

"Tips and Tales"

June, 2011

An Irregularly Published Independent Screech Produced by and for the Residents of Sunnyside for Sharing News and Information About and of Interest to them

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Material for this publication is produced by the residents of Sunnyside's Campus. Everyone is invited to contribute material for consideration for publication. Please send your suggestions, notes, and letters to either of the above residents or to any of the Volunteer Staff (see last page).

THINGS TO DO IN SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

1930'S THRU 60'S Musical Entertainment at Big Meadows Lodge: Sundays: June 12 and 19, July 3,10, 17, 24 and 31; August 7, 14, 21, 28, September 4, 11, 18,25 4-6 PM in the New Market Taproom at Big Meadows Lodge. FREE

The Nature-Friendly Garden: Naturalist Marlene A. Condon, whose yard has been showcased on Virginia's PBS station, understands the value of coexisting with wildlife. In this 45-minute slide/narrative program, the author/photographer of the Nature-friendly Garden shares images of wildlife working in her yard to keep it--and the environment--functioning properly. Sundays: June 26, July 24, August 28, September 25, October 23 8 PM in the Big Meadows Lodge Great Room. FREE

>Pat Armstrong

MEN ARE JUST HAPPIER PEOPLE

NICKNAMES

- If Laura, Kate and Sarah go out for lunch, they will call each other Laura, Kate and Sarah.
- If Mike, Dave and John go out, they will affectionately refer to each other as Fat Boy, Butt Head and Limpy.

EATING OUT

- When the bill arrives, Mike, Dave and John will each throw in \$20, even though it's only for \$32.50. None of them will have anything smaller and none will actually admit they want change back.
- When the girls get their bill, out come the pocket calculators.

MONEY

- A man will pay \$2 for a \$1 item he needs.
- A woman will pay \$1 for a \$2 item that she doesn't need but it's on sale.

BATHROOMS

- A man has six items in his bathroom: toothbrush and toothpaste, shaving cream, razor, a bar of soap, and a towel .
- The average number of items in the typical woman's bathroom is 337. A man would not be able to identify more than 20 of these items.

ARGUMENTS

- A woman has the last word in any argument.
- Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.

FUTURE

- A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband.
- A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.

SUCCESS

- A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend.
- A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

MARRIAGE

- A woman marries a man expecting he will change, but he doesn't.
- A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, but she does.

DRESSING UP

- A woman will dress up to go shopping, water the plants, empty the trash, answer the phone, read a book, and get the mail.
- A man will dress up for weddings and funerals.

NATURAL

- Men wake up as good-looking as they went to bed.
- Women somehow deteriorate during the night.

OFFSPRING

- Ah, children. A woman knows all about her children. She knows about dentist appointments and romances, best friends, favorite foods, secret fears and hopes and dreams.
- A man is vaguely aware of some smaller people living in the house.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

A married man should forget his mistakes. There's no use in two people remembering the same thing!

>Whit Scully

MY LIFE AS A WRITER

I've written all my life; from 3rd grade when the teacher suggested we write a little story about the scene on the calendar at the front of the

room, to my first job when I was in charge of my agency's monthly newsletter, to the column I wrote for the society page in Albany, Georgia, reporting on the doings out at the Marine base. And my two more recent articles in *Good Old Days* magazine even let me count myself as a 'professional'. Well, in my own mind, at least. (Actually, does \$110 make one a professional? I sort'a doubt it.)

But my dream has always been bigger than that. Through the years I've written 'first chapters' of many novels. The murder mystery set against the backdrop of darkest Africa – when I'd just returned from a photographic safari in Kenya. The romance that took place in Bermuda after an idyllic 10 days spent on that beautiful island. The southern gothic written when I lived in Savannah, beneath the live oak trees dripping Spanish moss in that picture postcard town.

Trouble was, after Chapter One I was stymied. Now what? I didn't have a clue. Enter, a few years ago, the "other Gail" who told about an online course she was taking that answered all those questions and more. "When you finish this class you'll have a whole outline for your book. Really!"

