

# Traditionally Yours

*A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.*  
17<sup>th</sup> Edition ~ Summer 2019







## *Welcome to the Neighborhood*

The Writing Group would like to welcome our new neighbors who moved in since our last issue of *Traditionally Yours*

**Nancy Sutton** grew up in western Pa. After completing studies as a French major, she moved to Saudi Arabia for five years. Her husband worked for the Arabian American Oil Company. Her first two sons were born there. After moving back to the US, she had three more children. She received her Master's Degree in French and traveled to France every chance she got. Nancy was the Chairman for the Foreign Language Department at the Girls Preparatory School in Chattanooga, TN where she created a summer program for her students to go to France. When she retired, she worked for Elderhostel, which became Road Scholar, acting as a group leader for their trips to Scandinavia and central Europe.

**Gerry Edwards** moved to Traditions in May. She was married to John Edwards. She has a daughter, Heather, and a son, Philip. They lived in Nazareth for over 70 years. Gerry said she is very happy at Traditions.

**Richard Donati** was born in Hazelton and moved to the Lehigh Valley in 1967. He moved to Traditions from Allentown. He has two daughters. Julianne, her husband and their daughter Ava live in Bethlehem. His daughter Michele lives in Hoboken, NJ.

**Marge Kovacs** said she'd like you all to know how much she loves living here. She truly appreciates how welcomed she has been made to feel here at Traditions. She said it's the best place she's ever been and experienced and that this place is exactly what she was looking for, and loves it here. Everyone is welcoming and caring and she asks that everyone has patience with her as she tries to remember everyone's name. Marge is now in the Writing Group as our official photographer.

**James Taglang** moved into Traditions the end of June. He said that his first week here was a unique experience. Remembering all the names was a tough job. One of the first fears of coming here was the food, but had no problem with that issue. James enjoyed meeting all the new people and the friends that he already knew, Josie and Ed. He joined a nice table for mealtime with Jim, John, and Bob.

### **Want to Learn French?**

Nancy Sutton is a French teacher and has offered to set up a class at Traditions for anyone who'd like to learn how to speak French.

If you're interested, let Nancy, Marisa or Kim know and they'll arrange for a class to be on an upcoming calendar.



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## Life's Ups, Downs, and Fond Memories Too

*by Helen Fisher*

This short story is among many!

The past two years has been an overwhelming excursion for me. In the month of May, 2017, Charles, my love of 65 years decided to leave me and went to heaven. Only two years later, I left my home of twenty-two years of which I was very fond, and moved here to Traditions.



Charles and I worked very hard and fixed our home up to our liking. It even had a fish pond and a backyard for wild animals and birds. I soon discovered that I was very afraid to be alone, especially in the evening. This was due to a bad experience I had. After a fall I took outside while weeding my garden, it was suggested to me to move into a community like Traditions. I had been thinking about this also.

Bell and I, meaning my little dog, who was my last friend and companion, seem to adjust quite well. Then, one dreary and rainy morning, my little Bell decided to climb into my lap, as she would often do, only to join my Charles in heaven. Now, without both of them, my life seems so empty.

As each day passes, I find, even though we are all different and with our own stories, God put us all together for a reason.

## Remembering Santa Frank

Santa was a well loved resident who lived at Traditions for many years. She was a very intelligent woman who had a great personality and sense of humor. Even at the very end, her sense of humor was strong. In the days before she died, her daughter was trying to give her a sip of water. It accidentally dripped on her shirt. When she asked Santa if she'd like a sip of water, Santa's response was "yes, but IN me, not ON me."



Her son Steve, and daughter-in-law Debbie volunteer at Traditions quite often. They, and the rest of Santa's family, wanted the residents to know how much she loved being at Traditions and how much they appreciated the Consider It Done caregivers.

Santa will be missed!

*Churches are not museums that display perfect people.  
They are hospitals where the wounded, hurt, injured, and broken find healing.*

## Sharing my Memories of Puerto Rico

by Amelia Reyes

This past Easter, my son Javier took his wife and his children to Puerto Rico. I was happy they were going to see the island where we were born.



As soon as they arrived on the island, they started sending pictures. It made me homesick. Memories came back of the places where I grew up as I was born and raised in old San Juan. It was exciting that my grandchildren were visiting the place where I came from. I wanted them to know Puerto Rico as the modern and beautiful island I remember.

When they returned from their trip, they called me to let me know what a great time they had. The first thing they told me was how good the food was. They told me how much they liked the rice and beans, and also liked the sweet plantains. When plantains ripen, they turn yellow and are so very sweet. They are best when boiled or fried.

They liked going to El Yunque. That's the highest mountain in Puerto Rico. You can see the other islands that are near Puerto Rico from the top of El Yunque.

The family enjoyed the good weather and going to the beach every day.



## Hello June

by Vera Delio

Hello June, nice to see you here. It feels like it took a long time for you to appear.

Maybe it's because our weather has been so bad. Needless to say, many times it made me feel so sad.

But now you're here and everything looks better. I think I can finally get rid of my bulky sweater!

The flowers are blooming, the grass is so green, it's time for fun things to do like biking, swimming, and taking a run. All the great things we enjoy in the sun, and a barbeque is always great fun.

