

Traditionally Yours

28th Edition

A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.

Summer 2023





Welcome to the Neighborhood

by Connie Huber

The Future of “Welcome to the Neighborhood”

I am so happy that the Newsletter is back!

Doing this column for the past several issues has brought me great joy.

I really liked meeting the new residents and introducing them to our community. I hope it helped them feel welcomed. I also hope that you enjoyed reading about our new residents, or enjoyed being included as a new resident yourself.



Because of my health, I am no longer able to do the interviews or write the articles on my own and, for this column to continue, we need your help! It would be wonderful if someone could take the baton. I am willing to help, I just can't do it alone. Let's keep this column alive!

Please contact me if you have any questions or have an interest in doing the *Welcome to the Neighborhood*.

Thanks, Connie

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or email me at ConcettaHuber@gmail.com

Would be AWESOME to see your stories in upcoming issues.
Please consider sending something in.

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The Most Important Year of My Life: 1955

by Mario Marcozzi

When I was young and living in Italy many, many years ago, my father was in Venezuela on a working contract. I could have gone there and got a job working with my father, but I chose to stay in Italy and be with my friends. I had very close friends that I would really miss if I left.

One day we received a letter from my father, but it was not from Venezuela. It was from 1500 Linden St. Wilmington, Delaware. I was baffled. My father is living in Venezuela! I opened the letter, and he told us that he was on the quota list for America and that his brother who lived in the U.S. would be his sponsor. The great news was that his name came up and he was in America and in the process of getting my mom, my sister and me to join him! Six months later, I found myself in the great country of AMERICA! We arrived at Pier 23 on February 23, 1955.



I called this story 1955 because coming to America gave me the opportunity of achieving the impossible. 1955 changed my life and had a lot to do with my future. I fell in love with America, and I had a great desire to fit in and become a citizen, and so I did! I wanted to be a singer and so I studied music in Philadelphia. I sang in a lot of places and even though I never became famous, it got me my own radio show. I even got fan letters!

In 1955 when I was a teenager and still lived in Italy, I went to see all the American war movies. Later on in America, I was proud to serve in the military. Because I came to America, I met my wife, Rosalie. We were married, and had 2 beautiful children, Mario and Marisa. I also designed and built a home for my parents. They had 20 happy years in that home.

In 1988, I had a chance to purchase a great piece of commercial property in Saucon Valley along Rt. 378. My children and I were planning to use it for a commercial business, but it didn't work out. Meanwhile I reopened my salon, mostly for social purposes, and almost all my friends and customers came back to me. One of my customers, Joe Topper, was a very successful businessman most of his life. He and his family were deeply involved in Exxon-Mobil. He owned several fully modern gas stations with mini markets, car washes, and Dunkin' Donuts.

Twenty-three years ago, he approached me and asked if I would sell him my property. He had plans to build another gas station there. I didn't want to sell it but I agreed to lease it to him. He built a beautiful gas station on my property and that was the most successful move I ever made in my life. Joe Topper has made this investment successful for both of us, and I'll always be thankful. He has always been a good friend and still is today. He is well known and respected by all and so is his family. Ironically, would you believe, he was born in 1955. I think that was A Very Good Year!

3rd Generation of STEM Women

by Rosemary Carlos' granddaughter Amanda Chisholm

I followed my ambition, and it brought me to Pittsburgh. I am completing my last year at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and will graduate with a B.S. in Chemistry and an additional major in Environmental and Sustainability Studies. I am the third generation of STEM women in my family. STEM is an acronym for the fields of science, technology, engineering, and math. These are areas that have been dominated by men for years. Many women continue to be dissuaded from pursuing their ambitious career goals in STEM because they encounter gender-related bias. I have the great fortune to have been raised with no limitations on my goals and always the solid support of my family.



It makes me proud to know that my grandmother, Rosemary Carlos, was the first in her family to attend college. She graduated Hunter College in New York City with a degree in Math and then went on to teach and inspire young students in the Bronx in the 1960's. My mother graduated from Rutgers University and continues to work in Information Technology. Grandma recently made the five-hour trip to Pittsburgh for a visit and continues to encourage and support my dreams. I am so privileged to be able to pursue my passion and aspire to play an important role in addressing the greatest challenges that our planet faces.

Baby Blue Night Gown

By Jean Riegel

One Christmas Eve I invited my fiancée and his two daughters to my apartment. I made cookies and snacks and some ice cream. After all, I wanted to make a good impression on my new family.

I took their gifts from under the tree to give to them. They were sitting on the couch, with dad in the middle and the girls on either side.

The girls liked their sweaters and now it was dad's turn. As he unwrapped his gift the girls watched. Then he started to lift the lid off the box and quickly closed it. CeCe

and Yvonne gave a strange look as if to say what did she give him? Then I saw baby blue material sticking out.

The gifts were mixed up. Same size box and wrapping paper, I gave him my sister's night gown and silver evening bag.

I finally gave the right gift, a navy blue blazer with gold buttons and a shirt and tie. I was teased for a long time. Walt said "I thought you were trying to tell me something."



Wash Day

by Ron Stauffer

The year was 1998. The place was the campus of the University of Eastern Africa Baraton in the country of Kenya.

After retiring, Helen and I had arrived in Kenya to volunteer for a year teaching at the university. We were 66 years old.

We were provided a home with no heat or air conditioning, but with running water, indoor plumbing, and electricity (although with frequent outages) - special amenities for the "mzungus" (white folks). In the school administration's desire to make the new faculty feel welcome they also provided us with a washing machine - a rather small appliance, which they hooked up to the plumbing but neglected to remove the interior packing blocks, so the machine vibrated wildly when running. After fixing that problem it worked well enough, though washing only small loads and over a very long-running cycle.

