

### THANKS FOR BEING HERE

Yesterday I spent two hours at our local Legion Hall. Although I never miss the annual Remembrance Day ceremonies and always weep at the thought of what these men and women have sacrificed for us, I'd never before been in their official gathering place.

My presence on a Saturday afternoon was work-related and I admit that I felt out of place. Sipping on my soft drink I watched as old friends and comrades walked in, greeted each other warmly, and then stared at this "foreigner" sitting by herself. I stayed in spite of feeling very conspicuous. Finally folk began strolling over to where I sat and asked about the Assessment Needs survey I was conducting. It was the entrance of one elderly couple, however, that touched the afternoon with grace. I have no idea of their names so I'll call them Bill and Shirley.

As soon as Bill and Shirley walked into the room I noted how tenderly he directed his wife to a table. After seating her and getting a drink for her and for himself, he stroked her back. It was the tenderness in his face and eyes that caused me to continually return my gaze to them. Eventually Bill came to my table.

"Thanks for being here," he said. "You see my wife has Alzheimer's and I don't want us to be separated. Once she gets into a care home, I'll want to be able to stay near to her."

I eventually distributed all the survey forms, finished my cola and left for home. I don't know if I'll ever be back to the Legion but I wouldn't have missed that object lesson in love for anything.

"[Love] bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails." 1 Corinthians 13:7,8a

*Love me tender, love me true...*