**Canaan Union Church**

**314 Main Street**

# Canaan, Maine

**June 1-7, 2014**

**Sunday School 9:30 AM**

**Sunday Morning Worship 10:15 AM**

**Pastor: Diana J. Perkins**

**Send your letters to: Canaan Union Church**

**P. O. Box 1642**

**Waterville, Maine 04903-1642**

**We appreciate all the letters, cards and prayers that are sent our way. Thank you.**

**I opened up my face book page and my eyes fell on the request. It read like this. “I am trying to find a volunteer job for my. daughter. Looking for ideas that might spark an interest in her. Would love any suggestions from friends.” I read this and my mind went back to the year that I turned 12 years old. My Sunday school teacher, Ruth Ann Price, asked if I would like to visit the nursing home with her on Sunday afternoon. I loved Ruth Ann and I would have done anything with her, so I agreed to go. The nursing home that we entered was a huge old building that sat up on a hill so we had to climb the hilly driveway to get into the home. We walked the quarter mile or so from the church and Ruth carried her accordion in one hand and her Bible and a song book in the other. Thus began my experience with volunteering at the nursing home. Ruth taught me how to play the accordion and she encouraged me to read the Scriptures to the elderly folks and to pray with them. When Ruth made the announcement that she was going to be attending Bible school, so she would not be around to visit the home anymore, I accepted the challenge to visit the home. My dad bought me a small accordion and I went to the home every Sunday.**

**One elderly man’s memory has remained with me all of my life. One Sunday I went to the home and as I entered a room, there was an elderly man sitting in a chair and he was very depressed. He was a newcomer and I introduced myself to him and asked him how he was doing. He told me that he was very upset because he had fallen and broken his arm and now he was afraid that he would never be able to return home to his garden, his dog and the things that he loved. He was afraid that he would be taken out of his surroundings for good and he would have to stay at the nursing home. I understood that he was afraid of the future.**

**I sat down and asked him about his life. He told me about his life’s hobby, he was an avid gardener. He explained how he was able to graft new types of apples into the trees around his house. He explained how he could take seeds and work with them until he got new strains of fruits and vegetables that were prize winning.**

**I heard about his dog and what a wonderful companion he was to him and how badly he missed him. His stories fascinated me and I wanted so much for him to be able to return to his home in Guilford so he could continue working in his garden, enjoying the companionship of his dog and doing the things that brought him so much pleasure in life. I asked him if he would like to have me sing a hymn to him and he said yes. I sang a few songs, read a Psalm to him and then I asked him if he would like for me to pray for God to heal him and to make a way for him to return to his home. He looked up and tears trickled down his cheeks. He said, “My son is going to try to keep me here because he doesn’t think I can take care of myself anymore.” If you think that God cares about my situation, then I would appreciate it if you would pray for me.” I walked over to him, put my hands on his shoulders and began to pray that God would heal him and show him that he cared about his problems. I asked God to make a way for him to return home.” As a young child, I believed that if you asked God for anything that was his will, he would answer and I knew that he could heal this gentleman if he saw fit. I thanked the Lord for hearing and answering my prayer and I declared that I believed that this man would come to understand that God cared for him and his situation.” When I finished my prayer, the elderly man asked, “Are you an angel? Why I felt electricity go right down through me from the top of my head to the sole of my feet. I have never had anyone pray for me before. Would it be alright for me to call you my granddaughter?” I told him that the Bible says that we can lay hands on the sick and they will recover and that God hears and answers prayers. I showed him a few Scriptures and he was very intrigued hearing the gospel message. He asked if he could have my phone number in case he was able to return home; he invited me to come to his house to see his garden and to meet his dog. It was interesting because when I returned to visit the home, the old man had been released and was at his home in Guilford, Maine. He began to call me every day after school and he always called me his granddaughter. I grew very fond of him and I was amazed when I visited his home, how many different types of vegetables he had growing in pots around his property. He had several types of apples growing on one tree as he grafted them and they thrived. He taught me different methods of cooking squash and his recipe is one I use even now. He thanked me over and over again for praying for him and helping him to have hope that he could get well and return home. When I was a senior in high school, one day he sent me an envelope and told me not to open it until he passed away. I put it in my cedar box and wondered what was in it. Not long after I had finished high school, Grandpa called to tell me that he was not doing very well. His voice was weak and I had a hard time understanding what he said. He wanted to tell me that he loved me and that he was glad I had helped him learn about Jesus Christ. He told me that I would always be his angel and he was so happy that I had come into his life. Tears rolled down my cheeks for I understood that this would be the last time I would speak with him on this earth. I was thankful for the opportunity that I had experienced as a volunteer at the nursing home. The day my friend went to be with the Lord, I opened the envelope and there was a $50.00 bill neatly folded. inside. His friendship, his knowledge and his love for fruits and vegetables that he produced on his land was priceless to me. Someday I expect that he will be waiting for me at heaven’s gate as I had taught him to trust in Jesus Christ and I learned from him.**

**I answered the request on face book and suggested the nursing home would be my choice for a worthwhile place to volunteer. I shared that I had learned a lot about life as I reached out to the elderly men and women who had made the nursing home their final home. Don’t hesitate to give of your time and talent to those who are in need of a helping hand. God will bless your efforts and you will gain wisdom from the experience.**

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