

"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*

A CURMUDGEON'S CAMPAIGN (Or, Be Quiet So You Can Hear Me!)

My hearing is pretty good, despite what my wife says. At least according to the audiologist. But we BOTH have noticed that there are restaurants where the background is so noisy that it is both annoying and in some instances so high that normal conversation is impossible.

Sound is usually measured in decibels (dB) which are logarithmic units - that is, doubling the value more than doubles the sound itself.

A quiet home would measure about 50 - 60 dB, but prolonged exposure to noise in the 90 dB or higher range is risking significant health hazards.

The National Restaurant Association recommends that sound levels for background music (that's just the music, not the overall noise level) be below 60 dB, or under 75 dB in the bar. Tom Sietsema, the food writer for the Washington Post, now includes noise levels in his reviews. For overall noise levels, he suggests:

"Quiet" - under 60 dB

"Easy Conversation" - 60 - 70 dB

"Must Raise Your Voice" - 71-80 dB

"Extremely Loud" - Over 80 dB

I've started collecting readings from restaurants that my wife Pat and I have visited:

Oriental Cafe - 68

Marketplace (Sunday Breakfast) - 69

Southern Kitchen (New Market) - 70

Marketplace (Lunch) - 72

Blue Nile - 72

Frost Diner (Warrenton) - 72

Tartan Grill (Dinner) - 77
Social Hour in Florida Room - 82
Taste of Thai - 85

As you can see, these last two have a noise level getting close to being harmful for long exposures and makes it very difficult to hold a conversation.

There are several free apps for smartphones (both iPhones and Androids) that will measure the sound level. Do you have a smartphone? Record the noise level in your favorite restaurants and we'll publish them here!

>Jim Kellett

WANT TO VISIT THE HOLY LAND?

Join Steve Hay, Pastor of the Asbury United Methodist Church, on a trip to the Holy Land via Jordan on April 14 - 23, 2015. For more information and a brochure, call Asbury United Methodist at (540) 434-2836, or Sunnyside residents Anne Long at 8328 or Celia Mitchell at 8416.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE RESIDENT COUNCIL

The minutes of the August 15 meeting of the Residents' Council contained several comments in a report from our Executive Director, Josh Lyons. A couple of them appear to be in response to suggestions from residents that have been made over the years

Specifically, Sunnyside is now seriously considering the long-sought addition of a 'lounge environment area' in the Tartan Grille (or other space in the Highlands). Concept drawings have been requested of an architect, but have not been

received as of August 15. Once they are available, a small "Action Team" of residents and staff will be created to discuss options.

Second, significant progress has been made in arranging for a sunshade to be installed in the Lyons Pavilion! Once in place, it will make late afternoon events in the summertime much more comfortable. Robert Shenk is getting estimates, and the plan is to install the shade next spring, in time to be of service during the summer of 2015.

The Resident Council, comprised of the officers of the various Residents' Associations, meets several times a year and serves as a major conduit for sharing concerns and suggestions within the community and with Sunnyside management. Get to know *your* Association President (and in the cases of the Highlands and Village, the various regional representatives)!

Pannill

Richard Williams,
-8256, <donric7@hotmail.com>

Village

President: Bill Painter, -8830
Villa - Barbara Wheatley, -8873
Woodside and Grattan Price Drive - Sally Meeth, -8533
Locust Circle and Woodside Village Court - Coni Dudley, -8604
Hickory Cove - Bill Compton, -8933
Glen #1 - Bill Stoner, -8814
Glen #2 - Charlie Lotts, -8902

Highlands

Chair: Carolyn Arbuckle -8619
Secretary: Sue Johnson - 8551

Share your suggestions with them on how to make our lives at Sunnyside even better!

WHAT'S A STAMP WORTH?

The British Guiana one-cent Magenta stamp recently sold for 9.5 million dollars. Almost a billion times its original face value!

In the past 30 years I have looked at and handled more than 9.5 million stamps.

And why would I do that, you ask?

Well, because my husband Robert and I served as Presbyterian missionaries in the Democratic Republic of the Congo for 25 years. And when we came home we wanted to continue to help the church in the Congo in any way we could. We discovered we could raise money by collecting and then selling stamps to companies who in turn sold them to collectors.

We started by sorting through used envelopes from businesses, looking for commemorative stamps. From that modest beginning Stamps for Missions was born. It has grown to include individuals, churches, presbyteries, and retirement communities around the country. We now net about \$5000 a year. That \$9.5 million paid for one stamp is far different from the three to 20 cents we receive for a commemorative stamp from the Stamp Companies who then sell them to collectors for more than ten times what they pay us.