Everything around smells so good, it makes you feel great to be alive. Although these past months, with the endless rain and gloom, it's all I had to do just to survive.

So hello, and welcome June, good to have you here. You are one of the months I hold most dear.



## The "White House"

by Ginny Heindl

My parents were in North Carolina on a vacation from their retirement home in Florida when my father's Diverticulitis flared up. The emergency room doctor recommended surgery. My sister flew down from Rochester the next day to be with our mother.

The day after the surgery when Dad seemed to be resting comfortably, my mother roused him to say she and my sister were going down to the hospital cafeteria for supper. Dad opened his eyes and said, "I was just about to go in the front door of the most beautiful white house I have ever seen."

When my mother and sister returned a half hour later, a nurse stopped them before they reached his room and said, "Mrs. Harris, I'm so sorry to tell you that your husband died just minutes after you left."

So perhaps the "white house" my father was talking about may have represented his entrance to Paradise. I would like to think so.



## **A Crazy Bike Driver**

*By Connie Huber*

My daughter Michele was driving my grandson Elvin and me home after visiting my husband Tom, who was in the hospital.

We were driving on Route 13, a very busy stretch of highway, when out of nowhere, a yellow motorcycle roared past us going at least 50 in a 40 mile per hour zone. The driver was dressed in yellow and black leathers. His helmet was shaped like a Roman Gladiator. Elvin remarked about the crazy person on the “crotch rocket”, which apparently is an inappropriate slang term for this type of bike.



The rider shocked all of us by standing on the seat of the bike. Then he started doing tricks like they do on horses in the rodeo. Elvin wrote down the license plate number and I called 911. If the rider wanted to kill himself, I didn't want him doing it in front of us on the busy highway. After the 911 operator verified that I was not driving, he asked me to give as much information as I could. I told him it was a yellow “crouch rocket” and when Elvin and Michele finally stopped laughing at me, I gave the operator the license plate number. The rider was going in the same direction as us, so I was able to give the operator exact locations at all times. He even turned off the highway where we were turning. The operator told me that I could hang up because they had his address and would be waiting for him at his house.

We shared this story with the family. Many months later my nephew, his wife, his mother and two of his friends and I were riding down Roosevelt Blvd. which is another busy highway in Philadelphia. A car came roaring past us going at least 20 miles per hour over the speed limit. My nephew asked me to tell his friends the story of the “crotch rocket.” As I started to relay the story, his friend asked me if the bike was yellow and the rider wearing yellow and black leathers. I said, “Please don't tell me it was you.” He said it was a man with whom he worked. He said that the rider told him that the police had given him several tickets for reckless driving, no license, no insurance, and that his license plate was expired. It was a fitting punishment for a crazy driver.

## **Longest Day Events A HUGE Success!**

Thanks to the efforts of the entire Traditions of Hanover family, between the Longest Day and other events this year, we raised over \$5,000 for Alzheimer's research so far.

Thank you to everyone who participated in any way. It's appreciated more than you can know!



## Meeting Frankie

by Rita Litvin

Let me tell you about a truly exciting experience I had with two of my friends when we were sophomores at New Haven Teacher's College. Frequently, we would have pizza in a great pizza restaurant called Solly's. One day, while we were having lunch, Solly sat down with us and gave us an exciting offer. He had been, and still was, a good friend of Frank



Sinatra, having gone to high school with him and still helping him with his career whenever he could.

Frankie was performing on the radio show, "The Lucky Strike Hour." Solly offered to take the three of us to the show in New York where the popular singer was appearing. We were so excited; we could hardly believe it. Solly drove us to New York to Radio City, and mobs of girls followed us to a restaurant where we had coffee and a lite bite. The girls kept screaming, "Solly, Solly, where's Frankie next week?"

Solly told them, "California!" and then we hightailed it into the studio where we sat in the front row, excited with anticipation.

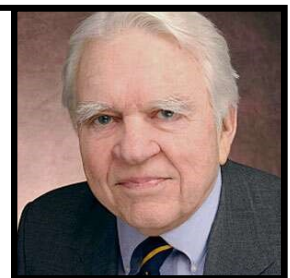
Because the ushers all knew Solly, we were able to enter the studio before the crowd did. In a few minutes, Frankie came out on the stage and called to Solly, "Hey Sol, you brought more girls!" Then he waved to us with a "Hi Gals!" and he went behind the stage with Solly who was there to help.

All three of us almost fainted and could hardly answer with a weak, "Hi, Frankie!" The show soon began. We watched and certainly enjoyed every moment. Solly treated us to dinner and a box of chocolates before our trip back to New Haven.

When we reached school, we excitedly told practically the whole world about this adventure, and to this day, I cannot forget it.

## Andy Rooney: I've Learned...

- ♦ That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.
- ♦ That when you're in love, it shows.
- ♦ That just one person saying to me, 'You've made my day!' makes my day.
- ♦ That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.
- ♦ That you should never say no to a gift from a child.



## Happy 100<sup>th</sup> Birthday

by Joann Weiner

Did you ever wonder if you would live to celebrate your 100<sup>th</sup> birthday? What does it take to live that long? To find out, I spoke with Mary Tramontana who recently celebrated her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday, and by the way, longevity runs in her family.

