

Traditionally Yours

A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.
24th Edition ~ Summer 2021



Traditionally Yours - Summer 2021



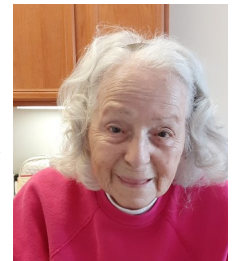
Welcome to the Neighborhood

by Connie Huber

Jean Dunning and I recently sat down with her daughter Wendy for a Welcome to the Neighborhood chat. Jean was born in Westchester County, NY. She grew up on a farm in Yorktown Heights, NY. One of her many chores included collecting eggs from the nests. While doing this, she was often chased by the rooster. When she was in high school, there was a young man named Eddie. Jean seriously disliked him. After high school, Jean went to work in Manhattan as a stenographer. It was during the Korean conflict and Eddie went into the army. When he returned from the service, he looked up Jean, and that was that. They were married April 10, 1955. After they married, they moved back to Yorktown Heights near her childhood home. There they raised four daughters. When her children were grown, she went to work at the Caldor Department Store with two of her daughters. When Caldor's went out of business, she went to work at Sear's. She retired when Sear's went out of business. After retirement, she and Eddie traveled all up and down the Eastern Coast. They drove from Maine for lobsters to Florida for clams. Jean has nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. She moved here to be near her daughter Wendy. The rest of her family still lives in New York.



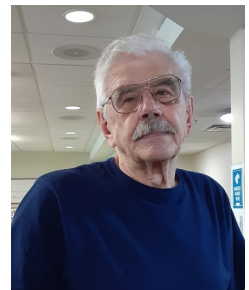
Betty Bartron opened the door to let me in her apartment, and the first thing I noticed was her warm and welcoming smile. She wanted to make sure I was comfortable before we started talking. Betty was born and raised locally. She went to school, married, and raised her family here. She and her husband have two children. Her daughter lives near by, and is married with three children. Her son, who died last year, has two sons.



Betty also has ten great-grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren. She worked for 20 years in a sewing mill. The many years she spent knitting and crocheting has caused her to have problems with her hands.

She had a hip replacement several years ago. When she started having problems with her second hip, she was told they couldn't operate because of her age. She could no longer take care of her home and her pets. When she came to Traditions for a tour, she knew that this would be her home. She met our Chef, Chris. After talking with him, they decided that Chris would take her two Parakeets. Betty is 101 years old.

Warren Wagner moved to Traditions because he was tired of living alone. He is originally from Buffalo, NY. He has a graduate degree from Alfred University in Counselling Phycology and once held several Alfred scoring records. Warren attended on a basketball scholarship. He has lived in the Bethlehem area for over 20 years. Warren was married twice, has five children, six grandchildren and three great- grandchildren scattered around the country.

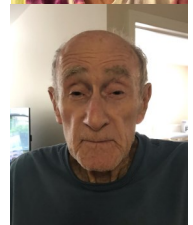
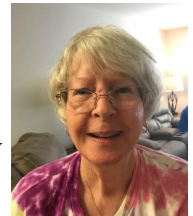


Alma Bond grew up in Philadelphia. She received her Bachelor's degree from Temple University, her Master's from NYU and a PHD from Columbia. She was a practicing Psychologist and Analytical Psychoanalyst, which requires 20 years of advanced study. She was married to Rudy, the love of her life, for 40 years. He was a movie and Broadway actor with over 200 credited roles, including a part in Streetcar Named Desire. They had three children. A son who died ten years ago, and twins, a daughter who lives locally and a son who lives in NY. They also have eight grandchildren.



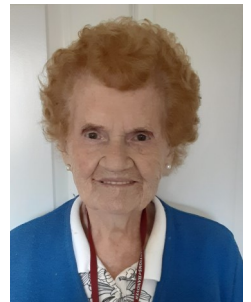
Alma was an Analytical Psychoanalyst in New York for 40 years. She wrote several articles that were published during the time she was practicing. She was also a runner. While running one day, she had a terrible accident which left her in a coma and wasn't expected to live. When she came out of the coma, she had one thought, "Life is short." She had always wanted to write and thought if she doesn't start soon, she never would. She gave her patients two years notice and helped them to find a new analyst. Alma retired to Key West and wrote her first biographic novel at 68 years old, and since then has published 26 books, most of which are biographic novels. She moved here to be near her daughter and is happy in her new home. Alma loves to swim at a local gym and goes three times a week.

Roger and Barbara Marchant recently moved to Traditions. Barbara was born and raised in Miami, Florida and Roger in Philadelphia. He was in the Air Wing of the Marines and served in the Korean war for 14 months. He was later stationed in Florida. He stayed in Florida after leaving the Marines. They met at Southern Bell where they were both working. They have been married for 42 years. Their blended family consists of Roger's five children, 12 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren and Barbara's daughter.



