



Waller Funeral Home
"An Oxford Tradition"

SEASONS

Don and Patsy Waller, Owners
 Robert T. (Bob) Rosson, Jr., CFSP, Manager
 Beth Waller Rosson, Manager

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Location: 419 Highway 6 West, Oxford, Mississippi
 Mailing Address: P. O. Box 1200, Oxford, MS 38655
 Telephone: 662-234-7971

Fax: 662-234-3090
 E-mail: staff@wallerfuneralhome.com
 Website: www.wallerfuneralhome.com

GRATITUDE

Some of the first words we teach our children are "Thank you," and we continue to encourage them to acknowledge the kindnesses of others. As adults, we sometimes overlook or put off expressing our gratitude. Yet, expressed poetically (Thomas Gray):

*Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but
 sweeter yet*

The still small voice of gratitude.

Many people bless our lives. We need each other. Thanking one who has been helpful or generous usually takes little effort but may be very satisfying to our benefactor.

Important too is that we thank God for His goodness and grace. Too often we are more concerned with requests. I am reminded of the ten lepers who Jesus healed. Only one returned to thank Him. The other nine went their way rejoicing. Jesus knew He had healed ten and inquired about the other nine. He knows when He has blessed us. Does He ponder why we do not thank Him?

As we grow older, we seem to need more and more help. An understanding spouse or home companion eases the stress of everyday living. Also, while once our lives were caught up in the day-to-day care of our children, our roles now are often reversed. How grateful we are for the love and help of those near and dear to us. May we never take them for granted and fail to express our appreciation.

This community of people have made it possible for us to make our

SALLY KATE WALKER JOINS STAFF



Sally Kate Rosson Walker joined the Waller Funeral Home staff in July 2006. The daughter of Beth and Bob Rosson, Sally Kate grew up learning about funeral service, and she is now a full-time member of the staff with responsibility for insurance functions and for assistance with funeral arrangements and services.

She is serving a two-year apprenticeship with the Mississippi State Board of Funeral Service to become a licensed Funeral Director.

Sally Kate graduated from Oxford High School, attended the University of Alabama for one year, and received a degree in Family and Consumer Sciences in Hospitality Management from the University of Mississippi in December 2005. She has previous work experience in sales with Merchants Food Service.

Sally Kate married Jonathan Walker on April 22, 2006. Jonathan is employed with Medical Support, Inc. Outside work, Sally Kate and Jonathan are busy watching and making decisions involved in building a house.

We are pleased to have Sally Kate join us as a member of the third generation of the family to be involved in the operation of Waller Funeral Home!

living in a service industry, and for this we are deeply grateful. We praise God that we have been able to provide for ourselves through service for others and Don's devoted work on the land with which we are blessed. I am thankful for our physical comforts including warm clothes, good food, and a comfortable house. I am aware that many people lack these necessities.

This past May, at the recommendation of my psychiatrist, I went into the hospital for adjustment of the medica-

tions prescribed for me mainly for the depression brought on by the incessant ear noises (tinnitus) that I have coped with for more than 45 years. With excellent professional help, the complete and unfailing support of my family, and the prayers and kindnesses of many Christian friends, my condition is greatly improved. My gratitude is boundless! At the hospital I saw others with health issues far worse than mine.

I am learning to be grateful for contentment. By staying busy, I am not

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GRATITUDE

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conscious of the loss of activities I once enjoyed but which my health now does not permit. After an active life, with God's help I am satisfied in my world. I am learning to relax and enjoy my life as it is. I am reading books I have had for many years. With the computer savvy of Randy Crowe, I have also secured some long-out-of-print books like ones I once owned but cannot locate. One of these is Catherine Marshall's *Adventures in Prayer*, which seems more meaningful now that it did 35 years ago. God is revealing much to me. I am being directed into God's word in a deeper more satisfying way. He is giving me insight through new and forgotten truths for living.

God answers many of my prayers, and I thank Him. I am also learning to thank Him for unanswered prayers. Perhaps one of the most difficult prayers is what Catherine Marshall in *Adventures in Prayer* calls "The Waiting Prayer." In His greatness, He knows my needs far better than I do. Over and over in the scripture we are told to "wait on the Lord." One of my favorite scriptures for many years has been Isaiah 40:31: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint." I am also trying to master the Prayer of Relinquishment, also described by Catherine Marshall in *Adventures in Prayer*.