She was right. I took that class and started writing. First chapter. Second chapter. Even a third. But then I needed more help. Back online for the 'advanced' class. I kept going. More chapters, more classes. I added them up the other day; eight on-line classes and at least two local in-the-classroom writing courses. I added them up dollar-wise also, and at about \$85 per class, it came out at roughly \$700. Oh, and add the cost of the "must haves" for your "Writers' Library". Conservatively, I'd say add another \$125. Spread over about six or seven years, not too bad, and I was having fun after all. And the lure of a Barnes and Noble display touting my book as #1 on the NYT best seller list kept the dream alive. (Well, if you're going to dream, go BIG, I always say.)

This past Christmas Eve, at long, very long, last, I typed "The End". Cause for celebration! I

danced around the house clapping and cheering and punching the air. Ate some chocolate. Felt great. Good for me. Author, author!

Then back to the internet for a class on getting published. (The price had gone up – to almost \$100. Add that to my already long list of writing expenses.) Six weeks later I was ready to go, with all the facts I needed to navigate my way to publication.

First I needed to meticulously format my manuscript so, the instructor had emphasized, that the publisher or agent would not take one look and throw it on their 'slush pile', whatever that is. If not done precisely they reject your hard work out of hand, she said. It took me five hours one Sunday to accomplish this task on my 200 plus pages. (I've since heard there is an easy way to do that, but I haven't learned how, yet.) (Oh, Lord. Another class?)

Then I worked on my cover letter and query, and most difficult of all, a synopsis of the book. These, of course, took different, and also very specific formats. Very specific.

Ready, set, go! With a copy of Writer's Market downloaded (\$40) onto my computer I pulled up the list of publishers that qualified for the parameters of my genre. One after another I checked them out. "Not accepting submissions at this time," several said. "No un-agented submissions accepted," several more advised. OK, then, let's check out agents. Hours later I found one that sounded like a real fit for my book. Off went my query and synopsis as directed, via email. Within one week I had a response. "No." Well, they used a few more words, but not many. I wasn't surprised. Maybe a tiny bit disappointed. But I was happy that I'd made my first attempt and had such a swift response.

Moving on.....you'd think it would be easy, wouldn't you? All the prep work done, the markets readily available on the internet. What's the hold up, Gail?

I need a secretary! Someone who knows how to format a manuscript and change it easily, when necessary. Do you know that if you copy off your first three, perfectly formatted chapters complete with headers, that the header doesn't print on the copy? That's the page numbers, an absolute must for any manuscript. I've tried everything I can think of, but haven't solved that conundrum yet. I can't email three chapters to a small publisher I found in Memphis that I know will snap up my novel without page numbers on the manuscript!

Well, nuts.

I've started to look into "self-publishing", but so far it seems as if they need perfect formatting, too. Let's face it, my dreams of book signings at Barnes and Noble are fading. And, frankly, I doubt my masterpiece will ever get picked up by publisher OR agent anyway. See that dream, swirling away, down the drain?

But, you know, it's been worth it. All the time, all the money, all those classes. I call it the "Adventure of my Old Age". But in the end I think I'm just going to have a few copies made up at Staples for loaning out to friends and family and let it go at that. And then, finally, I'll have time to get back to the part that's the most fun anyway. The writing. I'm thinking 'short stories', this time around. I hope there is a class for that.

>Gail Kiracofe

PLACES TO GO, THINGS TO DO

Keezletown Ruritan Club

1118 Indian Trail Road

Keezletown, Va 22832 (540) 269-8655

Have some fun and good food in the "country"

- Chicken BBQ: July 23, August 27, September 24
- Cruise In: June 24
- Lawn Party: June 25
- County Fair: August 15-August 20
- Community Yard Sale: September 24
- Tenderloin Dinner: October 15

A COMPETITIVE AND DELIGHTFUL NEW VIEW OF CREATION

In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth and populated the Earth with broccoli, cauliflower, spinach, green and yellow and red vegetables of all kinds so Man and Woman would live long and healthy lives.

Then using God's great gifts, Satan created Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream and Krispy Creme Donuts. And Satan said, "You want chocolate with that?" and Man said, "Yes!" And Woman said "as long as you're at it, add some sprinkles." And they gained 10 pounds and Satan smiled.

