



Traditionally Yours

A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.

20th Edition ~ Spring 2020



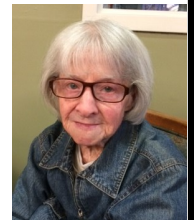
Welcome to the Neighborhood

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

Patricia Saeger, a native of Bethlehem, made many visits to Traditions before deciding that this is the place for her. She is a widow, has two daughters, one in North Carolina and the other in South Carolina. She lost a son earlier in life but has a great relationship with her daughter-in-law who assists Pat whenever necessary. During her working years, Pat did much clerical work including ten years with the IRS. More recently, she worked with Seniors Helping Seniors. She enjoyed being an advocate. Many others should get involved with this wonderful organization. Pat likes the food here and realizes you can't please everyone when cooking for a large facility. As she becomes more comfortable with her stay here, she intends to become more involved with our multiple activities.



Claire Levanduski is from Wilkes Barre then moved to Bethlehem and Whitehall Township. She was a high school teacher and a journalist for many years, served several elementary schools as needed, and wrote the Whitehall Township Home Rule Charter (their Constitution) as well as the first code of Ethics for Pennsylvania. In addition to writing, she loved to bake and won several blue ribbons. Claire was one of eight children and had seven of her own. Two of her children who live in Florida are CEOs, the ones in NJ and California practice medicine, and one is on the Muhlenberg Hospital staff. After Claire's recent stay in rehab, their staff asked her to move somewhere in the area. After touring Traditions, she liked it and here she is. She says Traditions is an elegant, ideal place to enjoy life. Amazingly each and every staff member appears to spread their smiling cheer.



Jack Dissinger enlisted in the Navy in 1945 when he was 17. He wanted to be a tail gunner, but when he got to the training site, it was closed because the war had ended. He said it was the luckiest day in his life. He was sent to the Mediterranean Ocean to serve on an aircraft carrier until his enlistment was over. After the service, Jack married Shirley and had three children: A son who now lives in Easton with three grown children; a son who lives in Maryland who has one grown child; and his daughter who lives in New Jersey. Jack has two great-grandchildren. He became a salesman for R.J. Reynolds where he worked until his retirement. During this time, he and his family traveled to several states and even lived in Puerto Rico for two years. Jack's wife Shirley died in 1997. He married Janet in 2003. They later moved to Florida. When Janet got sick, they moved to Atria in Bethlehem to be near family. Janet died in January of 2020. Jack needed a change, so his son found Traditions and he moved here in March. Jack is very happy living here. He is an avid Pinochle player and has been joining the games since he moved in.



Bill Scott moved here from Brooklyn in March. His family and close friends assisted him with the move. His apartment is sparsely decorated because he plans to return home to his condo at the end of April. He would like to drive again to regain his independence! He worked for NY Telephone and eventually transferred to Xerox. His wife was a gourmet cook which accounted for his 215 pounds. Due to his illness, his weight is down to 145 pounds.



Bill wears a heart monitor over his shoulder due to his inability to withstand open heart surgery. He said he can live with that, so long as his goal is to return home. We will keep our fingers crossed for Bill so he can meet his goal.

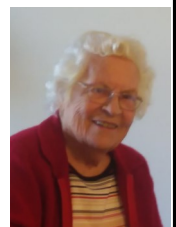
Richard “Dick” and Jannett Murray moved here from Forks Twp. They saw the web site for Traditions online. Everyone they spoke with told them that it was a wonderful place to live. Dick was a Division Manager for Health Care Services at Basking Ridge, NJ. His special interest is investing. Jan was an Insurance Coordinator for a large dental clinic in Bridgewater, NJ. Her interests include quilting, sewing, cooking, and gardening. They have six children, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren that keep them very busy. They both think Traditions is wonderful.



