

Senior Moments

For Baby Boomers and Beyond, Summer 2014

Confidence in Freedom's Power

In his final State of the Union Address, January 28, 2008, President George W. Bush reviewed his seven years in office, recounting the accomplishments achieved and the challenges that remain.

Seven years have passed since I first stood before you at this rostrum. In that time, our country has been tested in ways none of us could have imagined. We faced hard decisions about peace and war, rising competition in the world economy, and the health and welfare of our citizens. These issues call for vigorous debate, and I think it's fair to say, we've answered the call. Yet history will record that amid our differences, we acted with purpose, and together we showed the world the power and resilience of American self-government.

From expanding opportunity to protecting our country, we've made good progress. Yet

we have unfinished business before us, and the American people expect us to get it done.

In the work ahead, we must be guided by the philosophy that made our nation great. As Americans, we believe in the power of individuals to determine their destiny and shape the course of history. We believe that the most reliable guide for our country is the collective wisdom of ordinary citizens. And so in all we do, we must trust in the ability of free peoples to make wise decisions and empower them to improve their lives for their futures.

We have other work to do on taxes. Most Americans think their taxes are high enough. With all the pressures on their finances, American families shouldn't have to worry about their government taking a bigger bite out of their paychecks.

Our shared responsibilities extend beyond matters of taxes and spending. On housing, we must trust Americans with the responsibility of home ownership and empower them to weather turbulent times in the housing market.

To build a future of quality health care, we must trust patients and doctors to make medical decisions and empower them with better information and better options. We share a common goal: making health care more affordable and accessible for all Americans. The best way to achieve that goal is by expanding consumer choice, not government control.



Shirley Temple (1928-2014) may be remembered for her dimples and curly locks but her life will live on as a symbol of hope and joy in both good times and bad.

On education, we must trust students to learn, if given the chance, and empower parents to demand results from our schools.

On trade, we must trust American workers to compete with anyone in the world and empower them by opening up new markets overseas.

To build a future of energy security, we must trust in the creative genius of American researchers and entrepreneurs and empower them to pioneer a new generation of clean energy technology.

To keep America competitive into the future, we must trust in the skill of our scientists and engineers and empower them to pursue the breakthroughs of tomorrow.

On matters of life and science, we must trust in the innovative spirit of medical researchers and empower them to discover new treatments while respecting moral boundaries.

On matters of justice, we must trust in the wisdom of our Founders and empower judges who understand that the Constitution means what it says.

This is the business of our nation here at home. Yet building a prosperous future for our citizen also depends on confronting enemies abroad and advancing liberty in troubled regions of the world.

This evening I want to speak directly to our men and women on the front lines. Soldiers and sailors, airmen, marines, and coast guardsmen: In the past year, you have done everything we've asked of you and more. Our nation is grateful for your courage. We are proud of your accomplishments.

Protecting our nation from the dangers of a new century requires more than good intelligence and a strong military. It also requires changing the conditions that breed resentment and allow extremists to prey on despair. So America is using its influence to build a freer, more hopeful, and more compassionate world. This is a reflection of our national interests; it is the calling of our conscience.

The strength—the secret of our strength, the miracle of America is that our greatness lies not in our government, but

in the spirit and determination of our people. When the federal convention met in Philadelphia in 1787, our nation was bound by the Articles of Confederation, which began with the words, "We the undersigned delegates." When Governor Morris was asked to draft the preamble to our new Constitution, he offered an important revision and opened with words that changed the course of our nation and the history of the world: "We the people."

By trusting the people, our Founders wagered that a great and noble nation could be built on the liberty that resides in the hearts of all men and women. By trusting the people, succeeding generations transformed our fragile young democracy into the most powerful nation on Earth and a beacon of hope for millions. And so long as we continue to trust the people, our nation will prosper, our liberty will be secure, and the state of our Union will remain strong.

So tonight, with confidence in freedom's power and trust in the people, let us set forth to do their business. God bless America.

Publisher's Note: *President Bush's speech, addressed to the nation on January 28, 2008, was edited for available space. Thanks to the Miller Center at the University of Virginia for permission to access and republish this presidential speech.*



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Summertime!

