

# "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*

## A MEMORY RETURNS

I have just begun reading "*Killing the Rising Sun*" by O'Reilly and Dugard. Chapter 2 gives an account of the fall of Bataan and Corregidor in The Philippines in 1942. Bataan fell first. My Uncle Bob was there. He was one of the few soldiers to survive the "Bataan Death March". They were force marched 65 miles to a prison camp. More than 7,000 men died on that march. He was eventually shipped to Japan as slave labor.

Uncle Bob survived. He was liberated and returned home to try to live a normal life. He married, taught school for a time. Eventually he experienced a huge disappointment when overlooked for a job he thought he deserved. Uncle Bob took his own life. What a heartbreak for his twin brother Bill whose military service was so different. I only knew Uncle Bill. This book, then, has personal significance for me.

>Dot Hollandsworth

## EVERY PERSON MATTERS

(A Prescient Poem by Helen Miller, 3/27/12)

The sign says "Every Person Matters"  
Well, I know they do,  
But do I put in practice what the  
Message tells me to?

Do I consider each one special  
As I meet them through the day,  
Or do I just ignore them,  
And keep myself at bay?

From morning until evening  
Opportunities are there

To say a kind word or do a deed  
And let them know I care.

Especially when they're down and out,  
Unhappy as can be.  
Do I take them by the hand and say,  
"God loves you and me?"

Yes, every person matters in this  
Big ol'world, it seems  
The big ones and the little ones  
And all those in between.

>Shared by Coni Dudley

## GROOMING TIP

Full disclosure: I'm strongly biased toward "shopping locally" when possible. We often find the little "mom-and-pop" establishments, often not all that glitzy, provide good value. (That's why, back in August, 2008, we recommended the Thai Flavor restaurant over the much larger Taste of Thai.)

Here's another one - "Fay and Kay", the barbershop at 77 North Loudoun street in the heart of downtown. Owned by Fay, and operated with her identical twin sister, Kay, they provide good haircuts (\$8.00) and beard trims (\$5.00) that are hard to beat! My wife Pat often goes with me, when all she needs is a simple trim herself.

It's a very unpretentious little shop, but you are quickly made to feel right at home. They're open Monday/Tuesday/Thursday/Friday, and Saturday morning.

As an aside, they used to have a little shop in Elkton, but it was in the building that recently burned down!

>Jim Kellett

## SUNNYSIDE ADOPT A HIGHWAY SIGN UP



Check out Massanneta Springs road signs and see that Sunnyside now is recognized for its twice a year roadside clean-up by VDOT. Trash pickup will be seeking resident volunteers in April and October to help keep our road clean of rubbish. Notice how quickly it accumulates.

>Andy Sale

## WILDLIFE ON THE FARM

It was like a Disney wildlife movie in my backyard. Wildlife surrounded me, deer every morning in the pasture, geese (too many) on the pond and an occasional bear wondering through. Winters I was plagued by raccoons on the porch who were hungry. Spring it was the ballistic bluebirds who didn't want to nest in the box I hung for them. Mrs. BB selected a copper pot meant for clothes pins. She threw the pins out, I put them back, she carried the pins out to the pasture to dump, and I gave up! Mr. BB in the meantime was attacking his image in the mirrors of the car leaving droppings on the doors. Then the second batch of babies were blown down by a stiff west wind. I picked up the tiny pink things and put them back in the copper pot. Mom and Dad bluebird went back to work, so babies finally fledged.

Splash and baby bear were the cutest show about 6:AM one morning. I went out on the back porch when I saw my dogs had run a baby bear up a tree. The bear was about the size of my dogs. I made coffee, locked the dogs inside and went out to see. I found my horse Splash and the baby bear

playing peek a boo around the trees between the house and the barn. I watched for half an hour while they went back and forth, bear up and down trees. Bear would come down and holding the tree with his front paws, peek around to see where horse was. Splash would say "I see you" and bear would hide again. Splash would walk away, little Smokey would stalk him, take a swipe at his tail and dash backup a tree. When I went to feed that morning I carried a gun just in case mama bear was around.

>Sharon Saari

## ANOTHER RESTAURANT REVIEW

There was a recent story in the Daily News Record about the plethora of interesting restaurants in Harrisonburg, and one of them mentioned was the BoBoKo Indonesian Cafe at 217 South Liberty. It's described as an "Indonesian fusion" restaurant and, since we'd never sampled food specific to Indonesia, we gave it a try. It's a very interesting place! (See <http://www.bobokoindonesiancafe.com/>)

First, it's TINY! Seats only twenty patrons. So there's an instant feeling of intimacy, abetted by very attentive staff. And, of course, you can see the owner/chef at work in the micro-kitchen.

