

"Tips and Tales"

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An Irregularly Published Independent Screed 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.** (See box at end of newsletter for guidelines.) Please send your suggestions, notes, and letters to either of the above residents.*

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PLACES TO VISIT

Virginia has a rich and storied history—from the Native Virginians who greeted the first settlers in 1607, through the Civil War, to the Depression-era Civilian Conservation Corps creating what would become the first six Virginia State Parks. In many ways, Virginia's long, unique history is America's history, and that history can be found in or near our award-winning Virginia State Parks.

State parks located closest to Sunnyside are Shenandoah River, Douthat and Sky Meadows. Douthat State Park is located in Clifton Forge and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places for the role its design played in the development of parks nationwide. There are over 4000 acres of breathtaking mountain scenery, interpretive programs, a 50-acre lake stocked with trout and more than 43 miles of hiking trails. In October, Apple Day—a Celebration of Appalachian Heritage, is held.

Shenandoah River State Park is located in Warren County, just off 340 between Front Royal and Luray. There are more than 1600 acres along 5.5

miles of shoreline of the Shenandoah River located in this park that is full of scenic views.

Sky Meadows State Park, located off I66 and is 2 miles south of Paris, VA. Sky Meadows is rich in history and has 1862 acres full of scenic views, rolling pastures and woodlands. In October, Family Farm Festival weekends are held and in November, a Country Christmas is held. There are 14 miles of hiking trails that access the Appalachian Trail.

A visit to any of these parks would make a nice day trip. If you would like to learn more, put the name of the park in Google. From concerts and festivals to canoe trips and campfires, there's so much to see and do in our state parks. It's no surprise people come back again and again, year after year.

>Pat Armstrong

IF THE WORLD WERE A VILLAGE OF 100 PEOPLE

Let us not be stopped by that which divides us, but look for that which unites us. In the world today, more than 6 billion people live. If we could reduce the world's population to a village of

100 people, with all existing human ratios remaining the same, the demographics would look something like this:

59 would be Asian

14 would be American (North, Central, and South)

14 would be African

12 would be European

1 would be from the South Pacific

50 would be women, 50 would be men

30 would be children, 70 would be adults

70 would be nonwhite, 30 would be white

90 would be heterosexual, 10 would be homosexual

22 would be Christians

21 would be Moslems

15 would be Hindus

6 would be Buddhists

5 would be Animists

6 would believe in other religions

14 would be without any religion or atheist

15 would speak Chinese, Mandarin

7 would speak English

6 would speak Hindi

6 would speak Spanish

5 would speak Russian

4 would speak Arabic

3 would speak Bengali

3 would speak Portuguese

The other would speak Indonesian, Japanese, German, French, or some other language.

In such a village with so many sorts of folks, it would be very important to learn to understand people different from oneself and to accept others as they are. Of the 100 people in this village:

20 are under-nourished

1 is dying of starvation

15 are overweight

Of the wealth ion this village, 6 people own 59% (all from the United States), 74 people own 39%, and 20 people share the remaining 2%. Of the energy used in this village, 20 people consume 80%, and 80 people share the remaining 20%.

20 have no clean, safe water to drink

56 have access to sanitation

15 adults are illiterate

1 has a university degree

7 have computers.

In one year, 1 person in the village will die, but in the same year, 2 babies will be born, so that at the year's end the number of villagers will be 101.

If you do not live in fear of death by bombardment, armed attack, landmines, or of rape or kidnapping by armed groups, then you are more fortunate than 20 villagers who do.

If you can speak and act according to your faith and your conscience without harassment, imprisonment, torture or death, then you are more fortunate than 48, who can not.

If you have money in the bank, money in your wallet and spare change somewhere around the house, then you are among the richest 8.

If you can read this message, that means you are probably lucky!

>Shared by Sally Meeth

THE JOYS OF THE COUNTY FAIR

Wonderful memories from my childhood are abundant and some of the most vivid are times at the State Fair of Virginia. We lived in the Richmond area (Henrico County) and almost everyone attended the Fair at least once each Sept. Our school system gave us a half-day off from school and free tickets. My nine siblings and I enjoyed everything about the Fair but most kids spent the majority of their time at the Midway.

Many years have passed since those days but my husband, Rich, and I were determined to get to the Fair this year—a real county fair (Rockingham County Fair). Though not as big as the State Fair, it brought back so many good memories and we had a delightful time. It was important to walk through all the barns and see the cows, sheep, goats, chickens, rabbits and other farm creatures. The “good” country smells were the same as in years past and the animals seemed content. The

cotton candy, Belgian waffles, barbecue, smoked sausages and many other foods presented their enticing smells.

