

Magnolias of Gaffney
101 Park Court
Gaffney, S.C. 29341



April
2020



Shelly Smith
Executive
Director

Becky Workman
DORC

Maranda Butler
Director of
Dietary

Steve Coggins
Director of
Maintenance

Katie Cooper
Director of
Administration

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Director of
Activities

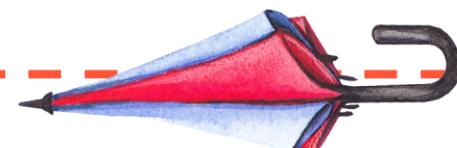
Cody Thomas
Director of
Sales and
Marketing



Welcome

Bob and Myree Corbett

Audrey Lankford	April 2 nd
Virginia Sprouse	April 3rd
Elizabeth Hammett	April 9th
James Humphries	April 8 th
Jazella Mann	April 19 th
E.W. Sprouse	April 20th
Bobby Ruppe	April 21 st



Magnolias of Gaffney

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The Legend of Easter Lily

Loveliest flower was I to see,
In the garden of Gethsemane.
My head erect, my pure white face
Such a delight for all to embrace.
For all who entered the garden gate,
I'd boldly lift my head and wait
'Til they gazed upon my beauty fair.
All who came would see me there.
On the night before he was crucified,
Jesus entered. He passed me by.
He wept and prayed in silence there.
All my friends bowed their heads in prayer.
In pity and sorrow they gathered round,
Except for me. I could not be found.
I would not join in. I was much too proud.
Bow my lovely head? No, I would not allow!
News spread quickly, the very next day.
All 'round the garden, I heard everyone say
Jesus was going to be crucified.
Oh, I wanted to run. I wanted to hide!
I'd been much too vain to hang my head low,
That first Good Friday; long, long, ago.
I would not join the others who prayed with our King.
Now, how can I bear such a sorrowful thing?
No longer will I proudly face the sun.
My head will hang lowly, ashamed of what I've done.
My blossom forever will down turned be,
In honor of Jesus; at Gethsemane.

Butterfly

One day while walking through the woods,
A man found a cocoon. He decided to take
The cocoon home to watch its transformation
Into a beautiful butterfly. He gently placed it on
His table and watched it for several days.

One day a small opening appeared and the cocoon
Started to move. The old man sat and watched
It for several hours as it struggled and struggled
To force its body from the cocoon.

Then it seemed to stop making any progress.
It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it
Could and was unable to go any further.
Finally, the old man, feeling sorry for the cocooned
butterfly, decided to help the butterfly. He took
A pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining
bit of the cocoon. The butterfly then easily emerged.

But it had a swollen body and small, shriveled wings.
The man continued to watch the butterfly because he
expected that, at any moment, the wings would enlarge
and expand to be able to support the body, which would
Contract in time. Neither happened! In fact, the butterfly
Spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body
and shriveled wings. It never was able to fly.

What the man in his kindness and haste did not understand
Was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required
For the butterfly to get through the tiny opening, were
God's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly
into its wings, so that it would be ready for flight once
It achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our life.
If God allowed us to go through our life without any obstacles,
It would only cripple us. We would not be as strong as what
we could have been. And we could never fly.
-Author Unknown-