Summer drive along Highway 476. "The High Road." Photo by Bruce Menzies

Did you miss us? No, you didn't miss the spring 2014 issue as there wasn't one! I spent this spring recuperating from back surgery and an assortment of complications that often accompany surgery. Although the paper you're reading was essentially finished and ready for press months ago, I was unable to do the driving, bending, lifting, and twisting necessary to deliver the papers to all fourteen counties where Senior Moments Newspaper is distributed. The good news is the fact you're reading the summer issue.

Now that winter and the Arctic vortex is a fading memory, the stars in our evening sky will change and new stars, not seen over the winter make reappearance. Now is the best time to see one of the sky's best-known celebrities, the Big Dipper. Passing nearly overhead, the Dipper is formed by four stars

marking its cup and three others denoting its crooked handle. The stars are there to show off God's handiwork when He said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven" (Genesis 1:14).

Menzies Mountain is a fine location for star watching being away from the city's light pollution. In the pasture behind our cottage we have an unobstructed view of the heavens. Aided by my National Audubon Society book *Field Guide to the Night Sky*, even I can identify a few of the stars.

Something else we can enjoy now is plenty of rain. Sometimes a light night breeze playing in the tree tops will make just about the same sound and fool me into thinking it is raining. But best of all I like the sound of rain playing on the roof at night about the time I'm dropping off to sleep.

Another pleasantry is standing on the porch on almost any evening in the summer and listening to the whip-poor-wills calling from the banks of the Finley River in the valley below.



It was with great sadness that we read of the passing of Shirley Temple Black (February 10, 2014). Many of my generation grew up watching *Little Miss Broadway*, *Curly Top*, and *Heidi*, and then watched them again with our children. Shirley was that dimpled, curly-headed-cutie who saved the spirits of so many Americans during the Great Depression. President Franklin Roosevelt said, "As long as our country has Shirley Temple, we will be all right." As an icon of absolute innocence, hopefully the passing of Shirley Temple Black doesn't represent a loss of innocence and goodness in our country.

I've had several nice comments from readers about The Christmas Orange. That article was written by my late father-in-law, Rev. C. J. Greer. Brother Greer, as I always called him, was a real cowboy from Wyoming who came to the Ozarks in the late 1940s following the call from the Lord into ministry. Brother Greer was an excellent story teller with a vast background and personal history and knew how to put thoughts to words and words on paper. Another one of his interesting experiences is written in this issue about The Gideon Bible. Gleaning from his autobiography I'll be able to include some of his writings in many issues in the future.

Scripture tells us about seasons in our life and seasons in the earth. To every thing there *is* a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven (Ecclesiastes 3:1). The rain comes down with the snow from heaven and waters the earth which brings forth the buds and gives seed to the sower and bread to the eater. The winter is past and flowers appear on the earth. But like the four strong winds that blow lonely or seven seas that run high, there are things that don't change come what may. God does not change. If you have a relationship with Him, He will always be there to help you through each season. He has made everything beautiful in its time. That means He can take the worst seasons of your life and turn them into something more beautiful than we could ever imagine.

Until fall arrives and we meet again on this page, keep an eye on summer. —Bruce Menzies.

SENIOR MOMENTS NEWSPAPER

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receivable, accounts payable, chief of staff (I have no staff), head cheese, head honcho, Web master, basically the buck stops with me!



It is my goal to create a newspaper with content that will be of interest to senior adults or "baby boomers and beyond." Unsolicited articles and photos can be sent to the physical or electronic address listed. However, Senior Moments is a special newspaper read by a very special audience and publication of any content will be subject to Publisher's sole discretion. If you visit a location described in Senior Moments or inquire about a product advertised herein, please tell them where you read about it. If you have enjoyed reading this paper please drop me an Email. I'd appreciate it.

