

A decorative floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns, framing the text on the top, right, and bottom edges of the page.

# THIS MOMENT

I may never see tomorrow  
    There's no written guarantee,  
And things that happened yesterday  
    Belong to history.  
I cannot predict the future,  
    I cannot change the past.  
I have just the present moment,  
    I must treat it as my last.  
I must use this moment wisely  
    For it soon will pass away  
And be lost to me forever  
    As part of yesterday.  
I must exercise compassion  
    Help the fallen to their feet,  
Be a friend unto the friendless  
    Make an empty life complete.  
The unkind things I do today  
    May never be undone.  
And the friendships that I fail to win  
    May nevermore be won  
I may not have another chance  
    On bended knees to pray  
And thank God with humble heart,  
    For giving me this day.



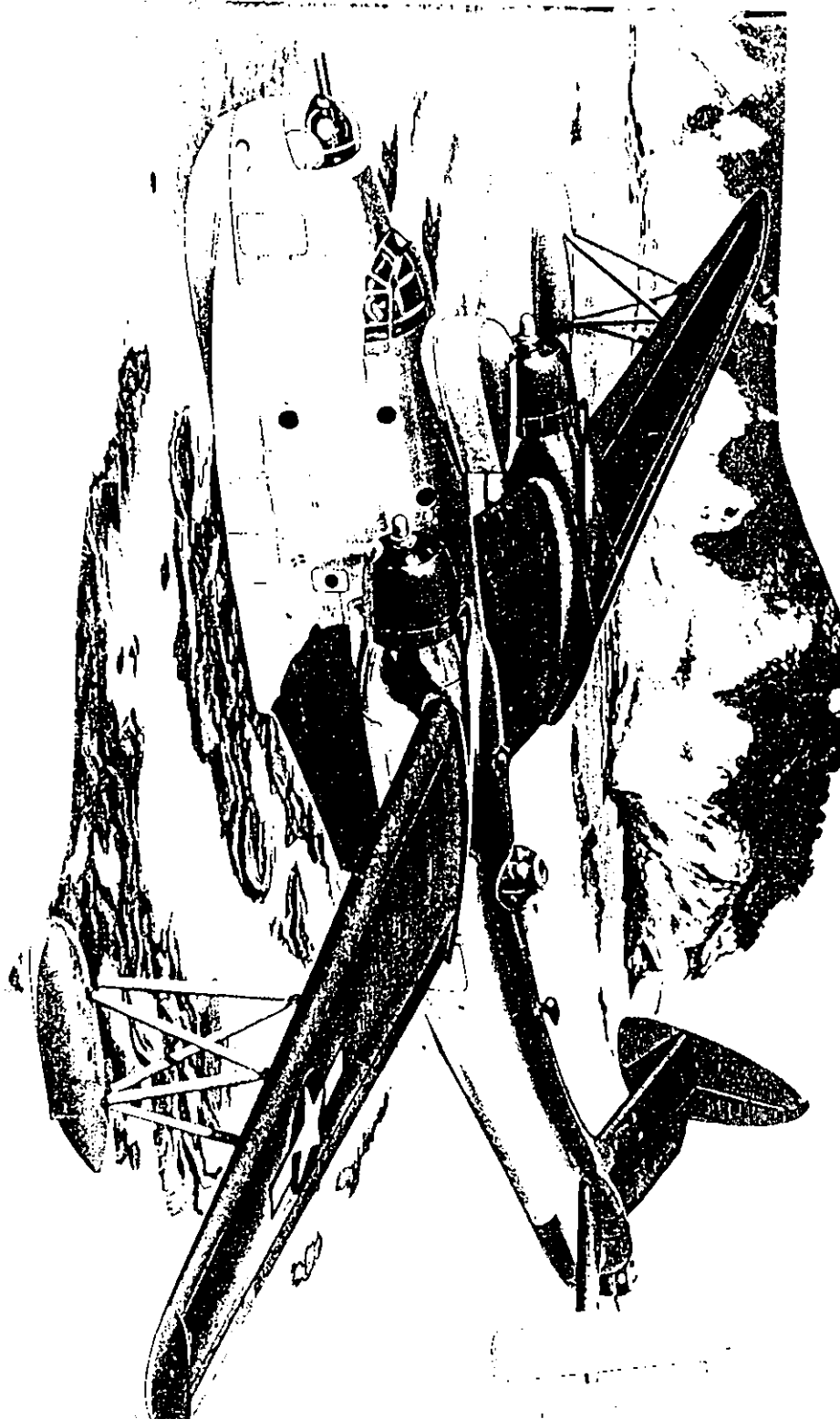
>> Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy.  
 >>  
 >>  
 >> Guam, Okinawa, Korea and  
 >>  
 >> KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me.  
 >> I was there.  
 >> I led my troops, I was dirty, battleworn and tired,  
 >> But my soldiers cheered me and I was proud.  
 >>  
 >> I have been burned, torn and trampled on the  
 >>  
 >> streets of countries I have helped set free.  
 >> It does not hurt for I am invincible.  
 >> I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and  


