

# Traditionally Yours

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

27<sup>th</sup> Edition ~ Summer 2022



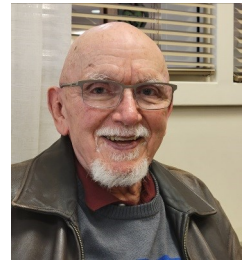




## *Welcome to the Neighborhood*

*by Connie Huber*

**Bob Anselmo**, a retired electronics engineer and solid-state physicist, was born in Washington, DC. Because of his father's job, the family moved several times, finally settling in South Carolina. While working at his first job in Schenectady, NY, Bob met Caroljean ("CJ"), and they were married 8 months later. Together they raised four children: Olivia lives in Connecticut; Dean is in Los Angeles; the oldest, Nicole, and her family live in Massachusetts; and Gabrielle and her family live locally. At age 57 Bob decided to act on his dream of riding a motorcycle. His riding career ended at age 74 with an accident right outside the Lehigh Valley Hospital, fortuitously within view of an ambulance crew. After a long recovery he sold the motorcycle. CJ died in 2015 after 49 years of marriage. Bob recently decided that 53 years of home ownership across 7 houses was enough, so he sold the home to his daughter Gabrielle and her husband and moved with his rescue dog, Dani, to Traditions.



**Connie Kovacs** was born in Coaldale, PA. She moved with her family to Summit Hill when she was in high school. After high school she went to Sacred Heart School of Nursing. After graduating, she married James. They had three children: Ann, David, and Robert. She has seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. James worked for The Boy Scouts of America for several years and they moved to Youngsville, PA. After leaving BSA, they moved back to Allentown and James worked in Real Estate. Connie worked as a nurse. James loved to travel, and he and Connie traveled all over the world. They belonged to the Young at Heart Seniors in Allentown. When Traditions of Hanover had activities, they came. They even went on bus trips with our group. After James died, Connie decided that being alone for four years was enough. Because she had many good times at Traditions, she decided to move here. She is happy with her decision.



**Evelyn Muller** was born and raised in New Jersey. As a child, she visited her grandparents in Germany. After high school she went to art school at night and on Saturdays. In 1950 she married Arthur. Together they raised 3 children. They were married for 53 years. Arthur was a Navy veteran, and they went to Navy reunions in different cities between 1992 and 2003. Evelyn was a graphic artist, doing technical drawings in pen and ink. When she retired, she enjoyed painting with watercolors, and once a month entered a watercolor painting in the Island Heights Art Guild New Jersey Art shows. She moved to Pennsylvania to be near her daughter and her family in 2012. Evelyn has glaucoma and macular degeneration making it difficult to see. When you say hello to Evelyn, please tell her your name.



## Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

**Ron Stauffer and Helen Kohler.** Ron had a career as an engineer with Bethlehem Steel for 42 years. He married Maureen and they raised four sons. Maureen passed away in 1994. In 1995, Ron went to his 45<sup>th</sup> reunion of Emmaus H.S. At the reunion, he became reacquainted with a former classmate, Helen Kohler. The chemistry was immediate and they married the next year. Helen was a professor and Director of International Programs at the University of Maryland School of Nursing. She traveled all over the world teaching and consulting. Ron got his first passport and chased her from country to country. They both retired in 1997. Early in 1998 they began second careers as volunteer visiting professors at University of Eastern Africa, in Baraton, Kenya. Details are given in Helen's article in this issue of *Traditionally Yours*.



**Marge Bass** was born and raised in Palmerton and has seven siblings. After she graduated high school, she went to work at Keystone Lamp Manufacturing as a personnel secretary. There she met a lot of people, but a shipping supervisor named Lester became someone special. She married Lester in 1977 and they had a son, Russell. They loved to go camping so they purchased a trailer. They traveled up and down the east coast. Eventually they got an RV. When the RV became too much to handle, they went back to a trailer. In 1989, Keystone Lamp went out of business. Because Marge was having health problems, she retired. Lester went to work as a driver for FedEx. Their travels were curtailed by the pandemic. After things started to open, they started to plan a trip to Yellowstone National Park. Then, Lester became ill. He told her that when he was no longer here, she should sell the house and move closer to their son who lives in Catasauqua with his wife Cindy and their four children. After Lester died in February, Marge sold her house and moved here.



**Marvin Werkheiser** was born and raised on his parent's farm in Nazareth. He was one of 13 children. Their family had between 15 and 20 cows that had to be milked by hand. They raised field corn and hay for the cows. They also had a few hundred chickens. To say he had a busy childhood would be an understatement. After he married Martha, they lived in Allentown and raised their daughter Gail. Later, they moved to their own 30-acre farm, in Bath, where they raised field corn. He still owns the farm. Marvin worked at the Saint Regis Paper Company in Nazareth on the assembly line. For extra money, he picked up potatoes on a neighbor's farm. After the machine went through the field, many potatoes remained so they had to be handpicked. He was the fastest and best potato picker in the area. Later Marvin worked for the Lehigh Valley Dairy for 40 years. He was active in his church, Christ United Church of Christ Schoenersville as building chairman, on consistory, and volunteered by mowing the lawn. He was Past President of the Bath Lions club and served as secretary for six years. In July, Marvin will be 94 years old and still enjoys walking.



## Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

**Harry Bomberger** was born and raised in Palmerton. His father was a German teacher at Palmerton High School, where Harry graduated from. Harry majored in German at Muhlenberg College and received his Master's Degree in Library Science from Villanova. After graduating, he joined his father on a tour to Germany. Harry married Eileen and had a daughter, Heather. Eileen and Harry eventually divorced. Heather and her husband live in Slatington. Harry worked at the Allentown Public Library as a Reference Librarian from 1965 to 2004. He is an amateur Astronomer, and in 2002, traveled to Africa with the Lehigh Valley Astronomical Society to see a solar eclipse. He is very happy to be living here.



### Happy 4<sup>th</sup> of July by Jean Riegel

This year I decorated my porch and the area surrounding it to honor all the men and women who served our country and the "four" who raised the flag.

Pictured are my husband, Walter, who was in the Navy, and our grandson James.

The small picture is one of the servicemen and me with his motorcycle with the American flag.

The picture below is my brother, Joseph. He was in the Army. I put all my flags out to honor all those who served and came home, and all those who did not.

God Bless America and the Red, White and Blue.



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## Bon Voyage Rita Litvin

by Connie Huber

Rita moved to Traditions eight years ago. Joan Smith moved in about the same time and the three of us became fast friends and tablemates.

Rita and I joined the writing group. We had a small pamphlet that published our memoirs, poems, and stories called *Gray Matter* and was given only to members of the group. When a new Resident Life

Director came to Traditions, she suggested making it a newsletter that could be distributed to every resident and so, *Traditionally Yours* was born. Rita became our resident poet and contributed many stories and an original poem for each issue.

For many years, on most Tuesdays, Rita could be found behind the bar pouring wine for the enjoyment of our residents.

By time you're reading this, Rita will have moved to a new community that is a lot closer to her son Bart and his wife Lisa, and daughter Laurie and her husband, Jimmy. With her bright smile and funny disposition, I am sure she will make many new friends. Joan and I, and her many friends here, wish her well and will miss her.



## The Artist

by Connie Huber

As the sun drops below the horizon,  
the Heavens light up in blazing streaks of red.

The sky starts its gradual change  
to shades of gray.

Tiny lights begin to appear.

The moon in its reflected light  
becomes brighter as it rises in the night sky.

Gray turns darker, darker, darker.

Soon the sky appears as black velvet

Millions of tiny diamonds twinkle brightly.

Time leisurely passes

Black fades to gray

The bright stars diminish.

The moon gradually descends  
as another familiar orb rises

Gray changes slowly to hues of blue.

The sun lifts its head above the horizon.

The Artist has begun a new canvas.



## 21<sup>st</sup> Century

by *Amelia E. Reyes*

Viva the 21<sup>st</sup> Century!!!

When I was growing up, I dreamed of living in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

At the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, scientists were experimenting sending a man into space. I thought that early in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century airlines would be selling tickets to travel into space. I wasn't wrong, but I never thought they would charge millions of dollars for a ride that only lasted a few minutes. There's a space station where they send scientists to work for months. I dreamed that one of my sons would become an astronaut. One day I heard in the news for a long space travel they would need to filter urine until it can be drinkable like water. When I heard that, I thought... "Arg, that's disgusting!" And after that, I didn't want my son to be an astronaut.

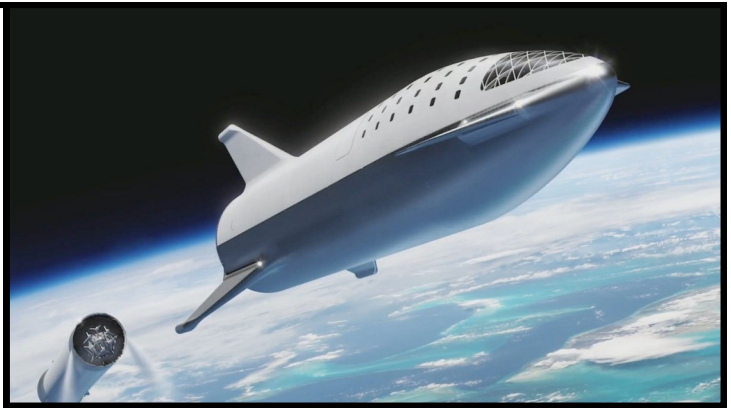
I'm a fan of space movies and I wonder if there's life on other planets. If there is life, I hope the aliens are good looking and not like the space aliens in the movies.

Now that we're in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, all we hear in the news are terrorist attacks. Attacks are more common.

People are persecuted for their religious beliefs.

Our soldiers are being sent to faraway places to fight the terrorists.

The 21<sup>st</sup> Century is not at all like the dream I had.



