

# Mulberry Gardens

GRACIOUS RETIREMENT & ASSISTED LIVING

395 South Main Street • Munroe Falls, Ohio 44262 • Phone (330) 634-9919 • [www.seniorlivinginstyle.com](http://www.seniorlivinginstyle.com)  
Facility License Number 2405R

JULY 2020

## MULBERRY GARDENS STAFF

Administrator..... MELISSA HELTON-DIMARZO

Assistant Administrator.....MEGAN LEARN

Director of Health Services.....SHARON LANN

Resident Services

Coordinator .....AMBER HINDELANG

Executive Chef.....JORDAN LOOP

Maintenance Coordinator.....TODD FRANTZ

HAWTHORN  
SENIOR LIVING

## Mother's Day Drive- by Parade 2020

To be able to show love and support for your ladies of Mulberry Gardens our friends and families made this Mother's Day extra special with a Drive-by Parade.



(Photos continued inside.)





## Mother's Day Drive-by Parade 2020 (Continued)







## July

### Symbols of July

- **Birthstone:** Ruby
- **Flower:** Larkspur or water lily
- **Zodiac signs:** Cancer and Leo

### History

July was originally the month of Quintilis in the Roman calendar. It was the fifth month of the year until January and February were added in 450 BC. It got its original name from the Latin word for fifth. Later the name was changed to Julius in honor of Julius Caesar who was born on July 12th.

### July in Other Languages

- Chinese (Mandarin)-qiyuè
- Danish-juli
- French-juillet
- Italian-luglio
- Latin-quintilis
- Spanish-julio

### Fun Facts About July

- It is the second summer month after June.
- There are many countries which have their Independence Day during the month of July. These include the United States, Belarus, Venezuela, Argentina, Belgium, the Bahamas and the Maldives. The national days for France and Canada occur in July as well.
- July is the warmest month in the Northern Hemisphere on average. It is similar to January in the Southern Hemisphere.
- Sometimes the hot, long days of July are called the “dog days of summer.”
- It is sometimes called the Hay Month because the grass dries out due to a lack of rain and can be made into hay.
- July’s birthstone, the ruby, is often associated with contentment, love, passion and integrity.

## Reopening Little by Little

As we are progressively getting word from Governor Mike DeWine, in conjunction with Hawthorn Senior Living, restrictions are slowly opening up in stages. Our first stage is resuming housekeeping services within individual apartments. The second stage is Mulberry Gardens has begun visitation with friends and family by appointment in 15-minute intervals. If you have not already utilized this new service, please call reception to see what appointments are available. Times will be assigned between the hours of 10 a.m. and noon, then again from 2 to 4 p.m.; along with visits residents are welcome to move about the Community unrestricted, but maintaining the 6-foot social distancing rule. Small group activities will resume in the coming weeks, more details to follow. As changes advance each resident will be notified by a letter from Hawthorn and the Administration.

## Check Us Out on Facebook!

Mulberry Gardens Assisted Living have its very own Facebook page! Head on over and give us a like to see all the fun we are having! Please like and share and encourage your friends and family to do the same.



## Happy Birthday to the Mulberry Family

### Staff

- **Melinda Norman:** July 7th
- **Kate Roberts:** July 10th
- **Tammy Beckett:** July 21st

### Residents

- **Darla Butcher:** July 6th
- **John Scafidi:** July 9th
- **Dorothy Smith:** July 14th
- **Alta Osburn:** July 20th



Fruits and Berries

This is a zigzag word search. Words go left, right, up, down, and can bend at a right angle, but not diagonally. Every letter is used only once.

R	A	S	P	B	A	P	R	C	R
M	Y	R	R	E	P	L	I	H	A
A	O	E	P	A	P	U	C	E	E
N	G	A	C	H	P	M	O	R	P
O	E	U	L	B	L	E	T	R	Y
R	B	E	R	R	Y	P	I	N	E
A	E	B	A	N	E	L	P	P	A
N	G	A	N	A	N	O	L	E	M
T	I	U	R	F	W	A	T	E	R
G	R	A	P	E	N	O	M	E	L

APPLE

APRICOT

BANANA

BLUEBERRY

CHERRY

GRAPEFRUIT

LEMON

MANGO

ORANGE

PEACH

PEAR

PINEAPPLE

PLUM

RASPBERRY

WATERMELON



Sundae Edition

Q: Why did the news reporter go to the ice cream parlor?

A: She wanted to get the scoop!

Logic Problem:  
And the Winner Is ...

Five people ran a footrace: Mitch, Kyle, Joy, Leslie and Gwen. Based on the following clues, can you figure out what order the runners finished?

- Mitch was neither first nor last.
- Joy beat Mitch, and Mitch beat Gwen.
- Kyle was neither first nor last.
- Kyle beat Leslie, and Gwen beat Kyle.

Sudoku

The object of the game is to fill all the blank squares with the correct numbers.

Each row of 9 numbers must include all digits 1 through 9 in any order.

Each column of 9 numbers must include all digits 1 through 9 in any order.

Each 3 by 3 subsection of the 9 by 9 square must include all digits 1 through 9.