The menu included more than a few things we'd never heard of - e.g., fusion items such as spring rolls with spinach and goat cheese in it and tomato, curry, and butternut squash soup, in addition to Indonesian dishes - e.g., beef rendang and several "Indonesian street food" items. The fusion emphasis is continued with desserts such as mango ginger nutella spring rolls!

So, how was it? Well, interesting. The soup was outstanding. Pat had the chicken rissoles and soup luncheon, and I had a tempeh sandwich and soup; we also split a spinach and goat cheese egg roll appetizer, which was delicious and, of course, very different. We found the rissoles and sandwich a tad on the bland side, though - maybe we're spoiled to Szechuan Chinese and Thai flavoring! I think the main attraction is the willingness of the chef to *seriously* experiment, though, and we'll give it another shot, after they get their wine-and-beer liquor license.

>Jim & Pat Kellett

There was a young lady named Bright,  
Who traveled much faster than light.  
She started one day  
In the relative way,  
And returned the previous night.  
    >Leonard Shlain, in Art & Physics  
    Shared by Clare Maday

## A POLLINATORS' GARDEN IN THE GLEN

In the Merriam-Webster's dictionary, to pollinate is to give plant pollen from another plant of the same kind so that seeds will be produced. According to the US Fish and Wildlife Service a pollinator is a creature that moves from flower to flower carrying pollen for fertilization. Bees, bats, flies, wasps, beetles, butterflies and some birds are common pollinators, pollinating over 75% of our crops, including the Valley's fruit trees.

On a sunny and often windy corner in the Glen a pollinators' paradise is flourishing. This was not so nearly nine years ago when the Glen and the corner were raw and new. Starting with four garden boxes, the garden gradually grew to include beds all around the cottage. Vines and bushes as well as herbs, native wildflowers, perennials and annuals were planted. Now, from early March when the fragrant witch hazel blooms to the late asters and chrysanthemums of November, the garden is a welcoming spot for pollinators.

In the herb box bronze fennel, parsley and dill provide food for the growing caterpillars of swallowtail butterflies. In May and June when the lavenders, thymes, rosemary and borage bloom the box is buzzing with activity from sunrise to sunset.

Common native wildflowers are important plants for pollinators. In the somewhat harsh growing conditions at the corner, milkweed, rosinweed, ironweed, Joe Pye weed, goldenrod and queen Anne's lace thrive - all roadside natives.

Among the perennials there's an assortment of flowers that are pollinator-favorites - sunflowers, black and brown-eyed Susans, beebalm, purple

coneflowers and verbenas to name a few. Bright annuals are always popular, too.

With their spring flowers and winter berries a variety of bushes provide food for insects and birds throughout the year. These include a vitex, three different butterfly bushes, a beautyberry bush, three native deciduous winterberry bushes and three different rugosa rose bushes. (The bees become giddy with delight as they snuffle in the rose pollen.)

Seven different vines give birds food, shelter and nesting places. They also provide humans with shade from the intense mid-summer sun.

Because of her thoughtfulness, over the years Mother Nature has contributed to the garden. An unplanned native redbud tree is thriving in one of the garden boxes. Several years ago her gift was a sweet-scented valerian plant. A Virginia creeper vine claims one side of the cottage as its personal space and just last spring a rose campion plant appeared and settled in.

Scientists tell us that the supply of necessary pollinators has seriously declined. It is vital to preserve and/or create gardens and landscapes that provide a healthy environment for them where they can safely feed, multiply and shelter without exposure to dangerous pesticides. This is the aim of this garden in the Glen.

>Eugenia Parker

## NEIGHBORS PROGRAM Creating a Caring Community



The Neighbors Program is new at Sunnyside with a vision that encourages established residents to connect with new residents by sharing community information and creating friendships. The goal of the program is to develop a mentoring system for

Sunnyside residents that fosters an intentional caring community.

There is a Neighbors Team that implements the program with staff support from Robin Golliday. Neighbors in this program are Sunnyside residents who agree to share and encourage new residents at Sunnyside and to welcome them to the area. A tote bag is given to each new resident that contains helpful information about life in Harrisonburg and Rockingham County.

As of February 2017, the program has matched thirteen new residents with a Neighbor. The Neighbors Program recently conducted a tour of Harrisonburg and the surrounding area for eleven new residents led by Lynda Gibbs with Alex Banks as the bus driver.

For questions, suggestions or comments about this program, please contact Frances Sale at 8433.

