

Traditionally Yours

A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.

25th Edition - Fall 2021

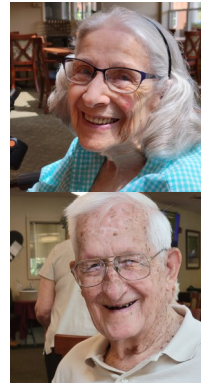




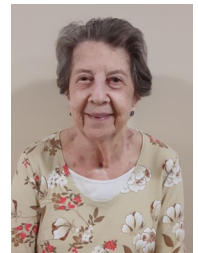
Welcome to the Neighborhood

by Connie Huber

Joe and Marion Schnalzer were both born and raised in Bethlehem, and they raised their family here. Joe was in the Navy and served in the Pacific Theater during World War II. After he left the Navy, he remained in the Reserves. He worked for Bethlehem Steel. When the Korean War broke out, he was called up and returned to the Pacific. After being discharged, he returned to Bethlehem Steel. Marion worked at Lehigh University where she worked in the printing department. After they retired, they traveled by train across the country. During this trip they got to visit with their daughter who was living in California. Marion traveled to Europe with her brother, and then again with their church to see the Pope. Joe and Marion have been married for 72 years. They have three children, three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. They are very happy with their move to Traditions.



Eva Erroude was born and raised in Uruguay. She and her husband Luis moved to California with their children, George, who was 9 and Betty, who was 7. She had worked for IBM in Uruguay and found out that she could get a job with IBM in California. They hired her and gave her the seniority that she had acquired in Uruguay. She worked for IBM for 31 years. When her husband died she moved to Texas to be near her daughter. She then moved to Pennsylvania to be near her son, and her grandson's family.



Sherry Crawford was born in Pittsburgh. When she was a child, her family moved a lot, but she always considered Pittsburgh her home. She went to Penn State and got her degree in English. She got her Masters in Reading. Sherry taught in the Juniata Schools in Alexandria, PA. She retired after 40 years. Sherry loves to travel and has traveled all over Europe, China, Cuba and Tunisia. She moved to Traditions to be near her sister and her family.



Barry Walters and his wife Loraine grew up in the Bethlehem area. They were married for 58 years before she died.

Barry worked for the Department of Labor and Industry and assisted people with counseling, job development, and training for positions in the Lehigh Valley. He was the lead singer in a local band for more than four years. Barry and Loraine had season tickets to the Iron Pigs games which is where they met Pat and Ron DiStefano and Pat's daughter Gretchen and her husband. They became great friends, and they all went to Ireland to see Penn State play. After Loraine died, Barry decided to look for a smaller home. On the recommendation of Ron and Pat, Barry decided to move to Traditions.

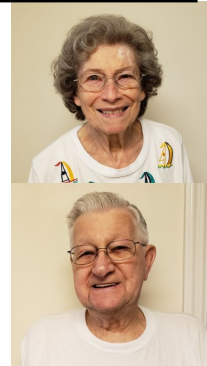


Inside This Issue

Welcome to the Neighborhood, <i>continued</i>	4	How “Things” Become Real	16
Don’t Fall Victim to Phone Fraud	7	Thank You, and Good Luck	17
A Letter Home, 1946	8	The NEW Serenity Prayer	17
Rita’s Corner	10	50 th Wedding Anniversary	18
Life is a Process of Finding Out	10	Kiss the Toilet Paper Goodbye	18
Meet Macie Grace	10	Attitude	19
Hanover Humor	11	A Christmas Gift	19
Vincent van Gough Exhibit	12	Life as an Ex-Pat in Saudi Arabia	20
My Soul, My Soul	12	The Happiest Day	21
The Pinch Hitter	13	Town Gossip	21
A Trip to the Alter	14	Hypnotist at the Senior Center	22
Poetry, Vignettes in Verse	15	Perks of Reaching 60...	23
The Art of Cooking	15	A Memorial Prayer	23

Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

Russell and Louise Siegfried moved here from Bath. They lived in the same house that Russell was born in. Louise grew up in Allentown and Bethlehem. She moved to Bath when they got married 72 years ago. Russell worked for Mack Trucks and Louise worked in a sewing factory in Bath. Together they raised four children, a son and three daughters. They have 11 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren. Russell’s grandfather built many homes in Bath and Bethlehem including the home they lived in. You will often see them walking together with Russell’s arm around Louise.



When I sat down to talk with **Loretta Lopez**, her friend Jo-Ann Becker was with her. I asked Loretta what she would like our residents to know about her. Jo-Ann spoke up and said I had to let everyone know that Loretta is friendly, kind, and gracious. After speaking with her for a while I could tell Jo-Ann was right.

