

# How Good is your Memory?

Betty Badcock, Gambo, Newfoundland

## How good is your memory?

What would come to mind if I were to ask you to recall a significant memory? With the broad range of ages we have here this evening, I'll mention a few in verse form — one of which you may remember!

*Did you ever go on a picnic or a hike?  
Play house with your friends or ride on your bike?  
Did you ever play hop-scotch or tag?  
Or trade marbles that were neatly tied in a bag?*

*Did you make hay in summer or dry fish on a flake?  
Pick berries on the hill to make a blueberry cake?  
Did you knit or sew by a kerosene lamp;  
Or to school in two feet of snow did you tramp?*

*Did you swim in the river or skate on the pond;  
Did you rock a sick baby 'til he was feeling O.K.?  
Did you make quilts from old clothes, hook  
mats for the floor?  
Bring water from the spring or from the well  
next door?*



*Did you paint the fence  
or clean out the barn,  
Or get out the spinning wheel to spin some yarn?  
Did you plant a garden or milk a cow;  
Or sheared a sheep if you knew how?*

*On wash days, how many clothes did you  
scrub?  
With sunlight soap in the old washing tub?  
Was it out to the outhouse when you "just had  
to go?"  
Even if it was windy and raining or 20 below?*

*Now that I'm finished, I just want to know  
Did I bring back a memory of days long ago?  
If just for one moment I caused you to smile  
Then all of this "silliness" was worthwhile.*

BJBadcock

**Chorus:** *Count Your Blessings*

**Memories are made of this:** Have a display table of "things from the past", gathered from people in your community. Items such as an old ink well, slate and pencil, old school reports, books, castor oil bottle or other vintage items from the past! Ask those who contributed items to provide a brief explanation of how they came to have these items in their possession.

## Name that song?

(Unique to Newfoundland)

- Where once they stood, we stand *Ode to Newfoundland*
- Right yonder is Bobby and with him is "Nobby" *Squid-jiggin ground*
- Boys and girls are fishin' together *Feller from Fortune*
- On his returning in the fog, he met a heavy gale *Jack was every inch a sailor*
- Take me back to my western boat *Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's*
- I met her aged father who did me sore confound *Star of Logy Bay*
- Unless we strike bottom, inside the two sunkers *We'll rant and we'll roar*



**Down memory lane:** Ask some ladies, maybe four to share briefly a special memory from their childhood days.

## Remembering Mother Goose!

- Who had no money? *Simple Simon*
- Who slept at his post? *Little boy blue*
- Who hated fat? *Jack Spratt*
- Who went to London? *Pussy Cat*
- What animal laughed? *The little dog*
- What animal gave a marvelous jump? *The cow jumped over the moon*
- Who fractured his skull? *Jack*
- What animal went to school? *Mary's little lamb*
- How many men were in the tub? *Three*

- What animal ran up the clock? *A mouse*
- What cut off animal's tails? *The farmer's wife*
- Who stayed at home? *Little piggy*
- Who said he was a good boy? *Little Jack Horner*

## Poem: Generation Gap

*The generation of today thinks my English is odd;  
When I say awesome, I'm referring to God.  
To me, weather is cool and children are gay  
As they join their friends in innocent play;  
Pot is a kettle; a joint forms the floor,  
Coke, a soft drink from the corner store;  
Drugs are to use when you're feeling sick,  
A pusher is someone hard-working and quick;  
Shrink is a verb on labels and thread,  
Not someone you pay to examine your head;  
Broad tells the width of a woman or shelf,  
It doesn't refer to the lady herself;  
A turkey is only a very large bird,  
Not a name for a guy who acts like a nerd;  
"Gimme Five" means money, nothing more;  
It's never a hand slap for making a score.  
Somehow my words have lost their clout;  
The children don't know what I'm talking about,  
But the phrase they use and I do too  
That bridges the gap is, "I love you."*

Author – unknown

## Let's have some fun! Can you remember?

Put each name into a bag, draw 10 names and ask a question

- What was the name of your first teacher in school?
- Name two of your Sunday school teachers
- How old were you when you first started wearing glasses?
- What was the weather like on the day you were married?
- What colours did you choose for your 'memorable' day?
- What was served at your wedding reception?
- Name two people who were in your wedding party.

## Remember Me? Bible Characters

- I loved to sing and play the harp? *David*
- I could tell you the biggest fish story *Jonah*
- My finest asset was my hair *Samson*
- I really loved my mother-in-law *Ruth*
- My name changed in a blinding flash of light *Saul to Paul*
- My lying caused me a great heartache *Peter*
- My love of money ruined my life *Judas*
- I lost my head because of my preaching *John the Baptist*
- My prized possession was my coat *Joseph*
- I lived in a temple as a small boy *Samuel*
- I was probably the first to sleep in a water bed *Moses*
- I spent time in a den with wild animals *Daniel*
- Patience was my greatest virtue *Job*
- I was very wise, but I also had a lot of wives *Solomon*
- My musical instrument was the tambourine *Miriam*

## A pocket full of memories.

Lily sat one morning on her front porch watching the soft, warm summer rain fall. Not yet 60 years old she had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease otherwise she was healthy and could still look after her husband and their home; but was forgetting names, birthdays and other special events that became very upsetting for her. Yet each day as she prayed for God's guidance she would say "You know, Lord, I would like to keep some of my memories alive. Just a pocketful would satisfy me and make me very contented."

As she looked around her garden, she realized that it had stopped raining. The sun was beginning to shine. She saw something sparkle on the grass; "it must be a piece of glass or plastic," she thought; "but it sure sparkles - just like my ring." Suddenly she remembered the night her husband had asked her to marry him. "Oh," she thought this is one memory from my pocket. She then patted her apron pocket as if she could put it there. It seemed



***The ringing of the telephone  
brought her back to reality  
... "Thank you Lord"***

that memory started others. The little patch of blue sky reminded her of her first child's eyes; the gentle swaying of the trees reminded her of rocking a sick child to sleep. The sounds of children playing down the street brought memories of when the backyard was full of her children and their friends. The smell of the barbeque next door made her think of the special meals she cooked at Christmas or Thanksgiving. For a few minutes her mind was alive with memories. After each one passed through her mind she patted her pocket.

The ringing of the telephone brought her back to reality, though before she answered she bowed her head and said, "Thank you Lord, for hearing my prayers today. Please let me keep them for a few more years."



**Chorus:** Tune of *Take time to be Holy*  
*With my hand in God's hand, I walk not alone*  
*With my hand in God's hand, the future*  
*unknown.*  
*But in this assurance, my fear all dispel.*  
*With my hand in God's hand;*  
*all, all shall be well.*

## **Prayer**

*Did we forget to thank you Lord.*  
*For guiding us this day;*  
*For the sunrise and the sunset*  
*And the friends you sent our way?*

*Did we thank you for snow in winter*  
*And the rain that falls in spring;*  
*The warm sunshine in the summer*  
*And the colors that autumn brings?*

*Did we thank you for our families*  
*And for the food we eat;*  
*For the cozy homes we live in*  
*And for our neighbours down the street?*

*Did we thank you for the memories*  
*That have been locked in our hearts for years;*  
*Some of them bring us happiness*  
*While others bring us tears?*

*So, now we bow our heads, dear Lord*  
*To say thank-you with grateful hearts;*  
*For all the memories and blessings*  
*that you, to us, impart. Amen*



*“Praise the Lord, O my soul;*  
*All my inmost being, praise His holy name.*  
*Praise the Lord, O my soul,*  
*and forget not all His benefits.” Psalm 103:1-2*