Jennie Reese moved here from Atria in Bethlehem. She was there because her husband needed medical care. When he died, her daughter found Traditions. Jennie moved here because it was less expensive. She has five children, and was married twice, but both husbands are deceased. Jennie’s family has a good sense of humor and she thinks they like her. She said the people at Traditions are friendly with a good sense of humor and they laugh when she introduces herself as “Jennie Reese’s Peanut Butter Cup.” Jennie enjoys the food and the view from her window.



Claire Larkin is an 89-year old delightful lady with ties to Ireland. Both Claire and her husband are one of six children, and when they married, they had six children of their own. Her husband was a Navy man and together, they “saw the world” so to speak, but literally traveled around the world. Claire moved 13 times in 20 years but can’t complain because she saw so much.



After Claire’s children were raised, she worked as a secretary and she also worked part time at Orr’s Department Store. Her children are scattered around the world, but two are local, and with their help, found Traditions. She likes it here very much. Her children have a house on Hilton Head and their family gets together as often as possible to spend time together. She’s looking forward to this coming Fall to be with them again.

Pssst.... Even though the writing group hasn’t been able to physically meet, they were still quite busy writing articles to provide you with laughs and heartwarming stories! Enjoy the this issue of Traditionally Yours!

A Trip to the Altar

by Mae Pursel

On a lovely Sunday morning, my fellow residents and buddies, Elaine and Barbara, piled into my car to attend services at the Lutheran Church on Jacksonville Road. We took our seats in the rear pews and read the bulletin. At the close of the sermon, communion was to be observed. Since we were confirmed at our respective churches, we were familiar with this ritual. You must understand, not all churches follow the same order in the distribution of the bread and wine.

Elaine was first, then me, with Barbara bringing up the rear. As I approached the front pew, an usher was holding a tray, wine in some glasses, others empty. This threw me off completely. Not knowing what to do, I picked up a glass with wine, drank it, and put the glass back in the tray. Barbara of course, observed all the commotion. I then proceeded to the rail next to Elaine.

The Pastor came down the line giving out wafers. OK, so far, so good. Next, he came with the Chalice of wine. I had no cup, since I had already downed mine. With a head bowed, I gently waved him by. Barbara watched this all transpire and was in near hysterics. She nudged me and I started to laugh. As we started to return to our seats, Elaine started to giggle. This was not the way to act after receiving Holy Communion.

As we slowly went down the aisle Barbara was laughing so hard the tears ran down her leg. It was a good thing we sat in the rear of the church, our departure was swift and quick as we left the church. That was the last visit to the Holy Cross Evangelical Lutheran Church on Jacksonville Road.

Amen to that!



Hippo.... Zippo

What's the difference between a Hippo and a Zippo??

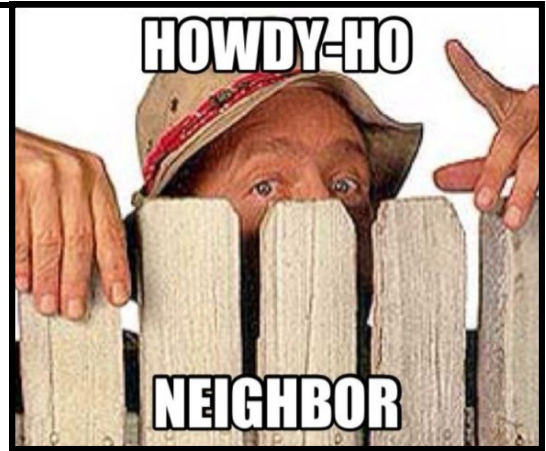
One is really heavy.
The other is a little lighter.



A Warm Howdy-Ho Neighbor!

by Michele Morrow, Editor

So many of you at Traditions are like family to me, and during this pandemic, I am comforted to know that you're OK! I know you're receiving the most amazing care by the most amazing staff ever! In the eight years since my mom moved to Traditions, and through all the emergencies we've had over the years, never once was I worried about her or any of you!



I don't need to tell you how challenging things have been for us all, and there's no need to cite Covid-19 statistics and numbers... I'm sure you've all been keeping up with it daily. Yet even with the devastation which surrounds us, I feel incredibly fortunate.