9		1			7			3
		4	2		5		6	
6				1				
8				6		5		4
	4						7	
1		6		9				8
				3				5
			9		6	3		
4			8			7		9

..... Matchstick Math .....

In every row replace just one matchstick to make the equation correct.

$X - IV + I = V$

$I + X = VI - V$

$V + V - X = X$

$X + X = X - X$

$V = I + I - V$

Puzzle Solutions

Logic Problem: And the Winner Is ...

1st: Joy; 2nd: Mitch; 3rd: Gwen; 4th: Kyle; 5th: Leslie

Matchstick Math

$X - V + I = VI$ ;  $I + X - VI = V$ ;  $V - V + X = X$ ;  $X + X - X = X$ ;  $V - I + I = V$

Secret Superheroes

1. C; 2. D; 3. B; 4. A; 5. F; 6. E

Sudoku

9	1	7	2	5	8	3	6	4
2	3	4	6	9	7	8	1	5
5	8	9	3	1	4	7	2	6
8	6	5	7	4	2	3	9	1
6	1	7	8	2	5	9	4	3
4	9	6	3	9	1	2	7	8
7	4	2	9	3	1	6	5	8
1	6	9	5	8	2	4	3	7
3	5	8	4	7	6	1	2	9

Fruits and Berries

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

Secret  
Superheroes

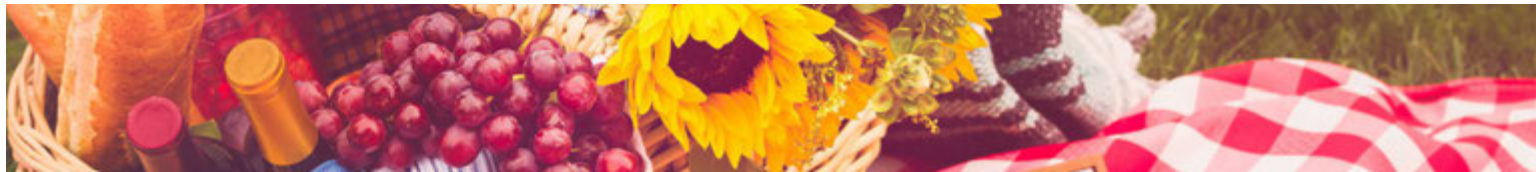
Match these superheroes to their alter egos.

Superhero

1. Captain America
2. Superman
3. Wonder Woman
4. The Green Hornet
5. Daredevil
6. Supergirl

Name

- A. Britt Reid
- B. Diana Prince
- C. Steve Rogers
- D. Clark Kent
- E. Linda Danvers
- F. Matt Murdock



## What July 4th Was Like When I Was a Child

*Joan Mills*

A paean to the gorgeous, glorious Fourth, this Reader's Digest classic story appeared in 1968 as "When Summer Bursts." July 1968 RD Classics

In the upward drift of spring, I accumulate a longing for the ultimate confrontation with blaze and brilliance — summer; the sun and the year at their zenith. Daily, as earth turns, a fragile thread of tension pulls ever more taut in me. I begin to ask: "Is it now?"

In our garden, bees thrum over a multitude of blossoms and spiral exultantly into the sky — but the sky is not yet the blue of summer. A baby, last year a-drowse with newness on his mother's shoulder, this year makes his first barefoot tracks in dew-tipped grass. Still, summer has not come — quite.

Girls in pretty dresses are faintly gilded; soft shadows shorten at noon; boys strip for a first swing off a rope into a country pond, and surface in a thrash of shivering surprise — how can water be so chill when the calendar now says summer? When, when, will the sun be hot enough to brown the girls, bedazzle every noontide, and warm the water for adventuring boys?

At last, on the fourth morning of July, the fine thread of tension snaps: a boy wakes, blinks happily at sight of a glory day, and at once reaches under his pillow for a finger length of forbidden firecracker. He lights it with a match and hurls it out his window. Thus summer begins with a bang; and from one end of the country to the other, 20 million kids are tossed from their beds by that joyful noise.

I wake and listen. With an inward thump of pleasure, I too salute the Fourth. "Hurrah for the splendid racket of liberty!" I think. "Hurrah for summer begun!"

For it is summer indeed. On this morning, who can doubt it? Lofty at the peak of poles, sun-bright, spangled banners lift on the shimmering air. Fresh breezes enter summer rooms and blow away a wintering of secret scents — mice, must, mothballs and memories. The ocean glints silvery and restless, sifting pebbles, patterning the sand. In clear lakes, fish sink into cooler waters, while just-christened motor boats putt past above. Today the grass grows, and tomorrow will be mowed. Today the sun is hot; ice cream is cold. Father scrubs rust from the charcoal grill, and small stomachs cramp with sudden hunger for food that is burnt and leaks catsup.

Every firecracker that bangs announces it: Summer! Listening, I am half in the moment, half in the past. Firecrackers are so rare now; each makes a solitary clap of sound. But when I was a child...

