

Having Fun, Tricks And Treats In Grover

This week's Grover News will probably sound like "Dear Diary" pages. I feel as though I've put a year into the first week of being threescore and ten. I spend all day Monday trying to make the most of every minute before the changer over from 69 to 70. Holly and I rambled for fun things to war to school. This is the current real aim of Halloween--to make it a fun time. For those of us who have a Halloween birthday I like to think of us as being slightly premature saints since November 1 is All Saints' Day. I don't think you can be completely saintly without some fun along the way--saintly fun, of course.

Fun should be taken seriously. Fun is pleasure, enjoyment, amusement, diversion, a playful joke, some truthful teasing, togetherness, silence, solemnity. Fun and flippant are usually paired, but there is an awesomeness to fun too. What fun it is to watch a rose unfold, to

watch a kitten keep trying to catch its tail, helping folks recover from a Hugo gale, hearing the old, old story told and retold.

I have proof that I was born and paid for. In the early 1950s Grover had an uptown fire. Several store buildings were severely damaged, including the drug store. Some of the records were taken out the back door. Several days later Stell Harry was helping Tate go through some of the ledgers and came across the page where it had been recorded that Charlie Harry paid cash to Dr. George Oates for delivering a baby girl to Effie Harry on the tenth month and thirty-first day--1919. I've always felt wanted. Mama and daddy already had six living children. It was not as though they were childless without either boy or girl. They had four boys and two girls--the oldest being less than 11 years old when I was born. Oh, the joy and fun of being wanted!

Lenora, Marie, margie and I had



Grover

JACKIE ROUNTREE

our usual fun time going to the Natatorium on Tuesday. Reba was waiting for us. Tricks were already underway. We were locked out. Treats took over though and we ended up with two lifeguards.

We came to the Grover cemetery and gathered with the host of friends and families to share in the sympathies expressed for Gerald Wright. To those of us who had not heard of Gerald's illness, we were stunned to hear of his death. We still thought of him as one of the Grover kids. He surely made the most of his 40 years. A remarkable

peace pervaded at the graveside services. A twinge of autumn sadness could not overtake the radiant hope of spring already in the coming.

Lois joined the other four of us and we went to Margie Field's home for lunch and more fun and fellowship than I can ever tell about. What a treat!

The rest of the day was one treat after another. If I felt wanted as a seventh child, I feel 70 times 70 and more wanted as a 70-year-old.

Paul had fun pouting because his cooking isn't getting enough attention.

I felt so frisky Wednesday I finally got a few chores out of the way. Thursday I hurt. I thought I couldn't make it to the acquaisces. But then I couldn't stand the thoughts of them saying I was getting old, so I groaningly persevered. And it was another fun day, play practice and all. Friday I went to the Elections Board for the in-

structional meeting for Tuesday's elections. Then I went by to chat with Margaret Harry. More fun! I had a busy Friday afternoon and it was truly fun to just sit Friday evening and read the week's accumulation of papers and junk mail. I keep on having repeated fun reading the messages of the "just for me" cards.

We had a long session of play practice Saturday after which I went to see Mrs. Crisp and Thelma Goforth at Shelby Convalescent. Mrs. Crisp was drawing birds and

butterflies and watching the squirrels romping about outside her window. She still has and is fun at 98. Thelma was being her usual helpful and attentive self to George and anyone else who needs her.

Sunday was such a fun day I'll keep it in reserve for another time. Piccola Blalock is in Kings Mountain Hospital.

I hope we've all learned the trick of making every day a treat. "Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as though you were working for the Lord...."

Millard Putnam A Faithful Man

There is a song that goes like this: "I have bad days and I have hills to climb. I have sad days, sometimes a worried mind. But when I look about and think these things out, well then the good things outweigh the bad things and I can't complain."

That song describes one of the most faithful members of Chestnut Ridge Baptist Church, Millard Putnam. For years, Millard has suffered a great deal from the effects of cancer but, without fail, when someone says hello to Millard and asks how he is feeling, he extends his hand, smiles broadly and says, "I can't complain."

Millard and his wife Hester have lived for years on Patterson Road in a modest home filled with woodwork made in Millard's little shop. When one visits, the door is always opened with enthusiasm and the visitor is welcomed and the conversation filled with Millard and Hester's praise of "how good the Lord has been."

The Putmans have no children, so the Gleaner's Sunday School

Chestnut Ridge

By Myrie King



Class of Chestnut Ridge adopted them as their foster parents. The couple is well-loved by the congregation and at every opportunity where he is able Millard is at church and plays his bass guitar. In past years he used to sing a song that says "What would I do without Jesus, the Lily of my valley." Truly, Millard and Hester are going through a valley but their radiant smiles show they are not going through it alone.

Elizabeth Bumgardner has been released from the hospital after a bout with pneumonia.

Pat Dyer is recovering at home after having a leg amputated because of diabetes. Garland Pruitt

and Paul Carson have built her a ramp so she can be wheeled in and out of the house. Her mother, Pauline, is taking care of her.

Susan Stewart fell at the skating rink Saturday and injured her arm.

The WMU ladies had an early Christmas outing Saturday. Ten ladies had supper at Linwood Fish Camp. Before supper the business meeting was conducted at the ladies set their Lottie Moon offering at \$2,000. On the way home the door to the church van broke and fell down. Wilma "Bill" Putman was sure he was going to fall through the crack before the group made it back to the church.

Jaquitha Rucker was baptized Sunday night. She is the wife of Bobby Rucker and they have one daughter, Chelsie.

