



Patricia Bolerjack



Myra Schubert

Bolerjack and Schubert Present Duo-Piano Collage

By James R. (Bob) Emmel

We are highly honored to be entertained by these two concert artists. They both have distinguished themselves at home and abroad. It is interesting to note the parallelisms shared by Patricia Bolerjack and Myra Schubert. Both are Oklahomans, both were educated in Nazarene higher education institutions, both have graduate music degrees from very reputable institutions, both have studied under renowned concert notables, and both have taught in Nazarene higher education schools.

Patricia (Lasater) Bolerjack taught and gave concerts in New Zealand and Australia, and until retirement she taught piano and organ at Nazarene Bible College in Colorado Springs and served as organist at Colorado Springs First Church of the Nazarene. Her honors are many. They include being given first place award by the National Guild of Music Teachers in piano competition in Idaho; winning first place in the National Piano recording competition; and being listed in *Who's Who of American Women*. She is a member of American College of Musicians and has won a number of other national and state piano competition awards.

No musician in the Nazarene movements is more distinguished than Myra Schubert. Her musical accomplishments and honors are numerous: she has received the Artist Diploma from the National Guild of Piano Teachers; she is a member of state and national music associations and frequently acts as an adjudicator and judge for these organizations; she is a member of the American Guild of Organists; and she is listed in several *Who's Who* publications. She has been given other national music award recognitions. Myra is a noted composer and arranger for several publishing companies, with many piano and choral books to her credit. She has conducted three world music tours—both classical and sacred—in twenty countries.

Pat and her husband, R. T. Bolerjack, have chosen to reside in Oklahoma City for their retirement. Myra and her husband, Bob Schubert, make their home in Bethany. Myra serves as organist at Bethany First Church of the Nazarene.

It is a high privilege to have these two artists to perform for our February 14, 2000 luncheon meeting.



Your president's point of view:

By Jack David Arnold

**HELLO, 2000! DISASTER AVERTED!
NOW WE CAN WORK ON
HUMAN GLITCHES**

I sat in front of a television set on the first day of the New Year in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, waiting to see if the computers would mistake the double zeros for 1900 rather than 2000, and life as I knew it would cease. I was waiting to hear about the possible skirmishes, interruptions, and inconveniences caused by computer error.

Questions came to mind as I watched and listened, such as: Would New Year's fears cause any human breakdown? Would poor lost souls do themselves in before the end of the world?

I'm as susceptible to hype and mania as the next person, but I've got to admit that the whole Y2K fever aggravated me. The truth is, the whole over-hyped drama was silly. Great minds the last couple of years were so worried about how to fix a computer glitch, yet few paid any attention to finding solutions to fix our human glitches.

I wonder how different the world would be if for the past two or three years, day and night, great minds wore their thinking caps to make us better human beings and proclaimed: "Nobody sleeps 'til every one hears and puts into practice the words of the poet, Auden, 'Love each other or perish?'"

Instead of listening to doomsday talk about computers that might not compute, we could have received promises that everything possible was being done to support loving relationships around the world.

Well, that's my dream. Of course, that's not what happened. We chose to fix computers. So, now that we've weathered the Y2K storm, and all the computers are safe once again, we're technologically moving forward.

I wonder, though, what the future will be like if our ability to incorporate and invent machinery, computers, and technology continues to outpace our ability to embrace each other.

The communications revolution of the past twenty years has set my head spinning and left me feeling like a Neanderthal at times. After all, my family's first phonograph in the 1930's was an ancient Victrola that had to be wound up by turning a crank. In the 1940s I grew up listening to the Lone Ranger on the radio, and it was the early 1950s before I saw "I Love Lucy" on a black-and-white TV set.

In the 1950s and 1960s, college term papers were typed on noisy manual typewriters, with messy carbon paper serving as the only means of making a copy. In the 1970s, I thought the ultimate technology had been reached when I first used an electric typewriter with self-correcting ribbon.

In the early 1980s I first cautiously placed my hands on a computer keyboard and also saw the miracle of the fax machine demonstrated. In the 1990s the innovation of the compact disc player made my cassette tape player mostly obsolete.

I wonder: *How did everything change so fast? And, does new technology necessarily equal progress?* While I am not a Luddite*, an opponent of new technologies or technological change, I do wish things would slow down a bit!