---

 >>  
 >> trampled in the streets of my country.  
 >> And when it's done by those  
 >>  
 >> Whom I've served in battle - it hurts.  
 >> But I shall overcome - for I am strong.  
 >>  
 >> I have slipped the bonds of Earth  
 >>  
 >> and stood watch over the uncharted  
 >>  
 >> frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon.  
 >> I have borne silent witness to all of America's finest  
 >hours.  
 >>  
 >> But my finest hours are yet to come.  
 >>  
 >> When I am torn into strips and used as bandages  
 >>  
 >> for my wounded comrades on the battlefield,  
 >> When I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier,  


---

 >> Or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving  
 >parent  
 >> at the grave of their fallen son or daughter,  
 >>  
 >> I am proud.  
 >>  
 >>  
 >>  
 >> Please forward this message to all who still love  
 >>  
 >> and respect me that I may fly proudly  
 >>  
 >> for another two hundred years.  
 >>



NC Baptist Hospital  
336-777-3295  
fax: 777-3250  
dhodgin@wfubmc.edu

Guess our national leaders didn't expect this, hmm? On Thursday, Darrell

Scott, the father of Rachel Scott, a victim of the Columbine High School shootings in Littleton, Colorado, was invited to address the House Judiciary Committee's subcommittee. What he said to our national leaders during this special session of Congress was painfully truthful. They were not prepared for what he was to say, nor was it received well. It needs to be heard by every parent, every teacher, every politician, every sociologist, every psychologist, and every so-called expert!

These courageous words spoken by Darrell Scott are powerful, penetrating, and deeply personal. There is no doubt that God sent this man as a voice crying in the wilderness. The following is a portion of the transcript:

"Since the dawn of creation there has been both good & evil in the hearts of men and women. We all contain the seeds of kindness or the seeds of violence. The death of my wonderful daughter, Rachel Joy Scott, and the deaths of that heroic teacher, and the other eleven children who died must not be in vain. Their blood cries out for answers."

"The first recorded act of violence was when Cain slew his brother Abel out in the field. The villain was not the club he used. Neither was it the NCA, the National Club Association. The true killer was Cain, and the reason for the murder could only be found in Cain's heart."

"In the days that followed the Columbine tragedy, I was amazed at how quickly fingers began to be pointed at groups such as the NRA. I am not a member of the NRA. I am not a hunter. I do not even own a gun. I am not here to represent or defend the NRA - because I don't believe that they are responsible for my daughter's death. Therefore I do not believe that they need to be defended. If I believed they had anything to do with Rachel's murder I would be their strongest opponent."

"I am here today to declare that Columbine was not just a tragedy-it was a spiritual event that should be forcing us to look at where the real blame lies! Much of the blame lies here in this room. Much of the blame lies behind the pointing fingers of the accusers themselves."

"I wrote a poem just four nights ago that expresses my feelings best. This was written way before I knew I would be speaking here today":

Your laws ignore our deepest needs,  
Your words are empty air.  
You've stripped away our heritage,  
You've outlawed simple prayer.  
Now gun shots fill our classrooms,  
And precious children die.  
You seek for answers everywhere,  
And ask the question "Why?"  
You regulate restrictive laws,  
Through legislative creed.  
And yet you fail to understand,  
That God is what we need!

"Men and women are three-part beings. We all consist of body, soul, and spirit. When we refuse to acknowledge a third part of our make-up, we create a void that allows evil, prejudice, and hatred to rush in and wreak havoc. Spiritual presences were present within our educational systems for most of our nation's history. Many of our major colleges began as theological seminaries. This is a historical fact.

