

## *Each Candle You Light*

by Larry Harris, CEO

*The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light;  
those who lived in a land of deep darkness – on them light has shined.  
For a child has been born for us, a son given to us;  
and he is named Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,  
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.*

Isaiah 9:2, 6

Come away with me to a starlit night long ago where we  
come upon a trembling young mother cradling her  
swaddled newborn in a cold and drafty stable. With tears on  
her face, she gently rocks him till his small cries are stilled,  
and sings him to sleep on this his first night in a vile and

*Sleep baby Jesus, sleep,  
for the life trail stretched out  
before you will be hard.*

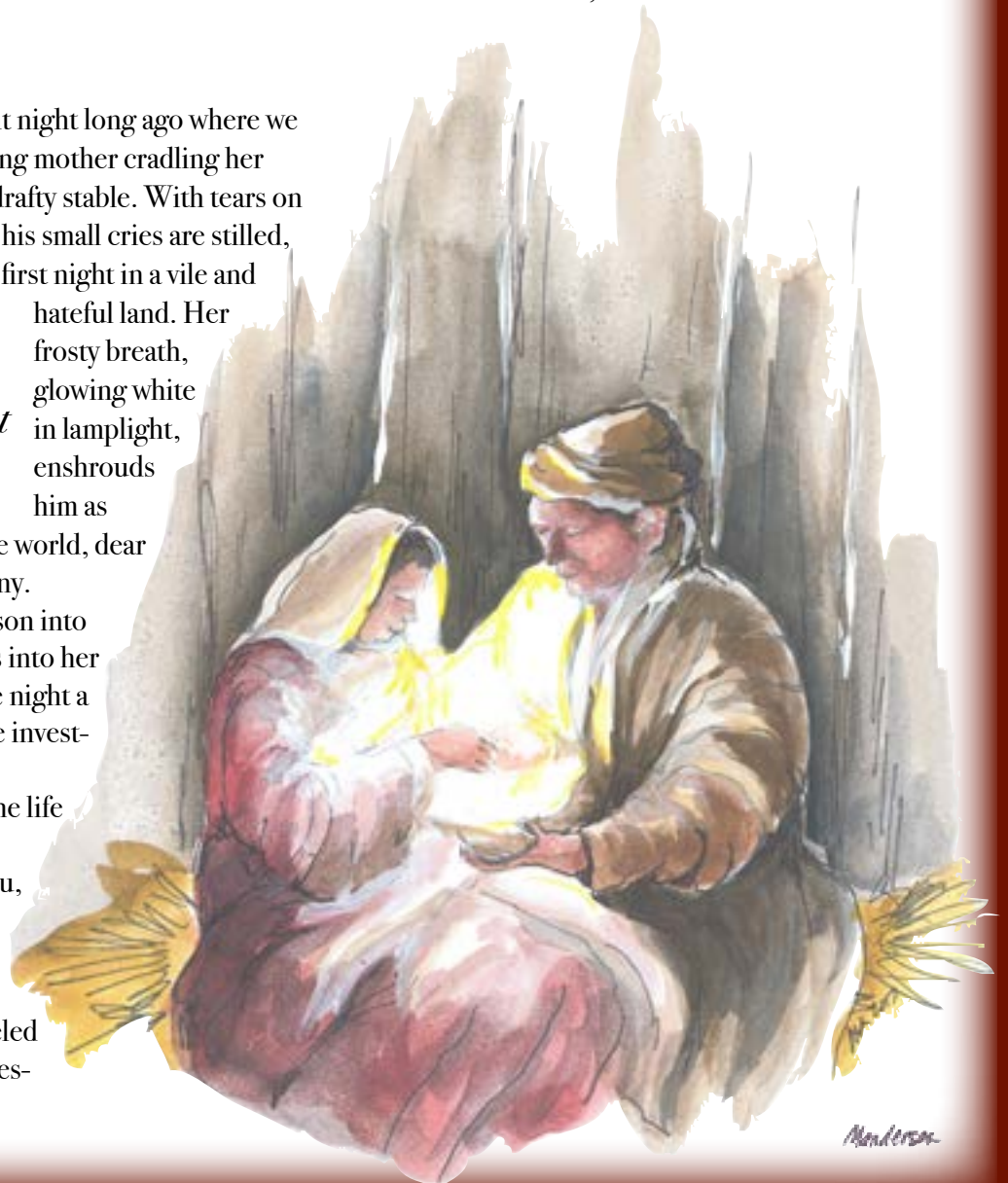
hateful land. Her  
frosty breath,  
glowing white  
in lamplight,  
enshrouds  
him as

