

"Tips and Tales"

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the Residents of Sunnyside for Sharing News and Information
about and of Interest to Them*

MUST FIND ANOTHER WAY

(Sestina - a 12th Century Form
Iambic Hexameter)

Each boy must win so honored place among the
men,
It's true I'm slight of build but tall and not as
strong
As other boys. The biggest boys, my peers, all
scorn

My ways not worthy of my group nor of our clan.
The elders of our clan are called the "honored
wize".
They disapprove of me. I don't accept their pow'r.

I pass the girls, they laugh, it is their kind of pow'r
O'er me. They think me kind, but see me as the
men

All do. I'll learn a skill much valued by the wize
As they deliberate to keep our great clan strong
So we will be reknowned as the exemplar clan,
Then I'll be lifted high above my people's scorn.

I must do more, much more, than rise above their
scorn.

My skill must help enhance the diverse members'
pow'r.

These skills are not the same for all within the
clan.

The children, youths and wives as well as all the
men.

'Twill be a noble quest and change what being
strong

Can mean. Pray gods, make me more caring than
the wize.

The boys play sports, while I prefer to hear the
wize

Recite the wisdom of our clan. They treat with
scorn

The truths our women know. We need our men
be strong

For hunting and the chase, but what of women's
pow'r,

Like pow'r to procreate or pow'r to heal the men
When sick. I seek an untrod path to a great clan.

Ky, mother goddess, first provider for our clan,
Gives fruits and roots and more. She's praised by
all our wize,

She grows the grass, feeds the game hunted by
our men.

Women are of Ky's mold, with pow'rs we should
not scorn,

Let's make best use of all our skills for greater
pow'r

To maximize our collective pow'r and keep us
strong.

As our clan's bard, I'll sing of those who keep us
strong,

Our elders' wisdom and the strength of all our
clan.

The weak, wize, caring, strong, slight ones and
those with pow'r

I coined a word "justice", it's treasured by our
wize.

I sing much praise through metaphor and abjure
scorn.

The weak, wize, caring, slight ones urt it on the
men.

The women and the men together make us strong
There is no place for scorn within our noble clan,

The youth, mid-age, and wise excel through sharing pow'r.

>Frank Barch

FRIENDS AND FAMILY SALUTE RESIDENT BEN FORDNEY

Sunnyside resident Ben Fordney, 84, enjoyed a musical tribute at a gathering of friends and family from around the country at the Highlands on October 16.

Family members traveled from as far as Oregon, Illinois and Wisconsin to salute Ben, who was determined to enjoy the festivities despite suffering the effects of a recent fall. The event was organized by his loyal companion and Sunnyside resident Shirley Anderson, and featured a performance by the ad-hoc family musical group "The Shenandoans." The Shenandoans, led by Ben's nephews Ted Fordney (Chicago, Illinois) and Mike Fordney (Milwaukee, Wisconsin) picked out a number of special songs to commemorate Ben's life and career overseas as an officer with the US foreign service.



*Ben Fordney in Saigon, South Viet Nam in 1964
Photo by Mike Brown*

Attendees at the party spanned several generations, including Ben's great-grandson Ethan Hernandez (Alexandria, Virginia), and his sons Christopher (Winchester, Virginia), Craig (Harrisonburg) and Jason (Annapolis, Maryland).

Also attending were his grand-daughters Kelly

Hernandez (Alexandria) and Marielle Fordney (Annapolis), as well as Shirley's nephew Bob Billstein and his wife Susan (Portland, Oregon). Many other relatives, in-laws, and friends were also in attendance, too numerous to list but all cherished by Ben.

The crowd enjoyed classic songs from various eras including "Buttons and Bows," "Proud Mary," "Ghost Riders in the Sky," "Blowing in the Wind," "Whose Side Are You On," and "Navy Blue." Other than Ted, Mike, and Jason Fordney, The Shenandoans included his nephew Jamie Ball (Boulder, Colorado), niece Mary Ball (Hillsboro, Virginia), niece Mary Kay Wysham (Chicago), and her husband Steve Wysham (Chicago).