Continued page 6—Arnold



**"Sharing
a
Continuous
Flight"**

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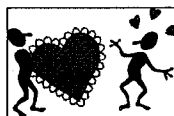
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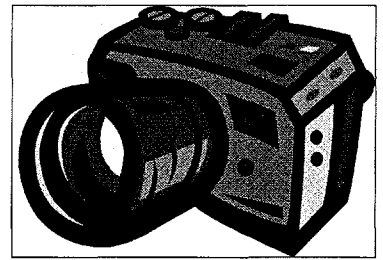


Art's Chuckles

- It wouldn't help much for me to see myself as others see me. I just wouldn't believe it.
- Reno seems to be the place where the cream of society gets separated.
- The person who makes every moment count usually becomes the man of the hour.

ASP PICS

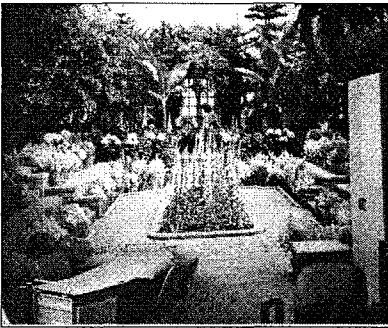
PICTURES BY EDITH SONNEVIK PAYNE & DON BEAVER



Left Marilyn Olson shows Bob and Dorothy Griffin one of the Plaza apartments while on "tour."



Right (l-r) Jack Arnold, Grant Keeton, B.Kaye Stearman, Paul Gray and Sam Stearman enjoy pie and coffee in the Plaza dining room prior to touring the Plaza facilities.



Above The Plaza beauty shop features a garden wall mural. The Plaza offers a variety of personal services to its residents.



Above Don Lidia, Southern Plaza manager, stands on the entrance stairway to greet Academy visitors as they arrive for a visit following the January Academy luncheon.



Above Dr. Rex Tullis speaks to the Academy about computer technology at the January luncheon. His mother, Dawn Tullis is enjoying a delicious meal provided by Marriott.



Left During the Plaza tours, Billie Harrison finds some time to talk to Dr. Paul Gresham, a Plaza resident. He was working on a project in the Plaza computer room.

Note: The PICS for January included a picture of Jack Arnold and his cousin who was unidentified. She is **Carlene Cone Edwards**.— Apologies

Right Available to Plaza residents is this beautifully decorated service room providing personal and snack items



Emmels Cruise the Empires of the Black Sea (Part 2)

By James R. (Bob) Emmel

Leaving the wonderful Greek ports, the Ms Rotterdam ploughed the rolling seas to the port of Kusdasi (island of birds), a unique Turkish town with some very elegant resorts. Here the Aegean Sea washes warm and blue against the western edges of Turkey. Soft breezes ruffle the palms and olive leaves. Little bays cut into the coastline. If ever there was a place destined to shelter the great and enlightened civilization of Ephesus, this is it. Our luxury motor coach rolled along the country side to the ruins of Ephesus. At its height there were approximately 200,000 inhabitants. Camel caravans brought the riches of the East; Greek gods came in from the West. Noteworthy points of interest thrilled us. Paul, the Apostle, rode along the Arcadian Way. The Virgin Mary died in a house outside the city; the tomb of St. John the Divine is here. The remains of the well-appointed Harbour Thermal Baths are well-preserved. We also noted the Twin Cities of Mary, the Library of Celsus, the Temple of Serapis, the Marble Way, Hadrian's Temple, the Cave of the Seven Sleepers at the foot of Mt. Pinon, and many other significant excavations. Most spellbinding of all was experiencing the Great Theater where St. Paul preached. A thrill of delight raced up and down our backbones as we sat in that great theater hearing a speaker from the floor of this amazing theater—seating 25,000—speak in a natural voice. We were able to discern every word from the furthest seat away from the speaker's vantage point—no microphones. Keeping command of one's emotions was a problem as we felt the great Apostle's presence. The excavations are marvelous and still archaeologists continue to open new vistas of this amazing city of antiquity.