My life is so good. I try but I cannot express fully my gratitude for family, friends, home, country, and most of all for God's love. I thank God that He loved me so much He sent His son Jesus and that through Jesus I am assured of a life in heaven when I die. I have read and I agree, we should pity the atheist--when he is grateful he has no one to thank. I am eternally grateful to my God.

And I thank all of you--family, friends, acquaintances, doctors, counselors, ministers, and all others who have blessed my life.

Sincerely,
Patsy

DELL CAIN ROSS

Almost a year has passed since the death of my dear friend Dell Ross on February 18, 2006, just days before her 80th birthday on February 26. I will always cherish our loving friendship of 49 years. I admired her, I think often of her, and I now feel able and moved to write about her.

I remember countless greeting cards Don and I received from Dell through the years. Working at Jennie's Hallmark, she had the opportunity and always took the time to select just the right card. She and Don had a running joke of "Old Woman"/"Old Man," and comical cards on his birthdays always stressed this theme. Dell's remembrances were not limited to birthdays but included Christmases, Thanksgivings, Valentine Days, and others. As special days neared, I looked forward to the mail until I had received her special card. And I could always expect a thank-you card for even the smallest favor.

Dell was always interested in whatever I was doing, and she was quick to praise my efforts. At times I confided in Dell, knowing that she would never betray a confidence.

As I go through our house, I see reminders of Dell including two Valentine Beanie Babies, sitting in a rarely used chair in our bedroom, which are now a special attraction for great-grandson, two-year-old Waller. In attempting recently to clean out a huge accumulation of keepsakes, I have enjoyed again many cards sent by Dell through the years.

Dell filled many roles with intense devotion. She was devoted to her husband Orman and took care of him faithfully during his long illness before his death in 1997 at age 73. She was a truly good mother to her children Bonnie, Carla, and Jimmy, who responded by becoming loving and thoughtful of her. Through the years they sent her thoughtful gifts--like on her wintertime birthday bouquets of fresh spring flowers which she enjoyed sharing at the Hallmark shop. As Orman's health declined and later Dell's also, the

need for help increased and Jimmy, the only child nearby, was faithful to go by to check on them and to be available at Dell's call.

Dell wanted to work as long as she was able, and she did--both at Hallmark and in her church. She held a number of leadership positions in her church through the years. These were largely in the background, tedious support places. She was a supportive, behind-the-scenes person, never seeking to be out front. She was church clerk for many years, and in recent years she worked on the Historical Committee. She was diligent in keeping newspaper articles, pictures, and other items for church scrapbooks through the years. Perhaps one of her most difficult positions was Literature Librarian, and she promptly and accurately did the detailed work required.

Dell was careful with her appearance which was always appropriate and in keeping with her personality. Her complexion was beautiful, defying her age. I knew she liked a certain make-up; when I teased her about her insisting on that brand, she just gave me one of her quiet smiles. She smiled often and laughed not loudly, but happily.

Dell quietly bore the grief of the loss of her dearly loved husband and younger sister and brother. The anniversaries of their birthdays and deaths were not forgotten.

Dell's voice grew weak as her health declined. I could not talk with her by telephone and I often depended on others for news of her condition. For our last visits I knelt by her chair to visit with her. I said to her that talking seemed to tire her and seemed difficult for both of us. She responded, "If you would come and just sit, I could look at you."

In her quiet, unassuming way, Dell had many qualities I would do well to emulate. Now that she is gone, I often ask Don to drive me by her house and I remember my friend. Reminiscing at those times and by this writing helps me in my grief.

— Patsy Waller

VISITORS

We had visitors last week—lots of them. Some I had known for a long time—others were strangers. I need to tell you about them.

Love and Gentleness stepped through my parents door with new faces. Hospice workers were their official titles, but they were about tenderness, love, and compassion. We were in great need of all of those mercies. We had brought Daddy home to pack his spiritual bags for heaven. How comfortable they made his last earthly days—soft bed, warm-massaging baths, tender care and encouraging words.

Love came in familiar faces too. Old friends made uplifting phone calls, brought warm bread, ready-to-eat meals, frozen meals, fresh vegetables, cakes, pies, flowers and hugs. Love showed up in a grand scale.