Mary is one of nine siblings. She has six brothers and three sisters, one of whom died early in life. All of the others lived to be in their 80s and 90's. Everything she learned, she learned from her mother. Mary says she is an excellent cook, sewer, knitter, and crocheter. She even did alterations when her husband could no longer work. She learned to play cards from her brother, which was a common form of entertainment at that time. Her home was always filled with food, fun, and laughter as family and friends celebrated the holidays.

Mary is indebted to her daughter who lives in Florida, as they traveled a lot together earlier in her life. Her son remains in NJ. Mary was their baby sitter in those days.

Well, there you have it, what it takes to live to be 100.

I'm convinced you need to be grateful for what God gives you without complaints. You need to have lots of friends and family and you will be rewarded, hopefully, with a long life so you can celebrate your 100<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Be Happy!!



## The 90's Luncheon

by Ginny Heindl

On June 6, those of us residents who are 90 years of age or older, were treated to a special luncheon in the dining room. Since the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of D-Day was being observed that day, Cathy led us in a moment of silence for the soldiers who perished on the beaches of Normandy. Each of us were given a special glass etched with *Cheers to 90 Years*. Then we all raised our glasses to commemorate 90 years of life as Cathy led the toast.



Chris and his staff put together a delicious Surf & Turf meal which was enjoyed by all. It was a great luncheon and much appreciated.



## Memorable Events in History

*Submitted by Betty Weikel*

1903 Wright Brothers famous flight  
1905 Einstein presents theory of relativity  
1906 Earthquake hits San Francisco  
1909 Plastic was invented  
1909 First radio broadcast in America  
1912 "Unsinkable" Titanic sinks  
1914 Panama Canal opens linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans  
1914 World War I began in Europe  
1917 United States enters World War I  
1918 Worldwide flu epidemic kills 28 million people  
1920 Senate rejects Versailles Treaty  
1927 Women won the right to vote  
1927 Babe Ruth hits 60 homeruns in a single season  
1928 Penicillin is discovered  
1939 Television debuts at NY World Fair  
1941 First jet airplane takes flight  
1941 Japan bombs Pearl Harbor  
1942 Secret work begins working on the atomic bomb  
1945 World War II ends  
1945 United Nations established  
1955 Rosa Parks refuses to give up her seat on the bus to a white person  
1959 American scientists patent computer chip  
1960 FDA approves birth control pill  
1962 John Glenn becomes first to orbit the earth  
1963 John F. Kennedy assassinated  
1964 US Surgeon General warns that smoking is a health hazard  
1968 Martin Luther King assassinated  
1968 Robert F. Kennedy assassinated  
1969 Neil Armstrong walks on the moon  
1974 Richard Nixon resigns  
1975 Bill Gates starts Microsoft  
1989 Berlin Wall falls

## Hugs

*Submitted by Betty Weikel*

It's wondrous what a hug can do  
A hug can cheer you when you're blue.  
A hug can say "I love you so"  
Or say "I hate to see you go."  
A hug is "Welcome back again"  
And "Great to see you! Where've you been?"  
A hug can soothe a small child's pain,  
And bring a rainbow after rain.  
The hug, there's just no doubt about it  
We scarcely could survive without it!  
A hug delights and warms and charms,  
It must be why God gave us arms.  
Hugs are great for fathers and mothers,  
Sweet for sisters, swell for brothers,  
And chances are your favorite aunts  
Love them more than potted plants.  
Kittens crave them, puppies love them,  
Heads of State are not above them.  
A hug can break the language barrier,  
And make travel so much merrier.  
No need to fret about your store of them,  
The more you give, the more there is,  
So stretch those arms without delay  
And give someone a hug today!



**"We build too many walls and not enough bridges."**  
*Isaac Newton*

**Traditionally Yours ~ Summer 2019**

## Rita's Corner

by Rita Litvin



### The Homeless

There are so many people  
Who have nothing in this land  
And how they manage to survive  
Makes it hard to understand

I doubt that most of us  
Could ever live this way  
But think how many do  
Until something special comes along  
And makes their dream come true

A life that is so empty  
Needs shelter, clothes, and food  
And that will certainly make the difference  
In a person's desperate mood

There are no end of stories  
That depict this desperation  
We must do more  
And do it soon for  
The people in our nation

Let's please make changes in how we care  
for those  
Who have such needs  
And contribute all we can by being one  
who leads



## Vera's Verses

by Vera Delio



### Hope

When everything seems  
at a loss

There is something we all cling to  
And that is hope

Without it I'm sure we would all be lost

It is one of the things that helps us to  
cope

I can't see how anyone can survive  
without hope

It helps us hang on when life throws a  
curve

And we pray we get what we think we  
deserve

So cling to it and be happy you have it  
This wonderful blessing called hope.



We would LOVE to see something of  
yours in a future issue of  
Traditionally Yours!

If you have a story, poem, joke, thought,  
or idea, please share it with any member  
of the Writing Group!

