

# Traditionally Yours

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

21<sup>st</sup> Edition ~ Summer 2020





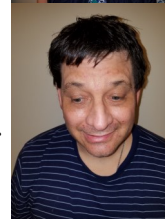


## *Welcome to the Neighborhood*

*by Joanne Weiner*

**John, Arlene, and their son Gary Bartolomei** moved here from North Carolina. They are originally from New Jersey where they both retired. John worked at PSFG (Electric company) for 26 years. Arlene worked as an elementary teacher, teaching fourth and fifth grade.

Gary is 54 years old and is disabled due to complications from Diabetes. Mark, the second son, is married. He has two children and lives in Macungie. Mark was supposed to help his family move, but because of the quarantine, he was unable to assist. Their home in North Carolina was sold and they had to leave it. This made the move very difficult. The Bartolomeis came to Traditions because Mark researched the area for housing. He found Traditions and thought it was a good fit for his family. John is 86 and Arlene is 85. They are both very sociable people and have many friends. Both are avid golfers and serious Civil War buffs (they even participated in Civil War reenactments.) They have many interesting stories to tell. Maybe we can get some of them for the next newsletter. They're all looking forward to making new friends here. Arlene recently joined the Writing Group.



**Peg Kirk & her father Joe Semenza** arrived at Traditions in mid-May and spent the two weeks in quarantine. They came to Traditions from Monroe Township which is near New Brunswick, NJ. Peg has two daughters and a son. Her son, Joe, spent two years as a traffic controller. Her daughters Karen and Eileen assisted Peg in locating Traditions for their home. Peg worked at Mercks as a pharmacist. Joe started out in the coal mines and worked in many places and then went into the Navy. While in the Navy, Joe did a wonderful thing, he ended the war! Joe was in the Navy only a couple of months when the war ended. Not many men can say they ended the war.

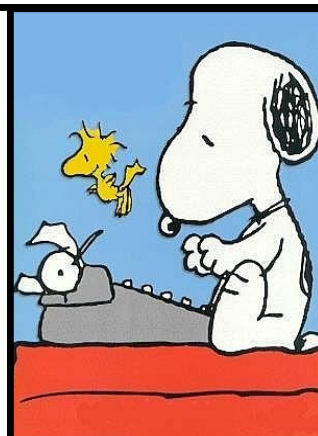
Joe is 103 years old and Peg is 79. There is longevity in Joe's family. They both enjoy good food and are satisfied with the food at Traditions. They like it here and love their beautiful apartment. May their lives remain happy and well here at Traditions.



### ***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, Jean Riegel, Joanne Weiner, Marge Kovacs, Rita Litvin, Al Schadle, and we welcome our newest member, Arlene Bartolomei.



## Welcome to the Neighborhood... *continued*

**Ray & Regina Brennan** came to Traditions in June after spending 38 years in Rockaway, NJ. They have two daughters, one in Florida and one in NJ along with their two grandchildren. They chose Traditions because the general manager at Hotel Bethlehem said it was a great place to live.

Ray is 83 and used to be an attorney for CBS which led to a position called “Entertainment Attorney”. He said he produced many concerts and met many famous people. Regina is 78 and is a registered nurse. She worked as a school nurse for many years which she truly loved and had a special connection with the children making her job very easy. They did a lot of traveling and collected over 25 nativity sets along the way. They say their lives are very satisfying and love living here, including the food!



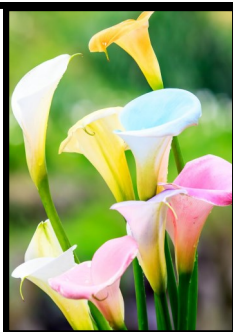
**Judith Snyder** moved here from Traditions of America (a nearby 55+ community) because she wanted to downsize. She had a large home with four bedrooms, and with her husband gone, her daughter, Meredith living in Corning, NY, she no longer needed all the room. She has lived in Bath all her life and found TOH was the answer to her problem. Judith has three grandchildren, Zoe is 19, Eric is 13 and Harlee is 15. She doesn't get to see the children as often as she would like.