And God created the healthful yogurt that woman might keep the figure that Man found so fair. And Satan brought forth white flour from the wheat, and sugar from the cane and combined them. And Woman went from a size 6 to size 14.

So God said, "Try my fresh green salad." And Satan presented Thousand Island Dressing, buttery croutons and garlic toast on the side. And Man and Woman unfastened their belts following the repast.

God then said, "I have sent you heart healthy vegetables and olive oil in which to cook them." And Satan brought forth deep fried fish and chicken-fried steak so big it needed its own platter. And Man gained more weight and his cholesterol went through the roof. God then created a light, fluffy white cake and named it Angel Food Cake. Satan then created chocolate cake and named it Devil's Food.

God then brought forth running shoes so that His children might lose those extra pounds. And Satan gave cable TV with a remote control so Man would not have to toil changing the channels. And Man and Woman laughed and cried before the flickering light and gained pounds.

Then God brought forth the potato, naturally low in fat and brimming with nutrition. And Satan peeled off the healthful skin and sliced the starchy center into chips and deep fried them. And Man gained pounds.

God then gave lean beef so that Man might consume fewer calories and still satisfy his appetite. And Satan created McDonald's and its 99-cent double cheeseburger. Then said, "You want fries with that." And Man replied, "Yes!" And super size them!" And Satan said, "It is good." And Man went into cardiac arrest.

God sighed and created quadruple bypass surgery.

Then Satan created HMOs.

>Jane Campbell

FIRST THURSDAY READERS

In the 1990's, Polly Shaw began a reading group that met the first Thursday of each month in the Shenandoah Room of the Highlands. Dr. Jim Shaw placed reminders at each reader's door. Then he accepted leadership when Polly was no longer able. Rev. Bill Pendleton followed until moving to assisted living. There are those on campus who recall those years.

Now Thaine Billingsley phones to remind readers, it is First Thursday. To accommodate readers with vision and/or hearing decline, the monthly meetings are held in the Blue Ridge Room on the first floor of the Highlands. First Thursday uses a diversity of sources and readings that bring new insights and understandings.

You are wanted and welcome each first Thursday at 10 AM.

>Shared by Thaine Billingsley

MANY THANKS.....AND AN UPDATE

In addition to sales in Harrisonburg at Oasis, Barnes and Noble, RMH Gift Shop, Rocktown Gift Shop, and locations in Floyd, Fredericksburg, Charlottesville, and Blacksburg,

VA (plus other locations in North Carolina, Texas, and Florida), Virginia Bethune's Healing Harp Melodies CDs (also sold at Sunny Treasures and Massanetta Springs Conference Center) have generated over \$50,000 to help build two "Habitat Houses Built with Music".

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT!!

A brief history indicates that \$52,000 (gross) was raised in Blacksburg in 2002-2006, mostly through CD sales produced by Virginia, Dick and four other musicians and through donations at the 2006 Harp Extravaganza there.

\$10,000 was raised in Greensboro for First Presbyterian, Virginia's home church, and Greater Greensboro Habitat.

\$30,000 (gross) has been raised in the Harrisonburg area 2006-2011, mainly through CD sales.

UPDATE

As of April 20, 2011 anticipation is high that groundbreaking and/or dedication of these two "Habitat Houses Built with Music" may be realized by the fall of 2012!

Fundraising for the Central Valley House includes these initiatives:

- o CD and concert by Curtis and Andrea Nolley and
- o HabitatFest, an ecumenical choral festival in September 2012.

John Barr has been commissioned to compose an anthem for this event.

Note: The latest CD, *Classical Tunes and Loveabies*, released in the fall of 2010 to benefit the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society, has sold over 600 copies to date.

For more info, go to www.healingharpmelodies.org. The website features CD playlists with audio files and information about workshops, ensembles, etc.

>Virginia Bethune

FOR THOSE WHO REED AND RIGHT

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes; but the plural of ox became oxen not oxes.

One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice; yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

If I spoke of my foot and show you my feet, and I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be those, yet hat in the plural would never be hose, and the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren, but though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him, but imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.

