

"FOLLOW ME AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN."

Matthew 4:19

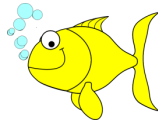


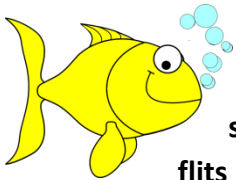
GONE FISHING



"WE'VE GONE TO DROWN SOME WORMS! CALL BACK LATER!"

Do you remember the
big one that got away? I
SURE DO!





“The BIG one that got away” is a memory that lasts a lifetime and is destined to surface when those soft fluffy clouds are lazily floating in the big open blue sky. It flits around in the mind like a bird after a pesky bug; tormenting the old brain until the yearning to “drown a few worms” becomes almost unbearable. After all, there is nothing as fine as relaxing on the river bank in your favorite spot with your line in the water patiently waiting for the fish to bite. That old world seems to slowly spin on its axis as if it has lessened its pace for this special day in your journey called life. Your thoughts are totally free of cares and woes; replaced by only the sounds the Great Creator has designed just for you. The birds in the canopy of trees overhead sound like a cacophony of only the sweetest of notes; trilling in a soft synchronized rhythm that touches your soul to the core of your being. Then, as if performing from the same sheet of music, the enormous bull frogs join right in with their deep bass voices adding depth to this special rendition.

Thus, as you study the ripples on the water, it is not a surprise when suddenly the fish start jumping above the silvery surface; appearing to satisfy their curiosity as to why this stranger feels a need to stare down into the water at them. Does it mean this larger than life creature is on a quest to locate the perfect specimen for his frying pan that is already on top of the stove? Well, if that’s the case, this old fish had better move on downstream!

Consequently, given this nostalgic background, when the word FISHING appeared on the activity calendar, the residents’ hearts skipped a beat in anticipation as to the pleasure that awaited them. Thus, when the big day finally arrived, without hesitation, they reached for their old straw hats and faithful sunglasses, in an effort to make ready for the event they so dearly loved. Wasting no time, the “GONE FISHING, CATCH YOU LATER, signs were left swaying gently on the doors to their empty rooms.

After all, Bois D’Arc Conservation Area, located 10 miles west of Springfield, not only was known for good fishing, but also had a wonderful history that evolved around the Osage orange trees that dominated the mostly open landscape. The Osage Indians that initially inhabited the region had used the sturdy limbs of these trees to make their bows: thus the French words bois d’ arc, meaning “arc of wood.” (Reason for town’s name Bois D’Arc) Based on this background alone, how could the fishing there not be out of this world?

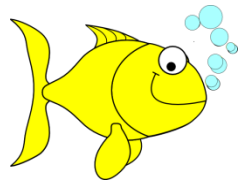
Therefore, traveling in their usual caravan of buses and pickup trucks filled to the max with wheelchairs and supplies, the happy group made its way along the beautiful Ozark roads toward this picturesque spot to enjoy a day of fishing. AND.....to think....that some individuals have the misconception that living in the nursing home during the winter season of life means sitting in wheelchairs all day with nothing to do! As a community member stated, “Those people have more fun than those of us living on the outside! Good for them! Maybe they will let me go along! JUST SAYING!”

Certainly, given the fact that this wonderful older generation was accustomed to sharing all they had with others, this fellow would be welcomed with open hearts and bushels of love!

*"SEE WHY WE
ARE SO
EXCITED?"*



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL!



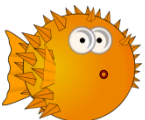
ACTIVITY: FISHING

SUPPLIES NEEDED:

- ** Transportation (For both mobile residents and those in wheelchairs)**
- ** Van for transporting food supplies and personal hygiene products**
- ** Night crawlers (Walmart) Call ahead to make sure they are available.**
- ** Fishing Rods (If needed, try the local Conservation office.**
- **Lunch: Turkey Sandwiches, Fruit Cups, Chips, Water, Power Aide (Transported from facility)**
- ** Necessary medications**
- ** Restrooms that will accommodate individuals in wheelchairs**
- ** Watch weather report**
- ** Number of staff members to assist determined by residents' needs**



Experience has arrived!





CHOOSE YOUR SPOT!

“Now you would think the size of the night crawler would have brought in a larger bounty! After all, I slurped on my sucker and gave the big one plenty of time to notice my bait! I’ll not give up!”





*"I'LL DECLARE!
THE BIG FISH ATE
MY BAIT AND WENT
ON DOWN TO
SOMEONE ELSE'S
HOOK! WHAT'S A
BODY TO DO?"*

*"HOPE LELA
DOESN'T SEE THIS!
MAYBE SHE NEEDS
TO CHOOSE A
DIFFERENT FLAVOR
OF SUCKER!"*



JOY UNSPEAKABLE!



WORKED UP AN APPETITE!



“THANKS FOR THE OFFER, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF THIS FISH. AFTERALL, I WAS A NURSE!”