>Jason Fordney via Virginia Bethune

SING-A-LONG

Whether you can sing or not
Music soothes the spirit
It pushes away loneliness and boredom
We breathe in the happiness
All around the room there is satisfaction
We feel revived and young again
It is touching to see the faces
And recall of memories
Whether you can sing or not,
Music with friends makes us feel good.

>Marlene Gillikin

ANOTHER "GLOBAL VILLAGE" EXPERIENCE

Pat and I just returned from a family Christmas Cruise and on the morning of December 26 we flew from Miami to Charlotte, where we connected to Roanoke. Pat always uses airport assistance in airports. In Charlotte, it was one of those long "golf cart-like" things that seats six, including two facing backwards on the rear. We took up four seats (our daughter and granddaughter were with us), the driver took up one, and a stranger (en route to a different gate) and I sat on the back rear-facing seats.

We chatted as we rode; she'd had open heart surgery early in the year, and was returning to her

North Carolina home after the 10th traditional family cruise that SHE had been on.

Now the weird part. She'd lived in South Carolina and now lived in North Carolina. I mentioned that I'd grown up in Spartanburg, SC and got married in Charleston, SC, and later lived in North Carolina in the early sixties, teaching in the Pharmacy school there. SHE mentioned that she had lived in Charleston while going to Pharmacy school, and later transferred to UNC's Pharmacy school (!?!).

Um, when (says me) were you in school in Charleston? Early eighties. Did you by any chance know Bill Golod? SURE, she brightly said! Knew him well! (Bill Golod was Dean of the school there.)

Bill was also in graduate school at Purdue with Karl Nieforth (who later became dean of the school at UCONN) and me 1957-1961.

We got to my gate. I had to get off and help my wife. Never got her name, and will never see her again - just two ships passing in the dark, flashing unfinished signals to each other. . .

These weird little experiences are way more common than one would think! How about you? Ever run into a stranger who was not so much a stranger? Tell us about it!

>Jim Kellett

Trouble removing the sticky or dried up adhesive residue left by masking tape that was left attached too long? Take a paper towel to apply some cooking oil. Let it rest for a few minutes. Then rub it all off. This can work for many adhesive residues. Another useful solvent for removing adhesive residue and some marker writing is rubbing alcohol. 91% is best. But 70% will also work, just a bit slower.

Some chemical residues are easily removed using lighter fluid.

>Peter Fundinger

MASSANETTA SPRINGS CALLS RASCOE AS NEW EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Massanetta Springs Camp and Conference Center at Harrisonburg, Virginia, has called The Rev. Clayton T. Rascoe to be its new Executive Director. Rascoe, who is currently pastor of the Calvin Presbyterian Church of Norfolk, Virginia, will begin his new duties in February 2016.



Rascoe is a graduate of Appalachian State University and Columbia Presbyterian Seminary. He has worked with church camps in eastern North Carolina and with Mo-Ranch, the Presbyterian Conference Center in Texas, where he was Chaplain Program Director. He is married to the Rev. Kate Rascoe, Associate Pastor of the Bayside Presbyterian Church in Virginia Beach, Virginia. They have two daughters, Ruth (7) and Carolina (5).

Massanetta Springs is a ministry of the Presbyterian Church (USA), sponsoring conferences and hosting retreats for churches and other groups. Rascoe says, "Providing a place like Massanetta is important. With the pace most of us live today, the words of Psalm 46, *"Be still and know that I am God,"* I He has been familiar with Massanetta Springs since coming there two decades ago for ski trips with his church youth group.

Information about Massanetta Springs Camp and Conference Center is available on its web site at www.massanettasprings.org.

**I AM A SEENAGER
(Senior Teenager)**

I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only
60 years later.
I don't have to go to school or work.
I get an allowance every month.
I have my own pad.
I don't have a curfew.
I have a driver's license and my own car.
The people I hang around with are not scared of
getting pregnant and they do not use drugs.
And I don't have acne.

