judged according to their level of sinfulness. They have nothing to stand on but their deeds.

Those who are in Christ do not appeal to their works to merit favorable standing before God. The only basis of appeal is Jesus Christ himself. Either one is in Christ or not. One in Christ has only his faith in what Jesus Christ has accomplished to take care of him. Since the ground is "level" before the Cross, no one is more saved than any other. When Paul says that we will be appear before the judgment seat and be judged according to the deeds of the flesh (2 Corinthians 5:10), for the Christian that will only mean did their actions show faith in Jesus or trust in themselves. That passage is saying that our true character of life will be revealed for what it really was in this realm, genuine or hypocritical.

Before God, our only appeal is the blood of Christ. The non-Christian can only look to himself and that will be shown to be woefully inadequate!

## **An Elder's View**

Bob Chambers

If Joseph Can Do It, So Can I!

The Bible is filled with many difficult teachings. Among them are the verses found in James 1:2-4, *"Consider it all joy, my brethren, when you encounter various trials, knowing that the testing of your faith produces endurance. And let endurance have its perfect result, that you may be perfect and complete, lacking in nothing."* Hardly what we want to hear when things are tough, and yet God says it is true. Who could possibly live up to such a standard? Joseph did!

In Genesis chapters 37-40, we read a tragic account of the trials in the life of Joseph, the son of Jacob (Israel) and Rachel. Though growing up as the favorite son receiving special attention and the gift of a multi-colored tunic from his father (Gen 37:3), Joseph suffered from the bitter fruits of jealousy at the hands of his brothers. That sibling hatred became so strong that his own brothers conceived a plot to kill him. Indeed, they would have done so had they not been distracted by a tinge of guilt and their own greed, realizing that a profit could be made by selling Joseph into the hands of slave traders (Gen 37:26-28). Joseph's life quickly changed from being the son of privilege to a slave in a foreign land. Although things seemed to be at rock bottom, the downward spiral continued as Joseph was falsely accused of assaulting the wife of his master and thrown into prison. While in jail, Joseph tried to do well by interpreting dreams for his fellow prisoners and in return asked only for a favorable mention when the Pharaoh's cupbearer was freed. Even that simple request was forgotten, and Joseph served two more years in prison. What joy can be found in such things?

We all know the story doesn't end there. When the Pharaoh was troubled by two dreams, the cupbearer finally remembered Joseph. Through God's direction, Joseph set the Pharaoh's mind at ease and warned of a coming famine. Recognizing Joseph as a vessel of God, the Pharaoh elevated Joseph to second in command of all Egypt, overseeing the distribution of food and ultimately saving his own father and sons from starvation in the land of Canaan.

Tragic as the early parts of this story may appear, God was at work in the life of Joseph. Note that even after he was sold into slavery, God was with Joseph and blessed him (Gen 39:2-3). He found favor in the eyes of his master and was promoted to a position of leadership. Jail did not change that for the Scriptures say *"the Lord was with Joseph"* (Gen 39:21) and *"whatever he did the Lord made to prosper"* (vs. 23). Joseph's faith remained strong, and in the end when he was reunited with his brothers he recognized God's perfect result – that God had sent Joseph to Egypt in advance of his brothers to preserve life (Gen 45:5-8). As we reflect on the life of Joseph, let us remember three important lessons:

- 1) Even in adversity God is with us.
- 2) God's blessings extend into what we perceive as both good times and bad.
- 3) God works through our lives in ways we could never imagine.

By acknowledging these principles, we can consider it all joy when encountering various trials.

### Our Baltic Cruise

Kathryn Yates

On Monday, July 2, 2003, we boarded Holland-America m.s. Noorsdam at Copenhagen Port passing the Drogden Lighthouse as we entered the Baltic Sea. We passed the Swedish Island of Gotland. After entering the Gulf of Finland, our first docking was at Tulin, Estonia. The guide there let us know that they were free from Russia and did not even speak their language. Our daughter thinks this is the most interesting city on the Baltic. This is where we bought sweaters, saw beautiful markets, and an old, old cathedral lined in white and gold. We were back on board at 5 pm.