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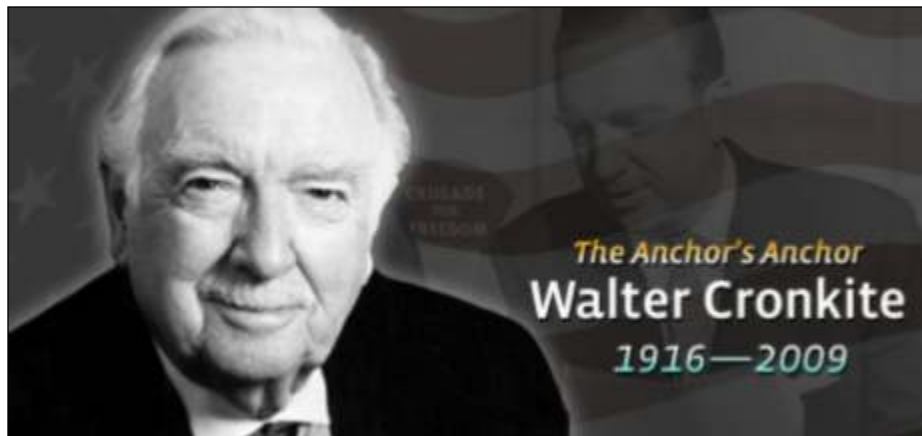
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From Kansas City, Missouri

Walter Cronkite—*The most trusted man in America*

“Walter Cronkite was one of the closest friends I had in journalism. He was an icon. I doubt if anybody will replace him in the hearts and minds of Americans. I respected his views on so many subjects.” —Rev. Billy Graham



“When Cronkite resigned in 1981, it was like George Washington leaving the dollar bill” (The New Republic).

Walter Cronkite was one of the first broadcast journalists on American television. He is best remembered as the anchorman and managing editor of the CBS Evening News from 1962 to 1981. His high journalistic standards and his ability to communicate complicated events to the general television audience made him a familiar and trusted figure to millions of American viewers

Walter Leland Cronkite Jr. was born on November 4, 1916, in St. Joseph, Missouri. He was the only child of Walter Cronkite Sr., a dentist, and Helen Fritsche Cronkite. He spent much of his early life in Kansas City. Though he would go on to travel the world, Cronkite remained proud of his Missouri roots and always considered Kansas City his home. Naturally curious and observant, he kept a notebook throughout his youth to record daily observations and often researched in encyclopedias to learn more about sub-

jects that interested him. Since his parents struggled financially, Walter worked many odd jobs to make extra money.

Shortly after returning to Kansas City, Cronkite took his first television job covering news in Washington, DC, for a group of Midwestern stations. In 1950 he joined the new CBS television network. He excelled at connecting with the television audience and decided to stick with television journalism after the birth of his second daughter, Kathy. His skillful coverage of the 1950 congressional elections earned him a national reputation. Although Cronkite was

technically not the first television “anchorman,” the term was most famously associated with his style of political reporting. Soon he was more famous than many of the candidates he was covering. Cronkite anchored coverage of every political convention and national election (except the 1964 Democratic National Convention) for the next thirty years. He also interviewed every U.S. president from Truman to Reagan.

Cronkite’s heartbreaking report on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy became one of the most famous news reports in television history. Because of his in-depth coverage of the Apollo Space Program, especially the Apollo 11 moon mission in 1969, he was called “The Dean of Space.” His special report from Vietnam is credited with helping to change national opinion about the war. Cronkite resisted the Nixon administration’s attempts to intimidate the media and won awards for his reports on the Watergate scandal that ended Nixon’s presidency.

Because Cronkite made a point of carefully checking his sources and trying to report breaking news in a fair and impartial manner, the American public put great trust in his nightly sendoff, “And that’s the way it is.”

In 1972 an independent opinion poll named Cronkite “The Most Trusted Man in America,” a reputation he would keep for the rest of his career.

Cronkite trained himself to speak at a rate of 124 words per minute in his newscasts, so that viewers could clearly understand him. In contrast, Americans average about 165 words per minute, and fast, difficult-to-understand talkers speak close to 200 words per minute.

Faith

Walter Cronkite’s family was Protestant and changed their denomination three times while he was a child. Cronkite joined the Episcopal Church as a youth, explaining in a 1994 interview: “I got into a Boy Scout troop that met in an Episcopal church. The church had a wonderful minister who was also the scoutmaster. And I suppose you can say he proselytized me. At any rate, I was much involved with the church, and became Episcopalian. Later, when I worked for a paper in Houston, I was church editor for a while.”