Loretta was born and raised in Bethlehem. After she got married, she and her husband, Enrique moved to Los Angeles. They had a son. Her husband died at age 40. Their son was only eight years old at the time. Loretta and her son moved back to Bethlehem to be with family. She got a job at AT&T which became Lucent Technologies. Eleven years later she met Lou Lopez. They were married for 31 years when he died a few years ago. She moved here because she wanted to be part of a community.



Traditionally Yours Newsletter Group Join the Fun!

The Newsletter Group is 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!!

Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

Rosemary Carlos was born and raised in the Bronx, NY. She taught fourth grade at St. Peter and Paul's Elementary School. When she married her husband Philip, they moved to New Jersey to raise their family. They had a daughter and two sons. The boys required special education, while the daughter excelled in education. While her children were young, Rosemary worked part time. After her children went to school, she took the Civil Service test and went to work at the Post Office. She worked as a clerk where they had P.O. Boxes. It was a center where people could get information on anything pertaining to the community. This was before computers were readily available to everyone.



Rosemary's husband had many medical problems, and she took care of him for 30 years. He passed away in 2019. Rosemary has three grandchildren.

After researching Independent Living Communities on her computer, she chose Traditions because it had all the things she was looking for.

When I sat down to talk with **Kathy Waldron**, the first thing she said, "Everyone is asking how old I am. I'm 77. Now everyone knows!" Kathy was born in Hackensack, NJ. Because her father traveled a lot for his job, by the time she was in 9th grade, she had been in nine different schools. She was the oldest child in her family and when she was about to enter high school, the family moved back to NJ. Kathy was able to complete high school in one school. It finally felt like home. The fact that her extended family was there, helped a lot. She went to Rutgers University, and after changing majors a few times, she graduated with a degree in Library Science. She moved to Boston where she worked in a public library. Later she got a job in a high school library where she stayed for six years. When she got sick, she had to return to her parents' home. When she recovered, it was a great disappointment for her to have to take a position at a public library in Pennsylvania. She then went back to being a school librarian, which she enjoyed very much. She later moved to New York in Times Square and lived and worked in a shelter run by a Priest who that was a major influence in her life. She met her husband in New York. They were only married for 10 years when he died. She maintains a relationship with his adult children. While she lived in New York, she worked as a librarian in two state prisons. She moved to Traditions to be closer to her sisters.

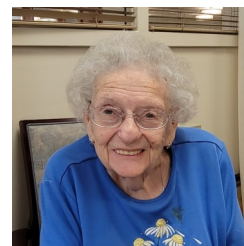


Helen Renode was born and raised in Shamokin, PA. Before she married her husband Charles, she worked as a secretary. She and Charles moved to Bethlehem and raised four daughters. Charles died in 1984. Several years later, she remarried. She and Robert had a motor home and traveled all the time. They crisscrossed the United States several times. They also went into Canada and Mexico. With Helen's love of travel, she ventured to Alaska and Hawaii with her sisters. Her daughters Lisa, Carol and Paula live in Seattle, WA with their families, and Cindy lives in Bethlehem. She has five grandchildren. With her children all being married, she moved to a smaller house in Bath, then eventually moved to Traditions. Helen likes to play cards, especially Pinochle.



Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

Barbara Mastrolia was born and raised in Bethlehem. She and her husband Jacob had four children. Their son Kevin died when he was a year old. Jacob died when the children were young. Barbara was a hairdresser and raised her family. Their son Jeffery lives in Florida with his family. Their daughter Beth lives in Bethlehem Township with her family, and their son Brian lives in Nazareth with his family. Barbara has five grandchildren. After about 20 years, her daughter Beth decided her mother needed companionship. She saw an ad in the *personals* section of the paper and found someone she thought would be suitable for her mom. She talked Barbara into answering the ad. After a lot of convincing, Barbara decided to meet Frank at the Burger King. As they say, “the rest is history.” They were married for 20 years when Frank passed away. Barbara retired after 50 years of being a hairdresser.



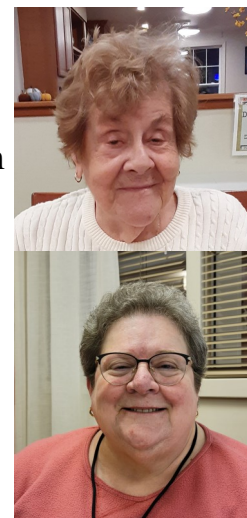
Pat Hall was born in Harrisburg and raised in Lebanon, PA. She and her husband LaMar moved to Northampton to raise their family. They have two sons; Kenneth lives in Northampton and Keith lives in Texas. They have five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Pat worked for Weis Market. She started in a small general store as a checker and then worked in the office. She worked there for 40 years. She and LaMar had a camper and loved to travel to the mountains and the shore. They also traveled to Texas to watch Keith play football. The camper is now parked permanently at a campground where she loves to spend time. Recently, Pat worked at a school part-time as support staff.



