

# Traditionally Yours

19<sup>th</sup> Edition

*A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.*

Winter 2020





## *Welcome to the Neighborhood*

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

**Eugene Saravitz**, Gene, as he likes to be called, hails from North Scranton, where he lived most of his life. Born in 1935, he was a “Telephone Man,” but he never climbed a pole. He has two sons, one is a doctor, the other a lawyer. He also has a brother. He joined the Marines after the Korean War and traveled a lot. He traveled to Africa and found The Ark of the Covenant. It was soon after that, that The Reader’s Digest had a large article about the “Ark.” After the war, he joined his brother on the farm and learned to hunt and fish, which he truly enjoyed. His wife died about 10 years ago. Because he was alone, his son suggested Traditions as a place to live. He likes it here and hopes to make friends while he is here.

**Elizabeth (Ellsie) Sloan** is a friendly and outgoing lady. She joined the Traditions family in November.

**John Liskowacki** is originally from New Jersey. He came to an open house about 10 years ago and liked what he saw. John is a retired building contractor and inspector. He has two daughters, a son, and six grandchildren. John said that Traditions fits his needs and that the staff is pleasant and helpful, and the residents are friendly.

**Bill Werpehowski** was born and raised in Bethlehem. He knew about Traditions because he lived in the area. When Bill was at Moravian College, he was inducted into the Moravian Hall of Fame for scoring 1000 points in Basketball. He was also an entertainer playing the accordion. He played many Polkas. Bill is a retired real estate broker. He has four children, two daughters, two sons, and seven grandchildren. He thinks Traditions is a nice place to live, and thinks that it is well run and managed.

**Carol Lancaster** originally came from New Jersey. She moved to Fort Myers, Florida. She then moved here to be near family. Carol’s son Larry made all the arrangements for her to move to Traditions. She taught elementary school and she loves to read, do Sudoku puzzles, shop, and play golf. Carol has three wonderful children, Laura, Larry, and Richard. She has eleven grandchildren that are great. She said that Traditions seems like a nice place to be. The staff is very considerate, attentive, and caring.

**I've learned....**

**That the easiest way for me to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.**

**That no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.**

**Andy Rooney**



## Farewell 2019

by Joanne Weiner

Farewell to 2019, for some of us are glad to see it go!  
However, it wasn't all that bad, after all, we did learn a new phrase... "Quid Pro Quo."

December was quite a busy month. We wined and dined with some of the best food and drink available to us. We were entertained by children, some sang songs, and some made Christmas cards, while adults presented a concert of bells and others sang beautifully to us.

We were entertained by Lorrie and Jim on New Year's Eve and danced until we couldn't dance anymore.

So, thank you Traditions for all the wonderful events this past year. You made 2019 great. We now welcome 2020 with great anticipation of the coming New Year.

Happy New Year everyone!

**GOODBYE  
2019  
HELLO  
2020**

My young grandson called the other day to wish me happy birthday.  
He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 80.  
My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he asked,  
"Did you start at 1?"



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## Keep Your Aging Gray-Matter Cells Active... Not That You're THAT Old.

*Submitted by Connie Huber*



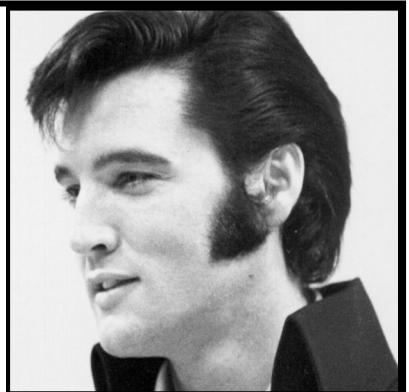
1. Johnny's mother had three children. The first child was named April. The second child was named May. What was the third child's name?
2. There is a clerk at the butcher shop, he is 5'10" tall and he wears size 13 sneakers. What does he weigh?
3. Before Mt. Everest was discovered, what was the highest mountain in the world?
4. How much dirt is there in a hole... which measures two feet by three feet by four feet?
5. What word in the English Language is always spelled incorrectly?
6. Billy was born on December 28<sup>th</sup>, yet his birthday is always in the summer. How is this possible?
7. In California, you cannot take a picture of a man with a wooden leg. Why not?
8. What was the President's name seven years ago?
9. If you were running a race, and you passed the person in 2<sup>nd</sup> place, what place would you be in now?
10. Which is correct to say, "The yolk of the egg are white" or "The yolk of the egg is white"?
11. If a farmer has 5 haystacks in one field and 4 haystacks in the other field, how many haystacks would he have if he combined them all in another field?

