

Speech for Boehm's Chapel Heritage Celebration  
Willow Street, Lancaster Co., PA  
James A. Galloway  
June 26, 2005

### **Girl on a Pink Bicycle and the Power of Prayer!**

Good afternoon members of Boehm's Chapel Society, Boehm cousins and friends.

It was during the month of April, in the year 2000, and the dandelions were blooming profusely between the cobblestones in the alley. Dorothy and I were visiting our daughter, who lives in an historic district where the stones have been left uncovered purposely to retain the character of the 1800s era.

Not long after arriving, our daughter said, "Pa, could you please dig some of those dandelions in the alley along the side of the house? They look terrible!" So, I went to the garage and found the grasshopper, which I carried into the alley.

Now the grasshopper is a vinyl stool with four wheels, and under the seat is a storage area for garden gloves and tools.

So, now I'm on the grasshopper, in the alley, intent on my job when a pretty little girl came bouncing over the cobblestones on a pink bicycle, still with training wheels. She appeared to be about 4 ½ years old. She rode within six feet of me; then stopped, and said not a word, but studied me all the while. Finally she spoke: "Mister, you got white hair! I never saw anybody with white hair before. You must be old! I mean you're really old!" And so, with these observations her head began to bob up and down to emphasize her next statements. "I think you're gonna die soon!"

Well now, I was so unnerved that I got off the grasshopper and stowed it, then went into the house and lay on the couch. Our daughter came into the room and said to me, "Pa, are you finished?" I answered, "Yes, I may very well be. Perhaps you should check on me before you set a place for me at the supper table."

Now, we turn the calendar back four months, to the first week of January 2000. Dorothy has already been diagnosed by the Mayo clinic as having cerebral atrophy, but we're off for a second opinion with a local neurologist. He claimed that Dorothy had a maximum of fourteen months left in her life, but that she could expire at any time.

Now my friends, Dorothy lived for over three years, and I'm obviously here in person today. So, what did the learned doctor and the girl on the pink bicycle have in common concerning their failed predictions? Neither factored in the power of prayer that extended our lives. So, thank you, you here today who prayed for us, and thanks to three other prayer circles that did the same, adding credence to our cause. The power of prayer paid off. The proof is reflected in the results!

Next, I will read the eulogy that I wrote and delivered at Dorothy's funeral on August 7, 2004. I wrote this memorial in a manner that our great-grandchildren could relate to. I am reading the eulogy today so that you folks here today may know Dorothy as I knew her.

After this reading, I will present a check to our President, Marvin Adams, as a memorial to Dorothy W. Galloway. This check is to be used to shorten the time when we will be able to construct a satellite building near the chapel to house rest rooms, office, and an archival room.

Also, I'm setting an example here to my Boehm, Beam, and Beahm cousins that they may remember Boehm's chapel by giving memorials to honor their loved ones. We lived on this chapel land for over one hundred years. It must be preserved and improved to stay viable!

### **A Eulogy for Dorothy W. Galloway (A.K.A. Wonder Woman)**

Delivered at her graveside funeral, Saturday, August 7, 2004, at 10:00 A.M., at the Germantown (Ohio) Cemetery.

This eulogy was addressed to our great-granddaughters, Brianna and Haylie Garman, whose 8<sup>h</sup> great-grandfather was Rev. Martin Boehm.

I met Dorothy in kindergarten. She was a platinum blonde, and so beautiful, she took my breath away. I almost failed the course because I couldn't keep my mind on the coloring and pasting. Dorothy didn't dress in a phone booth, or fly through the air, but she was a Wonder Woman among mortals.

Dorothy graduated summa-cum-laude from high school even though she worked after school and weekends at her father's drug store. She did the books, mailed out the monthly statements, took inventory, replaced stock, jerked sodas, and clerked. Wonder Woman!

Business college was hardly a challenge for Wonder Woman, for she finished by helping to teach the course.

During her working career, Dorothy was employed by an industrial company as a secretary to a vice-president. She never missed a day in twenty-seven years. After Dorothy had been retired for two years, we visited her former boss and learned from him that he had hired three secretaries to replace her. Wonder Woman!

When we retired, we wanted to travel full time, which meant that our house, furniture, and one car must be sold. People asked Dorothy, "How can you give up your beautiful home?" Dorothy replied, "I don't care about the house, but I cried when the yellow convertible was sold!" Wonder Woman!

During the twenty years that followed retirement, we traveled all over North America from the Artic Circle to Key West, Florida during the summer and were beach bums in Florida during winters.

Twice we climbed Pikes Peak and Mt. Washington. We white-water rafted in Alaska and Colorado and shot the rapids on the Snake River in Idaho, and rode the tidal bore at Moncton, N. B. We canoed, swam, tubed, and hiked whenever the opportunity presented itself.

We found time to dance at the Doral and the Fontainebleau Hotels in Miami Beach and the Marco Island Hotel. We visited past U.S. President's homes and service schools and battlefields, churches and universities. In her spare time, Dorothy worked on the Boehm-Beahm-Beam genealogy. Wonder Woman!

Dorothy abhorred television and viewing sporting events - if they wouldn't let her play, she didn't attend. Wonder Woman!

The biggest challenge for Dorothy was to be able to put up with me and my antics during 60 years of marriage. When we married, my mother-in-law said that I would never grow up, so our marriage wouldn't last six months. So you know it took a special kind of woman to hang-in-there. A woman like Wonder Woman!

This testimonial was given by James A. Galloway whose fifth great-grandfather was Rev. Martin Boehm.