Aurora & Nancy Van Ness

Aurora was living in North Jersey. Her daughter, Nancy was living in Allentown. After Aurora’s husband died, Nancy was traveling back and forth to help take care of her. Nancy thought it would be beneficial to both if they would live together. She started looking for an apartment with two bedrooms. When she came to Traditions, she felt like this could be home. Aurora wasn’t sure, but once she saw it, she knew this was the place for them.

Aurora and her husband raised three children: Nancy, Barbara, who passed away a few years ago, and Michael. Michael has two children. Aurora was on a bowling team and was a Girl Scout leader. Nancy moved to Allentown for her job. She works for Sharp Corporation as a scheduler. Since the beginning of the pandemic she has been working from home, and she is still is. She loves to read.



Rosalie Jordan & Marv Evans

Rosalie and Marv each recently moved into Traditions. Welcome to the Traditions Family Rosalie & Marv!



Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

Christine Kearns was born and raised in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, NY. Her father was a professional saxophone player and was often away from home. Her father wanted her to play the trumpet, which, at the time, was very unusual for girls. She took lessons for many years and when she was 16 years old, she saw an ad in the paper. A girls' camp on Lake Champlain in Vermont, was looking for a bugler. Her mother called the number listed and Christine auditioned over the phone. Christine got the job. As the camp Bugler, she was able to participate in all the camp activities. She played tennis and rode horses and had a wonderful summer. It was the summer of 1945, and the owner of the camp would give the campers updates on the war. One day he announced that the war was over. In celebration, all the girls jumped in the lake with all their clothes on.



When Christine got married, she moved to New Jersey. After their youngest daughter went to school, Christine went back to school to finish her education. She got a job at AT&T and soon after, her husband died from a heart attack. She stayed at AT&T until she retired. Christine published a book of Poetry, Vignettes in Verse which is available on Amazon.com. Christine is currently reading her poems to small groups upon request. She hopes her poetry touches your heart, makes you smile, or gives you food for thought. She has four daughters, five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Pat Grunwald was born and raised in Jersey City, NJ. She worked for NY Bell before she got married. After she and Henry married, they moved to Bethlehem for his job. Pat then worked for Western Electric until they started a family. They had four children, Marie, Patty, Cliff, who passed away, and Tina.



Pat enjoyed sewing and made clothes for her daughters and herself. She sold Avon for a while, but most of her profits went to buy the products for herself. Pat enjoyed babysitting for her seven grandchildren. She has eleven great-grandchildren.

Steve Sedora was born and raised in Northampton. He and his wife Geraldine had three children before Steve turned 21. Geraldine passed away three years ago. Steve was a maintenance supervisor at Targette where they made floor coverings. Before he was able to retire, they closed the business after Steve had worked there 43 years.



Steve's son Stephen and his wife have two children and two grandchildren. His daughter Denise is married with two children. Steve's son Mark had five children and passed away three years ago.

Steve likes to swim and do gardening. He was told his yard looks like a park. He has a very spoiled cat. He moved here because it was getting to be too much to take care of his home.

Don't Fall Victim to Phone Fraud

Simple Tips to Protect Yourself

by Michele Morrow

We hear all too often of seniors being conned out of their life-savings because of a scam phone call. When we hear about it happening to others we may ask:

How could they not know it was a scam?

How could they let that happen?

I'd never let that happen to me?

... and so many other thoughts that come to mind...

That is, until it happens to you or a loved one!



Very recently a dear family friend fell victim to a con artist who got away with thousands of her dollars because of a single phone call. They took advantage of her, the *perfect prey* and a *scammer's dream*: Elderly, living alone, and under a lot of stress (her husband is very ill and in a nursing home.)

Please don't let this happen to you!

Remember these simple tips to protect yourself!

- ⌘ **Never answer the phone if you don't recognize the number.** If it's important, they'll leave a message and you can call them back.
- ⌘ **Never provide a caller with your personal information.** If it's a legit call, you would know who they are. This includes, but is not limited to your:
 - * Social Security #
 - * Bank Account #s
 - * Debit Card #s
 - * Credit Card #s
 - * Address
- ⌘ **Gift Card Con** - Don't fall for the "panic" call from strangers asking you to help a friend. In my friend's case, she was directed to buy gift cards (often referred to as "electronic vouchers"). No one should ever be asking you to purchase gift cards!
- ⌘ **If you accidentally answer a call, hang up.** Do not engage in the conversation. This is how they "hook" you. They phish for personal scenarios or ailments then they feed off whatever you give them.
- ⌘ **Hang up on automated messages from credit card companies, banks, etc.** They would NOT send a recorded message. (As I'm writing this a recorded message from "Amazon Customer Service" called and asked to "press 1 to confirm")

Please keep you - and your money - safe from these financial predators!

