



JEWELS OF

DIAMONDS OF GOLD
WARD & LEGACY COLLABORATIVE

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“IF”

Discouraged: I didn't see you yesterday, what did you get into?

Dispair: Nothing! What about you, what did you get into?

Discouraged: Nothing!

Dispair: What's up with you today?

Discouraged: Nothing! What about you?

Dispair: Nothing! They say tomorrow is going to be real nice, what are you getting into?

Discouraged: Nothing!

Nothing, nothing, nothing from nothing equals nothing, a big fat zero! Now who would have thought that after sixty to seventy or more years of living that their lives would come to a complete stop, one big empty nothing. Try to remember as far back as ten years old, and if that's not too far back let's think fifteen years old, or maybe twenty-four years old, I am convinced beyond a shadow of doubt that what we dreamt then, the life we envisioned did not



include the word nothing. I am doubly convinced that we could see clearly the person we wanted to become back then, but a certain reality set in. For some that reality set in right after grade school, for others right after college. That reality was the pressing need to earn a living, and for some, the need to raise their children, for others the need to care for a parent or a grandparent, in either case our youthful dreams were shattered because each one of these endeavors was quite frankly time consuming.

Just think about it, you get up, you wash, you dress, grab a bite and out the door to catch a bus, hop a train, or jump into the car, in either case you must allow yourself at least 2 hours. You spend 8 hours on the job, and must allow yourself an additional 2 hours in travel time before returning home, already that's a total of 12 hours. Now once inside your home there's another 2 hours to unwind, prepare a meal and eat, all total 14 hours of your day used up already. Doctors generally recommend 6 hours of sleep, so now we are talking about 20 hours of the day gone with 4 hours of leisure time remaining. Now after such a long and tedious day I suspect that the average person would want to stretch out in front of the wide screen and doze off into never, never land. I doubt very seriously if anyone would have enough energy left to engage in any serious reading or study. But here we must consider those who are raising families, children must be fed, homework requires help, what will the kids wear to school tomorrow? And lunches have to be prepared. So with so little time is it any wonder that our youthful dreams simply vanished into thin air, poof! it seems, and they were gone, or so it seems.

Let us recall, the issue here was all about time, it was never about ambition or motivation. But guess what folks, and I know this may come as a shocker, we now got all the time in the world,



hell, we got so much time we can give some of it away! But what we lack is motivation and ambition. All those years spent in the self-same routine somehow wore us down, in some cases wore us out, and we simply let go, and our dreams disappeared. Now let us enter into the realm of possibility.

We were all sitting around brainstorming the other evening trying to identify the most pressing needs of our seniors, and if we could identify that need, how would we address that need, how could we resolve it. Well, Katrina Polk, you all know Dr. Katt, well the good doctor blurted out

"Re-imagining," what do you mean said we?... 'If our seniors could re-imagine who they are into who they want to be, in other words to jump start their lives, it would be like a new lease on life, to gain a renewed purpose, to dream once again, in other words to re-imagine.' However said she, 'we must identify those persons, institutions, and organizations that will provide the vital assistance in making the re-imagining a reality in the lives of our seniors.' Often such concepts like New Year resolutions fall to the ground no sooner than they are spoken if we simply rely on ourselves or some person standing on the sidelines cheering us on. But if we consider that God created us for his glory, and that we represent him, therefore we have an obligation to offer him our best, our best spiritually, our best intellectually, and our best physically.



The Holy Spirit speaking through the apostle reminds us,- " know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" And in another place,- "What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For we are bought with a price: Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Corinthians 3:16; 6:19,20). How can we not give God our best mind, our best body, and strive for excellence spiritually. We have the time, and now we have the motivation to re-imagine ourselves unto the Glory of God, and we will offer every assistance you need to accomplish those dreams that you once put on hold, those ambitions that were deferred, and that sense of purpose that was lost. That's what the Ph.D behind Dr. Katt's name mean, creative concepts, on time solutions, and the capital "D" means let's get this thing DONE! So jump on board folks, we are about to turn the world upside down. Keep alert, eyes wide open for coming announcements, if you can imagine it, by the grace of God we will get it done. THOSE NOTHING FROM NOTHING DAYS ARE OVER!