But stamp by stamp we have been able through the 30 years of work to help the church in the Congo with almost \$100,000. We have subsidized the purchase of Bibles, printed hymnbooks, sponsored university scholarships, organized continuing education events for lay pastors, printed Bible story pictures and Bible lessons, and paid for medicines, surgeries, and transportation. 100% of the receipts from Stamps for Missions go to the church in the Congo.

What better way to "go into all the world and preach the gospel"?

The pen pals I've made, experiences shared, prayers felt have enriched my life. I've reconnected with a "pax" Mennonite young man who worked with us in the Congo in the 1950's. He happened to see a notice about Stamps for Missions his mother brought home from a circle meeting. "I know that lady," he said. "We ate at their house many times." He e-mailed me, came with his wife to see me here at Sunnyside and we

had a wonderful time remembering experiences from our Congo days.

That Stamps for Missions flyer brought me another long-lost friend this year. His wife saw it at a gathering of Presbyterian Women, recognized the name Reinhold and showed it to her husband. They investigated, found we were the Reinholds his family had been good friends with so long ago, and got in touch. We spent a delightful afternoon catching up on 50 years.

You never know what a stamp is worth in friendship, in supporting the work of the church, and in reconnecting with others.

Every Tuesday afternoon for the past six years 10 friends here at Sunnyside have helped me with the soaking and clipping, sorting, counting and packaging of the stamps we receive from over 39 states.

So, if you have any stamps, albums or collections of stamps and want to help the church in the Congo, come and see me. I live in Hickory Cove and would love to have you join the fun!

>Peggy Reinhold

**SO THERE !!
WE ARE ALL BRILLIANT!!**

Older people do not decline mentally with age, it just takes them longer to recall facts because they have more information in their brains, scientists believe.

Much like a computer struggles as the hard drive gets full up, so do humans take longer to access information, it has been suggested.

Researchers say this slowing down it not the same as cognitive decline.

“The human brain works slower in old age,” said Dr. Michael Ramscar, “but only because we have stored more information over time. The brains of older people do not get weak. On the contrary, they simply know more.”

THAT’S OUR STORY AND WE’RE STICKING TO IT!

>Nell Dove

TO FLY

Sixty years ago I saw "Around the World in 80 Days" and I was hooked. I wanted to take a balloon flight. Then 30 years ago I saw "To Fly" on the big screen at Smithsonian's Air and Space Museum and it confirmed what I already knew. There would be a balloon flight for me in my lifetime.

In August in Post Mills, Vermont, it happened. I had a one and a half hour sunset balloon flight with pilot Brian Boland. It was an unbelievably beautiful ride, floating quietly through the air, with no sense of motion. We crossed Lake Fairlea, dipping down to touch the surface, then rose high over two mountaintops in the Green Mountains. We drifted southward, floating over the picturesque Connecticut River Valley with its farms and villages.

Finally as we approached Lyme, New Hampshire, we began our descent toward a hay field on the edge of town. This was our Norman Rockwell moment. As the village folks realized we were coming in for a landing they began to hurry toward the field. Brian threw the tether over the side to Tina, (his partner, chase driver, and the local M.D.) and we drifted in to a smooth touchdown. By this time we had collected an audience of about twenty adults, 20 kids, and several happy dogs.

About then I noticed a van pulled over at roadside. Two very elderly people got out set up their lawn chairs and settled in to enjoy the festivities. I climbed out of the basket and Brian invited the kids aboard. A bunch of them scrambled aboard and he took them up for a tethered ride. They were excited, waving and shouting to family. Brian landed that batch and the rest of the kids jumped in for their ride. (The second group was a bit more timid, hanging back until they saw the first group come down safely.) With the tethered rides complete, the kids were so excited, dancing around and wanting to help. The pilot, a former teacher, quickly set them to work

squashing all the air out of the balloon. Then he had them stretch out in a long line and roll the balloon into a long tube and stuff it into it's bag. That and the basket were loaded into the van.

With that task completed, folks began to drift off toward home in the gathering dusk. We still had a half-dozen adults and a half-dozen kids, and two dogs, hanging around playing and visiting. Tina brought out a cooler with chilled Champagne and soft drinks and wine glasses for all. Young and old toasted the successful flight and we all drank up as is the custom. The sun set and we bade everyone good evening, climbed into the van and drove the 25 miles back to the air field. The landing party was as much fun as the flight and totally unexpected.

Of this I'm certain, I will fly again.

>Sally Meeth

**WHERE ARE YOUR GLASSES?
OR
Messing With Your Kids' Minds**

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me again asking why I didn't do something useful with my time.



Like sitting around the pool and drinking wine is not a good thing, I said.

Talking about my "doing something useful" seems to be her favorite topic of conversation.

She was "only thinking of me" she said, and

suggested I go down to the senior center and hang out with the guys.

I did this and when I got home last night I decided to teach her a lesson about staying out of my business.

I e-mailed her and told her that I had joined a parachute club.