## Easter Egg Hunt

by *Jean Riegel*

One year, Easter came early. We went to Florida to see our daughter and her family in March. After church they had the Easter Egg Hunt. My grandsons, James, 14 years, John, 4, and Luke 2. James and his dad kept an eye on John, I took Luke.



Every time Luke found an egg, he would take the one out of his basket and put it back on the ground and put the new one in the basket. I tried to tell him to keep it, but he would say, "No, put it back." So, at the end he only had one egg. But not to worry, John found a lot and when we were ready to leave, John put some of his eggs in Luke's basket. All went home happy, and had a very Happy Easter.

# Hanover Humor by Al

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



A 5-year-old boy was looking at a book from the local zoo and said "Look mom here's a picture of a frickin' elephant." Shocked that her son would use such language, she took the book from him to see what he was reading. Sure enough, there it was, a picture of an African elephant.

~

A local laundromat reported to police that 6 irons had been stolen. The police are holding a press conference.

~

A magician was bragging that he could turn a handkerchief into a flower. A guy in the audience shouted, "I can do something more impressive". "What magic trick can you do?" asked the magician. The man said, "I can walk down the street and turn into an alley".

~

What do you call a car with candy Lifesavers all over it? In mint condition.

~

I ran my first ever marathon and finished first. After 3 steps I got a cramp and had to drop out. So, I was the first to finish.

A little boy asked his father, "Why does it rain"? The father replied, "It rains to make the trees, flowers and grass grow". The little boy then said, "Well then why does it rain on streets and sidewalks".

~

What is the difference between love and marriage? Love is one long sweet dream – marriage is the alarm clock.

~

A man was reading an article to his wife regarding how many more words a woman says in a day – 30,000 for the woman compared to 20,000 for a man. I wonder why that is asked the man? Because we have to repeat everything to men, she replied. To which he replied "What?"

~

A man said to his wife "I don't know how God could make you so beautiful and so stupid at the same time." The wife replied "Let me explain it to you. God made me beautiful so that you would be attracted to me and then God made me stupid so that I would be attracted to you."

~

A couple were recently divorced over religious reasons. He thought he was God, and she didn't.

~

Ad in a local newspaper: For Sale: Size 8 wedding dress . Worn once by mistake.

~

There are 2 times when a man doesn't understand a woman. Before marriage and after marriage.

~

Why are hurricanes named after women? Because when they arrive, they are wet and wild but when they go, they take your house and car.



## Poetry, Vignettes in Verse

*By Christine Kearns*

### Old Glory

When I see Old Glory  
Rippling in the breeze  
I marvel at this blessed land  
his mountains, lakes, and trees

May Old Glory wave in splendor  
As it reaches for the sky  
In harmony and peace  
As justice reigns on high

I think about our founders  
Brilliant were they  
'Government for the people'  
O hear these great men say  
It is a lofty symbol  
That weaves across the land  
A symbol of a better life  
In freedom's house we stand



### My Jump

A promise is a promise - I try to keep my word  
For years, I vowed to take a jump and fly just like a bird

Much to my surprise my family played a role  
Reservations made for me to reach that longtime goal

All in gear, we board the plane aiming for the sky  
Up, up, up - to make that that leap from wings afloat on high

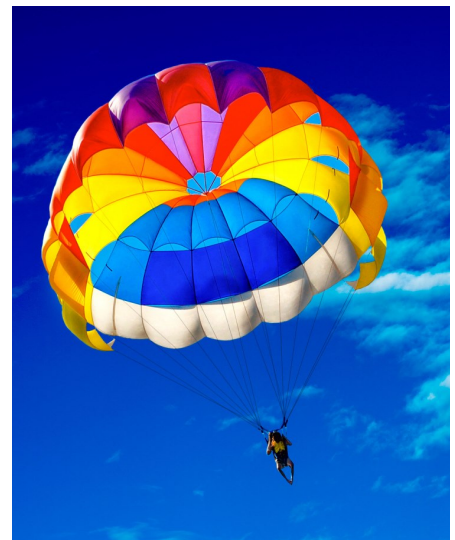
We reach that noisy, lofty perch with little time to spare  
Set to make that awesome jump and fly right through the air

Off I go, falling free - down, down, down so fast  
Visions of the country - side beautiful and vast

Piercing winds press the flesh - falling, falling still  
Arms now reaching for the sky amid a frosty chill

Then a jolt, the chute inflates - now we start to glide  
Down we go - we touch the ground - indeed 'twas quite a ride

A promise is a promise - I truly kept my word  
I took that awesome jump and flew just like a bird



*Editor's note: Christine did this jump for her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday!*



Teacher: How old is your father?

Kid: He is 6 years.

Teacher: What? How is this possible?

Kid: He became father only when I was born.

(Logic!! Children are quick and always speak their minds.)

---

TEACHER: Maria, go to the map and find North America.

MARIA: Here it is.

TEACHER: Correct. Now, Class, who discovered America?

CLASS: Maria.

---

TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell 'crocodile'?

GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L'

TEACHER: No, that's wrong

GLENN: Maybe it is wrong, but you asked me how I spell it.