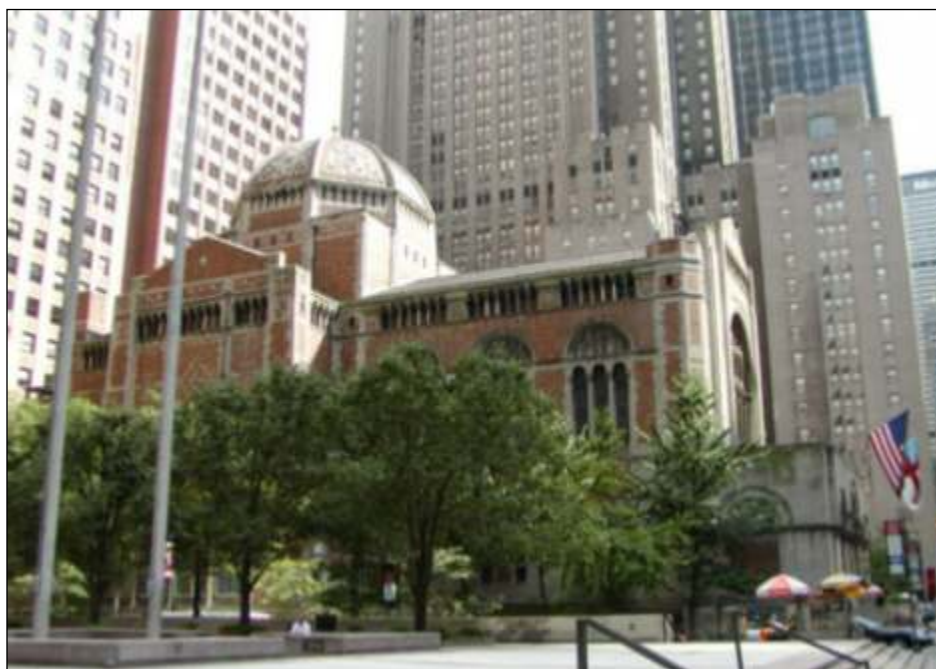
Retirement

On February 14, 1980, Cronkite announced that he intended to retire from the CBS Evening News. His last day in the anchor chair at the CBS Evening News was on March 6, 1981.

Death

In 2005, Cronkite’s beloved wife Betsy died of cancer at the age of 89. In 2009, Cronkite was reported to be ill with cerebrovascular disease. He died at his home in New York City on July 17, 2009, at the age of 92. He was buried next to his wife at their family cemetery plot in Kansas City, Missouri.

Article Source: State Historical Society, Wikipedia. Photos: Wikimedia



St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, which the Cronkites attended for many years.



Evelyn Zollo, Maranatha Village, enjoys reading Senior Moments.

The North American P-51 Mustang

Generally considered the best fighter of WWII, the North American Aviation P-51 Mustang was an American long-range, single-seat fighter and fighter-bomber used during World War II, the Korean War and other conflicts.

The P-51 Mustang was a solution to the clear need for an effective bomber escort. The Mustang was at least as simple as other aircraft of its era. It used a common, reliable engine and had internal space for a huge fuel load. With external fuel tanks, it could accompany the bombers all the way to Germany and back.

The P-51 Mustang is credited with providing very effective long range bomber escort. The Allied daylight bombing campaign proved extremely successful by strangling the support lines of the enemy and nearly stopping the production of war-time machinery. The P-51 Mustang and the men that flew them saved lives in the skies and on the ground.

To say P-51 Mustangs were successful would be an understatement. It is considered to be the best piston aircraft of World War II and became one of the world's aviation elite. A total of 14,819 Mustangs of all types were built for the USAAF. American Mustangs destroyed 4,950 enemy aircraft making them the highest scoring US fighter in the Europe Theater of Operations. They were used as dive-bombers, bomber escorts, ground-attackers, interceptors, for photo-recon missions, trainers, transports (with a jump-seat), and after the war, high performance racers.