We stopped at the Grandstand to watch a few minutes of the tractor pull. Rich grew up in Norfolk (no tractors and farm equipment) but was captivated by this event. He was at the event for about 3 hours and shares the details with anyone who will listen. I enjoyed the pull for a while but not 3 hours worth so I wandered around seeing the sights and watching people.

What a fun day we had as we relived many memories. As I always say, there is so much fun at the Fair.

>Pat Armstrong

NEED INSIGHTS, COMFORT AND A SPIRITUAL BOOST??

Meredith Chapel is the place to go! And it is open all the time....an excellent place for prayer and meditation.

Did you ever wonder about the books in that beautiful oak bookcase at the rear of the chapel? You may not have noticed it. Take a look the next time you are near the chapel! Turn left as you enter.

The books are a gift to you and everyone, resident and staff. Please feel free to browse the available books for help with your spiritual needs. Bibles, commentaries, inspirational books; educational, entertaining, and enlightening – even church humor - and FREE.

When you see a book in the bookcase that interests you, please feel free to take it with you. You do not need to sign it out.

When you are finished with your book, either pass it on to a friend or return it to the chapel bookcase, at your convenience.

This chapel personal service is intended to be a convenient and readily available spiritual resource. It also provides you an opportunity to

share similar books in your home or office that have served their purpose and are ready to serve someone else!

If your personal library is overflowing with spiritually oriented books that you would like to make available to others, please place them in the box marked "New Blessings". Donna Williams (8834 or 8256) is the steward of this chapel program and will answer your questions.

P.S. For your general reading pleasure, you also have the two excellent Sunnyside libraries, one in the Highlands and one in Lakeview (Third Floor). You are welcome to visit both locations and enjoy the great selection of books and tapes.

>Richard Williams

PLACES TO GO: POSEY THISISIT LLAMA FARM

Posey Thisisit Llama Farm is a 27-acre farm located in the beautiful Northern Shenandoah Valley between Massanutten and Little North Mountains. Visitors are always welcome and you can call for farm tours. While there, you learn about Llamas and their fiber, Llama and Sheep wool spinning, triangle loom weaving and lead making. Birthday parties can be planned and held there and there are classes for all ages. This is truly a fun and educational place; the owners are so friendly and welcome everyone. There is free admission but donations are accepted. The llamas are looking for visitors so they can enjoy lots of carrots (supplied by owners). Visitors can let llamas eat from their hands and can get llama kisses (friendly and gentle animals). The Farm is located at 754 Harrisville Road, Toms Brook, VA 22660. Phone number is 540 436-3517 and email address is llamasjh@gmail.com The owners are Jim and Joyce Harris and they truly enjoy their animals and having visitors.

>Shared by Pat Armstrong

AN ODE TO UNITY

I'm grateful that we residents of Sunnyside maintain an ambiance that is the antithesis of The United States Congress. This poem is an admonition for a stronger society to build a social

order that encourages each person to seek her/his best personal interest, but always keeping in mind the common good for the long run.

The poem is written in a form invented in Malaysia, centuries past. There are four lines per verse; each line is used twice in successive verses. The first and third lines are repeated as the second and fourth line of the last verse. Each line, when repeated is slightly changed.

*Why do we need to build a wall,
To stand long after hate is gone?
The stones serve better as a base
For building granaries to share;*

*To stand long after spite is gone.
Let us build barns we all will need,
To fill as grain to share;
Not just for self, but neighbors, too.*

*We must build roads we all will need,
To build a strong community;
More than for self, for neighbors too.
We can put stones to better use.*

*We need a strong community;
We must build trust through mutual goals:
Let's sunder walls for better use
Like pens and sties, to care for stock.*

*We will build trust through caring goals:
Build schools to pave our children's way.
With pen and ink and love we'll teach
Our youths the strength that we've begun.*

*Build trust to smooth our children's lives.
That way will set a better base
To grow fast friendships we've begun.
They'll never need to build a wall.*

>Frank Barch

TALES FROM DADDIES AND GRANDPAS

I suppose it is not unusual for parents and grandparents to embellish stories for their kids' amusement and to use imagination for their entertainment.

When my two sons were small and believed most of what I told them, we enjoyed many activities together. At lunch time I'd raid the refrigerator for leftovers and tell them I was making "cowboy stew, just like I used to make on the trail. I'd carry all this stuff in my saddle bags and heat it over an open fire." Of course, they gobbled it all up with enthusiasm!