What has happened to us as a nation? We have refused to honor God, and in so doing, we open the doors to hatred and violence. And when something as terrible as Columbine's tragedy occurs - politicians immediately look for a scapegoat such as the NRA. They immediately seek to pass more restrictive laws that contribute to erode away our personal and private liberties. We do not need more restrictive laws.

"Eric and Dylan would not have been stopped by metal detectors. No amount of gun laws can stop someone who spends months planning this type of massacre. The real villain lies within our own hearts. Political posturing and restrictive legislation are not the answers. The young people of our nation hold the key. There is a spiritual awakening taking place that will not be squelched!

We do not need more religion. We do not need more gaudy television evangelists spewing out verbal religious garbage. We do not need more million dollar church buildings built while people with basic needs are being ignored. We DO need a change of heart and a humble acknowledgment that this nation was founded on the principle of simple trust in God!"

"As my son Craig lay under that table in the school library and saw his

two friends murdered before his very eyes-He did not hesitate to pray in school. I defy any law or politician to deny him that right! I challenge every young person in America, and around the world, to realize that on April 20, 1999, at Columbine High School prayer was brought back to our schools. Do not let the many prayers offered by those students be in vain. Dare to move into the new millennium with a sacred disregard for legislation that violates your God-given right to communicate with Him. To those of you who would point your finger at the NRA - I give to you a sincere challenge. Dare to examine your own heart before casting the first stone! My daughter's death will not be in vain! The young people of this country will not allow that to happen!"

Do what the media did not - - let the nation hear this man's speech.

# An Oceanfront Cathedral



An oceanfront cathedral,  
A beach of sandy gold;  
A choir of white seabirds—  
All given by God to behold.  
Shimmering water sprinkled with diamonds,  
Extend as far as the eye can see.  
A lofty, sky-blue ceiling overhead,  
Palm trees are bowing in the breeze.  
Shells adorn the beach like jewels;  
Graceful dolphins dance in play.  
Waves rush in, meeting the shore,  
Stopping for a moment to play.  
An oceanfront cathedral,  
A beach of sandy gold,  
Nature glorifies its Creator,  
His handiwork to behold.

—Debbie Ernest  
July 1992



TODAY

Today I smiled, and all at once  
things didn't look so bad.

Today I shared with someone else,  
a bit of hope I had.

Today I sang a little song, and  
felt my heart grow light.

And walked a happy little mile,  
without a cloud in sight.

Today I worked with what I had,  
nor longed for anymore.

And what had seemed like only weeds  
were flowers at my door.

Today I loved a little more, and  
Complained a little less,

And in the giving of myself  
I forgot my Weariness.

DEBRA  
WATSON

*"A Virtuous Woman," II Timothy  
4:6-8; Proverbs 31:10-31;  
Proverbs 18:22 and 19:14.*

*Darling, I think of you every day,  
But that is nothing new,*

*I thought about you yesterday,  
and days before that too.*

*I think of you in silence, and  
often speak your name.*

*Now all I have is memories, and  
your picture in a frame,*

*Your memory is my keepsake,  
with which I'll never part,*

*God has you in his keeping, I  
have you in my heart.*

# God Looks on the Heart

*I took down all the drapes today  
And scrubbed the window panes.  
The outside job was easier  
Because of recent rains.  
But as I did the inside work  
Of washing off the grime,  
Something deep within my heart  
Kept nagging all the time.*

*"Why should you be fastidious  
About what is inside?  
Most folks see the exterior,  
The part we cannot hide."  
And then I thought of how the Lord  
His message did impart:  
Man sees outside appearances,  
But God looks on the heart.*

*—Dovie M. Jones*

## **THESE WINGS WON'T FLY**

**Mommy, Daddy cry no more,  
I have wings and now can soar.  
In heavens playground now I play,  
in the cradle of Jesus arms I lay.**

**In a golden mansion high above,  
safe on the wings of a snow white dove.  
A man named Jesus holds me tight,  
and he loves me day and night.**

**He told me about the price of love,  
paid with the heart from the lord above.  
He said one thing I most understand,  
the price is cheap for a love so grand.**

**He said you loved me more than gold,  
and I love you more than can ever be told.  
The short time we spent was a paradise,  
and the love we gained is worth the price.**

**The memories of me will pull you through,  
and there's one promise I will make to you.  
These wings won't fly till I see your face,  
till you come here in this wonderful place  
and forever together will fly in heaven's land.**

## Just A Ray Of Sunshine

"I'll lend you for a little while  
this child of mine " He Said  
For you to Love while she lives  
and mourn for when she's dead

It may be six or seven years  
or twenty-two or three, but  
will you, till I call her back,  
take care of her for me?

