



Traditionally Yours

A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.

18th Edition - Fall 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*

Ray Steed rejoined the Traditions family in August. Welcome back Ray!

Willie Beltran joined the Traditions family in July. You'll notice his first floor apartment because his door is always so nicely decorated. Welcome Willie!

Peg Goodwin moved in and joined the Traditions family in August. Welcome Peg!

Bob and Betty Barnes lived in many areas of the U.S. They eventually settled in Bethlehem. Their plan is to live here at Traditions for several months until they increase their strength, eat good food and exercise, and then return home, which they still have. As far as grandkids go, their daughter didn't want children, but married a man with four. Therefore, they acquired grandchildren through marriage. Bob chuckled as he said this. They also have a son in California. Both Bob and Betty are retired school teachers. It is interesting to note that Bob taught at Lehigh University while Betty taught 5th grade. Bob taught Philosophy, Computer Science, and Math. He enjoys reading while she enjoys knitting. Bob wants us to know he is disgustingly healthy, except when he is not. They like living here, states it meets their needs and are comfortable for the time being. Bob knew Jim Tagaling which helped to make the decision to come to Traditions.

Carol Lancaster moved here from Fort Myers, FL to be near her family. She is originally from NJ. Her son Larry made the arrangements for her new home here at Traditions. Carol is a former Elementary school teacher. She loves to read, do Sudoku puzzles, play Scrabble, go shopping, and play golf. She has three wonderful children, Laura, Larry, and Richard. Her eleven grandchildren are pretty great also. She said that Traditions seems like a nice place to be. The staff is very attentive, considerate and caring.

Richard & Julie Laury met in New Mexico where they worked at the White Sands Missile Range. After they married, they moved to the Bethlehem area. Julie then worked in an office and Dick was a teacher. After they had children, Julie stayed home to raise them. Dick became a Principal and worked in the Bethlehem School District until he retired. When the children were grown, Julie learned to paint. She took lessons learning to use watercolors for over 20 years. She has sold many paintings and has won many ribbons. They have three daughters, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Dick and Joanne Ryan moved here from Ocean City, NJ, where they spent more than 30 years of their life. They spent many hours looking for a "Retirement Home" and found one here at Traditions. Dick is a retired Veterinarian, while Joanne remained at home raising their five children: four boys and a girl. Their daughter lives nearby and was instrumental for them moving here to Traditions. They have ten grandchildren scattered about. They both enjoy playing Bridge and will eventually joining our Bridge group. Both Dick and Joanne enjoy living here and also like the food.

continued

Welcome to the Neighborhood continued

Evelyn Airey came to Traditions from a town in the Pocono Mountains called Hemlock Farms. Her children found a few places for her to look, but she decided on Traditions of Hanover. Evelyn's profession before she retired was an Executive Secretary. She also enjoys reading, knitting, and quilting.

Ron & Pat DiStefano moved into Traditions in October. Both retired from Northampton Community College 19 years ago. Ron had been a Chemistry Professor and Pat the school's librarian. Pat's father, Alan Fink, a longtime resident of Traditions, passed away in 2017 at the age of 104.

Joanne Johns was born in the small town of Clymer in Western PA. There were 19 in her class. She and her husband, Olon, have three children, Fred, Edward, and Christina. Joanne worked as a secretary on the Cardiac floor at Warren Hospital in Phillipsburg, NJ. After 14 years, she became a monitor tech on the Telemetry floor for 16 years. She loves living here and says it feels like home.

Inside This Issue

Remembering Jim Taglang	4	Memories	12
Bead Buddies Want You	4	Farewell to Summer	13
Remembering Mary Tromontana	5	"Retarded" Grandparents	13
Remembering Gerry Edwards	5	Hanover Humor by Al	14
Godwinks	5	To My Children	15
The Artist	6	Wii Bowling	15
Ancestors	6	Joseph's High School Football Game	16
Dog Communications	7	Part of the Group	17
A Trip to Penn's Peak	7	Grandparents' Anniversary Celebration	17
The Beautiful Vibrant Sunflower	8	Remembering our 50 th Anniversary	18
To My Friends at Northeast School	8	A Fish Named Fred	19
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier...	9	Marvin	19
Brooke and Buddy	9	Bilingual	20
Remember When...	10	A Hole-In-One	20
How to Plant Your Garden	10	A Japanese Wedding	21
The Sales Clerk	11	Generations	21
Dance in the Rain	11	Boston vs. New Jersey	22
The Garden	12	Where'd that Word Come From	23

The Writing Group Wants You....

Michele Morrow, Editor



This newsletter is brought to you by the members of Traditionally Yours Writing Group. We meet several Thursdays a month in the Theater from 1:00 to 2:00 (specific dates are listed on the calendar.) Come share your stories, jokes, anecdotes, and have some fun! We'd love for you to join us and help continue to create this awesome newsletter! Remember, this is a newsletter BY the residents, FOR the residents.