And its little brother, North American Navion



Pictured above are Oscar Hawkins, my dad Homer Menzies, and his neighbor Bob Fisher. Oscar was the local Mobile Oil distributor hence the red Mobile Oil logo.

The Navion is a single-engine, four-seat aircraft originally designed and built by North American Aviation in the 1940s and was envisioned as an aircraft that would perfectly match the expected postwar boom in civilian aviation, since it was designed along the general lines of, and by the same company which produced the North American P-51 Mustang, generally regarded as one of the best Allied fighter aircraft. Sales of the Navion were helped by the visibility of several celebrities who flew them, including Veronica Lake, Arthur Godfrey, Mickey Rooney and Bill Cullen.



Beautiful then, beautiful now—the aircraft that changed the course of the war. Here's Dad with his P-51 photographed on April 16, 1945.

Warbirds in the Ozarks

Honoring the aircraft that once ruled the skies in pursuit of freedom



This full size P-51 is easy to spot amongst the eye candy on Branson's "76-Strip." The fighter plane was set on its thirty-foot pedestal in October, 2000, in front of the Veterans Memorial Museum. The above recent photo shows the Mustang restored to her former glory after the destruction (inset) of the Leap Year tornado, February 29, 2012.

SENIORS and Telemarketing Fraud

Despite such consumer protections as the Telemarketing Sales Rule and the National Do Not Call Registry, fraudulent telemarketers prey on seniors with promises of huge prizes, fantastic investment returns, and unbelievable deals on all sorts of merchandise—even vacation packages. They craft schemes to take advantage of those of limited means and those who are affluent, of those who are isolated and those who are active. These predators treat everyone as fair game. Nonetheless, the rules and responses below will stop them cold.

If you're a senior, you may find yourself bombarded with telephone calls from telemarketers offering you everything from "fantastic investment opportunities" to home repairs (for an unbelievably low price). The callers always seem nice, and their offers can seem irresistible. Well, that's a clue, because if it sounds too good to be true, it probably is: Most of these incredible offers aren't on the level.

Remember, when it comes to hanging up on telemarketing fraudsters, it isn't rude, it's shrewd.



Facts About Seniors

Seniors account for an ever-increasing share of the population. Thirty-five million Americans, about 13 percent of the population, are 65 or older. And by 2030, that number will more than double. The first of the 75 million Baby Boomers will begin to turn 65 in the coming years. But the trouble starts earlier than that. One study says that fully half of telemarketing fraud victims are 50 or older.

Five Ways To Make Unscrupulous Telemarketers Go Away

1 Never give personal information to someone on the phone unless you initiated the call and have confidence in the person or agency receiving the call. Legitimate business callers will not ask you for this information over the phone. If a caller asks for personal information such as a credit card number or Social Security number, just say:

"I don't give out personal information over the phone. I'll contact the company directly and provide them with the necessary information."

Then hang up. Remember, it isn't rude, it's shrewd.

2 If the caller tells you he or she wants to give you something for free, then you shouldn't have to pay to receive it. Often, the caller will tell you that you need to pay a handling charge or pay taxes on the prize, but that should be a red flag. Tell them:

"I shouldn't have to send money for something that's free."

Then hang up. Remember, it isn't rude, it's shrewd.

3 So-called limited time offers should not require an immediate decision right then and there. A caller from a legitimate business will not rush you, so if you are considering dealing with someone who has contacted you over the phone; sleep on it for a day or two. While thinking it over, you may find a better offer or decide you don't need or can't afford whatever is being offered. Just tell the caller:

"I'd like some time to think about this. Tell me how I can get in touch with you. If I'm interested, I'll call you back."

Then hang up. Remember, it isn't rude, it's shrewd.

4 In addition to rushing you, some unscrupulous telemarketers will try to convince you not to talk to anyone about the call. They might tell you if you divulge the offer to anyone else, it could jeopardize the deal. This is a warning sign. In cases like this, discuss the offer with friends or family members before you agree to anything. If the caller persists, say:

"I'd like to take some time to discuss this with my family and friends, and I'll get back to you if I'm still interested."

Then hang up. Remember, it isn't rude, it's shrewd.