She'll bring her charms to gladden you  
and shall her stay be brief  
you'll have her lovely memories  
as solace for your grief

I cannot promise she will stay  
since all from earth must return  
but there are lessons taught down there  
I want this child to learn.

I've looked this wide world over  
in my search for teachers true  
and from the thorns that crowd life's lanes  
I have selected you.

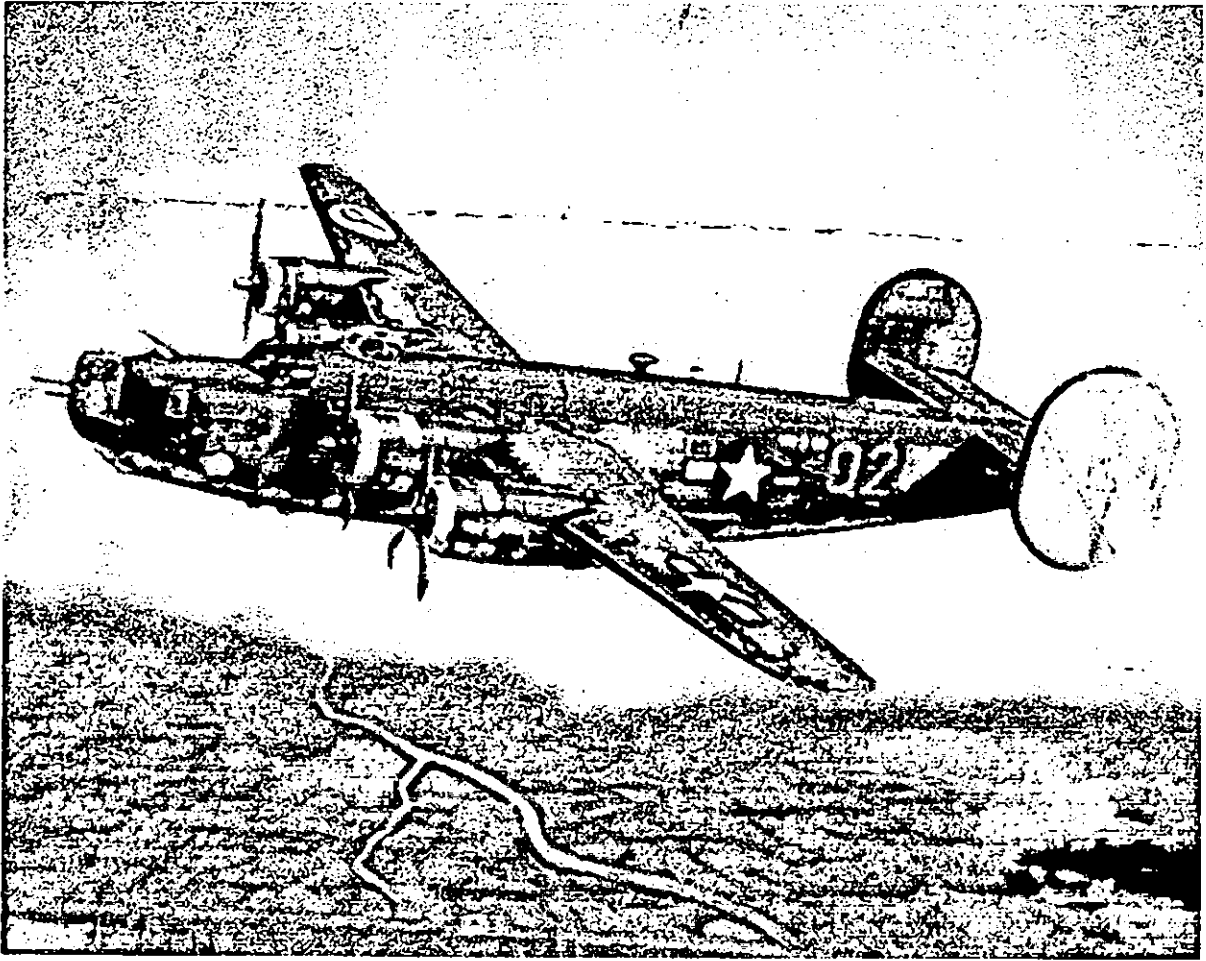
Now will you give her all your love  
nor think the labor vain,  
nor hate me when I come to call  
to take her back again?

