

"Tips and Tales"

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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.** (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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MY BEST TEACHER

Who was my best teacher, you ask? Let me think. It could have been Miss Betts who taught us in kindergarten to play nice and share. Or Miss Grennert in 3rd grade who read a chapter of "Little House on the Prairie" each day to an enchanted audience and sparked in me a love of the written word. Perhaps it was Miss Blind in 4th who asked us to write a story about the picture on the calendar in the front of the room, and I undertook the task with pleasure and excitement, unlike most of my classmates.

In high school I hated math until gentle Mr. Broman took the class through the logic of geometry and I saw that numbers were not the enemy. Fiery Miss Barracks taught Latin, giving my vocabulary a life-long lift, and the adored Miss Goodwin gave me a life lesson in rejection when I dropped her Phys-Ed class and opted for study hall. She never spoke to me again. Miss Kohr married her sweetheart and moved to Korea, leaving me with a longing for romance and adventure. Miss Hackett directed the orchestra and stopped rehearsal one day to comment that she wished I played something that allowed me to talk, laugh, and keep playing, rather than the flute that required attentive lips. That was a lesson in diplomacy!

From college days I most remember the lessons learned about LIFE through experience, not from teachers, per se. We didn't call it that then, but "Relationships 101a" was perhaps the most important class taken, and we went every day. That kindergarten lesson – play nice and share – proved invaluable here, but didn't help much when it came to sex and drinking. From a generation that didn't talk about sex, and from a home that was alcohol free, I had much to learn about both. Some of those lessons had better outcomes than others – but learn them I did.

Life itself is a great teacher, the best, really. How else can you learn about love and commitment, and loss and determination, and joy and disappointment? How else experience loyalty and betrayal, success and failure, passion and ennui, pride and humility?

My unsurpassed candidate for "My Best Teacher" is of course my mother who always said, "No one gets through life unscathed", and, "Never, never spoil the story for the sake of the truth."

>Gail Kiracofe

"My Best Teacher" is a recurring theme for Tips & Tales. Send in YOUR favorite story about a teacher, mentor, parent, etc., who influenced your life!

DID YOU KNOW

1. UPS mailing services are available here. Contact Lisa at 8497 or lsheffer@sunnyside.cc in Shipping. Her office is located down the hall by Sunny Treasures. Go through the double doors past the laundry on the right.

2. Harrisonburg residents are very fortunate in having classical music on 3 radio stations: WEMC (91.7)-M-F: 8 am-5 pm and after 10 pm; WMRA (90.7)- 8-10pm . Also, in some areas, like car radios, WVTF-Roanoke: 89.3-M-F 9-4pm.

>Virginia Bethune

"What a wonderful world it would be if we would forget our troubles as quickly as we forget out blessings" - Janie Ware Regan

A TRUE STORY

In the Fall of 1994, our very dear friends, June and Roger Fellows took a trip to Maine and Nova Scotia. They had their itinerary all planned, but their first choice B & B never responded, so they decided on the "Briar Rose" at Round Pond, Maine. How lucky that was!

It was evening and getting dark. As they entered the dining area from the outside, they passed a couple leaving. They did not get a good look at them.

At breakfast the next morning, the man they had passed the night before was seated with his back to Roger and his wife was facing June. They nodded to each other as they were seated and started a conversation. June didn't know the woman or the man. They said. "Where are you from?"

The couple said they were from the Chicago area. June said she was from Western Springs and Roger was from LaGrange. The man said "I was in LaGrange once in June 1951. I was in Roger Fellow's wedding." In amazement and shock Roger said, "I am Roger Fellows!"

The man and Roger were fraternity brothers at the University of Illinois, so Roger asked Bill to be an usher. Right after the wedding, the Army sent Roger to Germany and Bill went into Medical School. They never saw each other again until that chance meeting in Round Pond Maine some 43 years later.

June, Roger, George and I have been very close friends since we first met in the Spring of 1953. We were new to Dayton, Ohio—George, an Electrical Engineer in Sales with Westinghouse and Roger a Ceramic Engineer with Frigadaire. June was eight months pregnant with Christine and I was seven months pregnant with Carole when June and I attended a New Neighbors lunch down town. The hostess brought us together saying "You two ladies have LOTS in common!" Little did she know! We found out that we both lived at *Van Buren* Apartments south of town—and right across the driveway from each other. They eventually had four children and we had three, and for years, every New Year's Eve was spent together with our children. As they grew up, their friends joined us to celebrate. After the children married and moved away, we four still spent New Years Eve together. The Gardners and Fellows spent the millennium New Year's celebration on a Cincinnati Riverboat. What a way to welcome the new year 2000!

Every five years, June, Roger, George and I went on a BIGGIE anniversary trip somewhere twice to the Greenbrier; to the Grand Hotel in Michigan; to Myrtle Beach; to the Biltmore House in Ashville, North Carolina; to Disneyworld. And the biggest trip of all, 15 days in Alaska on the cruise ship "SPIRIT OF ALASKA" plus a land tour to Fairbanks, Denali and Whittier. For our 50th Anniversary celebration together, we flew to Jackson Hole, Wyoming for a whole week staying in a condo in Jackson. It was a miracle trip for us. We each had been there before with our families, but Roger was determined to make the trip even though his doctors felt he should not. June was hesitant and concerned, as were we. He was very ill and frail

with cancer of the bone. Seeing the Tetons again was his dream so, we decided to go!

We had a good week and did what Roger could do. At the airport on the last day, it was determined that Roger could not make the flight back to Dayton, Ohio, and he was taken to the Jackson Hospital. He died that evening. We were so glad that we had made the trip with him. and he had the view of the Tetons out of his hospital window.