Let's face! it! English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England. We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend?

If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?
If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a

humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the folks who grew up speaking English should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what other language do people recite at a play and play at a recital?

Ship by truck and send cargo by ship?

Have noses that run and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which an alarm goes off by going on.

If Dad is Pop, how's come Mom isn't Mop?
>AUTHOR UNKNOWN (or is it
KNOTKNOWN?)

SINDBAD OF UR
Babylonia circa 1790 BCE
Blank verse pentameter

*Wise Sindbad of Ur was much loved, but
poor;
His sole possessions: his sandals and shirt.
His cot was of straw which served in the
morn
As feed for his burro, his dearest friend.
They traveled the empire, Ur to the end.*

*This happy twosome in Babylon lived
When great Hammurabi ruled that vast land
And Sindbad's dear friend was named for
the king.
Sindbad would mention to people with glee
Of his recent talk with Hammurabi.*

*He earned his bread with true stories of
yore;
Each village claimed him as one of their
own.*

*The children all loved his magic and rhymes
But saddest to tell they never had coin.
Instead they'd bring tidbits of fish and loin.*

*These children were clever; they had a way
To swipe from their mom warm muffins and
tarts;
The burro they treated: oats from dad's
crock.*

*Sindbad knew magic for mending their toys,
The dolls of the girls the swords of the boys*

*One day as Sindbad was riding along
He came upon five men in much distress.
What is the reason for faces so dour?
Our father has died and left us his wealth:
Twenty-three burros, and prayers for our
health.*

*Then why do you fret with wealth in your
hands?*

*One-third of the burros are for the first
Born, but twenty-three burros divides not
By three; the next gets a fourth, a portion
We know not how to right this distortion.*

*The third gets a sixth, we also can't do.
The fourth son an eighth, the last gets a
twelfth.*

*Our father left us a mess. Woe is we.
Peace be upon you and all of your clan.
Fret not dear brothers, for I have a plan:*

*I'll add my burro to your dad's bequest.
That makes it total to twenty and four.
The eldest gets one-third; that comes to
eight.*

*The second gets one-fourth; that sums to six.
Bear with me five brothers, I have a fix.*

*The third gets one-sixth, which brings him
just four
The fourth gets an eighth, which I count as
three.
The last gets a twelfth, that's only a pair.*

*Brotherly love he saved, Sindbad the Wise
And honored their father, a noble prize.*

*You five sons have burros, eight, six and
four,
Plus three, then two, a total of twenty
And three. That leaves for me Hammurabi.
Please note, dear friends, it was my
generous heart
Gave a solution and now we depart.*

>Frank Barch August 10, 2004

DO YOU KNOW?

Sunnyside's Eiland Center Library, with its two rooms full of books, is a special treasure waiting to welcome everyone. The Library's doors are always open, books are easy to find and check out, and there is no specific due date. You may keep your books until you have finished reading them.

The main room's shelves are filled with more than 750 recent and popular large-print and over 600 regular-print fiction books as well as biographies in both large and regular print. New titles are added every month. And, there's a collection of appealing videos. The room is quiet, bright, and cozy. Two comfortable wing chairs by the windows invite you to settle in and read after you've browsed a while. A computer is also available in this room for resident use.

The room across the hall is where non-fiction is shelved. The categories include general non-fiction as well as Bible reference, inspiration, holiday/religious, nature, poetry, history, general reference, and arts and music. This room also has a reader for the visually impaired, and a wing chair to settle into and read a selection of magazines.

The Library is on the third floor of the Eiland Center's Lakeview Wing. Here are three ways to find it.

From the Main Entrance -

- Turn left at the Reception Desk and go down

the hall to the first elevator on the right.

- Take the elevator to the third floor.
- From the elevator turn left and follow the signs through Assisted Living.
- At the second dining area turn left into the Lakeview Wing.
- The Library will be to your left and right.

From the Pharmacy Entrance where parking is usually available -

- Turn right as you enter and follow the hall to the elevator just past Robert Shenk's office.
- Follow the previous directions.

