

"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*

MOMMY MINDS A MIND

(unrhymed iambic hexameter)

The newest member of our clan had been with us
but three scant years when he, son Frank, fell
down ten feet;
he landed on his head. Mom flew to pick him up.
His face was but a swollen mass, but breathed.
Tears streamed

The next stop was the hospital, reserved for kids.
Our sleep that night did not exist. His status left
much to desire; the doctors thought they had
control.

The next two days confirmed, the Meds had won
the day.

When we came home, we spoiled him full
shamelessly.

We think he knew this was a well earned treat that
he
would milk for all it's worth. Worried parents, we
were
so glad to know his nervous system was
O.K.

Please don't yet leave, the very best is yet to be!
Our son now fifty-five had a brain scan to fix
a new problem. Frank is a doctor now - read the
brain scan with his attending radiologist

That gray patch - "why?" asked Frank. "That part
is dead, long dead
the radiologist explained. "What should that patch
control?", asked Frank- "Reading" was the reply,
Fifty
long years ago I cracked my skull. How do I
read?"

Mom knew! She taught both K and 1 for ten glad
years.

When Frank began in first grade class his teacher
said

"Not ready yet is Frank to read at first grade
norms."

Mom strongly disagreed. All summer long Mom
helped

him learn to read. Not yet did Mom discern the
cause.

She used the teaching skills she'd always used.
His brain

a good part found and that is where it stored his
skills.

He learned to read like all the kids – one of the
best.

It is our favorite story of a great success.

>Frank Barch
3509 Glen Loch Court
mimfrank@ntelos.net

MUSIC TO MY EARS ... FOR LIFE!

While working as a Supervisor of Elementary
Schools in Harford County, Maryland, I
frequently visited a college friend and his family.
He was a principal in one of the elementary
schools. This particular evening my principal
friend was going back to school to be present for
the music instrument rental program. This is when
he said, "you need to meet my new music
teacher". This particular music teacher, who was
fresh out of Bridgewater College, had been newly
hired to teach vocal and instrumental music in

three elementary schools. The instrumental music program was being created and students interested in playing an instrument would rent an instrument from a music store.

I did indeed accompany my friend, the principal, to school that night and met the music teacher who was to be my wife. This didn't happen within the year. She decided she wanted to see Europe. In order to do this she was hired to supervise music for Dependent Schools in northern France. She says that she kept waiting for me to say "don't go" but I didn't because I thought I would never be able to afford to take her to Europe. Upon her return she confirmed bachelor finally popped the question and we were married at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church in the Shenandoah Valley.

As it turned out, over the next several years of our married life, I had two sabbatical leaves from Towson State University to England when we really saw Europe and places beyond.

>Richard "Dick" Williams
1096 Hickory Cove

THE BONDS A PIANO CAN BUILD

Dad was an electrician in a steel mill in the Pittsburgh area but kept up on electrical wiring codes for houses. About 1930 he was approached by a man from a neighboring town and asked if he would do some wiring for him in his house. The man told Dad up front he could not pay for his work right at that time since we were in the throes of the great depression. Dad said he would do the wiring. While Dad was working on the project, the man said he was ready to get rid of an upright piano and asked Dad if he were interested. Dad said "yes" after consulting with Mother.

I will give that piano credit for leading 17 children, grand children and great grand children into pursuing learning to play a musical instrument. Most of those 17 play the piano. Other instruments pursued were the organ, trumpet, saxophone, clarinet, trombone, flute, violin, bells and marimba. Of those 17 children, 8 played in the school marching bands, 3 played in school jazz bands, 3 played in school

orchestras, and 3 in school concert bands. One grand daughter played the organ for her own high school graduation program. Four years later, her sister did exactly the same thing at the same school. Four were accompanists for school choirs with 3 of those accompanists from the same family and in the same school. One played in the Geneva College orchestra and was accompanist for the college choir; another played in the pep band for American University. All the other bands were either in Beaver County schools, PA, Grove City, PA, or Williamsburg, VA.

That piano created a bond between grand parents, children, grand children, and great grand children. All of the children lived at least 8 miles, or more, from the grand parents but visited often. Frequently, the children would play songs Mother and Dad knew and they would hum along. I am sure Dad was glad many times that he accepted that piano in lieu of money. And so do the children and grand children.

That piano stayed in Mother and Dad's home until they both passed away--Dad in 1986 and Mother in 1991. Today a grandson owns that piano, still plays it, and had it tuned in November 2012. He learned from the man who tuned it that it was built in the 1920ies. A Chandler New York, it has elephant tusk ivory keys. The piano is still in good condition.