*The answers are on page 16 (No peeking!)*

## Did you know this about Elvis Presley??

*Submitted by Connie Huber*

Elvis' musical career is a lot more varied than the rotation of hits you hear on radio stations would lead you to believe. He was a huge gospel fan and was inducted into the Gospel Music Hall of Fame in 2001. Meanwhile, his only Grammy wins were for one live performance and two albums of gospel music.



## Hard Work

by Marge Kovacs

***Hard work is not punishment... It's the price of admission for the opportunity to reach sustained excellence.***

This quote, by ESPN's Jay Bilas, is a statement we all should truly think about and try to instill in ourselves and our future generations.

It is up to us to provide opportunities for our younger generations to understand and respect this.

We can do this by teaching them what excellence means. It does not mean they must be recognized every time they feel they have done something wonderful.

It's reaching the best you can be and do because you want too.

It's working at something that is your passion.

It's enjoying and having fun at what you do.

So "hard work" is what it will cost you to achieve and do to attain excellence. Excellence will happen when you do the hard work in what you have a passion for. As you mature the hard work becomes part of you and you accept it more willingly. Always help the younger generation understand that the work they are doing now will help them reach sustained excellence.



## Surprised and Embarrassed

by Jean Riegel

While my husband and I were visiting our daughter and her family in Florida, we went shopping at Target with them. We met one of her friends, who was eight months pregnant, and her four-year old son. As we were talking, her son ran over to a woman who was large. He put his hands on her belly and asked if she had a baby in her belly. She was not very happy, and gruffly replied, "No!"

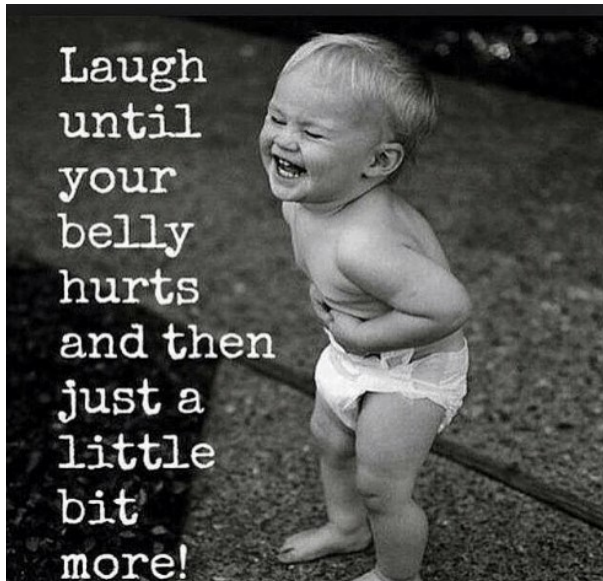


His mother was so embarrassed and apologized to the lady. She took her son's hand and went out of the store, as other customers laughed.

After all, he was just four years old and thought if the lady had a big belly like his mother, she had a baby in there. One never knows what will come out of the mouth of a child.

# Hanover Humor by Al

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



A guy goes into a bar and asks the bartender for a glass of less. What's that asks the bartender? I don't know answered the guy, I just came from the doctor and he told me to drink less.

In Jamaica a piece of cherry pie costs \$1.75. In Trinidad-Tobago it costs \$2.25 and in St Kitts, \$3.00.  
Those are the pie rates of the Caribbean.

If a gang of robbers drove into a lake would that cause a crime wave?

Which birthday only lasts a minute?  
Your 62<sup>nd</sup> birthday.

Two wrongs don't make a right but two Wrights made an airplane.

Why did the cup of coffee call 911?  
It got mugged.

A father said to his son "today is a day you will treasure for the rest of your life".  
But I'm not getting married until tomorrow said the son. I know said the father.

Two thieves stole a calendar. They each got 6 months.