vapors from God. Welcome to the world, dear  
baby boy. Welcome to your destiny.

Mary tucks her tiny bundled son into  
the manger's straw, and collapses into her  
Joseph's arms to reclaim from the night a  
slight measure of the strength she invest-  
ed in her ordeal of birth.

Sleep baby Jesus, sleep, for the life  
trail stretched out before you will  
be hard. Much will be asked of you,  
and little will be returned. Sleep  
now dear child, for the time will  
come when the last flicker of life  
will be wrested from your pummeled  
body. Your soul will cry out for res-  
cue, but there will be no

*continued on page 2*



intercession, no deliverance, no release. Your cross will be yours alone to bear.

So sleep, baby Jesus, sleep.

Unseen by the slumbering guests of the stable, an animated radiance presents in the sky a few fields to the east. Terrified shepherds of that pasture bow before an assemblage of angels dispatched to tell them of the child's birth. "Today in the town of David a savior has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord... You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger." They leave their sleeping flock and set off as instructed to find this heaven-sent child.

Love was born in that stable. You would be forgiven for expecting a palace as venue for a king's birth. But Mary landed that night in a leaky, smelly shed where livestock gathered for feeding. Jesus didn't come to royalty or riches. He was born to a peasant woman. The first announcement of his birth was to those shepherds barely scratching a living from their herd.

The twelve he later called were not men of means. Seven were fishermen, and eleven of the 12 left everything they owned to walk the dusty roads of Galilee with this man who could still a storm, restore life to the dead, and lift the crippled to a new day of vigor and health.



Anderson

His dazzling miracles awed them, but it was his words that cemented them to him, for his was a message of undiluted love never before heard by human ears. Blessed are the poor in spirit, and those who mourn. Blessed are the meek, and those who hunger and thirst for righteousness. Blessed are the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, and those who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness. Love your neighbor as

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yourself; bless those who trespass against you; forgive seventy times seven; pray for those who spitefully use you.

A message never before heard by human ears ...

He brought consolation to the hurting, a warm and lasting embrace to the grieving, even spilling his own tears for their sorrows. He offered hope to the wandering masses, and presented to the shunned outcasts a reason to go on living.

Of his twelve, all but the betrayer Judas and his beloved John were dealt violent deaths for their devotion to Jesus. Such was the depth of love they held for this babe sent that night in the stable, the man so unjustly

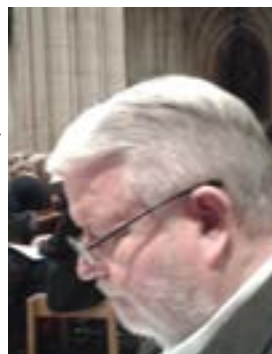
murdered on his cross. He was so utterly good, his magnetism so irresistible, that even the threat of sword or Roman cross could not turn them away.

And so at this time of Christmas, our eyes turn to that little village of Bethlehem, that stable, and the child that came to be so long ago. How can you gauge a mother's love at the manger that night? Thirty-three years later she was bent helpless, in total defeat, at the foot of her son's cross. Weep dear mother for your precious child so unjustly bruised. Weep for your dear son so savagely torn from your arms.