A Letter Home, 1946

*Written by Jack Dissinger
to his family in 1946 while stationed in
Norfolk, VA.*

Dear Mother, Father and Grandfather,

That is a long heading, but I don't know what room grandfather is in, so you will have to just give it to him.

I am spending these pleasant days doing nothing. I am on liberty and don't have much money, so I'm just sleeping and going to movies.

This morning I got up and ate chow and beat it down to VB75. I asked for a hop, and they told me to report back with some flight gear. I went to LP13 and checked out a Mae West and earphones.

When I went back, they gave me a parachute and told me to get into an S.B.2C. no. 14. I climbed in the gunner's seat, and somebody showed me how to fasten all my gear. We took off at 8:30 and climbed to five thousand feet where we were joined by two other planes. We flew to the target and climbed to nine thousand. At nine thousand he (the pilot) told me to open my canopy for we were going into a dive. We peeled off and started down. At first it wasn't so bad, but then I found myself hanging on to my safety belt and heard the wind whistling through the dive brakes at two thousand, I was pushed in my seat and couldn't move. I blacked out for a few seconds and when I came too, we were whizzing over the top of the trees. I breathed a sigh of relief.

That was the first dive, we had four more to go. For the second, we climbed to ten thousand feet, where he opened his dive brakes and we peeled off again. This time I kept my head back, so I could see the ground. It was only a few seconds when I could see the trees getting very large. And just when I thought my tombstone would say 1928 - 1946, we pulled out. Oh boy, what a sigh of relief that was. This time I didn't black out, and I was able to close my canopy much quicker.

On the first dive, the pilot said I must close it quicker, for he had lost 20 knots due to the fact that I left it open too long. Well, I sat back and watched the ones behind us dive and drop their bombs. It looked just like they came down straight. It feels like you come down upside down. We went back up to ten thousand feet again and performed the same operation. That time I watched the altimeter, and I'm telling you it doesn't take it long to go down to two thousand feet. When I saw the altimeter race past the 2,000-foot mark I started to pray all over again. We managed to pull out however and again as usual we



A Letter Home, 1946 *continued*

shot up to 10,000 feet. In the last dive we went up to 11,000 feet and went down to 2,000 feet. We hit 320 mph. It seemed like a thousand though. When we were through dive bombing, we went on one glide bombing run. He didn't open his diving brake and we dove from 5,000 to 900 feet when we pulled out. When we pulled out I was really shoved down in my seat and I'll swear my lower lip touched my nose.

Don't laugh at all of this either cause I was scared like I was never scared before.

On the way back I burped a little too hard, but I caught *the necessary* in an old rag. I felt wonderful then. I think it was my nerves cause I wasn't sick at all.

It was a beautiful day and coming back we passed over the dock at 6,000 feet and you could see the warships very good. We landed at 10:40 and boy did that ground feel good.

I don't know why those wings didn't fold up, but I'm sure glad they didn't. You can sort of imagine what it was like. You were on a roller coaster, well just imagine yourself dropping 8-9,000 feet at just about a 90-degree angle. You know you wouldn't touch it either, so your life depends on the plane and the little boy up front.

I won't be going up for a long while but, in a couple of weeks I'll probably be going up again.

Well, this is enough of my experiences, so I'll end it right now. I'll write soon again.
Jack

VB70 is a group of Dive Bombers, SB2C is the dive bomber he flew in.

Church Ladies With Typewriters... *They're Back!*

Those wonderful Church Bulletins!

Thank God for the church ladies with typewriters.
These sentences actually appeared in church bulletins or were announced at church services:

- ⌘ The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.
- ⌘ Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.
- ⌘ The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water. 'The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'



Rita's Corner

By Rita Litvin



Living Our Life Now

It sometimes takes a very
long while
To discover an answer
That might make us smile.

Let's enjoy all the good things in life
And try to eliminate all of the strife.
Our family can be so much of our heart
And most of us try hard not to stay apart.

Let's enjoy the good things we've got
And do it before it's too late
Check it out, we'll find it's a lot
Let's start right now, no reason to wait.

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.

Life is a Process of Finding Out

by Warren Wagner

From dust I came.
And to dust I shall return.
That is the law of God.
And the business of God.
What happens in between that is a
different matter.
And that is the law of God.
And the business of me.

Life without love is like living
by yourself in an empty dark room.