Judith is an Episcopalian Priest and performs services at Nativity when needed, but unfortunately, she suffers from an autoimmune disease which limits the use of the hands and fingers and is unable to fulfill the requirements of the job. She had a Black Lab which she was sad to leave behind, but the dog is with Seniors on the Move, which is good. The dog's name is “Vasti” which is in the early book of Ester, who was beautiful, hence the name Vasti. Judith is slowly adjusting to life here at TOH and is happy to be here.

### Life...

*Submitted by Connie Huber*

Life is beauty, admire it.  
Life is a dream, realize it.  
Life is a challenge, meet it.  
Life is a duty, complete it.  
Life is a game, play it.  
Life is an opportunity, benefit from it.  
Life is a promise, fulfill it.  
Life is sorrow, overcome it.  
Life is a song, sing it.  
Life is a struggle, accept it.  
Life is a tragedy, confront it.  
Life is an adventure, dare it.  
Life is luck, make it.



**What do you get when you mix a...**  
Collie + Lhasa Apso?  
A Collapso... The dog who folds up for easy transport!





## Our Plane

by Helen Bush

Back in 1971 my husband Elmer and my son Bob, who was a teenager at the time, began building this open cockpit, two-seat aerobatic bi-plane. There were 19 pages of plans that measured 2' x 3'. It took six years to build the 20-foot wingspan aircraft in our garage and driveway.



Bob learned to fly before he could drive a car. My husband received his private pilot's license in 1948. He took me for many rides in a rented plane before building his own.

The plane weighs 1600 pounds and will cruise at 125 MPH and climb at 1,000 feet a minute. There are 17 coats of lacquer paint finish sprayed on the fabric wings. Elmer took a course in welding in order to be able to build the fuselage. The plexiglass windshields were shaped by heating them in my kitchen oven.

Elmer and Bob enjoyed many Sunday hours flying the plane out of Queen City Airport in Allentown. Elmer took me for a ride shortly after the plane was finished. I did have a helmet on to protect my ears, but the noise from the engine and the strong wind in my face made me decide I never wanted to go again! After Elmer was no longer able to pilot the plane, Bob took him for rides over the Lehigh Valley.

The plane is now kept in a hangar at the Lancaster Airport, and Bob still flies it whenever weather permits.

And what was I doing while all that building was going on? I was taking care of our four children and then later working as a secretary for the Bethlehem Area School District. I retired in 1991 after working at Liberty High School for 28 years.

## Signs... Signs... Signs...

by Barbara Colocurcio

Back in April, when we were still at the beginning of the quarantine and being within four walls it was SO boring! While out walking one morning, I read the many signs that the staff put around the property which provided much-needed smiles. The signs reminded me of the old Burma Shave signs from long ago. We are lucky to have so many caring team members keeping us safe. Love them all!



## History Repeats Itself, and yet again!

*Submitted by Rosemarie Schadle*

This poem was originally written in 1869, then was reprinted during the 1919 Pandemic. And here we are once again!

### ***This is Timeless***

*And people stayed at home  
And read books  
And listened  
And they rested  
And did exercises  
And made art and played  
And learned new ways of being  
And stopped and listened  
More deeply  
Someone meditated, someone prayed  
Someone met their shadow  
And people began to think differently  
And people healed.  
And in the absence of people who  
Lived in ignorant ways  
Dangerous, meaningless, and heartless  
The earth also began to heal  
And when the danger ended and  
People found themselves  
They grieved for the dead  
And made new choices  
And dreamed of new visions  
And created new ways of living  
And completely healed the earth  
Just as they were healed.*



## What Matters and What Doesn't Matter

*Submitted by Barbara Colacurcio*

Things that do not matter:

How much melanin is in your skin. In what country you were born.

The amount of money in your bank account. How many degrees you have on your wall.

Quantity of “followers” and “likes” you have on social media.

Things that do matter:

How much love you have in your heart. The manner in which you treat your fellow human beings. How you support those who need your help.

The empathy you feel for people who are suffering. The random acts of kindness you perform.

# REMEMBER



*Submitted by Betty Berger*

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

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

You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$659. But who could afford that in 1934? A pity, too, because gas was 11cents a gallon.

If anyone in those days had asked me to explain CIA, MS, NATO, SATs, JFK, ERA, or IUD, we would have said the alphabet soup.

We were not before the difference between the sexes was discovered but we were before sex changes. We just made do with what we had!

We were the last generation that was too dumb to think you needed a husband to have a baby.