A young marine came home after serving 8 months in the middle east. Since he had not seen his grandmother for all this time he decided to give her a visit. While he was sitting in her living room chatting with her he noticed a dish of peanuts on the coffee table in front of him. They looked good and he asked his grandmother if he could have some. "Certainly" she said. So he helped himself. Before you know it the dish was completely empty. Feeling guilty he apologized to his grandmother for eating all of the peanuts. To which she replied "don't worry about it, since I broke my dentures I can't eat the nuts so I just suck all the chocolate off of them."

A blonde went to a pharmacist and asked for vitamins for her son. The pharmacist asked A. B or C. To which the blonde replied "It doesn't matter he can't read."

A pirate, with a paper towel on his head, enters a bar and orders a drink. The bartender serves him his drink and asks "why are you wearing that paper towel?" The pirate answers "there's a bounty on my head."

Did you hear about the blonde who hid from the burglar behind her glass patio door?

After dating for seven months a girl told her boyfriend that what she really wanted to do was walk down the aisle. So he took her to a grocery store.



## Pauline Hunter

*by Connie Huber*

Pauline had participated in the last Traditions' Resident Showcase. On display, she had many of the knitted and crocheted items she had created. This past Christmas season, she showed me some of the ceramic items she made, along with Mr. and Mrs. Clause she crocheted.



Pictured here are a few of the many beautiful pieces she has made.

Pauline was a Girl Scout Leader. When the parents of her scouts saw the things their 8-year-old daughters had made, they asked Pauline to teach them. Pauline had her own Ceramic and Craft shop where she sold her creations. She also volunteered at neighborhood senior centers teaching ceramics. She was even presented with two plaques to recognize her contributions to the area seniors.

## Uncle Mike

*by Rita Litvin*

When I was about thirteen years old, I took a train trip from my home in Bridgeport, Connecticut to Brooklyn, New York. I took this trip alone after boarding the train and waving good-bye to my mom and dad. This was the first time I had ever travelled to New York by myself and I was extremely excited.



I was on my way to visit my Aunt Sally, Uncle Mike and my two cousins Joanie and Rhoda. The girls were younger than I was and, of course, I felt very grown up while embarking on this excursion. Uncle Mike met me at the station and we traveled to his home in Brooklyn. Before we got there, a little accident occurred which sort of scared the life out of me. We were in the subway waiting for the train which was expected momentarily. I was carrying some presents in a bag and Uncle Mike was carrying my suitcase.

Suddenly, I made a quick movement and dropped the bag onto the railroad tracks. Uncle Mike, a glazer by trade and fearless by birth, jumped down on the tracks while the sound of a whistling train was approaching. He quickly picked up the bag and jumped back onto the platform and beat the train by about three seconds.

We finished the trip to Brooklyn and I think I was shaking the whole way. I promised Uncle Mike I wouldn't relate this incident to Aunt Sally and my two cousins, and I didn't. The rest of the trip was fun and not filled with any more fearful excitement.

## Rita's Corner

By Rita Litvin



### Complaints

What is it that makes so many of us complain?

Sometimes to the 'enth degree  
I'm referring to the minor things  
To which so many just can't agree.

Often there are people  
Who can't find a positive light  
To put on objects or happenings  
On so many things in sight.

Well, sure, everything in the  
World isn't great.  
But so many things are just fine.

So let's think before  
We tear down something  
From a possible beautiful vine.



## Vera's Verses

by Vera Delio



### A Poet

A poet I am my friends  
say

But lately I don't feel that way  
Try as I may a poem to write  
Nothing seems to come out right  
I guess I'm trying much too hard  
So I'll give up for now because I know  
What I write now, I will just discard.

### A Clear Blue Sky

White clouds of different sizes  
That look like cotton candy  
The sun comes through in full force  
The tops of huge mountains behind  
Majestic trees that look as though  
They are reaching for the sky  
The flowers in all their splendor  
With hues the color of the rainbow  
Giving off a lovely fragrance  
The stillness is broken by  
The soft sound of chimes nearby  
Lying in a hammock thinking of  
The beautiful gifts God has given us  
How lucky I am to be here  
How thankful I am to be alive

## Church Ladies With Typewriters...

- ⌘ Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.
- ⌘ Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.
- ⌘ The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.
- ⌘ Pot-luck supper Sunday at 5:00 PM - prayer and medication to follow.
- ⌘ The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.
- ⌘ This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.





