



Life Lines

Dover Church of Christ
Dover, Arkansas 72837-0299
Web site: www.dovercoc.org

Volume 18 Number 51

Email: staff@dovercoc.org

December 17, 2006

In Memory Of John L. Myers 1927 - 2006

He was not my Father by birth, or even adoption. He was my friend.

John had lived a couple of lives already by the time he met me. He had served in the Navy, in Hawaii, and had been married over 20 years and owned a landscaping business in California. When his first wife died, he returned to the home of his youth and, at age 45, to a "fresh start." John had no children of his own, or even step children. John came into my life when I was nine years old – when he met my mother. Their families had been friends and they had known each other as children. I had just come out of 9 years of turmoil and chaos with my own father and wasn't too sure that I needed a new one. I am certain that in John's wildest nightmares, he could never dream of what was ahead of him in a house with two shell shocked and overly emotional women – one pre-pubescent and one peri-menopausal. Or maybe he knew since he had grown up with four sisters. Nevertheless, he may have run screaming into the woods many times, but he never left.

John would fondly tell you that the first two years of our time together, I called him "Hey You." I was still not sure where he fit into my life. And so we began a halting and tenuous relationship that I still cannot describe to this day. He was my father, my peer, my ally, my friend. He was like a comfortable piece of furniture that you depend on, but often take for granted. I did not understand, until recently, that our relationship was one of the few "normal" ones that have existed in my life – it wasn't volatile, passionate, enmeshed, loud, or abusive. It just was. And so, at 45 and 9, respectively, we set about becoming friends. On our weekly trips to town in his beloved "Ol' Blue" we would talk about the latest books I'd read or the latest drama at school, and I would hide from embarrassment each time a car would pass. Sometimes we wouldn't talk at all but just commune in silence. With John, you didn't need to fill all the spaces.

John never complained when I fed him peanut butter, jelly, bologna, cheese sandwiches (yes, all together), ate all the raisins in the raisin bran, or broke his calculator that I wasn't supposed to be using. In summers I hung out with him at his shop, or with his parents, Jessie and Ernest, on the hill. If I wanted to do anything, or had a whim, John was there to help me – and to do it with gusto. When I wanted to play basketball – he built me a court. When I wanted to be a cheerleader, he tried to teach me to do cartwheels. When I wanted to raise a lamb for 4-H, he built me a mini ranch. When I tried to lose weight, he got up at 5 am and jogged with me. John taught me to drive; he taught me to look up any word that I didn't know in the dictionary. He helped me study for tests and listened to all the mindless minutia that constantly spilled from my mouth. He did not dictate, direct, or teach; he learned with me, and beside me. In 33 years, he only raised his voice on three occasions – and they were all well deserved. When Mom and I would go through periods of not speaking, he would slip around and visit me to see if I was OK, or needed anything. I knew that I could call him anytime of day or night, from any end of the earth, and in any weather condition and he would never judge, accuse, belittle, or give a sermon. He would just help me. Not many people have that.

John was a simple man that did not feel the need to show his true intelligence. He was a quiet man that did not need to use force, or volume, to get his point across. He was a funny man that could convey a joke with a gesture. His wit is one of the things that I miss the most. My mother could not take teasing, and there were reasons for that, but nevertheless, she did not have much of a sense of humor. John could bring her down in a flash, and before she knew it, his "cuteness," as she called it, was a constant source of aggravation. Of course, we thought it was hilarious. And I reveled in the fact that I thought he was getting by with it. My husband says John was the funniest man that he ever knew. It was the unexpected wit, the dryness of it that left you in tears. One year Mom bought me a nice coat for my 36th

birthday. She was telling me how to care for it, how to hang it up, how to clean it and how to "pull it up in the back when you sit down so you don't mess it." John never missed a beat and said, "Or you could just hang it up and never wear it." Of course, Mom was furious and the rest of us broke out in peals of laughter. I never heard John actually belly laugh, but a quiet guffaw and a twinkle in his eye, was enough. Mom was the perfect set up for his quiet comedy. I will always miss our rousing, funny and argumentative family card games. John's wit was with him until the end, and I believe that it was part of the reason for his longevity, even during his illness.

Most everyone knows the obvious things about John – he was a woodsman, he loved country and bluegrass music, he loved serving others, he had a deep faith in God, he loved politics. But not many people know that he once wanted to be a veterinarian, that he once owned a satin smoking jacket, that he sang JUST LIKE Hank Williams, Sr., that he actually recorded a 45 record for his Mom, that he had birds tattooed on his chest that he could make fly, that he had a secret and undying crush on grandmother Dora, that he used to do woodworking and leather craft, that he was a Mama's boy, that he entered just about every Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes that ever came in the mail, or that he had a deep stubborn streak.