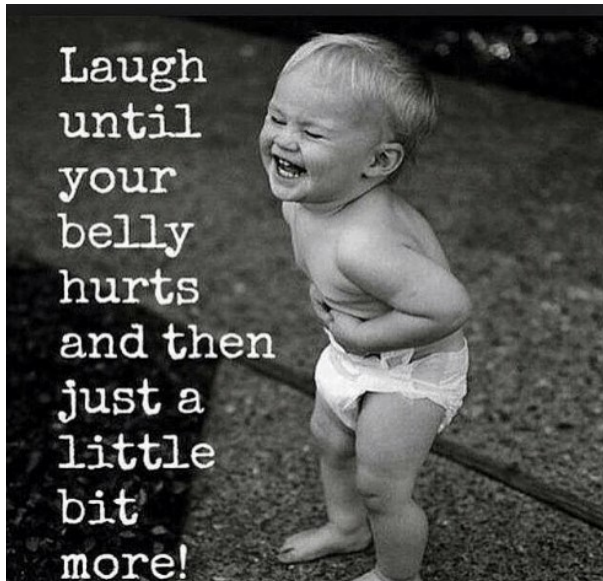
*"The best luck of all is the luck you make for yourself."*

*Douglas MacArthur*



# Hanover Humor by Al

*The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle*



A man spent the entire weekend out drinking with friends. When he came home on Sunday, his wife was irate and screamed at him for two hours. Finally, she said to him "How would you like it if you didn't see me for three days?". To which he replied "It would be ok with me."

So, for three days he did not see his wife, but by Thursday the swelling went down enough in his left eye so he could see a little bit of her.

~

Did you hear about the Southern plantation owner who planted yeast in his fields instead of cotton?

He wanted to see the South rise again.

~

A tourist asked a man in uniform if he was a policeman. The man in uniform replied, "Actually, I am an undercover police officer." The tourist then asked, "Why are you in uniform?" To which the man in uniform replied, "It's my day off."

I was very popular in high school. I could have dated any girl I pleased.

Unfortunately, I didn't please any of them.

~

If farmer "A" sells apples and farmer "B" sells bananas, what does farmer "C" sell?

Answer: Medicine. (think about it)

~

A blonde woman called the Delta Airlines terminal in Atlanta, Ga. and asked the agent "How long is the flight from Boston to Charlotte, N.C.?" The Delta agent needed to check so she said "Just a minute." to which the blonde replied "Thank you very much." and hung up.

~

I had flowers sent to my wife for our anniversary. After she received them, my wife called and asked me what the message on the card meant. I asked what does it say? She said, all it says is "No". I then had to explain to her that the blonde clerk at the florist asked me if there was a message and I said no.

~

Did you hear about the 2 silkworms that were in a race?

They ended up in a tie.



## My Childhood Memories

by Jean Riegel

### *Washing Sheets*

When my brother and I went to school, before we came downstairs for breakfast we had to make our beds. Except for the days when my mother would knock on our doors and tell us not to make our beds because she was washing sheets.

That was fine when we had to get up for school, but she even did that in the summer time when we could sleep later. She never changed her routine.



### *Love to Dance*

My sister and I took dancing lessons. She was six years older than me, so our routines were different. As we practiced in the basement my mother would watch us, and if we made a mistake she would tell us, and dance with us. My mother just loved to dance and she was really good.



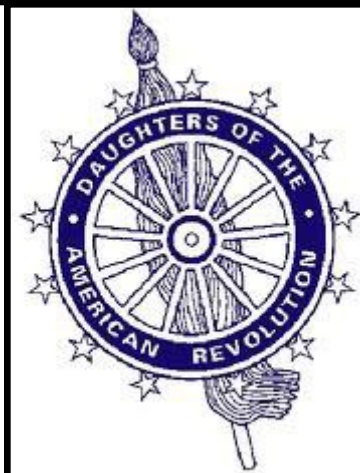
*It is better to be the hammer than the anvil.*

## Independence Day

by Ginny Heindl

In order to qualify for membership in the D.A.R. (Daughters of the American Revolution), I had to prove that I was a descendant of a person who fought in the Revolutionary War. That person turned out to be John Stiles, who enlisted in 1774 at the age of 24, to join the fight in Bennington, Vermont.

The Stiles genealogic records say that John was the family's third generation born in this country. His great-great grandfather came over from Yorkshire, England in 1638 as a member of the Ezekial Rogers group. Ezekial Rogers had been the assistant pastor at the Church of England in Rowley, Yorkshire, when the leaders of the church sent down a decree telling the pastors to encourage their parishioners that playing ball or engaging in other sports on the Sabbath Day was perfectly acceptable. Rogers refused to read the decree and was soon suspended. Many of Rogers' parishioners, including my relative, Robert Stiles, believed in his puritanical ways and chose to come with him to America where he established the First Congregational Church in Rowley, Massachusetts in 1639.





## My Ice-Skating Lesson

by Rita Litvin

I was embarking on date number three with my future husband, Herb, when he suggested we do something rather exciting. Herb had been a great ice hockey player in high school and of course, a terrific skater. I on the other hand, was about the worst ice skater there was, turning ankles, falling down, graceless.

Herb said he knew about a great ice pond where, perhaps, he could teach me the finer points of skating. It was early evening and off we went, with skates in hand.