## The Five Pennies

by Connie Huber

When I made the decision to move to Traditions, the apartment was available much sooner than I expected. I had so many pictures that we stacked them in the corner of the living room. There were 8 very large boxes and they all had lids. I'd go through the boxes every once in a while. One day, I wanted a few specific photos so my grandson Vince came over and we went through every box. After I took out the pictures I wanted, Vince replaced all the lids and stacked the boxes back in the corner. About a week after that, I had a very vivid dream about my husband Tom. He was smiling and holding me. When I reached for him, it was just the pillow. I woke up happy. I told everyone about the dream.



About a week after I had the dream, Vince came over again and unstacked all the boxes so we could go through them. When he took the lid off of one of the boxes, there were five pennies right on top of the picture album that was in the box. Neither of us had put the pennies there.

I spoke with my sister-in-law, she said each of the five pennies represented each decade that Tom and I were married. She told me to check the dates on the pennies. I found that one was 1982, the year my grandson Elvin was born. One was 1994, the year my son Tommy died. Two were 2001. Elvin graduated high school and I changed schools that year. I was very unhappy at the one school and I wanted to retire. In 2001 there was an opening at the school around the corner from our house. I was so happy there that I didn't retire until I was 67. And the final penny was 2003, it was the year we bought our very first brand new car.

My feeling is that Tom wanted me to know that it wasn't a dream, it was a visit from him. The pennies are in a safe place, and they will stay until someone comes up with a better answer to the question... "Where did they come from?"



My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and said, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both real old," he replied.

## Idiot Sighting

When my husband and I arrived at an automobile dealership to pick up our car, we were told the keys had been locked in it. We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver side door. As I watched from the passenger side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered that it was unlocked. 'Hey,' I announced to the technician, 'it's open!' His reply: 'I know, I already got that side.

## Not Easy to Forget

by Rita Litvin

I really don't feel too comfortable relating this incident which occurred in my senior year at Central High School in Bridgeport, Connecticut. But, truthfully, it was too frightening to easily forget. I am relating this story because I believe it does tell us all about the horrific danger that can result with guns, especially in the hands of a child.

Our class assignment, in my English class, was to memorize 100 lines of poetry, and to relate 20 lines at a time to Miss Barnum, my English teacher.

I was standing at Miss Barnum's desk giving the first 20 lines of a Robert Frost poem. The children in class were working on an assigned piece when suddenly a bombastic noise coming from the room across the hall, and it filled the air and practically paralyzed all of us.

Our teacher ran to our door as many other adults rushed to this classroom. It was discovered, much to our horror, that a male pupil had stood up by his desk with gun in hand, aimed it at another male pupil in front of the room, and open fired at the young man.

Fortunately, the bullet went over the boy's head and hit the blackboard. The shooter dropped his gun and was taken out of the room. The police arrived shortly.

This gun belonged to the boy's father, and so many problems ensued for the family after the incident.

Talk about being frightened by this awful drama. It took a long time for all of us to put the happening out of our conversations. The school gave parents a heavy duty lecture about gun carelessness practiced by many families.

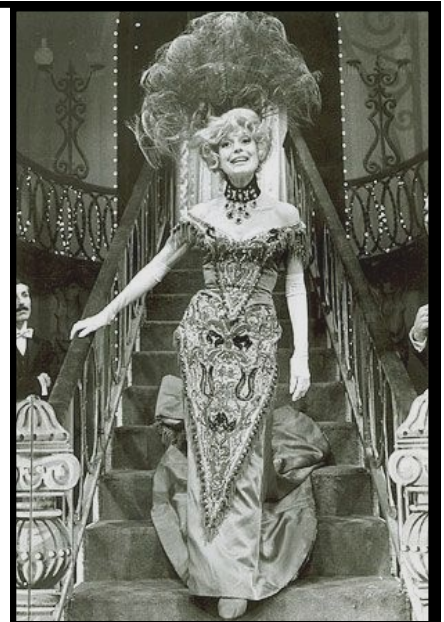
## Hello Dolly

by Barbara Colacurcio

A while back, I heard Maria DaMoré singing Hello Dolly in the Fireside Lounge. It brought back memories of the past!