When my mother died five years ago John told me that he had loved my mother and he loved me. He told me that he loved me with AGAPE love. I didn't understand then what he meant. To say that I have no regrets now that John is gone would be a lie. I try not to live with regrets anymore. My biggest one now, and with John gone, is that he will not be here, in his prime, to take my little son on his tractor, or rides in Ol' Blue, or walks in the woods, or show him how to use the slingshot he always carried that John carved for my first son. He called it "Myers' Meanie." I don't pretend to understand how heaven exactly works - the questions of what it is like, and if you go right there when you die, or to a great holding place until later,

- Continued - page 2, Second Column -

Lines for Ladies

By Pat McAlister

In Memory of John

We remember John in his involvement at church and at Camp Caudle, but we also remember him in his involvement in our community. John was an active member of the Dover Area Chamber of Commerce for many years. He was always there for every work day, always making the work fun.

He would show up with Old Blue, (his do anything, go anywhere truck). He was always involved in Ozark Memories Day. He showed up in Old Blue with his chainsaw and weed whacker to clean the grounds. On the day of the event, he would show up in his Sourdough Cowboy outfit; then proceed to pick up trash around the grounds.

If the Chamber had a skit he was ready to volunteer his acting services. The most famous of these was "The Handsome Young Cowboy" who fell in love with the lovely Falina, Marion Helton. (This made a hit with the crowd!)

On July 4th, he and Old Blue would be available to help put up flags around town. John was very patriotic; in fact he proudly rode on the church's float in the OMD parade in 2002, wearing his original Navy uniform.

John worked many hours at Camp Caudle, much of the time doing the work no one else wanted to do. He always used his sense of humor to keep the fun going during the work. He loved the muffins Sandra would send for treats to the workers, but he had to tease her because she did not peel them. (She always left them in the paper baking cups!)

I'm sure we all share memories of John and our church family, but the one that touched us most was John sitting with Elijah Mitchell, his young friend, who was sure John could do no wrong. But, didn't we all feel the same way about this wonderful man?

By: Alan and Sandra Boatright

P.S. (If I'm not mistaken I think John won first prize in the Ugly Truck competition in the OMD parade with Old Blue one year.) pmc

Remember Our Sick

Ina Dell Cloud – wife of Tom Cloud home recovering from by-pass surgery.

Charles Hickey – still experiencing extreme pain.

Theresa Phillips – Cancer no longer in remission.

Grace Ann Rowlands–Jamie/Mary Ann Churchill's granddaughter, improving slowly, a serious auto accident.

Shut-ins: Need prayers and visits.

Dover Area: **Bernice Brown**
Evelyn Burton
Mae Vanzandt

Russellville Nursing and Rehab Center:
Thelma Hatcher

Stella Manor: **Louise Killer,**
Pauline Whorton

Others Who Need Our Prayers:

Daisy Hogins Anderson, Walter and Thelma Arcynski, Twila Bench, Lawrence Boley, Lloyd Boley, Susie Boley, Gail Brewer, Tom Cloud, Jeff Davis, Charles Ensey, Hoyt Ensey, Barbara Forehand, Rebecca Gray, Sue Griffin, Brian Holloway, Robert and Rose Lee, True McCabe, Jannie Myers, Charles Proctor, Jonathon Roberts, Annie Robinson, Reddie Smith, Tanya Smith, Stone Family, Lela Beth Wallace, David Walters, Ahishi Web and Elsie Youngerman.

Special Children: Bethaney Beasley, Emmy May, Keith Martin and Noah Williams.

Military: Darus Brown, Greg Davis, Johnny Ragsdale, Cole Wetzell and Rudy Will.

In Memory of John – continued from page 1 –

boggles my mind. But my hope is this: wherever John is, whether there or in the "waiting place," I hope that my first son has found him and has led him to an indescribably beautiful hill with a wooded meadow, and that John is telling him all the stories of earth and that he is learning all of the wonders of heaven – and that SOMEWHERE Hank Williams, Sr. is playing in the background.

AGAPE LOVE. I get it now, John.

"Hey you," I get it!

Stacey Freeman Hart, November 21, 2006

In Memory of John

By: Micah Williams

First and foremost, John was a good-ole-boy. However, I believe he told me that while he was in the navy he sowed some wild oats. John had quite a personality. He loved the simple things of life. This would include the outdoors, his family and the church. Passing by where he lived, you might see John mowing the lawn or chopping wood.