We wore girdles with garter on them and petticoats and serge bloomers for gym.

*More to come in the next issue...*

## Rita's Corner

*By Rita Litvin*



### Precious

I remember a lovely doll  
I can't forget her face  
Her name was Precious  
And was delightful to embrace.

Precious was my first doll  
When I was only four  
And there was nothing I  
Could imagine loving even more

Mom said, “You're her mother  
now and then explained to me  
“Rita, love her and treat her  
Like you would like to be.

She went on to say if I  
Played and cared for Precious  
In kind and loving ways  
When I would be a mommy  
I would remember all those days

So I talked to her so sweetly  
And sang all the song I knew  
And my little doll kept looking  
As if she thought it through

Well I listened to Mom  
And tried what she told me to do  
So when I grew up  
I did recall the wisdom  
she did impart  
And I found I tried  
to never forget  
What Mom put in  
my heart





## Birthday Celebrations during Quarantine

by Amelia Reyes

As you know, early in the month of March we were told that we would be in quarantine. We were asked to stay in our apartments. We couldn't have visitors. That meant we would not see our children or grandchildren. It is very sad when we are not allowed to see our family. We were told this was not going to be for a long time.



Well, Easter came and went, Mother's Day came and went, Memorial Day came and flew away, then Father's Day and the 4<sup>th</sup> of July all just flew by us.

Since we had to maintain "social distance" that meant we cannot have any celebrations or attend any gatherings. That made me sad because in the month of May, my granddaughter Ellie celebrated her sixth birthday. She is used to celebrating her birthday and loves to get presents. Since we cannot have any parties, my son and his wife invited her Kindergarten classmates to parade the street where they live. Ellie was very excited. Even though it was raining Ellie stood in her front yard with her umbrella waving to her friends. After everything was over, she told her parents she would never forget this birthday party.

## When you are Quarantined

by Jean Riegel

Some people can think of a lot of things to do. I saw a few on TV.

A little four year old boy was walking around the house Singing: "Corona, Corona go away so I can go to Kindergarten and go out and play."

A five year old was curling her father's hair and as he sat very still, she was putting on makeup and brushing powder all over his face. A good father, as they do a lot for their little girls.

A mother and father were playing horseback riding with their children, running after each other around the house. The boy and girl had a great time until the "horses" got tired and had to rest.

Can't forget one day, a woman was doing pushups and her dog was lying next to her. Every time she pushed up, the dog pushed up. If she lifted up one hand, the dog did the same with his paws. He finally got tired and just laid next to her and watched.

It is amazing how some people adapt.



## Thank You All

by Marge Kovacs

I feel a BIG THANK YOU needs to be given to Traditions' administration and staff for how they're handling the pandemic.

They were on top of this ordeal from day one. They moved to quarantining residents from outside visitors and a 14-day quarantining in apartments when needed. This was not easy for any of us, but it was necessary for our safety. Thanks to their directives we did not have a single resident come down with this virus here at Traditions!

At times we needed to be reminded about "social distancing" and "virtual hugs" but we did it. It was hard not to be able to visit our families the traditional ways but we managed. They figured out a way to enable us to visit safely... between window visits and scheduled outdoor visits, we were able to safely spend time with our loved ones, and by mid-July, we were able to have "in apartment" visits.

Good job to everyone for doing a good job. A special GOOD JOB to management and staff, because they never lost their joyful disposition and connection with the residents.



## My Goodbye

by Barbara Colacurcio

Phyllis was my dear younger sister.

We were one year and three months apart and were very two different individuals. She was interested in bikes, guns, and wagons while my favorites were dolls and carriages.



Whenever we were together, we always fought about doing dishes, playing games or doing homework. Our mother died when we were seven and eight and Dad took full care of us for three years prior to his second marriage.