When we arrived, there were no other people at the pond. It was a pretty pond with a little hut, where hot chocolate was served. We had the whole place completely to ourselves, Herb suggested that I sit on the bench and observe his moves. He started skating, and, I must say, I was most impressed. He was travelling at a good speed when suddenly something very dramatic happened. A small piece of tree bark was embedded in the middle of the pond. Neither of us had noticed it. Herb hit it and went flying into the surrounding snow-filled wooded area.

You can imagine the feeling of panic that surged through my body until I saw that he got up rather easily and was not seriously injured. He was more embarrassed than anything else. We decided at this point to drive home. On the way he said, "I am really sorry we had to cut the lesson short, but we'll try again next week."

All I could say between laughing and wiping tears from my eyes was, "You are a great skater, but please tell me there will be no special surprises in lesson two."



## Say Hi to Craig Berdini

by Connie Huber

Craig joined the Marketing team when Jennifer was promoted to Corporate. He and his wife Brenna live in Bethlehem Township with their children Siena (8) and Joseph (6), and their dog Dasha. He also has a 22 year old daughter Kaitlyn. Craig grew up in Turnersville, NJ. He moved to Rockville, MD when he was 14. He has a degree in Social Work from West Virginia University.



Craig loves family activities, sports, and making people smile. He is a great dancer.

## Tom's Jeep

By Ginny Heindl

After becoming a widow in 2004, I decided to move back to Colorado where my husband and I had lived for most of the previous 35 years. I bought a home in a gated adult community in Fort Collins. My younger son Tom, a truckdriver, agreed to come to live with me.



Tom owned a 1981 Jeep that needed a new engine, so he decided to completely rebuild it in our garage on his days off. As he usually worked with the garage door open several of the male residents, who walked for exercise every day, would stop to check on the progress. They asked for his advice when they had problems with their vehicles, and he often lent them tools. The first few times Tom drove his rebuilt Jeep through the Neighborhood, the men waved and applauded.

When Tom died suddenly of pneumonia just a few months later my older son, Bob, flew out to Colorado and drove the Jeep to Pennsylvania. Bob made further modifications to the body and added new seats and seatbelts. He drove it around the Easton area until recently when he had his son, Nick, take the Jeep to his home near Hershey. Nick takes his three children for rides in the hills near their home. They love the rides!

It looks like Tom's Jeep has become one of the family treasures that will be passed on to the next generation one day.

*Stay away from negative people. They have a problem for every solution.*

## Gentle Wind

by Jean Riegel

As I look out my bedroom window,  
I see the pine trees swaying in the  
gentle wind.

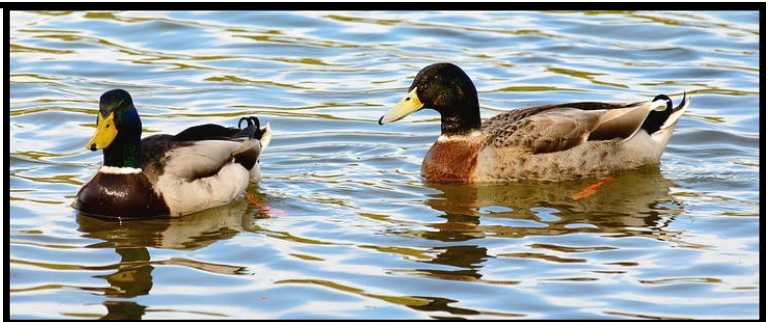
In the opening of the trees I see the  
little lake from all the rain last night.

As the wind blows, it pushes the water. It ripples as it moves.

Two ducks are swimming, enjoying the movement of the water as they glide along.

Just watching was so peaceful and calming.

Nature has so many beauties, if we just take the time to stop and look around.





## Dixie

by Jean Riegel

One year my husband bought me a wristwatch for my birthday. It was very attractive. It showed the time, the date, and it even had an alarm, which I never used.

One Sunday morning in church, the watch started playing Dixie, loud and clear. That was my alarm and I couldn't turn it off no matter what I did. I was so embarrassed as everyone turned around to look.

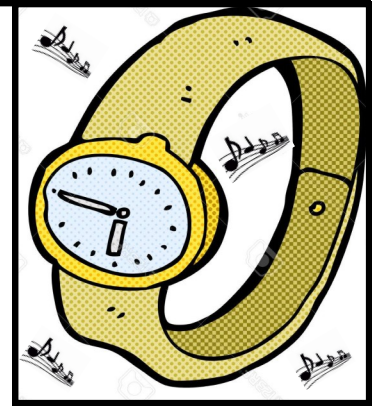
Another time my watch went off in the afternoon at a meeting in the hospital. I was sitting in the front row. The speaker said, "I guess you think I'm talking too long."

The alarm would go off anytime and anywhere... at work, at the movies, during meetings. It played Dixie all the way through. Then it would stop.

The last time it went off at work, my boss said, "Get rid of it!" When I got home, I put it in my jewelry box and never wore it again.

Of course, it played Dixie whenever it wanted to even after I took it to be repaired. The jeweler said nothing was wrong with it, and he didn't know why it kept going off.

The watch finally wore itself out, but I had been hearing Dixie for so long that I really missed it when it finally stopped.