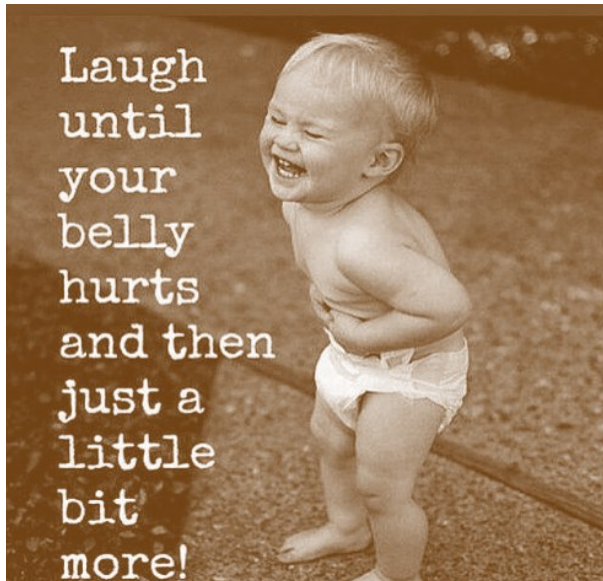
Meet Macie Grace



Proud new mommy Megan holding
Little Miss Macie Grace

Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



A guy came home at 3:00 a.m. after drinking all night with his buddies. Naturally, his wife was upset. He said to her, "I don't know why you are so upset, I told you what time I would be home." "Yeah", she said. "You said you would be home at 11:45. No, he replied, I told you I would be home at a quarter of twelve."

~

A reporter asked an elderly gentleman who had just observed his 65th wedding anniversary what it was like being married all those years. The old fella said, it went by just like 5 minutes and then in a whisper, he added: "underwater".

A man went to his doctor and said "I am suffering from alternating diseases". What do you mean asked the doctor? Well he replied, one day I think I'm a wigwam and the next day I think I'm a teepee. To which the doctor replied "I know what your problem is – you're too tense".

~

Two boll weevils from South Carolina grew up together. One boll weevil left for California and became a well-known movie star. The other stayed in South Carolina and never amounted to anything. However, the boll weevil from South Carolina is much more famous. Today, no one remembers the movie star but everyone knows the lesser of two weevils.

~

The wife of a friend of mine went to a salon for a mudpack facial. When I saw my friend, I asked him if the facial worked. He replied, it did for a while and then it fell off.

~

Question: What is the difference between "unlawful" and "illegal"?

Answer: Unlawful is against the law. Illegal is a sick bird.

A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods."

The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"



Vincent van Gogh Exhibit

by Peter Duborg

On Monday June 28th, my daughter and I drove from Belmar to Atlantic Highlands on the Jersey Shore. We took the Seastreak Ferry to the Battery Maritime Building in the Financial District on the Hudson River. The trip took us about 40 minutes.

We had lunch in one of the restaurants in the Chelsea section of Manhattan. From there we took an taxi to the East River. The van Gogh exhibit was staged on Pier 36 in a 75,000 square foot water front space. The show consisted of 500,000 cubic feet of projections, 66,000 frames and 90,000,000 pixel of video, and was accompanied by music!

Tickets for the exhibit ranged from \$45 in the afternoon to \$55 in the evening.

Vincent van Gogh was commercially unsuccessful during his lifetime and was considered a failure even though he created 2,100 pieces of art and 860 oil paintings! The paintings included landscapes, still life, portraits, and self portraits. His paintings are characterized by bold colors and dramatic brushwork that contributed to the foundation of Post Impressionist Art.



My Soul My Soul

by Rosemary Carlos

written when she was 18 years old

My soul my soul
My heart beats out its pain
My head swims in a dream
Oh! Did I utter dream?
How beautiful it seems
But no! I mean not a dream
But nightmare and disillusion
That are more like illusions
Then they could ever be.
My soul my soul
It breaks with the weight.
What have I done?
What have I done?
Life, how wonderful
And sweet thou art,
But my soul can not bear it.

I would cry, but it would
Only embitter me more
I would pray, but
What right have I?
My soul my soul
I must end it all.
But how?
I am a coward you know,
And would only face an
Eternity with my soul.
I can not drown it.
I have tried
What shall I do?
What shall I do?
Nor why.

The Pinch Hitter

by Claire Larkin

When I was a young woman, about 20 years old, I was a Junior Hostess at the U.S.O. in Boston. I was not looking for a husband at that age. I just liked dancing, talking, and joking with other young people.

One Saturday afternoon in May the U.S.O. held a special welcome party for the crew of a particular ship that was in the Navy Yard for repairs. My girlfriend and I did our patriotic duty and attended. We danced with several sailors, but Anna kind of stuck with one guy. Although it was forbidden, she made a date to meet him on the following Tuesday evening near a movie theater. As that day came, she realized that she had a dental appointment that evening and felt bad standing him up. We didn't have cell phones in those days. Anna and I worked together at the same company. We discussed her dilemma and decided that I would go in her place.

I met him at the dance, so I knew him a little bit. At the appointed time and place I approached him and said, "Anna couldn't make it, so she sent me." He just looked a bit surprised and said, "Okay."

We proceeded to have a nice first date and he asked me out again and again. Anna didn't care. She had not spent enough time with him to feel betrayed.

Russ and I fell in love, got married, had children, and enjoyed a good life. Not forever after, but for many years. Russ spent 20 more years in the Navy and retired in 1969. He died in 2003.