Through all of this though, the hardest thing for me, and I'm sure you'll each agree, is not being able to see our loved ones. Not getting those ever-so-needed hugs and kisses from our kids and grandkids. And while the "drive-by" or "through the window" visits are amazing, nothing compares to the physical contact with them. I go through withdraw when I don't see my grandkids in a few days, and now we're at weeks!! My son stopped by with the kids this weekend, and of course they didn't get out of the truck. My 5 year old Claire put on one of her mittens, reached out the window, and said "Gramichele, I have a glove on. I can hold your hand now." So I made a deal with her that I'd hold her hand, but then would take the glove to wash. I gotta say, that 30 seconds holding her gloved-hand was the happiest 30 seconds I've had this entire past month!

We will get through this! And we will return to some sense of normalcy... whatever that may look like when this is all over. So, no matter where you are as you're reading this, and whatever you're doing each day to maintain your own sanity, please know that I'm here, social-distancing from the safety of my own home, sending every one of my friends and family at Traditions a great big hug and *Howdy Ho Neighbor!!*

Love and miss you all!

LOVE will not be cancelled.

SONGS will not be cancelled.

READING will not be cancelled.

SELF-CARE will not be cancelled.

HOPE will not be cancelled.



The Horn Blower

by Jean Riegel

One Saturday morning, my mother and I went to town shopping. Of course, it was very busy with a lot of traffic. I parked in Hess Brothers parking deck at 9th and Linden, which is a one-way street.

After lunch, we finished our shopping and decided to go home. I was in the left lane and a lot of cars wanted to turn left onto 9th Street. I was going straight. The light was red and changed several times and we could not move.



The guy behind me kept blowing his horn and yelling out his window for the traffic to move. A lot of people stopped dead on the sidewalk to see what was happening.

I got out of my car, walked back to his car, opened the door, and asked him to do me a favor. He looked shocked. I told him to go to my car, sit in the driver's seat and I will blow his horn and see if it would move my car and the two cars in front of me. I could not believe he did it. I guess he really was in shock. All the people on the sidewalk clapped and laughed as he sheepishly got back into his car and just sat until the traffic could finally move.

My mother was upset and angry with me that a strange man sat in the car with her. She "expressed" her frustration and anger with me for a long time afterwards... at lunch, during dinner, and every time we got in the car!

I was about twenty-two years old at that time and things were different. You could not do anything like that today as you would have been shot or stabbed.

When you are young, you do a lot of stupid things without thinking.

Lexophilia...

England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

I tried to catch some fog, but I mist.

They told me I had type-A blood, but it was a Typo.

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.

One time I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, and then it dawned on me.

This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore.



The Cardinals

by Bev Halvorsen

A surprise email from my spiritual director back home had a picture of a beautiful red cardinal. The email said, "If a cardinal appears at your window, it brings a blessing." And so I paid special attention to my bedroom window and the wintery redbud tree outside it. And what do you know, one day there was a beautiful bright red cardinal greeting me. He flew away in a minute but came back. A few days later his mate, a tan female cardinal, came to say hello. I thought, this is too good to be true. I need all the blessings I can get, so I send them many thanks and am enjoying the "too many to mention, blessings." So be sure and watch for your cardinal to appear. And let me know when it happens. I'm hoping more will come back.



I told a friend about this and she said the cardinals had a nest near her home. They see their reflection in the window and do a lot of pecking on the window that bothers her. When I told her my story, she changed her mind about the cardinals and welcomed them.

I just read it's a blessing to be a blessing, so I guess I'd better try to do that.

**We can complain because rose bushes have thorns
or rejoice because thorn bushes have roses.**

Abraham Lincoln

Church Ladies With Typewriters...

- ⌘ The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.
- ⌘ Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM . Please use the back door.
- ⌘ The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.
- ⌘ Weight Watchers will meet at 7 PM at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use large double door at the side entrance.



And this one just about sums them all up

- ⌘ The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new campaign slogan last Sunday: "I Upped My Pledge - Up Yours."