On a personal note, to our Writing Group members, THANK YOU for always sharing such amazing stories, memories, and funnies. And to our "photographer" Marge, thank you for always taking such great pictures! Love you guys.... You all ROCK!!!

Remembering James “Jim” Taglang

by Al Schadle

Did you ever wonder who was responsible for putting those little flags at the cemetery gravesites of veterans on Memorial Day and Veteran’s Day? If the cemetery was in Fountain Hill or South Bethlehem there was a good chance that the person who coordinated this effort was Jim. Who was Jim Taglang? For those of you who did not meet him, Jim was a resident here at Traditions for a very short time. Jim moved here early this summer and, unfortunately, died unexpectedly in August at the age of 90.



Jim was a lifelong resident of South Bethlehem and served in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War. After his honorable discharge from the Navy, Jim returned to Bethlehem and began his career at the Bethlehem Steel Co. Shortly after his return, as a proud veteran, he joined American Legion Post 406 in Fountain Hill. As an officer at the Legion, (he served as Treasurer for more than 40 years), Jim participated in many ceremonies that honored veterans and their families, including those services held on Memorial Day and Veteran’s Day. These outdoor ceremonies at the cemeteries were especially meaningful to Jim. So much so, that he took on the responsibility of having the flags placed at the gravesite of all known veterans at several cemeteries in Fountain Hill and South Bethlehem. Through the Legion, each year, Jim would arrange to get the flags, would contact local Boy Scout Troops to arrange for the placement of the flags at the grave, arrange to have the Boy Scouts remove the flags after the ceremony, and store the flags until the next Holiday. Many times, when Scout help was not available, Jim would place and remove the flags himself.

Jim did this every year for many, many years with little fanfare and acknowledgement. Indeed, most people, including family members of the veterans, were unaware of the person who was responsible for this touching tradition. Jim did it willingly because of his deep abiding love for his country and its veterans. It is unfortunate that his time here at Traditions was so limited. Had he lived longer, this kind and quiet gentleman would have made a lasting impression on many of us. Hopefully, he will receive the recognition that he deserves in the next world. May he rest in peace.

Bead Buddies Want You!

The Bead Buddies are always looking for new members.

They meet the 2nd & 4th Tuesday of each month.

Stop in the brand new Craft Room to see what they are doing.



Remembering Mary Tramontana

As you may recall, Mary recently celebrated her 100th birthday. She shared a lot about her and her family with us in the July 2019 issue of *Traditionally Yours* (page 8, Happy 100th Birthday). Mary said that “her home was always filled with food, fun, and laughter as family and friends celebrated the holidays.” With Mary’s recent passing, her family came together one last time to celebrate her life. Mary was a wonderful woman and her “family” here at Traditions will miss her dearly.



Remembering Gerry Edwards

by Marge Kovacs

Gerry, moved to Traditions of Hanover in June 2019. Unfortunately, we lost her recently to an automobile accident.

We will remember Gerry as being a friendly person with a warm smile. She was involved with the Bead Buddies, which she enjoyed. Gerry also loved sitting on the front porch with other residents and pass the time. She made the large quilt that was on display during the recent Traditions Art Show. She will be missed.



Godwinks

by Ginny Heindl

One morning, about a year ago, I went down to get my daily paper and a cup of coffee. As I was filling my cup, I had the thought that I should take a cup to Barbara Colacurcio. I don't know why. I wasn't even sure she drank coffee, but I filled another cup.



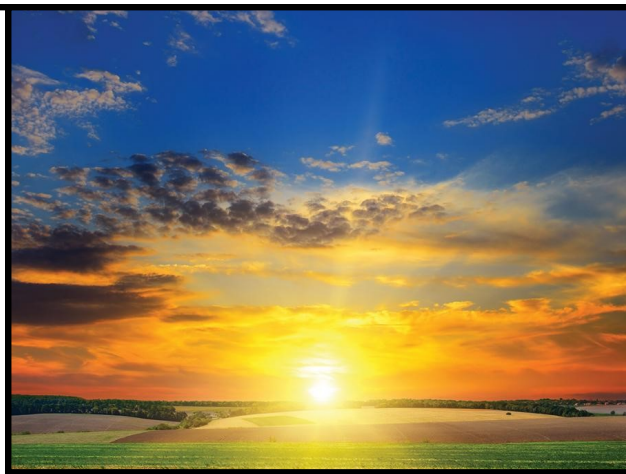
I got to her door, tapped lightly and said her name. There was no response. Just then her phone rang several times and I heard someone leaving a message. This alarmed me so I pounded on the door and called her name out loudly. I heard pounding on an interior wall. I ran back to the main hallway and pressed the alarm button on the emergency pendant I wear around my neck. When I saw Megan hustle out of her office, I called to her that Barbara in 125 was in some kind of trouble. She came running and found Barbara laying in the shower stall. She had fallen the night before and been there for 12 hours. When I told my son and daughter-in-law about it the next day, she called it a "Godwink." I guess that's a pretty good name for it.