Roger had open-heart surgery and Barbara has M.S. Because they could no longer take care of their home in Florida, they moved to Traditions to be near Barbara's daughter. They have two rescue dogs, Gizmo and Chopper. Both are Shihtzu mixes.

Grace Vardabash is originally from Syracuse, NY. When she graduated from college in Albany, she taught school for three years. She decided that teaching was not what she wanted to do. After getting further education, she became a Social Worker. With the Department of Social Services of NY, Grace worked with abused and abandoned children for 35 years. She also helped unwed mothers place their children in loving homes. With her husband James, they raised two daughters. They have two granddaughters and one great-grandson. When Grace retired after 50 years, she and James moved to Pompano, FL. James died 20 years ago. Grace remained in Florida for another 15 years. Recently, Grace's daughter Mary Kay wanted her to be closer to her and her family. Mary Kay thought Traditions would be a good place for her mom. Grace is happy to be here and near her family.



Welcome to the Neighborhood, continued

Silvio Rossetti & Ben Hooper

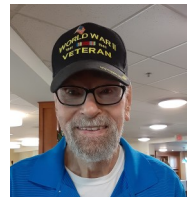
Both Silvio and Ben recently moved to Traditions. Welcome to the Traditions of Hanover family!



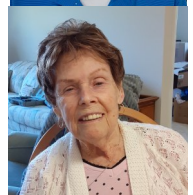
Terry Guthrie moved here from Queens, NY to be near her brother and his family. She has lots of nieces and nephews and enjoys spending time with the family. Terry worked in Queens for the City of NY. She likes living here and finds sitting on the deck relaxing.



Bill and Sally Van Dam came from Greeley, which is in the Northeastern part of Pennsylvania. They moved to be near Bill's son Billy and his wife Karen. Bill and Sally have a blended family. Bill has seven children and Sally has three. Together they have 20 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

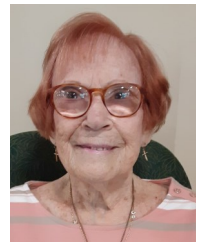


During World War II, Bill was in the Navy Armed Guard and served on four different Liberty ships. FDR called these ships The Ugly Ducklings. Bill worked in Textiles and after retiring in 1990, he worked part time at a recycling center. Sally did office work and was a homemaker.



Gloria Brunch was born and raised in the Bethlehem area. She went to Business school and got a job at St. Luke's hospital. She worked as a cashier for 50 years.

Her oldest daughter, Debbie and her husband, Ken, have a son. Debbie works in the gift shop at St. Luke's Hospital. Her younger daughter, Sherry, is a paralegal and works at St. Luke's Hospital as well.



Bonnie Casteel moved here from West Virginia. She lived with her daughter Jo and her family in Bethlehem. Jo felt she would have more social activities if she were living here at Traditions. Bonnie has 2 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, with another one on the way.



Getting older is like being on a roller coaster...there are highs, lows, laughter and tears and sometimes...you just may pee your pants a little!



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Andy Rooney.... I've learned:

That when your newly-born grandchild holds your little finger in his little fist, you're hooked for life.

That no one is perfect until you fall in love with them.

An Unusual Hat

by Jean Riegel

On a cold and windy Saturday in January, we went to McDonald's for breakfast. It was really crowded.

We finally got our food and sat in a booth and all of a sudden, the group of people sitting at the door started to laugh, then the people behind us laughed. We didn't know what was so funny. Then four college students passed our booth. Three girls in the front and the fourth behind them. As they passed, we started laughing. I guess the girl in the back didn't have a hat, so she did the best she could. She wore her panty hose on her head, legs, feet, and all dangling down her back as she walked. That was a first for me to see. I guess it kept her warm.

All the people had a good breakfast and a very good laugh and something to talk about for a long time.

As she walked outside the wind blew her legs and feet all over the place. So she was the caboose. She really turned a lot of heads as people walked by her.

Life of An Ex-Pat in Saudi Arabia

by Nancy Sutton

Part 2... Kids, Schools, House-Boys

When children grew up in Dhahran, they could attend the Aramco schools through eighth grade; after that, they were obliged to go away to finish secondary school. That used to be the American Community School of Beirut; however, due to the political instability in Lebanon, there are fewer American students who risk being there. Some go to Switzerland, Rome, or other alternatives. Some go back to the States and attend school while living with relatives. My friend Anna and her future husband both went to ACS before Bucknell and Duke.

Once we were able to live in Dhahran in a duplex (which most young couples did) Anna was such a big help in adjusting to life there. The experience was somewhat similar to living in any small American town: we had a post office and a small grocery store stocked with mostly British, American and German items.

