

# Meadowlark Notes

## Special Interest Articles:

- Hope, Hope, Hope...
- The Garden of Your Daily Living
- Peace
- Struggle

## Issue Highlights:

Cookbooks for Sale  
Calendar of Events  
Our Thoughts  
Memorial Gifts  
Grandpa's Hands  
Our Staff

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"Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle."

- Plato

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## "Hope, Hope, Hope..."

"Honk, honk, honk, honk," the lonely sound of geese overhead, winging their way south in autumn. "Whirr, whirr, whirr," the sound of flapping wings and "honks" move across the sky, become faint, and are gone. The cold north wind urges them onward, and they fly on and on, day and night. Winter is right behind them, and instinct tells them they must fly south. Perhaps their "honk, honk, honk" could be translated, "hard, hard, hard," and their flight is hard indeed! At night their mournful "honks" and "whirr" of wings are clues that geese are flying in a cold dark sky.

When you hear the sound of geese in the daytime, you may look up and see a flock of geese flying in a V formation, sometimes symmetrical and sometimes "not-so-perfect" as they struggle against buffeting winds. "Hard, hard, hard," they may be crying. But on and on they fly, with those in the back "honking" encouragement to those in the front. Maybe they are saying, "Go, go, go" or perhaps they are saying, "On, on, on." At times a goose from the back of the V will move to the head of the V, giving the tired

leader a break. Due to the V formation, all the geese can travel 71% easier than alone. The bird immediately in front of another goose provides "uplift" for the goose behind him. Their unique flying pattern makes flying easier for each goose.

If a goose is wounded during the journey, two other geese may drop out of the V and accompany the wounded goose to the ground. They will stay with the sick bird until the goose dies or becomes well enough to travel again. If the wounded goose survives, the three of them may then join a new V of travelers and continue the journey.

Most geese mate for life and live for about twenty to twenty-five years. Each spring geese migrate two to three thousand miles to return to their "home" in the northern U.S. or Canada where they were hatched and reared. Their "honk, honk, honk," "whirr, whirr, whirr" can again be heard as they travel northward.

In the spring when the geese journey north, the air may still be crisp and cold, and one may worry that they may get "frost on their tail feathers." Sometimes I silently wish them safety in their travels or say to

someone near, "I hope they make it okay." Each fall and spring, nature calls, and they retrace their paths of many miles.

But in the spring, for me, their "honk, honk, honk" does not stir emotions of dread and loneliness as in the fall. When the south breezes begin to blow in the spring and the buttercups and forsythia display bright-yellow colors, I imagine the honks are saying something totally different from in the fall. Their honks bring anticipation of new life! To me the geese are saying "**Hope, hope, hope**". Hope of returning to where they were hatched and reared—home to familiar territory. Hope of new baby goslings and for a cycle of life to begin again.

Sometimes life brings many challenges and fiercely harsh winds and many difficult situations. For one, the financial system in the United States is presently challenged, and many people are out of work. Auto accidents, homicides, and diseases take lives. Relationship problems take a toll on families. Sometimes young parents die; sometimes children die. People we love die before they reach retirement age. *So many things just do not make sense!* The "skies"

may be dark, and the words “*Hard, hard, hard*” may come to mind.

If you have just lost someone you love through death, it may be tough to even get out of bed, to eat, to sleep. In difficult times you may need your friends, your relatives to help make your way a bit easier. Traveling alone is much harder than when a friend pushes against the wind in front of you, giving you “uplift,” and staying near. Perhaps you may need to tell yourself, “*On, on, on*” even when you are tired and you think you cannot keep “flapping.”

The spring after my husband died the flowers still blossomed and the geese “honked” their way north. In previous springs I could remember excitement welling up inside me when I saw signs that spring was about to “bust out” all over. But after he died, it was difficult to even think of life without him. And life was *hard, hard, hard*. If it had not been for friends and family, I might not have made it. I remember one friend Laurene at work who gave me a weekly “uplift.” Every Monday morning she would ask, “And how are you doing?” and she sincerely wanted to know. I will always love her for listening and caring.