The Artist

by Connie Huber

As the sun drops below the horizon
The Heavens light up in blazing streaks of red.
The sky starts its gradual change
To shades of gray,
Tiny lights begin to appear.
The moon in it's reflected light
Becomes brighter as it rises in the night sky.
Gray becomes darker, darker, darker.
Soon the sky appears as black as velvet
Millions of tiny diamonds twinkle brightly.

Time leisurely passes
Black begins to fade to gray
The bright stars diminish.
The moon begins its gradual descent.
As the sun begins to rise
Gray turns slowly to hues of blue.
The sun lifts its head above the horizon.
The Artist has begun a new canvas.



Ancestors

by Amelia Reyes

I always listen to the stories my relatives talk about how our family came to Puerto Rico. They brought their costumes and traditions from their native country, which we still have them.

I was curious about my ancestors, where they came from, so I sent for a kit to have my DNA tested. I was surprised to find out that 60% of me come from Europe. My DNA shows that I am Spanish, Italian, and Greek. I also have Native American DNA. I hope that DNA is from the natives of Puerto Rico. It is good to know that the Tainos are alive in us.

After I had my DNA tested, I began receiving emails telling me that they found somebody who is related to me, a cousin. Recently I received an email from a person who is supposed to be my first cousin. This person writes that her father's name was Antonio Reyes and his mother's name was Amelia Reyes. She also mentioned that an older sister (who has died) told her that my grandmother was Spanish Jewish. No one in my family had mentioned that to me. She wants to prove that she is partly Puertorican so that she could apply for dual citizenship. That's when I began to question her motives. I will not answer her email. The information she gave me can be found on line.



Dog Communications

by Ginny Heindl

My son Bob, and daughter-in-law Jean, own two dogs, Francis and Gus, both Toy Poodle Terrier mix.

Recently, Bob was sitting in the living room reading. Francis, the three-year old, came to the foot of the stairs leading to the lower level of their split-level home, barked, then ran to the patio door. This is the usual signal that he needs a "potty" break. Bob had taken the dogs out a half hour earlier, just before he sat down to read. He said to Francis "You were just out. I can't believe you have to go out again." At that, Francis came up the stairs and stood in front of Bob and barked again. So Bob got up and followed Francis down to the patio door. There stood Gus, the almost one-year old puppy, waiting to go out. Bob attached their leashes and opened the door. Gus ran out in the yard to find a spot while Francis calmly sat down next to Bob's feet on the patio. He didn't need a potty break...only Gus did. When Gus finished and returned to the patio, Francis calmly walked back to the door with Gus.

So, how do dogs communicate with one another, as these two obviously do???



A Trip to Penn's Peak

by Bev Halvorson

Want to know what happened to me when "I died and went to Heaven?" Well, not really, but I felt like it anyway.

I was privileged to go to Penn's Peak and hear the wonderful Glenn Miller orchestra. Maybe it's because I heard "Moonlight Serenade" and "Serenade in Blue" and remembering dancing with my love or maybe it was because I heard "Pennsylvania 6, 5000" or "In the Mood" that we jitterbugged to.

And then, after we went, an amazing thing happened to me. I was very surprised because my multi-pains disappeared for 24 hours, wonderful! I'm told things like that can happen when you go through something so special. "Music bypasses everything and goes straight to the heart." Tavis Smiley, from PBS, says.

Anyway, if you have a chance to hear that great orchestra, take it. You'll be glad! Thanks to Kim and Marisa for arranging for us to go, and to Tracy for driving us in the rain.



The Beautiful Vibrant Sunflower

Ekphrasis poem and painting by Rita Litvin

I feel that sunflowers are
such a happy sight to behold!

But they have more to give
than sheer beauty.

These golden flowers, true
Americans, were born in our land.

They are one of the world's great helpers,
besides their yellow glow.

They send medicine, dye and oil
to many lands.

They thrive in much sunshine,
the more, the better.

Their family members can be
as tall as 16 feet,

One relative reached
30 feet and 1 inch.



Once their heads are
empty of seeds something exciting happens,
and they become a useful tool.

For our convenience, they
can perform as a strong, disposable scrub
pad.

They are here among their friends,
huge protective rocks of the region.

They enjoy their sunny lives,
and everyone enjoys their special beauty.

The sun gazes upon them,
and they, in turn, smile back.

To My Friends at Northeast School

by Rita Litvin

(Rita was a teacher and gave this speech to her fellow teachers at her Retirement.)

Despite all the complexities of education, the
problems, the idiocies, the state of the nation and the
world, you are more important than ever before.



We've all been there, to teach and touch a child, give a heart to grow, and with, each of
our own unique and special human interaction, we may have been one of the few people
to make a change in the course of his or her life.

I am so proud to have walked, worked, laughed, and cried with a group of such fine
professionals, whom I have personally seen reach so many young lives in such warm and
caring ways.