She replied, "Are you nuts? You are 73 years old, and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"

I told her that I even got a membership card and e-mailed a copy to her.

She immediately telephoned me, "Good grief, where are your glasses! This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"Oh man, I'm in trouble again; I really don't know what to do... I signed up for five jumps a week."

The line went quiet, and her friend picked up the phone and said that my daughter had fainted.

Life as a senior citizen is not getting any easier but sometimes it can be fun.

>Nell Dove

IN EUGENIA'S GARDEN

During the summer, there were articles in the newspapers about the collapse of bee colonies and loss of honeybees across the United States. I wondered if most folks were aware that our food supplies depend upon these pollinators? This year, I noticed fewer bees in my own flower garden, which is organic but tends to be shady.

One late afternoon in September I walked the narrow paths of Eugenia and Tip Parker's unique garden where I was surrounded by a cloister of flowers, some as tall as my head and shoulders, moving and catching sunlight in a slight breeze, swarming with "busy bees", and thick with aromas. I'll never forget the experience.

Eugenia's garden is totally bee-friendly. There are native American plants, beloved by bees, such as Monarda (beebalm); Joe-Pye weed (Joe, a medicine man in New England who used this plant to treat colonists); Ironweed, a rugged east coast native; and Milkweed, vital source of nourishment for monarch butterflies. (Early settlers stuffed pillows with milkweed down.)



Then there are the strewing herbs: Sweet Annie, Our Lady's bedstraw (used to stuff mattresses because of its fresh hay-like scent when dried; Sweet Cicely and Sweet Woodruff. These are just a very few of all the plants in this garden.

To find out how the bees are doing in Virginia and, specifically, in the Shenandoah Valley, I spoke to Fred Hollen who runs The Bee Store in Fishersville and teaches a bee-keeping class at Blue Ridge Community College. Systemic pesticides such as "neonicotinoid" are fatal to bees because they are taken up through the entire system of the plants and into the pollen. It is contained in some lawn and garden products. Then there are the diseases and parasites – some new to this country. "Barroa" which appeared in

the 1980's is a parasite, which weakens the entire colony.

The good news is that more people are taking up bee keeping and learning how to better manage their colonies.

Virginia Tech etymologist, Richard Fell, told me that we're losing 30% of our colonies everywhere. Often we don't know why. He warned that we are eliminating pollen sources. We can manage bee colonies if we reduce our reliance on chemicals. Honey bees act as giant sponges for pesticides and the long term effects are unknown.

He urged backyard gardeners to be extremely careful and pay attention to the labels on all lawn and garden products. It is now required by law to label these products if they are "toxic to bees."

To attract pollinators to our garden, plant nectar rich plants – such as Asters, black-eyed Susans, Elder Flower, Goldenrod, Joe Pye Weed, Lupine, Penstemon, Purple Coneflower, Rhododendron, Stonecrop, Sunflower, Woodland Sage etc.

Don't mow, he said, plant wildflowers!

-- Martha Merz

THE KITE

"Pitalar, Pitalar", the shaven-headed Turkish vendor shouted as he zigzagged randomly up the knoll, bearing his tray of bread snacks. The hill was a bald one and its late March grass as not yet green. Amongst the protruding rocks, red anemones bloomed, and if one looked closely, other small wild flowers sprinkled color haphazardly. Gene and I picked our way amongst them toward the top of the hill. We were somewhat perplexed that there was any activity at all on this hill, where in the past we had encountered only Mehmet and his donkey. On this breezy day, clusters of teenagers, parents with young children, and some old men in baggy brown knickers had gathered. The vendor, no more than twelve or thirteen himself, wove in and out amongst his potential customers, continuing to tout his wares and having some success.

What had brought these others this Sunday afternoon to the bald hilltop was what had enticed us too: the good steady breeze, the spring warmth, and the perfect place for launching a kite. Gene carried his furred French kite, which had caused me such grief on the ferry in Istanbul, under his arm. For weeks at school we had seen our pupils in creative excitement as they made kites. Theirs were not like customary diamond-shaped American kites. Instead, they were octagonal, hexagonal, and even twelve-sided. They had frames and struts of a lightweight wood, balsa or poplar, and were stretched with colored tissue paper. The edges had pompoms or tinsel fringe or nylon tassels. The sizes varied considerably. All had tails.

As Gene unrolled his kite and began to assemble his tetrahedral kite made of yellow and green nylon, curious onlookers gathered around. We could tell from the muttered tones that the shape of the kite was new to these villagers. When he inserted the struts in each cell and each box opened up, appreciative 'ahs' went up in prolonged unison.

Mehmet materialized. That lad had an uncanny ability to find us. He gave us his slow grin. "Merhaba!" We said 'hello' to him too, but Gene was more interested in assembling his kite. Its large size and its shape differed from the colorful ones around us. Curious onlookers gathered in a polite circle. The pita seller approached. The top tier of his neatly stacked wares was gone.