The next day at 3 a.m. the ship entered the narrow channel to St. Petersburg. We were there all day Thursday and Friday. Our side tours took us to Peterhof Palace and to Catherine the Great's Palace. Millions of dollars were spent refurbishing these palaces and other buildings in St. Petersburg to celebrate the St. Petersburg's 350th anniversary. The celebration began in June 2008 when President Putin had 57 heads of states there, including our President and Mrs. Bush.

I have never seen so much gold--inside and out--including many gold statues in front of the Peterhof Palace. There were many fountains flowing into the basins surrounded by beautiful landscapes, as well as fountains flowing into canals 1/2 mile long extending into the channel into the city. I wanted to bring some of this back to Albuquerque's high desert. My pictures could not do this beauty justice so I bought some books for recall.

Our next stop was Catherine the Great's Palace 45 miles away. While waiting our turn in the long line, we could observe the beautiful facade, which is 965 feet in length--the length of 3 football fields plus 65 feet. The palace is filled with many portraits, lots of stairs to climb, parquet floors which are different in each room, statuary, gold clocks, vases, etc. Our daughter pushed my husband in a wheelchair, and I was lucky to have assistance from a nice Southern Gentleman for those many stairs, and he said: "I know what they are going to call you when we get through--'Katherine the Grateful.'" Yes, yes.

That night we went to see the Russian Folklorico Dancers--quite entertaining and lovely costumes. The next day we had a tour of the city--saw beautiful parks, passed the Hermitage Museum which we

were sorry to miss touring, but I have a package of pictures of the art exhibited there. It was along the Neva River, a very busy and beautiful part of the city. The tour took us for a noon dinner at a lovely hotel where some of the Folklorico dancers entertained us with song and dance. We were also able to visit Peter and Paul's Cathedral.

At 6:15 p.m. sharp the ship departed Jdock, passing the huge Kronstad Naval Base. At 9 p.m. the ship entered the Gulf of Finland, heading for Helsinki, arriving there at 6 a.m. and departed at 6 p.m. Helsinki had very colorful markets, interesting architecture, and tempting shops. This is where Kay talked me into buying a lovely "boiled wool" jacket with colorful crewel embroidery. From there, the tour took us to Provo, the second oldest city in Finland. On the way we stopped for lunch in the basement of a very old brewery and were served by waiters in native costumes. There was a huge silo next to a gift shop, and across the road was a large beautiful farm home with big porch across the front. Our ride back was by rolling hills and pastureland. At 7 p.m. the ship departed heading for Stockholm's Archipelago. Stockholm is built on 72 islands as it has the most waterways of any European city including Venice and Amsterdam. It is a beautiful city.

We visited the Vasa Museum, which holds the 100-year-old wooden ship, which fell overboard on its so-called maiden voyage with its outsized overload and was submerged in water for 300 years. Its restoration was amazing, as the water seemed to preserve it. The City Hall is famous as the place where the Nobel Peace Prize is awarded in a massive room whose walls are covered with millions of small gold mosaics--quite spectacular. Kalmar, Sweden, was our next stop. We visited the Valdman Castle, and had a lovely guide who escorted us dressed in a beautiful costume. Her picture is in my memory book. We enjoyed having lunch in the open landscaped courtyard with many fountains spraying in the ponds. After our long walk, we were thankful to have a cycled carriage meet us to carry us back to the bus.

As we had arrived at Varnemunde, Germany, during the night, our next tour was a train ride to Berlin, leaving at 8 a.m. and returning at 9 p.m. We were furnished a box lunch for the 150-mile ride, sat in compartments which held about 8 persons each, so that we had the opportunity to get acquainted with our train passengers while enjoying the countryside in passing--lots of pastureland and small villages. Berlin is quite a busy city and remarkably restored or replaced with modern buildings. The main tour stops for our bus tour were to see the remains of the Berlin Wall with its many drawings on it, the Hindenburg Gate which stands about 80 - 90 feet, Check Point Charlie, the War Museum, the Parliament buildings and the hot-air balloon which is tethered to float above the place where Hitler took his life.