Behind the Eiland Center you can park in any un-numbered space or on Sunday in the Sunnyside transportation vehicle area.

- Enter the building at the end of the brick walkway beyond the garden boxes.
- Take the elevator on your right to the third floor.
- The Library's Main Room is just across the hall.

Treat yourself - visit the Eiland Center Library. Browse a while and then check out a book or two. It just might become your secret refuge.

>Eugenia Parker

SUNNYSIDE'S WRITERS

About a year and a half ago my wife, Helen, called our daughter, Julie, and asked what the kids would like for Christmas. When she called back she said Daniel would like grandpa to write some of his stories. When the kids visited, Daniel was the one that always wanted grandpa to tell a story, mostly about his military experiences. My first thought was, I can't even write a decent letter let alone write a story.

A couple months later there was an announcement about starting a writing group. I reluctantly signed up both Helen and I. About ten residents attended and the instructor was a teacher between jobs. She admitted that she had never taught a class in writing but in addition to teaching high school English she had written several stories and edited books for a publisher on the side.

After handing out a couple of instruction books the conversation kind of moved around to what kind of stories did each of us wanted to learn to write. I thought the general discussion was leading to writing autobiographies. I was just there to learn to write one story for a nephew! As we were thumbing through one of the instruction books I ran across a paragraph that describes the importance of grandparents writing about their life so their future generations understood what it was like many years before.

In the next couple of classes you could feel the group interest was rising. I was personally feeling a sense of obligation to describe the time of my growing up. A couple of the attendees had actually written or had started to write their life history. It was not only terrifically interesting to hear the story but I was also encouraged by their explanation on how they started and how they remembered. My challenge was the remembering part. I can't remember names and places now, how could I remember something I did when I was 10 years old?

I read the instruction book cover to cover thinking I could never do all of this. The instructor said once you decided who your audience was and how you wanted to organize your thoughts, everything else was easy – you only had to remember your life. My first thought was, "I retired so I didn't have to make any more decisions". It took me a couple days but I decided that my audience would be my great, great, great, great grand daughter or grandson who will be living on the moon. As to my organization, I decided to start at birth and have a sequential life. Another option was to write on whatever your subject, whatever your time. Did I say that I wanted to write one simple story?

Our "Write Your Story" group has been meeting every Tuesday night for almost 2 years. Sometimes we will have seven or eight attendees and sometimes 12 or 15. There are no rules and no requirements (perfect for senior citizens). Come when you wish, write part of your story when you wish, offer suggestions when you wish. What has developed is that one person will read the story they have written and then ask for comments. It's

a great benefit to hear how listeners hear what you think you've written. As you listen to other stories you are reminded of things that you should have remembered in your story. Comments such as: "what was the name of that city", "what date was that", "what were you thinking". Comments and recommendations really help a lot.

When listening to the stories we sure do learn about the other writers. Even more surprising is how much we learn about our spouses. Don't be afraid, come join us. You'll be glad you did.

>Whit Scully

SPRINGFORTH

Perhaps you have noticed some new plantings on campus at the south villas on Vista Glen Drive or in the island of Aberdeen Loop. These plantings have a fun and interesting story that goes along with them.

Last fall, one of our new residents, Barbara Wheatley, was at a meeting of the Spotswood Garden Club in Harrisonburg. She bumped into Ron Brown, a local horticulturist who has many attributes, including an extensive woodland type garden in Harrisonburg and involvement with the development of the arboretum at JMU. He has hundreds, if not thousands, of plants in his garden including many tree peonies that he actively propagates. In short, he offered to supply Sunnyside with a large number of tree peony plants...gratis!

Barbara brought up this matter to a number of us and we decided to pursue it. We spontaneously formed a committee made up of some Sunnyside amateur gardeners that we happened to know. The members: Barbara Wheatley (chair), Charlie Campbell, Tip and Eugenia Parker, Jim and Kay Stilwell, Charley Shank and Widgee Zirkle. Since we were planning some possible new landscaping for Sunnyside that would be forthcoming in the spring, we named our new organization SPRINGFORTH.