But now, I look forward to graduating to a new level of living. I wish everyone here the
future health and joy that I wish my family and myself. Thank you all for coming and
creating this memorable day.

Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier...

by Ginny Heindl

On a trip through Germany my husband and I checked into a small hotel along the Rhine River one afternoon and took a walk. A few blocks away we noticed a sign on a restaurant window that said "Pizza".



We entered and discovered the young waiter didn't speak English as he handed us the menu. My husband said that he knew how to count in German even though he didn't speak the Language. So, since the pizzas were listed numerically, maybe we would be okay. Down the list we read the word "pepper" with letters attached to it. "Do you think that could be Pepperoni?" I asked. When the waiter came back for our order, my husband said proudly, "Number Neun" which is number nine in German.

As we sipped our Beer, which needs no translation, our pizza was delivered. To our horror we were looking a pizza covered in peppers, not pepperoni. Upon taking one bite, they had to be the hottest peppers on the whole continent. We looked up to see the waiter and the cook watching us. We managed to eat one piece each, thanks to big swigs of beer, paid our bill and left.

And, if you think about it, pepperoni would never be number nine on anyone's list, would it? Another "Dumb American" story for the books.

Brooke and Buddy

by Barbara Colacurcio

Brooke and Buddy are brother and sister black Lab Pyrenees with white paws. They are my great-granddogs. I don't get to see them very often. I wish I could watch them when my son and his wife go away but Brooke and Buddy are too big for me to care for.



Brooke was shot many months ago not too far from home. She dragged herself back to her home and laid on the bedroom floor with Buddy right beside her. She sustained rib fractures and a punctured diaphragm. She survived surgery and many days in the hospital. The two of them are never apart. They don't leave the property anymore.

A few weeks ago they were chasing a wild turkey that flew in a tree. Did you ever see a turkey fly?

Every time I go to see my son and daughter-in-law, Brooke and Buddy come to greet me, they actually cry. I love them!

REMEMBER



Submitted by Betty Berger

Since April, 1935, we have all seen many changes. Just think! Think about all these happenings over the years:

We were before computers, before the “pill”, and the population explosion.

We were before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, antibiotics, and Frisbees. Before frozen food, nylons, Dacron, Xerox, Kinsey Report.

We were before radar, fluorescent lights, credit cards, and ball point pens.

In our time,
closets were for clothes, not for coming out of, and a book about women living together in Europe could be called “Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.” Bunnies were small rabbits, and rabbits were not Volkswagens.

We were before Grandma Moses, Frank Sinatra and cup-sized bras. We wore Peter Pan collars and thought a deep cleavage was something butchers did.

We were before Batman, Grapes of Wrath, Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Stuart Little, and Snoopy.

Before DDT and vitamin pills, the white wine craze, disposable diapers, and jeeps.

More to come in the next issue...

How to Plant Your Garden

Submitted by Betty Weikel

First, you come to the garden alone,
while the dew is still on the roses.....

For the Garden of Your Daily Living,
plant three rows of Peas:

Peace of Mind
Peace of Heart
Peace of Soul

Plant three rows of squash:

Squash Gossip
Squash Indifference
Squash Selfishness

Plant four rows of Lettuce:

Lettuce be Faithful
Lettuce be Kind
Lettuce be Patient
Lettuce really Love One Another

No garden is without Turnips:

Turnip for Meetings
Turnip for Service
Turnip to Help One Another

Thyme is needed to finish our garden,:

Thyme for Friends
Thyme for Family
Thyme for Each Other

Water freely with patience and cultivate with love. There is much fruit in your garden because you reap what you sow.



The Sales Clerk

by Jean Riegel

Back when Hess Brothers had sales clerks, I went into the coat department looking for a new coat. I tried several on and finally found one I really liked. I put my hands in the pockets, as I always liked a coat that had good pockets.

The sales clerk said it is a perfect fit. I took my hands out of the pockets, put my arms down, and the sleeves were too short. The clerk then asked me, "Are you sure your arms are that long?" Then she said the sleeves could be let down. After that question and her answer, I left the store without a coat.



Life is a journey. When we stop, things don't go right...

We all have the duty to do good.

Pope Francis

Dance in the Rain

by Marge Kovacs

This quote, by Vivian Greene, reminds us that we can control how our life can be.

Deal with your life like being free to do what you want to do. We are at the time of our lives that we can do whatever we want to do.

We do not have to do something if we do not want to.

We have earned the right to do whatever we want because we have walked the walk and are wearing the t-shirt.

So... *Don't wait for the storm to pass. Dance in the rain!*



Rita's Corner

By Rita Litvin



The Garden

A Ekphrastic Pantoum poem

I'm visiting a colorful, vibrant garden
filled with a variety of shapes, colors and
sizes.

It is displaying nature's artistic talent
And leaves me with an awesome feeling.