We also rode to Potsdam where FDR, Churchill, and Stalin divided up Germany after the war. At 9 p.m. we were back on board our ship.

### ***On the Front Porch*** "1416 EIGHTH STREET"

Mary Guthrie

Thinking back over the years of growing, the memories I have of my (our) front porch are very sweet ones.



I remember my sister, Betty, and our next-door neighbor, Sharon, playing with our dolls, swinging, and playing in Sharon's playhouse. While we were waiting on the ice cream and cookies Mother was making for us, we played baseball with our older brothers, Charles and Bob. In the evenings we would sit on the porch and talk, tell stories, and visit with our neighbors.



Sharon, our best friend lived next door. We three were always together. Today we are still the best of friends. Sharon's father was away in the Army during World War II. She and her mother were always a part of our family, sharing meals and daily lives. Our families attended church together in our neighborhood.

The three of us, as pre teens, sang as a trio and played the piano. We were "pretty good". A very special memory I will always have is when we sang for Sharon's Granddaddy Taylor. He would sit in her living room for hours listening to us play the piano and sing. Granddaddy Taylor's favorite song was "The Old Rugged Cross". Still to this day, singing this song brings thoughts of him and tears to my eyes. I will never forget him....

Sharon's porch was screened. Sometimes at night we would sit on the porch and sing. People walking by did not know where we were, causing us to have many giggles!

My life has many sweet memories. I look forward to having the opportunity again to share with you stories of my other "front porches".

### ***F-A-S-T Test for Stroke Symptoms***

Leonard Scott

Strokes are the third-leading cause of death in Americans, and leave hundreds of thousands more disabled? Almost five million Americans have had a stroke at some point in their lives, and an additional quarter of a million Americans will suffer strokes this year.

In many cases, a stroke occurs without warning. Yet, for a number of people there will be signs. Unfortunately, many people, especially women, ignore them. Before the big one hits, there are usually several episodes of mild neurological symptoms, such as sudden numbness of one side of the face or an arm. This may last only seconds and then pass.

Other people often spot the problem first. They may notice that one side of the person's face seems to sag, or that they make little sense when speaking. Sometimes the person isn't walking right. Ignoring these symptoms can lead to disaster.

Be aware of common thoughts some stroke victims have had prior to a stroke:

"I must have been leaning on my arm."

"I must be hungry."

"I can't think of the words I want."

And get to know the symptoms described so you can take advantage of the window of opportunity to treat a stroke. To help people recognize the symptoms of stroke quickly, The Stroke Association has come up with the following F-A-S-T Test.

**Face:** Ask the person to smile. If the upper or lower face on one side is weak or does not move, it may indicate a stroke.

**Arms:** Ask you loved one to raise their arms out straight. Weakness in one arm is a sign of a stroke.

**Speech:** Have them say a simple sentence. Garbled speech, word searching or nonsense speech can indicate a stroke.

**Timing:** Call 911 if any one of these is present. While they do not always indicate a stroke, time is of the essence.

# Senior Cinema Matinee

April 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1:15 pm

*Presents*

“Dan in Real Life”

Showing in the fellowship room - *Popcorn & Refreshments*

Release Date: October 26, 2007

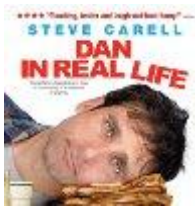
Running time: 95 minutes

## *Movie Review*

by Laura Riehl

Marketed as a romantic comedy starring the often hilarious Steve Carell, "Dan in Real Life" is actually a film about family. Okay, it is a comedy; but not the laugh-out-loud slapstick you would expect from Carell.