The Mission Friends, led by Susan Stewart, have been visiting

senior citizens on Wednesday nights. So far they have paid visits to Mollie Phillips, Mae Bridges and Elsie Dellinger. The children always take along song books and treat the seniors to a sing-along.

The Chestnut Ridge Fire Department enjoyed an exceptionally good year with its annual haunted trail, raising over \$9,000. Janice Gann, director, said she wishes to thank the community and others for their support and she also wants to thank the faithful volunteers for their dedication which made the event a success.

The VFD Ladies Auxiliary is continuing the porcelain doll raffle. The doll, donated by Katherine Penner, won double blue ribbons at the State Doll Fair. Tickets are one dollar and the drawing will be held December 9 at 12 noon. The ladies will hold a bake sale that same morning at the fire department.

Wilson's Announce The Birth Of A Son

Billy and Peggy Wilson announce the birth of a son, William Nelson Wilson III, October 30 at 8:40 a.m. at Gaston Memorial Hospital. He weighed nine pounds, two ounces. He is the grandson of Frances Wilson and great-grandson of Myrtle Wilson and Kathryn Bridges. He has a big sister, April.

The Bible Buddies and Pioneers of Long Creek Presbyterian Church had a Halloween party at the home of Sue Lovelace. Besides being in costume and enjoying the traditional Halloween party games, they enjoyed a hay ride in the Lovelace's pasture. Adult advisors are Cheryl Berry and Sue Lovelace.

Becky Bridges and Sue Unnasch

Long Creek

By Frances Wilson



taught a class in wreath making Wednesday at the Long Creek fellowship hall. The wreaths were made with pine cones, acorns and several kinds of nuts. Ten people participated in the project.

Wylie Carver has returned to services at Long Creek after a short illness. Lottie Burton has returned after a bout with "inner-ear."

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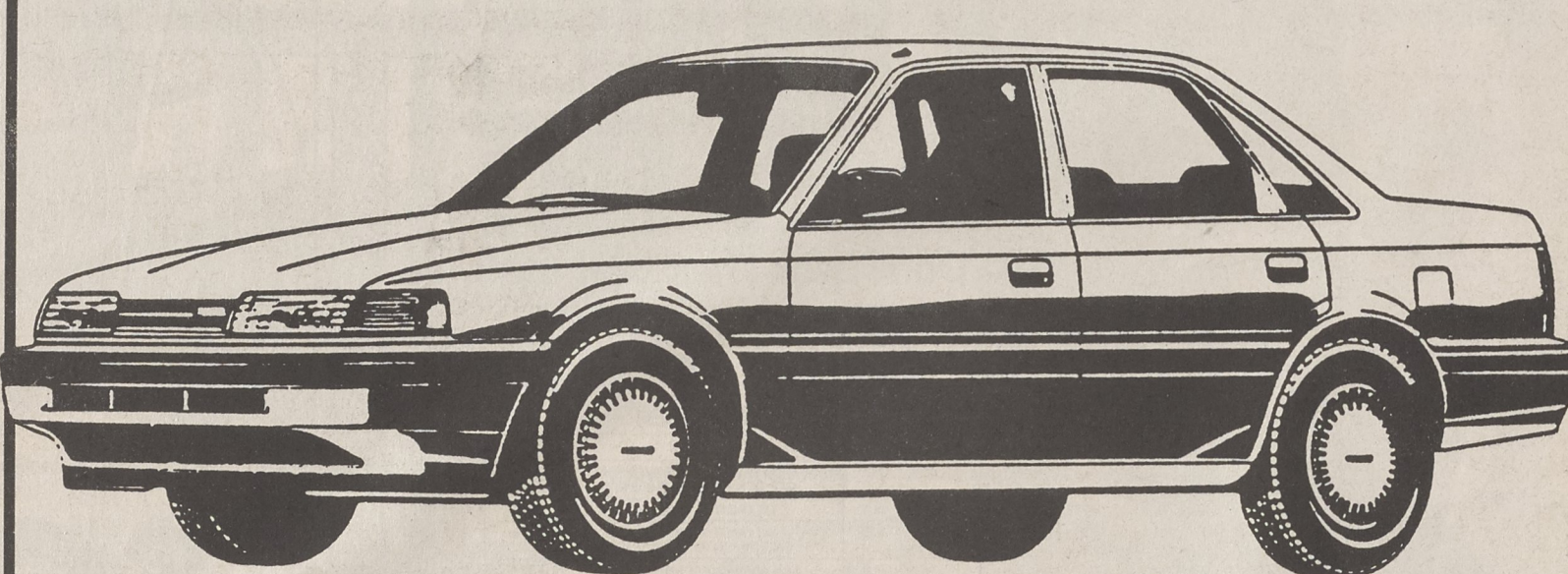
Name: Sherry Bingham
Age: 41
Residence & How Long You Have Lived There: 604 Queens Rd. Cherryville, N.C. 28021 13 years.
Native of: Lincolnton, N.C.
Education: B. A. Art Education, Sacred Heart College.
Employment History: Taught Jr. High Art - 21 years (Own Private Art Studio) Taught Elementary Art
Family: Husband (Ed) 2 Sons (Brandon, Justin)
Church & Civic Organizations: First Baptist Church
Hobbies: Sewing - 50's & 60's Music - Making Paper Jewelry.
Most Memorable Experience: Birth of my Children
Biggest Challenge Education Faces: Co-ordinating Home-Interests with School Interest and more Parental Involvement in Schools.
Most Enjoyable Part Of Job: Working with Children
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