Filled with a variety of shapes, colors and
sizes

it almost sings with pride
as it displays nature's rich artistry,
for our admiring eyes

I try listening closely as it almost sings
with pride,
and I realize the magic of this scene
for our admiring eyes,
as I paint this colorful vibrant garden.

*A Pantoum poem is a Malaysian verse form
adapted by French poets and occasionally
imitated in English. It comprises a series of
quatrains, with the second and fourth lines of
each quatrain repeated as the first and third lines
of the next.*



Vera's Verses

by Vera Delio



Memories

My yard is so bare, trees
have no leaves and there are no flowers.
But as I look out I can stare for hours.

The images I see out there are of my
children having fun.
There is a pool, a slide, a ball and lots
of friends, all in the water.
Laughing, splashing and screaming and
of course the loudest was my daughter.
I would hurry to get my work done so I
could join in all the fun.

After all the snacks and treats, which
were a bunch.
They always had plenty of room for
lunch.

When they were finished eating, it was
back in the pool to have more fun.
This went on as long as there was sun.
Memories like these you couldn't buy.
So I say a prayer of thanks for my
memories as I look up at the sky.



Gratitude...

Pauline Hinter would like to thank her Traditions Family for all the birthday cards she received for her 94th Birthday. She said "Thank you all for making my birthday a very happy one."

Farewell to Summer...

A Day at the Beach

by Helen Fisher

On a sunny, warm day this past July, several of us took a trip to the beach. It was a fun day!

Just basking in the sun. A few of us went window shopping and a few sat on benches just sunning themselves. There was even one who was lucky enough to venture into the surf.

All in all, it was a fun day finished by dining at a nice restaurant and having a peaceful quiet ride home.



“Retarded” Grandparents

Unknown author, submitted by Connie Huber

After summer vacation, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school. One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend summers with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded and moved to Florida. They go to a building called a wrecked center, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now, and do exercises there. There is a swimming pool too where they all jump up and down with hats on. At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out. They go cruising in their golf carts. And, they eat the same thing every night: Early Birds.

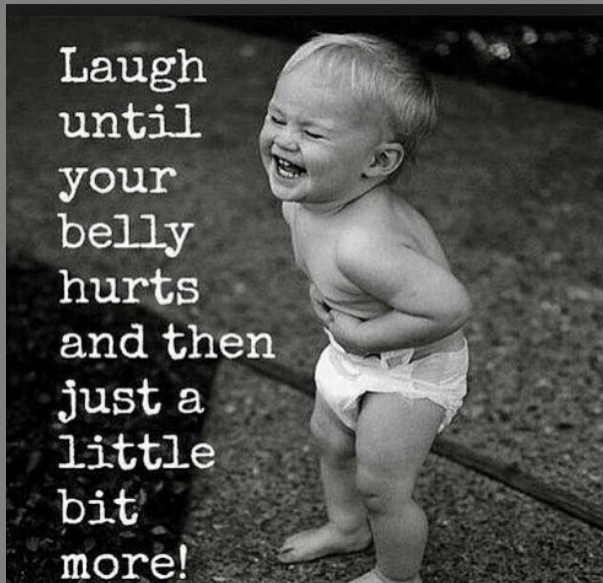
Some of the people can't get out past the man in the doll house. The ones that do get out, bring food back to the wrecked center and call it pot luck.

My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment and says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too. When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out so they can visit their grandchildren.



Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



A guy came home at 3:00 a.m. after drinking all night with his buddies. Naturally, his wife was upset. He said to her, "I don't know why you are so upset, I told you what time I would be home." "Yeah", she said. "You said you would be home at 11:45. No, he replied, I told you I would be home at a quarter of twelve.

A reporter asked an elderly gentleman who had just observed his 65th wedding anniversary what it was like being married all those years. The old fella said, it went by just like 5 minutes and then in a whisper, he added: "underwater".

A man went to his doctor and said "I am suffering from alternating diseases". What do you mean asked the doctor? Well he replied, one day I think I'm a wigwam and the next day I think I'm a teepee. To which the doctor replied "I know what your problem is – you're too tense".

Two boll weevils from South Carolina grew up together. One boll weevil left for California and became a well-known movie star. The other stayed in South Carolina and never amounted to anything. However, the boll weevil from South Carolina is much more famous. Today, no one remembers the movie star but everyone knows the lesser of two weevils.

The wife of a friend of mine went to a salon for a mudpack facial. When I saw my friend, I asked him if the facial worked. He replied, it did for a while and then it fell off.

Question: What is the difference between "unlawful" and "illegal"?

Answer: Unlawful is against the law. Illegal is a sick bird.

More Funnies...

Why do so many mushrooms get invited to parties? Because they're fungi's!

My ability to remember song lyrics from the 50's far exceeds my ability to remember why I walked into the kitchen.

Perk of being my friend: You'll be the normal one.

I set out to lose 10 lbs. Only 15lbs. to go!



To My Children

Submitted by Jill Ward

When I spill some food on my nice clean dress
Or maybe forget to tie my shoe,
Please be patient and perhaps reminisce
About the many hours I spent with you.