From the Mailbag This Week

It must be 60 years since I thought about Neat's foot oil. Most people today do not know that baseball gloves once came flatter and stiffer than the ones you buy today. Today, they are broken in with flexibility and a "pocket" already there, but long before that we had to work to get the glove ready.



We took a new glove and put a ball where we wanted the pocket. Then we folded the glove around the ball and secured it by wrapping black tape around the glove about 10 times. That done, we dropped the glove into a bucket of cold water and let it soak overnight.

The next morning, we unwrapped the glove, wiped it dry as much as possible with a towel and then rubbed Neat's-foot oil into the leather to make it flexible. Then we used the oil throughout the life of the glove to clean it and keep it soft.

I asked my grandpa, "After 75 years of marriage, you still call grandma darling, beautiful, and honey." What's your secret?

He said "I forgot her name years ago, and am too scared to ask her!"



Earthquakes, Tsunamis, and Puerto Rico

by *Amelia E. Reyes*

Puerto Rico is located on the earthquake zone of the Caribbean. The zone covers the Caribbean, South America, and part of North America. The island is on the top of an inactive volcano that has been asleep for 100 million years, this volcano is part of a mountainous area located in the deepest part of the ocean.

In 1857 the island had an earthquake stronger than this earthquake they had this past January. More than a hundred people died when a tsunami happened after the earthquake. After that the island had another in 1917, after the earthquake the earth continued to have tremors for many days. People were practically living outside their homes because they were afraid to go inside their houses.

Puerto Ricans are used to storms and hurricanes. They can be predicted and followed with the technology that we have. We know what to do to keep us safe and survive. An earthquake is hard to predict and can take us by surprise. Rumors are starting that Puerto Rico is going to be destroyed by a tsunami. Scientists assured us that this is not true.

Whistling, Gifts, and Grandpa Alizieri

by Jean Riegel

I was about six years old when we moved to Allentown because of my dad's job. We would go back to Patterson, N.J. to visit my dad's brother and all our aunts and uncles. Grandpa Alizieri would whistle a lot, especially when he would come upstairs from the family room or walk. He was a very jolly man and laughed a lot. I was about six or seven years old and thought he just liked to whistle.

When I was older and understood he was not whistling, but wheezing because he had asthma and hay fever and had a hard time breathing, so he would stop a lot to catch his breath. He sat a lot under the grape vines, and I can still picture him sitting with all the bees flying around him that were attracted to the grapes. He never got stung because he never bothered them, and they never bothered him. Grandpa only drank wine that he made with his grapes.

I learned a lesson that day, the difference between whistling and wheezing.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

When I graduated from high school my first full time job was working in a hospital until I could get into nursing school at the end of the year. I was so proud of the money I made for the week! Which wasn't much, but to a 17-year-old, it was a lot.

I got off the trolley car at 8th & Hamilton, stopped at the 5+10 store as I wanted to buy my parents something. I looked around and saw this set which had a man on it that looked like my dad's father, Grandpa Alizieri, so I bought it for my father. Now, to find something for my mother. She liked knick-knacks. I saw a rooster and hen set that looked so real, so I bought it.

I got the next trolley car home and gave them both their gifts. They really liked them, my dad and mother hugged, kissed, and thanked me. My dad said it really looked like Grandpa! I still have that set and every time I look at it, I have good memories.



Andy Rooney *I've learned...*

That simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

That life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

Our Victory Garden

by Rita Litvin

I'm sure many of us can remember planting a Victory Garden that our family and friends created during World War II. The purpose for these gardens, also called War Gardens or Food Gardens for Defense was to help make sure that there was sufficient food for our soldiers fighting around the world.

Schools, people with small pieces of land, and even people using window boxes contributed with the planting of fruits, vegetables and herbs. Growing these gardens gave us the wonderful feeling that we were doing something to help win the war, and we really were.