What drew those poor shepherds and his twelve to this amazing human being? How could you ever explain his tragic story to the throngs that swarmed him in each hamlet and town as he made his rounds healing and teaching? How can we, once we too have bowed at the cross, ever forsake him?

Christmas is the season of love and hope. Let each candle you light, each Christmas card you send, each gift you wrap, each string of lights you drape on your tree, each heartbreaking Christmas hymn you hear, and each prayer of thanksgiving you offer up remind you that a child was born.

Merry Christmas, my friends.



Larry Harris, CEO  
lharris@willow-brook.org

Illustrations accompanying the Harris, MacLaughlin and Lackey pieces were created by Marlene Anderson, Director of Resident Life Activities.

## Harris Honored by SourcePoint

Willow Brook CEO Larry Harris was SourcePoint's Guest of Honor at the not-for-profit senior service organization's 25th Anniversary celebration in October.

He was recognized as a longtime supporter and former president of the SourcePoint Board of Directors and for his contributions to senior services in Delaware County and beyond.

"Larry has been not only a respected leader in Delaware County for senior services, but also for state and national senior living associations," said SourcePoint's founding executive director Robert Horrocks.

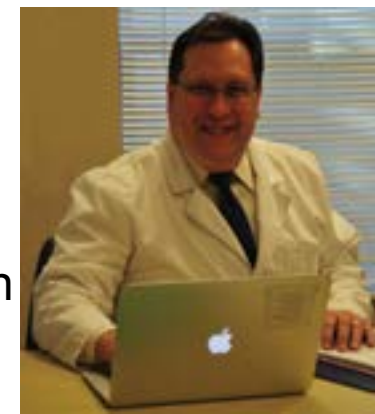
"He has been a guest lecturer for various organizations and schools," said Horrocks, "including 32 years with The Ohio State University's Core of Knowledge program" that prepares professionals for licensure as nursing home administrators.

Proceeds from the event will support the Save Senior Services levy campaign.



Willow Brook CEO Larry Harris, left, accepting an introduction and accolades from SourcePoint Executive Director Robert Horrocks at the celebration.

## Physician Offices Coming to Delaware Run



Peter D. Hucek, M.D.

Residents of Delaware, Ohio, will have a new geriatric practice welcoming Medicare patients when Willow Brook at Delaware Run's new wing is completed in early 2018.

Dr. Peter Hucek, of Central Ohio Geriatrics, will open a practice for older adults in the new wing.

A graduate of OSU and the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine, Dr. Hucek previously had a private family practice in Powell. He has lived and raised his three daughters in Delaware since 1992, and spends his spare time renovating their historic home, built in 1876.



## Chappell Courtyard Dedicated

The Chappell Courtyard at Willow Brook Christian Home was dedicated in October in remembrance of Frank and Betty Chappell. They were eulogized in the last issue of *Reflections*.

Frank and Betty's three children and their granddaughters were there to hear the praises of CEO Larry Harris and to witness a gift in their memory by the Ghanan congregation at the Northland Church of Christ in Columbus.

# Tribute Gifts Memorial Contributions

September 30 - November 27, 2017

**Richard C. Atkinson**

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The donors listed on this page have made contributions in honor or memory of someone dear to them. Should you wish to participate in the memorial program, just note on your check or in the comment section on Paypal at our website, whom you are honoring or remembering.

Please enclose the name and address of the persons you wish to receive notification of your gift.

**Martha Reed**

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**Catherine N. "Kay" Schlichting**

Jean & James Schlichting

This issue of *Reflections* is in memory of John Bill, who was a resident of Willow Brook Christian Village.



**Lois K. Smith**

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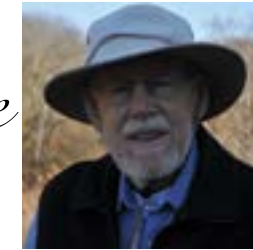
Diana & Raymond Boock

**Helen J. Reppart**

Carol & Larry Humes

## Billie's Christmas Eve

by Tom MacLaughlin  
resident of Willow Brook  
at Delaware Run



"Mom?"