>Irene Hartman
Highlands 324

THERAPY FOR TROUBLED SENIORS?

In 1964, a college football coach (and former All-American college fullback) Bob Davenport came up with the idea of using physically and mentally challenging experiences to help troubled teenagers mature. In 1966 he started taking groups of teens on long bicycle rides, crossing the United States from coast to coast. He used his personal faith to make it clear that "Christians weren't wimps", and to strengthen young people's understanding of God's place in their lives. His hope was to help cement their growing faith in Christ, somewhat in the spirit of the Outward Bound program. (In some cases, judges would offer a troubled teen

the choice of taking a bike ride with "Coach" or going to juvenile court.)

The program had considerable success. Dozens of kids got their lives re-directed to a path leading to a productive future.

Over time, other riders, both young and old, expressed interest in taking these rides. Coach started making the experience available to others who simply wanted the physical adventure and companionship of fellow cyclists. Thus was born "Wandering Wheels" as we know it today (see <http://wanderingwheels.org>), which has made 68 coast-to-coast trips with over 3,000 riders. Rides have also been conducted in New Zealand, Russia, Canada, Israel, China, and central Europe.

I made a coast-to-coast ride in 1996 with them, from San Diego, CA and to Brunswick, GA. A truck carried the luggage and towed a field kitchen that provided some of the meals when camping or sleeping on the floor of cooperating churches or schools along the way. So when I learned that Wandering Wheels offered a ride from Cocoa Beach, FL to Key West in January and February, I jumped at the chance in 2013. We rode 438 miles in nine days in wonderfully warm weather while snow and sleet ruled here at home!



We were riding on Sunday, February 3, so Coach held an impromptu service (see picture) after breakfast in our campground. It included a reading, a couple of hymns, and a short homily before the group of 36 riders set out for the day.

It's hard to tell from this small picture, but let's just say this group no longer includes teenagers, troubled or not!! Moreover, this group of no-longer-teenagers is surprisingly physically fit.

Coach himself is now 81, and has had surgery on his left knee. The median age of this group was mid-sixties; there was at least one other rider over 80, and quite a few - like myself - in their late seventies. They were also relatively mentally sharp as well; many of the riders carried smartphones to keep in touch with family and weather and news, *and they knew how to use them!*

So, with 36 adults including quite a few true seniors, riding an average of 45 miles a day for nine days, it was clear that Wandering Wheels was still accomplishing its goals of promoting physical, mental, and spiritual health.

Maybe it's evolved into a program for "troubled seniors" out for a life-reaffirming experience!

>Jim Kellett
1260 Glenside Drive
Jim@Kellett.com

THE RESPLENDENT QUETZAL



I slipped and fell on the ice recently. Fortunately I was not hurt, but it did bring to mind a trip I took to Costa Rica some years ago. There, in the first few days of a ten day trip to explore its tropical vegetation and wildlife, I slipped and fell *three* times.

The first was in the shower of our room at a resort high in the mountains of the rain forest. I stepped onto the rubber bath mat, which then skidded and threw me violently into the corner of the stall and onto the floor. My roommate came in, turned off the shower and helped me up. I'd twisted my knee, hurt an arm, and bruised various body parts.

The second fall came that same night. I'd volunteered to take the loft bedroom, which was reached by a curving staircase. The trouble was

that the only bathroom was on the first floor. In the dark of night nature called and I started to creep downstairs, forgetting that the steps were wide on the right and narrow on the left as they made the curve. I chose to hang onto the left rail, but my foot just grazed the tiny step there and I fell, bumping on my bottom all the way down – waking my poor roommate in the process – as well as doing grievous harm to my tailbone.

The third came later, as we were hiking downhill on a muddy trail. I slipped and sat down firmly in the middle of a mud puddle. This time I was humiliated and filthy but added no further injuries, although my tailbone complained bitterly.

I limped for most of the rest of the trip, and gingerly sat on a donut cushion, graciously loaned me by a fellow tourist. But I would not have missed for anything a rare sighting of one of the world’s most beautiful birds, the Resplendent Quetzal.

I love selective memory because, rather than the painful slips and falls, it’s the picture of that exquisite bird that I hold dear in my heart.
>Gail Kiracofe

MY ROOM

My room is such a lovely room,
I live in it all day;
When nighttime comes my bed looks good,
That's when I hit the hay!