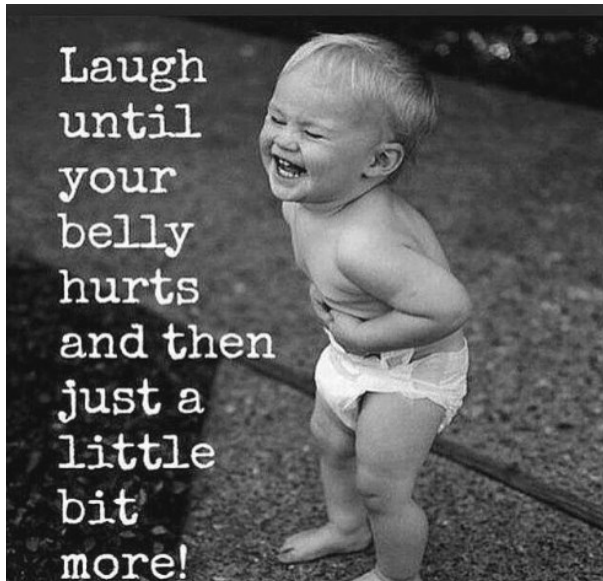
As years passed, we grew closer and had many special visits. I visited her in Colorado, and she visited me in Maine. We shared many laughs.

My son Doug and I enjoyed our last visit with Phyl in July 2017. There was much reminiscing. She died on March 8, 2018. I miss my sister and send my love to Phyl and her family.



# Hanover Humor by Al

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



A husband and his wife were eating dinner at a restaurant when they noticed a woman sitting alone at a nearby table. The husband told his wife that the woman was his ex-girlfriend and went on to say that he heard that when they broke up, seven years ago, she started drinking heavily and hasn't been sober one day since their break-up. To which the wife replied. "goodness who would believe anyone could celebrate that long".

~

Have you ever been in "Cahoots"? You can't go there alone, you must be in "Cahoots" with someone else.

~

Have you ever been in "Cognito"? No one recognizes you there.

~

Have you ever been in "Sane"? They don't have an airport there. You must be driven there. I have been there several times, thanks to my wife, kids, friends, and my job.

Have you ever been in "Flexible"? It is best to go there when it is important to stand firm. I have also been in "Suspense". When you are there the old heart gets all pumped up. I try to go there often. At my age I need all the stimuli I can get.

~

How do they make Holy Water? They boil the hell out of it.

~

Hickory dickory dock, 3 mice ran up the clock. The clock struck one, but the other two got away with only minor injuries.

~

A blonde in Chicago told her blonde friend that she was going to run for Congress in November. Her blonde friend responded, "maybe you should start running now, it's a long way from here to Washington".

~

A bird ate a caterpillar.  
Now it has butterflies in its stomach.

~

After drinking all night I decided to take a taxi home. On the way home, there was a sobriety checkpoint being operated by the police. The police just waved the taxi through and I got home safely which was a surprise because I had never driven a taxi before.

~

A high school counselor asked a student what he wanted to be in life. The boy answered "a Doctor". What doctor skills do you think you have asked the counselor? The boy replied, "handwriting."

## Welcome Shelly Padula

*by Connie Huber*

Shelly recently joined the staff here at Traditions. She is the new Resident Life Manager and works with Marisa Leaser.

For 25 years, Shelly owned and operated a licensed daycare from her home. She started it so she could be home with her own children. As the children grew and left for school, there was no longer a need, so she closed the daycare.

Shelly was Creative Director for her church and at a Bible School. Her grandmother, Isabel Bickert, was a resident here at Traditions until she required more help. Shelly really liked the people here. She started working here as caregiver with Consider it Done and when the position with Resident Life opened, Shelly applied. She lives in Wind Gap and has three children, Tyler, Katelyn, and Brooke. Tyler is a chef. Katelyn is an OR nurse at St. Luke's hospital and has two children Cooper and Romi. Brooke works for ADP.

We welcome Shelly and wish her a long and happy working relationship here at Traditions.



## What do you get when you mix an Irish Water Spaniel + English Springer Spaniel?

An Irish Springer...

The dog who is fresh and clean as mountain air.



## Welcome Kathy Potter

*by Joanne Weiner*

Kathy, who cleaned houses since she was 18, joined the Traditions housekeeping staff in early June. She lives in Whitehall Township and is one of seven children - her and her six brothers, including her twin, who lives in Nazareth. She has a son and daughter, both live in Washington, NJ. Kathy's mother lives nearby and she visits her every evening to help her bathe, dress, and prepare for bed.

Kathy is a massage therapist if anyone is interested. She loves to read in her spare time and enjoys walking every morning before work. She also said she loves her job and all the residents here.

So, Kathy, we wish you well and stay healthy as we need you too!