Ever Wonder Why ...

- ☞ ... do supermarkets make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front?
- ☞ ... do banks leave vault doors open and yet chain the pens to the counters?
- ☞ ... do we leave cars worth thousands of dollars in our driveways and lock our useless junk in the garage?
- ☞ ... don't you ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?
- ☞ ... if flying is so safe, do they call the airport the terminal?



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!

Editor's Note: Mae was a longtime and regular contributor to Traditionally Yours. We will miss reading her articles and seeing her smiling face.



*Worry won't stop the bad stuff from happening.
It just stops you from enjoying the good.*

Poetry, Vignettes in Verse

By Christine Kearns



People

We walk through life mid people
Cross paths along the way
Some will touch our lives
Forever and a day

Others—brief encounters
We may soon forget
They may seem insignificant
Of little note, and yet

With each step along the way
Something's left behind
A tender act of kindness
A thought that grips the mind

With every stage in life
Families are made
Fellow workers, concert bands
Teams, as games are played

All too soon it's time for change
We may drift apart
But special folks are nestled
In the corner of our heart

The Art of Cooking

by Christine Kearns

The art of cooking is a gift
Now I'm not one to boast
But no one does it better
I make the finest toast

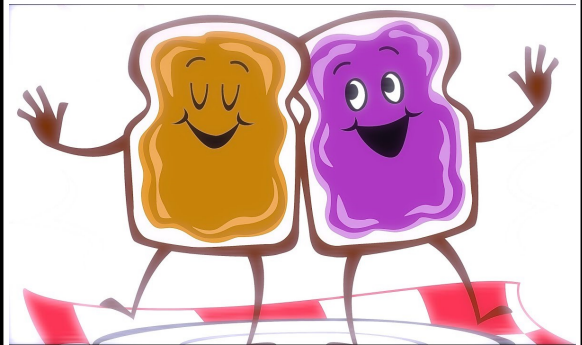
See me in my kitchen
See me slave and toil
Of this, I'm very confident
Water, I can boil

Often when I'm hungry
Mid growls from my belly
There's that good old standby
Peanut butter and jelly

In searching through my recipes
I'm sure to find a winner
"Oh, what the heck," I tell myself
"I'll have a TV dinner"

Here's something to remember
From culinary school
A gadget that can open cans
Is a handy tool

In the scheme of things
I have a sneaky hunch
That when this gift was handed out
I was out to lunch



*I've learned....
That money doesn't buy class.
Andy Rooney*

How “Things” Become Real: A Special Reality Story

by Warren Wagner

A Thing

Any entity or particle which can be differentiated from any other entity or particle. A distinction.

God

No Thing

Nature

Every Thing

Mind

Brain and Central Nervous System

A System

A coherent ordering of Things with interdependent parts which predicate a knowable outcome.

Reality Systems Theory

The study of the structure and communication of Things in systems peculiar to human beings.

General Reality

Every Thing that is distinguishable in nature.

Special Reality

Every Thing that is distinguishable by sensory activity in human beings including collective and personal activity, every Thing inside and outside.

Distinctions - Noticing a Difference is the Seminal Precursor of Thingness

Distinctions are to reality systems as particles are to physical systems.

Difference is to nature as distinction is to mind.

Difference + Distinction = Construction Thingness

Stories

Special Reality in action. Patterns of Things which become stories.

A Story

Our mind selects patterns of Things in nature and systematically constructs stories that become our personal Special Reality, our view of ourselves and the world we live and love in. Special reality is distinctly human phenomenon. We human beings have the capacity to construct a special reality which highly values compassion and service to each other. Sometimes Things get tangled, they don't make sense. Whoever said they had to??

So... How are “Things” with you... and how do you feel about it???



Thank You & Good Luck

by Marge Kovacs

I'd like to thank the young servers in our dining room as they move forward in their lives and work through their future challenges.

Ellie Powers graduated from Liberty High School in 2021. She'll be attending Babson College in Boston to major in Business. Ellie was involved in many activities and clubs during her high school days. She learned about a job opening at Traditions through Darla, one of our other servers.



Isis Calle will be studying at Temple or Thomas Jefferson in the area of Bio Science. She is presently working at Lehigh Valley Hospital in nursing and is doing an internship at St. Luke's Vocational School for Health Care volunteers. One interesting thing about Isis is that she got to cut her brother's umbilical cord of when he was born 4 years ago.



Miranda Bruno graduated from Liberty High School in 2019 and is attending Moravian University as a Junior, majoring in accounting. During her high school days, she was involved in many activities, like volleyball, community service, and track. She enjoys hanging out with her family and friends, and has many different hobbies. Miranda left Traditions in August. (Miranda preferred not to have her photo included.)

