

Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church
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Latrobe, PA 15650

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The GOLDEN NUGGET

Newsletter for the Senior Citizens of Trinity Lutheran Church, Latrobe, PA
You may find "The Nugget" online at: TrinityLatrobe.com > Groups

April, 2020

A LESSON IN LOVE

The best things in life aren't things.

Art Buchwald

Many years ago, I lived in a small cottage on Southern California's coast. I was lonely. My husband, a physician, was hardly ever home. We had no children. The high brick walls that surrounded our tiny yard left little room for me to fulfill my longing for a garden of my own.

I had one prime gardening spot: Centered on our small, perfectly manicured front lawn was a stone planter just large enough for five tea rosebuds. These I had lovingly chosen, nurtured and coaxed into perfection. Every leaf was manicured, every thorn symmetrical. The plants were fertilized with rich, homemade compost full of earthworms. The lush blooms, which in the Laguna climate lasted all year, were spectacular both in number and their velvet beauty.

This miniature garden was my escape, my refuge, my chapel. But after a time, I began to notice that every Sunday morning when I came out of the door to fetch the weekend paper, there was a small, gaping hole in my flowers. A beautiful bud that had been full of promise would be gone, with only a severed branch to mark its passing.

I was outraged at this offense. How could someone cut buds off my roses over and over, without asking permission? My anger grew until, pushed to my limit, one Saturday evening I crouched behind the stone wall near the rose planter.

Just after sunset, old Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, the reclusive couple who owned perhaps the most desirable property in the entire bay, came doddering down the sidewalk and stopped in front of my roses. Slowly, painfully, they bent over the blooms, inhaling as deeply as their frail lungs would allow, their eyes closed, lost in some distant memory.

As I watched, Mr. Palmer took out an ancient penknife and carefully cut a single bud from the bush. With a creaking bow, he presented it to his plump and bent little wife.

Something about their gaze left me embarrassed, al-

most ashamed. I suddenly felt I could never understand, let alone ever find, such depth of feeling for another soul. Humbled, I could only watch from my hiding place as they slowly shuffled down the sidewalk to the sea.

Time passed. I had a baby, one I'd yearned to have for years. Old Mr. Palmer died, but Mrs. Palmer stayed on. Every Saturday evening, Mrs. Palmer, now alone, made her tortuous way down the sidewalk to my rose planter. And every Sunday morning I would find one of my plants partially but carefully denuded.

Despite the touching interlude I had seen between my elderly neighbors, I still resented this thievery. Finally I had enough. One evening I decided to intercept Mrs. Palmer. I was going to confront her about respecting other people's property. As she made her way toward me, I stepped outside and sat down on the stone planter in front of my house, my new baby on my lap.

Mrs. Palmer came up to me. "How lovely your roses are this evening," she said in her thick, Germanic accent. "And the little one, such a blessing!" My infant son flashed her a grin. I said nothing.

She knew that I knew.

"Others?" she asked, indicating my child with a bristled eyebrow. The question pierced me like an arrow. My ten year old stepson, a brilliant but disturbed boy, had just lost his mother to a tragic accident. Now this shattered child was coming to live with us. From all our past encounters, I felt that any interaction between us was doomed to failure. Worse, I was sure that my new baby's needs would be overshadowed by the demands of this unwanted addition to our household.

Tears stung my eyelids. The essential unfairness of life overwhelmed me. "My stepson is coming to live with us next week," I sniffed as Mrs. Palmer nodded sympathetically. "His mother just died. I've just had this baby, my only child, and now..."

"Honey," she said, seizing my wrist in her arthritic grasp. "You never know where love is going to come from."

Looking down at my wrist, I saw her wizened arm, and



The Prez says.....

I want to thank everyone for your support and prayers during our time as officers. It's been an honor for us to be President and Vice-President.