(I love this child.)

---

TEACHER: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?

DONALD: H I J K L M N O.

TEACHER: What are you talking about?

DONALD: Yesterday you said it's H to O.

---

TEACHER: Clyde, your composition on 'My Dog' is exactly the same as your brother's. Did you copy his?

CLYDE: No, sir; It's the same dog.

(I want to adopt this kid!!!)

---

TEACHER: Harold, what do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

HAROLD: A teacher.



The optimist sees the rose and not the thorns.  
The pessimist stares at the thorns, oblivious to the rose.

*Kahlil Gibran*



The officer said, "You drinking?"  
I said, "You buying?"  
We just laughed and laughed... I need bail money.

## Prisoner of War

*submitted by Marge Roxandich, written by her husband George*

Holland October 29, 1944

After our company had moved and dug out our foxholes a couple of times on the 28<sup>th</sup>, we were marching to a new position. While marching, we were given a number of a boat and we were told that this would be our boat. Since we could not see any water around, naturally, this caused quite a lot of confusion in the ranks. We finally did arrive at a field that had a lot of large rowboats lying on both sides of the field. We picked up our numbered boat and started walking with it. About eight men to a boat. It wasn't until we started to get sniper fire that we realized that we were going to make a river crossing under fire.



We crossed the river without too much fire. Our company held up a short time on the bank of the river and then we went over the road toward a farmhouse that was at the side of the road and perpendicular to the road we crossed. We went passed the house and dug a foxhole across the ditch. I was in the ditch a short time later relieving myself when a couple of shells started hitting around my position. Leaning against the side of the ditch, I was able to see that a German tank drove up to 50 or 70 yards of our position and was shelling us. One of the shots hit in the back of me on the other side of the ditch, and the concussion of that knocked me out. I do not know how long I was out, but it could not have been very long. I jumped back into my foxhole. I had three rifle grenades. I lobbed the grenades and hit the tank with one of them. Since hit I hit the tank in the front, it did not do much damage. The only thing it did was keep him back. He backed up to between two farmhouses and shelled us from there. This was at least 100 yards away. I could see men running across the area. I kept firing at them. I did see one man climb on the tank and he must have been talking to the men inside. I fired a shot at him. It happened to be a tracer bullet. It went right between him and the tank. I kept firing at them until I ran out of shells. The only ammo I had left was three hand grenades.

It got sort of quiet after a while. The tank did not fire on us anymore. After it got dark, I just stayed in my foxhole and waited to see what was happening. I was not in touch with anyone at this time. I don't know how much later it was, but I heard a rumbling to the rear. In the silhouette I saw three tanks and some infantry. Naturally, I thought they were GI's. I was going to say that there was a tank up front until I heard them talking. I realized that they were not talking English. I just got down in my foxhole and hoped they

*Continued on next page*



*Prisoner of War, continued*

would pass. Instead, they parked right next to me. They were only about 15 feet away from me. I just kept my head down and waited. They were talking in a couple of groups. One group was in front of the tanks, another was between the tanks, and the two of them were beside the tank right across the ditch from my foxhole. They were talking and did not seem to notice my foxhole at first. They stopped talking and one of them looked over my way and got up on his toes for a better look. The only thing I thought of to do was pull the pin on one of my grenades and toss it at them. Then I heard one of them say, "Was is das?" It landed right in front of them and exploded. I don't know what happened to them, because I pulled the pin on the other two grenades and tossed them at the other two groups and started running. I was hit by a piece of shrapnel as I was running away. I don't know if it was my own or the artillery that had been coming in the area.

When I started running, I realized that two other GIs were coming from the side of me. One of them did not have a rifle. We came together and started running to the rear. We ran into two German infantry. The Germans had encircled our position. One of them said, "Hans up." The three of us were now in a group at arm's length apart. Since I was out of ammo and other guy had no rifle there wasn't much we could do. The third guy with us said, "No" and shot one of German soldiers in the stomach. He went down screaming, but the other German shot this GI and he just dropped. The German held the gun on us while he bent down over his buddy. He just kept screaming, "Hans, hans." After a while others came along and took us back to their headquarters. I was in a field hospital for a while where they operated on my arm. They cut away the loose skin and flesh on my arm without any anesthetic. From there, I was sent to a hospital. Later I was sent to a prison camp.

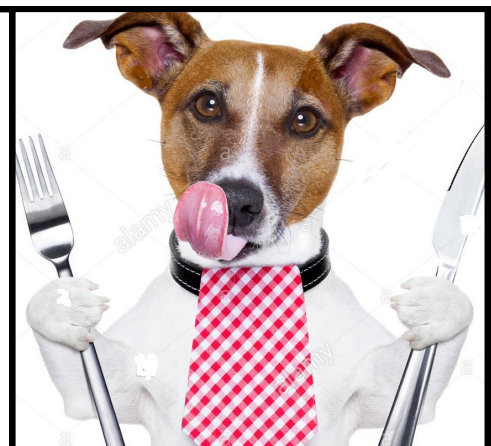
*Marge will share more of George's story in the next issue of Traditionally Yours.*

## **The Doggie Bag**

*by Jean Riegel*

We went out to eat with my daughter, son-in-law, and James, our 4-year-old grandson. James always liked to eat what I had on my plate. That night I ordered liver. My daughter said he won't like it but I knew he would because when I had him every month for three weeks, he learned to eat everything at 2½ years old. He would ask to taste mine, then would say "more, more."

