

# "Tips and Tales"

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the Residents of Sunnyside for Sharing News and Information About  
and of Interest to them*

## MIM OF GORM

*(Traditional ballad form)*

The tale I am about to tell  
Is strange as strange can be.  
The lass is Mim of county Gorm  
Far, Far from this country.

Her birth it hap the darkest night,  
The mournfullest of times  
At woman's shrine she left babe Mim,  
In hope of better climes

The priestess reared this hapless child  
A soothsayer to be  
In temple to the Goddess Zhin,  
Her craft: future to see

Swift, swift was Mim of mind and hand,  
With memory most rare.  
Her master taught her truth to tell,  
A charge for those who dare.

Though small was she in height and girt,  
In aspect she commands.  
The temple thronged with good and bad;  
All this she understands.

For forty years Mim build vast skills  
Her master was much pleased.  
The Goddess Zhin was told. She sent  
for Mim; gave her high praise

Tomorrow Goddess Zhin told Mim  
"Your wisdom must be shared  
As oracle to those who see  
But nil – and are despaired."

Each sabbath day, the Goddess Zhin  
Shined forth her true elan,

While Mim sat at the Goddess side,  
Bought wisdom to the clan.

*"Great Mim, is my wife true to me?"*

**"As you are, so is she."**

*"Can I win her to faithfulness?"*

**"Your win depends on thee."**

*"Great one, I learn but nil from you."*

**"Learning must be in you.**

**The truth you feign. Go find and stay**

**The path for two is true."**

*"Should I buy shares in Simon's barque?"*

*"Trusts you not Simon's word?"*

**Or do you rue the too small gift**

**You gave the sea god Xord?"**

*"I gave god Xord full half my purse."*

**"What of your purse was hid?"**

*"Great Mim, I fear I now forget."*

**"You have much fear to rid."**

**"Go beg god Xord to clear your head**

**Of clouds and half filled purse**

**God Xord love gold and truth. But truth,**

**You treat it as a curse."**

*"Should I a generalship accept?"*

**"Do you command yourself?"**

*"I hold great wealth to arm a host."*

**"A host to garner pelf?"**

**"Your fame rest firm in grasping gold,**

**"While heroes give their last."**

**"Will your command preserve our ways."**

**"Will we have just our past."**

*"My girl will marry whom she loves;*

*For her I know what's best.*

*I will disown this ignorant child."*

**What is the goal you quest?"**

*"Rich happiness throughout her life.*

*To know she is secure.*

*Pile high her father's grave with stones."*

**"The scorned can't tend a grave."**

**"A loving father rears a girl;  
Who wants a man like him  
and other fathers rears a girl  
who wants his alternate.**

**You reared a girl, - not raised a pig.  
The price is love not gain  
Go ask to join your girl, her man  
To build a higher plane.  
> Frank Barch**

### **ALL I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LIFE I LEARNED FROM MY PIGS**

Live high on the hog.  
Daily mud baths are the secret of eternal youth.  
Wallow in mud, not self pity.  
Keep your snout out of other people's business.  
Don't exercise too much.  
Don't squeal on your friends.  
Take time to stop and smell the truffles.  
If you made hour bed, then wallow in it.  
Sell no swine before its time.  
Stick to a vegetarian diet.  
If life gives you some slop, then pig out.  
Oink, snort, and be merry.  
Always keep a little something in the piggy bank.  
Ham it up!  
The Sty's the limit.  
Try not to be a boar at parties.  
Using your snout can get you into truffles.  
One person's sty is another's bedroom.  
You reap what you sow.  
Wallow while you may.  
Oink before you leap.  
Don't hog the conversation.  
Think pig and you will go far.  
Do "Wee we we" all the way home.

>Whit Scully

### **HOW CAN THAT BE?**

Two swans swimming, along the side of rock  
Lined shore. . more gliding, or floating  
Along, casually dipping their majestic necks in  
Unison to the gentle motion of the water;  
Gleaming like diamonds off the sunlit lake  
With an occasional stretch, their long necks,  
And a tuft of wing feathers.  
To show whoever might see how glorious  
They are.

Without doubt, and no offense to our friend and  
Colorful peacock. Yet for pure majestic grace the  
Swan is nature's perfection. They mate for life  
Like their cousins geese. Yet no one can tell one  
From the other?

And what mystery it is that nature's rule  
Applies to these magnificent fowl, who mate  
for  
Life, and not like the man who loosens the knot  
that God  
Has tied to break away from the vows they  
made.

For our folly and false contentment, woe's to the  
Man who is forever reaching for the happiness  
That life presents . . . When in the stillness  
A quiet lake, a pair of swans passes by, again  
Assuring nature will always endure.