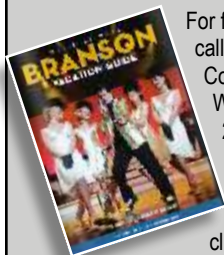
5 It can be hard to understand all the details of a verbal offer. What you hear may not be what the caller is saying, or what he or she said may not be entirely accurate. The best way to proceed is to have the material mailed to you so you can read it carefully and at your leisure. If the caller isn't willing to send you written information, say the following:

"If you can't mail me the information, then I can't talk to you."

Then hang up. Remember, it isn't rude, it's shrewd.

Article Source: Department of Justice

The new 2014 Branson Vacation Guide and Travel Planner is now available!



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Johnny Mercer— *Our Huckleberry Friend*



Does anyone need to be reminded for the hundredth time of what travails the sixties brought us? Probably as great an influence as anything in those turbulent times was the arrival in America of the records by four long-haired lads from Liverpool, England. They were British, and that was different. They were kind of clean-cut, even though shaggy haired, and that was different too. And their songs had some sweetness and charm to them. Thus their success was phenomenal. The Beatles were many times more powerful in popularity and earnings than had been Rudy Vallee in the twenties, Bing Crosby in the thirties, Frank Sinatra in the forties, and even Elvis Presley in the fifties.

In the sixties, Johnny Mercer, among other survivors, was not ready to throw in the towel. There were two Mercer homeruns right at the beginning of the decade. In 1961 he collaborated with Henry Mancini on a song, *Moon River*, that Audrey Hepburn was supposed to look as if she were singing while seated on a fire escape and strumming a guitar. The movie was *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and it was a runaway Oscar winner at the 1962 Academy Awards. The following year it was another Mercer-Mancini success—the title song for a Jack Lemmon movie, *The Days of Wine and Roses*—an entire song encompassed in just two sentences—another Oscar winner for Mercer.



“Good songs are like street cars—there’ll be another one along in a minute.” —Johnny Mercer

Came the seventies, with so many old friends and collaborators gone, the music business in a completely new bag, and the call for Mercer’s services diminished considerably. After a few more unsuccessful ventures, things didn’t go too well with Mercer either at home or abroad.

The ill health that had plagued him for a few years finally took its toll. Johnny Mercer died on June 25, 1976, and people from former maids to the President of the United States sent messages of sadness to Ginger Mercer.

Article Source: *Johnny Mercer, the Life, Times and Song Lyrics of Our Huckleberry Friend*. Photo from Wikimedia.



BY RENÉ BREUEL
IN “THE HEART OF FAITH”

I was flipping a book at a friend’s house one day—one of those fancy editions that even smell new—when an image took hold of me. It shows two men running early in the morning, with their hair bowing to the wind, and one of them holds his hands tightly together. But what grabbed me were their eyes: a complex pool of doubt, hope, faith, bewilderment, surprise, perplexity, amazement. They are the eyes of two men running *into* something.

The Disciples Peter and John Running to the Sepulchre on the Morning of the Resurrection, has been the most celebrated painting of Eugène Burnand, and for a good reason. Burnand has been able to condense in a moment something of the range of emotions of someone who hears that the Master they’ve just seen suffer and die two days before has actually come to life. It is a charged moment. A difficult faith, a wondrous impossibility. Bits and pieces of conversations and prophecies come into place, but with an unexpected twist: a risen Savior, gushing forth life out of an empty tomb.

I can only imagine something of thoughts flowing in Peter’s and John’s minds as they race to check out the news. An empty tomb? Has someone stolen the body? Maybe the women are too emotional with the whole thing, or they went to the wrong tomb. Hold on, Jesus talked something about rising again one day. And He talked about eternal life too. But can it really be, back from the dead?

At the same time, I think we have our own set of questions as our minds follow Peter and John in that morning. Our faith bumps into surprise and dances with doubt, like Peter’s and John’s. It is shaky and shallow; it forgets and gets distracted. But the texture of our faith is not what matters most, I’d say. What matters is the ground on which it stands: an empty tomb, a risen Messiah, a conqueror of death. A reality transfixed with new, overflowing life, a world charged with magnetic hope. We may worry more about food or impressing people, but Jesus rose from the dead, and that is news radiant forevermore.