"WHERE TWO RIVERS MET"

*Let's not be foolish, when first I saw you,
Was but a moment, like any other moment in time,
People, places, a certain order much of
The same kind,
Of thing that is, a mere distraction not expected
At this time,
Your face I searched, you turned away,
Curiosity being what it is, from a glance distracted
I chanced upon a dance of centuries, ancient memories,
Of epochs flowing by,
Of hearts enraptured in denial, disbelief, the fears,
Haunt us still,
Nothing new, unforgotten of dreams unrequited,
Now forgotten lingers on, in the eyes they say, when
In two have met an eternal flame begets, the inferno
Ignites, two hearts ablaze, burning
Deep the desires,
Stay back! Keep your distance, have you not
Heard? Solitude it's claims, freedom blames me of
Course where liberty a sad remorse, lays no claims
That can't be bought,
Two hearts now one of no particular design,
Just a thing, a chance occurrence, a moment in time,
Through the labyrinth perplexing from hall to hall
Hollow, the mathematics of mind, if pleasure then
Sorrow,*

*Teach me oh! Reach me, how to love again, what
If again, spinning like this again, to kiss again,
This a strange taste in a strange place, please,
Let it go away,
If I dare say, how do I stay away, betrayed,
Abandon all assumptions, the human heart, sovereign
Above any part assumed or
Imagined,
I will resist, and that persist in denying
The obvious, fairy tales cast no spells where
Reason prevails, of dry bones beneath the stones
Dry reason avails, in season beneath
The cold ground,
Give me love cries the lover and she will
Suffice, an hour if be my lot, a lifetime, a dream
Surreal, unreal, unwise I ask not,
If fools we might, happy endings be rare, if
You love me, if you care, upon this path treacherous,
Let us not dare to traverse descending, an
Unquenchable thirst,
These be the ramblings of resistance you
Hear, whoever loved resist love in vain, such
A strange thing, mysterious unnamed, irresistible
It's pleasures, it's pains,
Under the willows, by the river and it's
Waves that laugh, a soft wind flowing, your face
I searched, you turned to me, centuries, ancient
Memories, and so it must be, of epochs flowing by,
I chanced upon a dance burning
Deep with desires,
This heart is your heart, this love is your
Love, this life anew once more again, this heart is
Your heart,
This love I give to you.*

"OOOEW-LA-LA-LA"



That's the sound you hear when the hunter gets captured by the game! The annual pre-Valentine's Day Party at the Wiley H. Bates residences in Annapolis, MD. was just that, a lover's game as young cupid's arrows were flying all over the place, some hit the hearts, and others missed the target and went straight to the hips cause the brothers and sisters were wiggling that thing like rattlesnakes all goo-goo eyed. Beneath those fluttering lashes and those soft as butter eyes the sisters teased the brothers until some lost all control. One brother's knees got so weak it looked like he was doing the 'Stagger Lee,' (today they call it the Wobble). Phone numbers were exchanged, promises made, and hook-ups arranged and for those who weren't so lucky there awaited another attempt at the game.



That's right, on February 14, Family Matters Ward 8 hosted their own Valentine's Day Party over at Fort Stanton Recreation Center (If at first you don't succeed, bat those goo-goo eyes one more time)! DJ Pumpin'Pete and Kojak were spinning the Disc and the place was jumping. There were door raffles, food, and a prize for Mr. and Mrs. Valentine. Two days in the game left our seniors all but exhausted, yet nevertheless grinning as they boarded the bus to return home. The lights in the bus were dark and dim and in the silence all you could hear was OOOOEW-LA-LA-LA, what a ball...hmmm, where's my pillow...girl pass me that pillow and stop playing.

THE VILLAGE/WARD 8 LEGACY COLLABORATIVE MEETING MARCH 9, 2017 @ 6PM



SENIOR RESIDENTS OF THE VILLAGE IN WARD 8 BORN IN JANUARY.

NOTE: If you have information or material for the Newsletter, contact your representative at your site. We welcome your participation.

**THE OVERLOOK MEADOW BROOK ARBOR VIEW CEDAR HEIGHTS
WHEELER TERRACE**

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