

"Tips and Tales"

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

APHORISM: A SHORT, POINTED SENTENCE THAT EXPRESSES A WISE OR CLEVER OBSERVATION OR A GENERAL TRUTH

1. The nicest thing about the future is . . . that it always starts tomorrow.
2. Money will buy a fine dog, but only kindness will make him wag his tail.
3. If you don't have a sense of humor, you probably don't have any sense at all.
4. Seat belts are not as confining as wheelchairs.
5. A good time to keep your mouth shut is when you're in deep water.
6. How come it takes so little time for a child who is afraid of the dark to become a teenager who wants to stay out all night?
7. Business conventions are important . . . because they demonstrate how many people a company can operate without.
8. Why is it that at class reunions you feel younger than everyone else looks?
9. Scratch a cat . . . and you will have a permanent job.
10. No one has more driving ambition than the teenage boy who wants to buy a car.
11. There are no new sins; the old ones just get more publicity.
12. There are worse things than getting a call for a wrong number at 4 a.m. - like, it could be the right number.
13. No one ever says "It's only a game" when their team is winning.
14. I've reached the age where 'happy hour' is a nap.
15. Be careful about reading the fine print . . . There's no way you're going to like it.
16. The trouble with bucket seats is that not every body has the same size bucket.

17. Do you realize that, in about 40 years, we'll have thousands of old ladies running around with tattoos in strange places? (And rap music will be the Golden Oldies!)
18. Money can't buy happiness -- but somehow it's more comfortable to cry in a Cadillac than in a Yugo.
19. After 60, if you don't wake up aching in every joint, you're probably dead.
20. Always be yourself because the people that matter don't mind . . . and the ones that mind don't matter.
21. Life isn't tied with a bow . . . but it's still a gift.

>Jim Atwood

Words of Wisdom? Oxymoron? Fuzzy Thinking? Or?.....

We must believe in free will. We have no choice.

(Isaac B. Singer, 1978 Nobel Laureate Literature)

> Submitted by Clare Maday

SENIOR CITIZENS (Part of A Collection From Jim Atwood)

Senior citizens are often divided into the hip crowd, the not so hip crowd, and the broken hip crowd.

~

Growing old. It's not nice, but it's interesting.

-Johann Strindberg 1849-1912

~

An old man went to the doctor and said, "Doc, I've got a bad pain in my right leg." The doctor

examined his leg and said, "Tom, I'm afraid it's just the aging process." Tom replied, "Well, I don't have any pains in my left leg and it's the same age."

~

One trouble with growing older is that it gets progressively tougher to find a famous historical figure who didn't amount to much when he was your age.

-Bill Vaughan

~

God grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

-Anonymous

~

Old men are twice children.

-Aristophanes

~

When you get over the hill you begin to pick up speed.

-Unknown

~

The old man winces with pain as he struggles to the bathroom. He looks in the mirror and says, "My feet hurt, my back aches, I have blood-shot eyes. I used to look this way after a night on the town, now, it's what I look like after a good night's rest."

~

The value of senior citizens: We have silver in our hair; gold in our teeth; stones in our kidneys; and gas in our stomachs.

-Unknown

A BOOKKEEPER IN AN OLD FOLKS HOME

I came to Sunnyside as its first Chief Financial Officer in 1982. I had just graduated from college two years earlier to effect a mid-life career change. I had been employed by a regional CPA firm since graduating but had a desire to see my wife and two children more often than on Sunday mornings during tax season and weekends only for the rest of the year.

I became aware of an open position at Sunnyside from a staff member of my firm that had done work for the facility. I applied and had an

interview several weeks later. The interview was conducted by the administrator and the new president of Sunnyside. Afterwards, I discussed this job with my wife and decided that I was not ready to become a bookkeeper in an old folks' home. I would consider other positions.

I advised Sunnyside's administrator of my decision and thanked him for the interview. I continued to look for other positions. Several days later, I received a call from the administrator. He asked that I go to lunch with him and the president. At the lunch they spent over an hour telling me that I was a perfect fit for this position but had just not realized this fact. I felt like a star high school basketball player talking to two ACC coaches. I relented and agreed to take the position.

When I arrived at Sunnyside, the facility was much smaller than today. It consisted of the main complex and about 30 cottages. The other two facilities, King's Grant and Summit Square did not exist. This was good because I had no experience in long term care. I had audit experience in trucking, banking and construction. I had not a clue about the retirement facility business.

During my first day of orientation I met the true Sunnyside operating powers – the three East Rockingham Musketeers. While the president and the administrator were at the top of the Organizational Chart, It was clear that these three ladies ran this facility on a day to day basis.

The first, and I mean first, was Fay, the Executive Assistant. She was employee number one - employed in this position right out of high school in the mid 1950's when Sunnyside was under construction. She was a walking encyclopedia of Sunnyside's history as well as having extensive knowledge of almost every employee on staff.

The second was the bookkeeper, Elaine. She had been recruited by the Executive Assistant several years after Sunnyside opened. She was just a year or two younger than myself but insisted on calling me Mr. Lotts. When I responded with an answer used by a partner in my former CPA firm, "Mr.