### **Editor's Note**

*As one of the original Writing Group members, Ginny Heindl had written several stories for the Memoirs, most of which were published in this Newsletter over the past year or so. Whenever we were preparing a new issue I'd ask, "Ginny, this is a good story. Do you want it in this issue?" and she always replied, "Maybe in the next issue, it still makes me cry." She shared with me that it was such a moving experience for her that it still brought her to tears, so we held off. After Ginny died, I wanted to publish one last story of hers. When I looked through my files to find just the right one, it turns out this story was the ONLY one of hers that hadn't been published yet.*

*Ginny, I know you wanted it to share it eventually, so here it is, as my "Goodbye Ginny" for you. I miss you dearly!*

## **TOBY**

by Ginny Heindl

Last May several other residents and I traveled to the Lehigh Valley Mall on Traditions' bus to go shopping. All I needed was a watch band. I found a kiosk right inside the Mall featuring watches and accessories, so I had my new band and was finished shopping in less than a half hour.

It was such a bright, sunny day that I decided to go outside and sit. I sat on my walker with my purse and package on my lap. Suddenly, this waif-like figure was standing in front of me. He had on a hooded sweatshirt with the hood up and hiding so much of his face, that I only guessed he was a boy in his early teens. He said to me, "Can I give you a picture?" I replied, "Yes," and he reached into his backpack. The picture said, "Happy Mother's Day," which had been the previous Sunday. I praised the artwork and noticed the name "Toby" on the lower left corner.

I said, "Thank you, Toby. I will put this on my refrigerator door when I get home." He asked, "What's your name?" I answered, "My name is Ginny."

Soon after that he walked away. I sat there alone a while longer until I noticed two teenage boys coming up the sidewalk and looking at me. Feeling uneasy, I got up and re-entered the mall to wait for the other residents and the bus. When the bus arrived, we walked out as a group and lined up to get on. As I put my foot on the first step I heard somewhere in the background call, "Goodbye, Ginny!"

I looked up and saw Toby standing near the entrance waving. I waved to him and called, "Goodbye, Toby!" I found my seat on the bus, sat down and cried.



## You Have What?

by Mae Pursel

On a Saturday after bowling, the “Three Amigos” decided to visit the China Buffet at Westgate Mall for our evening meal.

Before leaving, I called my fellow “Amigos” Barbara and Elaine, to just bring money, no purses, so we would not have the hassle of contending with a purse since Elaine and I use a cane.

After we arrived, we were greeted with the aroma of steaming tables of delicious food. After being seated and tasting our tea, we made a b-line for the buffet, again and again and again. It seems to be customary at the end of a meal (in a restaurant) the “bill” arrives. Although the price at a buffet is the same, nevertheless, we requested separate checks.

Waitress arrives, hands us our separate checks, no problem for Elaine and I since we had our cash ready, but Barbara only pays by credit card. As she was ready to hand her card to the waitress, we saw a bewildered look on her face, then laughter as she discovered what she thought was her credit card was actually her Wegman’s Club card!

Now Elaine and I were in quite the quandary as how we were going to deal with this since we did not anticipate paying for her meal as well. A very nice-looking gentleman was seated across from us, so I smiled and asked if he would be kind enough to help us out. Fortunately, Elaine and I came up with enough to cover our bill, with a small tip. My advice to anyone lunching with Barbara, always take enough extra cash.



## Beautiful Flowers

by Barbara Colocurcio

The flower ladies were in action again. They were busy filling the planters with color, front and back. We water them every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The watering team is Bev, Nancy and me.

Let’s hope the colors last.



Have a funny story, great memory, or just something interesting you’d like to share in a future issue of the newsletter? Give it to a member of the writing group to submit for you. See page 2 for a list of members. Or email it to Michele ([mtmorrow1@gmail.com](mailto:mtmorrow1@gmail.com)).



## Dear Ann Landers

*Submitted by Barbara Colacurcio*

### To My Grown-Up Son

My hands were busy through the day,  
I didn't have much time to play  
The little games you asked me to.

I'd wash your clothes, I'd sew and cook,  
But when you'd bring your picture book,  
And ask me to please share your fun  
I'd say "A little later son."

I'd tuck you in all safe at night  
And hear your prayers, turn out the light,  
Then tip toe softly to the door  
I wish I'd stay a minute more.

