

Sisters and Brothers,

Once again, I bring you "Greetings" from the southern part of our fair state! I hope and pray that you all are well, "hale and hearty". Personally, my hands ache a little when I first wake, and my right knee complains for a while. But, other than that, I cannot complain! Well, I am just a little disappointed that I'm not getting any better lookin', but other than that.....

Not being a terribly imaginative person, it has become difficult to come up with a subject to write about. A week or so ago, while reading Parade in the Sunday edition of our local paper, my attention came to an article about a "celebrity" whom I have always admired: Dolly Parton. Beyond the obvious, because she came from a working-class family, had her problems with "being a woman" but has apparently stayed true to herself. She is a prolific song writer. The lyrics of "Coat of Many Colors" reflect the kind of person she has become by expressing her admiration of her parents, and what it's like to be perceived as being different, and being bullied in school as a child. "Everything is Beautiful (in its own way)" reflects her desire and ability to find the good in everything and everybody. A recent release, "When Life is Good Again", offers hope and encourages faith in God and man.

Included are lyric excerpts:

Coat of Many Colors

I recall a box of rags that someone gave us and how momma put the rags to use. There were rags of many colors, each piece was small. And I didn't have a coat, and it was a way down in the fall. Momma sewed the rags together, sewin' every piece with love. She made my coat of many colors, that I was so proud of.

As she sewed, she told a story from the Bible she had read, about a coat of many colors Joseph wore.

I hurried off to school just to find the others laughing and making fun of me. In my coat of many colors my Momma made for me.

And I told them all the story Mamma told me while she sewed. And how my coat of many colors was worth more than all their clothes.

But they didn't understand it and I tried to make them see. That one is only poor, only if they choose to be. Now I know we had no money, but I was as rich as could be. In my coat of many colors my Momma made for me. Made just for me.

Everything is Beautiful

When I look out over a green field of clover
Or watch the sunset at the end of the day
I get kind of moody when I see such beauty
An' everything's beautiful in it's own way

I see a fountain flow from a mountain
Or see April showers bring flowers to May
I can't help but ponder, life is such a wonder
An' everything's beautiful in it's own way

Words can't describe what I feel inside
When I see the beauty in each coming day
What my eyes behold can't be bought or sold
An' everything's beautiful in it's own way

When I see the clouds form a black summer
windstorm that uproots the harvest and hurls it
away. In the midst of such anger, destruction
and danger the storm's even beautiful in it's
own way

When I see the leaves drop from off of the
treetops
Or see the snow fall on a cold winter's day
My thoughts seem to wander into the blue
yonder. God, made all things beautiful in their
own way

Words can't describe what I feel inside
When I see the beauty in each coming day
What my eyes behold can't be bought or sold
An' everything's beautiful in it's own way

In it's own way
In it's own way. Everybody's beautiful in their
own way.

When Life is Good again

When life is good again, I'll be a better
friend. A bigger person when life is good
again. More thoughtful than I've been. I'll
be so different then. More in the moment
when life is good again.

Let's open up our hearts, and let the whole
world in. Let's try to make amends when life
is good again.

I'll try to be someone in which you can
depend, a helping hand to lend. Let's open up
our eyes and see what's goin' on

God's the reason for all things, you want
rainbows, you get rain. We'll all be forever
changed. I'll sail my boat and fly my kite, walk
in the park, go out at night. And hold my loved
ones extra tight.

We'll make it through this long dark night.
Darkness fades when faced with light. But
everything's gonna be alright when life is good
again.

She sounds like one of us. As we struggle through these hard times, we give support to our sisters and brothers. We can know that others outside our organization are also striving to reach brighter days. None of us are really alone.

Respectfully, your brother

Robert "Bob" Bradshaw-GS