So, when we left to go home, I asked for a doggie bag and my daughter said she will give it to the dog. Driving home James was in his car seat holding the doggie bag. When we got to their house, my daughter asked James for the doggie bag and called the dog. When she opened it, no liver! James said he ate it, and he said it was good. The poor dog was just left licking out the empty container.



## My Grandma, Juju

*by Judi Snyder's granddaughter, Harlee at 4 years old*

I call my grandma Juju. She has hair as white as snow and she is kind as an angel. She is my teacher at Vacation Bible School. When I am hurt, Juju makes me feel better.

I remember one day when Juju took me for ice cream and the ice cream place had an ice cream cone at the top of the building. It had a pink roof. The cone was filled with chocolate ice cream. The ice cream looked so yummy. After we ate the ice cream we went back to Juju's house. We played with Vashti, Juju's dog. After we played with Vashti, she got tired. Juju and I looked for something to do. We watched TV to kill time. We watched Sponge Bob. After Sponge Bob was over, we took a nap, that was relaxing. If I could spend one day alone with my grandma, we would play leap frog and we would play checkers. We like jumping and we like checkers and we like to bake cookies.

Harlee is now 17 years old and lives too far to visit regularly, but she still loves to bake with her Juju when she can.



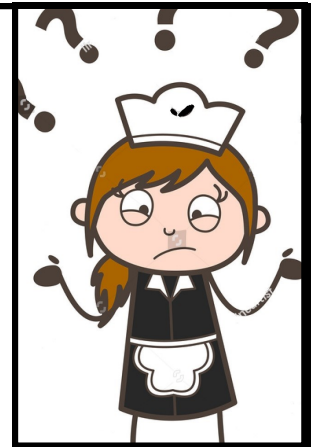
## Confused Waitress

*by Jean Riegel*

While on vacation, we came out of the motel and across the street was a diner, so we went to have breakfast. We sat in a booth across from the counter which was full. We heard a man ask for a mug of hot water. The waitress assumed he wanted tea and asked if he wanted decaf or regular. He said no, just hot water. She went in the kitchen to ask the cook, and he said to just give it to the man. This man then asked the man next to him for the ketchup, salt and pepper, then took a pack of crackers out of his pocket. To him, this must have been tomato soup. They didn't charge him for the water. But he did leave a tip. After he left, everyone laughed.

The same morning, a man ordered breakfast. He asked for bacon, sausage, home fries, and two eggs. The same waitress asked how he wanted his eggs. He said he just wanted two eggs. Again, she went into the kitchen to talk to the cook. She came out with his breakfast and asked if everything was ok. He said everything was fine until she put the dish with the two eggs in front of him. He asked her why the eggs were raw. The waitress said that every time she asked how he wanted his eggs, he just said "two eggs." He finally said he wanted them sunny-side-up.

We finished our breakfast and began our travels, and did a lot of laughing. As we talked about the two men, we thought about that poor waitress and the cook.





## What is the Meaning of Your Name?

by Judi Snyder

In August of 1948, my mother and father had me baptized in the church where my father grew up. They gave me the name Judith Elaine. Rarely did anyone ever call me Judith Elaine, only my parents when they were angry with me. Little did I know that my name would change over the years. In my youth, my name was spelled Judy, that's the way my mom liked it. When I was in high school, feeling a little overlooked in a family of six children, I decided I didn't want to spell my name that way. I wanted to feel special, so I spelled my name, "Judi."



That was just the first of several name changes. Friends, teachers, anyone who knew me well, accepted the fact that I wanted to be Judi. Until the day she died my mother spelled my name Judy. The next came when I married Jim, and then again when my daughter was born. All of a sudden, my name was Mommy.

My life took several twists and turns as I discovered who I am. The next major change was my calling to be an Ordained Minister. I was afraid to tell Jim what I was discovering about myself. He responded by saying, "I wondered how long it was going to take for you to figure it out." My daughter, who was in junior high school, was not as supportive. I had many interviews and tests to gain the acceptance of the interviewing team. As part of my Pre-Ordination journey, I had to attend Seminary. I lived in New York City while I attended. If all went well, I would be ordained as an Episcopal Deacon, and I was.

Now I had my first position in the church and what were the people going to call me? There are many ways that churches address their clergy. Some more formal than others. Back when I became a Deacon I was first called Judy. That did not sit well with me. Some called me Mother Judi. Mother was used by some other faith traditions. That didn't feel right either. At last the priest in charge asked me what I would like to be called? He was the rector in charge who I would be serving. I told him I would like to be called Pastor Judith Snyder. And so it came to be that I was Pastor Judith Snyder. I finally became comfortable with what I was called and who I was.