Two of my five children were born in Dhahran at the Aramco hospital. It was small but excellent, staffed by American and Arab doctors; my obstetrician, Dr. Hejazi, was Lebanese; he was wonderful. The midwives were Indian. What made it difficult was not having parents around to enjoy the newborn. We were all in the same boat, however, and developed a support system among the young parents and older ones who knew what we were going through. Because of the sad situation in Beirut, I doubt that there are many Americans working for Aramco who send their children to the American Community School, as in the past.

One aspect of living there that was quite foreign to me was the fact that nearly everyone had a “house-boy.” These were men usually from Goa (Goanese). Goa is a

province of India. The men lived in a dormitory-type situation outside the gates to the town. They would return home once a year to be with their families and in the meantime, they regularly sent home what they had earned. I doubt that they are still called “house boys” – I had a problem with the term 60 years ago. They were wonderful men – hard workers, kind and good with the children. Some women I knew used them for nearly everything; cooking all the meals, cleaning, and babysitting. Once in a while, if I was having a dinner party, I would ask my “house boy” Thomas, to cook a curry meal.

I wish I knew if that situation still exists; however I would imagine it does in some form or another.

Compensation for any help or work we had done was in riyals (1 riyal=27 cents today).

Stay tuned for Part 3... Activities



Nuggets of Conversation

Overheard on the front porch by Ray Brennen and Ron Di Steffano

“Where did you come from?”

“I lived in a community on a lake in Northern New Jersey.”

“Was it a drinking community with a serious fishing problem?”

“Her brother had his heart valves replaced. They used a horse or pig parts in their transplant at St. Luke’s. I can’t remember which.”

“Well, did he “neigh” or oink” afterward?

“Do you know why they put lights up on the bank down the road from Wegman’s?”

“PNC?” “Exactly! That’s why they did it.”

“My friends are coming to pick me up and take me to Longwood Gardens.”

“I’d be very careful if I were you.”

“Oh? Why do you say that?”

“When I was younger I went there. I smoked some of the flowers and came down with one hell of a rash.”

“Life is very strange.”

“How, if I might ask?”

“I finally got my head together, now, my body is falling apart.”

“There was this guy on TV that claimed kids in the back seat cause accidents.”

“Boy was he wrong! Everyone knows that accidents in the back seat cause kids!”

“What was that big discussion they were having?”

“They were planning the location of where to put the inground pool and where to put the Jacuzzi here at Traditions.”

“What kind of a pool? Fresh water or salt water?”

“Chlorine is quite expensive, and they will need an attendant to keep the debris out and to cover it up in the snow.”

“As I heard it, they were having it designed and constructed by migrants from Costa Rica to keep it cheap. They could use migrant labor for the attendant too. However, to keep the costs in line they could sell concessions like cotton candy and burritos.”

“Will the cotton candy be sugar free?”

“Maybe the kitchen could make Juicy Fruit flavored soup and they could sell quarts to visitors.”

“Why don’t they just put up a toll booth and collect tolls from drivers who can’t read and come down our side of the road when they want to go to the Medical Arts Building and have to make a U-turn? In a month or so Traditions would have enough money to put a Carousel for the residents next to the pool. I wonder when the pool’s Opening Day will be?”

“These days I spend a lot of my time thinking about the “hereafter.”

“Me too. I go somewhere to get something, and then I wonder what I came in here after.”

Reflections on One Year of Residency

by Ray Brennan

I can honestly say that I enjoyed my one year (June 2020 to June 2021) at Traditions. I made it a point not to gripe at various things or meals, and to always stay positive. Naturally in the middle of a Pandemic it was not always easy (particularly during the quarantine periods); however, I tried my best to be an uplifting influence on all who live and work here.



Cathy Heimsoth and Tradition's administration were very helpful arranging for the Covid vaccinations being given outside our rooms, carolers at Christmastime and the nighttime tours to see the various lights around the Bethlehem area. I particularly enjoyed Thankful Thursdays with doughnuts from Mary Ann's in Allentown and the wonderful camaraderie at Happy Hours with many residents. I also liked a well planned, but not traditional sponsored of the Yuengling Brewery in Pottstown, PA with Henry Popule and Richard Donati.

Now I am leaving just when things appear to be getting back to "normal"... tablecloths back in the dining room and a buffet line, bus trips to restaurants, and entertainment in the Fireside Lounge with Jay Daniels, Lorri and Jim, Shep, and more once again.

I'd like to acknowledge certain people who work here: Kathy Springer, Darla, Carol, Deb, and the newest Isis, in the dining room; Megan and Craig in Marketing; Miguel, Jim, and Gina in maintenance; Carol, Theresa and Janet at the front desk; and Marissa, Shelly, and Tracy of Resident Life. These are the people who are the backbone of Traditions, always smiling, happy, and extremely helpful to everyone. On the whole, I can honestly say I have enjoyed my year at Traditions of Hanover and the many nice people who live here... too many to name. And while I will be living in Florida, I'll sincerely miss all of you. You will all be in my prayers.