Franesco Lanaieri (Frankie) graduated from Bethlehem Catholic in 2021. He plans to attend Temple University in the fall to study Political Science. He played soccer, was on the track team, and was a member of the Debate Club, and History Club. Frankie is very interested in politics and was referred to working at Traditions by a friend. (Frankie preferred not to have his photo included.)

The New Serenity Prayer

Submitted by Connie Huber

God, grant me the serenity
to accept the people I cannot change,
which is pretty much everyone,
since I'm clearly not you, God.
at least not the last time I checked.

And while you're at it, God,
please give me the courage
to change what I need to change about
Myself which is frankly a lot, since, once
again, I'm not you, which means I'm not
perfect.

It's better for me to focus on changing
myself than to worry about changing other
people, who, as you'll no doubt recall me
saying, I can't change anyway.

Finally, give me the wisdom to just shut up
whenever I think that I'm clearly smarter
than everyone else in the room, that no one
knows what they're talking about except
me, or that I alone have all the answers.

Basically, God, grant me the wisdom
to remember that I'm not you.

Amen

50th Wedding Anniversary

by Marge Kovacs

When Joe and I were married 50 years we decided to travel to Disney World on the Auto Train. Riding the train is what Joe loved to do. But it also happened to be the same time our oldest granddaughter was performing with her dance group in Disney World. So we made plans to take the Auto Train for her dance performance. After touring the park a few days, we drove to visit Joe's cousin and his wife, who live near the park. We spent a few days with them and then drove home.

My husband was like a little kid when we arrived at the train station. He stood and watched as the cars were being loaded on to the train and when we arrived in Florida. He stood and watched again as they unloaded the cars.

We had the most wonderful anniversary that year. Joe was so much in love with trains, both real and models. He even made one of the bedrooms in the house his "train" room when the kids moved out. He built a platform with houses and trees all around. This was something he really loved to do.



Kiss the Toilet Paper Goodbye

As I was in the bathroom, putting on my makeup under the watchful eyes of my young granddaughter, as I'd done many times before. After I applied my lipstick and started to leave, the little one said, "But Gramma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!"



I'll probably never put lipstick on again without thinking about kissing the toilet paper good-bye.

Attitude

Submitted by Rosemarie Schadle

There once was a woman who woke up one morning and looked in the mirror and noticed that she had only three hairs on her head. “Well,” she said, “I think I’ll braid my hair today.” So, she did, and she had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror and saw that she had only two hairs. “H-M-M,” she said, “I think I’ll part my hair down the middle today.” So, she did, and she had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror and noticed that she had only one hair on her head. “Well,” she said, “today I’m going to wear my hair in a ponytail.” So, she did, and she had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror and noticed there wasn’t a single hair on her head. “YAY!” she exclaimed, “I don’t have to fix my hair today!”

- ✧ Attitude is everything!
- ✧ Be kinder than necessary, for everyone you meet is fighting some kind of battle.
- ✧ Live simply.
- ✧ Love generously.
- ✧ Care Deeply.
- ✧ Speak Kindly.
- ✧ Life isn’t about waiting for the storm to pass...It’s about learning to dance in the rain.



A Christmas Gift

by Jean Riegal

One Christmas my husband gave me my gift. It was a large box, nicely wrapped with a big red bow on top. When I opened it up, there was another wrapped box, but without a bow. I opened that box up only to find yet another box. This one was not wrapped and had no bow. Inside was tissue paper, a small box, and a note. The note said: “I owe you a sweater set. They ran out of your size.” Inside the small box was a necklace with a heart and a note saying, “I love you, signed Walt.”

My husband had a sense of humor.



Life of An Ex-Pat in Saudi Arabia

by Nancy Sutton

Part 3... Activities

There was a variety of activities for the residents: one could keep horses near the compound – Arabian horses which were absolutely beautiful. A few times a year there would be a Gymkana, a kind of horse show-rodeo. I was not familiar with the term, but, apparently, if one is from the south-west, it is quite common. There would be demonstrations of dressage, barrel racing, obstacle courses. One of the ones I attended was very special – the King arrived with his entourage. Apparently, he loved to come when he knew a Gymkana was in Dhahran. He arrived there from Riyadh, at present, a very modern city.



Golfing was a common weekend activity. (speaking of sand traps!). Apparently, the gofers became quite proficient playing in the sand and the heat. Gardening also was pursued. Oleanders and Bougainvillea provided the landscaping around most buildings and homes. I say “homes” because Senior Staff members were able to have separate homes. If one did not like working in the soil (sand) there were gardeners for hire who planted the grass, watered and maintained it.

Tennis was very popular; however one needed to get out early in the morning or evening to avoid the stifling heat and humidity (that would be from April through October) There was a lovely large swimming pool on the compound around which there would always be a group of residents. In addition, water polo and volleyball were played by many.