Gene's was not the first kite aloft. At quite another part of the hill a bright red hexagon had caught the breeze and was riding well. Nearer us a boy about eight ran as if his life depended upon his speed, holding his faltering kite by its string as it bobbed up and down not very much over his head. At last, it too caught an updraft and he frantically paid out more string to let his creation rise.

Gene's kite was bright and large. It garnered interest, admiration, and plenty of comment. Our lack of the language meant we could not answer the questions, and most of the crowd drifted away after the launch. This professional-crafted piece

rose smoothly higher and higher until, like the others, it rode the invisible waves, nodded and danced. Because of the distance it had risen, it was much diminished in size. The kites were like flowers - zinnias and poppies - bright and frilly, swaying on their long stems. *Ucirtma* - that was the word for kite. We heard it over and over. The sky field filled with more and more humming-stringed flowers.

Now and then something glittered high up and somewhere else another brilliant light winked back for a split second. We could not discern the cause of the lights. Lights on kites? Yes, in the distant past lights were lifted by kite to frighten the enemy, but that was at night and not by means of these haphazard, albeit delightful, constructions.

First from one cluster, then another, excited children pointed upward and yelled "Zhelletta! Zheletta!" Tension mounted. Bewildered, we watched them. Was there a contest for the highest kite, the dancingest, the smoothest-riding, the one with the longest tail? What was causing their delighted excitement? Even the shaven-headed pita seller ceased calling "Pitalar" and had set down his tray to gaze up and follow the movements. His loud voice carried "Zheletta" over the hilltop so other craned upward too. The surge of people moved closer to us. The kites moved too, quite close to each other and to Gene's foreign kite.

Just then Mehmet bolted toward us. In a mad movement he leapt for the singing, taut cord that held Gene's kite and yanked it downward fiercely. Gene swore. The reel he was holding nearly broke his finger. Of course, the kite faltered and dipped, losing its smooth passage.

"What the hell was that for?" Gene's eyes flashed his anger toward Mehmet who was wagging his injured hand. As if he understood, Mehmet answered, "Zheletta" and then he examined the welt the string had burned on his palm.

Gene had control of his kite once more. He peered up where his magnificent kite serenely sailed amongst its tawdry neighbors. Several of

them bore sets of twinklers that caught the sunlight. Zhelleta - Gillette! - razor blades! So *that* was the game! Slice the tether and win the opponent's kite!

Frantically, Gene maneuvered his beauty away from the enemy kites. He moved the tether adroitly so that his kite string was farther and farther away from the danger. And when all seemed safe, his eyes sought out Mehmet. In Turkish, he thanked the lad whose quick thinking had saved Gene's prize. When the breeze died and the kites were drawn in and we ambled toward home, picking our way over the rough terrain, I realized that we had come a long, long way since our arrival in Turkey last September.

>Carroll Lisle

TIPS FOR NEWCOMERS

1. UPS service: take packages to Lisa in Shipping/Receiving here. If you have large/heavy items, it's cheaper to send/receive them from her office (a business address) instead of your home.

2. There is a nice, clean laundromat for large items (bedspreads, sleeping bags, blankets, etc.): in the Cloverleaf shopping center off US 33 (where Big Lots, Crutchfield's, etc. are located.)

3. Wonderful classical music on 3 stations!

WEMC -91.7 (8 am-5 pm); Sing for Joy and Mostly Mennonite, Mostly *A Capella* (Sunday 7 am-9:30 am)

WMRA -90.7(8 pm)

WVTF: 89.1 and 89.3 (10 am-4 pm)

4. Harp music from Virginia Bethune: -8336 or vafromva@live.com)

Serenade of Strings, CD almost 60 min. of harp and cello melodies- \$10 contribution to benefit therapeutic music at bedside at Augusta Health

Wings of Song, DVD of lovely photography by Deb Booth and music from *Healing Harp Melodies: Classical Tunes and Loveabyses*- \$7 or \$15 if purchased together....

5. Perhaps your next celebration with family and friends will take place at River Hill Stables, about an hour's drive from Sunnyside near Luray, and 30 minutes from Skyland on the Skyline Drive. The Farmhouse sleeps 10, and an adjoining cottage, 4. Expansive views of the mountains and horses grazing greet visitors. The distillery is open on Saturday afternoons and offers delicious fruit wines. Gathering Grounds, a lovely cafe and patisserie on Main Street, provides a good variety of menu items, especially homemade pies, including lemon chess. A group of thrift/antique shops beckons shoppers, and The Art Warehouse offers a huge expanse of display room for the wares of many artists. Walking trails wind through the downtown park. Treat yourself!

>Virginia Redhead Bethune

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