With the help of others, in time, your heart will slowly begin to heal. Perhaps then the words “*Hard, hard, hard*” will be replaced with “*hope, hope, hope*.” The cold, hard winter will eventually give way to buttercups and spring-green leaves. Perhaps you will again grab onto hope for life even though it may be a different life than you would have ever imagined. Perhaps, in time, you will be able to understand, to encourage someone else newer on the “path of grief,” giving “uplift” to their journey. Perhaps your heart will again feel hope for something better to come—for a season without dark skies and harsh winds, for *your* springtime of “*Hope, hope, hope*.”  
– Dawn Phelps, RN, LMSW

## The Garden of Your Daily Living

### FOR THE GARDEN OF YOUR DAILY LIVING PLANT THREE ROWS OF PEAS:

1. Peace of Mind
2. Peace of Heart
3. Peace of Soul

### PLANT FOUR ROWS OF SQUASH:

1. Squash gossip
2. Squash indifference
3. Squash grumbling
4. Squash selfishness

### PLANT FOUR ROWS OF LETTUCE:

1. Lettuce be Faithful
2. Lettuce be Kind
3. Lettuce be Patient
4. Lettuce really Love One Another

### NO GARDEN IS WITHOUT TURNIPS:

1. Turnip for meetings
2. Turnip for service
3. Turnip to help one another

### TO CONCLUDE OUR GARDEN WE MUST HAVE THYME:

1. Thyme for Each Other
2. Thyme for Family
3. Thyme for Friends

**WATER FREELY WITH PATIENCE AND CULTIVATE WITH LOVE. THERE IS MUCH FRUIT IN YOUR GARDEN BECAUSE YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW.**

[www.hbingham.com/religion/garden.htm](http://www.hbingham.com/religion/garden.htm), [www.all-creatures.org/living/fft-thegarden.html](http://www.all-creatures.org/living/fft-thegarden.html)



## **“Peace”**

Anxiety is often our first reaction to conflict, problems, or even our own fears. In those moments, detaching and getting peaceful may seem disloyal or apathetic. We think: If I really care, I'll worry; if this is really important to me, I must stay upset. We convince ourselves that outcomes will be positively affected by the amount of time we spend worrying.

Our best problem-solving resource is peace. Solutions arise easily and naturally out of a peaceful state. Often fear and anxiety block solutions. Anxiety gives power to the problems around us, not the solution. It does not help to harbor turmoil. It does not help.

Peace is available if we choose it. In spite of chaos and unsolved problems, all is well. Things will work out. We can surround ourselves with resources of the Universe: water, earth, a sunset, a walk, a prayer, a friend. We can relax and feel peace.

[www.hospicenet.org](http://www.hospicenet.org)

## **Struggle**

A man found a cocoon of a butterfly. One day a small opening appeared and he sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole. Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if to have gotten as far as it could and it could go no further. So, the man decided to help the butterfly and took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of cocoon. The butterfly then emerged easily, but it had a swollen body and small, shriveled wings. The man continued to watch the butterfly because he expected the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would contract in time. Neither happened. In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of his life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly.

What the man, in his kindness and haste, did not understand was the restricting cocoon is the struggle that is required of the butterfly to get through the tiny hole. This is the way of forcing fluid from its body into its wings so it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our lives. If we were allowed to go through our lives without any obstacles, it would cripple us. We would not be as strong, as we could have been. We could never fly.

### **Thank You Volunteers!**

Volunteers are the Heart of Meadowlark Hospice. Many and varied are the services they offer. The total volunteer hours for 2008 were 1,222. That total includes 373 hours of direct patient care. Volunteers spent 550 hours on education and 178 hours on bereavement services. Clergy hours totaled 53. Another 68 hours were spent on Tree of Light ceremonies. Volunteers support the Meadowlark Hospice philosophy of focusing on living and give hours of quality time to our patients and families.



