

The Academy Perspective

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE" INVOLVED

by Vada Lee Barkley

On our membership application, a number of us checked "University Colleagues" as one of our interests. Unfortunately, only limited opportunities have been available in that area. Dr. Howard Culbertson has come up with an idea to change that.

SNU President Loren Gresham has envisioned a Mormon-type plan for our graduates to spend two years after graduation in volunteer service. Thus, SNU is supplying young people to the World Mission Division for a year or two of volunteer service. Beginning two years ago in Bulgaria, we expanded last year into New Guinea, and this fall our youth will be in five European countries.

"Some of those who served that first year in Bulgaria," writes Dr. Culbertson, "asked if the Academy of Senior Professionals could become a kind of support group for these volunteers." He explains, "By this they mean regularly giving news to the monthly meeting. . . and encouraging the Senior Professionals to pray for them and perhaps even visit them on short terms to provide help in the various ministries."

Since I read his letter at the annual meeting and received little feedback, I thought, as you probably did, that financial support through our church was enough. I talked with Howard again and learned more of what he has in mind.

He wants to tap into the vast store of expertise in the Academy. For example, he envisions Academy members going to Bulgaria to help with teaching English, agricultural skills, or business techniques. Others could conduct seminars for young people preparing to go as volunteers.

Before our May 6 meeting, we will discuss this proposition with

the Ad Council. In the meantime, I welcome your input on the subject. My home address is 2625 Markwell Ave., Bethany, OK 73008. Phone 405-787-

MAY 6 MEETING

Because of school closing, our next meeting will be Monday, May 6.

Virjeane Bayles has arranged for the following authors to present their books: Lucile Law, Dawn Tullis, Art Barkley and Anna Belle Laughbaum. Those who participated last year may bring copies of their books if they wish.

ART'S CHUCKLES

There's a new gas that puts a rabbit in your tank. It's for short hops.

The best things in life are free. It's the worst things that are so expensive.

Sometimes we fail to make a distinction between free speech and cheap talk.

Once in every decade Uncle Sam comes to his census.

Don't spend all your energy trying to love your enemies. Treat your friends better too.

Don't forget that people judge you by your actions, not your intentions. You may have a heart of gold, but so does a hard-boiled egg.

One good thing about being married, you can't make a fool out of yourself without knowing it.

MOTHER'S DAY

by Wini Howard

Mothers are often very special. My mother was. Shortly after she left us, I imagined the following scene:

"Letha has come! Letha has come! Jubilant voices call to each other. "Welcome home, Pilgrim; you are here at last. Ninety-five years and several months more is quite a while to spend on Planet Earth. As they say down there--it's a good place to be from." What are the first hours in Heaven like? There must be much rejoicing over another "safe landing."

When I was just barely into my teens, Mother became quite ill and was told she would have to have major surgery. She faced it unflinchingly, as I recall. But I do remember hearing her say, "I am praying that God will let me raise my girls." Thank God, He did.

Mother was a quiet person--compared to Dad and me. But she wasn't inarticulate. She could express herself clearly and well. However, what I've come to appreciate most as the years have slipped by, was her willingness to listen. I remember my pre-teen years. I really needed someone with whom I could share my thoughts and feelings. My younger sister listened a lot, I'm sure; but Mother was the one to whom I turned day after day--often as we were doing the evening dishes. She never made me feel like she was being pressured or bored by my chatter. What a warm, responsive person she was. And how fortunate I was!

It seemed like in every church that Dad pastored there was always some needy person clinging to Mother. Some of them even "stayed with us" for a while. Now I realize why--I didn't back then.

As long as she was able--into her 90's--I received a weekly letter from her. They were not always

long,--quite brief the last few she wrote--but they came weekly for many, many years.

Many are the things I could share about my mother, and it has taken many years of my own life to teach me just how blessed I have been by her life.

"A MODERN SAMARITAN"
by C. S. Doggett

The following came to me through the Kanawha City Church of Christ Bulletin, Charleston, W. Va. It may be familiar to most readers, but it was new to me and "rang a bell." No author was given. It follows:

"There was a certain man who went down from (your town to a neighboring town) and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his clothing, and wounded him, leaving him half dead. By chance a priest came by and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. And likewise a rabbi, when he was at the place came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But later a certain Christian came where he was, and had compassion on him, and went to him, bound up his wounds, poured on iodine and rubbing alcohol and took him to his car, and brought him to a motel and took care of him."

"To make a long story short, the thieves were caught and then turned loose by the Supreme Court. The priest and rabbi are leading a demonstration in Washington in behalf of civil rights for thieves; and the Christian was convicted for practicing medicine without a license and is serving ten years in prison. You know it is true."

(Editor's Note: I don't know where this came from. Art dug it out of his Vertical File).

**OLIVER MCMAHON,
ALUMNUS OF SNU**
by Louis McMahan

Times were very hard in the early 1900's in West Texas where my grandparents had recently settled. Grandpa raised cows and dogie calves, eventually trading 25 cows and calves and a saddle horse for a half section of land. Their first home had been a covered wagon, then a half-dugout-one room with a dirt floor. Grandpa got a job going to Tahoka on horse-back twice a week to get the mail. It was 40 miles round trip.

Once when he rode into town he saw a tent where they were having a holiness revival. As a backslidden Methodist, he was saved that day, and went back the next day to be sanctified wholly. Each Sunday following, he and Grandmother brought their four children in a buggy to the Tahoka Holiness Church of Christ. My father, Oliver, was the oldest child.

In June of 1908 Grandpa died. My great-grandparents took Grandmother and her four half-orphan children to Goldthwaite so they could attend school. They lived in abject poverty. When it was time for my father to graduate from high school, his clothes were so ragged and patched he was too ashamed to walk across the platform and get his diploma.

Grandmother took the children in a covered wagon to Central Holiness University in Hamlin, Texas. They thought if Daddy could take a course in bookkeeping he could get a job and support his family. But after six weeks in school Grandmother said, "Oliver, we don't have anything to eat but oatmeal. That is all we have had for days, and it doesn't look like it will get any better. We will have to go back to the plains." Daddy laid his head down on the table and wept, then

went out to harness the horses and load the wagon.

If registering in one of our schools makes one an alumnus, then my father, Oliver McMahan, is an alumnus of SNU.