*Chocolate is the answer... Who cares what the question was!*

## The Joy of Aging

submitted by Betty Weikel

### **Betty White, at age 70**

"In my capacity as an entertainer, I get a certain kind of respect just for having been around for a long time that I didn't get 20 or 30 years ago....as the years pass, I'm better at everything in show business or in the arts than I was 10, 20, 30, 40 years ago – wherever you put the dipstick back in, I'm better now than I was then."

### **Steve Allen, at age 70**

"When you are older, your perspective changes and you know better how to handle things. You have much more self-confidence. I feel secure."



## A Mother's Arms

by Jean Riegel

At one time we all felt the comfort of our mother's arms. She held us tightly when we had a bad dream, and if we were afraid of the thunder and lighting. She held us if we thought something was hiding under our beds, and most of all when we were sick with a bad fever.

I for one, remember all the times my mother held me when I had a bad earache or was sick. She held me close to her and rocked me as she sang softly. Her arms held me tightly. I was comforted being close to her and feeling the warmth of her body until finally I fell asleep. Then she would put me back into my bed.



## Say Hi to Kim Gangaway

by Connie Huber

Can you believe it is almost a year since Kim joined our Traditions family? She has been a wonderful addition to our Resident Life Department. Kim has such enthusiasm and her joy is evident whenever she is around. She loves crafts and has introduced many new activities. She and Marisa make a great team.

Kim grew up in South Allentown raised by wonderful, hardworking parents. She has been married to Jim for almost 28 years. She LOVES animals and has 2 dogs, a golden retriever named Keira and a Yellow Lab named Maizey. Kim enjoys being outdoors, and camping and fishing. One day they hope to travel the U.S. to see the National Parks. (Maybe in an RV!) She adores all our residents here and feels very fortunate to be part of their lives.



## Things To Ponder

- ◆ Do Lipton Tea employees take 'coffee breaks'?
- ◆ What hair color do they put on the driver's licenses of bald men?
- ◆ Is it true that you never really learn to swear until you learn to drive?
- ◆ Whatever happened to Preparations A through G ?
- ◆ Why, Why, Why do we press harder on the remote control when we know the batteries are getting weak?





## Philadelphia

by Ginny Heindl

In May, several residents, two guests, Marisa, and Kim boarded Traditions' bus to tour Historic Philadelphia. Teresa took a day off from her duties at the front desk to go along.



With Tracy at the wheel, we started out in the bright sunshine remarking that it was a beautiful day for a trip. Our first stop was at the Liberty Bell Center with its many interesting displays that chronicled our history as we declared our independence from England. Independence Hall with George Washington's statue on top was directly across the street as we exited the Liberty Bell Center.

We had lunch in a tavern at the end of the block and boarded the bus to continue the tour. Tracy drove us past Penn's Landing to the Museum of Art whose steps were made famous in the "Rocky" movie. Kim and Teresa ran all the way up the steps just like Sylvester Stallone did in the movie.

With storm clouds gathering and a weather report calling for severe weather we headed north and arrived at Traditions just as rain began. It was a very interesting trip. We all enjoyed it.

## Bell Choir Concert

by Jean Riegel

The Tradition's Bell Choir is under the direction of Pauline Hunter, La Rue De Cray, and Kim Rehm. Our Summer Concert, held on June 10, was a great success. Everyone enjoyed it and said the bells sound good. We all sang and invited the audience to sing along. Some of the songs performed included, *You're a Grand Old Flag*, *Edelweiss*, *It's a Small World*, and *Take Me Out To The Ball Game*. We all thanked La Rue and Kim who were faithful volunteers and came to every Tuesday practice.

Bell Choir members are looking forward to preparing for the next concert.

Members include: Beverly Clark, Barbara Colacurcio, Vera Delio, Helen Fisher, Pauline Hunter, Lucille Kuchera, Roberta Labowitz, Norman Lieberman, Terry Lichak, Cornelia Miller, Mae Pursel, Amelia Reyes, Jean Riegel, Marge Roxandich, and Jill Ward.



## Keeping in Touch

by Amelia E. Reyes

I met my friend Eliades when I moved to Millville, NJ. Soon we became best of friends. She was the older sister that I wished I had. Eliades was there for me when I was going through rough times. Her advice helped me and gave me strength to go on.

When her husband retired, they moved to Florida. We made plans when I retired that I would move to Florida as well. By the time my retirement came, I was ready for my new life, but that's when I began having symptoms of Parkinson's. I went to a neurologist and he confirmed that I had the beginnings of Parkinson's, so I changed my plans and decided to stay close to my sons. That's why I moved to this area. Eliades and I continued our friendship by talking on the phone. She even came once to visit me at my apartment.

Eliades recently celebrated her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. She invited me to Florida for the celebration. Her family and friends are going to be there with her. I was not able to attend her birthday because I cannot travel by myself due to my Parkinson's.

I'm sorry I missed such a big occasion in my friend's life. Her daughter called me to invite me to the celebration. Since I couldn't go, she told me I could make a video wishing her a happy birthday, so I recorded my message and emailed it to her daughter to share at the party. I guess this is the new way to wish Happy Birthday.