### **COOKBOOKS ARE STILL AVAILABLE!**

**\$10 Each**

Meadowlark Hospice Cookbooks are still available. If you have not picked up your copy you may do so at the Meadowlark Hospice Office and Cutting Edge and Massage in Clifton. Proceeds go toward serving patients with the inability to pay for hospice services.

## Calendar of Events



**MEADOWLARK  
HOSPICE**

- Apr 02** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Meadowlark Hospice Office in Clay Center  
**09** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Cloud County Health Center in Concordia  
**22** **Administrative Professional's Day**  
**23** 4:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- \*Community Physicians Clinic\* in Marysville  
 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Library in Belleville  
**April 19-25 is National Volunteer Week**  
**There will be no April Volunteer in-services.**  
**April 22<sup>nd</sup> Volunteer Appreciation Celebration!**
- May 07** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Meadowlark Hospice Office in Clay Center  
**11** 1:00 p.m. Concordia Volunteer Continuing Education  
 3:00 p.m. Belleville and Republic Volunteer Continuing Education at Belleville  
**14** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Cloud County Health Center in Concordia  
**18** Noon Clay Center Volunteer Continuing Education  
**19** 9:30 a.m. Washington Volunteer Continuing Education  
 Noon Marysville Volunteer Continuing Education  
 2:00 p.m. Frankfort Volunteer Continuing Education  
**28** 4:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- \*Community Physicians Clinic\* in Marysville  
 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- \*United Methodist Church\* in Belleville  
**May 6-12 is National Nurses Week**  
**May 10-16 is National Hospital Week**  
**May 10-16 is National Nursing Home Week**
- June 04:** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- \*Maury's Restaurant\* in Clay Center  
**08** 1:00 p.m. Concordia Volunteer Continuing Education  
 3:00 p.m. Belleville and Republic Volunteer Continuing Education at Republic  
**11** 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Cloud County Health Center in Concordia  
**15** Noon Clay Center Volunteer Continuing Education  
**16** 9:30 a.m. Washington Volunteer Continuing Education  
 Noon Marysville Volunteer Continuing Education  
 2:00 p.m. Frankfort Volunteer Continuing Education  
**25** 4:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- \*Community Physicians Clinic\* in Marysville  
 5:30 p.m. Bereavement Support Group- Library in Belleville

*I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.*

*Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"*

*"Gone where?"*

*Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.*

*Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout: "Here she comes!"*

*And that is dying.*

Henry Van Dyke (Taken from "Gone From My Sight")

Our thoughts are with the families of Meadowlark Hospice patients we have served.

***Your memorial gifts honor your loved ones and help others***



**HOSPICE GIFTS:**

Ray Beach  
Denise Brond  
The Family of Eileen Ramsey  
Dale and Deanna Hammond  
Jay and Marion Mellies  
Norway E.L.C.W.  
Sylvia Osborn  
The Presbyterian Church of  
Cuba, KS  
Dorothy Richardson  
Susan Sawyer  
Elmer and Sylvia Wohler

**MEMORIALS:**

**ELNORA ANDERSON**  
Alvin and Claryce Anderson  
Anderson's Leather Shop  
Avanti Club  
Andrew and Lola Broden  
Lana Carlson  
Grace Oetinger  
Charlotte Sorell  
John and Ronna Urban  
Ron and Donna Wichman  
Clayton and Vicki Wright  
Paul and Gwen Wright

**GARRETT BROWN**  
Randy and Cathy Hafner  
Peggy Weidman

**CORRINA BUCKNER**  
Frank Buckner  
Fraternal Order of the Eagles,  
#3650  
Friends & Neighbors  
Franklin and Sharon Hiebert

