

"Tips and Tales"

November, 2015,

Volume 7, Issue 5

*An Irregularly Published Independent Screeed Produced by and for the Residents of Sunnyside
for Sharing News and Information about and of Interest to Them*

SUNNYSIDE

Oh, Sunnyside! My Sunnyside!
The best place in the world.
You wrap your loving arms around
The residents like a pearl.

A good place to reside, Sunnyside,
You mean so much to me;
The best place in the land, it is.
That's why I'm here, you see.

It costs to live at Sunnyside,
Great place that it is;
No money for this; no money for that,
It all goes toward the bill.

But never mind, I feel secure
Living at Sunnyside,
Third floor residential is
The place where I abide.

>Helen Miller
March 18, 2015

SUNNYSIDE'S OWN "AWAKENING"!



This is just one of the two hands of the magnificent sculpture, "The Awakening" by John Seward Johnson, that's displayed at the National

Harbor near Washington DC. (It used to be at Hain's Point.)

Well, thanks to Mary Rouse, now we have our very own fine art to make our community prettier!! This is her new lawn ornament, shown here with seasonal decorations:



Thanks, Mary!!

MYSTERY TOURS Part II

Shortly after my first mystery tour in May, I went on a second trip, this time with Shenandoah Tours. That company picked me and others up right here in Harrisonburg. All of us knew, judging from pickup times, that our destination was south. My guess was Asheville. But then the tour director passed back a paper tote in which were clues. I lifted out an orange gift bag, a miniature basketball, a toy giraffe, an olive oil packet, a paper depicting sailboats, and a Grandma Moses print. Hmmmm.

In Abingdon we stopped at an olive oil tasting business where herbs were infused in the oils from all over the world. So that explained the oil packet clue. As we approached I-40, we wondered: east or west? As soon as we turned

west, we knew those clues indicated Tennessee, but where? The man in the seat in front of me said "University of Tennessee is in Knoxville!" And someone added "There is a zoo there." And we knew! Mystery solved and I had a chuckle - back to Knoxville.

This was the site of the 1982 World's Fair; those grounds are now a park. We saw a vintage "picture palace", a restored 1921 opulent movie theater complete with Wurlitzer organ that was stowed below stage level, but when needed, it was raised up to play accompaniment to the silent films of the early 1920s. This one had all the bells and whistles; that is, there were bells for tolling if the film called for it and whistles for trains or ships. The mighty Tennessee River flows through the city; we had a cruise. The zoo was proud of its new infant gorillas, born on May 28th and June 2nd, and showed those babies for very short periods. The zoo was proud also of its fairly recently acquired red pandas. The adult pandas had had offspring, these now not quite two years old and rambunctious. Imagine the panda keeper's surprise when, a few years ago the state of North Carolina was excavating for a new rest area on I-81 and uncovered an enormous fossil bed complete with a fossil of a red panda. The zoo pandas had come from Asia; no one knew until this discovery that once that animal had been American.

Before returning to Harrisonburg on the final day, we visited Oak Ridge, a "secret city" built during World War II between two high ridges not many miles distant from Knoxville. Here work toward the atomic bomb was done by masses of "drafted" people who worked in such secrecy that wives did not know what husbands did. By 1943 the population had grown to 75,000. Of course, schools, churches, hospitals, grocery stores, and housing had to be provided as well as places of entertainment. To provide housing the authorities resorted to prefab structures. These could be assembled extraordinarily rapidly. Unbelievably, even shades were at the windows and shower curtains hanging in the pre-fab sections when those arrived for assembly. Our guide of the 17x7 mile city (now much reduced in population) was herself a recruit in 1942 and told of the difficulties. She also said that those houses,

meant to last just 10 years, re sstill sound are rea in demand!

Having been twice to Knoxville with in a span of several weeks, I nevertheless am glad that the destination of that second mystery trip was Knoxville, Tennessee. Oh, yes! I'll do another mystery tour!

>Carroll Lisle

SUNNYSIDE VETERANS TOYS FOR TOTS FOR SALVATION ARMY

All Sunnyside residents are invited to join in the Veterans Toys For Tots Christmas Project as the Salvation Army places boxes in both the Corson Lobby and Highlands Lobby where residents can place Toys For Tots from November 7 to December 2. The Salvation Army requests that we avoid any toys which carry an ethnic message.

Needy children in the Harrisonburg vicinity will benefit from the toys donated. Residents also have the opportunity to donate a check made payable to The Salvation Army and designate on the check "Toys from Sunnyside" to be placed in Cubby 320 in the Highlands or the front desk at Corson. Receipts for tax purposes will be made available. In previous years as much as \$320 has been contributed.

Coordinated by Veterans Steering Committee through Bob Kauffman, Secretary.

>Jack Mathison, Chair

SUNNYSIDE TRICK-OR-TREATERS? (Full Disclosure: Actually taken in Florida)



<Virginia Bethune

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 Zhim,
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.

At two score years her master said:
"Your wisdom must be shared
As oracle to those who see well
But nil – and are despaired.

At two score years Mim built vast skills
Her master was much pleased.
The Goddess Zhim was told. She sent
for Mim; gave her high praise"

Each sabbath day, the Goddess Zhim
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 that's 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 loves gold and truth. But truth,
You treat it as a curse."

"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 opposite.

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 loving plane.