"What is it, Billie"? Mary was frustrated; knew very well what he was going to ask. But she had to suppress her annoyance.

"How come Dad's not home yet? I'm afraid Santa will come while we're still hanging up our stockings. He won't like that."

In spite of herself, she had to smile at the thought of Santa waiting, twiddling his thumbs while they were still fussing with the stockings.

"Dad has to work late *again*, Billie. We'll just have to wait."

"Yeah," Billie muttered. He walked into the living room, gazed out the window. After a pause he said, "I'm gonna go for a bike ride."

"It's getting dark, Billie."

"Mom, I'm eight years old. My bike has lights. If it gets too dark I'll ride on the sidewalks."

Mary hesitated, then said, "Well, okay—but *be careful!*"

Billie got his bike from the garage. I'm sure Dad's not working late, he thought. I think I know where he is, and that's where I'm going.

He rode the short distance into town, pulled up outside Ben's Sports Bar, and locked his bike to the lightpost. Nervously, he entered the bar. There were six tables with men seated around them. The men turned and stared at Billie. He slowly took a few steps toward them, spotted his father at a table near the back of the room, and cautiously made his way between the tables to where his father was sitting.

Someone called out, "Hey, Frank! Looks like the ole lady is checkin' up on ya!" A few of the men chuckled.

Ben, standing behind the bar, shouted in his gruff voice, "Hey, knock it off! Let the boy talk with his father!"

Billie mustered his courage and stammered, "—Dad, it's—it's Christmas Eve, and—and we need to go home and—hang up—our stockings. Mom's waiting for you—to come home so that we can have Christmas."

The men at their tables became uncomfortable, and quietly focused on their half-filled glasses.

Ben broke the silence in the room. "You know, probably all of us—including me—need to be at home with our families on Christmas Eve."

One of the younger men said, "I told my girlfriend I would be with her on Christmas Eve—She's probably

wondering where I am."

Another man said, "I'm here because my wife and I had an argument yesterday, and I feel uncomfortable about going home; but staying away is not gonna make it easier. And it's certainly not fair to our kids."

Others chimed in. Then, one by one, they stood, preparing to leave. They approached Ben at the bar to pay for their drinks, but he held up his hand and said, "No, no, fellas, it's on the house. I shouldn't have even opened up tonight. You need to go home and be with those you love and those who love you. I wish you all a very Merry Christmas!"

Frank said, "I don't even know why I keep coming here – I guess it's just become a habit. You all can see what a great kid I got! Billie, we're gonna go home now and we'll have a great Christmas—I promise!"

"That's great, Dad! How about leaving the car here overnight, and you can walk and I'll ride my bike along with you—it's not far."

By now it was very dark and Mary was very concerned. "Why is Billie still out there on his bike? He should have been—"

Just then the door flew open and Billie *and Frank!* rushed into the living room.

Billie shouted, "Hey! We gotta hurry up and get the stockings hung up before—"

At that moment the sound of sleigh bells and the pawing of reindeer hooves on the roof could be heard and—well, you can finish the story.





## Christmas Eve Visitor

My major surgery was on December 21 last year, and on December 24, I was ready to move back to Cherith.

I must admit I was pretty tired out after settling into my room. A little bit before midnight I was awake and suddenly I heard a sweet voice singing *Silent Night*.

Phyllis Vesey

It was a beautiful start to Christmas Day.

The next day I questioned my neighbors, and no one confessed to being the singer!

I will always remember the mysterious carol singer at Cherith.

*Phyllis, an apartment resident at Willow Brook Christian Village, sent the above note to CEO Larry Harris after the extraordinary Christmas Eve she experienced last year in the Cherith Care Center.*

### From the editor:

## A few Words of Thanks

The creation of *Reflections* has been a joint endeavor between CEO Larry Harris and me for more than a decade. Over the years we have transitioned its appearance and content to become a showplace for the talent that abounds in Willow Brook residents and staff. We hope it has given you a sense of the creativity and connectedness of the people who live here and of the quality of life we together enjoy.