Pain was an unwanted visitor. He muscled his way through the door and hurled daggers into our hearts. His attacks were relentless as we sat by Daddy's bed—all of us knowing the inevitable. We drove Daddy's pain away with the morphine drops, and they soothed his restlessness. I toyed with the idea of relieving my own pain with those drops, but Grace always arrived at our greatest time of need. She refocused our gaze heavenward to our real home and our wonderful Savior. Pain always ran when Grace entered the room. She also chased away Fear, Dread, Worry, and Sorrow. They were no match for her strength. I learned volumes from experiencing Grace in such a dark valley. His grace **really** is sufficient.

Mercy filled Daddy's room and made his last days bearable for us. They could have gone on much longer, but Mercy intervened. Mercy allowed Daddy to leave earth at high noon. I had prayed that we wouldn't have to experience Daddy's departure in the midnight hours. Instead, the sun filtered through the windows and warmed Death's touch.

Yes, Death. He boasted in being the final visitor. For months I had cried out to God to hold him off—to keep him far away, but he got closer and closer. In fact, during the last hours of Daddy's earthly life, I welcomed Death in the room. I could hardly believe I was doing it. But life had become Daddy's prison, and disease was mortally wounding him. So I

agreed to let Death take my daddy. Who would have thought that Death would become our friend?

Peace was the visitor I didn't expect—especially following Death—but Peace came, causing us to praise God and worship our Lord—to revel in Jesus, our Savior. Peace bathed us in hope and caused us to rejoice in the life our Daddy had lived before us.

It's been a week filled with guests and visitors I'll never forget. They've taught me things I could only learn by experience. Now a harder test comes—to bring honor to Christ like my daddy did without Daddy's living example before me. But God has made a way for that too—not through visitors or guests that come and go—but through the indwelling Christ who abides within me—the same One who promised no leaving or forsaking.

-Camille Busby Anding

[We thank Camille for letting us reprint this beautifully expressed account of the death of her father, J W. Busby. It is a wonderful tribute to her father and to her faith and is an outstanding example of her writing skill.]

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Martin Luther wrote in his book, *Table Talk*: "The greater God's gifts and works, the less they are regarded." We tend to exhibit a degree of thanksgiving in reverse proportion to the amount of blessings we've received. A hungry man is more thankful for his morsel than a rich man for his heavily-laden table. A lonely woman in a nursing home will appreciate a visit more than a popular woman with a party thrown in her honor.

If the birds only burst into song once a year, we'd pay close attention. But because they're there every night, we barely give them a look. Ralph Waldo Emerson observed that if the constellations appeared only once in a thousand years, imagine what an exciting event it would be. But because they're there every night, we barely give them a look.

One of the evidences of the Holy Spirit's work in our lives is a gradual reversal of that twisted pattern. God wants to make us people who exhibit a thankfulness in proper proportion to the gifts and blessings we've received.

-Robert J. Morgan

Then Sings My Soul

THE PEACE OF THE SEA

There is what is called the "cushion of the sea." Down beneath the surface that is agitated by storms and driven about with winds, there is a part of the sea that is never stirred. When we dredge the bottom and bring up the remains of animal and vegetable life, we find that they give evidence of not having been disturbed in the least for hundreds and thousands of years. The peace of God is that eternal calm which, like the cushion of the sea, lies far too deep down to be reached by any external trouble and disturbance; and he who enters into the presence of God becomes partaker of that undisturbed and undisturbable calm.

-Dr. A. T. Pierson

Streams in the Desert

A NOTE FROM PATSY WALLER

When Don and I started Waller Funeral Home in 1977, we dedicated the business to the compassionate service of the people of this area during their times of bereavement. Our motto became "Our family serving your family."

To express our compassion, I began writing letters and sending appropriate grief helps to families we had served. I opened my heart to offer understanding and encouragement sometimes to old friends, sometimes to acquaintances, and sometimes to strangers. While I am sure all of my letters were not helpful, numerous positive responses encouraged me to continue.

When I was forced by my health to leave the day-to-day operation of the funeral home in 1988, I felt strongly that I wanted to continue this correspondence and I have.

Through the years, I have struggled more and more to continue my letter writing. Not only has my penmanship worsened, but also with the persistent ear noises I have a harder and harder time finding the words to convey my thoughts effectively. Reluctantly, I realize I must discontinue my letter writing.