>Andy Sale

## HEARING ASSIST DEVICES

Hearing Assist Devices are available at the desk in Bethesda Theater, the audio room at Meredith Chapel, and at Forbes Theater JMU, Regal Cinemas and Massanutten Presbyterian Church. There is no fee to use these. They are there for the asking. If you have difficulty distinguishing words while watching movies or listening to speakers try one. If you wear a hearing aid, remove it and place the ear bud attached to the device in your ear. Turn it on and adjust the volume. You may be amazed at how much clearer the words are compared to what you hear with your own hearing aid. If you find you hear more clearly you should get in the habit of asking for these anytime you are in churches, theaters, auditoriums, etc. Most places are now offering them to audiences. They make the listening experience a pleasure and help you understand the message or conversation.

>Sally Meeth

## LITTLE SISTER

In story books the character described as “little sister” is usually a much adored, pampered, and yes, even spoiled younger sibling. A little doll, she is catered to and waited on by her older, wiser, and compassionate brothers and sisters.

Oh, really? Let me disabuse you of such nonsensical fiction, and give you the straight facts about growing up female with two older brothers. First of all, they let you know early on that you are their slave.

Jerome said, “You stand on the chair in front of the cupboard. I will wash a dish, Philip will dry it and hand it to you, and you put it away where it belongs. If you don’t put it where it belongs, then you’ll get two lashes. Slaves get lashes.”

If not a slave, then you can be the captured Indian who gets tied to the tree in the back yard preparatory to being burned at the stake. You can stand there a long time if “the boys” wander off to play a game of kick the can in the alley and forget all about you.

On the other hand, of course, you bring them great joy. A particularly cute and colorful little bloomers outfit I wore one time caused them to point and giggle and then literally fall on the floor laughing. Needless to say, that outfit got lost in the bottom of my closet never to see the light of day again and may account for my rather conservative taste in clothes.

As we grew older, it was Jerome who gave me my first paid employment. “You make my bed every day and I will pay you 15 cents a week. You must make it exactly the way I want it, though, or you don’t get paid.” He took a few minutes to show me, but try as I might I could never seem to get it right. After a few days of failure the light finally dawned in my naive little head and I turned in my resignation.

Of course these learning opportunities were offset by a few moments of sheer gallantry. The little boy next door was sent packing when we were discovered getting ready to share the “you show me yours and I’ll show you mine” experience.

And many years later, Jerome (now Jerry) stepped out onto the porch to explain to an over-zealous suitor that I did not wish to see him again, ever.

So I turned out to be pretty tough and a bit cynical, not bad preparation for life; and Jerry became the marketing director for a bank rather than the con man he had seemed to be preparing to be. Although, upon reflection, that might not be such a long leap.

So, pampered? Hardly. Spoiled? Not on your life. Adored? Well, maybe, in their own way, I suppose. Truth be told, though, I was always proud and happy to be “Little Sister” to “the boys”.

>Gail Kirakofe

### MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS

Len and Dale Tulio

Welcome to Len and Dale Tulio, who recently moved to Hickory Cove from Sanford, North Carolina. Sanford, noted for its golf courses, was a stop on their way to Sunnyside.

Previously, the couple lived and worked in Quakerstown, Pennsylvania where they raised their five children. Both were health and physical education teachers and considered themselves a “soccer family.” As if this weren’t enough activity, Dale started a daycare and learning center called the “Little Caboose,” and Len built a construction business, forming a crew with five fellow teachers who specialized in remodeling and building additions to homes in the area.

The Tulios chose Sunnyside because it was a geographical hub for the homes of their children – in West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania – guaranteeing them frequent visits. They have seventeen grandchildren and follow each one closely.

Here are two secrets: the family has always loved roller coasters! And Len is such a good carpenter that he makes furniture for their children – “desks, beds, chairs .... just functional things” he says!

>Martha Merz

### A 2017 EAGLE-WATCH

Have you ever seen an American Bald Eagle up close? If not, now you can. Go to [dceaglecam.org](http://dceaglecam.org) and watch the pair named Mr. President and The First Lady. They are incubating two large white eggs in their huge nest high up in a Tulip Popular tree at the National Arboretum in Washington, D.C.

Two cameras follow the activity at the nest 24/7. There’s an infrared light that the eagles aren’t aware of that makes it possible to view the nest at night. A microphone catches every squawk the eagles make as well as all the diverse sounds around them.

This is the third year these eagles have used this nest. As the weeks go by it’s fascinating, even addictive to watch the eggs hatch and the eaglets grow until they leave the nest, probably sometime in June. You find you get to know each member of the family.

The website cameras are maintained by the American Eagle Foundation. Plenty of useful information its available as well as a daily Q &. A session. Also, “Most Frequently Asked Questions about the Eagles” is very helpful. For the best experience be sure to watch full-screen.

So, meet Mr. President and The First Lady. Enjoy this delightful opportunity to get to know our proud American national symbol.

>Eugenia Parker

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