

**Community 50+**

**October Newsletter**

**October Vol. 21 Issue 4**



**A Message from Amy**

There is something I find amazing about being 50+, we all have it and there is no shame in sharing it, in fact, we *should* share it often ***Experience!*** We have journeyed 50+ years and experienced a lot, good and not so good. Now is our opportunity, with wisdom and humility, to share those experiences and hope others, older and younger can glean from them. For me, I’ve been in a learning season, in fact, it feels like a buckle your seatbelt, accelerated course of study some days!

There are two sections of scripture that I keep going back to lately. One I know the Lord wants me to memorize, to let truly sink in and keep alert too, and the other speaks deeply in my soul, which says “Yes, these are the words that make my soul rejoice!” This one is 1 Peter 1:3-9, *3 “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! According to his great mercy, he has caused us to be born again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, 4to an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, 5who by God's power are being guarded through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. 6In this you rejoice, though now for a little while, if necessary, you have been grieved by various trials, 7so that the tested genuineness of your faith—more precious than gold that perishes though it is tested by fire—may be found to result in praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. 8Though you have not seen him, you love him. Though you do not now see him, you believe in him and rejoice with joy that is inexpressible* and filled with glory, 9obtaining the outcome of your faith, the salvation of your souls.”

The first is Ephesians 6:10-13, *10 “Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. 11Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the schemes of the devil. 12For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places. 13Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand firm.”*

Do you ever feel like you’ve been asleep at the wheel? I do. I have read and heard this verse taught many times over the 30ish years since Jesus saved me, but not until recently have my eyes been truly opened to it. When read “cosmic powers” I thought of Genie from the Disney movie Aladdin, where he sums the life of a genie and his bottle with “Phenomenal cosmic powers! Itty-bitty living space.” Is that us? Do we hold authority “against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places.”? **Yes!** But do we stay in our Itty-bitty living space, “feeling safe” and getting lulled back to sleep? I did, and I pray I don’t again, there is too much at stake!

“Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. 11Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the schemes of the devil.” It is God’s power through us. Join me in opening the eyes of our minds to the strength of His might in us and wield that sword!

I would love to hear your story!

Grace & Hope Always,

Email me at amahan@weag.org or call me at 804-774-4318. ~ Amy



**Happenings with the Community 50+**

**From Barbara Cameron**

***We are meant to live in community, to share life’s ups and downs and learn from each other as we journey on. Most recently it has been so exciting to see each other face to face. Journey with us. Here are some “journeys” from the last newsletter and some to come.*** [Click here](https://weag.church/ministries/seniors-community-50plus-ministry/) ***to check out the WEAG page.***

**September 16th, we had a wonderful group attend our “Bingo, Pizza & Laughter” night. It was not your “B 10, N22, O38. It was “50’s and 60’s TV Show Bingo. We even had volunteers singing the theme songs. We certainly had a fun time!**

**October 13th, our Community 50+ friends came together** for homemade soups & salad. We heard from our new Missions Pastor, **Pastor Praveen** and his wife Veena. It was great getting to know them and hearing about their time on the mission field!

**November 11th,** please join us in honoring our Veterans. We will serve dinner at 5:30 and hear from our guest speaker, **Jerome Wade, and Pastor Bob** will lead us in song.

**December 16t**h We could use your help as we plan for our “Merry Little Christmas Party for the 50+ Crowd!” Our theme this year is Christmas Around the World. Would you like to share traditional Christmas food and festivities from your family’s heritage that night? Please let Amy, amahan@weag.org, know if you are interested in participating by October 22nd.

**Words of Encouragement
Poem Written by Betty Anderson**

**Welcome Fall**

Welcome to fall, a colorful time of the year,

When all kinds of changes begin to appear.

The leaves are red, yellow, green, and brown

And of course, they are all starting to fall down.

Even though they are dying and coming down a bit slow,

They are giving us quite a spectacular show!

Many varieties of pumpkins are far and near

All sizes, shapes and colors are beginning to appear.

God's handiwork is at its finest hour,

As nature displays its glorious power.

Pumpkin spice, apple cider and apple pie

Are the smells of autumn; you cannot deny!

Football, soccer, and outdoor hikes

Are the sports of fall and don't forget the bikes!

It's a time of change; can you feel it in the air?

All the trees are quickly becoming quite bare!

For everything there is a season,

King Solomon told us so without a reason.

These are my thoughts on this time of year

All praise to our God who has brought Autumn here!

“For all people are like grass, and all their glory is like the flowers of the field; the grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of the Lord endures forever.” I Peter 1:24

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**God Stories**

**By John Flippen**

**Golden**

In 2008 everything was down… stocks, real estate, business, even my golden portfolio. And how slow was my architectural practice? It was so slow I dialed my own number just to be sure the office phone was still working.

“Be prepared. Have an emergency fund.” Dad had preached it. But spending down my emergency savings proved to be a gut-wrenching emergency all on its own. I almost called a family meeting to discuss money saving ideas…. “No more hot showers.” There was no end in sight to my anxiety.