When I worked in New Jersey, every three or four weeks we had a bus trip to New York City to see a Broadway show. One of these trips was to see Hello Dolly with Carol Channing.

Before going to my seat, I went to the bathroom and rolled up my slacks so as not to get them dirty. As I was returning to my seat, I was walking down the main aisle when I felt my legs getting cold. I then realized that I still had my slacks rolled all the way up to my knees! A real surprise!



## The Great New England Hurricane of 1938

by Barbara Colacurcio

During Hurricanes Harvey, Irma and Maria in 2017, I remembered witnessing the hurricane in West Concord, Massachusetts at the age of seven, which made a big impression on me.

I remember watching a large tree fall on the garage across the street. I was watching the hurricane with my sister from my living room window and was dumbfounded and frightened seeing how a tree could smash a garage. I was glad it wasn't my neighbor's house.

The next day we walked to see the damage that had been done.

I can't remember what happened yesterday, but won't forget the hurricane of 1938.



**The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched.  
They must be felt with the heart.**

*Helen Keller*

## Happy Monday

by Connie Huber

After many dreary days, I woke up to the sun shining. There was snow on the trees and grass, but the roads were dry. It looked like the start of a beautiful day.

I started getting ready to go downstairs for exercise. As I was washing my hair in the shower, the fire alarm went off. I reached for my towel and dried as quickly as possible. After getting my bathrobe and slippers on, I grabbed my ear plugs and my phone and headed to the stairwell.



When I got there, everyone was laughing and had started to leave. Turns out, there was burned toast in one of the apartments.

Fortunately, other than a lot of smoke in the hall, there was no damage. This was the second time I was in the shower when the alarm went off. The first was just a drill.



## The Rain Dance

by Jean Riegel

One year it was so dry because we didn't get any rain for a month and a half. We were not allowed to water our gardens, wash the car, or do anything outside that had you use the hose. If you did and someone saw you and reported it, you were fined.



I worked in a doctor's office, and every time I opened the door to the waiting room all the people were talking about the weather and that we really need rain. As I was getting patients in for their visit, I could see that it was getting dark and windy. I could see a storm was coming and said I was going to do my rain dance so it would rain.

Sure enough, the rain came! The next patient was a little boy and his mother. He told his mother I did my rain dance and made it rain. He wanted me to show him how to do that dance, so I showed him a few silly steps and danced with him.

When the doctor came in, the boy said "Jean and I did a rain dance together." The doctor had no clue what he was talking about. On the way out, this very happy little boy told all the office patients that he and Jean did the rain dance and it is still raining.

## Golf and Rain

by Jean Riegel

It was my day off, and I liked to golf. I met my friend at the Allentown Golf Course. It was a beautiful day. The forecast was sunny with maybe a thunderstorm late in the day.

My friend Jill and I were doing pretty good when all of a sudden it got black and windy. The storm came. We ran across the golf course to get shelter. As we passed the equipment shed, Tony, one of the grounds keepers called, "Come on in out of the rain!"

All of the guys were very friendly. Of course, we were soaking wet. I turned to my friend to talk to her. We looked at each other and felt that we were in a wet tee shirt contest. Back then we had good figures.



Now we understood why we got all of the attention.

## Williamsburg, Virginia

*by Marge Kovacs*

I remember going to Williamsburg every spring after our three children moved on with their lives and Joe and I were alone together.

Previous trips to Williamsburg, when the kids were younger, left a memorable impression on me. I loved Williamsburg and every time I would step into the historic area, a feeling of calm came over me.



We would go to Williamsburg when I needed to regenerate and re-center myself. I think it was how all the actors actually talked to you and treated you like you had stepped back in time. The experience was very calming. Every time we went, I learned something new about our history. I experienced a horse drawn carriage ride, I was part of a court trial and on the jury, and cooked on an open fire. We ate in the historic restaurants in the historic city and experienced authentic Colonial food.

We were entertained by parades with the Fife and Drum Corps. We walked the cobblestone streets and sidewalks and visited different craft shops. My favorite was the silversmith shop.