Well, as serious as those times were, a quite humorous event occurred in connection with the garden our family shared with two other families. Together, we worked on a huge garden, which consisted of a piece of land from a park called Ninety Acres in our hometown of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

We planted a large variety of vegetables and fruits. One day a slight argument ensued when one of my father's close friends, Al Leroy, was planting peppers. My father insisted that he knew those peppers would be extremely hot and not really what we had discussed. Al vehemently denied this and insisted on planting those peppers. Although Al was a wonderful guy, he was a rather stubborn and determined individual.

Well, when the time arrived for picking the fruits and veggies, my sister and I watched as Al took one of the disputed peppers and hid behind a bush while he took a bite out of the vegetable. We laughed as the tears rolled heavily down his cheeks. Sylvia and I thought this was very funny, and Al had to finally admit, which was not easy for him, to my father that this really was the hottest pepper ever, and he had not read the whole packet.

We all felt a sense of pride, especially when our extremely large eggplants were exhibited in Howland's Department Store window along with other winning vegetables and fruits.

Now, this little chapter in my family's life ended on a semi-amusing note. Dad and Al went fishing the following week. Al caught seven fish, and Dad, much to his chagrin, only caught three. This seemed to balance their attitudes, and they continued to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

Rita's Corner

By Rita Litvin



A Poem For Grammy

Written by Rita Litvin's two grandchildren, her daughter, and son-in-law

Our Grammy can sing,
she can dance, and she's funny

She's always makes good things to put
in our tummies

Her children adore her
Her grandchildren too
and lucky you are if the zittie's for you

Of pappy she is the object
Of romance, a beautiful
Couple that each other enhance

In our homes on our walls
Her paintings are hung
Original treasure whose
Praises we've sung

She always has time to read
One more book
to play one more game
to take one more look

She likes to go shopping
And dress in fine style
But occasionally stops for
The O.J. trial

She brings us all presents
Each time she is out
And knows how to turn
a frown roundabout

Her heart is as big as a
Mother's can be
And that's why we love you



REMEMBER



Submitted by Betty Berger

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

Before students took a term off, before Scotch tape, Grand Coulee Dam, automatic shift, and Lincoln Continentals.

Before pizzas, Cheerios, frozen orange juice, instant coffee and MacDonald's. We thought fast food was what you ate during Lent.

We were before FM radio, tape recorders, electric typewriters, word processors, muzak, and disco dancing.

We were before air travel went commercial, almost no-one flew across the country and trans-Atlantic flights belonged to Lindberg and Amelia Earhart.

We were before pantyhose, and drip dry clothes.

Before ice makers, dishwashers, clothes dryers, freezers, and electric blankets.

Before students held cocktail parties on campus.

Before the opposite sex was allowed above the first floor.

Before Hawaii and Alaska became states.

Before men wore long hair and earrings and women wore tuxedos.

We were before Lenard Bernstein, yogurt, Ann Landers, plastics, hair dryers, the 40-hour week, the minimum wage, and premarital sex, (it says here.) Anyway, we got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be???

In our day cigarette smoking was fashionable, grass was mowed, coke was something you drank and pot was what you cooked in.

We were before day-care centers, house husbands, computer dating, dual careers, and commuter marriages.

When we had a baby, it was a seven to ten-day hospital event, not something you did on the way to the office.

We were before coin vending machines, jet planes, helicopters, interstate highways.

"Made in Japan" was junk, and the term "making out" referred to how you did in your exams.

In our time there were "Five and Ten Cent" stores where you could buy things for five and ten cents. For just one nickel you could ride the subway, make a phone call, and buy a coke or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards.

More to come in the next issue...

Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



A Frenchman spent \$120,000 to send his kid to mime school. The kid graduated last June and the guy hasn't heard from him since.

~

Who is the coolest doctor in the hospital?
The hip consultant.

~

How many bones are in the human hand?
A handful.

~

A wife asked her husband, "What are you doing"? He replied, "Nothing". "But you did that yesterday" said the wife. "I know," said the husband, "but I wasn't finished."