John loved to discuss the Scriptures. I remember when he let me hunt on his property. I would climb into the tree stand in his back yard. It would be very early in the morning. After sunrise he would bring me a thermos of hot coffee. He only said good luck and then went back inside. After I finished hunting I would go inside to talk with John. Usually we talked about the Lord. We had some good discussions.

John always wanted to study the Bible with the lost. He loved the church and his church family. He went with me on personal studies. He was also involved in the prison ministry. I'm sure it was rough on John when his health got worse and he was unable to attend church services. He also missed the gathering of his church family.

John was a good friend to have. If you were his friend, you were his friend for life. He and Troy Curtis worked together a lot. They worked at Camp Caudle; they worked at church, maintenance and grounds, really anything that needed to be done. Together they delivered meals to the shut-ins for the Community Christmas luncheon for many years. Troy would describe John as a "true buddy."

John's influence made a great impact on others, too; David Walters, Joe Miller, Alan Boatright and many more. He also cared for young people. He made a lasting impression on Elijah Mitchell, Drew, Blake and Brett.

John will be missed by all who knew him. Don't let the legacy of John die! Our hearts are sad, but he is now in a better place.

I'm a better person today for having known him.

Events

Dover Church of Christ
Children's Church
Every Sunday
11:15 - 12:00 Noon
Ages 4 thru 8
Bible Story and
Activities
Ages 1 thru 3
Nursery Class

Good Samaritan Christmas Activities

For Children age 2
and older
Saturday,
December 16
11:00 AM
thru
3:00 PM
Dover Church
of Christ
Fellowship Hall

Mark Your Calendars

DOVER LADIES ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 21, 2006
Thursday, 6:00 PM

Hostess: Leota Hickey

5th Sunday Celebration

December 31, 2006

POTLUCK

Following Sunday
Morning Services

No evening services to be
scheduled for December
31st. (New Year's Eve)

Please remember we are
still feeding the families in
our community.
Canned foods, etc. needed
for the Dover Church of
Christ food pantry.

December Birthdays

01 Leigh Anne Forehand
04 Steve Bates
06 Presley Williams
08 Suzanne Helton
14 Presten Nordin
16 Athel Hill
22 Alayna Williams
23 Jamie Statler
Cara Williams
28 Betty Walters
29 Lawrence Boley

If we missed your birthday,
please let us know so it won't
happen again.

"In Search of the Lord's Way"

Now 24/7

The SEARCH Program
can now be accessed at any
time on its website:
www.searchtv.org

Mack Lyon's weekly
lesson can be heard and
viewed in this area on
KARK, Channel 4,
Sunday, 7:30 AM.

THOSE TO SERVE

December 17, 2006

Sunday A.M.

Announcer: Randall Walters

Song Leader: Rick Hollis

Prayers

Chris Moss

Brent Hottinger

Communion

Podium: James Chadwick

Serve: Blake Walters

Chris Loper

Dennis Whiteside

Donny Forehand

Scripture Reading

Brett Walters

Sunday P.M.

Prayers

Steve Pennington

Alan Boatright

SPEAKER

Sunday A.M.

Micah Williams

Sunday P.M.

Micah Williams

Prepare Table for Communion

Leigh Anne Forehand

Communion to Shut-Ins

Brent Hottinger

Chris Loper

Greeters

Allen and Marilyn Veasman

Wednesday Night Devotional

December 20, 2006

Alan Boatright

Meeting Times

Sunday Morning Bible Classes

9:45 A.M.

Sunday Morning Worship

10:45 A.M.

Sunday Evening Worship

6:00 P.M.

Ladies Tuesday Bible Class

10:00 A.M.

Wednesday Bible Classes

7:00 P.M.

Minister: Micah Williams
Church Office: 479-331-3428
Or Cell: 479-264-9244

Elders:

William Boley 858-7131

Jim Killer 331-2802

Allen Veasman 331-2156

Sid Womack 967-2367

Deacons:

Chris Besterfeldt

Donny Forehand

Brent Hottinger

Chris Loper

Rex McDaniel

Chris Moss

Joe Miller

Nursery Attendants:

Sunday Class: Patsy Wisbrock

Kaeli Miller

Sunday Church: Pat McAlister

Kaeli Miller

Life Lines is a Publication of the Dover Church of Christ

Editor: Pat McAlister, Layout and Design: Joan Vance, Technical Assistance: M. Shoptaw

Dover Church of Christ

P.O. Box 299

Dover, AR 72837

Return Service Requested

Nonprofit Organization

U.S. Postage Paid

Dover, AR

Permit No. 18