## Learning to Play Golf

*by Barbara Colacurcio*

My golf story starts in 1988 when my significant other gave me a note saying, "Tell your boss you are leaving as of November 28, 1988."

After retiring from 35 years of nursing, I traveled to Florida with my mate. We went to Saddlebrooke Golf Resort in Wesley Chapel. After a week of my mate playing golf every day, I took golf lessons and played for 20 years.



After Saddlebrooke, we built a home on the 16<sup>th</sup> hole of Lake Bernadette in Zephyrhills. That is where I got my first and only "hole in one." After six months in Florida, we traveled to our new home in New Harbor, Maine. We spent 20 years staying in Maine for six months and back to Florida for six months.

# The Meanest Mother in the World!

*Submitted by Jill Ward*

I had the meanest mother in the whole world. While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to have cereal, eggs or toast. When others had cokes and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich. As you can guess, my supper was different than the other kids' also. But at least, I wasn't alone in my sufferings. My sister and two brothers had the same mean mother as I did. My mother insisted upon knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were on a chain gang. She had to know who our friends were and where we were going. She insisted if we said we'd be gone an hour, that we be gone one hour or less...not one hour and one minute. I am nearly ashamed to admit it, but she actually struck us. Not once, but each time we had a mind of our own and did as we pleased. That poor belt was used more on our seats than it was to hold up Daddy's pants. Can you imagine someone actually hitting a child just because he disobeyed? Now you can begin to see how mean she really was. We had to wear clean clothes and take a bath. The other kids always wore their clothes for days. We reached the height of insults because she made our clothes herself, just to save money. Why, oh why, did we have to have a mother who made us feel different from our friends?

The worst is yet to come. We had to be in bed by nine each night and up at eight the next morning. We couldn't sleep till noon like our friends. So, while they slept, my mother actually had the nerve to break the child-labor law. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make beds, learn to cook and all sorts of cruel things. I believe she laid awake at night thinking up mean things to do to us. She always insisted upon us telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, even if it killed us... and it nearly did.

By the time we were teen-agers, she was much wiser, and our life became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the horn of a car for us to come running. She embarrassed us to no end by making our dates and friends

come to the door to get us. If I spent the night with a girlfriend, can you imagine she checked on me to see if I were really there. I never had the chance to elope to Mexico. That is if I'd had a boyfriend to elope with. I forgot to mention, while my friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old-fashioned mother refused to let me date until the age of 15 and 16. Fifteen, that is, if you dated only to go to a school function. And that was maybe twice a year.

Through the years, things did not improve one bit. We could not lay in bed, "sick" like our friends did, and miss school. If our friends had a toe ache, a hang nail or serious ailment, they could stay home from school. Our marks in school had to be up to par. Our friends' report cards had beautiful colors on them, black for passing, red for failing. My mother being as different as she was, would settle for nothing less than ugly black marks.

As the years rolled by, we each were put to shame. We were graduated from high school. With our mother behind us, talking, hitting and demanding respect, none of us was allowed the pleasure of being a drop-out. My mother was a complete failure as a mother. Out of four children, a couple of us attained some higher education. None of us have ever been arrested, divorced or beaten his mate. Each of my brothers served his time in the service of this country. And whom do we have to blame for the terrible way we turned out? You're right, our mean mother. Look at the things we missed. We never got to march in a protest parade, nor to take part in a riot, burn draft cards, and a million and one other things that our friends did. She forced us to grow up into God-fearing, educated, honest adults. Using this as a background, I am trying to raise my three children. I stand a little taller and I am filled with pride when my children call me mean.

Because, you see, I thank God, He gave me the meanest mother in the whole world.....



## Culture Shock

by Ginny Heindl

In 1973, my husband and I flew to Germany to visit our son who was stationed there in the Army. We sat next to a couple of seasoned travelers who tried to explain some of the things we would find in Germany that were different from America. They told us that restrooms were identified as "Damen" and "Herren" instead of "Women" and "Men." One thing they told us was that when we enter the facilities, we would probably be expected to put a 10 pfennig coin in a plate to tip the attendant. Luckily, we had purchased some German currency at our hometown bank before the trip.