In daytime it's a living room
When people come to call,
But it turns into my bedroom
At night when sleep does fall.

It can be a room for crafts,
Scrapbooking it might be;
But at night when the sun goes down
A bedroom I will see.

It could be called a poetess den
Where poetry comes alive,
But when the nighttime falls and bedtime comes

A bedroom do I have.

My lovely room is many things
Whatever's my desire,
A daytime, nighttime, all time room
For me when I retire.

>Helen Miller

MEET KATHERINE HART

Presbyterian Women Biographical Sketch

“Would you like a cup of tea?” offered Katherine Hart, with much appreciated warm southern grace. This month’s featured Presbyterian woman was born in Kenbridge, Virginia and lived there as the child of an agriculture extension agent. Later the family moved to a farm where Katherine cherishes many fond memories of growing up. Her father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and many of the members in this small church were actually family members who served as pianist, Sunday school leaders, etc.

Katherine taught home economics for two years in Prince Edward County and one year in Pulaski, Virginia. From 1947-1949, she attended Assembly’s Training School (ATS) which, at that time, was a school for Christian education. She subsequently worked as the Director of Religious Education at the Hampton Presbyterian Church for two years. In 1951, Katherine married Sam Hart who had graduated from Hampden-Sydney and was on his way to Union Theological Seminary in Richmond. From 1954-58, following his graduation, they lived in Washington County, Virginia. There Sam pastored three churches, conducting two morning worship services and one evening service. During these early years it was a southern Presbyterian church, as the churches had not yet merged. Katherine quickly became involved with PW as a Bible study teacher, chairwoman of various committees and active circle member who also attended district meetings. Since her husband was a minister, he didn’t think it was prudent for her to be a PW president. (Yet this did happen at the end of Sam’s ministry in Jamestown, when a president became ill and Katherine stepped up from her vice presidential role.)

During these busy years, Sam and Katherine were blessed with three daughters: Ann, Sallie and Margaret, as well as one son named Garland. They are proud of all of their children as well as their six grandsons and two granddaughters. And it seems that Garland is following in his father's footsteps as a minister at Summerton Presbyterian Church in Summerton, South Carolina.

The Hart family followed Sam from pulpit to pulpit: 1958-1960 in Siler City, NC; 1960-1964 in Bath County, VA; 1964-1968 in Manchester, Maryland (she said she felt a little out of place there –the people were very cordial, but she missed her southern roots!); 1968-2001 in Williamsburg, Virginia. Sam retired from Jamestown Presbyterian Church on June 30, 1984, but they remained in Williamsburg because they were so fond of the area. When the time came to choose a retirement home and church, the couple found Sunnyside and Massanutten Presbyterian Church to be a "mighty fine fit." They were even thrilled to reconnect with some of their former colleagues in the ministry.

Katherine currently attends circle #2 at the Highlands and maintains that her favorite part is the helpful and meaningful Bible studies. She also enjoys the fellowship with other ladies as well as the service projects. When the interviewer asked Katherine if there was something that she would like to see PW do, her face lit up! Although careful to point out that she realizes that everyone has their "pet projects," Katherine would love to see PW do more for the Elizabeth Kates Foundation. While a member of the Williamsburg Church Women United, an interracial and interdenominational group whose Harrisonburg chapter has unfortunately disbanded, Katherine and a van load of women went to Goochland to see *Kates' Day* in action. Elizabeth Kates was the founding warden of the Virginia Correctional Center for Women, until her retirement in 1965. This woman was a visionary who created a horticultural program and also offered other support to these nonviolent offenders. Women could achieve a GED, attend community college and train for a career, while working in the on-campus nursery. It has been

shown that if women are given this opportunity to help themselves, the recidivism rate is much lower. In fact, any woman who has become a Kates' Scholar has never returned to prison! Another important part of the program is fostering visitation with mothers and children, while incarcerated. Katherine encourages everyone to attend *Kates' Day*, the first Wednesday in May. Folks can partake in an evening meal that the residents have made, purchase potted plants from their nursery, and also be treated to an informational and entertaining program. It is her hope that, in doing so, more Presbyterian Women will feel her passion!

>Katherine Hart
Highlands 412
As Told to Marta Armstrong

OLD LADY OF THE VALLEY

The large Oaks watch over the
Scarred grounds like Sentinels
Over a tomb.

Traces of life are scattered in
the Winds of the valley Where
Life once bloomed.

I passed this way a hundred times and
Saw the scene so different.