Life is great!
>Pat Oxley

CHRISTMAS EVE DREAM

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
The mice were not stirring,
Not even little mouse.

My little mouse had hung her sock,
Thought tiny it was indeed;
It looked so small with all the rest,
She hoped Santa would see.

My little mouse was awakened that night;
A loud noise outside.
The reindeer were waiting patiently
To take her for a ride.

"Hop on" they said as she appeared.
"We'll go to the North Pole.
We've finished taking Santa around,
So now, back home we'll go."

Little mouse was thrilled as she hopped on!
They flew over roof tops galore.
And when they got to the North Pole
Santa's elves greeted her more.

She had a jolly old time, she did,
With the friendly reindeer and elves.
And when it was time to go back home
She awoke! It was Christmas Day!
>Helen Miller

2015 CHRISTMAS SALE

We would like to thank the many residents of the
Sunnyside Community for their donations to the
Sunny Treasures Christmas Sale and the
purchases, which was a great success. With the
Apple Butter and December sales we made over
\$1,200.

Also, special thanks to those who volunteered and
helped us throughout the year preparing for these
sales.

Hopefully we can make 2016 another great one.
Please don't throw away any unwanted Christmas
decorations, rather contact either one of us for
storage.

Have a healthy, peaceful New Year!
>Betty Lawrence
>Dee Dulaney

BOYS

Boys are wonderful I must confess;
But they can leave such an awful mess!
Their room is a sight - clothes thrown
everywhere.
The saddest part is they don't even care.
Bugs in bottles, frogs in jars;
Drawers with half-eaten candy bars.
He's been saving it 'til the time is just right
To taunt his brothers with that long, last bite.
A hole in the knee of your pants so soon?
But I just patched it this afternoon.
You were just playing marbles? Alas - now I see
And here I thought you were testing me.
Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts and Little League too.
When I think one thing's finished they have found
something new.
Too soon they'll be grown and go their own way,
And how I will long for that yesterday
For the sound of their laughter, the ring of their
joys.
The wrestling, the fighting that goes on with boys.
But just for today let me be all alone
With nothing but silence and plans of my own
To recapture the magic that little boys bring
When they glow with such pleasure for most
everything.
Boys are wonderful I must confess;

I'm so thankful to have them and can clean up their mess.

>Caroline Shipp

AN ADVENTURE IN WISCONSIN

One of many adventures while working at a Camp as an Assistant Director was quite scary at the time. After completing college at Radford, I returned to Henrico County to teach at the elementary school I attended. My first teaching assignment was in 4th grade and how I loved those children. I had a number of interesting positions in the summers and the following story took place while serving as Assistant Director of a Camp and is one that seems to stay fresh in my mind (even though it was many years ago). This Camp was a YWCA Camp with headquarters in Milwaukee. It was located in a lovely area several hours north of Milwaukee in an area of Wisconsin known as the Chain of Lakes region and was very rural at that time.

The older Campers went on overnight tent camping trips as part of their camp experience and often went to wilderness areas where few homes were located. We received a call that a child needed to get medical attention due to a severe asthma attack. I needed to go pick him and my transportation was a large paneled farm truck--difficult to maneuver. I started out not really being sure of directions--it was such a wilderness area that I don't even remember roads having names (and no cell phones in those days). After getting lost several times, I needed to turn around. I pulled up in a field and when backing got burrowed down in a deep sandy ditch. I knew there was no way to get out without help. I didn't know where I was and there was no home in sight. I didn't even know which direction to walk. In a predicament like this, one's imagination goes in high gear--spending the night in the "Wilds" without being found. My Guarding Angel must have been with me, as before dark, a big piece of equipment came along--not sure if it was farm equipment or road equipment. It didn't matter--just to see a human was a joy for sure. I flagged the operator down and explained my situation to this angel and he offered to pull me out of ditch.