Upon landing at Frankfurt's airport, we decided to use the restrooms before we found a taxi to take us to our hotel. I spotted the "Damen" sign and walked in to find that the attendant was a man. I put my coin in the dish, used the facility, and rushed out of there to find my husband. Bernie was standing outside the door and blurted out as I approached, "Ginny, you won't believe it. There's a woman attendant in the men's room!"

Right then and there I knew that this vacation was not going to be like a camping trip to the Adirondacks.

## Hope

by Beverly Halvorsen

My dear daughter, Cindy, gave me a very special book entitled *Suffering*. It is by Paul Dared Tripp, an internationally known author and pastor. He is too acquainted with grief and pain. He has had five back to back surgeries, but he is still positively hopeful and helpful. He quoted the 2<sup>nd</sup> Corinthians 4:16-17 "And a brilliant light illuminated the passage to me." So that we do not lose heart, though our outer bodies are wasting away day by day. For this light momentary affliction is preparing us an eternal weight of glory beyond comparison.



I was even more enlightened when I read the passage to my best friend at home. She is a jolly Greek and only 54 years old and puts up with me even though I am twice her age. (She even taught me to dance in the rain.) When she was younger, she died from an asthma attack, but she came back. I read the passage to her and she said, "Of course, that is what it was like. All of my loved ones were there waiting for me. There was so much love I didn't want to come back. I'll never be the same." So we do not lose hope.

## A Trip to Robin and Butch's Home

by Connie Huber

I wanted to visit my brother-in-law Butch and his wife, Robin. My grandson Matt said that he would fly me there if there were a place where he could land the plane. Butch and Robin live in Coudersport, Potter County, PA. They live in the middle of the mountains. Butch's neighbor who has a plane and maintains a grass field for a landing strip, gave us permission to use his field.

Matt did his pre-flight check on the Cessna. It was a beautiful day when we took off from Queen City Airport in Allentown. The take-off was very smooth and the flight was wonderful. Matt said, "Gram, take the wheel. I'll teach you how to fly." That's when I panicked. He is a licensed instructor but fortunately, he was only joking.

Before long, the landing strip came into view and Matt began his decent. The flight was about an hour. The landing was as smooth as the take-off. Butch was waiting for us when we landed. After Matt secured the plane, we got in the truck and proceeded to the house. When Robin asked about the flight, I told her the roughest part was the ride in the truck.

After a wonderful lunch, Butch took Matt back to the plane. As he was flying home, he circled the house and took some pictures. I had a wonderful visit and a week later, Michele and Ken drove up to take me home. The drive home was almost 6 hours.



*A smile is the universal welcome.*

*Max Eastman*

*A warm smile is the universal language of kindness.*

*William Arthur Ward*

### *Answers from page 4*

1. Johnny, of course
2. Meat
3. Mt. Everest; it just wasn't discovered yet
4. There is no dirt in a hole
5. Incorrectly
6. He lives in the Southern Hemisphere
7. You need a camera to take pictures
8. Same as is it now - Donald Trump
9. You would be in 2<sup>nd</sup>... you passed the person in 2<sup>nd</sup> place, not 1<sup>st</sup>.
10. Neither, the yolk of the egg is yellow
11. If he combines all of his haystacks, they all become one big one.

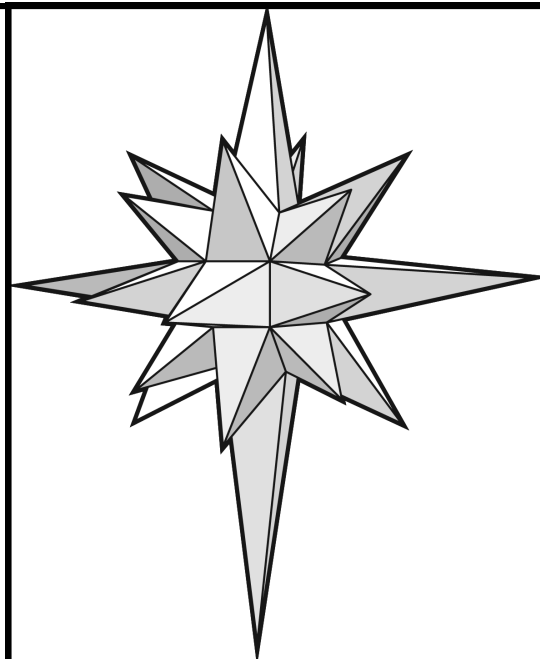
## The Moravian Star

*Submitted by Bev Halverson*

One of the first Moravian Advent stars was made in Niesky, Germany, by boarding school pupils in 1850. It was made by pasting three and four cornered paper pyramids over holes in a globe framework. It was red and white and illuminated by a whale oil lamp. The making of the star was done the Saturday before first Advent; on first Advent, the star was lit.