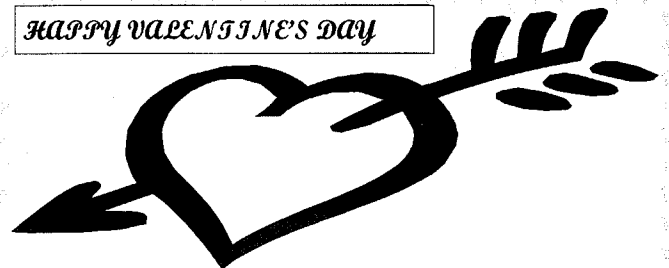
Sailing on north, we anchored at the historic Pearl of the Black Sea, Odessa, Ukraine's third largest city. It still retains old-fashioned charm. Independent only since 1991, Ukraine is still in the primary years of developing its own identity. It is a profusion of greenery and flowers with a wonderful opera house; we walked the famous Potemkin Steps, there were 192 of them; from below you see only steps and from above, only landings—an amazing optical illusion. These steps lead from the main boulevard of the city down to the sea—a magnificent sight indeed. Then there is another set

of stairs located in a beautiful grove of trees which leads to the famous Pushkin Monument. Here young high school students volunteer their time to keep a twenty-four-hour vigil at the fallen soldiers' memorial at the foot of these steps overlooking the sea. These vigils have been taking place since 1888 when the memorial was built. Odessa was the seat of many Russian writers, artists and musicians. The city is now inhabited by a host of ethnic groups. The variety of intellectual, cultural and artistic influences is sensed as one walks these fine tree-lined streets visiting the art galleries, museums, and palaces of a better day. Many of these points of interest still show the ravages of the years under Communist domination and neglect. These people have strong artistic inclinations which make Odessa a shopper's paradise.

Yalta, considered the Black Sea Riviera, was our next port-of-call. Yalta, with its wonderful semi-tropical climate, makes it easy to see why the wealthy 19th century Russians made this their vacation spot and built elaborate seaside houses. Now most of these estates have been turned into hotels, sanitariums and rest homes. In its heyday many celebrated artists, musicians, writers and personalities sojourned here—including Chekhov, Tolstoy, Gorky and Tchajkovsky. Virtuosos like Chaliapin and Rachmaninoff gave recitals in this city. Globe-trotting Mark Twain visited this resort. The awesome Livadia Palace, built by the Tsar in the 1860's, became the site where the far-reaching post WW II Yalta Agreement was signed by Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt—carving the world into East-West blocs. The Chekhov Museum, the White Palace, the Ethnographical Museum, the Swallow's Nest fairytale medieval-like castle perched on the cliff above the sea on the Yalta Bay are all noteworthy. The elegance and lushness of the trees, shrubs and flowers along the beautiful boulevards must be experienced to appreciate this wonderful jewel by the Black Sea.

[Note: The concluding part of this report will be included in the March issue of the Perspective.]

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY





"If you ask me" By Vada Lee Barkley

Have you ever said, "I'm over the hill?" Probably all of us have. Evidently we mean:

I don't have to do anything,
I don't have anything to do,
I can't do anything,
or all of the above.

Despite some physical problems, most of us remain active well into our retirement years. Many are involved in volunteer work. Several teach a Sunday school class, sing in the choir, preach on occasion, serve as a hospital volunteer, do hospital visitation, fill an office in the Academy—you name it. Who says that's doing nothing?

Are we "over the hill?" By no means.

Recently a successful retired minister approaching age 80 said, "I expect my most productive years to be in my eighties." Why not?

With all the training and expertise we've acquired, we owe it to ourselves, to society, and especially to God to share as much of it as possible.

Before we make that statement gain, let's examine the metaphor. When we're "over" a hill, the struggle is over. It takes little effort to coast downhill. On the contrary, life is an uphill battle to the very end. Whoever said, "Old age is not for sissies" was right on target.



"Genealogy Methodology" **RIG Topic for February Meeting** By Bea Flinger

Have you every thought it might be an adventure to delve into your ancestry? There are those who attend the Academy of Senior Professionals who are quite interested in doing so—or have already become "students" of tracing their heritage.

Whether you are a "genealogist" or have an interest deep down in becoming one, an invitation is extended to you to attend the next meeting of RIG (Research Interest Group), which will take place on Monday, February 14, at 9:30—10:45 a.m. in Room 135 of the Royce Brown Building. Glorene Brown will be speaking to us, and will give her methodology of conducting such a quest.

Mrs. Brown is a retired teacher from Bethany High School. She and her husband, Lecil, have traveled extensively in securing information that helps to "fill in the blanks" of her genealogical study. One needs only to talk with her a brief time about the subject to discover that she is an avid and successful genealogist. Her excitement quickly comes through as she talks about the steps taken in locating pertinent information.

YOU are sincerely invited to attend the RIG meetings!



A look at a book By Wini Howard

During the Christmas holidays some dear friends gave us a copy of a trilogy by George MacDonald. He was a Scottish clergyman, novelist, poet, and writer of the nineteenth century. C.S. Lewis is said to have considered him his "spiritual master." This trilogy consists of three related novels.