I fancied that I heard them say  
" DEAR LORD , thy will be done " !  
For all the joy thy child shall bring,  
the risk of grief we'll run

We'll you shelter her with tenderness  
we'll love her while we may  
and for all the happiness  
we've known forever grateful stay  
But shall the angels call her  
much sooner than we've planned  
we'll brave the bitter grief that comes  
and try to understand.

GOD MADE ADAM OUT OF THE DUST  
BUT THOUGHT IT BEST TO MAKE ME FIRST;  
SO I WAS MADE BEFORE THE MAN, ACCORDING TO GOD'S HOLY PLAN.  
MY WHOLE BODY GOD MADE COMPLETE,  
WITHOUT ARMS OR HANDS OR FEET.  
MY WAYS AND ACTS DID GOD CONTROL,  
BUT IN MY BODY HE PLACED NO SOUL.  
A LIVING BEING I BECAME,  
AND ADAM GAVE ME A NAME.  
THEN FROM HIS PRESENCE I WITHDREW,  
FOR THIS MAN ADAM I NEVER KNEW.  
ALL MY MAKERS LAWS I DO OBEY,  
AND FROM THESE LAWS I NEVER STRAY.  
THOUSANDS OF ME GO IN FEAR,  
BUT SELDOM ON EARTH APPEAR  
LATER, FOR A PURPOSE GOD DID SEE,  
HE PLACE A LIVING SOUL IN ME.  
BUT THAT SOUL OF MINE GOD HAD TO CLAIM,  
AND FROM ME TOOK IT BACK AGAIN  
AND WHEN THIS SOUL FROM ME HAD FLED  
I WAS THE SAME AS WHEN FIRST MADE;  
WITHOUT ARMS, LEGS, OR FEET OR SOUL,  
I TRAVEL ON FROM POLE TO POLE.  
MY LABORS ARE FROM DAY TO NIGHT,  
AND TO MEN I ONCE FURNISHED LIGHT.  
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE BOTH YOUNG AND OLD,  
DID MY DEATH BRIGHT LIGHTS BEHOLD.  
NO RIGHT OR WRONG CAN I CONCEIVE;  
THE BIBLE AND IT'S TEACHINGS I CAN'T BELIEVE.  
THE FEAR OF DEATH DOESN'T TROUBLE ME;  
PURE HAPPINESS I WILL NEVER SEE.  
AND UP IN HEAVEN I CAN NEVER GO,  
NOR IN THE GRAVE IN HELL BELOW.  
SO GET YOUR BIBLE AND READ WITH CARE;  
YOU'LL FIND MY NAME RECORDED THERE

THE ANSWER IS ONE WORD, FIVE LETTERS, AND APPEARS IN THE  
BIBLE FOUR TIMES.



A Prayer at Summer's end

For Fruit warm ripe in summer's sun,  
For love and work and wholesome fun.

For raindrops on my windowpanes,  
For walks down grassy country lanes.

For sunshine bright, for moonlight's glow,  
For cornstalks marching row on row.

For baby pigs, for laughter gay,  
For fragrant smell of new mown hay.

For food---and music---birdsongs sweet,  
For restful, healing nighttime sleep.

For home with its familier joys,  
For carefree shouts of girls and boys.

For safe returns, for loving care,  
For all the bliss--of answered paryer.

For dancing stars, for firelight's gleam,  
For fulfillment of, a cherished dream.

For books and friends, a faith that sings,  
For happness that --- homecoming brings.

For hope renewed, for courage born,  
For breathless hash of early morn.


For this---a blessed interlurde,  
Dear God accept my gratetude.

I thank Thee Lord for gantle hands,  
for beauty shining O'er the land.

For air to breathe for time to pray,  
I thank Thee Lord for one more day.

I thank Thee Lord when day is done,  
For one more hour, and one more sun.