~

My new girlfriend has magazines all over her apartment. People, Good Housekeeping, Reader's Digest, TV Guide, etc. You name it she has it. Naturally, I had to break up with her. I didn't think I could get along with a girl that had so many issues.

A woman was not feeling well and went to see her doctor. The doctor checked her out and gave her three sets of pills with the following instructions: take the red pill after breakfast with a glass of water, take the blue pill after lunch with 2 glasses of water and take the yellow pill after supper with 3 glasses of water. The worried woman asked the doctor if there was something seriously wrong with her that she had to take so many pills. No, replied the doctor, you just don't drink enough water.

~

A woman called her blonde friend on the phone and said, "I was just at your house, why didn't you answer your doorbell?" The blonde replied, "because it didn't ask a question".

~

English is a strange language. Consider: there is no egg in eggplant – no ham in hamburger – English muffins don't come from England – French fries don't come from France – pineapples don't contain apples or pines and guinea pigs are not pigs and don't come from Guinea.

~

An avid golfer had 2 final wishes for when he died. Wish #1 was that his remains be spread over his favorite golf course. Wish #2 was that he did not want to be cremated.

~

I went out on a blind date with a girl who loved animals. I told her that I worked with animals every day. That's wonderful exclaimed the girl "what do you do"? I'm a butcher, I said. We never went on a second date.

And Some More... Hanover Humor by Al

I was standing behind a woman at an ATM machine. The woman was standing on one leg, so I asked her what she was doing. "Just checking my balance", she replied.

~

Two opposing politicians were at a restaurant having dinner. One politician said he believed he would win the election because he was kind and generous. For example, when I eat out, I always leave an extra large tip and tell the waitress to vote for me. The other politician said when I eat out, I always tip a nickel and also tell them to vote for you.

What do you call a bear with no teeth?
A gummy bear.

~

A marriage counselor was discussing the importance of communication in a relationship to a married couple. It is critical that couples know the little things that are important to each other. For instance, he said to the husband, "what is your wife's favorite flower"? To which the husband quickly responded, "Gold Medal."

Camping

by Marge Kovacs

Shortly after Joe and I had children, he decided that we should go camping with the children for vacations. I wasn't too sure about this but eventually I agreed on one condition.



Joe wanted to go TENTING. I was totally not going to go camping in a tent, so we bought a pop-up camper. We then went camping with that. We used the camper for a few years then moved to a 21-foot trailer. We used the trailer for trips to Florida, Tennessee, Canada, and shore points. We also belonged to a trailer club and would go camping with them periodically on weekends. However, most of the times we went camping it would rain at home. It got to the point that neighbors would ask us if we were going camping for the weekend before they would plan any outdoor events.

We went camping for our vacations while the kids were still at home. But when all three were on their own I said to Joe we had to sell the trailer because when I go on a vacation from that point on, we were sleeping in a hotel and eating in a restaurant. So that is what we did.

Even though Joe loved camping he willingly sold the trailer and we went on a vacation at least two times a year. As the years went by, we would go to Williamsburg, VA in the spring, before the weather got unbearable because of the heat, and Ocean City, MD in the fall, after the children went back to school.

Covid-19 and Being Confined

by Barbara Colocuccio

On March 16, 2020 we were all confined to our home by the government and the staff telling us the Coronavirus is real and very dangerous.

With no shopping for groceries or essentials, my daughter, Carol, called and asked if she could pick up a few items for me at Giant and they would deliver them, which they the following day after work. About 4:30, our usual supper time, I met Carol, Hannis, and Doug at the front door with my groceries. I said to Doug I just want a hug. He was very hesitant but just a slight hug I got. When they departed, I waved to them as I usually do and went to dinner.

While I was at supper, they taped a large poster to the outside my living room window which read, "Be well, Barbara. We love you. Doug, Hannes, Brook and Buddy." I didn't discover the poster until the next morning while eating my breakfast.

I read it frequently during the day as we continue to eat in our apartments.

Be safe to all.