When I taught you how to eat with care
Plus, tying laces and your numbers, too,
Dressing yourself and combing your hair
Were precious hours spent with you.

So, when I forget what I was about to say
Just give me a minute—or maybe two,
It probably wasn't important anyway
And I would much rather listen just to you.

If I tell the story one more time
And you know the ending through and through,
Please remember your first nursery rhyme
When I rehearsed it a hundred times with you.

When my legs are tired and it's hard to stand
Or walk the steady pace that I would like to do,
Please take me carefully by my hand
And guide me now as I so often did for you.



**I've learned that I can always pray for someone
when I don't have the strength to help him in any other way.**

Andy Rooney

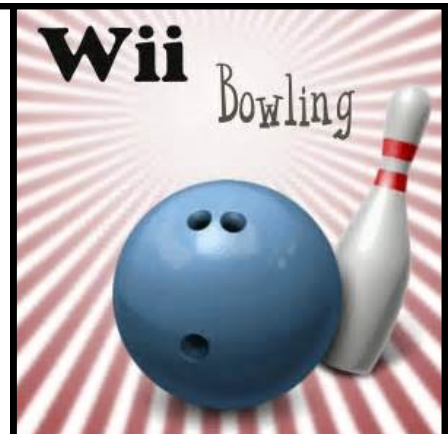
Wii Bowling

by Joanne Weiner

Our Lady Bowlers know how to bowl and have fun at the same time. We have two teams of Lady Bowlers, some of whom are quite good. Doris Peterpaul once bowled a 224, and Rosemarie Schadle bowled a 201.

We have many high games and just as many low games. We laugh, meet, and have a good time. So come and join us. We play every Saturday afternoon at 1:15 & 2:30. All you have to do is throw the ball!

By the way... we do take men if you are interested!



Joseph's High School Football Game

by Marge Kovacs

I remember when Joseph, my oldest son, was very young and he loved playing football. When he was old enough, he joined the Knee High leagues and as he got older he played for Youth Leagues and eventually played for his high school team. After graduating, he played for fun and even coached at area high schools.

His father and I would go to all his games. We would go camping or a weekend vacation but we would always make sure we would camp close to home so if he had a game while we were gone, we would always go back home so he could play and after the game we would go back to the camp.

I also remember that every time he played in a game and there was a tackle, I would immediately look for his number to be up and walking around. That way, I knew he was okay.

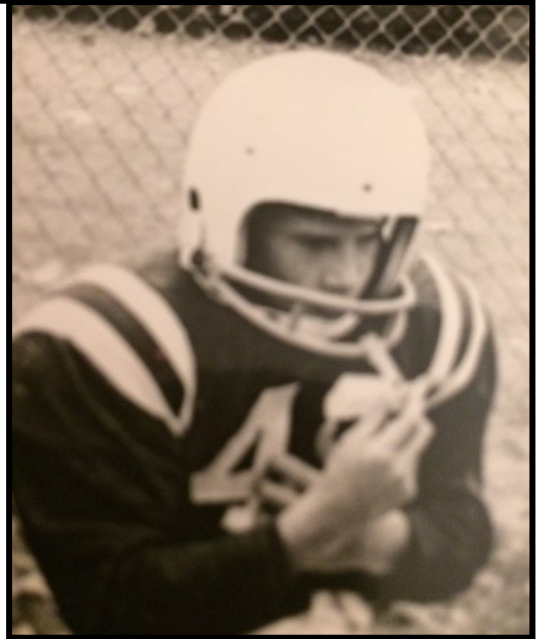
During all his school years of playing, he always got up from the tackle, until his second to the last game of his senior year. In this game, he was carrying the ball down the field, then the referees stopped the game. When the dust settled, we saw Joseph laying on the ground, not moving. I noticed this immediately and the coaches came on the field and then motioned for the ambulance to come in.

With that, I wanted to just run on the field, but I knew my son would not want me to do that. My husband moved to the fence around the field and met the one coach there. He told my husband they had to take my son to the hospital.

Well, my son ended up staying overnight for observation and had a concussion. The only thing that upset my son was that the ER nurses had to cut his jersey off to treat him. He was so upset that they had to do that.

The last game of the season was now only two weeks away. My son came home from the hospital the day after he got hurt and already was talking about playing in the last game. Now, you have to understand, the last game was against their arch rivals and this was his senior year and he felt he HAD to play in the game. So I told him if our family doctor released him to play, I would let him play.

Well, two weeks later he was released by our doctor and my son was able to play his last game for his high school. And... they won the game. Several years later, Joseph had his "battle-scarred" shirt framed!



Part of the Group

by Jean Riegel

One Sunday, my husband Walt and I took my mother out to Emmaus Park to an Italian Festival.