Information about tree peonies from the web:

Few plants are revered like tree peonies. They originally came from China. It is the national flower of China and was once grown exclusively by the emperor. For centuries the blossoms of tree peonies have been called luminescent, silky, exotic, exquisite, and magnificent. The accolades continue today.

What is a tree peony? Tree peonies (*Paeonia suffruticosa*) are actually shrubs, not trees. They produce woody stems and do not die back to the ground like herbaceous peonies, the common peony that we are most familiar with. They are fairly slow growing but long lived. Some specimens in China are thought to be more than 200 years old. They eventually grow to 3 to 5 feet tall.

Tree peonies have larger flowers than herbaceous peonies and are available in a wider range of colors. Yellow, purple, maroon, and green are a few colors commonly available in tree peonies but rarely seen in herbaceous peonies. Both single and double flower forms are common. Many varieties of tree peonies have fragrant flowers or flowers with contrasting centers, adding to their appeal. Tree peonies bloom in the spring a couple of weeks earlier than herbaceous peonies.

They have attractive foliage that is shed in the fall leaving, also attractive, arching bare stems.

The plan: We saw this as a most unusual opportunity to further enhance the Sunnyside landscape with a unique type of planting that would not ordinarily be available on the scale that we were being offered by Ron. It was envisioned to develop a number of fairly large planting beds.

Not only would there be tree peonies; there would also be included a small number of other plants to add interest and variety. To start with, the two areas mentioned above were decided upon for the initial planting because they have relatively high visibility and are close to where some of the SPRINGFORTH members live which would allow for the new plants to be closely watched and cared for. Once tree peonies get established they are hearty plants that need little attention.

Next the administration was approached. They approved the idea.

Early this spring the beds were prepared by Sunnyside's Buildings & Grounds Department.

At the right time as selected by Ron, members of SPRINGFORTH went to his garden and he dug the plants for us...about seventy-five of them. We brought them back to Sunnyside and planted them. Ron also gave us some hydrangeas that we included in the new beds. So, now we have a couple of newly planted beds with some fairly scrawny looking plants that are trying to become established. The amount of rainfall so far has been very helpful. (Natural rainfall does so much better than watering.) Just after being planted, most of them looked pretty good. However, there has been some struggling. Some of them wilted...not exactly springing forth. They were given more water more often and they perked up. For a while there was off and on wilting and perking up. A few may be lost. Generally, it looks like almost all of them will probably make it, with some being diminutive. A lot of them really look great. And, some have blossomed! With time and care, they should become bushy, beautiful and a true pleasure for all.

Incidentally, to buy tree peonies you will find that they are expensive...ranging from \$25.00 and up, per plant.

It has been fun and rewarding for SPRINGFORTH to work with Sunnyside staff, Ron Brown and the tree peonies. So, let's all hope that the tree peonies thrive.

RON BROWN HAS BEEN WONDERFUL TO US.

Note: there was a recent (May 6, 2011) Associated Press article in the Daily New-Record about tree peonies which can be referenced at: <http://abcnews.go.com/Health/wireStory?id=13526377>

> Charley Shank

DID YOU KNOW -----

That there are currently 31 Sunnyside Resident Led Groups/Clubs? These are groups of residents that get-together simply because they enjoy such things as games, needlework, exercise, fishing, singing, sports, walking and learning something new such as writing your story or learning about computers.

All of these groups started simply because a few people got together, found they had a common interest and decided to schedule get-togethers and pretty soon the word got out. Some groups started to enjoy learning the background and experiences of other residents. Some groups started simply because they enjoyed fellowship with others. Some groups started because they wanted to learn some new things, usually prompted by their grandchildren.

Paige Kauffman, the Special Events/Trips coordinator, has just updated the list of the Resident Led Groups. The list includes the group name, group leader, with phone number, and the meeting time and location. A phone call to the individual group leader will answer all questions. The four-page list was too long to include in the Tips and Tales but will be posted on the bulletin boards throughout Sunnyside and will be available at the Highlands and Corson Lobby Receptionists desks. Join as many as you wish.

>Whit Scully

Your Volunteer Staff:

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