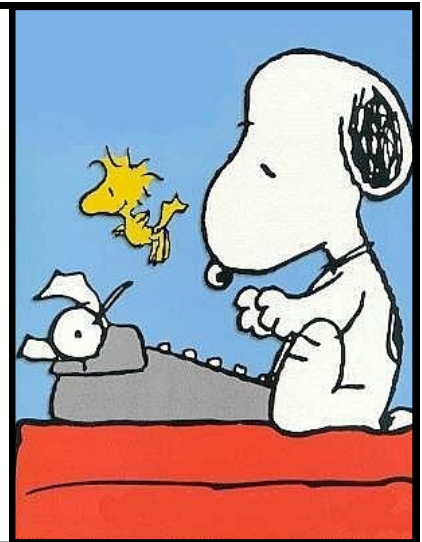
Idiot Sighting

I work with an individual who plugged her power strip back into itself and for the sake of her life, couldn't understand why her system would not turn on.

Traditions Writing Group... Join Us!

The Writing Group is always looking for members to contribute to the newsletter.. If you 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, Claire Levanduski, Jean Riegel, Joanne Weiner, Marge Kovacs, Rita Litvin, Vera Delio, and Al Schadle.



All Gracious God of Surprises...

submitted by Bev Halvorsen

You have given me all I am and have,
And now I give it back to You
To stand under Your will alone.
In a special way, I give you these latter years
of my life.

I am one of those called by You into old age,
A call not given to all, not given to Jesus,
Not given to most in our world today.
I humbly ask You to grace me deeply
In each aspect of my struggle.

As my physical eyesight weakens,
May the eyes of my faith strengthen,
That I may see You and Your love in everything.

As my hearing fails, may the ears of my heart
Be more attentive to the whisper of Your gentle voice.
As my legs weaken and walking become more difficult,
May I walk more truly in Your paths
Knowing all the while that I am held
In the embrace of Your love.

As my mind becomes less alert and memory fades,
May I remain peaceful in You,
Aware that with You
There is no need for thought or words.
You simply ask that I be there, with You.

And should sickness overtake me and I be confined to bed,
May I know myself as one with Your Son
As he offers his life for the salvation of the world.

Finally, as my heart slows from the efforts of the years,
May it expand in love for You and all people.
May it rest secure and grateful in Your loving heart
Until I am lost in You completely and forever.



Do what you feel in your heart to be right, for you'll be criticized anyway

Elenore Roosevelt

The Eagle

by Ginny Heindl

In the summer of 1987, about 50 residents of Red Feather Lakes, Colorado gathered together to celebrate the opening of a new library in town. The speaker at the podium was the builder of the library. His wife was one of a group of residents who were maintaining a library of donated books in the basement of the town's community center building. Unfortunately, she passed away before the new library construction was completed.



As her husband dedicated the library to her in his speech, an eagle flew out of the surrounding trees, swept down over the crowd and hovered over the speaker for a moment. It then flew out over the nearby lake and into the trees beyond. Everyone gasped!

We decided later that it was a sign that her spirit was with us that day.

Things To Ponder

- * Whose cruel idea was it to put an "s" in the word "lisp"?
- * Why is it that, no matter what color bubble bath you use, the bubbles are always white?
- * Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?
- * Why do people constantly return to the refrigerator with hopes that something new to eat will have materialized?
- * Why do people run over a string a dozen times with their vacuum cleaner, then reach down, pick it up, examine it and then put it down to give the vacuum one more chance?
- * Why is it that no plastic bag will ever open from the first end you try?
- * How do those dead bugs get into the enclosed light fixtures?
- * Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over?
- * Why, in winter, do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in summer when we complained about the heat?
- * How come you never hear father-in-law jokes?



My 75th Birthday

by Marge Kovacs

On March 22, 2020 I turned 75 years old. Well we all think that when you reach a milestone in our age, we celebrate it BIG. Well this does not pertain to me, if something will go wrong, it will when it is me.

This year we all know what we were doing on March 22, sitting in our apartments and not being able to socialize like we had always done in the past. Our world and how we live in it changed drastically when the virus came to the USA.