Just as we were walking past the stage, a group of musicians were playing and singing in Italian. We sat down on the bench right in front of the stage. As the male singer was singing, my mother sang along, loud and clear. The singer jumped off the stage, asked Walt to move over so he could sit next to my mother. He put his arm around her and they both sang together in Italian. The songs I remember were *Mama* and *Oh Marie* and a few others, all in Italian.



People stopped to listen to them and clapped. My mother kept singing with him, as she knew all the songs. I think the people thought she was part of the group. She was a good singer. After they were finished, he kissed her on the cheek and thanked her, and he went back on the stage.

That made her day, because that's all she talked about for a long time.

Grandparents' Anniversary Celebrations

by Barbara Colacurcio

At Sunset Farm in Bristol, Maine, my grandparents, Fred Pickwick and Belle Curtis, were married on September 16, 1896. Their 45th anniversary was celebrated in Damariscotta, Maine on September 14, 1941. The family and friends were invited to Gilbert's Lobster Pound for a share dinner – yum, yum.

Then five years later when they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, we all were once again invited to Gilbert's Lobster Pound for dinner. There were 60 people in attendance, and the lobster was out of this world.

There was no room at the farm for all of us to stay, so a few designated cousins went to my grandmother's cousin's farm in the town of **Cowshit Corner** in New Castle. This farm had many cows in the corner lot and no running water or refrigerator and a four-seater "out house" in the barn.

The cousins decided to take the horse and buggy out of the barn and snap a picture. We got into a lot of trouble doing that. We created a lot of havoc at ages twelve with no parents around!



Remembering Our 50th Anniversary Auto-Train Trip

by Marge Kovacs

We took the auto-train to Florida to see our granddaughter's dance team perform at Disney World. They were from Pittsburgh University. We were also celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary.

We took the auto-train because Joe, my husband, loved trains and always wanted to ride the auto-train. So, we thought this would be a nice way to celebrate 50 years of marriage. Joe was so excited about taking the train ride, we had to take a dry run to the train station so he would know where to go on the day we were to leave.

On the day of departure, we drove to the train station and watched as they loaded our car on the train. Joe was totally amazed by what was going on. Then we went to our cabin and got settled in for the ride.

It was so neat to walk through the train to get to the dining car to eat our meals. Then we returned to our cabin to get ready for the evening. The next morning, we had breakfast on the train as we arrived in Florida.

When we arrived at the train station, Joe had to watch as they unloaded all the cars. He was totally fascinated with what he saw. We got our car, drove to Orlando to our hotel and checked in. Before we registered, our granddaughter made sure the hotel knew it was our 50th Anniversary. When we arrived, they gave us pins to wear during our stay, and all the employees and other guests would wish us a happy anniversary.

This is only one of my memorable times with my husband, Joe.



**If you don't like something, change it.
If you can't change it, change your attitude.**
Maya Angelou

A Fish Named Fred

by Jean Riegel

When I lived in Ahoski, North Carolina I went to the pet store and bought five tiny fish for a dollar. After giving two of them to my friend up the street, I put the remaining three in a small desk top tank. I named them Lady, Ethel and Fred.



They really started growing, so I had to buy a larger tank. And then I had only two. Lady had a burial at sea.

When we moved to Virginia, I took the two remaining fish with us. Ethel and Fred really got big. He continued to grow, and finally Fred grew so big he couldn't turn around in the tank because he kept getting stuck. So I bought a larger tank, new pumps, and filters, and then I only had Fred. He used to eat out of my hand.

We went to see family in Florida for three weeks, so my neighbor offered to take care of Fred. I wrote all directions down and told her not to over feed him. She asked me, "What if something happens to the fish or he dies?"

I said, "Just wrap him up and put him in the freezer." Of course I was just joking.

When we got home I went to look at Fred. The tank was empty. Not actually thinking I would find him there, I looked in the freezer. I couldn't believe it. There he was. My neighbor had taken me literally and had wrapped him up. Her brain must have been out to lunch when I told her how to feed him, but she remembered the part about the freezer.

We buried Fred in the flower bed in the back yard. I really missed him. He had lived for six and a half years. Of course I didn't buy any more fish and finally gave the tank and stand away.

Marvin

Submitted by Betty Weikel



Bilingual

by Amelia E. Reyes

It was the wish of my parents that I learn to speak both English and Spanish. I attended private schools from 1st grade on. I learned Spanish as a first language, as well as English. When my mother and I moved to New York City I could speak English. My mother told me that I would attend public school.