For life is short, the years rush past  
A little boy grows up so fast.  
No longer is at your side  
His precious secrets to confide.

The picture books are put away  
There are no longer games to play.  
No good-night kiss, no prayers to hear  
That all belongs to yesteryear.

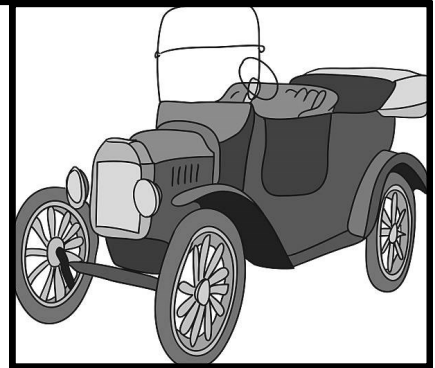
My hands, once busy, now are still  
The days are long and hard to fill.

I wish I could go back and do  
The little things you asked me to.

## "Love Ya Ole lady"

*Submitted by  
Connie Huber*

If my body were  
a car, I would be  
trading it in for  
a newer model.



I have bumps, dents, scratches, and my  
headlights are out of focus. My gearbox is  
seizing up and it takes me hours to get up to  
speed. I overheat for no reason and every  
time I sneeze, cough, or laugh either my  
radiator leaks or my exhaust backfires.

## Success

*Submitted by Pete Stahl*

You can use most any measure  
When you're speaking of success.  
You can measure it in a fancy home  
Expensive car or dress.  
But the measure of real success  
Is the one you cannot spend.  
It's the way your kids describe you  
When they're talking to a friend.

## The Perfect Tom Collins

*by Barbara Colacurcio*

On July 8, Neil Heimsoth gave us a demonstration on how to make the "Perfect Tom Collins." Neil had a table set up on the deck while via Zoom we watched from the dining room. It was too hot for us to be outside.

After the demo, we had a chance to taste "The Perfect Tom Collins."

THE HISTORY of the **Tom Collins**

How did it get its name?  
How did this drink become so popular?

Join us as Neil Heimsoth, Beverage Manager of White Orchids Thai Cuisine and Natch, will be demonstrating how to make the perfect Tom Collins and sharing the history behind the drink.

**Wednesday, July 8  
12:00 pm  
Via Zoom**

\* We'll contact you with the Zoom meeting code after you RSVP!

RSVP by calling Megan or Craig at  
484-893-6034 or email  
mmedlock@traditionsofhanover.com

**TRADITIONS of HANOVER**  
Distinctive Independent Living  
We Choose Joy!

What do you get when you mix a... Pekingese + Lhasa Apso?  
A Peekasso... The abstract dog.



## A Special Lamp

by Rita Litvin

There were four – ten year olds involved in this little caper. I was one of them. We were sitting around a small table on four child sized chairs in a corner of my cement backyard near the back porch. This was our first club meeting. Our main discussion concerned what we could purchase as a special centerpiece for our table to make our clubhouse look distinguished.

We decided to collect soda bottles from our friends and neighbors and take them to an exchange store two blocks away. In return we hoped we could select something unique that Mr. King, the owner, might have to offer.

We went about collecting bottles in my small wagon and when we thought there were enough for an exchange, we walked to the store to find a special something to announce our new club.

In about ten minutes we reached the store. Mr. King was pleased with the collection and told us we could pick out anything worth three dollars.

We were intrigued with an old kerosene lamp on a shelf. We purchased it and carried it back to our clubhouse corner of my yard.

Kerosene, being flammable, had to be handled carefully. Fanny's brother had filled the lamp and we lit the wick. We were very excited. Unfortunately, we took no notice of the white sheets hanging on the line outside the porch. Smoke from the lamp gracefully wafted through the air and attached itself to all the linens on the line.

At that point, my mother and grandmother, who was living with us at the time, came out on the porch. They became semi-hysterical when they saw the damage done to their sheets and cases. Of course, they took this dangerous lamp from us and we never saw it again.

My friends scattered like birds. We were not allowed to have our club get together for another month and certainly had to think of a new symbol. We later used a large stuffed dinosaur and found it served us well.

The lecture about our kerosene lamp continued for many days from many people. Talk about a lesson learned!!



**What do you get when you mix a...**

Bull Terrier + Shitzu?

Well, you can figure this one out