>John J. Traber

### **NEED EDITOR FOR TIPS AND TALES**

I have been elected to serve as Moderator for  
Presbyterian Women for the Shenandoah  
Presbytery for a 2-year term. I am excited about  
this but know it will be a demanding and time  
consuming position. Therefore, I feel the need to  
free up some of my time and as a result need to  
give up editor for TIPS AND TALES.

I know there are so many capable folks here at  
Sunnyside and trust someone will be interested  
and willing to take over this position. Jim Kellett  
is wonderful in doing the layout in preparation for  
publishing. Katherine Bennett does the printing  
of the TIPS AND TALES.

Please let either Jim or me know if you think you might be interested in taking over this position.

I would be happy to work with anyone (or maybe several folks working together) to take over as Editor of TIPS AND TALES.

>Pat Armstrong

### **WORRIED?**

I spent my sixteenth summer as a dishwasher at camp, sharing the task with my friend Lois and the kitchen with two 60ish women cooks, "Cookie" and Mae. We spent many hours each day in those steamy confines, turning out meals for eighty to one hundred hungry girls and then cleaning up afterwards. For six weeks Lois and I worked side by side. We talked and laughed and, like teen-agers do, we worried.

My major worry just then was that my boyfriend, Leroy, would make good on his promise (threat?) to drive out from town and drop in for a visit. Looking back, I can't imagine why that bothered me so, but the humiliation of having a man (he was seventeen, after all) show up in the midst of a 100% female enclave threw me into a tizzy.

I fussed. And fumed. And fussed some more.

Finally, Cookie had heard enough. "Come with me," she said one day. I followed her into the dining hall where she sat me down on a bench and told me to read a poster, one of many, displayed along the wall. It said:

***"Of all your worries great and small,  
The greatest are those  
That don't happen at all."***

Sure enough, Leroy never did show up to embarrass me. And down through the years I've found those words Cookie pointed out to me that day to be pretty accurate.

I recently added a second verse, however:

***"And of all the calamities that do befall,  
The greatest are those***

***You never thought of at all!"***

>Gail Kiracofe

### **SUNNYSIDE VETERANS SAY "HATS OFF TO OUR LADIES"**

As a spouse of a Sunnyside Veteran, I am joyfully looking forward to Thursday, May 23rd luncheon at noon at the Bethesda Theatre. The Veterans are honoring their spouses, partners, friends, widows and widowers of deceased Veterans.

We have all experienced so much in our roles as spouses, and it will be enlightening to hear about them.

In the very early 1950's for me/us it was Friday evening in the summertime to the Capitol East Steps for a Concert by The United States Army Band, of which my husband was a member. I, and many other wives, went to the concerts quite regularly with babies and toddlers in tow, along with ALL it takes to care for small children. Most of the people sat on the East steps, but we wives and children sat on the grass to the side of the steps. Strollers, blankets on the grass, large bags of baby needs, we wives caught up on our friendships while listening to the music, as all of us were away from our families "back home." A wonderful bonding in our like experiences.

>Helen Drifmeyer

### **A SOLDIER DIED TODAY**

He was getting old and paunchy  
And his hair was falling fast,  
And he sat around the Legion,  
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in  
And the deeds that he had done,  
In his exploits with his buddies;  
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors  
His tales became a joke,  
All his buddies listened quietly  
For they knew whereof he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,  
For ol' Joe has passed away,  
And the world's a little poorer  
For a soldier died today.

He won't be mourned by many,  
Just his children and his wife,  
For he lived an ordinary,  
Very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family,  
Going quietly on is way;  
And the world won't note his passing,  
'Tho a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,  
Their bodies lie in state,  
While thousands note their passing,  
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories  
From the time that they were young  
But the passing of a soldier  
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution  
To the welfare of our land,  
Some jerk who breaks his promise  
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow  
Who in times of war and strive,  
Goes off to serve his country  
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend  
And the style in which he lives,  
Are often disproportionate,  
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary soldier,  
Who offered up his all,  
Is paid off with a medal  
And perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians  
With their compromise and ploys,  
Who won for us the freedom  
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,  
With your enemies at hand,  
Would you really want some cop-out,  
With ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a soldier  
His home, his country, his kin,  
Just a common soldier,  
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common soldier,  
And his ranks are growing thin,  
But his presence should remind us  
We may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict,  
We find the soldier's part  
Is to clean up all the troubles  
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor  
While he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's give him homage  
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline  
In the paper that might say:  
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,  
A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."

>Shared by Pat Armstrong

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