At the turn of the century, stars were made in white, red and yellow and in combinations of these colors. These colors have no special significance, but certain areas prefer one over another. The oldest Moravian church in the West German town of Neuwied hangs a large white star. Yellow is the favored color in Christiansfeld, Denmark, and Konigsfeld, which is in the Black Forest region. In Hermhut, the Mother Moravian Community, a 110-point yellow star hangs above the liturgist's table. Most Americans prefer the white stars, although a magnificent yellow paper star hangs in the Central Church in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Moravian Advent stars, symbolizing peace and hope, have become increasingly popular as Christmas decorations in both Moravian and non-Moravian communities. In 1979, a handcrafted Moravian star was placed on display at the Smithsonian Institute.



## Remembering Our Friends

December, while full of joy and holiday celebration, brought sadness upon Traditions with the loss of so many of our friends and neighbors. While prior issues of *Traditionally Yours* featured articles remembering those who have passed, the Writing Group feels that, moving forward, it would be best for us to focus on sharing articles and stories.

So while you're enjoying this issue of *Traditionally Yours*, pause to remember our friends Franklin Graver, Jackie Bartholomew, Barbara Rider, Betty Woodside, Paul Rosar, Bill Schwartz, and Phil Corvino. Rest in peace our dear neighbors!





## A Christmas Card

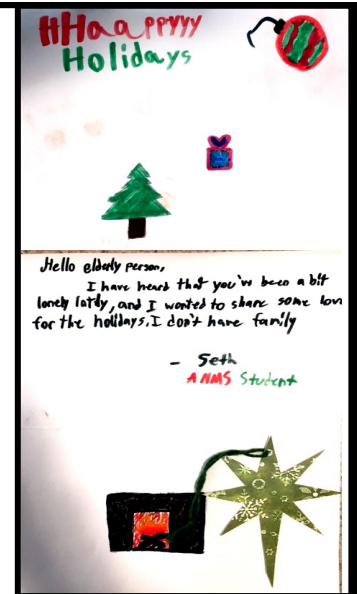
by Barbara Colacurcio

At Christmastime, a group of students from Nitschmann Middle School visited Traditions to sing carols and deliver Christmas cards. The card I received from a boy named Seth had “Happy Holidays” on the outside, but when I opened it, he started with “Hello Elderly Person”...

I laughed so hard at the “elderly person” comment that I put the card down and didn’t read the rest.

Two days later I picked up the card and read the rest of what he had written: “I have heard that you have been a bit lonely lately, and I wanted to share some love for the holidays, I don’t have family.”

I was so touched that I wished I could have gone to the school to give Seth a hug.



Sometimes I shock myself with the smart stuff I say or do.  
Other times I try to get out of the car with my seat belt on.

## Traditions Writing Group... New Members Welcome!

Don’t you just LOVE the Traditions of Hanover newsletter? It’s created just for YOU by a team of people getting stories, doing interviews, taking photographs and formatting it so it can be printed for your enjoyment. Michele Morrow (Connie’s daughter) leads the writing group the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of each month at 1:00 p.m. in the theater

The Writing Group is always looking for members to add to their team. If you would like to join the team we would love to have you. Any resident that would like to share a story, submit an article or share a picture or two please let us know. Let’s keep the stories coming and let the good times roll!

**Traditions Writing Group Members** currently include: Amelia Reyes, Barbara Colacurcio, Betty Weikel, Connie Huber, Ginny Heindl, Helen Fisher, Jean Riegel, Joanne Johns, Joanne Weiner, Marge Kovacs, Rita Litvin, and Vera Delio.





# *Traditions* *Holiday Fun*

