



SHEPHERD'S CENTER OF COLUMBIA

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JANUARY 6, 2021



These sweet faces belong to Ann Humphries, Trish Sargent, and John and Shelagh Montes. It was taken the day of the heart-warming Drive- By-Greet-Delivery event on Nov. 29th. It's not too late to get your own embossed and signed limited edition of *An Eclipse and a Butcher*, Ann's book of lovely poetry. Email her at: PoetAnnHumphries@gmail.com.

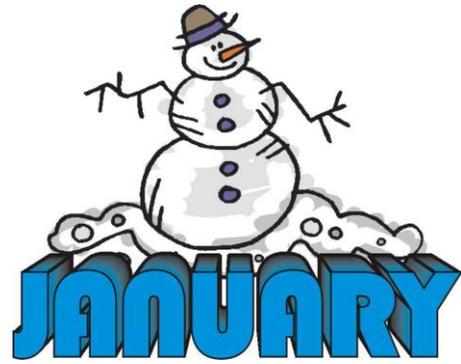
IN MEMORIA

ELEANOR DAVIS

MARY GARRISON

ROSE ROYALS

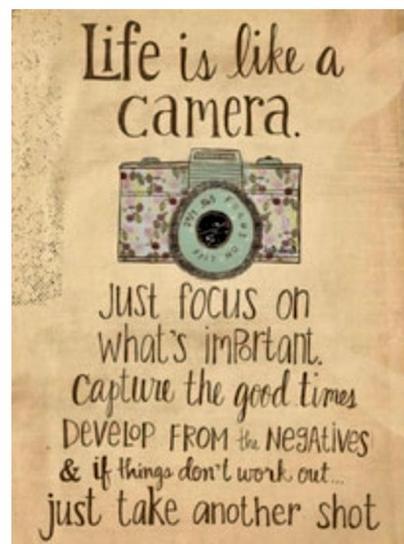
DR. ALONZO STEVENS



We hope you will find peace and joy in the new year and that it will be a safe and productive one for you. Let's have some fun in 2021! We want to make sure that you know that our newsletters usually have 3 or more pages. Be sure you continue to scroll down till you reach the end.

SHEPHERD'S CENTER NEWS

We want you to know that the Board is working hard to finalize our three winter zoom classes that will be offered in February. Soon you will be receiving a separate email from us with all the information you will need to enroll in these classes. The total cost will be only \$25 to take part in any or all of them. We hope you are looking forward to the opportunity to be a part of this session. **BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR OUR EMAIL WITH ALL THE DETAILS!**



TINY TALES

Please email us an original story of approximately 100 words. It just might appear in one of our newsletters!

PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT RIGHT HERE!

My freshman year at LSU, I worked with Dixie Taylor, the wife of Jim Taylor, the star fullback on our football team. She and I became close friends and I would often go to their apartment to do my laundry. Late one afternoon, Jimmy came in complaining that he was in deep trouble. In order to graduate, LSU required you to pass a dance course, either ballroom, folk, or modern. Jim had failed ballroom twice and was attempting to pass folk dancing. He said that the next day he had to do the Scottish schottische and he couldn't remember the steps. Since I had just taken folk dancing the semester prior, I offered to teach it to him. We practiced until 10:00 that night! The good news is Jimmy passed folk dancing and got his diploma. He always said if it hadn't been for me, he would still be in school. Jim Taylor was drafted by the Green Bay Packers under Vince Lombardi. He scored the first touchdown in Super Bowl One and played 10 years in the NFL. He set record after record and went on to be inducted into the NFL Hall of Fame.

Eunice Sabo

AT 12:01 A.M. ON JAN. 1, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, HINDSIGHT WAS ACTUALLY 2020!



LET'S SMILE A WHILE...

Do not try to catch snowflakes on your tongue until all the birds have flown south for the winter.

Why do gas stations lock the doors to their bathrooms? Are they afraid someone will come in and clean it?

A man couldn't find a parking place, so he decided to ask God to help him. "I'll give up drinking and go to church every Sunday if you find me a parking place," he promised. Suddenly the clouds parted and the sun shone on an empty place. "Never mind, Lord, I found one," he says.

At a local diner a man runs into a friend with casts on both arms. "What in the world happened?" he questions. His friend says, "I broke both arms trying to hold open a revolving door for my wife."

Two hunters were in the woods and one collapses. He is not breathing and his eyes are glazed. The other guy quickly calls 911. "I think my friend is dead. What should I do?" The dispatcher says, "Calm down first. Let's make sure he is dead." There is silence, then a gunshot. The hunter gets back on the phone and says, "OK, now what?"

When I was a kid, my parents moved a lot, but I always found them.

I'D LIKE TO SEE by Alonzo Stevens

I really am happy with what I have,
But
I would like to see the seasons stay in their place,
Let spring be spring – winter, winter,
Instead of intermingling.

I'd like to see weather become more compatible
Give farmers rain when they need it
And stop holding them hostage for lengthy periods,
And tornados, be reasonable; like clouds, cool the earth, not uproot it.

I'd like to see the American Dream become more than just a dream
And people adhere to Rodney King's plea – "Can't we just get along?"

I'd like to see equality spread across the playing field
Like a mother dispensing food at the dinner table
And people stop taking differences as abnormalities.

I'd like to see the doctor who can perform the procedure to cure the need for guns
And the person who can siphon greed out of money

I'd like to see the day when the inequality of our birth
Does not affect the equality of our existence
And teachers are placed on the same pedestal as coaches, financially.

And finally, way up there, I'd like to see the blue moon turn blue,
And the Northern Lights come south.

IN MEMORY OF ALONZO

For many years, Dr. Alonzo Stevens (1932-2020) was a vital member of our Shepherd Center's writing class. Always soft-spoken and humble, he rarely discussed the events in his own life. Instead, his classmates learned about him through his writings. In his poem entitled "Then Came Frost," for example, we learned that Alonzo, years earlier, had been invited to the prestigious Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Vermont, one of the oldest and finest of its kind, where he met Robert Frost. Both of his published books of poetry reveal his memories of growing up in Warnersville, a small town south of Greensboro, NC, where everyone knew everyone else; his devotion to his family; and his lifelong love of jazz. Always a writer, even as a young boy composing poems at his mother's table, Alonzo also served in the United States Army during the Korean War and taught at several universities, including Benedict College in Columbia. Fortunately for us, when Alonzo could no longer drive himself to Shepherd's Center, his son or grandson brought him to our class. By example, he continually reminded us that fine, carefully penned poetry can vividly recall and recreate a life well lived. Always an enduring presence in our class, Alonzo will be sorely missed!

Carol McAlpin