And…., it only took fifteen minutes of watching the TV newsroom spin to get me burning mad…. unbalanced. Slightly peeved, my wife observed, “Honey, if you don’t unclench your fists, we can’t join hands and ask the dinner blessing.” Night after night clenched fists opened for the meal time prayer. You ever tried saying the blessing with balled up fists? Mary Beth wouldn’t let me, or I would’ve.

I was a wreck. Something had to change. I huddled with myself and somehow called a brilliant play. “Media fast!”

All Media off. Bible open. TV off. My beloved Economist Magazine face down in the corner. Newspapers, no, not even one. I made it clear to God, “I’m in.” HIS voice and HIS alone. I committed to no media for as long as it took for God to answer my one burning question, “What does John do about gold?” Just HIM and my ear. I was listening.

Two months later and there it was, a clear and silent God nudge. “Call Jim, tell him his daughter Caroline needs him now.” Wow! Now this was a difficult call to make. Jim and I were work acquaintances. I knew some of Jim’s story. He had fathered a daughter, Caroline, out of an affair. Jim’s wife knew of Caroline, but he had not connected in any meaningful way with his daughter until she was thirteen, and then only for a short while. Now she was nineteen and God was urging her dad into acting his part.

“Jim, this is John calling.”

“What’s up, dude.”

“Jim, this might be the strangest call you have ever received. Either this is God speaking through me or this is just the result of my indigestion from last night’s pizza. I woke up with a word from God and, well, you’ll know if it’s for you. At least, I think it is. Just listen, then you decide.

“I’m listening.”

“Jim, God wants you to reconnect with Caroline. God told me this is a tough time in her life, and she really needs Dad right now. And Jim, if you don’t follow through and connect with Caroline now, I just had an inner hunch. She could be in for years of suffering. It’s such a crucial time for her. She needs her dad.”

Jim believed this was from God. He got in touch, gave Caroline a job in his landscape business and brought her into his life again. Wow! Wow!

The very next morning, Mary Beth bolted upright in bed. “God just spoke to me too. Bob needs gas money!” Not fair! Mary Beth is not even fasting.

“Sweetie, do you know how hard it is for one man to tell another man, ‘Bro, God told my wife you are broke’?”

That afternoon Bob and I were sitting together on a bleacher watching our boys JV football practice. A fifty was folded up in my pants pocket. “Bob, the weirdest thing happened yesterday.” I told him Jim’s whole story… how God had surprised me with a message for my friend. “Some story huh?”

“Very Cool!”

“Bob, you are not gonna believe this, but God spoke to my wife just this morning before she got out of bed. And, you’re not gonna believe this. HE told her something about you. Bob’s eyes locked on mine. I took the folded fifty from my pocket and stuck it in his hand. “And God said, Bob needs gas money.”

Before I got my hand back into my pocket, tears rolled down Bob’s cheeks. Obviously, Mary Beth had heard from God. A fifty? I wished I had been more generous.

Two weeks later God responded to my media fast again. This third word from the Lord was, yet again, for someone else. Without so much as mentioning the gold question, God said quietly, clearly, “Susan needs prayer.”

Susan was enrolled at CNU. My wife and I had met her several years back when we coached a bunch of teenagers through a divorce recovery class. These kids had paid a heavy emotional toll for their parent’s failed marriages. We had grown close to Susan hearing her stories.

It took some work, but we eventually got Susan’s number. Mary Beth and I both called. And, no surprise, she needed our prayers. Her best friend had just died by suicide. Undeserved guilt was playing a con job on Susan. She was so grateful for our call, for the prayer, and to know she was on God’s heart.

At month four of the media fast, God gave me the HIS view on gold. I was opening my underwear drawer. “John?” God was calling.

“Yes Lord.”

“Did you know… the streets of heaven are paved with gold?”

“Well, yes Lord.” After four months, this is the golden newsflash I get from above. “Umm, Lord, doesn’t everybody know that?” With my hand still in the underwear drawer, like a movie playing in my mind, my heavenly encounter continued unfolding.

The camera’s view was from the back of my safe deposit box. Long and skinny, the box measured 3” x 3” x 36”. My golden stash of Kruger and coins was piled at the rear of the box, just in front of the camera’s eye. From the front opening, I peered in, fixated on my coins. My eyes brimmed over and glinted a greedy green. Eyes, so full of greed, embarrassingly full. The camera recorded it all.

One arm stretched in, grasping for treasure. At my touch, each golden Krugerrand turned into asphalt. Undeterred, I dragged handfuls out, handful after handful of asphalt. I was united with my haul. Greedy eyed and happily rejoicing, I tossed fistfuls of asphalt back and forth. Asphalt! I was rich, so stinking asphalt rich. I was under asphalt’s spell.

Snap. The movie ended. Stillness. I got the message loud and clear. My golden portfolio - just asphalt in God’s eyes. In this recession, I am asphalt crazy; but, in this recession, God is people crazy. The media fast ended. I didn’t need to hear any more from God about my gold.