The tall lady with rake in hand
Working in her garden, her bonnet
Pulled tight, against the sun
That weathered her clapboard
Cottage.

Flowers bloomed amongst the bramble,
a batch of ground that time passed by.
But home to the "old Lady in the Valley".

You could tell if she was well
As you passed by, from the smoke
Curling up from her kitchen fire.

Then one day the fire died, The
weeds grew up and The house
fell quiet.

As I pass by now the house is gone, The

Sentinels stand tall against the Mountain
peaks, grass grows

Where once the house nestled.

Swirling winds sway the field of grass That
once held such promise,

The fence that the Morning glories danced on,
Lays

against the tree.

The "old Lady" tends another garden.

>John Taber

OUR FAVORITE VACATION/CELEBRATION

It was January of 2011 and our 50th wedding anniversary was this fall. What should we do to celebrate??? Some of our friends have taken trips, some have gone on cruises, and others have had large parties. What should we do??? We did think about a cruise for our whole family and we even went to a travel agent to inquire. By somehow, being on a boat with 4000 other people didn't seem like the right thing. We really just wanted to be together with all of our children and grandchildren for this special occasion.

Every summer for about 40 years, we have been spending a week at Emerald Isle NC on the beach with our family. We had progressed (is that the right word) from renting 2 bedrooms with another family to needing at least 5 bedrooms for just our "crew". It dawns on us that for less than the price of a cruise, we could rent one of the largest and (I might add) nicest houses on the beach for our week that year. So that was decided!!

That must have been the right decision, because we were able to get this house for the week that we wanted. We rented the 9 bedroom, 10-1/2 bath house on the beach with elevator, swimming pool and hot tub. (This was a special occasion not to be repeated) Then we only had to tell our children and grandchildren that we expected them all to join us as an anniversary present to us!! Now we realized that this could be difficult since our youngest daughter and her husband were currently living in Switzerland but they made it.

Our three daughters hadn't all been together for 5 years at that time.

The week in July arrived, the weather was wonderful and the house was fantastic. All 15 members of our family arrived safely. Our grandchildren love the ocean and beach but this year the swimming pool and hot tub were an extra special treat. About 48 friends from our former church had also rented houses near ours and for our Anniversary Dinner; we had hot dogs on the beach with good friends and family. What could be better?

This was our favorite vacation and our wish to have all our family with us, was fulfilled.

Now before you think our new friends here at Sunnyside didn't remember us as well. Near the actual date of our anniversary in early September, they had a "garage party" in our villas and we celebrated again with new friends and neighbors. After 50 years of marriage, we are truly blessed!!

>Kay and Jim Stillwell

1151 Vista Glen Drive, Unit 4
stiljk@centuryink.net

TRAGEDY AT MRYTLE BEACH PAVILLION

Saturday, July 20, 1991, at 8:30 PM in Myrtle Beach is where this tragic event took place. Our first week at Myrtle Beach ended with the Ferris wheel tragedy. My nurse daughter, Carole, her three children and I were there and witnessed it! Four people fell from atop the Ferris wheel and two of them landed right in front of us. Nine people were injured.

Carole, Samantha 11, Bryan 9, David 6 and I had just arrived at the Pavilion. The kids had completed one ride and we were standing at the base of the Ferris Wheel getting David ready to get on the little Farris Wheel and the other two children on the big Ferris Wheel. We heard screaming, looked up and saw bodies falling thru the wire structure with arms and legs flying wildly around and hitting cars below. A seven year old girl landed face down just five feet in front of us. One girl landed inside a barrier fence at the base

of the Ferris Wheel and a seventeen year old boy landed on his back about 5 feet in front of us. A 12 year old girl was dangling, holding on to a guy wire overhead (she had broken arm). It was a NIGHTMARE and all I could think of was "Oh, this can't be happening". Carole threw her purse at me and immediately knelt to render assistance to the 7 year old, Adrienne. I gathered the three children around me and we moved back with the stunned crowd. We stood there for 45 minutes (not watching the ordeal and the medics on the ground as crowds blocked our view and I didn't want the children to be any more upset than they were already. Carole helped the medics, doctors and ambulance people with the three on the ground until they were taken to the hospital. Three Pavilion employees climbed up the wheel to support and comfort the dangling 12 year old girl as the crowd cheered her to "hold on". It took awhile for the fire truck to get thru the crowded downtown traffic jam (it was Saturday night and the kids were cruising: the streets) to rescue her.