When I was a child, I squandered six months' allowance to celebrate a fitting Fourth. Two dollars went for firecrackers (as if ten cents' worth wasn't enough to deafen); 50 cents for cherry bombs (figuring one dud for every detonation); \$3.50 for rockets, pinwheels and things to go "Pffft!" in the night. I bought sea shells that opened under water, releasing tiny flags. Sparklers I loved. And punk.

Punk smelled like incense, oriental and mysterious. It mingled with salt wind from the sea; with the warm, tarry smell of asphalt and the sweet smell of grass. It was the authentic fragrance of summer begun.

With punk for a smoldering scepter, we children ruled the day. Our allowances went up in smoke, making happy sounds. (Cats perched in treetops, glowery as owls; dogs flattened themselves under porches and rolled their eyes.) We pelted roofs with tin cans blasted by giant salutes, and alarmed our mothers by exploding devilish devices in kitchen ovens.

We were foolish — but on the Fourth, foolishness was a freedom we could claim. It was a gift of our parents, and of the season. We were free of shoes and rules; free to make collective uproar, or be loud alone. We were the kings and citizens of summer, and we hailed the flags that flew over our domain.

Now children fill the Fourth with lesser clamor, but they are also free. My boys swing out over the water and drop with great shouts; my daughter browns in the sun, dialing up transistorized hullabaloo. They are happy; so are we all. Each of us has a special summer freedom to savor.







## Top 10 Places to Travel to This Summer

The dusk that follows this good day is popcorn-scented, aflutter with moths, gentled by a lingering touch of sun. Now, and in my recollection, the Fourth seems most glorious at night.

Where I grew up, a parade still precedes darkness into town. It is led by the flag aloft, paced by drums and the proud, sour notes of young buglers. Kids in costume pass in review: George Washington, bewigged in cotton batting; clowns dour with embarrassment; a terrible cardboard dragon; Betsy Ross on a bicycle. Bands tune up by towering bonfires. Children run in circles as their elders dance in squares, and night slowly surrounds.

The very best is last — full dark, when the fireworks begin. The child in me stirs with suspense; I am ancient with nostalgia. Ever and ever it is the same — an intake of breath as the first rocket jets to heaven; the burst and spread of stars; the whole town saying, “Ahhh!”

Always at this moment I remember a night when, to my eye, the scene turned upside down. In the valley of the sky, the stars were as steady as streetlights; but earth’s deep dark was populous with hurtling comets and meteors expiring in celestial sparks.

Always, too, as in my childhood, I feel a minor ache of melancholy when the life melts out of each starburst — but every next flight of rockets creates new stars. Aerial bombs wake echoes 12 months unheard. Pinwheels whirl dervish, and Roman candles pop pink fireballs.

Light and noise fragment the sky; it is almost too much of much — and never quite enough. Even the grand finale fails to finish it. Children past their bedtime wave sparklers. “Look at me!” they cry, swirling tracers of white on the surface of the dark. “Look at me!”

I do look. I see the child I was, chasing the shadows of the children that are mine — through summer days as fine and free as this one and summer nights sky-streaked with falling stars. Memory, the moment, the season’s promise now are joined. Summer is in my heart and everywhere about.

*Originally Published in Reader’s Digest*

Wherever your summer travels take you this year, we suggest checking local health guidelines and researching hotels, restaurants, and attractions to make sure they will be open when you visit because the Coronavirus pandemic is constantly evolving. With that in mind, here are the 10 best places to travel in July.

### 1. Newport, Rhode Island

Just about three hours from New York and about half that drive time from Boston, Newport is the ideal place to enjoy sea breezes, beach days, ocean views, and just being outdoors.

### 2. Reno and Lake Tahoe, Nevada

Combining these two destinations is a great way to visit the largest alpine lake in North America and the Biggest Little City in the World.

### 3. Tulsa, Oklahoma

Oklahoma’s second-largest city, Tulsa is warm in summer with temperatures reaching the low 90s.

### 4. Fort Myers Beach and Sanibel Island, Florida

July is warm in southwest Florida, ideal for spending lazy days at the beach.

### 5. Barnard, Vermont

Fresh mountain air, bright sunshine, nature hikes, and outdoor activities sound better than ever. Barnard, located in the Green Mountains of central Vermont, with a history dating pre-Revolutionary War, maintains its charm and small-town appeal.

### 6. Colorado Ski Towns

This summer, probably even more than usual, we’ll be looking to spend vacation time outdoors.

### 7. Baltimore, Maryland

Summertime in Baltimore brings to mind beaches, amusement parks, baseball, and food, especially Maryland crabs.

### 8. Charleston, South Carolina

History, charm, vintage architecture, beaches, harbor and waterfront dining make a summer visit to Charleston an ideal vacation or long weekend getaway.

### 9. Maui, Hawaii

The second-largest of the Hawaiian islands, Maui offers many ways to enjoy its beauty and varied terrain.

### 10. Santa Fe, New Mexico

July is the perfect time to hike to the higher elevations and cooler temperatures of the mountains near Santa Fe. Dog-friendly Nambe Lake, with its crystal clear water, is a favorite and somewhat challenging destination.





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When the world  
is staying apart,  
we are coming  
together.



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