For one more time to live and love,  
To share each blessing from above.



Getting married is easy

Staying married is more difficult

Staying happily married for a life time

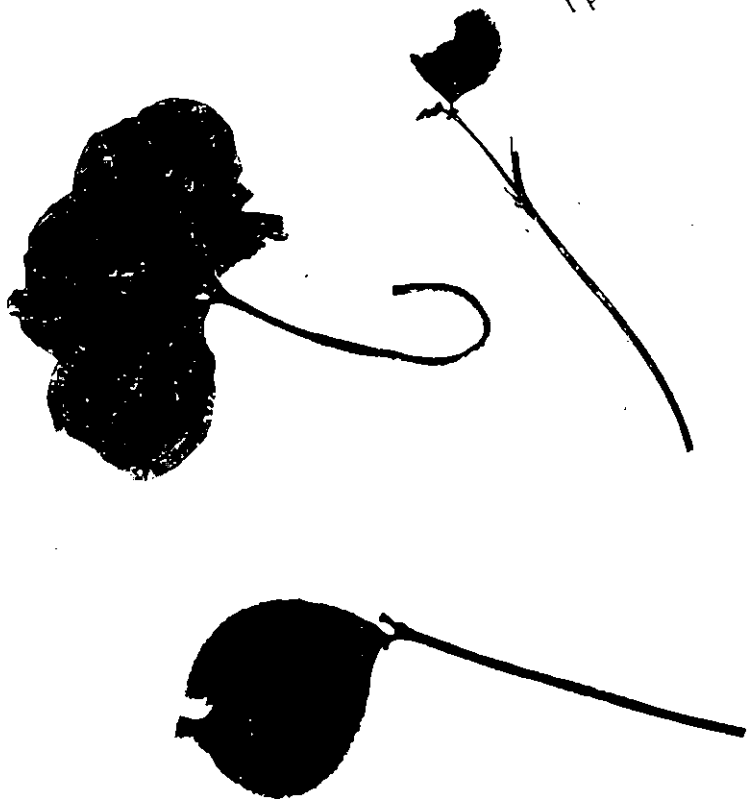
Ranks as Fine Art



# I Said a Prayer for You Today

I said a prayer for you today  
And know God must have heard—  
I felt the answer in my heart  
Although He spoke no word!  
I didn't ask for wealth or fame  
(I knew you wouldn't mind)—  
I asked Him to send treasures  
Of a far more lasting kind!  
I asked that He'd be near you  
At the start of each new day  
To grant you health and blessings  
And friends to share your way!  
I asked for happiness for you  
In all things great and small—  
But it was for His loving care  
I prayed the most of all!

Source Unknown



Precious JAN + Robin  
God's Grace + Mercy  
and a little luck  
always!

Love  
Linda Lawton  
5-1-00

# Broken Dreams



As children bring  
their broken toys  
with tears for us  
to mend,  
I brought my broken dreams  
to God  
because He was my Friend.

But then instead of leaving Him  
in peace to work alone,  
I hung around and tried to help  
with ways that  
were my own.

At last I snatched them back  
and cried,  
"How can You be so slow"—  
"My child," He said,  
"What could I do?  
You never did let go."

Author Unknown





Coupons from 104 WTQR.com from your computer

Grocery  
Coupons

Store  
Coupons

Online  
Coupons

Free Stuff

coolsavings.com

Home!

Air Staff

Events / Concerts

Best of Big Paul  
& Aunt Eloise

At-Work Network

Photo Gallery

Club 104

Games

Top 9@9

NASCAR

Country Links

Triad Links

Movie Reviews

Local Theatres

Country News

National News

Sports News

Business News

Contact Us

Email: Club

Listen Live

Music Store



## MEET ME IN THE STAIRWELL author unknown



You say you will never forget where you were when you heard the news on September 11, 2001. Neither will I.

I was on the 110th floor in a smoke filled room with a man who called his wife to say "Good-bye." I held his fingers steady as he dialed. I gave him the peace to say, "Honey, I am not going to make it, but it is OK...I am ready to go."

I was with his wife when he called as she fed breakfast to their children. I held her up as she tried to understand his words and as she realized he wasn't coming home that night.

I was in the stairwell of the 23rd floor when a woman cried out to Me for help. "I have been knocking on the door of your heart for 50 years!" I said. "Of course I will show you the way home - only believe in Me now."