I had convinced them that I was an honorary chief of the Pottawatomie Indians and they had no reason not to believe it. Eventually they passed some of this on to their own little ones. Once on a weekend jaunt to Ocrakoke a granddaughter suggested I do a rain dance. I had to tell her it would really mess up our weekend, so she let me off the hook. Later, when she was eight and visiting for a week of grandparent bonding in the summer, we were going through a 100-day dry spell. She asked me again to do a rain dance. I told her that such a dance was serious business, not to be taken lightly. Meantime I was checking the weather to see when we might get a break. When rain was imminent I said, "This has gone on long enough. Time to do something about it." So, I did my best imitation of a rain dance around the dining room table. Within ten minutes we had a cloudburst! She became very excited and couldn't wait to call her mother to tell her, "Grandpa made it rain!"

Some years later when she was looking for money for college, she called and asked, "Is Grandpa really an Indian?" She was looking at scholarships for anything and everything and thought she might try for some Native American dollars. Fibs finally catch up to you!

>Ed Yarnell

A COMMUNICATION from your COMMUNICATIONS COMMITTEE

Heads up! The Resident's Communication Committee will be circulating in the next few weeks a short questionnaire intended to get a better grip on how we get and use various kinds of information, be it by mail, bulletin board, video, telephone, face-to-face, or what

have you. Please think about it, fill in your thoughtful answers, and get it back in.

The Committee is always re-examining how we communicate, and what kinds of communication works best for our community. (One such examination resulted in the decision to publish this newsletter!) It's a tough question, given the explosive rate of change in how information gets spread around these days, not to mention the fact that our community is very diverse in its preferences. And it's a timely question today as well, given the importance of looking not only at our current methods, but what methods are likely to be important for the next generation of Sunnysiders.

Sunnyside staffer Nancy Wayland graciously agreed to distribute, collect, and analyze the questionnaire, which will help the Committee (and, we hope, the strategic planners for Sunnyside as well) craft the most effective tools for all of us to use.

> Whit Scully and the Committee Volunteers

AND THE STORM CLOUDS PARTED!

For Sunnyside's September 9 "Patriot's Parade"! After a string of meteorological abominations, the clouds parted and the sun came out for the lovely parade honoring our servicemen and all patriots. Old cars, young people, high spirits . . . and the "Clown-in-Chief" on his motorcycle bringing up the rear! (Why does that costume somehow remind me of Dr. Seuss?!?) ☺



A

HALLOWEEN TALE

It was dark. No, not just dark – black. Black without a glimmer of light from any source. Like a cave. I'd been in a cave without light once. I remember the terror that made me scream when the lights flickered out, until my muscular man friend encircled me in his arms. I don't know how I knew, but there would be no rescue this time, of that I was sure.

My arms were bound tight to my sides and my legs didn't work. I could wiggle my toes, but not bend my knees. I rocked from side to side and felt a dirt floor beneath me. My back scraped against a rough wall. Where could I be? What had happened to me? The last I remember.....I don't remember.

A cold damp seeped deep into my bones. A scrabbling noise nearby told me I was not alone, as if rats could be considered company. I shuddered. And the smell. What was that odor? Musty, but something else. Old... no... rotten. Yes, rotten. But rotten what?

I suppose if it hadn't been for the spider I never would have freed myself. My adrenalin surged when the spider crept out of my hair and sauntered on tippy toes down across my face. I tried to scream only to discover my mouth was stuffed with a rag. So I rolled onto my side and twisted and thrashed, rubbing my face on the floor to kill the spider. I could feel the bindings loosening and so I flailed about some more. Long story short... well, shorter...my arms and legs were restored to me and I could finally pull the gag away. Should I scream for help or would that bring my murderer back to me? I decided on caution. I tried to stand and discovered my tomb would not allow it. So bent at the waist I felt my way along the wall. But suddenly... without warning... the floor dropped away and I fell into an abyss...falling...falling...down and down.

Thump! I can never remember falling out of bed before. As I crawled out of the tumble of bedclothes and turned on the light, I caught sight of my bedtime story book – Edgar Allan Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*.... in which Lady

Madeline is buried alive. Then I remembered what I'd been doing before coming to in that dark, black chamber.

>Gail Kiracofe

GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Articles for Tips & Tales should be original material, submitted by residents of the Sunnyside retirement community. In rare circumstances, articles from non-residents can be considered appropriate if they have some special relevance to our community. Stories reflecting personal experiences of residents and/or their families and friends are encouraged, as well as original compositions by residents. Material from Sunnyside staff *may* be accepted, subject to the determination of the resident volunteers. Except in very rare situations, material found in forwarded e-mail does not serve the purpose of the Newsletter.

Contributions in any electronic format are acceptable (can be e-mailed to Pat Armstrong or Jim Kellett), as is 'hard copy', either typed or handwritten. *Residents may also interview Pat Armstrong who can commit the dialog to paper - call her for more information.*