A Doberman, Poodle, and Border Collie died and are in front of God at the entrance to the kingdom of heaven. God asked them what they believe in.

The Doberman says: "I believe in discipline, training and loyalty to my owner."

"Good," says God, "take a seat on my right side."



The Poodle says: "I believe in love and care from my owner as well as peace in the world."

"Ah," God said, "You can take a seat to my left side."



Then he looked at The Border Collie: "And what do you believe in?"

The Border Collie stood there, looked at him for a moment and answered: "I believe you're sitting in my seat!"

Puerto Rico

by Amelia Reyes

I was born in Puerto Rico and lived there until the age of 15. When my mother remarried, we moved to New York City where her husband lived. This was my first time away from the Island, a place where my family was and all the things that were familiar to me.



In Puerto Rico, I always attended Catholic schools, where the discipline was very different from public school. I had friends who attended public schools; they used to tell me stories about things that happened in their classrooms. They let me see their work. I compared it to my work, and it looked so easy. When we got to New York, my mother told me that I would attend public schools. This would be the first time I would go to a public school.

September came and I started school. I thought I would adapt to my new environment, but it wasn't as my friends described. I was used to discipline and obeying the already-established rules. It took me the first year to adapt to this new environment. The next year I was to graduate, and I still wasn't used to the lack of rules and discipline. I saw it as too relaxed.

Please Sir

Submitted by Mae Pursel

Please sir, don't look down your nose at me.
For who knows, some day, you may be my employee.
Just a twist of fate, and a change in time,
Tomorrow could leave you without a dime.

I too, had a good job and was a boss like you.
But the company folded, and I knew I was through.
Unemployment ran out, and try as I might
My pride slipped away, and I gave up the fight.

So here I am, just pushing a broom
But, I put food on the table in a small room.
I found my pride, and my dignity;
Please sir, don't look down your nose at me.



Bill Werpehowski

by Connie Huber

It took me awhile to get Bill to talk about his accomplishments. With some help from Ray Brennen, Bill agreed to tell me his story.

Bill was raised in Bethlehem. He went to Liberty High School where he played both baseball and basketball. He was on the Varsity Basketball team that won 18 games and lost only three. The local newspaper liked the players and nicknamed them The Skinny Eight.

Many players from that team went on to have great college careers. Some included Peter Carill who coached at Princeton for 29 years and is in the National Basketball Hall of Fame. Rocco

Calro went to Cornell and was a star Quarterback and coach for over 35 years. Rocco is in the Moravian Hall of Fame.

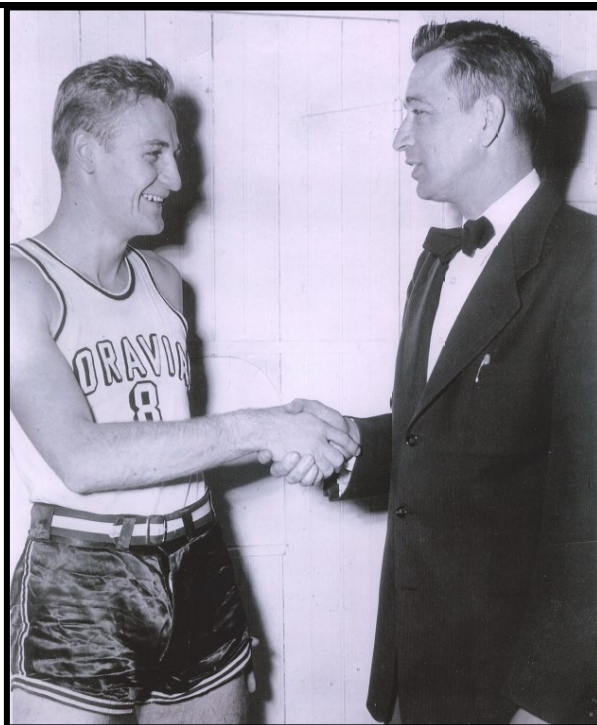
Bill went to Moravian and played Basketball. He was a rebounder and scorer. In 1950, he was the first player in Moravian history to score 1,000 points. His career total was 1,500 points. In the 1949-1950 season he was the 7th leading scorer in the United States. Bill is in the Moravian Hall of Fame. After graduation, he was approached by several teams in the NBA. He said, "At only six feet, I wasn't about to go up against those horses." He never played basketball again. He said that the biggest benefit he received from his basketball days were the friendships he made with his fellow players and coaches.

He enlisted in the Army during the Korean War. He was in Central Intelligence and investigated soldiers for clearance to handle classified information.

