



SHEPHERD'S CENTER OF COLUMBIA

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APRIL 1, 2021

DID YOU KNOW?

The federal income tax filing due date has been changed to May 17, 2021.

The SC Philharmonic is performing both outdoor and indoor concerts this spring. Check out scphilharmonic.com.

Richland Library offers online classes via Zoom. Go to richlandlibrary.com, log-in, then you can register for a class such as:

Pat Conroy's Great Love of Poetry, April 6 6:00-7:30. Presented by the Pat Conroy Literary Center.

Start Fresh: Understanding the 5 key components of Financial Literacy, April 7, 3:00.

Sew Divine: A Gathering of Crafters, Tuesday mornings in April.

IT'S NATIONAL POETRY MONTH SO WE HAVE INCLUDED SOME LOVELY POEMS BY SEVERAL TALENTED MEMBERS OF OUR WRITING CLASS.



REPETITION IN TIME
by ROBERT POWELL

Images of trees
Stretch across the ravine
Converging shadows soften the depth
In the morning light.

A narrow slice that eroded downward
Exposes sediments layered over millennia.

Shadows shorten with passing hours
Reveal the brilliance of suspended minerals
Placed by events in time
Washed by fluctuating currents.

Images of trees
Stretch across the ravine
Emerging shadows harden the depth
Repetition in the evening light.



TINY TALES

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

MIRANDA

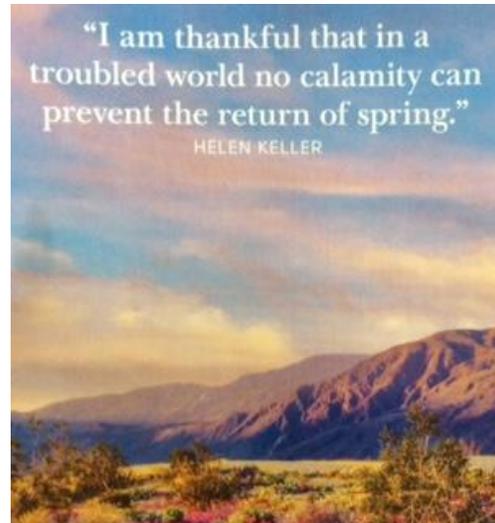
I remember the Good Friday that my husband came home with a baby chick, dyed pink for Easter. I just knew that my 3-year-old daughter would love it so much that she would squeeze it to death. I was wrong! Miranda grew up to be the most beautiful White Leghorn you have ever seen! She absolutely “ruled the roost”! She ate our St. Bernard’s food as the huge dog stood there and watched, and Miranda would chase the neighborhood children out of our yard when she tired of their noise. My husband even built a cage so we could take her on our vacation to New Orleans. Sounds crazy I know, but try finding someone to “babysit” a chicken! Before long Miranda was old enough to begin laying eggs, but, unfortunately, she met a sad end. We felt somewhat better, however, when we realized we were spared from buying all that layer mash.

Eunice Sabo

A HALLMARK LOVE STORY

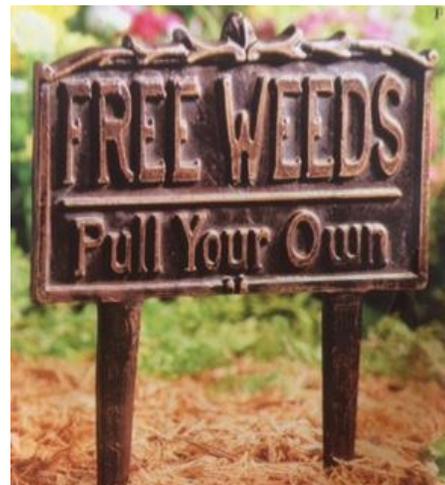
This story begins in May, 1953 in Ohio. My background is Polish and Hungarian, so I enjoyed many Saturdays at Polish dances, wearing high heels, full skirts, and a touch of Chanel #5. I did notice this very tall, 6 ft. 3, 190 lbs., blue-eyed, brown-haired, very well dressed young man, but he didn’t polka. I didn’t meet him until the day he drove into my front yard in a blue Ford convertible. Oh, Lord, he was so handsome! A year later we were married. About 3 months later, he told me that he had watched me dance and laugh and decided then that he was going to marry me. Our marriage was full of love and lasted 49 years. We were blessed with 2 children, 3 grandchildren, and I will be a great-grandmother in April. Thank God for everything!

Deloris K. Martin



LUNCH BUNCH

We are planning another great get-together on Thursday, April 22 at 12:30 at Il Giorgione Italian Restaurant at 2406 Divine St. You will need to make a reservation, so please email Victoria Crosland at vic4cola@gmail.com. She will send out a group email with more details. Also, you can call her at 704 608-1434 but only if you don’t have email. We will try for the lovely outside patio and know we will have a great time. Please join us!





LET'S SMILE A WHILE



Driving by a house, a man noticed a sign advertising a talking dog for sale. He knocks on the door and was ushered inside. He says to the dog, "So what have you done in your lifetime?" The dog says, "Well, I have rescued avalanche victims in the Alps, served my country in Iraq, and I am now reading to residents in a nursing home." The man says to the owner, "Why are you selling this amazing dog?" The owner says, "Because he is a liar. He never did any of that!"

Every ten years the monks at the monastery could break their vow of silence and speak two words. On one monk's first chance he said, "Food bad." Ten years later, he said, "Bed hard." A decade later he said, "I quit!" The abbot says, "No surprise. You've been complaining ever since you got here!"

SPRING RITUAL

In early spring I press these dusky, unsightly
bulbs - hosta, caladium, dahlia -
deep into the rich, dark soil,
and once again, I take my yearly leap of
faith hoping, even believing that weeks
from now all will burst into radiant bloom.

MY GARDEN: A DESCRIPTION IN QUATRAINS

In early morning my garden feels pure
Washed clean by dew in shades of red and
gold. So I leave my kitchen to take my tour
of my small plot of earth that never grows
old.

I mark the seasons by what appears there -
spinach in winter, seedings in spring
harvest in summer, flamboyant fall fling.
Oh! All the clothing the seasons do bring!

As I grow older, I cherish them more -
hearing Time's wings as they beat at my
door. But still the birds' singing makes my
soul soar - as notes of Nature's music fill
my core.

by CAROL MCALPIN

A TOAST TO NATURE

The headwaters that spring and flow
through the desert escort life, over rocks
and lap at banks.
Waves spiral out from long-legged dragon
flies dipping in and drawing out a dripping
morsel.

The waters sparkle, too, reflections of the
flora and fauna that thrive in this arid
landscape.
Spiny pincushions and claret cups,
Sulphur-yellow balloon cactus, golden
barrel, Mexican fire,
Ladyfingers sound delicious.

Moonlight that shines in the dark
Upon the iguanas, skinks, armadillos,
Fennec foxes, and jackrabbits.

Mammals of the desert slither,
Hop, slink to the banks,
After the sun has set as if they are lining up
for a celebratory round of cocktails.

by DEBBIE WHITTEMORE

Dedicated to the memory of Mary Garrison