I was at the base of the building with the Priest ministering to the injured and devastated souls. I took him home to tend to his Flock in Heaven. He heard my voice and answered.

I was on all four of those planes, in every seat, with every prayer. I was with the crew as they were overtaken. I was in the very hearts of the believers there, comforting and assuring them that their faith has saved them.

I was in Texas, Kansas, London. I was standing next to you when you heard the terrible news. Did you sense Me?

I want you to know that I saw every face. I knew every name - though not all know Me. Some met Me for the first time on the 86th floor.

Some sought Me with their last breath. Some couldn't hear Me calling to them through the smoke and flames; "Come to Me... this way... take my hand."

Some chose, for the final time, to ignore Me. But, I was there.

I did not place you in the Tower that day. You may not know why, but I do. However, if you were there in that explosive moment in time, would you have reached for Me? September 11, 2001, was not the end of the journey for you.

GET A

APP

OUR

Go

Need  
info  
tic

Enter

عنوان

But someday your journey will end. And I will be there for you as well. Seek Me now while I may be found. Then, at any moment, you know you are "ready to go."

I will be in the stairwell of your final moments.

**God**

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

*When Tomorrow Starts Without Me* and I'm not here to see,  
If the sun should rise and find your eyes all filled with tears for me.  
I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today,  
while thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me, as much as I love you,  
and each time that you think of me, I'll know you miss me too.

But *when tomorrow starts without me*, please try to understand,  
that an angel came and called my name and took me by the hand.  
And said my place was ready in heaven far above,  
and that I'd have to leave behind all those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye,  
for all my life I always thought I didn't want to die.  
I had so much to live for and so much to do,  
it seemed almost impossible that I was leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad,  
I thought of all the love we shared and all the fun we had.  
If I could relive yesterday, I thought for just a while,  
I'd say good bye and kiss you and maybe see a smile.

But then I fully realized that this could never be,  
for emptiness and memories would take the place of me.

So *when tomorrow starts without me*,  
don't think we're far apart;  
For every time you think of me -  
I'm right here - IN YOUR HEART.



# Remember Me

When you forget your own address  
and find yourself on strange streets,  
we'll sell your car, and I'll drive you  
to all the places you need to go,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**

When you forget how to dress  
and end up with three sweaters,  
two sets of panty hose, and a  
slip on over your dress,  
I'll help you to look proper  
when you go out,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**

When the words on the menu  
don't match the pictures in your mind,  
and you keep ordering things you won't eat,  
then I'll order the food  
that I know you'll enjoy,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**

When finding your way at church is frightening,  
I'll take you to your class and pick you up  
and let you sit with me in big church.  
If the sermon seems long and you get sleepy,  
I'll let you put your head on my shoulder,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**

When hot and cold faucets confuse you,  
I'll put you in a tub of warm water  
and give you a bath,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**



When you forget who people are  
and can't tell your family  
from total strangers,  
I'll be your memory  
and tell you their names,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**

When they're having a party  
for all the residents,  
and you want to go  
but don't know what to wear,  
I'll make you a costume  
that everyone will envy,  
**like you did for me  
when I was a child.**

When you forget who I am,  
not just my name or my birthday,  
but that you ever had children,  
then there isn't much I can do  
but go somewhere and cry,  
**like I sometimes did  
when I was a child.**

—KENNETH CHAFIN

*This poem was written by Kenneth Chafin and published in 1994. He wrote it in his wife Barbara's voice in memory of her mother, Thelma Burke.*

Let's Celebrate everything about our being together

the good times and bad

Filled with our kind of fun  
wether close or far apart

when we've reached out to each other  
with so much caring and love

And let's celebrate the times we've stuggled, too,  
because we've learned

To understand each other better  
along the way

Our relationship has become so much more  
than we ever imagined,

And more than ever, I'm so happy we're together  
and I'm so glad to say

DARLING HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

# God Looks on the Heart

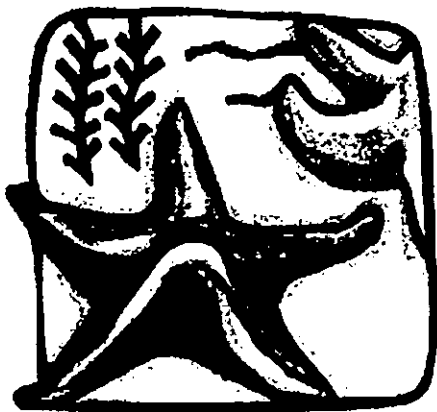
*I took down all the drapes today  
And scrubbed the window panes.  
The outside job was easier  
Because of recent rains.  
But as I did the inside work  
Of washing off the grime,  
Something deep within my heart  
Kept nagging all the time.*