Jim Beatty, Former "Prez"

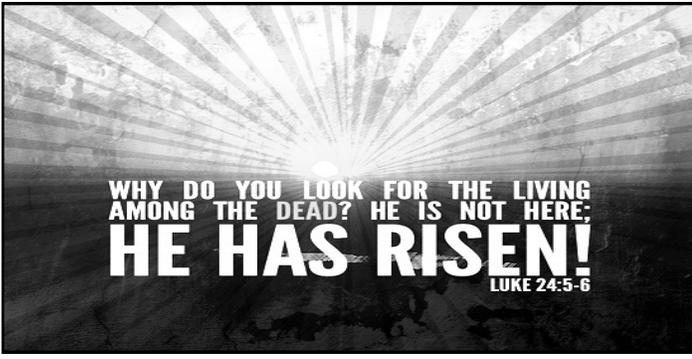
PS: Keep Mark in your prayers, thanks!

Hand Sanitizer Recipe

1 Cup 99% Isopropyl Alcohol
1 Tbsp. Hydrogen Peroxide
1 tsp. Glycerin

Water enough to bring this mixture to a total of 1 and 1/3 Cups liquid.

Buy these ingredients inexpensively at your local drug store.



The Senior's March 9th, 2020 Luncheon MINUTES

We opened with the Pledge of Allegiance. Nancy Busch asked for prayer requests and especially for the victims of the coronavirus. We sang Hymn 272, then read Psalm 149. There were several announcements concerning "The Nugget." We need volunteers who will prepare "The Nugget" for mailing each month. We asked that if you are able to receive "The Nugget" by e-mail that you sign up for that when you check in for lunch.

The Kitchen crew requests that you pass your plates to the end of the table after lunch. Also, beginning next month we will receive our food cafeteria style. Please, help those at your table who may be a bit unsteady on their feet. Thanks!

We sang Happy Birthday to members who had birthdays in January, February and March. Sandy Walker presented information about a bus trip to Lancaster. We extended thanks to the decorating and cafeteria crews.

Next month we will nominate members willing to serve as officers during the coming year.

Bill Busch and Cindy Pilewski told some funny jokes and tales. Nancy gave the invocation based on Matt. 28:1-7. The entertainment was Rick Conrad and his trusty CD player. Rick told us the "back stories" of several old hymns and then played each one. Very uplifting, thanks!

Margaret Conrad, Secretary

its faint blue tattooed numbers. She kissed my baby on the top of his head and reached over to the roses. With an ancient penknife, she cut a perfect blossom, handing it to me with a little bow. Then she waddled off down the sidewalk and out of sight.

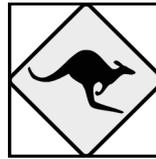
Her actions stunned me like the sun breaking through a wintery sky. I had vowed to show her anger, but this elderly widow, who must have known such hardships, had shown me love. If she could do that for me, a complete stranger, surely I could do the same for both my baby and my stepson. I, too, could stand ready to welcome love in, to watch it unfold like a rose.

SMILE

They'll wonder what you're up to!

Today is National Individuality Day, so let's join the millions of people nationwide who are celebrating.

Sometimes you get and sometimes you get got.



In Australia, a kangaroo was hit by a car and rushed to a hospital. The next morning the ward doctor making his rounds asks, "Was he brought here to die?" The nurse answers "No he was brought here yesterdie!"

George Washington had wooden teeth. That's why he brushed after every meal and saw his carpenter twice a year!

Two cows were watching as a milk truck passed. On the truck's side was written, "Homogenized, Pasteurized, With Vitamin A Added." One cow remarked, "Kind of makes you feel inadequate, doesn't it?"



An employee told his boss, "I need a raise. There are three companies that are after me right now." The boss said, "Really? Which ones are they?" The employee says, "Gas, Water and Electric."

The Next
Trinity Seniors' Meeting
March 9th, 2020
at the Fellowship Hall

CANCELED!

Due to the Coronavirus.
We will announce the next
meeting in "The Nugget."

To
Reservations Are
Barb Hough 724-539-8
By Wednesday, April 4th