Lotts is my father. I'm Charlie." This did not work, nor did any further tries to change her in this matter. Even though we worked closely on a day to day basis for almost 20 years, I was always "Mr. Lotts."

The third "musketeer" was the front desk receptionist and telephone operator, Doris Jean. At that time, all incoming calls were answered by the operator and then manually switched to the appropriate extension, including all business calls as well as calls to individual residents. This was in addition to greeting and directing visitors in the main lobby. She also dispensed and accounted for personal funds of residents. I can never remember a day that she was not smiling and relaxed. The three musketeers also sorted all mail to Sunnyside for residents as well as business correspondence which arrived, in bulk, daily.

My second day on the job was scheduled for orientation on a new computer system Sunnyside had acquired to bring the accounting function in house. It was currently being tested and having data entered and was planned to go online at the beginning of the next fiscal year in just over 4 months. I realized that gaining a full understanding of the hardware and software would be vital to my success. Elaine, the bookkeeper, who was working with a JMU computer science professor who was coming in one or two days a week, was going to orient me on this system.

Elaine was somewhat hyper and, as such, spoke in short bursts. She described the various functions of the computer system in no particular order. Her descriptions contained known computer terms interspersed with proprietary terms utilized by the computer manufacturer. At the end of the day I went home confused and certain that I knew next to nothing about this system. More importantly, if I could not learn a great deal more in a relevantly short period, I would have a very brief career as Sunnyside's first CFO.

Fortunately, on my third day, Dean, the JMU professor, arrived. He took me into the computer room and began, in his best academic manner, to systematically walk me through the system's

functions. We made great progress that day and in the following weeks.

Sunnyside's first computer system went live without a hitch on January 1, 1983.

>Charles Lotts

COLLEGE PREP

July 11th was my brother Jerry's birthday. He'd have been 91 years old. Memories of our youth kept sliding into my head that day and making me laugh out loud. The summer before I started college kept coming to mind. As a well-known senior and popular "big man on campus" at the university, he dreaded having his image marred by the naiveté of his little Campfire Girl sister as she entered her freshman year there.

Now I wasn't exactly stupid. I could identify nearly every bird I ever saw, could tell the difference between a sassafras leaf and poison ivy, could sing a million campfire songs, and make a mean s'more. And I was, actually, a pretty good student in school, too.

Jerry felt my knowledge of the wider, more sophisticated world fell short, however, and he set out to fix that before we headed to campus for my first, his last, fall semester.

He started with, "When you hear a joke you don't understand, laugh anyway. Then call me and I will explain it to you." Really! He said that, in those very words. I think I surprised us both by never having to make that call.

Then, "If you decide to smoke, don't do it in public until you can inhale without coughing." Of course I wanted to smoke. How else could I appear as sophisticated as I wished to? It took me awhile, but I finally managed. That was, of course, long before the dangers of smoking began being publicized.

Also, one day he saw me shuffling cards. Taking them from me, he said, "Shuffle like that and the other players will know you're just a beginner." He showed me how to shuffle like a pro, and made me practice until I looked like a real card shark. Cutting the deck and dealing with a

flourish were included in the lessons along with other card table courtesies. I may never have been a great bridge player, but I'm sure my relaxed expertise at handling the cards intimidated many opponents before the bidding even began.

I was able to balance the scales just a little bit during those months.

Jerry was always terrible at managing his money and often called me that freshman year to see if I had any money he could borrow. I rarely did, except for the time Mother sent me enough to buy my bus ticket home for the holidays. He solved that little dilemma by getting me a ride home with one of his fraternity brothers while he was able to take his girlfriend out for a nice dinner before hitch-hiking home himself.

He always did pay me back, eventually, and I don't recall feeling any animosity. He was my big brother, after all, and had been successfully manipulating me since ... well ... forever.

Naturally we both finally, really, grew up. Jerry went on to become a successful businessman and a loving husband and father. (I laughed when he went to work for a bank, though, praying they kept him locked out of the vault.)

I'm sure my college experience was improved by Jerry's thoughtful guidance, even if, as I look back, it seems a bit ludicrous. But as I said at the beginning, it makes me laugh to think about it. Good old Jerry. I still miss him ... every day.
<Gail Kiracofe

A SONG FOR A PENNY

A troubadour who's wandered far from home,
Throughout the land to earn my bread: a poem,
With lute and song I asks a silver coin;

One coin buys bread, but two buys tasty loin:
Song of love, it only costs a penny.

I have a lovely voice, it's not my own,
It's by a damsel fair, of great renown;
Throughout Provence and Picardy, as well.
Of knights and maids true kings and queen she'll
tell:
Song of joy, it only costs a penny.

There's more, much more for us with you to share
Brave yeomen, bowmen, pike men, all who dare
To fight for widow's due and all that's just
And praise the saints and save us all from lust:
Song of grace, it only costs a penny.

A pilgrimage to save your blessed soul,
Is filled with songs to win your noble goal!
We teach good songs most sure to please our God
For beatific grace give us the nod:
Songs to save, it only costs ten penny.
>Frank Barch (After an evening of song with
Penny Kimble)

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