

"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*

EDITOR'S REQUEST

There are storytellers, writers, poets, adventurers, travelers, native sons and daughters of the valley, soldiers, sailors, marines, preachers, teachers, who have lived in many lands and now call Sunnyside home. We are all interested in YOU. Give us a call at 8604 and we will be glad to interview you or you can email your tale to condudley@aol.com

DON'T BE SHY - SHARE!

NEW YORK CITY AFTER 9/11

Jim and I were Red Cross disaster volunteers for several years before coming to Sunnyside in 2002. When 9/11 occurred we volunteered for one last time and before we knew it, we were on our way to New York city. We checked into our hotel assigned to us and then made our way to our place of work which was at Pier 94 in Manhattan, a huge warehouse which then became the Family Assistance Center (FAC) for numerous other agencies. The Red Cross was by far the largest agency represented.

For those three weeks we were there, Jim and I interviewed those who had lost loved ones on 9/11. Besides taking care of their immediate emergency needs, we started the process for each family or person to receive a much larger gift called the Special Gift that would cover their financial obligations for three months. Sometime later, we were pleased to know that the Red Cross agreed to release the entire amount of the Liberty Fund given so generously by the American people.

Meeting and working with these bereaved families, hearing their stories, was truly a privilege. I remember Ramona living in New York who wanted to return to Guatemala with her children, to have a memorial service for her husband there. I helped her make the necessary arrangements to do so. Jim remembers a Christian family from Nigeria who turned to him for all manner of assistance. Their beloved daughter had worked as an accountant for the Windows of the World restaurant.

So many memories...the wall covered with stuffed bears and pictures of the missing, the singing of the Star spangled Banner each day, the ceremony on Oct. 28 of the families receiving an urn filled with ashes and dust of ground zero along with the American flag, the beautiful and friendly petting dogs brought to the Pier by their owners, and the hundred of letters and paper hearts with message sent by school children. One last memory is the policemen who sang God Bless America each noon as we stopped our work to listen. All this was and is a never-to-be-forgotten time in our lives, to make a difference in other lives.

>Dot Hollandsworth

SUNNYSIDER PUBLISHES FIRST NOVEL

Gail Kiracofe's "Someone to Love" is not a romance novel, gentlemen. It is a sensitive comment on society today. When you can't put a book down after only the first few pages, it is a "good read".

Gail's background as a field director for the Girl Scouts of America in several southern cities prepared her to write this book. Press releases and newsletters led her into writing magazine articles and a desire to write a novel.

Her involvement with a Writers Group and online classes in the elements of writing brought this novel to fruition.

"*Someone to Love*" is available at Sunny Treasures, Amazon.com, local bookstores or from Gail herself.

>Coni Dudley

THE FARMER
In Loving Memory of our Friend Mildred
(Micky) Hahn

The farmer creates his painting on the
Rolling hills and fertile valley
Of this country.
His palette is the earth itself, his
Brush is the plow.

Both man and Belgian stumble in the
Sweat of the noon days' heat.
Harnessed as one to toil in their ways.
Hands as brown as the leather
They hold, guide the plow through the fields.

The sun beating down on fresh turned earth
Releases the smells of spring on the farm.
That signals to all that pass,
A new season is upon us.

A noble work alone under the sun
And sky above brings the good
Sweat of honest work with each step, and
Furrow.

When spring showers mist from
Summers heat and fertile fields produce
Fulfilling harvests.
With summer shadows growing longer
Against the nearby hills, and the foliage is gone
From all the trees.

The farmer rests his unbridled steeds
And gazes out on empty fields, it's
Time for winter days grip the fertile land
In a frozen mold of hoof prints between the
Washboard furrows

Until the winds of spring return to
Unleash the harshness of winter's wrath,
The farmer's work is never done he hones his
plows
And reclaims the harness with a luster as
Bright as new, the whiffletree and yolks are hung
And ready for his rested steeds as the days
Of spring are growing nearer to
The start of new begging, above the blue clouds
Stand magically as God's gatekeepers to
Welcome home our bacon loving friend, Mildred
Who thanks be to God,
She was not kosher.

>John J. Traber

CAPTION CALLING
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IMPAIRED

Caption Call is made available to all qualified users as a fulfillment of the Americans with Disabilities Act. The Caption Call phone has a small screen which shows the caller's comments as you converse. This free service can be used by all Americans with hearing loss who are not able to communicate on the telephone so that they can once again use the phone with confidence.

The captioned telephone industry is regulated through the Federal Communications Commission. Caption Call provides free captioned telephone service and free customer support. The FCC orders that new customers must be charged for a Caption Call phone unless they provide third-party certification of hearing loss that requires captioning to communicate by phone. You may receive a free Caption Call phone if you provide necessary certification. If not certified, you can receive one for subsidized \$75 free. A team will visit your home to install the phone and instruct you in its' use.

Visit <http://www.CaptionCall.com> or call (877) 557-2227 for information

>Sally Meeth

Garden for All Seasons

Dear friend, please come with me, where beauty
reigns supreme,
Where gentle paths entwine as plants and lovers
do.

There are no walls to block the warmth that all
life needs
To thrive and build a communality of peace.

Each living thing has needs unique and things to
share,

To do what it alone can do. Tread softly lest
You wake the creatures of the night who have a
place

Where they alone can cope, when darkness
swallows us.

They know another world that's damp and cold to
us,

But is just right for them - and yet we share one
world.

Do those of darkness love their garden as we do?
What beauties do they share and hold as treasures
rare?

Do those of darkness think us friends who trek by
day?