*"Why should you be fastidious  
About what is inside?  
Most folks see the exterior,  
The part we cannot hide."  
And then I thought of how the Lord  
His message did impart:  
Man sees outside appearances,  
But God looks on the heart.  
—Dovie M. Jones*

---

# A Natural High to Help Your Spirits

Some of the best medicine to help lift your spirits doesn't come from a doctor. The Natural Wonders of our world are displayed everywhere we turn. Find what joy and comfort you can in nature, you may be surprised how it will help your emotions.



## The Starfish

I awoke early, as I often did, just before sunrise, to walk, by the ocean's edge and greet the new day. As I moved through the morning dawn, I focused on a faint, far away motion I saw a youth bending and reaching and flailing arms, dancing on the beach, no doubt in celebration of the perfect day soon to begin.

As I approached, I realized that the youth was not dancing to the bay, but rather bending to sift through the debris left by the night's tide, stopping now and then to pick up starfish and then standing, to heave it back into the sea.

I asked the youth the purpose of the effort. "The tide has washed the starfish onto the beach and they cannot return to the sea by themselves," the youth replied. "When the sun rises, they will die, unless I throw them back into the sea."

As the youth explained, I surveyed the vast expanse of beach, stretching in both directions beyond eyesight. Starfish littered the shore in numbers beyond calculation. The hopelessness of the youth's plan became clear to me and I countered, "But there are more starfish on this beach than you can ever save before the sun is up. Surely you cannot expect to make a difference."

The youth paused briefly to consider my words, bent to pick up a starfish and threw it as far as possible. Turning to me he simply said, "I made a difference to that ONE."

- author unknown

---

Let's celebrate

Let's celebrate everything about our being together,  
the good times and the bad,

Filled with our kind of fun  
wether close or far apart,

When we've reached out to each other  
with so much love and caring,


And let's celebrate to the times we've stuggled  
because we've learned,

To understand each other better along the way,

Our relationship has become so much more  
than we could ever Imagine,

And more than ever, I'm so happy we're together  
I'm so happy to say

I LOVE YOU



Good morning, Lord,  
Thank You for a peaceful night.  
I heard wild geese flying overhead  
And listened to a mockingbird  
Singing in the moonlight.  
At dawn birds awoke singing,  
And my garden spider sat smugly  
In her crystal web.  
I didn't do great things for You today.  
I just helped a frightened child,  
Gave food and clothing to one in need,  
Visited someone who is lonely,  
Cried a little as I whispered,  
"Thy will be done,"  
Laughed with my husband,  
Thought of my grandchildren—  
Bless them.  
Perhaps tomorrow some task, some worry . . .  
But for now,  
Good night, Lord, and thank You  
For a lovely day.

—MARY E. PETTY  
October 1977

*When Tomorrow Starts Without Me*

*When Tomorrow Starts Without Me* and I'm not here to see,  
If the sun should rise and find your eyes all filled with tears for me.  
I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today,  
while thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.

I know how much you love me, as much as I love you,  
and each time that you think of me, I'll know you miss me too.

But *when tomorrow starts without me*, please try to understand,  
that an angel came and called my name and took me by the hand.  
And said my place was ready in heaven far above,  
and that I'd have to leave behind all those I dearly love.

But as I turned to walk away, a tear fell from my eye,  
for all my life I always thought I didn't want to die.  
I had so much to live for and so much to do,  
it seemed almost impossible that I was leaving you.

I thought of all the yesterdays, the good ones and the bad,  
I thought of all the love we shared and all the fun we had.  
If I could relive yesterday, I thought for just a while,  
I'd say good bye and kiss you and maybe see a smile.

But then I fully realized that this could never be,  
for emptiness and memories would take the place of me.

*So when tomorrow starts without me,*  
don't think we're far apart;  
For every time you think of me -  
I'm right here - IN YOUR HEART.