How lucky we are to have had such a long lasting friendship with our dearest friends---June and Roger Fellows!

>Lou Gardner

HOW TO WHITEN OLD FABRIC

This came from Janet Slough, former director of Resident activities here, who said it was first printed by the original Heloise. And it works!

Pour 1 gallon of hot water into a plastic (do not use aluminum) wastebasket or other large container. Add 1 cup of automatic dishwashing detergent and 1/4 cup household bleach. Stir well. Put items in and let them soak 30 minutes, then wash in the hottest water safe for the fabric. I do not recommend soaking longer than 30 minutes - I once forgot mine and everything turned yellow!! I also use one half the recipe for smaller items.

>Shared by Virginia Bethune

“Old people know more about being young that young people know about being old” - Earl (From the comic "Pickles")

THE END

A very old man lay dying in his bed. In death's doorway, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favorite chocolate chip cookie wafting up the stairs.

He gathered his remaining strength and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort forced himself down the stairs, gripping the railing with both hands. With labored breath, he leaned against the door frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven.

There, spread out on newspapers on the kitchen table, were literally hundreds of his favorite chocolate chip cookies. Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted wife, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man?

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself toward the table. The aged and withered hand, shaking, made its way to a cookie at the edge of the table, when he was suddenly smacked with a spatula by his wife.

"Stay out of those," she said. "They're for the funeral.

>Virginia Bethune

A MUSE, ON BEING A SINGLETON!

Editor's Note: On February 5, 2012, the writer Ellen McCarthy published in the Washington Post Magazine about the pleasures and tribulations of "the single life", "*When You Never Find the One*".

On March 1, 2012, the Post published Audrey Calomino's comments in response:

"Regarding Ellen McCarthy's Feb. 5 story: Many of the feelings expressed by women in the article struck a nerve! I am happily unmarried; retired from an exciting, professional career; have traveled the country and the world; and lived for many years at a ski resort and enjoyed that lifestyle. I'm fortunate to have many good friends — mostly couples who do not make me feel like the proverbial fifth wheel — but I thoroughly enjoy my alone time. I have been engaged four times but, like one of your singles, never really felt "at home" in any of these mostly wonderful relationships. I love children and always thought I

would have a bunch, but now I'm happy to have six godchildren.

This thought-provoking article brought me to an interesting conclusion: I feel the same way about men and husbands as I feel about horses. I love them and always thought I wanted one of my own, but now I'm glad I don't have to take care of one!"

>Audrey J. Calomino

SENIOR CITIZEN TEXTING CODE

ATD	At The Doctors
BFF	Best Friend Fell
BTW	Bring the Wheelchair
BYOT	Bring Your Own Teeth
FWIW	Forget Where I Was
GGPBL	Gotta Go Pacemaker Battery Low
GHA	Got Heartburn Again
IMHO	Is My Hearing-Aid On
LMDO	Laughing My Dentures Out
OMMR	On My Massage Recliner
OMSG	Oh My! Sorry, Gas
ROFLACGU	Rolling on Floor Laughing and Can't Get Up
TTYL	Talk To You Louder

BUILDING WITH MUSIC

Plenary rehearsals for **HabitatFest Chorus** will be April 14 and May 19. Concerts: September 15-16. We're *Singing to Raise the Roof!* Rehearsals and concerts will be at the Bridgewater Church of the Brethren, and will include Curtis Nolley, conductor and John Barr, organist, with brass, tympani, organ, and two harps.

The Central Valley Habitat House to be *Built with Music* is currently funded with \$35,000, mostly from CD sales. Property for the duplex is in Elkton for a young mother with two small boys. The site supervisor is Rick Davis, and 15 folks from Park View Mennonite, Trinity Presbyterian and Elkton Presbyterian have currently offered to help. Hopefully the residence will be ready for occupancy before the holidays.

Contact Virginia Bethune, 568-8336, or vafromva@live.com for more information.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

This has been a favorite quote of mine, beginning in college:

See everything.
Overlook a great deal.
Correct a little.
>Pope John XXIII

I find it works well with housework, too!

>Virginia Bethune

DID YOU KNOW?

That the Residential Living Directorate is dedicated to maintaining a personal environment that develops security and happiness for our residents?

The hardworking members are Robin Golliday (Director), Kella Cook (Administrative Assistant), Katheryn Bennett (Corson Lobby Receptionist), and Elizabeth Elwood (Highlands Receptionist).

I don't know if it is specified in their job description, but I believe their primary job is to respond to resident questions, concerns, and recommendations. My guess is that they may receive over 100 questions a week and they must have to know the correct answer or where to get it.

They also help keep residents informed by transmitting information from both staff and residents via TV channel 970/971.

Another major job for this Directorate is to support the Marketing Directorate in meeting with potential residents.

Since this Directorate's office is located in the Highlands building, it inherited the responsibilities of overseeing fire protection, security, and use of building facilities.

Besides all these administrative and staff responsibilities, I believe the most important thing they do is to respond to individual resident needs. If you have a question about anything, call them. Consider them your "Go-To Person".

I sure think these ladies really deserve a pat on the back. Well, maybe just a verbal "Thank You".

>Whit Scully

LADIES PLAYING POOL AT SUNNYSIDE!

The organizers of the Sunnyside Communities 100 years ago would probably have been as aghast as the citizens of River City in the "Music Man" because this year six ladies regularly play pool in the Highlands pool room. Their mentor is Louise Talley (96 years young) who can hold her own (and more) with the guys. Louise says playing pool keeps her feeling young.

This year five ladies participated in the annual Singles and Doubles Pool Tournament in February/March, and acquitted themselves quite well. They hope that more of their colleagues will join them this year.

>Frank Lambert

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.*