**DONNIE BUGHER**  
American Legion Auxiliary 101  
CCCHS Class of 1964  
Bill and Sandy Fox  
Marilla Griffiths  
LTC K.M. & T.M. Krumm  
William and Peggy Matthews  
Nancy Ryan

**LOUIE P. CHRISMAN**  
Linda Chase

**DALE FERGUSON**  
Verna Ferguson

**ROBERT FISER**  
The Family of Robert Fiser  
Friends & Neighbors

**PAULINE GILBAUGH**  
Maxine Blecha

**LAVONNE HEATH**  
Richard and Mary Janet  
Brumfield  
Audrey Doberer  
Friends & Neighbors  
Warren and Eloise Sanneman  
Patricia Simmons  
Karen Stevenson  
Grant and Betty Sump  
Donald Wehmhoff  
Libby Wolffing

**JOHN HOSFORD**  
Richard and Mary Larson  
Rob and Diane Floersch

**DONNA HUFF**  
James Huff, Jr.

**MACHIEL "MIKE" JOHNSTON**  
Paul and Delores Blochinger  
Charles and Elaine Bowers  
Central National Bank,  
Concordia, KS  
CES Staff Fund  
George and Nancy Champlin  
Keith and Jane Christensen  
Concordia Auto Mart, Inc.  
Scott and Deedee Coppoc  
Phyllis and Richard Cyphers  
Michael and Vicki Eustace

**MACHIEL "MIKE" JOHNSTON (cont)**  
Friends & Neighbors  
James and Clarisa Fall  
Dennis and Lisa Fleming  
Kevin and Mary Foley  
Dean and Diane Hinson  
Robert and Barbara Jager  
Pat Johnston  
Matthew and Deb Martin  
Doris Mountain  
Max Mountain  
Tom Mountain  
Larry Naillieux  
Wayne and Alberta Neel  
Rick and Sherrie Radcliffe  
Charles and Denise Smith  
John and Janice Strait  
Marge Widen  
Casey and Teresa Winter

**GARY KEELER**  
The Family of Gary Keeler  
Friends & Neighbors  
Terry and Gail Hileman

**FR. HENRY KIEFFER**  
BHS Class of 1947

**LEO LARSON**  
Gerald and Deborah Ball  
Colleen Beems  
Keith and Mindy Blake  
Don and Karen Breault  
Marcella Bull  
June Campbell  
Rose Marie Clark  
Gerri Conrad  
Michael and Babette Crimmins  
Ed and Sharon Evans  
Marc Fullington

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"The greatest  
discovery of my  
generation is that  
man can alter his life  
simply by altering his  
attitude of mind."

- William James  
American philosopher &  
psychologist

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## *Your memorial gifts honor your loved ones and help others*

### **LEO LARSON (cont.)**

Jane Gennett  
Jean Hamilton  
Harold and Arlene Hartner  
Suzanne Hauserman  
Duane and Elaine Hinkle  
Frank Holtz  
Jean Hughes  
Dean King  
Reta Knitter  
Walter and Dora Deane Lips  
Jul Mall  
Bobby and Jana Martin  
Jay and Marion Mellies  
Nola Montgomery  
Calvin and Donis Mosburg  
Bobby and Jo Ray  
Ken and Reta Savener  
Myron and Leora Simnett  
Ronald and Ruth Ann Smith  
Lloyd and Virginia Starkweather  
Mark and Patti Woodruff

### **LOIS LULL**

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown

### **NORMAN LULL**

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown

### **DARREL LYNN**

De Forrest and Janice Barclay  
David and Lynn Barclay  
Lois Bates  
John and Shelli Cash

### **BETTY MAKALOUS**

Carol Chatfield

### **LAURENCE PACEY**

Charlotte Mottin

### **PATRICIA "PAT" SAVAGE**

Ross and Darlene Savage

### **BOB STANDIFER**

A-B Petroleum  
Cindy and Rick Brandich  
Jim and Pat Buterbaugh  
Liz and Kayla Chavez  
Ray and Betty Chavez  
Yvonne and Kent Curtis  
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Elm  
Rebecca Huston  
Jeff and Karen Klewein  
Irene Klocke