So now I have something to remember my big day with a Quarantine. But I will say that everyone here at Traditions has been GREAT. Everyone is helping others. The staff are big helpers also. You definitely would not get the amount of Love and Care if you had to be in your house during this situation alone.

There have been families visiting virtually by staying outside and singing or making pictures and just visiting outside the apartment window. The management also has changed things for residents to socialize by having different games that are played in the Dining Room with residents six feet apart.

The Hanover Township police, fire, and ambulance departments paid a visit with their sirens, horns and hellos, to help with raising the spirits for our residents. They did just that by driving around the building and back out the road.

So, in years to come when I look back at my 75th birthday I will have a lot to remember.

It is all good.



Depends...

There's a reason why baby diapers have brand names such as Luvs and Huggies, while undergarments for old people are called Depends. When babies poop in their diapers, people are still gonna Luv'em and Hug'em. When old people poop in their diapers, the reaction Depends on who's in the will!



I didn't know if my granddaughter had learned her colors yet, so I decided to test her. I would point out something and ask what color it was. She would tell me, and she was always correct. It was fun for me, so I continued.

At last, she headed for the door, saying, "Grandma, I think you should try figuring out some of this stuff for yourself!"

My Birthday Dinner on the Boat

by Connie Huber

It was my 42nd birthday when my husband Tom and I took our boat, the El Dago II, down the Delaware River, all ready for a nice dinner. Our friends Don and Debbie followed in their boat. The River Guidebook said the restaurant we were going to had docking facilities for boats. Debbie and I had on long dresses and Tom and Don were dressed in slacks and nice shirts. The trip took over an hour, so we were all quite hungry. When we arrived, surprise, surprise... there were no docking facilities. There was a pier that the guys were able to tie the boats to, then helped Debbie and me disembark.



The restaurant lived up to the expectations of the River Guidebook. We had a wonderful meal which also included dessert and a glass of wine (I got to take the bottle home!) While we were dining, the tide had gone out. Since tides on the Delaware were eight to ten feet, the boats were no longer even with the pier. Instead, they were now about six feet below it! It was easy for Tom to jump down to the roof of our boat. For me, not so easy. I was not very agile to begin with and was in a long dress, so jumping down six feet to the boat was nearly impossible for me.

There was a very tall restaurant employee outside on his break. I called to him, explained my dilemma, and ask him for help. I was terrified, and the only way I was getting on that boat was for this kind stranger to pick me up and lower me down to my husband. He was trying to be a gentleman, but he was unable to figure out how “appropriately” grab me, so, I told him to just pick me up by the waste and lower me down as Tom reached up, got a hold of me, and got me into the boat.

Me, in a long dress, knee-high stockings, and no shoes... what a sight! Everyone around us was laughing at the absurdity of the situation and I was ready to cry because of the absurdity of the situation. Mortified, I thanked the kind man for helping me then went into the cabin to hide. I don't know who I was hiding from since there wasn't anyone else there.

The helpful stranger untied our boat, and we got underway. After changing out of my long dress and into shorts, I looked over at Tom, then it was my turn to laugh... Apparently when he jumped down to the boat, his pants split right up the middle.

Thank God, there were no cameras around.



To my grandchildren
I miss you and
love you
Br. Soles
Grandma

Love
+
Miss You!

Together
WE'RE

SERVING
TIME
I GET
OUT SOON!

Love
+
Miss You!

To My Kids
I'm doing great
Miss + Love You!

To My Kids
I'm doing great
Miss + Love You!

WASH
YOUR
HANDS

DOING WELL
MISS YOU GUYS
+ MY HAIRDRESSER

Everything
is Going
Well Here!

I'M
OK!

PENNE
IN
But doing
fine

Love
+
Miss You!

FAT....
Happy....
HEALTHY....

TO ALL MY
Kids
I'm OK

Love
+
Miss You!

I
LOVE
+
Miss You

Virus Free
Who hoo

To My Kids
I'm doing great
Miss + Love You!