

His Love Ministries

NURSING HOME, JAIL, AND PRISON MINISTRY

A Ministry Dedicated to Reaching out to those the World has forgotten

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Volume 4, Issue 4

www.Hisloveministries.net

October- December 2004

His Love Ministries Mission

Over at the Savannah Baptist Center one day I ran into two guys who have recently been released from the jail. I saw one guy who was in the back with someone trying to get clothes and food. I told him I had an office there and if he ever needed someone to talk to, just come by. Well, that was all I needed to say, he said could we talk right now? I had someone working on something in my office, so we went out into the open fellowship area and started talking. Here was this grown man (fairly big with tears in his eyes) who was telling me how he had made some bad choices in his life and was still paying for them, that he could not seem to get away from those things in the past. He said God would bless him, then things would fall apart again. He told me he was living out on the street and had been sleeping on concrete for the last two weeks. He had been working with a guy who was pretty shady and into all kinds of drugs and alcohol. He told me he had not gone to work that day because he was sick, the sickness was because he had gotten drunk the night before. We got to talk about him and his relationship with God. Apparently he was trusting in God only for needed things, and not as his personal Lord and Savior. I say this because every time things got tough he turned back to the drugs and alcohol, not God. I asked him what he wanted to do about that, did he want to really get right with God and have a relationship, not religion. He said that he did. Right there in the middle of the room we prayed and he confessed Christ as his Lord and Savior, all the while with tears in his eyes. It is amazing how many people think they know God, but are only trusting Him for the things of life and not trusting Him with their whole being.

Needs

- Prayer
- Funds, volunteers, equipment, and resources to expand
- Men to teach in Nursing Homes
- 100 more people to regularly give at least \$10 a month
- Volunteer Grant Writer/Researcher/Fundraising Help
- Sony's Minidisc MXD-D40 MD Player/Recorder
- Volunteer Administrative Help
- Color Laser Printer

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2004 Ministry Accomplishments



I would like to give praise to our wonderful Lord and Savior who has allowed this Ministry to be the instrument used in 403 professions of faith in 2004.

- ♦ Ministered to over 5,279 people.
- ♦ Counseled at least 80 different individuals
- ♦ Over 100 people volunteered this year for an overall total of 250 times
- ♦ Gave out 120 Bibles and Biblical Literature
- ♦ Provided Bible Studies and Church Services to over 1,100 people from October through Dec
- ♦ 63 Salvation's from October through December 2004, for a total of 403 for the year
- ♦ Preached at Christ Community Church in Oct.
- ♦ Preached at Wilder Memorial December 26th
- ♦ Invited to show our Ministry Display at the Sunbury Association Meeting in October
- ♦ Participated in the Riverview Nursing Home Christmas Party December 14th
- ♦ Showed the Passion at the Savannah Men's Transitional Center on December 10th
- ♦ Preached the Funeral of an Assisted Living Resident and ministered to her family
- ♦ Provided some clothes as Christmas presents for 2 residents without families at Tara
- ♦ Participated in helping 3 residents without families at Savannah Specialty Care get needed clothes for Christmas
- ♦ Helped a needy family have Christmas for their children
- ♦ Provided 18 Christmas presents for Riverview Nursing Home Residents
- ♦ Presented a Christmas Program with 1st Baptist Church of the Islands at Coastal Men's Transitional Center
- ♦ Presented a Christmas Program with 1st Baptist Church of the Islands at Savannah Men's Transitional Ctr.
- ♦ Spoke to the Senior adults about the ministry at First Baptist Bloomingdale
- ♦ Provided Christmas and Valentine cards to the Transitional Centers for their family members
- ♦ Gave out Christmas Cards made by Calvary and FBCI churches to inmates and Nursing Home Residents
- ♦ Had our Ministry Display at the Savannah Baptist Association Mtg in October
- ♦ Participated in the Whitmarsh Baptist Church Mission Fair

If you would like to donate so we can continue to effectively serve even more people, click on the link below or mail to His Love Ministries, PO Box 30513, Savannah, GA 31410.

<http://www.guidestar.org/partners/networkforgood/donate.jsp?ein=58-2549397>

Am I invisible? Have I lost my right to respect and dignity?

THIS IS MY WORLD NOW. IT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT You see. I'm old. And, I'm not as healthy as I used to be. I'm not necessarily happy with it, but I accept it. Occasionally, a member of my family will stop in to see me. He or she will bring me some flowers or a little present, maybe a set of slippers-I've got 8 pairs. We'll visit for awhile and then they will return to the outside world and I'll be alone again.