He married his wife Maryann in 1950 and his son was born in 1952. He left the army in 1953, and he worked in a bank for two years. When he left the bank, he went into real estate, where he represented builders who were looking for land to develop.

He moved to Traditions in 2018 with his wife. When his wife got sick, they moved back to their home. After Maryann died, Bill came back to Traditions and is very happy here.

Pictured in the photo are Bill (in uniform) and Harvey "Gill" Gillespie, Moravian Collage's head Athletic Director.



Your Duck is Dead

Submitted by Ray Brennan

A woman brought a very limp duck into a veterinary surgeon. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest. After a moment or two, the vet shook his head and sadly said, "I'm sorry, your duck, Mr. Kwak, has passed away."

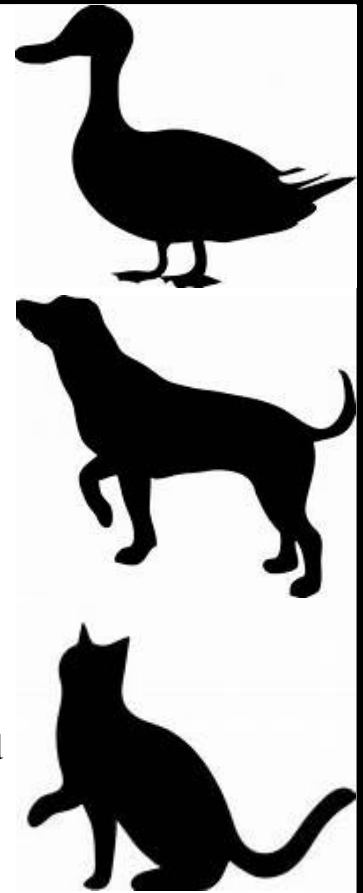
The distressed woman wailed, "Are you sure?" "Yes, I am sure. Your duck is dead", replied the vet. "How can you be so sure?" she protested. "I mean you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something."

The vet rolled his eyes, turned around and left the room. He returned a few minutes with a black Labrador Retriever. As the duck's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table and sniffed the duck from top to bottom. He then looked up at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head.

The vet patted the dog on the head and took it out of the room. A few minutes later he returned with a black cat. The cat jumped on the table and also delicately sniffed the bird from head to foot. The cat sat on its haunches, shook its head, meowed softly and strolled out of the room.

The vet looked at the woman and said, "I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100% certifiable, a dead duck." The vet turned to his computer terminal, hit a few keys and produced a bill, which he handed to the woman.

The duck's owner, still in shock, took the bill. "\$1500?", she cried, "1500 just to tell me my duck is dead!" The vet shrugged, "I'm sorry. If you had just taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$20. But with the Lab report and the Cat scan, it is now \$1500!"



Traditionally Yours Newsletter Group Join the Fun!

The Newsletter Group is always looking for residents to contribute to and help edit ***Traditionally Yours***. If you would like to share a story, submit an article or share a picture or two please let us know. Refer to the Traditions calendar for meeting dates and times. We'd love to have you join us!!

Current Members are Connie Huber, Amelia Reyes, Marge Kovacs, Rita Litvin, Jean Riegel, and Nancy Sutton.

The Lie Detector

Submitted by Mae Pursel

John was a salesman's delight when it came to any kind of unusual gimmick. His wife Marcia had long ago given up trying to get him to change. One day, John came home with another one of his unusual purchases. It was a robot that he claimed was actually a lie detector.



It was about 5:30 that afternoon when Tommy, their 11-year-old son, returned home from school. Tommy was over two hours late.

"Where have you been? Why are you over 2 hours late getting home?" asked John.

"Several of us went to the library to work on an extra credit project," said Tommy. The robot then walked around the table and slapped Tommy, knocking him out of his chair.

"Son," said John, "This robot is a lie detector, now tell us where you really were after school."

"We went to Bobby's house and watched a movie," said Tommy.

"What did you watch?" asked Marcia.

"The Ten Commandments," answered Tommy.

The robot went around to Tommy and again slapped him, knocking him off the chair. With his lips quivering, Tommy got up, sat down and said, "I'm sorry I lied. We really watched a tape called *Sex Queen*."

"I'm ashamed of you, son," said John. "When I was your age, I never lied to my parents."

The robot then walked around to John and delivered a whack that nearly knocked him out of his chair.

Marcia doubled over in laughter, almost in tears and said, "Boy did you ever ask for that one!" You can't be too mad with Tommy. After all, he is your son!"

With that, the robot immediately walked around to Marcia and knocked her out of her chair.

A Blind Date

by Jean Riegel

When I was about 22 years old, my girlfriend called me, she said her boyfriend was taking her to a soccer game in Philadelphia and after the game they had a banquet. A friend of her boyfriend was playing in the game and asked if I would go along as his date. They said he was a nice guy. After some thought, I said yes.

