

OUTING TO BRUCKBERG 2015:

DEAR FRIENDS,

REVIEWING THE YEAR 2015 ONE OF MOST EXCITING AND ENJOYABLE OUTINGS FOR ME, AS THE MANAGING DIRECTOR FROM MY COMPANY, WAS THE OUTING TO BRUCKBERG / BAVARIA. INTO THE RESIDENTIAL HOME FROM MY FRIENDS, KNOWING SINCE OVER 30 YEARS.

EVERY YEAR THERE IS A DAY IN JULY, FORMER CALLED AS THE "DAY OF JOY", LAST TIMES CALLED "DAY OF MEETING ENCOUNTER".

AND THIS YEAR, A REALLY GREAT DAY HAPPENED US AND I: EARLY IN THE MORNING, TRAVELLING IN A WONDERFUL DAY, SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHT, WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY, LIKE SONG FROM LOUISE ARMSTRONG CELEBRATED HIS UNFORGETTABLE SONG "WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD",

WE CELEBRATED A WORSHIP, HAD TALKINGS AND COULD HEART FRIENDS AND WELLKNOWN GUYS AND DOLLS.

SEE PICTURES BELOW:



FROM THE LEFT:
ULRIKE, ROSALYN, MARGARETE, FRANZ, ME;

HAVING A BREAK IN THE LATE AFTERNOON:



ROSALYN AND ULRIKE;

LIVE MUSIC, COMMON SINGING, HAVING LUNCH, COFFEE AND PIES, A WORSHIP IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, THANKING OUR GOD COULD REALLY LIVE THIS DAY WITH ALL OUR MIGHT, AND A BLESS FOR TRAVELLING HOME FINISHED THE VISIT.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, DEAR HELPERS FROM ORGANISATION, PASTORS, MEMBERS OF BOARDS AND MUSIC BANDS, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST DEAR LADIES AND GENTS, WHO ARE LIVING IN THE RESIDENCE, COOKS AND SERVERS FROM THE KITCHEN DID REALLY GREAT JOBS.

ALSO DOING GREAT JOBS IN THE STABLES WITH THE HORSES FOR THERAPEUTIC RIDING, LIKE THE HORSEMAN FRANZ, ONE OF MOST ENGAGED GENTLEMEN, EVERY DAY.

.... ALL CELEBRATED WITH A LOT OF LOVE TO FRIENDS, TO OUR EARTH AND TO OUR ALLMIGHTY GOD AT EVER TIME.

ATTACHED TO THIS NEWSLETTER:
THE ODE FROM HERMANN HESSE, NAMED

Steps

As every blossom fades,
and all youth sinks into old age,
so every life's design, each flower of wisdom,
attains it's prime and cannot last for ever.
The heart must submit itself courageously
To life's call without a hint of grief,

A magic dwells in each beginning,
Protecting us, telling us how to live.
High purposed we shall traverse realm on realm,
Cleaving to none as to a home,
The world of spirit wishes not to fetter us
But raise us higher, step by step.
Scarce in some safe accustomed sphere of life
Have we establish a house, then we grow lax,
Only he who is ready to journey forth
Can throw old habits off.

May be death's hour too will send us out new-born
Towards undreamed-lands,
May be life's call to us will never find an end

Courage my heart, take leave and fare thee well.

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C/O
DAS BAUMANAGEMENT
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