Oh, there are other people here in the nursing home. Residents, we're called. The majority are about my age. I'm 84. Many are in wheelchairs. The lucky ones are passing through-a broken hip, a diseased heart, something has brought them here for rehabilitation. When they're well they'll be going home.

Most of us are aware of our plight-some are not. Varying stages of Alzheimer's have robbed several of their mental capacities. We listen to endlessly repeated stories and questions. We meet them anew daily, hourly or more often. We smile and nod gracefully each time we hear a retelling. They seldom listen to my stories, so I've stopped trying.

The help here is basically pretty good, although there's a large turnover. Just when I get comfortable with someone, he or she moves on to another job. I understand that. This is not the best job to have.

I don't much like some of the physical things that happen to us. I don't care much for a diaper. I seem to have lost the control acquired so diligently as a child. The difference is that I'm aware and embarrassed, but I can't do anything about it. I've had 3 children and I know it isn't pleasant to clean another's diaper. My husband used to wear a gas mask when he changed the kids. I wish I had one now.

Why do you think the staff insists on talking baby talk when speaking to me? I understand English. I have a degree in music and am a certified teacher. Now I hear a lot of words that end in "y". Is this how my kids felt? My hearing aid works fine. There is little need for anyone to position their face directly in front of mine and raise their voice with those "y" words. Sometimes it takes longer for a meaning to sink in; sometimes my mind wanders when I am bored. But there's no need to shout.

I tried once or twice to make my feelings known. I even shouted once. That gained me a reputation of being "crotchety." Imagine me, crotchety. My children never heard me raise my voice. I surprised myself. After I've asked for help more than a dozen times and received nothing more than a dozen condescending smiles and a "Yes, deary, I'm working on it," something begins to break. That time I wanted to be taken to a bathroom.

I'd love to go out for a meal, to travel again. I'd love to go to my own church, sing with my own choir. I'd love to visit my friends. Most of them are gone now or else they are in different "homes" of their children's choosing. I'd love to play a good game of bridge, but no one here seems to concentrate very well.

My children put me here for my own good. They said they would be able to visit me frequently, but they have their own

lives to lead. That sounds normal. I don't want to be a burden. They know that. But I would like to see them more.

One of them is here in town. He visits as much as he can. Something else I've learned to accept is loss of privacy. Quite often I'll close my door when my roommate (imagine having a roommate at my age) is in the TV room I do appreciate some time to myself and believe that I have earned at least that courtesy. As I sit thinking or writing, one of the aides invariably opens the door unannounced and walks in as if I'm not there. Sometimes she even opens my drawers and begins rummaging around. Am I invisible? Have I lost my right to respect and dignity? What would happen if the roles were reversed? I am still a human being. I would like to be treated as one.

The meals are not what I would choose for myself. We get variety but we don't get a choice. I am one of the fortunate ones who can still handle utensils, I remember eating off such cheap utensils in the Great Depression. I worked hard so I would not have to ever use them again. But here I am.

Did you ever sit in a wheelchair over an extended period of time? It's not comfortable. The seat squeezes you into the middle and applies constant pressure on your hips. The armrests are too narrow and my arms slip off. I am luckier than some. Others are strapped into their chairs and abandoned in front of the TV. Captive prisoners of daytime television; soap operas, talk shows and commercials.

One of the residents died today. He was a loner who, at one time, started a business and developed a multimillion-dollar company. His children moved him here when he could no longer control his bowels. He didn't talk to most of us. He often snapped at the aides as though they were his employees. But he just gave up; willed his own demise. The staff has made up his room and another man has moved in.

A typical day. Awakened by the woman in the next bed wheezing-a former chain smoker with asthma. Call an aide to wash me and place me in my wheelchair to wait for breakfast. Only 67 minutes until breakfast. I'll wait. Breakfast in the dining area. Most of the residents are in wheelchairs. Others use canes or walkers. Some sit and wonder what they are waiting for. First meal of the day. Only 3 hours and 26 minutes until lunch. Maybe I'll sit around and wait for it. What is today? One day blends into the next until day and date mean nothing.

Let's watch a little TV. Oprah, Phil, Geraldo, who cares. Lunch. Can't wait. Dried something with pureed peas and coconut pudding. No wonder I'm losing weight. Back to my semi private room for a little semi privacy, or a nap. I do need my beauty rest, company may come today. What is today, again? The afternoon drags into early evening. This used to be my favorite time of the day. Things would wind down, I would kick off my shoes, put my feet up on the coffee table, and enjoy the fruits of my day's labor with my husband He's gone. So is my health. This is my world.

SEAVER, who lived in Wauwatosa, Wis., died in March. Her son found these notes in her room after her death

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