She said I had to bring something to wear for the game and a change of clothing for the banquet. When he came to pick me up, I saw he was good looking and a rather big man. He said his name was Hans. He had an accent and didn't speak English very well but he was a gentleman and opened the car door for me. When I saw that he was alone, I asked about the others. He said his friend was sick and couldn't join them. So it was just me and Hans.

I sat in the bleachers to watch the game. I knew what the team colors were, but when I cheered for them the rest of the fans were yelling at me. Apparently I was sitting on the wrong side. I didn't see Hans, then I heard the announcer say that he was hit in the head and was lying in the shade. I was wondering how I was going to get home. His team won the game and he was OK. When he came out of the locker room, showered, all dressed in a suit and tie, he was handsome, even with two bandages on his head.

Then I had to change into my dress and wash up as it was a really hot day, but there wasn't a locker room, just the bathroom.

At the banquet, the food was very good, but most of the people spoke German or broken English, so I just listened or once in a while someone would come to talk to me. I just smiled a lot and nodding my head as if I understood. He made good time getting me home because he was driving over 70 miles per hour! It was making me quite nervous. Once we got to my house, he thanked me for coming. I thanked him and said I had a good time.

Needless to say, that was my first blind date, and my last.

P.S. I called my friend the next day and she said her boyfriend got sick as he was driving to pick me up so he sent Hans alone.



A Dog Called Vashti

by Judi Urso Snyder

If any of you would have known me when I was a little girl, you would have known that I was very afraid of dogs. I would go to my aunt's house for a visit and as soon as I walked in the door, I would climb up on the sofa, tuck my legs underneath my skirt, and stay there until it was time to go home. She had a dog!

My discomfort around dogs had extended much beyond my being a little girl. In fact, it took my husband, Jim, 25 years to talk me into getting a dog. It was the empty nest syndrome that softened my heart, and my husband's strong desire and patience with me to finally give in.

Our first dog was a chocolate lab... a BIG chocolate lab! When our vet recommended that we get a lab, he said to Jim, "Now since Judi never had a dog, I suggest that you get a female black lab. Chocolate and male tend to be a little more energetic." Well, what did we get? A chocolate male, whom we named Chaser, and he fit the description of chocolate labs being more challenging to raise. If you've seen the movie Marley and Me, he was the Marley. If there wasn't enough activity around him, he made sure that he would create some. He was a handful; and for my first dog I wasn't convinced that I had made the right choice.

Well, as time grew on, I became more comfortable with him. But he was Jim's dog, clearly. Jim was the one that he came to, ran to, and wanted to be with. If I sat down on the sofa, and Chaser was at the other end and I reached over to scratch him, he would get up and walk away. I guess he didn't like me!

Well, anyway, he lived to be 13 years old and, of course, I was sad the day we had to say "Goodbye." But, in a sense, I was relieved, as well.

It was several months later that we were on vacation in Maine and we were in a coffee shop. Taking a look at a bulletin board, we



saw a picture of a new litter of black lab puppies, with a phone number and a note saying, "Give us a call if you're interested." Well, we looked at the picture again and I said to Jim, "It won't hurt for us just to drive over and look at them." He said, "You just don't understand—You don't go look at puppies. If you look, you get!" A week later, we drove home from Maine to Pennsylvania with a beautiful, female, black lab—Vashti.

Many people have asked me about her name. Most had never heard of the name "Vashti," which translates to "beautiful woman." In fact, I had never heard it until I taught a group of 4th and 5th graders the story from the Bible. At the very beginning of the Book of Esther, Vashti is introduced. Vashti was a Queen and very beautiful. The problem was, the only time the King wanted her around, was to show her off like eye candy. Vashti decided she didn't like that anymore. One day the King told the servants to tell Vashti to come. If you read it from an Old English Bible, it will say, "And she came not." For some reason, that struck my funny bone. I thought it was a perfect name for my dog—"beautiful woman, who doesn't come when she's called."

I was home more than Jim was in those days and so Vashti and I bonded, more so than Jim. Even though she liked Jim, she liked EVERYONE! But Vashti was MY dog. She was the one who came to sit with me, and cuddle with me, and play with ME, although she could be tempted to go another way if someone had

something more exciting than I had to offer.

Vashti grew into a beautiful, sweet puppy. She didn't have a mean bone in her body. She was loved by everyone who met her, and she was the joy of my life at that time. What I am about to say has added to that.

When Vashti was two months' old, we found out that Jim was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. I thought, "Oh, my goodness, how am I going to have the energy to take care of Jim, and at the same time take care of this little puppy." All I could remember was how much work and energy it took when we had Chaser. But we decided that we were going to keep her and we were going to hope that there would be a good outcome. Well, Vashti had a totally different personality from Chaser, and I am truly convinced that God knew that I was going to need her during the next months.