About the author

René Breuel is the founding pastor of Chiesa Evangelica San Lorenzo, a church in Rome, Italy.

–Senior Moments Devotional– *Encounters with God in the world’s great art* Running Towards Life



“The Disciples Peter and John Running to the Sepulchre on the Morning of the Resurrection” (1898)
Eugène Burnand (1850–1921) • Musée d’Orsay, Paris

About the artist

Eugène Burnand was a Swiss painter. He was born in the municipality of Moudon in the Swiss canton Vaud. Before moving to Paris in 1872 he studied with Barthélemy Menn at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Geneva. In Paris he joined Jean-Léon Gérôme’s studio, and was known primarily as a landscape painter.

Burnand was greatly influenced by the Realism of such artists as Jean-François Millet and Gustave Courbet. This is reflected in perhaps his best known work, *The Disciples Peter and John Running to the Sepulchre on the Morning of the Resurrection*, (or *Les Disciples*) which hangs in the Musée d’Orsay in Paris.

In his latter years, Burnand became seriously focused on religious art and organized conferences on art and religion.

Artist Eugène Burnand painted Peter and John running to the tomb. Burnand’s painting the men’s faces show contending emotions—anguish and relief, despair and wonder, and sorrow, especially on Peter’s face as he had denied the Lord. Their gaze is eagerly fixed forward, and their bending forms turn the attention to the empty sepulcher—and to a living Savior.

The Gideon Bible

BY REV. C. J. GREER

It was the month of November, 1944, when six or seven young men were standing around the bus depot, in Gillette, Wyoming, waiting for the bus that would take them to Fort Logan, Denver, Colorado, to be inducted into the armed forces in WW II. I was part of that group.

Wyoming was scraping the bottom of the barrel to meet their quota for Uncle Sam. Most of us had children. Carrie Ann was about two, and Glen Ray was still a baby. I was really heartsick, but I put on a brave front, and acting like I was going on a fun trip. I was able to keep the tears back as I kissed them and Carrie goodbye.

I was waving and laughing at them as we pulled away, and one of the women standing there, said to Carrie, “I can’t believe he is really their daddy.” And acting it was! I was never so heartsick and fearful in my life.

We arrived in Fort Logan, about 5 a.m., just in time to be marched off to breakfast, and to the infirmary for a couple of shots. Then we were issued our Army clothes, and said goodbye to our civilian duds. By this time all I am seeing is soldiers, all dressed in their khakis, milling around like a bunch of aunts—soldiers everywhere! A strong feeling of claustrophobia swept over me. I felt I just had to get away, to stay in that surrounding was to die. I can’t express the loneliness and despair I was feeling.

I asked someone who I could see to get an overnight pass, and they pointed out a burly First Sergeant, and when I approached him and asked for an overnight pass, he exploded. He started cursing me with about every adjective in the book. I was so embarrassed. A Lieutenant happened to hear the commotion, and came over to see what was going on. “Why are you addressing this soldier like that, Sergeant?” The Sergeant replied, “This is the first day in the Army for him, and he has the nerve to ask for an overnight pass.” “Give it to him!” said the Lieutenant. You should have seen that old Sergeant wilt! I gave him a big smile, and walked off with my pass.

I should go down in Guinness Book of Records, as I am sure I’m the only soldier in history that got one, except someone who got a medical or emergency leave. Well I found the bus, and went back into Denver, and got me a motel room. I got in that room, locked the door and started praying. I never remember getting in bed. I DO remember finding the Gideon Bible in the room, and walking and praying, and reading that Bible all night, promising God, that when He brought me back home, I would answer the call to the ministry.

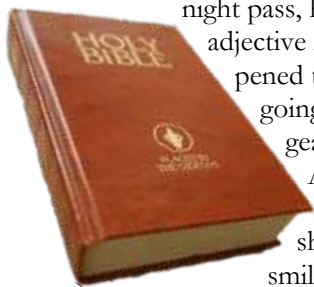
I read the 91st Psalm, the 23rd Psalm, and others. Thank God for the Gideon’s and their ministry of putting Bibles in every motel and hotel room.