Even though MacDonald is considered to be a great writer, his verbosity has been too much for most modern readers; and I must say, "MacDonald does preach." (This trilogy has been edited by Dan Hamilton.)

The narrator of the first two novels is a pastor/preacher, Mr. Walton. He does take opportunity to preach to people as well as to himself. The first novel, *A Quiet Neighborhood*, has quite a bit of suspense and keeps one's interest. The pastor is a bachelor. When he falls in love, it is with quite an unlikely lady. It takes some time to work out all the complications.

In the second novel, *The Seaboard Parish*, Mr. Walton has married the lady and they have quite a family. His second daughter has a serious accident falling from her horse, and the family spends much of their energy in caring for her. The older sister seems to be falling in love, but nothing is resolved.

The third novel, *The Vicar's Daughter*, is narrated by the older daughter, Wynnie, who has married Mr. Percivale, a poor artist. Circumstances improve and she deals with life in a poor section of London. The importance of ministry to the poor seems to be the theme of this novel.

MacDonald is surely giving us a picture of nineteenth century England. Much of what he writes is based on his own life as a clergyman of that day. If you enjoy 19th century literature, you will enjoy reading the writings of George MacDonald.

Murphy's Law for Computers



- When computing, whatever happens, behave as though you meant it to happen.
- When you get to the point where you really understand your computer, it's probably obsolete.
- The first place to look for information is in the section of the manual where you least expect to find it.
- When the going gets tough, upgrade.
- For every action, there is an equal and opposite malfunction.
- He who laughs last probably made a back-up.

Arnold (Continued)

We happily shouted, "HELLO, 2000!" to welcome in the New Millennium, and the Y2K disaster has been averted. Even so the true challenge isn't adjusting computers so that they can understand the future, it's adjusting our attitudes to ensure we'll have a future.

*A member of various bands of workers in England (1811-16) during the Industrial Revolution that destroyed industrial machinery in the belief that its use diminished employment.

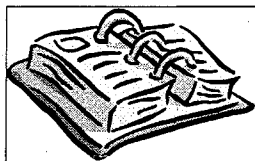
Memories of Ethel Dickerman

By Anna Belle Laughbaum



For many years Ethel Dickerman and I were colleagues in the same department at Bethany Nazarene College (now, Southern Nazarene University). We were also close friends. Ethel treated both our friendship and her teaching as sacred trusts. She was a popular, much loved professor, and her classes filled rapidly during registration. She kept in touch with many of her students after they graduated, and also with me. Before Ethel left Bethany, the English Department had a farewell party for her. In a poem, I alluded to her talents, including writing, and closed it with "An now as you begin another chapter/Of the book you have written so well,/We know it will contain more pages/Composed in the state where you will dwell." It's thrilling to think about Ethel's doing just that as she dwells in her new "state," heaven.

Note: Ethel Dickerman was an associate professor of English at SNU from 1965-1982. She was living in North Carolina at the time of her death. Many members of the Academy of Senior Professionals will remember her.



Mark Your Calendar

February 14


9:30-10:45 a.m. RIG meeting, Royce Brown 135
 11:00 a.m. Shuttle to Commons from BFC Parking Lot
 11:30 a.m.-1:00 p.m. ASP Luncheon Meeting, Heritage Rm.*
 1:00 p.m. Shuttle to Parking Lot from Commons
 1:30-2:30 p.m. Administrative Council, Royce Brown 135

*For reservations, call 405/789-2036 or 405/942-5305


Remaining ASP luncheon dates for 1999-2000:

February 14, 2000
 March 13, 2000

April 10, 2000
 May 8, 2000



Signs That You Are No Longer a Kid



- You're asleep, but others worry that you're dead.
- Your back goes out more than you do.
- You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room.
- You buy a compass for the dash of your car.
- You are proud of your lawn mower.
- Your best friend is dating someone half their age... And isn't breaking any laws.
- Your arms are almost too short to read the newspaper.
- You sing along with the elevator music.
- You would rather work than stay home sick.
- You constantly talk about the price of gasoline.
- You almost enjoy hearing about other people's operations.
- You consider coffee one of the most important things in life.
- People call at 9 pm and ask, "Did I wake you?"
- You can't remember the last time you laid on the floor to watch television.
- Your ears are hairier than your head.
- You get into a heated argument about pension plans.
- You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it.