I learned a lot about life from Vashti—how to live life to the fullest! I learned that it's important to take time out of a busy day and just enjoy it. Stop looking at the list of things that need to be done and ENJOY! Vashti had a way of making everything that she did a happy event.

Another thing that I learned is how precious life is. Previous to owning a dog and loving a dog, I didn't think much about seeing a dead squirrel or a dead rabbit alongside of the road. Sure, it was sad that it happened; but, hey, that's life! At least that's what I thought. I learned that each living creature is a precious gift from God and that each living creature has something of himself or herself that must be very unique and special. Just like God created us unique and special. I would now see a dead animal alongside of the road and feel badly for it and wonder things like, "Is his mother waiting for him to come home, does he know the way?"

Vashti continued to bring us much joy! She made us laugh all the time by her silly antics. For instance, in the wintertime when she would go out in the snow, she wouldn't just go out in

the snow, she would make snow angels. Or, in the summertime, she wouldn't just splash around in the wading pool, she looked like she was doing synchronized swimming by her rolling around and the way she'd thrust her head forward under the water and then turn herself around in rolls through the wading pool. She just made everything a game; everything fun and light and she delighted us.

And, as I said before, it was at a time when we needed something to cheer us up. During Jim's illness, which lasted 13 months, she was there! She was there to do something fun and make us laugh when we just didn't think we had a laugh in us. She was sensitive when she felt we needed sensitivity most. She just was everything that I needed at that particular time in my life. As it grew closer to the end for Jim, my need for her seemed to get greater and greater, or maybe I just became more aware of how much she was filling me with the things that helped me get through each day. And at nighttime, at the end of the day when I would sit down and just kind of crash before I went to bed, she knew when I was in need of her love. She would come and look at me, stare me in the eyes, climb up on the sofa and give me a kiss on the cheek. Then she would snuggle next to me. This was a common routine for Vashti. She just knew when I was in need of some TLC.

After Jim's passing, she continued to be a strong rock for me to depend on. Again, she was very sensitive to my moods and my needs and desires. Her fun, frolicking personality continued to make me laugh and her sensitivity to my wounded spirit always amazed me. She was everything that I needed to get me through that difficult time.

For someone who wasn't sure she ever wanted another dog, I am so blessed that God put on my heart that this was the one. I just loved her so much!

God Bless You!

Rita's Corner

By Rita Litvin



Our Life Together

I think it is time to write a poem
I'm pondering hard while here alone
There are such dire happenings
In our world today
That dwelling on them doesn't
Really help them go away

What's going on is far from perfect
There's conflict and there's strife
But we can make some difference
By how we live our life
It helps to express what
We are feeling
And give us some power
For healing

We should walk away
When we are angry
And try not to take offence
Let's invoke a little sense of humor
The power of laughter sometimes can be
immense.



Lost Words & Sayings

How many of these do you still use??

Mergatroyd

Driving a Jalopy

Hunky Dory

Moxie

Put on your best bib and tucker.

Straighten up and fly right.

Heavens to Betsy

Gee whillikers

Jumping Jehoshaphat

Holy Moley

Life was swell

Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

This is a fine kettle of fish.

The milkman did it.

Hey! It's your nickel.

Don't forget to pull the chain.

Knee high to a grasshopper.

Well, Fiddlesticks!

Going like sixty.

I'll see you in the funny papers.

Don't take any wooden nickels.

And how about some of these
expressions that have become
obsolete because of technology:

Don't touch that dial.

Carbon copy.

You sound like a broken record.

I was left hung out to dry.



Time is a precious gift...

That's why it's only given to us moment by moment.

Bilingual Education

by Amilia Reyes

After 25 years of teaching bilingual education, I decided to retire and start enjoying the so-called golden years.

Bilingual education is a program for students who come from places where English is not their primary language. The students are placed in the same grade level as they were in their home country, and in a classroom with other students who spoke their language. The teachers, like me, have to teach each subject in two languages. When students were ready for a regular classroom they were placed in an English-only classroom.

I had the opportunity to meet my students' families, and after they left the program I kept in touch. I loved hearing about how they were doing and how they have grown.

Now that I am retired, I have fond memories of my years of teaching. I miss my students calling me "Missy, Missy" instead of Mrs. Reyes.



Old Folks are Worth a Fortune

Submitted by Eleanor Blackwell

Worth a fortune with silver in our hair, gold in our teeth, stones in our kidneys, lead in our feet, and gas in our stomachs. I could have become a lot more social with the passing of the years; some might even call me a frivolous old gal... I see five gentlemen every day.