I came, I saw, I forgot what I was doing.  
Retraced my steps, got lost on the way back, now I have no idea what's going on.

Scientists say the universe is made up of protons, neutrons, and electrons.  
They forgot to mention morons.

## A Nurse

by Connie Kovacs

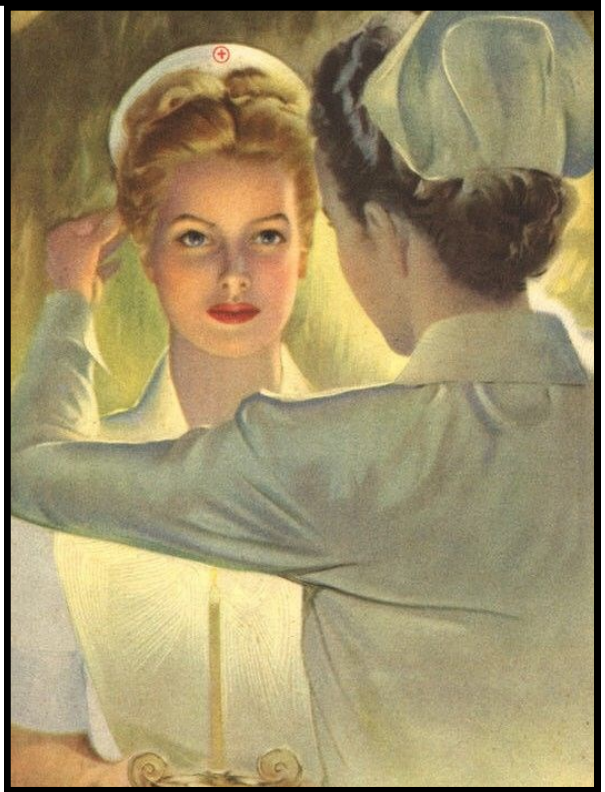
I have been at Traditions for about three months now and I have a story to tell you.

When I was 15 years old, I was involved in an automobile accident with several of my high school classmates. Billy was driving, I forget his last name. What I do remember is that I cracked my head, lost several of my teeth, and ended up in the hospital. It was my experience in the hospital that changed me. The nurses were all so kind and helpful when I was feeling so helpless that I decided to become a nurse.

My parents were very supportive and after I graduated from high school, I applied to Sacred Heart hospital in Allentown and was accepted.

I lived in campus dorms in the hospital and remember life in the dorms to be quite restrictive. We had to get a pass from the nun in charge to go on a date. It was on these dates that I got to know my future husband. After graduation, I became a nurse, married my husband, and spent over 30 enjoyable years as a nurse. I worked in hospitals and doctor's offices caring for other people. It was the personal contacts with needy patients that I most enjoyed.

I bring this up because I think things are changing. Because of advanced technology, COVID, and the general shortage of nurses, schedules are being expanded. I think the time nurses spend with patients allaying their fears is diminishing. My daughter is a nurse and I see some of this firsthand. For me, the relationship between nurse and patient is the soul of nursing.



## 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.'





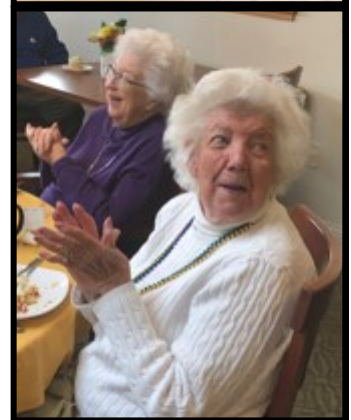
## Friendships and New Lives at Traditions

*by Nancy Riley, daughter of Helen Bush*

I'm pretty sure these pictures were taken at my mother's retirement party in 1991. On the top is my mother, Helen Bush and below is her friend Jo-Ann Becker. Both had worked for Liberty High School. Who knew that 25 years later they'd be apartment neighbors at Traditions, and table mate buddies, and as Joann says, "were together for 50 years" When my mother learned of her stage-4 cancer diagnosis and had a discussion with her doctor about hospice care, she immediately said "I need to call Joann to say goodbye".

During the past few weeks in the time of being with my mother, we had many endearing conversations. As we spent hours in the ER one night, she said: "There are 5 things I am proud of: I sold my house when my husband died 6 years ago, I found a nice place to live at Traditions, I willingly got rid of my car, I stayed independent and active for all that time"... she was proud of being one of the most fit of all the residents.

And the fifth thing...her biggest joy was being quick-footed enough to be the one to pass out prizes at her beloved Friday Bingo games. Besides having a lucky charm winning streak in the game, she loved the "prize runner" role because it gave her a chance to be more outgoing with people, overcoming her tendency to stay quietly and shyly in the background. She was able to play one last game, and it brought her great joy that day and many before it. May the newcomers to Traditions find these moments of joy in your new life as well.