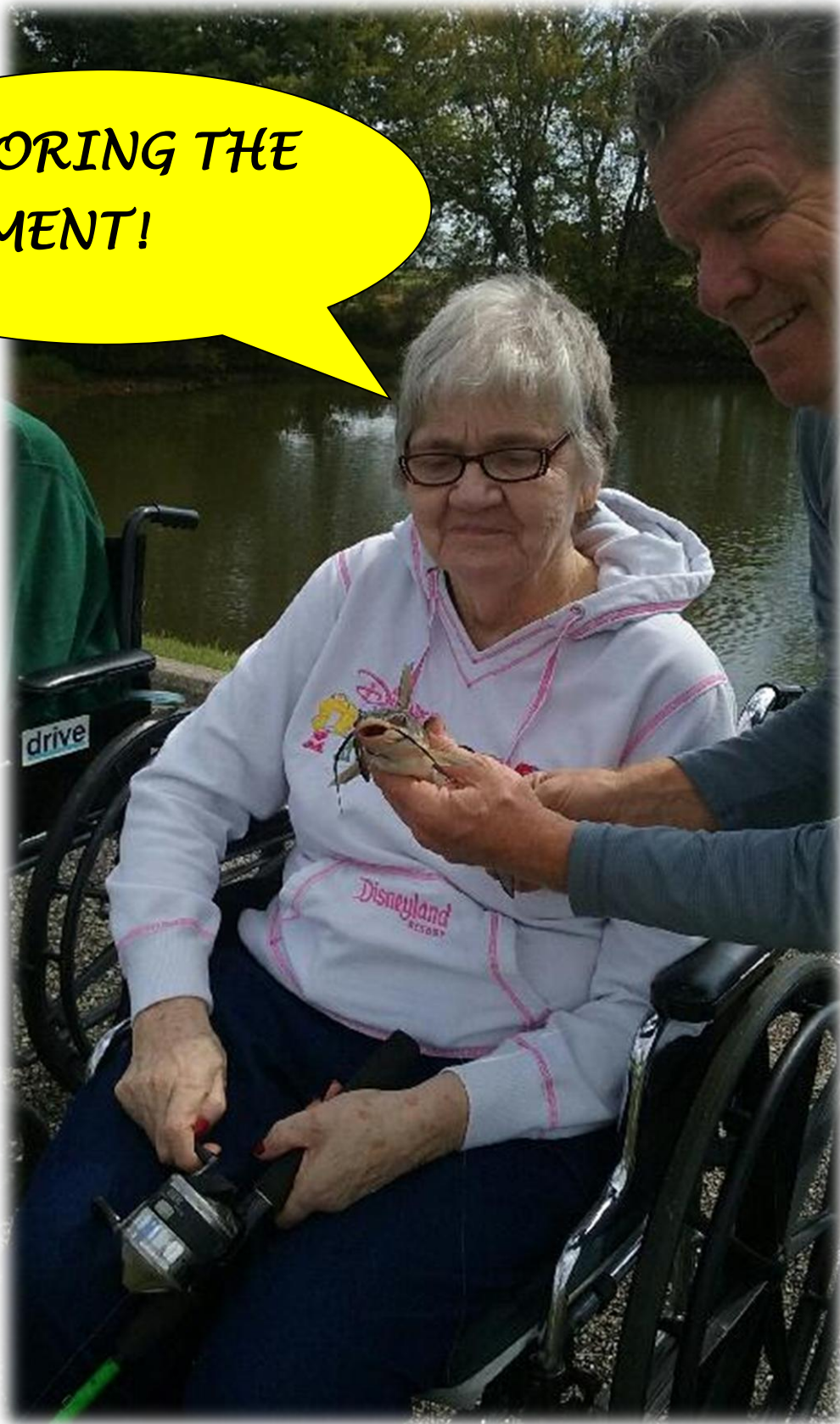
*"IT JUST DOESN'T
GET ANY BETTER
THAN THIS! THAT'S
WHAT A LIFETIME OF
FISHING WILL DO!"*





FRANK'S FISH!

**SAVORING THE
MOMENT!**





**“SLIPPERY
LITTLE DEVIL!”**

**“THESE ARE
THE
MOMENTS
TO
REMEMBER!”**



"REMEMBER THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY?"



**“WELL, IT
DIDN'T THIS
TIME!”**



WORDS OF WISDOM TO ALL YOU “YOUNGINS”:

***“KEEP DROWNING THOSE WORMS AND
SOON YOU’LL BE AS GOOD AS ALL OF US
OLD FOLKS! FISHING IS LIKE LIFE. YOU
JUST KEEP FISHING UNTIL YOU HOOK
YOUR DREAMS!”***

PROOF IS IN THE PUDDING

Do you remember at the beginning of this activity stating that experience had arrived when the residents took fishing rods in hand? Ladies and gentlemen, to prove that the “PROOF IS TRULY IN THE PUDDING”, please enjoy the photograph of a trophy that was awarded to Alma Dickens, one of the residents that enjoyed this special fishing trip.

The photograph (left) shows how she feels about fishing, even now.



ALMA DICKENS

AUGUST 1997

Held a state record for over

15 years