Do they, as we, fear what they cannot be and hate
The light of day that halts their tasks, as we
prolong

The failing light of day by artificial means:

Our visit to this place where beauty reigns
supreme

Has much to teach of gentle paths and simpler
ways;

Each one who treads these paths can learn the
peace found here

And take this peace on life's long quest with those
you love.

>Frank Barch

WHAT'S ON YOUR 'BUCKET LIST'?

If it includes some kind of aviation experience,
we may be able to help by taking you on a short

(20 minute or so) soaring (gliding) flight in a
two-place sailplane. I'm still a flight instructor
who flies out of the airport in Front Royal, and
if you hurry (before I get to old to do this
safely!) we might be able to accommodate you
with an aerial view of the central Shenandoah
Valley from a sailplane sometime this fall or
next spring. (Only restriction is that you must
weigh less than 240 lbs. and be able to get into
the aircraft with assistance). If interested, give
me a call at (540) 664-4798 or email to
Jim@Kellett.com.

> Jim Kellett



For more information about soaring, see
<http://skylinesoaring.org>

REUNION

"Hello."

"Is this Frank Hicks?"

"Uhhh. . . yeess."

"The Frank Hicks who worked at Cline's Drug
Store in Mishawaka?"

"Yeesss." Pause . . . "Who is this?"

"Do you remember a girl named Gail Kersh?"

"Oh, my gosh. Gail? Where are you?"

Where I was, was in Mountain Home, Idaho, on
my way home from a drive across America from
Harrisonburg, VA to Campbell River, on
Vancouver Island, British Columbia. On the way
west I'd visited three nephews and attended three
Elderhostels. Now, the long drive back east had

no planned stops along the way. Except, maybe, if he happened to be home, for a stop to visit a boyfriend from long ago. Google had revealed his current whereabouts as I planned my trip and now I was playing the long shot, calling from the Visitors' Center out on the Interstate.

We'd met at Cline's those long years ago. I lived just down the street and did the family's drug store shopping occasionally. Frank rented a room nearby and worked at Cline's in the evenings while attending law school at Notre Dame during the day. Soon the Kershes had an over-supply of Ipana, Horlicks, Barbasol and Mum, and I was spending more and more time at the soda fountain trading quips with the clever young man behind it.

Frank came from Twin Falls, Idaho, where he'd grown up on a farm. After a year at the state university he joined the Marines and was sent to Notre Dame as an officer candidate. The war ended then, and he stayed on to attend Law School.

I was only a senior in high school so I'm not sure what attracted him to me. For my part, I thought he was smart and funny and very sophisticated.

With the differences in our ages, my parents were quite suspicious of him at first. It wasn't long, though, until I had to break into his conversations with my Dad to pull him away to make our movie on time. Or, he might slip into the kitchen to taste whatever Mom had simmering on the stove, charming a supper invitation from her when she'd least expected a guest. I think they saw in him, not sophistication, but a boy from the farm who'd been away from home too long. They treated him well and, in return, expected him to treat me well. Their trust was not misplaced.

As I approached Mountain Home on the Interstate, I kept wondering if I had nerve enough to actually stop and try to call him. After all, I'd grown up in an era when "nice" girls didn't make the first move; we waited patiently for a boy to call us. (Which, of course, didn't stop us from flirting shamelessly in the halls at school - or over the counter at the drug store.)

After much "should I or shouldn't I", I decided, "Oh, what the heck" and made for the exit.

The folks at the Visitor's Center were most helpful once they heard my story and learned who I was searching for. They looked up Frank's phone number and dialed it before handing the phone to me. All the while telling me about Frank; that he'd lost his wife a couple of years before; that he was edging out of his law practice and would be sorely missed, etc. etc. And after I'd made contact with him they eagerly gave me directions to his home and looked hopeful as I was leaving that a new romance might be in the making.

You do understand, don't you, that Mountain Home has a population of fewer than 15,000 people?

He was pacing the sidewalk in front of his house when I pulled up and parked. We hugged and told each other how little we'd changed. Lies, of course. He was then in his 80's and I only seven years behind, and the years were apparent in the wrinkles on our faces and the gray in our hair. Truthfully, though, we hadn't changed much inside, and fell into a familiar humorous exchange.

The next two hours passed quickly. What he did in the intervening years; what I had done with my life. It seemed ironic that although he'd trained to be a Marine officer, he never served on active duty. I, on the other hand, married a Marine officer and spent 18 years of my married life moving with him from one military base to another or waiting at home for him to return from an overseas assignment - like Vietnam.

We touched on everything; children, spouses, jobs, our mutual friends, the usual catching up. When it was time for me to leave we promised to keep in touch, and we did. I think I wrote him three long letters which he answered with two very short ones.

In one he commented that my visit had been the most exciting thing that had happened to him in years. How glad I was that I played the long shot and called him that day. When you move around

as much as I have, you often miss 'the rest of the story' in people's lives. It was most gratifying to be able to close the circle on at least one of my early friendships. I checked Google again as I was writing this story. Sadly I found his obituary. Frank died two years ago at the age of 86, and following a long list of his achievements it read:

"He devoted his life with passion to God, his family, his profession and his community."

A full life, well lived. I would have expected nothing less Rest in peace, Frank.

And thanks, Google.

>Gail Kiracofe

PILLOWCASE DRESSES FOR AFRICA

Your unused pillowcases can be made into simple dresses for children by Dot Hollandsworth, Sally Meeth and others. Dot will pick up your cases, just call 8354.

>Dot Hollandsworth

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