There was no mechanical problem or negligence of the Ferris wheel...at least that was the determination. It seems a 240 lb. seventeen year old boy had been rocking the car and had received 2 warnings to stop doing that. Evidentially, he didn't stop as all of a sudden he and his sister fell out of the car and the boy fell into the car below causing that car to dump out the two sisters who were 7 and 12 years old. The boy injured others as he tumbled and hit other cars before finally landing on the asphalt. His sister was the one inside the barrier on the ground. All the children survived except for the 17 year old **boy**.

We had several sleepless nights and for 4 days the newspapers were full of stories and pictures of this tragic day.

>Lou Gardner
4058 Woodside Drive, Apt. 21
marylougeorge@aol.com

HELEN BURTON'S FRIEND GEORGE H.W. BUSH

Helen Burton's long career in Washington, D.C. involved many years of work on Capitol Hill.

One of her employers was Senator Prescott Bush, father of George H.W. Bush. She worked with both father and son for a long time.

Several summers ago Helen and I were on vacation wandering along the Maine coastline. We planned to see Walker's Point, the Bush family home, in Kennebunkport on our way. We stopped in nearby Ogunquit at Perkins Cove for lunch on the wharf. We overheard a conversation at the next table saying Mr. Bush was on his way to eat lunch there. Soon former President Bush pulled up driving his large speedboat, accompanied by a dozen or more grandchildren. A second boat came along with the Secret Service men. As he made his way from boat to restaurant he greeted people along the way and we watched with interest. Once he was inside, Helen approached him. He recognized her immediately and held out his arms to give her a big hug. (He noted she looked different with gray hair) They exchanged greetings and chatted briefly, and then Helen "floated" back to our table.

What do you think was the highlight of her vacation?

>Sally Meeth
4268 Woodside Drive

HEATING HOT WATER WITH SOLAR PANELS?

Is anyone interested in pursuing the feasibility of heating your unit with solar panels, if allowed by Sunnyside? If so, please contact Virginia Bethune, 8336 or vafromva@live.com.

RAMBLES AND TREASURE HUNTS

REDDISH KNOB is the highest mountain just to the west of Harrisonburg and offers spectacular views. Take a picnic with you on this excursion. You will be on excellent paved roads all the way. Follow #42 south to Dayton, then #257 west (right turn). At George Washington National Forest #257 continues as #924. Take 924 up the mountain to Briery Branch Gap. Turn left on Forest Service Road #85 south. Turn left at next intersection. This road will take you to the top of Reddish Knob. In 1999 President Clinton

made his "Roadless Initiative" speech here. Sit on the rock wall, enjoy the view and your picnic and soak up the sunshine.

SOLACE STUDIOS is a shop in Elkton with wonderful treasures. Take #33 east toward Elkton, then take Business #33 into town. Cross the railroad track and beyond the red blinker light bear left. Note the purple awning on your right. This is Solace Studios. The owner/artist makes exquisite marbled silk clothing and leather accessories. She also stocks fine hand crafted jewelry, sculpture, candles, wood carvings and more from many artisans. The variety and quality of craftsmanship is impressive. This gift shop contains truly unique treasures.

TURNER HAM HOUSE/FULKS RUN GROCERY AND SINGERS GLEN will take you back in time. Drive north on #42 approximately thirteen miles to Broadway. Enjoy the sweeping views along the way. At Broadway turn left on #259. Go about seven miles west and you will see the Fulks Run Grocery and Turner Ham House on your left. Don't be fooled by the very ordinary exterior. Inside is a fascinating old timey country store. There is a surprising assortment of unusual merchandise to browse through and purchase as gifts. Buy a ham sandwich or a whole ham. They cure their own hams and delicious Turner Hams are well known. To return to Harrisonburg, backtrack on #259 eastward to Cootes Store and turn right on Turleytown Rd., #613. Follow #613 southward to the charming village of Singers Glen. Take time to drive around or walk around to see the lovely homes and learn about the history of this place. Follow Singers Glen Road southward and it eventually joins Mt. Clinton Pike which intersects #42. Continue straight at the intersection and you will soon cross US#11 and eventually come out at the Sheets on #33 in Harrisonburg

GOLDEN KERNEL STORE offers a supply of fresh ripe Florida strawberries, oranges, grapefruit and vegetables all winter long. The owner makes bi-weekly trips to the Florida farms and returns with fresh produce. The store also offers bulk foods and cheeses. It is open all year round and sells its homegrown corn in the

summer season. To go, take #33 east to the traffic light at Cross Keys Rd. Turn right and follow #276 to the traffic light at Weyers Cave. Turn left on #256 and continue eastward past the airport and down a long hill and across the river. On the left you will see a barn with a huge strawberry painted on it. (In season you can pick your own berries there.) Just past that barn, at the second drive, turn left at The Golden Kernel Store. When your shopping is finished continue eastward on #256 to Grottoes. Turn left on #340 and take it north to Port Republic. Turn left at Gayle's market on Port Republic Rd. Stay on Port Republic Road until it intersects with #276. Turn right at the light and go to #33, then left on #33 and back to Massanetta Springs Rd. This Ramble offers spacious views of mountains and farms, and lovely old homesteads.