It is with a pang of sadness and appreciation that I say farewell to friends, colleagues, and to the wonderful organization Larry has shaped with his vision, heart and hands.

I want to thank the residents of Willow Brook for demonstrating every day that a fulfilling retirement is within reach. They have become the models for the next stage of my own life. My biggest hope is that I can follow the talented, creative, intelligent, determined and companionable example they have set.

And I want to thank you, dear readers, for your continued interest in and support of the mission of Willow Brook Christian Communities. The quality of care and the quality of life provided here are worthy of your respect.

My best to you all,

*Teri*  
Teri Ryan Howard, Editor



## WILLOW BROOK CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES

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55 Lazelle Road  
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- Rehabilitation
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### Willow Brook Christian Communities

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Teri Ryan, Editor,  
Director of Community Relations

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## The Stars of Christmas

by Joy Lackey  
caregiver at Delaware Run



O lonely night so dark and cold  
The stars look down and tremble  
For on this night in history  
A girl carries Heaven's Temple

From Rome's Empire came a decree  
On a dangerous journey she must  
Travel to fulfill a prophecy  
Pregnant with promise and stardust

Beneath the moon in a sapphire sky  
To the town of Bethlehem  
Came a virgin girl and her betrothed  
Only a stable to shelter them

And there among the dirt and straw  
Was born the Son of God  
The glory of eternity  
Lay on the cold hard sod

Nearby in grassy fields of green  
Dotted with wooly white  
Shepherds hear a host of angels  
Speak of the coming Light

Then discovered in the mystic East  
For it was written on a star  
Three wise men come bearing gifts  
To pay homage from afar

Awake, night sky! Awake and see  
For there beneath your starry eye  
The long awaited prophecy  
A virgin sings a lullaby

Look down upon a feeding trough  
And marvel at the sight  
For the One who gave the stars their names  
Has come to make things right

Rejoice, O Earth! And you Starry Hosts!  
For your King was born today  
The Word of God in flesh appeared  
On the very first Christmas Day

*Manderson*



Kidney  
Recipient

Kidney  
Donor

*Nurse Jenn Baker, RN, (right) donated a kidney to her boss, Director of Nursing at Willow Brook Christian Village, Lori Lewis.*

## Trading Kidneys

The Director of Nursing at Willow Brook Christian Village, Lori Lewis, RN, had been keeping a secret from all but her closest friends: she was struggling with a kidney disease that was worsening and threatening her life. Doctors finally told her that a kidney transplant was her only hope for survival.

When word got out that Lori needed a kidney donor, one of her nurses at The Village, Jenn Baker, was among those who volunteered. Unfortunately, Jenn was not a match.

BUT! While she was not a match for Lori, she just happened to be the perfect match for another woman waiting for a kidney, Barbara Craycraft. Not only that, Craycraft's husband, Matt, was a perfect match for Lori!

The surgical staff, hospital, Lori, Jenn, and the Craycrafts were able to make it work. Jenn donated her kidney to Barbara and Matt donated his to Lori. You can just imagine the round robin in the surgical suites of the Ohio State University Hospital.

The news went out that Jen would be taking some of her recovery time without pay, and the response was immediate. By the end of the day her colleagues had donated so much of their own vacation time to her that the flow of donations had to be halted.

Now *that's* a real transplant team!

# Reflections

Willow Brook Christian Communities  
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*Stare at the moon! It's a wonder,  
a reflection of mystery . . .  
extending awe and love to all.*

*by Susan Hendrickson  
Willow Brook Christian Village*

*A Winter Moon above Delaware Run  
taken by Janet Schwab  
from the deck of her home at Delaware Run*