PKS Garden Club

President of the PKS Garden Club, Sheryl Woodbury, called the meeting to order at Town Hall on Wednesday, March 13. Barbara Oliva read the "Collect."

Voting took place on the officers for the 2002-2003 year: Jane Page, President, Judy Poit, First Vice President, Betsy McGibbon, Second Vice President, Lois Strube, Recording Secretary, Lenora Roberson, Corresponding Secretary and Chris Walters, Treasurer.

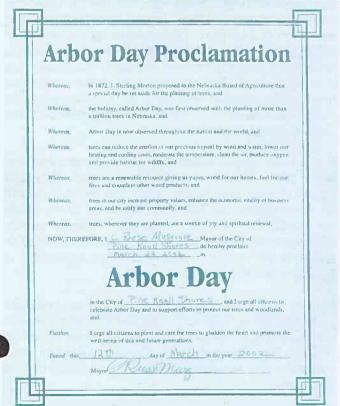
The trip planned to Ft. Macon to discuss "Birds in Your Backyard" with Park Ranger, Randy Newman, had to be postponed until next year due to excessive rain.

Vice President, Jane Page, showed an interesting video on flower arranging by Ada Lynn. Following the video, members met at the Four Comers Diner in Atlantic Beach for lunch.

The next meeting will be a field trip to Pollocksville, NC to meet with Kit Parks, owner of "Roots." The meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, April 10. Members will meet at 9:30 at Town Hall for the regular meeting and then car pool to Pollocksville. Ms. Parks will be discussing "ponds."

Respectfully submitted for Clare Winslow, Judy Poit

From the Community Appearance Commission...



Something to Think About:

This was written by an 83-year-old woman to her friend.

Dear Bertha,

I'm reading more and dusting less. I'm sitting in the yard and admiring the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden. I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time working.

Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experiences to savor, not to endure. I'm trying to recognize these moments now and cherish them.

I'm not "saving" anything; we use our good china and crystal for every special event such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped, or the first Amaryllis blossom. I wear my good blazer to the market. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out \$28.49 for one small bag of groceries.

I'm not! Saving my good perfume for special parties, but wearing it for clerks in the hardware store and tellers at the bank. "Someday" and "one of these days" are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now.

I'm not sure what others would've done had they known they wouldn't be here for the tomorrow that we all take for granted. I think they would have called family members and a few close friends. They might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles. I like to think they would have gone out for a Chinese dinner or for whatever their favorite food was. I'm guessing: I'll never know.

It's those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew my hours were limited. Angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write one of these days. Angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband and parents often enough how much I truly love them. I'm trying very hard not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives. And every morning when I open my eyes, tell myself that it is special. Every day, every minute, every breath truly is a gift. I don't believe in miracles. I rely on them.