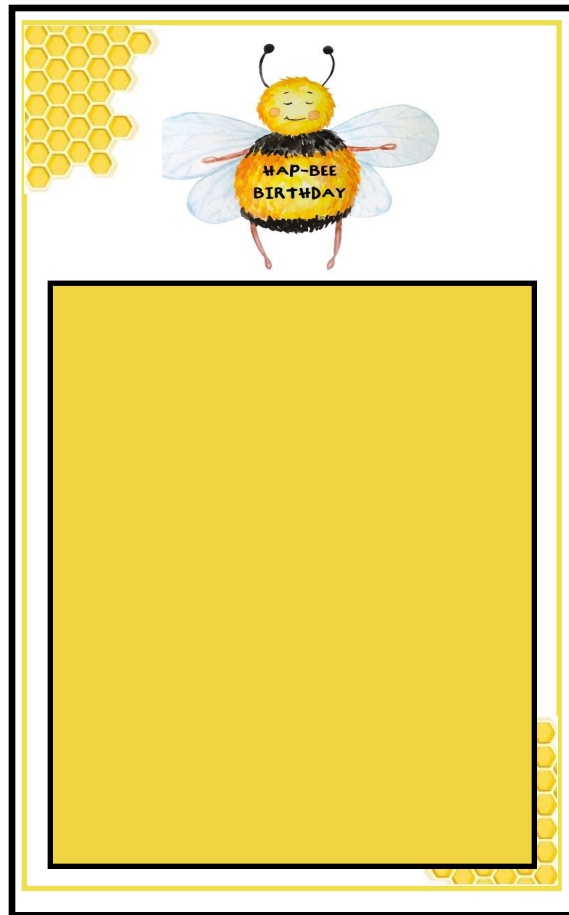


September 2024

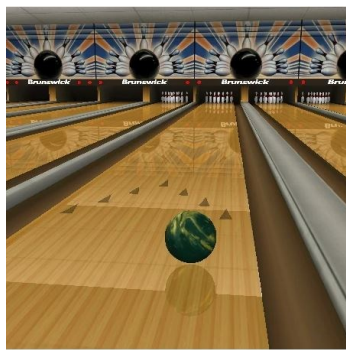


Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2 OFFICE CLOSED 	3 Chicken Cordon Bleu	4 1 pm Bingo! Creekside Café 1:30 pm Hymn Worship In Sickafoose Kielbasa & Sauerkraut	5 10:30 am Puzzles in White Cheese Pizza	6 Sandwiches	7
8	9 2 pm Wii Bowling in Sickafoose Pork Chops & Potatoes	10 11:30 am—1 pm Birthday Lunch Chicken & Veggie Stir Fry	11 1 pm Bingo! Creekside Café 1:30 pm Hymn Worship In Sickafoose Breakfast—French Toast	12 10:30 am Puzzles in White Crab Cakes & Roasted Potatoes	13 Chicken Sandwiches	14
15	16 2 pm Wii Bowling in Sickafoose Beef Stew	17 Baked Fish & Rice Pilaf	18 1 pm Bingo! Creekside Café 2 pm RIM @ Creekside Café Cheeseburger & Fries	19 10:30 am Puzzles in White Chicken Tenders	20 Pepperoni Pizza	21
22	23 2 pm Wii Bowling in Sickafoose Chicken Pot Pie	24 Chili Dogs with Cheese	25 1 pm Bingo! Creekside Café 1:30 pm Hymn Worship In Sickafoose Beef Stroganoff	26 10:30 am Puzzles in White Battered Fish & Fries	27 Meatball Sub	28
29	30 2 pm Wii Bowling in Sickafoose KFC Chicken Bowl	<i>The greedy stir up conflict, but those who trust in the Lord will prosper.</i> Proverbs 28:25				



It's time for FUN!

As the fall season approaches it's time to share in some fun times with friends! Wii bowling will start again on Sept. 9th at 2 pm in the Sickafoose activity building.



Wii bowling is a video game that can be played standing up or sitting down, so come try it out. If you have questions, contact Bev Crawford. Bingo continues in the dining room on



Wednesdays, after lunch, at 1 pm in the Creekside Café. Everyone is welcome to join in! There is no cost to play, and if you play and win, you can choose a prize! If you have questions contact Mel Metcalf.

TURN *of* EVENTS

September

2024

Be Like the Bees!

Dr. V. Ranjan

My dad has a hobby post-retirement. He has hives all over the place in his garden. And he collects honey. Not a lot, but enough to distribute to all his friends and relatives. I make it a point to visit him whenever he collects honey. A few days ago, I went to his house, and he showed me all the honey he had gotten from the hives. He took the lid off a large pot, full of golden honey.

All I could see on top of the honey was 3 little bees, struggling. They were covered in sticky honey and drowning. I asked him if we could help them. He said he was sure they wouldn't survive. Casualties of honey collection. I shuddered at the thought. Imagine one of us drowning in honey! I asked him again if we could at least get them out and kill them quickly. After all, he was the one who had taught me to put a suffering animal (or bug) out of its misery.

He finally conceded and scooped the bees out of the pot. He put them in an empty yogurt container and put the plastic container outside. They were still completely covered in honey and were slowly suffocating to death. We put the container with the 3 little bees on a bench and left them to their fate.

Because my dad had disrupted the hive with the earlier honey collection, there were bees flying all over outside. These were the worker bees, all of them females, who had worked tirelessly to build the hives and make honey. Now they had to go somewhere else to restart the entire process. Their life's work had been completely shattered by a

thoughtless human being wanting their honey.

A little while later, my dad called me out to show me what was happening. These three little bees were surrounded by their sisters. They were cleaning the sticky, nearly dead bees, helping them to get all of the honey off of their bodies and wings. Not even one of them had flown away in search of a better place to build new hives. Taking care of their siblings was far more important to them.

I watched in astonishment as two of the bees recovered sufficiently to fly. They did not fly away in relief. Instead, they turned around to help the last bee along with their friends. After a few more minutes, the third bee had been cleaned and recovered enough to fly. That was the signal for the entire swarm to flap their wings and take off in harmony. The container was now empty.

Those three little bees lived because they were surrounded by family and friends who would not give up on them. Family and friends who refused to let them drown in their own stickiness. Family and friends who had resolved to help until the last little bee could be set free.

Bee Sisters. Bee Peers. Bee Teammates. We could all learn a thing or two from these bees. Why can't we be like these bees? Let us start at least from today.

Bee kind always.



Join us at the next RIM on Wednesday, September 18th at 2:00 pm in the Creekside Café.

Hymn Worship Wednesdays

Come and "sing unto the Lord." We will be worshipping with hymns on Wednesday afternoons in September, from 1:30—2:30 pm in Sickafoose with Eileen Christianson. Bring a friend!

Where did Noah keep his bees?



In The Ark-Hives

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BREVITY

BY DAN THOMPSON

