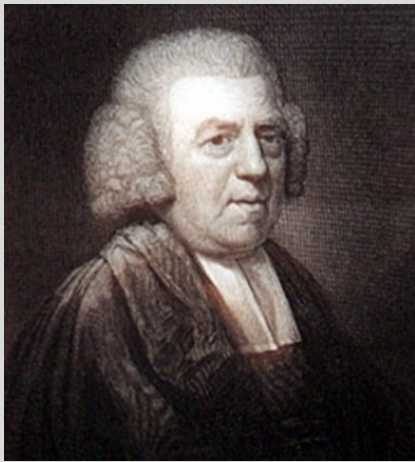


## Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

### The Story of "Amazing Grace"



**John Newton, 1725-1807**

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound..." So begins one of the most beloved hymns of all times. The author of the words was John Newton, the self-proclaimed wretch who once was lost but then was found, saved by amazing grace.

Newton was born in London July 24, 1725, the son of a commander of a merchant ship which sailed the Mediterranean. When John was eleven, he went to sea with his father and made six voyages with him before the elder Newton retired.

Over the next several years, he experienced a series of unbelievable

situations at sea, including being pressed into service, desertion, recapture, abuse and more – too much to go into detail here. John Newton ultimately became captain of his own ship, one which plied the slave trade.

Although he had had some early religious instruction from his mother, who had died when he was a child, he had long since given up any religious convictions. However, on a homeward voyage, while he was attempting to steer the ship through a violent storm, he experienced what he was to refer to later as his "great deliverance."

He recorded in his journal that when all seemed lost and the ship would surely sink, he exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon us." Later in his cabin he reflected on what he had said and began to believe that God had addressed him through the storm and that grace had begun to work for him.

*(Continued on page 2)*

### Amazing Grace

By John Newton

Amazing grace!  
 (how sweet the sound)  
 That sav'd a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught  
 my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears reliev'd;  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believ'd!

Thro' many dangers,  
 toils and snares,  
 I have already come;  
 'Tis grace has brought me  
 safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
 His word my hope secures;  
 He will my shield and portion be,  
 As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and  
 heart shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease;  
 I shall possess, within the veil,  
 A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there  
 Ten thousand years,  
 Bright shining as the sun,  
 We've no less days  
 To sing God's grace,  
 Than when we first begun.



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May God bless you with discomfort  
At easy answers, half-truths, and  
superficial relationships  
So that you may live deep within  
your heart.

May God bless you with anger  
at injustice, oppression, and  
exploitation of people  
So that you may work for justice,  
freedom and peace.

May God bless you with tears to shed  
for those who suffer pain, rejection,  
hunger and war  
So that you may reach out your hand  
to comfort them and to turn their  
pain into joy.

And may God bless you with enough  
foolishness to believe that you can  
make a difference in the world  
So that you can do what others claim  
cannot be done to bring justice and  
kindness to all our children and the  
poor.

**The Story of Amazing Grace** *(Continued from page 1)*

For the rest of his life he observed the anniversary of May 10, 1748 as the day of his conversion, a day of humiliation in which he subjected his will to a higher power. "Thro' many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; 'tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home." He continued in the slave trade for a time after his conversion; however, he saw to it that the slaves under his care were treated humanely.

By 1755, after a serious illness, he had given up seafaring forever. During his days as a sailor he had begun to educate himself, teaching himself Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

He decided to become a minister and was eventually ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln and assigned to the congregation of Olney, Buckinghamshire. Newton's church became so crowded during services that it had to be enlarged. In 1767 the poet William Cowper settled at Olney and befriended Newton.

Cowper helped Newton with his religious services, holding not only a regular weekly church service but also began a series of weekly prayer meetings, for which their goal was to write a new hymn for each one. They collaborated on several editions of Olney Hymns, The first edition, published in 1779, contained 68 pieces by Cowper and 280 by Newton.

Composed probably between 1760 and 1770 in Olney, "Amazing Grace" was possibly one of the hymns written for a weekly service. There are the six stanzas that appeared, with minor spelling variations, in both the first edition in 1779 and the 1808 edition, the one nearest the date of Newton's death.

The origin of the melody is unknown. Most hymnals attribute it to an early American folk melody.

Newton continued to preach until the last year of life, although he was blind by that time. He died in London December 21, 1807. Infidel and libertine turned minister in the Church of England, he was secure in his faith that amazing grace would lead him home.



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The first five days after the weekend are always the hardest



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## One Leg at a Time

My Aunt Mildred lives in an assisted living. The residents have their own apartments, but eat meals together in a nice dining room.

One morning, Sam, one of the residents, didn't show up for breakfast as he always did, so Mildred went upstairs to check on him. She knocked on his door to see if everything was ok. She could hear him through the door, - Sam said he was running late and that he would be down shortly, so she went back to the dining area.

An hour later breakfast was nearly over and he still hadn't arrived, so Aunt Mildred became concerned and headed back to check on him. She found him coming down the stairs, but he was having a hard time. Sam had a death grip on the hand rail and seemed to be having trouble with his legs.



Mildred said she was going to call for an ambulance, but he said no. He said he wasn't in any pain and just wanted to have his breakfast. So she helped him the rest of the way down the stairs and into the dining room, where he ate his breakfast.

When Sam tried to return to his room, however, he was completely unable to get up even the first stair step, so over his protests they called an ambulance for him.

A couple hours later, Mildred called the hospital to see how Sam was doing. She finally got through to a nurse who told her, "Oh, he's fine. He just had both of his legs in one side of his boxer shorts."

## Bad Luck of the Irish

Soon after O'Brien clocked in for work, the foreman called him over and told him that he had a phone call in the front office. When O'Brien returned, he had a mournful expression on his face and his head hung low. His foreman noticed and asked if it was bad news.

"To be sure it was, Boss," he replied, "I just received word from Ireland that my dear mother died earlier this morning."

"Gosh, that's awful," replied the foreman, "Do you want the rest of the day off?"

"No," replied O'Brien. "I'll finish out the day."

About an hour later, the foreman returned to inform him that there was another phone call for him in the office. This time when O'Brien returned he looked twice as glum, and the foreman asked if everything was alright.

"Boss, its even worse news. That was my brother, Patrick, and his mother died today too!"

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### A Very Bad Case

Hank walked into the doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had "Shingles," he said.

So she wrote down his name, address, insurance info and told him to have a seat.

Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked him what he had. "Shingles," he said. So she took him into an exam room and wrote down his height, weight and medical history.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked Hank what he had. "Shingles," he said.



So the nurse took his blood pressure, gave him an EEG, and took a blood sample. Then she told him to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.

And hour later, the doctor came in and asked him what he had. "Shingles," he said.

The doctor asked, "Where?" "Outside," said Hank. "On the truck. Where do you want me to unload them?"

## Milestones



Delbert Kunz  
March 23, 1928—92 years  
Weiser



Albert Rosa  
March 9, 1935—85 years  
New Plymouth



Bill Gifford  
March 4, 1940—80 years  
New Plymouth



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