*A legend is a lie that has attained the dignity of age.*

## Unable To Sleep

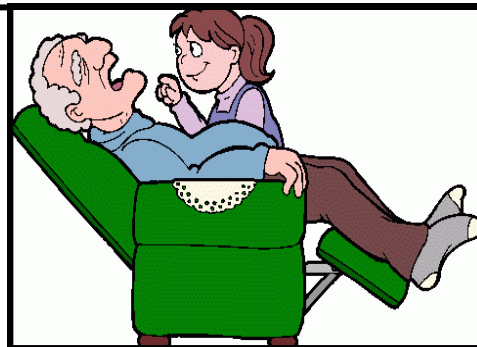
Said by Bennett Cerf, submitted by Betty Weikel

For eight days and nights, Mr. Jones had been unable to sleep. Medicine seemed to have no effect whatsoever, and, in desperation, the Jones family summoned a renowned hypnotist.

The hypnotist fastened his beady eyes on Mr. Jones and chanted, "You are asleep, Mr. Jones. The shadows are closing around you. Things are becoming misty and obscured. Soft music is lulling your senses into a state of blissful relaxation. You are asleep! You are asleep!"

The anxious family looked at the ailing man, and sure enough, he was asleep! "You're a miracle worker," the grateful son told the hypnotist, paying him a substantial bonus.

As the outside door closed behind the hypnotist, Mr. Jones opened one eye. "Say," he demanded, "is that lunatic finally gone?"





## Welcome To Coin Collecting

by Barbara Colacurcio

My dad was a numismatist, a coin collector. Many years ago, I don't remember when, he started collecting coins. Often, his nickels, dimes, and pennies were placed on a table. My sister and I would look at them for a special year that he needed to fill his coin book.



Throughout human history, civilizations have told the story of their people through their coins. Today we still communicate values and ideals on coins, using symbols and mottos to represent who they are to anyone holding them. America's story is as varied as its people. You can build a collection that reflects your story.

### *Coin Facts....*

*Proof* coins are made using a specialized minting process that begins by manually feeding burnished (polished) coin blanks into presses fitted with special dies. Each coin is struck multiple times so the softly frosted, yet detailed images seem to float above a mirror-like field. The Proof coins can be purchased in a set with a protective lens to showcase and maintain their exceptional finish.

*Uncirculated* coins are made using the same process as circulating coins, but with some enhancements. This gives them a brilliant finish.

*Mint Facilities* were founded in Philadelphia in 1792. There are now five United States Mint facilities around the country, located in Philadelphia, PA; West Point, NY; Fort Knox, KY; Denver, CO; and the headquarters in Washington, DC.

***Success is simply a matter of luck. Ask any failure.***

*Earl Wilson*

## **Traditions Writing Group Meetings** **Thursdays, 1-2 PM in the Theater (2<sup>nd</sup> floor)**

Have something to share? Like to write? Then this is the place for you! Not able to meet with us? No Worries! You can also write something (maybe a funny story you recall) and give it to one of the Writing Group members, or you can sit with one of us and tell us your story.

*Hum... What shall I write?*



*Members of the Writing Group are Jean Riegel, Barbara Colacurcio, Connie Huber, Vera Delio, Amelia Reyes, Ginny Heindl, Joanne Weiner, Betty Weikel, Rita Litvin, Helen Fisher, Helen Marczyk, and Marge Kovacs, our photographer.*

## My Reflections

by Cathy Heimsoth



The past year and a half have been challenging for me, causing a great deal of reflection. Mostly thinking about the important things in life. When I think back to another time in my life that was challenging and scary, my cancer journey, I don't remember it being so hard. Maybe time has softened the edges, or maybe like childbirth, you only remember the outcomes of the beautiful baby you get to love and cherish.

What I felt compelled to share with you is how I recognize that it is the everyday conversations with friends and the opportunity to learn from others that make life full and vibrant. That is what my community (my friends, family, neighbors & co-workers) did for me during my cancer journey 14 years ago. That is what my community continues to do for me now.

I feel so lucky to have been surrounded by residents who have lived full lives and model the grace it takes to maneuver the challenges faced as we grow older. It is an example of strength and courage to be vulnerable. Moving to a new home, making new friends and new traditions. Building a life that is good, safe and full of caring people...this is something to be recognized. When I think about self-care, I recognize ultimately it is up to us as individuals to take care of ourselves, and sometimes that means accepting when we need help or recognizing that it is ok to put ourselves first. When we do that, we are stronger to help others, and to be a better version of ourselves.

I love what I do for so many reasons, but I think it is safe to say that selfishly I get so much more from my daily interactions with my friends at Traditions. I receive the gift of experience as we interact each day. So many of my friends here have commented on my laugh, what a gift to be able to laugh every day and yet share our sorrows as well. I am moved to say thank you. Thank you for trusting me to be here, to share your lives and to share mine. It brings me so much joy to share my grandchildren, my children, my husband. I look forward to learning and growing with all of you.

There is a beautiful song by Ed Sheeran, he sings about the loss of his grandmother, "*oh, I am in pieces, it's tearing me up, but I know a heart that is broke is a heart that's been loved*".