>Frank Barch

**MY FIRST LESSON LEARNED AS A
MISSIONARY**

Jim and I were sent by our Mission Board as evangelistic missionaries to Mexico in 1955. We took our year of language study in Mexico City. While we were looking for an apartment we stayed at a woman's Bible School in Coyoacan. One day I went to the kitchen to watch the cook prepare the meals for the day. She cracked open the eggs and carefully wiped each egg shell clean on the inside, using her finger. "We make every little bit count," she said, "because we have many

mouths to feed." I thought how wasteful I'd been over the years. To this day I still wipe the eggshell clean.

During our eleven years there I never threw anything away. There was always someone coming to our door, asking for something. I never gave money, but I always had something to give. In one village a woman came to our services with her three small children. Her little girls were in tattered dresses, always the same clothes. I went home and gathered fabric pieces that I had left over from sewing for our little daughter, gave them to her, and guess what? She appeared one day with her three little girls dressed in patchwork dresses. They smiled so shyly, they looked so cute, and the mother just beamed!! I have her picture with her girls on our Mexico wall - come by some day and see her little family! Coming back to the States to live, hardly anyone wants leftovers - I still find this hard to live with. Good habits die hard!

>Dot Hollandsworth

IF GOD HAD VOICEMAIL

We have all been forced to learn to live with voice mail as a necessary part of today's technology world. But have you ever wondered, what if God decided to install voice mail.

Imagine praying and hearing this - "Thank you or calling My Father's House." Please select one of the following options:

- Press 1 for Requests
- Press 2 for Thanksgiving
- Press 3 for Complaints
- Press 4 for all other inquiries

"I'm sorry, all our representatives are busy helping other sinners right now. However, your prayer is important to us and will be answered in the order it was received. Please stay on the line."

If you would like to speak to God, press 1; for Jesus, press 2; for the Holy Spirit, press 3. If you would like to hear King David sing a psalm while you wait, press 4. To find out if a loved one has been assigned to heaven, press 5, enter his/her

SS#, then press the pound key. If you get a negative response, try area code 666.

For reservations in My Father's House, please enter J-O-H-N 3:16.

For answers to nagging questions about dinosaurs, the age of the earth, or where Noah's ark is, please wait until you arrive here.

Our computers show that you have already prayed once today. Please hang up and try again tomorrow.

This office is closed for the weekend to observe a religious holiday. Please pray again Monday after 9:30 AM. If you need emergency assistance when this office is closed, please contact your local pastor.

>Dotty Anderson

THIS MADE ME FEEL BETTER SO I'M SHARING IT

Brains of older people are slow because they know so much. 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, so, too, do humans take longer to access information when their brains are full.

Researchers say this slowing down process is 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.

Also, older people often go to another room to get something and when they get there, they stand there wondering what they came for. It is NOT a memory problem, it is nature's way of making older people do more exercise.

SO THERE.

Now when I reach for a word or a name, I won't excuse myself by saying "I'm having a senior

moment". Now, I'll say, "My disk is full!"
I have more friends I should send this to, but right
now I can't remember their names.

So, please forward this to your friends; they may
be my friends, too.

>Shared by Lita Fitzhugh

LIFE IN THE HEREAFTER

Reverend Bob was making pastoral calls one day,
when it occurred to him that he hadn't visited
Miss Mary in a while, so he went to her house.
They had a cup of coffee and a nice piece of
pecan pie and looked at the grandchildren's
pictures. Then they prayed together and the
reverend said, "Miss Mary, you're getting along in
years now; do you ever think about the
Hereafter?"

She replied, "Oh, lawsy yes, Reverend, I think
about it every day! I walk into a room and say
'Now, what did I come in here after?' "

>Tommie Richardson

THANK YOU LADIES

The recent well organized monthly "Resident Pot-
Luck Dinners" have been successful thanks to Pat
Oxley, Carol Anne Van Duyn and Kay Stilwell.
Thanks also go to the many people who pitch in
to clean up.

In addition to fellowship and interesting entrees,
sides and desserts people are getting to make new
friends.

Recipes are being shared such as "Hot Fruit
Salad" by Barbara Conway. So don't miss the next
Pot-Luck in the Sunnyside Room.

>Coni Dudley

DON'T FORGET THE EMPLOYEE CHRISTMAS FUND!!

Reminder: help make the upcoming holiday
season merrier for all the wonderful Sunnyside
staff that makes our lives easier, comfortable, and
fun all year round!!

Cash or checks (made out to "Employee
Christmas Gift" - do NOT put the word
"Sunnyside" on the check!) must be in the
designated boxes in the lobbies of the Highlands
or Corson Center by December first to be
distributed this Christmas - gifts received after
that will be held over for 2016.

HOT FRUIT SALAD RECIPE

25 oz. jar chunky applesauce
21 oz. can cherry pie filling

Drain juices from:

20 oz. can pineapple chunks
15 1/2 oz. can sliced peaches*
15 1/2 oz. can apricot halves
11 oz. can mandarin oranges
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon

*set peaches aside. Pour 1/2 cup peach brandy
over peaches to marinate a few hours or over
night.

Combine all fruits in a slow cooker.
Add peaches and brandy
Combine sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over fruit
Cook on low 3-4 hours

>Barbara Conway

Managing Editor:
Coni Dudley, 8604

email: condudley@aol.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. There is also a need for several "contributing editors" to write regular columns.*

Proofreader: Tommie Richardson

Layout Editor:

Jim Kellett, 664-4798

e-Mail: Jim@Kellett.com