THE PLAINS MUSEUM AND BEN FRANKLIN STORE will entertain you for an hour or two. Drive north on #42 to Broadway. In downtown Broadway the Ben Franklin Store is on your right. Enter this store and you are back in the 1950s. Everything is there from the traditional five and dime variety stores - - live goldfish, toys, candy, crafts, school and office supplies, fabrics, frame shop, etc. It is just plain fun to wander the aisles. When you are finished shopping, drive north on #42 to Timberville. In downtown Timberville you will see The Plains Museum. It is free and open Thursday-Sunday 1:00-4:00 pm. The Museum displays memorabilia and artifacts that reflect the history of life in the valley. Currently it is showing a special collection of fashions through the decades. Enjoy the lovely countryside along the way.

STORYBOOK TRAIL/MOUNTAIN LAUREL EXTRAVAGANZA is a treat you don't want to miss. Take US#11 north to New Market, then turn right (east) on US#211. Continue up the mountain. Just as you reach the top of the ridge there is a left turn lane and two small street signs on your left. The green one says "East Lee" and the brown one says "Chrisman Hollow Rd." Turn left and follow Chrisman Hollow for a mile or two, maybe more. You will come to a parking area on your right and a footbridge. Storybook Trail begins here. This is a comfortable handicap

accessible trail, quite flat - an easy stroll. There are interpretive signs along the way explaining the formation of Massanutten Mountain. The trail meanders through masses of mountain laurel to an overlook with benches. Also, there are big boulders to sit on along the way. At the overlook you will be looking eastward across a lovely green valley from Massanutten Mountain to the Blue Ridge. The trail is about a 1/2 mile long. The overlook is a good place to enjoy a picnic while you take in the view. For laurel viewing, the best time is about last of May / first of June. In summer or fall the trail is also a delightful walk. Returning to New Market you might want stop for ice cream or check out the shops along Main St. Travel time here to the trail is about 35 minutes.

HAPPY WANDERING!

>Shared by Sally Meeth
4268 Woodside Drive

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

A number of years ago at Christmas we had journeyed to Charleston, South Carolina, to spend the holiday with family. We enjoyed the usual - tree trimming, gifts, sumptuous meals, grandchildren performing in church productions, and visiting.

Shortly before we left for home we both came down with nasty colds. The trip home was a miserable one with much sniffing and sneezing, sleet pelting down, and heavy traffic.

We had left our home battened down with little in the refrigerator and the thermostat lowered to 50 degrees. As we drove, we decided that we would go in, turn up the thermostat, curl up under the down comforter and go to sleep. Food and unpacking could wait until the next day.

As we entered our home, we felt wonderful warm air and smelled the scent of food. Along with our newspapers and mail we found on the kitchen

counter a warm chicken casserole and a warm apple pie. How easy to follow the command to love one's neighbors!

We miss those neighbors, but we find that we are now blessed with the friends that we have made here at Sunnyside. In fact, we recently had a similar experience upon returning from a family funeral in South Carolina when one of our Sunnyside friends showed up at our door with a full meal, so welcome when we were emotionally and physically exhausted.

>Ed Yarnell
1195 Glenside Drive

A BIG SHOUT-OUT FOR OUR BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS STAFF!

As this issue of "Tips & Tales" goes to press, Sunnyside's Buildings and Grounds staff are, once again, shoveling our roads, driveways, and sidewalks clear of ANOTHER major snowfall! (So much for spring, eh?).

During the last snowfall, we discovered that OUR roads were cleared much earlier (and better!) than Masannetta Springs Road was!

So, a "tip of the hat" from Sunnyside's residents to the staff!

Manager and Editor:
Pat Armstrong
Phone: 8813
e-Mail: armstrong.richpat@gmail.com)

Layout and Printing:
Jim Kellett
Phone: 664-4798 (or 8911)
e-Mail: Jim@Kellett.com

*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.*