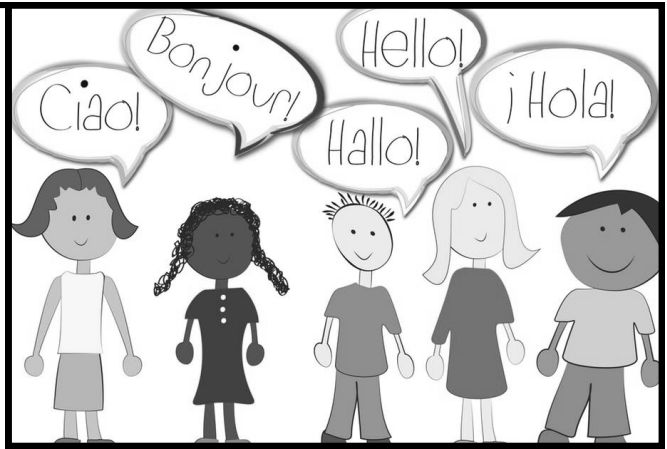
When I saw the classes I was going to take, I asked my mother if I could sign up for French instead of Spanish. My mother said no, she thought I should have Spanish literature like in Puerto Rico. I was disappointed because I thought French sounded more romantic, so I signed up for Spanish.

The first day I went to Spanish class, one of the students asked me if I spoke Spanish. "Of course I speak Spanish, I come from Puerto Rico!" I said. The student laughed and said, "You speak Puerto Rican!" By this time I was very upset, I was ready to start a fight. The teacher stopped the argument by telling us that Puerto Ricans speak Spanish with a Puerto Rican accent, just like Mexicans speak Spanish with a Mexican accent. I find myself explaining this to people who think that in Puerto Rico we speak Puerto Rican.

Because I spoke both Spanish and English, I worked as an elementary bilingual teacher in the Millville School District in NJ for 25 years.

Now I am retired and live here at Traditions. This year, Nancy Sutton, a retired French teacher moved here and has volunteered to teach French to the residents. I signed up for the classes and finally, I hope to learn enough French for a short conversation.

"Au revoir, tout le monde!"



Surround yourself with only people who are going to lift you higher.

Oprah Winfrey

A Hole-in-One

submitted by Ginny Heindl

This pastor decided to skip church one Sunday morning and go play golf. He told his assistant he wasn't feeling well. He drove to a golf course in another city so nobody would know him. He teed off on the first hole. A huge gust of wind caught his ball, carried it an extra hundred yards, and dropped it right in the hole, for a 450-yard hole in one.

An angel looked at God and said "What'd you do that for?"
God smiled and said "Who's he going to tell?"



A Japanese Wedding

by Joanne Weiner

When my nephew said he was going to marry Teruko, I of course got excited and thought, oh boy, a Japanese wedding. Little did I know the bride wanted to get married the American way, and so, it was the American way.

The bride wore a white lace gown, with no veil, and carried a bouquet of pale pink and white roses. Nearby, there was a reception table for gifts and cards. On this table, a picture of her parents was displayed and a picture of the traditional Japanese wedding garments worn by the bride and groom prior to the wedding. This way you could see what the garments looked like.

Following the ceremony, we all sat down to a great dinner, followed by more picture taking and more congratulations. Eventually we all left with happy memories of a Japanese wedding... the American way.



Why do you have to "put your two cents in"...
but it's only a "penny for your thoughts"??

Where's that extra penny going?

Generations

Written by Barbara Colacurcio's daughter Judy

It was from you
that I first learned to think,
to feel, to imagine, to believe...

You never finish being a daughter...
You will be one when you're ninety
and so will I,

Being a mother is
the most important role in my life.

You are flesh of my flesh,
bone of my bone,
miraculously...
My Own



Boston vs New Jersey

by Barbara Colacurcio

In 1941, my dad was transferred from Boston to New York. So off to our new house in Dumont, New Jersey.

When we arrived in New Jersey, our classmates thought my sister and I sounded funny because we had accents. Even my geography teacher, Mr. Cordts, asked me to answer a question. He slapped a ruler down on my desk and said, "OK, Boston Baked Beans, what's your answer?" He must have made an impression on me if I can still remember that name.

I was very active in high school with ping pong and basketball and then onto my nursing school and college with much encouragement from my parents. Great times.!



Kind words can be short and easy to speak, but their echoes are truly endless.

Mother Teresa

Where'd That Word Come from Anyway???

submitted by Connie Huber

SHIP STATE ROOMS - Travelling by steamboat was considered the height of comfort. Passenger cabins on the boats were not numbered. Instead they were named after states. To this day cabins on ships are called staterooms.

SLEEP TIGHT - Early beds were made with a wooden frame. Ropes were tied across the frame in a crisscross pattern. A straw mattress was then put on top of the ropes. Over time the ropes stretched, causing the bed to sag. The owner would then tighten the ropes to get a better night's sleep.

OVER A BARREL - In the days before CPR a drowning victim would be placed face down over a barrel and the barrel would be rolled back and forth in an effort to empty the lungs of water. It was rarely effective. If you are over a barrel you are in deep trouble.

SHOT OF WHISKEY - A shotgun cartridge cost 12 cents, so did a glass of whiskey. If a cowhand was low on cash he would often give the bartender a cartridge in exchange for a drink. This became known as a "shot" of whiskey.

HOT OFF THE PRESS - As the paper goes through the rotary printing press, friction causes it to heat up. Therefore, if you grab the paper right off the press it's hot.