### **BOB STANDIFER (cont.)**

Daniel and Jane Meyer  
Delores Jane Meyer  
Randall and Vicki Meyer  
Ruth Meyer  
Royce and Clarice Ohlde  
Arlene and Michael Pope  
Richard and Joann Radley  
Paul and Mary Reimers  
Lane and Rhonda Roathe  
Betty Irene Roberts  
Anthony and Jane Ruder  
Karen Stevenson

### **CHARLES "GENE" STRAIT**

Paula Russell

### **LEONARD WEYER**

Allen and Marcia Hahn

### **RALPH WILKERSON**

Don and Ellamae Argo  
Russell and Jennifer Blauw  
Lanny and Dulcie Carpenter  
Milford and Verda Drinkgern  
Mr. and Mrs. Arlin Duensing  
Maurice and Susan Friedrichs  
Friends & Neighbors  
Jacquelyn Gordon  
Joel Grodberg  
Dennie and Mary Jo Hampl  
Pat and Tami Henderson  
Mic and Gale Jarowitz  
Dora Jones  
Howard and Sharon Kessinger  
Gerald and Nancy Martin  
John and Margaret Mitchell  
Ted and Colleen Nemeč  
Joyce Patterson  
Raymond and Frances Richard  
R.L. and Sue Rowland  
Rick and Joni Schell  
Tim Svoboda

### **RALPH WILKERSON (cont.)**

Bruce Terril  
The Old Buzzards  
Mary Wilkerson  
Mary Sue Winneke

### **FRANKFORT TREE OF LIGHT**

**CORRECTION:** In our last newsletter we inadvertently missed the memorials for:

#### **Ruth Mae Olson**

Morris and Linda Oborny

#### **Harry Samuelson**

Eunice Samuelson

#### **Donald Sedlacek**

Louise Sedlacek

#### **Edith Stoeger**

Sylvia Wapp

#### **Mac Studer**

Rosie Studer

#### **Joe M. Wapp**

Sylvia Wapp

#### **Vincent Wessel**

Elsie Wessel

We apologize for this error.

Meadowlark Hospice Staff and Patients would like to **thank you** for your donations. We have recently purchased two lift chairs, prodigy mattresses and Bereavement materials. Meadowlark Hospice Staff has also updated the Hospice Memorial Contribution Display Boards located in our office at 709 Liberty Street, Clay Center.

## **Grandpa's Hands**

Author Unknown



Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. Yes, I'm fine, thank you for asking, he said in a clear strong voice.

I didn't mean to disturb you, grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK, I explained to him.

Have you ever looked at your hands, he asked. I mean really looked at your hands? I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making.

Grandpa smiled and related this story: Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak, have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life. They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They dried the tears of my children and caressed the love of my life. They held my rifle and wiped my tears when I went off to war. They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote the letters home and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle. Yet, they were strong and sure when I dug my buddy out of a foxhole and lifted a plow off of my best friend's foot. They have held children, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn't understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life. "But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."

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"There is only one happiness in life, to love and to be loved."

- George Sand  
French Writer

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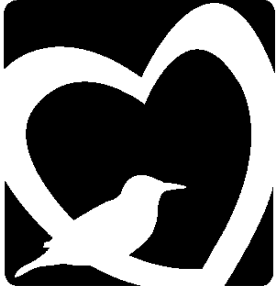
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FAX:  
(785) 632-3557

E-MAIL:  
mhospice@cmcks.org



**MEADOWLARK  
HOSPICE**

We're on the Web!  
See us at:  
[www.cmcks.org](http://www.cmcks.org)

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Assistant Medical Director

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Chaplain

Rev. Susan Sawyer

Volunteer Coordinator

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Lisa Pierson

Charlotte Rundell

Lisa Seley

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