**I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world.**

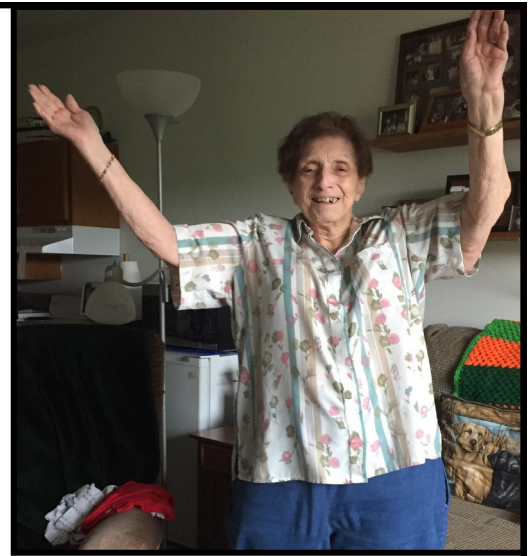
*John Burroughs*

## Fox and Friends

by Connie Huber

This past January, I had my left shoulder replaced. It was actually my fourth joint replacement so now my grandkids call me *Robo-Gram*.

Anyone who has had join-replacement surgery knows the pain and work that goes into recovering, not to mention regaining some range of motion. Thanks to the Fox Rehab team, I am doing very well. Thanks to Traditions, I was able to have all the necessary treatments right in my own apartment. No worrying about the weather or who's going to drive me. I just had to wait at home for one of the team members to knock on my door. And look what I can do now... I've not been able to raise my arms like this in years!!



Fox team members who worked with me, especially with my balance and strength, were Amy, Beth and Michelle. They are the best! Amy pushed my shoulder where it didn't want to go. The tears came, then the ice, then relief.

Finally, the day came when I had made enough progress to be released from therapy. So now, it is up to me to continue to work to maintain and maybe improve my range of motion. And because Traditions offers many different exercise class options, I don't even have to leave the building to keep up with my exercises. Maybe you'd like to join us for exercise too. Some of the classes offered are:

- ☞ Chair Aerobics & Toning on Monday and Wednesday mornings with Theresa in the Theater
- ☞ Strength-Balance-Mobility on Wednesday and Friday with Cameron in the Fireside Lounge
- ☞ Chair Yoga on Tuesdays with Cathy in the Theater
- ☞ Qigong on Thursday with Kevin in the Theater

Now, for me.... So in addition to walking, I just have to go to the classes. I am making the effort to continue.

## Meet Carol Kist

Carol joined the staff of Traditions when Ruthann retired. She is originally from Somerset County, NJ. She moved to Pennsylvania in 1987. She and her husband Gary live in Carbon County. They have three children, Gary, Jr., Gina Marie, and Gregory. Carol and Gary are the proud grandparents of Gina's son, Paul.

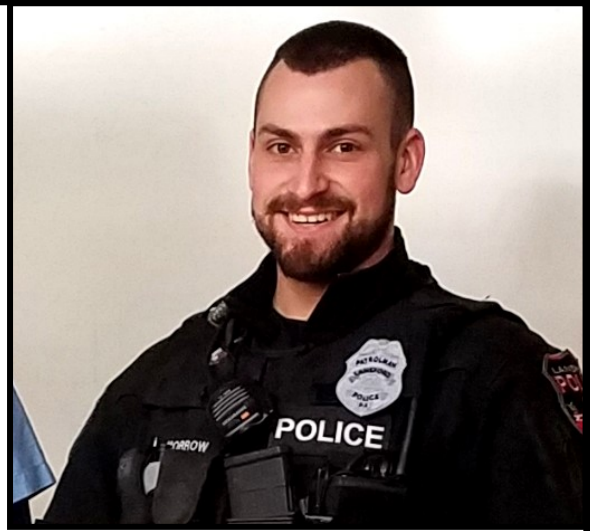




## Too Proud for Words

by Michele Morrow

My youngest son, Vincent, as you may recall from an article in the previous issue, is a police officer. Last year, there was bad arson-caused fire that spread to the neighboring home. Vince entered the home and saved the family. Then, just recently, this same family tragically lost their 23-year-old son in a late-night motorcycle accident. Vince was the officer on duty and delivered the horrific news to the family that their son had died. Just a few months ago, Vince's best friend was killed in an auto accident, so he related to their grief. The week following their son's death, these parents delivered the following poem, in a frame, to the police department. I've always been proud of my sons, but reading what these parents said about my son, well, there are just no words.



### *Officer Morrow*

We want to thank you, Officer Morrow  
For being there through our times of sorrow.

Waking us in the night when our house was in flames  
We may not have survived – except that you came.

You testified in court, not a pleasant task for you  
Defense attorneys are paid to shred all you say and do.

As if that wasn't enough you helped us again, tonight  
You've seen our shock, our grief, our tears we can't keep from sight.

The compassion in your eyes, the kindness in your voice  
Delivering news nobody wants to hear, without much choice.

The look of concerned understanding on your face  
Sharing that you have recently been in the same place.

The strength you passed on through your genuine hug  
When others would just walk away with a nod or a shrug.

While we processed our grief, you were willing to stay  
Which shows your heart to make a difference in deep and vital ways.

Going above and beyond at these critical times  
Makes you a man of character – who is so hard to find.

So thank you, for your dedication to our small town  
Such exemplary service is rarely found.

One could search far and wide and never quite see  
The kind of heroes we are blessed with in small Weatherly!



## Fun Times with Traditions





## Fun Times with Traditions