Bridge, Mahjong and Poker were the most frequently played games. I learned to play bridge there and have been an avid player ever since. Ceramics was a wonderful outlet for many, as well as painting. Church services were held in people’s homes for those who wanted.

Our weekends followed the Moslem calendar: our Saturday and Sunday were their Thursday and Friday. An activity very popular on the weekends was distilling booze.

I have never been back to the Middle East except for one time, which was in 2014. I went back to Ibillin, Israel, to volunteer as a French teacher in the Mar Elias School, a school for Palestinians.

Stay tuned for Part 4... Holidays, Clothing, Vacations.

*I've learned...
That under everyone's hard shell is someone
who wants to be appreciated and loved.
Andy Rooney*

Abuela's Happiest Day

by Amelia Rayes

One of the happiest days of my life was when my granddaughter Annabella was born. We call her Bella. That day my son took me to see his new daughter. When I entered the room, she was laying in a little crib. She as the most beautiful baby in the world. From that moment I decided that she will call me "Abuela" (Spanish for Grandma).

I wanted her to know that she is half Puerto Rican. I wanted her to feel proud of our ancestors. Two years later I was blessed with another granddaughter. Her name is Claudia. Since Bella was older, she taught her younger sister to call me Abuela.

Now that Bella and Claudia are grown, they come and visit me. We remember the time they spend with me. I'm glad for all the memories we have of those days.



Town Gossip

Mildred, the church gossip, and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Several members did not approve of her extra-curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence. She made a mistake, however, when she accused George, a new member, of being an alcoholic after she saw his old pickup parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon. She emphatically told George (and several others) that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing. George, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just turned and walked away. He didn't explain, defend, or deny. He said nothing. Later that evening, George quietly parked his pickup in front of Mildred's house, walked home, and left it there all night.



Burma-Shave

The poorest guy in the human race can have a million-dollar face... Burma Shave!

Many a forest used to stand where a lighted match got out of hand... Burma Shave!



Hypnotist at the Senior Center

Submitted by Connie Huber

It was entertainment night at the Senior Citizens' Center. After the community sing along led by Anglia at the piano, it was time for the star of the show... Claude the Hypnotist!

Claude explained that he was going to put the whole audience into a trance. "Yes, each and every one of you and all at the same time." said Claude. The excited chatter dropped to silence as Claude carefully withdrew from his waistcoat pocket, a beautiful antique gold pocket watch and chain.

"I want you to keep your eyes on this watch" said Claude, holding the watch high for all to see. "It is a very special and valuable watch that has been in my family for six generations," said Claude.

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting: "Watch the watch... Watch the watch... Watch the watch..." The audience became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth. The lights were twinkling as they were reflected from its gleaming surfaces. A hundred and fifty pairs of eyes followed the movements of the gently swaying watch. They were now hypnotized.

And then, suddenly, the chain broke!!! The beautiful watch fell to the stage and shattered on impact. "SHIT" Claude gasped.

It took them three days to clean the Senior Citizens' Center and Claude was never invited there again.



*I don't have time to worry about who doesn't like me.
I'm too busy loving the people who love me.*

*Friendships are like flowers...
We look forward to the annuals and cherish the perennials.*

There's Tons To Do at TOH

Looking for something to do? Not sure what's happening at TOH? Be sure to come to the Resident Life's monthly calendar meetings to find out! Check out the calendar and try something new. You won't be disappointed!



Perks of reaching 60... Being over 70... and heading towards 80 and beyond!

- ⌘ No one expects you to run... anywhere.
- ⌘ People call at 9am (or 9pm) and ask... “Did I wake you??”
- ⌘ You can eat supper at 4pm.
- ⌘ You can live without sex, but not your glasses.
- ⌘ You no longer think of the speed limit as a challenge.
- ⌘ You sing along with elevator music.
- ⌘ Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the national weather service.
- ⌘ Your supply of brain cells are finally down to a manageable size.
- ⌘ You get into intense arguments about pension plans.
- ⌘ There’s nothing left to learn the “hard way”.
- ⌘ Things you buy now you will not wear out.

*When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied, "I'm not sure."
"Look in your underwear, Grandpa," he advised. "Mine says I'm 4 to 6."*

A Memorial Prayer

Anonymous

Please hold our servicemen and women in your strong arms.
Cover them with your sheltering grace and your presence as they
stand in the gap for our protection.

We also remember the families of our troops. We ask for your
unique blessings to fill their homes, and we pray your peace,
provision, hope and strength will fill their lives.

May the members of our armed forces be supplied with courage
to face each day and may they trust in the Lord’s mighty power
to accomplish each task. Let our military brothers and sisters
feel our love and support. In the name of Jesus Christ, we pray,
Amen.

“That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation,
under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government, by the people, for
the people, shall not perish from the earth.” --Abraham Lincoln, Gettysburg Address,
1863.