*My dream job  
would be  
driving the  
karma bus.*



**"ALL-ABOARD"**

## It Seemed Like a Good Idea

by Bob Anselmo

Probably the strangest thing that my wife Caroljean (Cj) and I did during our 49 years of marriage was to create a live, professional theatre in a suburb of Boston. How in the world did that come about?

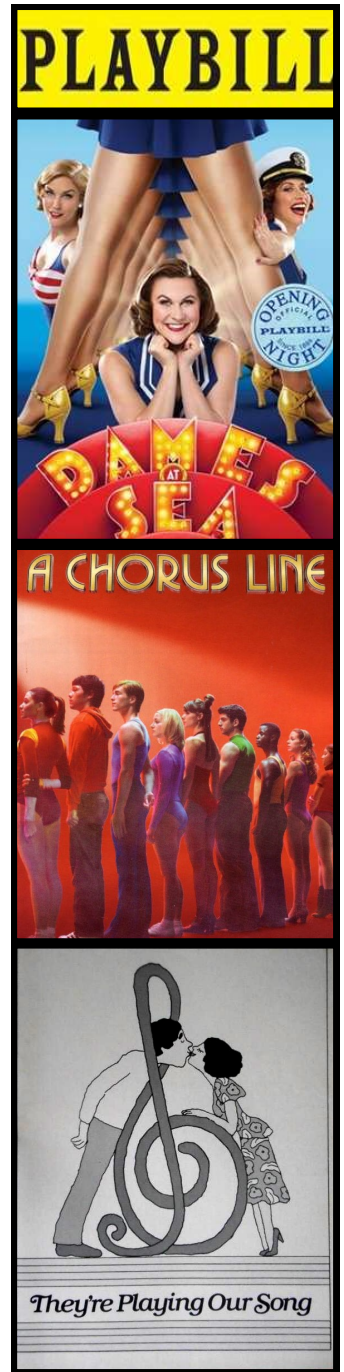
It was 1984, and we were faced with a difficult decision. We and our four children were living in Syracuse, NY where I was managing a microchip development team, and Cj was the artistic director of a local theatre company. She was active and influential in the local theatre community, and as an alum, she had strong ties to the Syracuse University Drama Department. Unexpectedly, I was invited to interview at a computer company in a Boston suburb, and I was offered a senior management position. It would be a significant career advancement, but accepting the offer would mean relocation.

After lengthy discussions, including a getaway weekend to avoid distractions, Cj finally told me that she wanted me to accept the offer. She reasoned that with all the theatre activity in the greater Boston area, she could continue her career there. So, we made the move. Six frustrating months followed as Cj was told by several theatre directors that she was overqualified for any job except their own. And none of them were willing to give their jobs up to her. Then one evening, we hit upon an idea: Let's start our own regional, professional theatre. At that moment, the idea for Act I Arena Theatre was conceived.

We incorporated as CJ Productions, and we financed it mostly ourselves with some help from family and friends and a small business loan. We located space in a renovated clock factory in Ashland, MA that could accommodate a 200-seat theatre in-the-round along with a lobby, box office, dressing rooms, and additional space for set construction and painting.

While I drew up a floorplan and began construction of stage platforms and audience seating, CJ was busy choosing shows for the opening season, hiring lighting and sound designers, auditioning professional actors from Boston and New York, and devising clever ways to stretch the advertising budget as far as it could go.

We were just days away from opening night of the first production when a sudden, awful realization hit us. We had not obtained a permit from the town to open a theatre. Just in the nick of time we were able to meet with the town council, present our plans, and



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*It Seemed Like a Good Idea, continued*

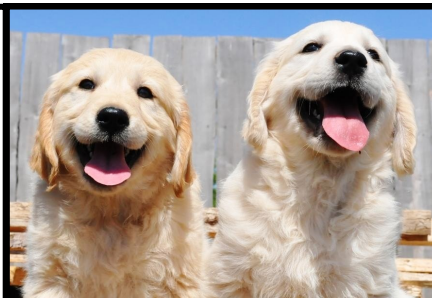
secure a permit. Act I Arena Theatre opened in June, 1986 with a three-show summer season featuring three musicals. The first was They're Playing Our Song. Next was Dames at Sea, a parody of the lavish Busby Berkley movie musicals. The final show of that summer season was Cole, a revue of the music of Cole Porter. All the shows went over very well, and there were many sold-out performances.

The regular 7-show season opened with Romantic Comedy followed by, among others, The Passion of Dracula, The Dining Room, and The Fantasticks. The theatre received very positive reviews in the local and regional press. In a later season, a production of Evita was very successful both in attendance and reviews. The same can be said for West Side Story. All the while CJ was working crazy hours, wearing many hats, while I was working evenings and weekends to make the sets for the next show while the current show was running. Even our kids pitched in to help. We often had two or three out-of-town actors temporarily living in our downstairs family room.

To produce shows that could not be done in an arena style format, we arranged with a technical high school in an adjacent town to use their auditorium. It was there that we mounted productions of A Chorus Line, la Cage aux Folles, and a 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary revival of the musical, Hair. The writers of the original Broadway production of Hair came to Massachusetts to advise us as unpaid consultants. They infused our show with much of the flavor of the original.