Along toward morning, a wonderful peace came over my soul. The Lord didn’t speak in an audible voice, but I heard it anyway! “*Fear not my son I will bring you back to your family.*” Man! I caught the next bus back to camp, and I never had another anxious moment for the rest of my term.

My heart was filled with joy, and my Army experience was one of the best times of my life. I really enjoyed the Boot Camp training and every section of Army life! I was asked many times how I could be so happy, regardless of the harsh training, Boot Camp was back then. I had a good testimony and only regret I didn’t give it more often.



A young army family, C. J. carrying Glenn Ray and Carrie holding to young Carrie Ann’s hand



Senior Moments Book Review



Memoirs by David Rockefeller

“A compelling story of money, philanthropy, culture, and politics.”

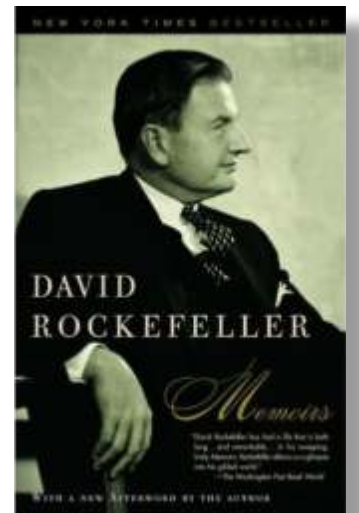
—The Atlanta Journal-Constitution

Born into one of the wealthiest families in America—he was the youngest son of Standard Oil scion John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the celebrated patron of modern art Abby Aldrich Rockefeller—David Rockefeller has carried his birthright into a distinguished life of his own. His dealings with world leaders from Zhou Enlai and Mikhail Gorbachev to Anwar Sadat and Ariel Sharon, his service to every American president since Eisenhower, his remarkable world travels and personal dedication to his home city of New York—here, the first time a Rockefeller has told his own story, is an account of a truly rich life.

Born in 1915, in the largest private house in New York, Rockefeller evinces much respect for grandfather, John D., the muckrakers’ perennial target. (“It was a different world then,” he writes of Standard Oil’s monopolistic practices.) Father John Jr., an earnest philanthropist with whom David exchanged letters even while they were in the same house, earned even more respect from his son who, ever mindful of his responsibilities, studied assiduously at Harvard and the London School of Economics. After wartime service as an intelligence officer and a stint as acolyte to Mayor LaGuardia, David became a banker and for a while rode the subway daily to Chase Bank—never owned or controlled by the family, he asserts, though Father was its largest shareholder. Much of this account deals with David’s career at Chase, which he transformed into an international presence. Credit him with reviving downtown Manhattan through the construction of Chase Plaza.

From his 17th-floor office there or in Rockefeller Center’s Room 5600, he dealt with the world’s movers and shakers, networking at the highest levels in Russia, China, Latin America, and the Middle East. Though never seeking or accepting public office, Rockefeller founded and served on numerous boards and agencies. He did indeed start the Trilateral Commission, enlisting Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter, and others; conspiracy theorists may make what they will of his admission to being an “internationalist.” His lengthy text is perhaps self-serving, but such is the nature of autobiography.

A memoir, rich as a Rockefeller that should fire up historians, pundits, and commentators: every page raises unanswered questions about a remarkable life.



“It is a rare author who can write about himself with openness and candor, but David Rockefeller has succeeded brilliantly. His discussion of his upbringing and of the obligations imposed by great wealth is fascinating, as are his personal reflections on four generations of Rockefellers. What the book also reveals, unconsciously but with great clarity, is the decency, integrity, and humanity of David Rockefeller himself.” —Dr. Henry Kissinger

“Long before globalization became a household word, David Rockefeller realized the importance of cultivating strong, trusting relationships with countries and their leaders around the world. We are privileged to be the beneficiaries of his lifelong commitment to world peace, and to have his reflections on these experiences in this superb memoir.” —Nelson Mandela

Book review courtesy of Random House Publishers

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