My thoughts and prayers will continue to be with each family served by Waller Funeral Home.

- Patsy Waller

Life is not lost in dying; Life is lost Minute by minute, day by dragging day, In all the thousand small uncaring ways.

-Stephen Vincent Benet

(Untitled)

Where showers fall most, there the grass is greenest. I suppose the fogs and mists of Ireland make it "the Emerald Isle"; and whenever you find great fogs of trouble, and mists of sorrow, you always find emerald green hearts; full of the beautiful verdure of the comfort and love of God. O Christian, do not thou be saying, "Where are the swallows gone? They are gone; they are dead." They are not dead; they have skimmed the purple sea, and gone to a far-off land; but they will be back again by and by. Child of God, say not the flowers are dead; say not the winter has killed them, and they are gone. Ah, no! though winter hath coated them with the ermine of its snow; they will put up their heads again, and will be alive very soon. Say not, child of God, that the sun is quenched, because the cloud hath hidden it. Ah, no; he is behind there, brewing summer for thee; for when he cometh out again, he will have made the clouds fit to drop in April showers, all of them mothers of the sweet May flowers. And oh! above all, when thy God hides His face, say not that He hath forgotten thee. He is but tarrying a little while to make thee love Him better; and when He cometh, thou shalt have joy in the Lord, and shalt rejoice with joy unspeakable. Waiting exercises our grace; waiting tries our faith; therefore, wait on in hope; for though the promise tarry, it can never come too late.

-C. H. Spurgeon
Streams in the Desert
October 9, 2006

THE ALABASTER BOX—Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and friendship sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind thing you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go.

-George W. Childs

In Memoriam

We dedicate this issue of *Seasons* to those who died and whose families we served from November 9, 2006, through February 9, 2007.

- Mr. King Hayes Callicutt November 9, 2006
- Mrs. Pansy Mitchell Roberson November 11, 2006
- Ms. Dartha Keel Kelly November 12, 2006
- Mrs. Suzanne Antoinette Falkner November 14, 2006
- Mr. Winfred Sutton Cook, Jr. November 19, 2006
- Mrs. Emma Betts Smith November 21, 2006
- Mr. Robert Allen Taylor November 22, 2006
- Mr. Kenneth William Alford November 23, 2006
- Mr. Claudie L. Gray November 27, 2006
- Mrs. Myra Lee Oliver November 29, 2006
- Mr. Edgar John "Edd" Kelley November 30, 2006
- Mrs. Ressie Mills Gray December 2, 2006
- Mr. William "Bill" Reynolds December 2, 2006
- Mr. Thomas Jefferson Brown December 2, 2006
- Mrs. Willie Hume Bryant December 6, 2006
- Mrs. Helene Richards Elam December 11, 2006
- Mrs. Mary Laverne Parks December 12, 2006
- Mr. Charles M. Henegar December 14, 2006
- Elder Max Douglas Ewing December 14, 2006
- Mrs. Susie Lorene Tidwell December 16, 2006
- Mr. James Hart Malarcher, Sr. December 20, 2006
- Mrs. Sue Cobb Shepherd December 21, 2006
- Mrs. Mildred Louise Hooper December 24, 2006
- Mrs. Esther Mills Varner December 29, 2006
- Mrs. Barbara Cook McGregor January 1, 2007
- Mrs. Zennie Mae Black January 1, 2007
- Mrs. Mildred "Sue" Smith January 2, 2007
- Miss Magalene Ratliff January 6, 2007
- Mr. John Lee King, Sr. January 6, 2007
- Mrs. Marjorie Jane Roy January 8, 2007
- Mrs. Emily Taylor Inmon January 8, 2007
- Mrs. Wanda "Nell" Wilburn January 12, 2007
- Mr. John Allen Davis January 12, 2007
- Mr. Henry A. "Gus" Billingsley January 29, 2007
- Mrs. Sandra A. Keel January 31, 2007
- Mr. Paul R. Webb, Sr. February 6, 2007
- Mrs. Janie Sockwell Bray February 8, 2007
- Mrs. Lucille Starnes Daniels February 9, 2007
- Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lowstuter February 9, 2007

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Phone: 662-234-7971

Oxford, Mississippi 38655

P. O. Box 1200

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