Widowed with three young daughters, Dan Burns (Steve Carell) is an advice columnist still mourning for his wife after four years. Besides his job and his children, Dan doesn't really have a life. While on his annual family vacation at his parents' house in New England, Dan meets the woman of his dreams. Marie (Juliette Binoche) is everything he could dream of: beautiful, kind, smart, with a great sense of humor. Suddenly Dan is giggling like a small boy and can't help babbling about Marie. That is until he finds out Marie is his brother's girlfriend, and she was on her way to join the family for the weekend when Dan and she met.



Awkward. Dan tries to force himself to forget about Marie but everywhere he turns, there she is, and his brother Mitch (Dane Cook) keeps reminding Dan how lucky he is and what a fabulous catch Marie is. To complicate matters, Marie is not necessarily saying "no, please keep your distance." Driven by jealousy and self-pity, Dan acts out his frustration like a 15-year-old until his family — not knowing the dilemma — steps in to interfere.

Steve Carell can be inconsistent. He was extremely funny in supporting roles and as Michael Scott in the hit show, "The Office", but he was flat in "Evan Almighty." However, Carell is able to tap into his psychosis as well as his boy-man sensitivity to bring Dan Burns to life. Strangely, Carell shows great dramatic chops in a comedic role. There are key scenes in which his performance is pitch perfect and touching.

Juliette Binoche (Chocolot) is always lovely and interesting. As Dan's object of affection, however, her character seems somewhat inconsistent, and we can't really tell how she feels until later in the film. Granted, the story is mostly told from Dan's perspective but her ambiguity keeps the audience at a distance. She is like an image of perfection but doesn't quite seem real. Dane Cook (Good Luck Chuck) plays a lovable schmuck with ease, but his acting skills are rather lacking, especially in the company of a great cast.

As Dan's three daughters, Alison Pill, Brittany Robertson, and especially Marlene Lawston are adorable — they have good chemistry with their onscreen dad. Dianne Wiest and John Mahoney are comforting as Dan's laid back but concerned parents. Finally, Emily Blunt (The Devil Wears Prada) turns in a remarkably fun and sexy performance as Dan's childhood friend, Ruthie, in spite of her limited screen time.

The screenplay by writer-director Peter Hedges (Pieces of Apple) and Pierce Gardner (Lost Soul) follows a conventional family vacation/romantic comedy routine. The set-up is a bit contrived: boy meets girl cute and then boy loses girl quickly. The plot seems conventional as well, and predictable. Still, their strength is in the dialogue; there are some really sharp-witted lines and gut-busting situations. Despite certain slapstick moments, Hedges and Gardner manage to keep the comedy down to earth and real. The story has a great sense of humor without resorting to extreme hilarity, and that sets the tone of the film nicely.

Dan in Real Life gives Steve Carell a chance to showcase his dramatic skills. There are of course funny moments, but it is the emotionally charged scenes that set Steve Carell apart. He has a way to really touch your heart with a simple look and a lopsided smirk. Peter Hedges does a fine job letting his star shine. Dan in Real Life is a sweet, humorous look at family and love and, most important, self-worth. It's an amusing, feel-good movie to which we can all relate.

## Calendar of Activities

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

<b>March 20<sup>th</sup></b>	Potluck Senior Luncheon
<b>April 3<sup>rd</sup></b>	Senior Cinema Matinee: "Dan in Real Life"
<b>April 12<sup>th</sup></b>	Netherwood's Second Sunday Fellowship Lunch
<b>April 17<sup>th</sup></b>	Senior Luncheon "Southern Cooking" catered by Cajun Kitchen
<b>April 26<sup>th</sup></b>	Pack the Pulpit Sunday



# Senior Potluck

This Friday at 11:30 am  
Please come and join us

## Schedule:

Lunch and Fellowship  
Short Devotional: Jesse McCarty – “GO”  
Kenneth Pardue and Mylli Zdunek singing hymns.  
Magic by Paul Martinez

**Deadline for information for the  
mid-April. ISSUE is Apr. 7, 2009**

Netherwood Park Church of Christ  
5101 Indian School Road NE  
(I-40 at San Mateo exit)  
Albuquerque, NM 87110

*Mid March*

Senior Connection