After explaining why I was there, he told me he had seen some campers about a half mile up the dirt road. Sure enough, this was our group who was also glad to see me. The leader had gone to a home on a farm nearby to call for help. The child got medical attention (after I found the way back to town) and all turned out well. How blessed we were!

>Pat Armstrong

KITTY SAGA

At the end of October, three tabby kittens were found in the neighborhood. The kittens were placed in a big tub for the night but mistakenly left on the carport. Guess what, mother came during the night and carried them away. Where?

In the middle of November, one of the kittens was found in a pile of leaves. It was rescued and a home found for it. Hoping to find the other two kittens, a trap was set and a large tabby was caught. She was left on the carport in the trap. Late that night a kitten was seen sitting on top of the trap. This kitten was caught. Both were brought inside and sheltered. Baby kitten immediately curled itself around the older cat. This was definitely mother and daughter. A resident came to see the kitties and after seeing how little kitten was clinging to mother said, "These two cannot be separated, I'll take them". They continued to cling to each other in their new home. All was going well until the resident thought it a good idea, with the warm temperatures, to open a window. During the night mother pushed out the screen and escaped. Mother had obviously been in and out during the night since a mouse was found in the bathtub. Again mother was trapped and returned to baby. All was going well again until the doors were opened so that both cats could roam the entire house. The next morning they were being fed in the kitchen when the owner went to the bathroom to get their water dish - 30 seconds. When she returned she saw the baby cat's butt disappearing through a hole under the kitchen cupboards. They were gone and panic set in. Sunnyside staff came and had to take the whole sink assembly apart. They even had to pull out the stove. After searching, kitties were found and rescued from under the flooring.

So far no more escapes. Mother and daughter are quite happy being together. This mother, that we thought was feral, had to have been somebody's pet.

In an attempt to catch the third kitten, a male tabby was caught. Is this daddy? He is too friendly to be feral and it appears he has been to the vet. He has been returned to the wild. If this is your cat, please take him in for the winter out of the cold. Where is the third kitten? Hopefully it has found a home.

>KITTY LOVERSERS

paperback *A Universe from Nothing* by Lawrence M. Krauss - recommended by Bob Campbell.

As we learn more and more about the universe, I believe we will see religion and physics becoming almost one.

>Clarence Maday

PHYSICS AND RELIGION COME CLOSER TO EACH OTHER

The History Channel H2 has shown a remarkable series of programs on the universe. Sir Isaac Newton gave us tools that got us to the moon and back. Albert Einstein gave us general relativity which is the basis of GPS. Now we can fly unmanned aircraft anywhere in the world from our desk in Kansas City. What next? Very good question. A partial answer is tied up with Hubble's 1925 observation that galaxies are expanding and moving away from each other at an increasing rate! Equations derived by Newton and Einstein don't work many galaxies away. Gravity is defied. Newton and Einstein took us figuratively to the edge of the Milky Way galaxy, but not beyond. We have found fudge factors to "fix" the situation, but we don't know what they mean. So we use the words dark matter and dark energy. What we are pretty sure of is that something exists in space where we used to believe nothing existed. Hmmmm. By the way, the Milky Way galaxy is about 100,000 light years across. That is about 59 followed by 16 zeroes miles. The Milky Way is one of billions of galaxies in the universe which is billions of light years across. The "big bang" was a pretty spectacular event! Planet earth is about 8,000 miles (0.043 light seconds) in diameter.

Dark matter and dark energy are covered in the

ALOHA BREAD

Heat oven to 350
1/2 cup soft butter
1 cup sugar
2 beaten eggs
1 mashed banana
1 8 oz. can crushed pineapple drained
1/2 cup flaked coconut
2 cups flour
1 t. baking powder
1/2 t. soda and 1/4 t. salt
Spray with PAM and bake in
1 9X6 pan for 1 hour or 2 7 1/2 " pans for 50
minutes
Times may vary

>Dot Hollandsworth

>Baked by editor and enjoyed by neighbors

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