After several seasons there was a downturn in the Massachusetts economy, and attendance began to drop. We did all that we could to try to keep the theatre alive, but eventually we had to recruit a group of supporters and community leaders to form a non-profit corporation to take over the operation of the theatre. After a few more seasons, even with the non-profit status drawing contributions from benefactors, there was not enough revenue to keep it going. As they say in the business, the theatre went dark. On the plus side it was an exciting experience with a lot of fun and learning along with the stress and hard work. CJ and I and our kids met and worked with many very talented and creative people.

The world's best antidepressant  
has 4 legs, a wagging tail  
and comes with unconditional love.



## Fifty Years of Travel Stories

by Helen Kohler

### *First International Adventure*

In 1968, I accepted the job of developing the public health nursing component of the new BS Degree in Nursing program at Cuttington College in Liberia, West Africa. This was the first venture out into the big world for a farm girl from Emmaus! What an education - living among people for whom "scarce resources" are for real! It was actually a life changing and very "freeing" experience. I just don't need as much "stuff" as I used to think was necessary. That leaves resources to share with people in need, and to send poor girls to school.



### *Programs at University of Maryland School of Nursing*

Developing the International Nursing Program at the University of Maryland provided opportunity to present papers, teach epidemiology, and do curriculum workshops in many countries, including Japan, Thailand, Taiwan, China, South Africa, Jordan, Bulgaria, and Egypt. "Sister School" relationships were developed with schools of nursing in China, Thailand, South Africa, and Egypt. Nurses from many of these countries came to Maryland for graduate study in nursing. Ron was able to travel with me on business trips to Egypt, Japan, Thailand, and China.

### *Purely Pleasure Trips Across the Years*

During the early years after retirement, Ron and I often went on 2 or 3 trips a year, many of them Road Scholar educational programs (we did about 30 of these). A tour of the Greek Isles was probably our favorite, with the long-boat river cruise in Portugal a close second. The leisurely 10-day visit to only 3 places in Italy (Rome, Florence, and the Riviera) was also a travel gem. Iceland and Panama were also interesting places.

We did indulge in a few of the "best of" tours, i.e., "Heart of Europe", "Scandinavia", "The British Isles", "Alaska", and "Across Southern Canada by Train". The only place of interest that we did not visit was Turkey, because of safety concerns.

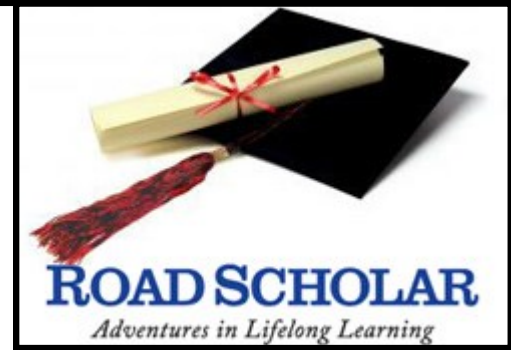
### *The Kenya Years*

During the time that Ron and I were making retirement plans, the president of the University of Eastern Africa in Kenya came to see me about making an alliance between his small nursing department and the very large University of Maryland School of Nursing. During our discussion, it was agreed that I would serve as a volunteer visiting professor of public health and epidemiology for a year beginning in March of 1998, and I said that my husband was willing to go along. "What does he do?" asked Dr. Mutinga. "Oh, we could use him!" was the response to the information that Ron was a civil engineer at Bethlehem Steel Corp.

*Continued on next page*

*Fifty Years of Travel Stories, continued*

Ron taught Math and pre-engineering courses, and I taught many kinds of public health courses in several majors offered at the University. For nine more years after our busy full-time year, we returned early in January to teach winter quarter courses. Each of those years we would turn in our grades the end of March and then go on safari before leaving for home.



*Intergenerational Road Scholar Trips*

There were some very special trips known in our family as "The Big Trip at Age 10" (with PopPop and Grammy Helen).

Every summer, Road Scholar offers a wide selection of programs and locations of interest to both grandchildren and their accompanying grandparents. We had 5 trips to plan for after the Kenya Years!

We would choose 4 or 5 of the offerings that we would be willing to attend, and then give the information on them to the parents and child to make the final choice. By the time the twins were 10, PopPop and Grammy were 82, and the twins wanted separate trips. Matthew said that he had to live with 4 sisters, so he needed his own trip!

So - off we went to a wonderful week at the Grand Canyon! Ivy went for a "Love of Animals" program in Oregon. Sites and programs for the other 3 children were Branson, MO, to have classes with famous performers; Gulf of Mexico to learn about the sea; and Nova Scotia to learn about the area and explore old mines.

After long and satisfying main careers, and then "The Kenya Years", we figured we were good for one more career. Ron did math tutoring at a local community college for many years. I was a Visiting Professor of Epidemiology and International Health at Moravian University for nearly 20 years.

Good years! Great Fun!

**Have something you'd like to submit?**  
**Feel free to email it directly to the editor of *Traditionally Yours*....**

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