You don’t always get what you fast for, but you get what you need. 1 Timothy 6:17

 A month after the fast ended, I was driving to work. I heard HIM again, just as quiet, and clear. “Call the building inspector. Phil needs prayer.” I pulled the Mini Cooper over.

“Lord, you want *meeee* to make that call?” I was an architect. Phil was the county’s building plan reviewer. Phil and I played professionally on opposing teams. “Lord, an architect calling a building inspector? Prayer? C’mon God! Really? That’s like the cat calling the dog, ‘Hey dog, you having a good day?’”

 “Phil, John Flippen here. Nothing work-related about my call… and it might sound a little odd… but here goes.” Wince. “I just had the strongest feeling the Lord wants me to ask, well, is there anything you could use prayer for.”

 “No, nothing in particular. But hey, thanks.”

 I persisted. “Phil, really, it’s just I felt the Lord so-ooo strongly. Nothing to pray for? You sure?”

 Silence. “You know anything about my life, my story?”

 “No, not really.”

 “Yesterday, one year ago, our only child died. Mysterious circumstances. I’ll never understand. He was 24. And, as if that isn’t hard enough… on top of it, next week my wife and I are going up to Mom’s old cabin in Buchanan. Gotta clear out mom’s personal affects. Get the place ready for sale. Mom passed nine months ago. It’s just a lot… this week… really, more’n I can bear.”

 Pray away, that’s what I did. The words? No recall. Not that important. Phil getting a call, very important. It’s what he needed. God saw him. Phil was on God’s radar. Phil knew and found comfort.

Me and God and Phil just struck gold, pure gold. God is people crazy! And, He actually used me. Me?

Sitting in the Mini all alone, I was rich as all get out. 1 Corinthians 14:3



 “It is Well with My Soul”

**The Backstory of Hymns**

**From Barbara Cameron**

When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ (yes, He has) has regarded my helpless estate
And has shed His own blood for my soul

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought (a thought)
My sin, not in part, but the whole (every bit, every bit, all of it)
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more (yes!)
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Sing it as well

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend
Even so, it is well with my soul!

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Attorney [**Horatio Spafford**](https://www.loc.gov/exhibits/americancolony/amcolony-family.html) and his wife, Anna, had a wonderful family of four daughters. Tragically, the great Chicago fire destroyed most of his business in 1871. Then, two years later, his wife and daughters were aboard the ocean liner Ville du Havre when it was struck by another vessel. All four daughters drowned.

His wife survived and nine days later was able to contact her husband by telegraph with this question: “Saved alone—what shall I do?”

Spafford took the next available ship to join his wife. During the passage, the captain of the ship notified Spafford they were crossing the place where the Ville du Havre had sunk. After those moments of reflection and over the course of the rest of the journey, Spafford penned the words of this beloved hymn.

May God teach us that “whatever our lot” we can still say, “It is well.”



**Suggestions for a Healthy Life**

**From Gwen Davenport**

**Fall Season**

As the season changes, we can now focus on fall activities to keep us healthy, motivated, and in good spirits. The weather is cooler. Daylight is shorter. Darkness comes so quick.

Have you checked out [Senior Connections](https://seniorconnections-va.org/)? It is the Capital Area Agency on Aging whose office location is in Richmond. Senior Connections is dedicated to helping older adults maintain independence and quality of life as they age. They also provide support to caregivers and assist individuals with disabilities in the City of Richmond and the counties of Charles City, Chesterfield, Goochland, Hanover, Henrico, New Kent, and Powhatan. The goal is to empower older adults to live with dignity and choice. Example of some of their services: home delivered meals; ride connections; benefits enrollment center; and care transitions.

When was the last time you engaged in social events? Check out [Eventbrite](https://www.eventbrite.com/d/va--richmond/senior/) for senior events in the area. Take a class or two. Exercise. Take a day trip. Meet a group of old or new friends for breakfast, lunch, or dinner. Have an at-home movie night. Play board games or cards with friends. You determine the size. **Focus on enjoying life**. **Make someone smile**. **Reach out to assist others**. Need a vacation? Then take one.

Don’t let the season change put you in a downward mood. Smile. Be happy. Love yourself and continue to KEEP MOVING.





**Two Fall Recipes for You to Try!**

**Crock Pot Cider and Apple Cider Cake**

Apple Cider Cake

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Crock Pot Cider:

Ingredients – 2 cinnamon sticks, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 1 teaspoon whole allspice, 2 quarts apple cider, ½ cup of brown sugar, and 1 sliced orange.

Place cinnamon, cloves and allspice on a double thickness of cheesecloth; bring up corners of cloth and tie with a string to form a bag.

Place cider and brown sugar in a 3-qt. slow cooker; stir until sugar dissolves. Add spice bag. Place orange slices on top. Cover and cook on low for 2-3 hours or until heated through. Discard spice bag.



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