As soon as I wake up, Will Power helps me get out of bed. Then I go see John. Then Charley Horse comes along, and when he is here, he takes a lot of my time and attention.

When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. He doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint. And after such a busy day, I'm really tired and look forward going to bed with Ben Gay. What a life!

P.S. The preacher came to call the other day. He said at my age I should be thinking about the hereafter. I told him I do – all the time. No matter where I am—in the polar, upstairs in the kitchen, or down in the basement—I ask myself, "Now, what am I here after?"



Appalachian Trail

by Nancy Sutton

The Appalachian Trail spans 2193 miles, it goes through 13 states, and is the longest marked trail in the world. As of June 1, my second oldest son, Craig (pictured here), has walked 880 miles of it so far (40%). He expected it to be hard, but it is more of a challenge than he anticipated.

Craig always had a dream of hiking this trail. He retired a month ago to allow time for preparations, which has been in his mind for many years. The month before he left, he tried daily to hike 10-12 miles a day. He knew he would have to limit what he took with him, knowing every two-three days he would have to get off the trail, go into town and buy provisions. He was aware also that 30-32 pounds would be his target weight to carry. He had hiked short sections of the trail before – so knew the ropes. At age 59 and working since he was 22, Craig decided to go for his dream. He knew he would lose weight and had been trying to ‘bulk up’ before leaving.

He started on April 10 from Springer Mountain in Georgia and will complete the hike at Mount Katahdin in Maine, over 3000 miles later. There are so many unknowns, he could finish in August or perhaps September. The first few days they had to deal with cold and snow. What impresses him is the congeniality of the hikers. No matter what your background, everyone is in the same boat. It is an equalizer. Craig is certainly one of the oldest. Some are between jobs or taking time to reassess life and their situation. He says the average age of hikers is people in their twenties and thirties, 60% are men and 40 % women; and that only 10-20% of those who start the Trail actually finish it. Emotional and physical fatigue are the main culprits.

Craig has been on the trail for two months now and has met some fascinating people. He spent a few days with a journalist who recently retired from the Chicago Tribune and has lived all over the world as a journalist. They hope to meet up again further up the trail. Most people hike alone and hook up with others along the way. He met a young woman who is postponing her senior year at Harvard to hike the Trail.



He is hiking 18 to 20 miles a day to the quarter mark. That was BIG DEAL. They stop about every three days to buy provisions. Sometimes they stay overnight to have a hearty meal and a shower. Otherwise they cook where they are camping. There are an average of 5 to 20 people staying in a shelter at night. It is enlightening to listen to others' stories as they sit around the fire in the evening. Craig was quite impressed by a hostel in TN where they were served dinner and breakfast the next morning. Water is a high priority –something you must have with you at all times. How much one has to carry depends on what source there is up ahead on the trail.

He has seen rattle snakes and bears. If he doesn't bother them, they leave him alone. It is enlightening. He has called me a few times from the Trail. There is cell coverage about a quarter of the time. Craig has lost weight. He knew that would happen, in spite of his consuming a high number of calories daily. Interesting that men lose more weight than women. His comments at this point- he is living in the moment; he is very appreciative of what he has and that he is able to retire.

Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



A group of Sunday school students were asked to draw a picture about the first Christmas. One little boy drew a picture of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph and a donkey with a bug on it. The teacher questioned the boy on the significance of the bug. The little boy responded, because the angel told Joseph to put Jesus and Mary on a donkey and flee.

William Tell and his family bowled for many years at the same bowling center. One night, a fire destroyed the bowling establishment, and all the bowling records were lost. That is a shame because now we will never know for whom the Tells bowled.

The fattest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his enormous size from too much pi.

A rubber band gun was taken from a student in algebra class because it was considered a weapon of math disruption.

No matter how much you push the envelope, it will still be stationery.

A dog gave birth to six puppies in the park and was charged with littering.

A hole was found in the wall surrounding a nudist camp. The authorities are looking into it.

Two Eskimos were sitting in a kayak fishing and were getting cold so they built a fire in the middle of the boat in order to keep warm. Naturally, the fire burned a hole in the bottom of the boat and it sank, which just proves, once again, you can't have your kayak and heat it too.

One candle said to the other candle "I may be going out tonight".

Did you know that the St Patrick's Day parade is a march event?

It takes sailors a long time to learn the alphabet because they spend years at C.

What do you call a Pope that walks in his sleep? A roamin Catholic.

Do employees at the Tetley Tea company get coffee breaks?

A man told his friend that the pain pills he got from his doctor were not working. His wife and kids were still there.

A man went to a friend's viewing. While he was there, he asked the deceased's wife if he could say a word to. "Of course", said the wife. So the man got up in front of all the people and said "plethora", and sat down. The wife then leaned over and whispered to the man "Thank you, that meant a lot".