One day soon after our arrival, I was hanging laundry to dry in the yard when two local men happened to walk by. As background information to this story, the reader needs to know two things (things I did not know at the time): (1) In Africa, men do not do women's work (virtually all household work is "women's work") and (2) Men are allowed (expected?) to beat their wives if the women are not performing well enough.

The two men stopped to watch me for a time and then asked me why I was hanging laundry. My answer was not comprehensible to them, so they further questioned whether I beat my wife. Due to my ignorance, I did not realize the seriousness of the question and responded "You haven't met my wife, have you?"

Not appreciating what I considered good humor, they walked away more puzzled than before.

Note: Photo shown is of Ron's hung laundry at their home in Kenya.



If you would like to submit something for an upcoming issue, please feel free to email it directly to the editor of *Traditionally Yours*....

Michele Morrow, Editor
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The Missing Chocolates

by Helen Kohler

During sabbatical leave some years ago, I worked for 6 months with the organization known as Minnesota International Health Volunteers. The team I joined in Kenya was tasked with insuring completion of construction of a very large health center, securing the staff from the Ministry of Health, and open for business within the 6 month period of our service.



A physician (Karen) and I shared a small duplex house with a Kenyan family in the back yard of the Fish Fly Tying Factory in Dagaretti, a tough suburb of Nairobi. The factory employees were physically handicapped people who were very skilled at getting around. One woman walked on her knees, even to cross the busy nearby highway. It was only a distance of 3 or 4 blocks to run down the muddy path to the health center from our house.

A friend of Karen's came to visit us about half-way through our time in Kenya. As a special treat, she brought along a box of Godiva chocolate candy. We each savored one piece, and planned for making it last as long as possible. We placed the box on the top of our small refrigerator. The next day, as we trudged home from work, we talked about the chocolate treat awaiting us. Upon entering the house we went directly to the kitchen and looked for the Godiva box. It was not there!

In its place was a nicely written note from Mary, the neighbor who was our housekeeper. This is what she wrote: "The candy was so good that I was forced to eat them all. And I must tell you that I really enjoyed them - thank you".

What to do? We laughed and laughed!!

The Square

by Ron Madison



If the width is wider than the length is long,
To call it the width is surely wrong.

If the length is shorter than the width is wide,
Then the length must be the other side.

But, if perchance you have a square,
To call either either is most unfair.

Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



A Canadian long-distance runner was running in a Super Ultra marathon in northern Sweden and knew at once that he was lost when he crossed the Finnish line.

~

A man and his wife were having some marital problems and were giving each other the silent treatment. That night, the man realized that he had to get up early the next morning to catch an early flight for an important meeting. Not wanting to give in and speak first, he wrote a note on a piece of paper that said "please wake me at 5:00 A.M." and placed the note in a place that he was sure his wife would see it. The next morning the man awoke and discovered that it was 9:00 A.M. and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to ask his wife why she did not wake him when he noticed his note lying on the bed. He picked up the note and saw a second note below his that read "It's 5:00 A.M. wake up".

~

Police were called to day-care center because a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

A blonde brought 21 of her friends with her to see an "X" rated movie. The lady at the ticket counter asked if there was a reason so many were going to the show. To which the blonde replied, "because it says right there "must be over 21 to attend."

~

A couple was arguing as they were driving down a country road. As they passed a farm with mules, goats and pigs in the barnyard the husband sarcastically said to his wife "are they relatives of yours?" Yes, she responded, In-laws.

~

Did you hear about the guy whose entire left side was paralyzed? He's alright now.

~

How come we choose our President from two people but get 50 choices to select Miss America.

~

Some daffynitions:

Beauty Parlor: A place where women curl up and dye.

Chicken: the only animal you eat before it is born and after it is dead.

Committee: A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Dust: Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Handkerchief: Cold storage.

Inflation: Cutting money in half without damaging the paper.

Mosquito: An insect that makes you like flies better.

Toothache: The pain that drives you to extraction.

Wrinkles: Something that other people have, similar to my character lines.

Can't We Just Get Along

by Ron Stauffer

Why is there so much animosity in our country? Why do we spend so much time and effort finding fault with other people? Too often, fault-finding becomes outright hatred! Are not our common goals for a peaceful and happy life far more important than our differences?



Certainly, some of the division is along political lines. Over the years that has always been the case to some extent, but it just seems so intense in our time. Some families and friends have stopped talking to each other! Folks don't seem as happy and friendly as in previous years, more often looking to "choose sides".

Perhaps, with the advent of social media, and now AI, we are losing some of our interpersonal social skills and our ability to converse with each other. Face-to-face communication is becoming more difficult. Texting is more convenient and less confrontational than talking, but maybe we are losing something in the transition.

Some say that we in this country are living in the most prosperous place at the most prosperous time in the history of the world. Be that as it may, should we not all be happy with our lot and friendly with our also-fortunate countrymen?

Some years ago, when race riots were sweeping the country, there was an incident in Los Angeles that sticks in my memory. A black man named Rodney King was brutally assaulted and left with some grievous injuries. Afterwards he was interviewed on national TV and was asked how he felt about the abuse he had endured. The interviewer expected (hoped??) that he would say something inflammatory. Exhibiting great dignity he replied ... "Can't we just get along?".

A man for our time!!

**THERE IS NO SUCH
THING AS A GROUCHY
OLD PERSON. THE
TRUTH IS ONCE YOU
GET OLD, YOU STOP
BEING POLITE AND
START BEING HONEST.**

Artificial Intelligence and Consciousness

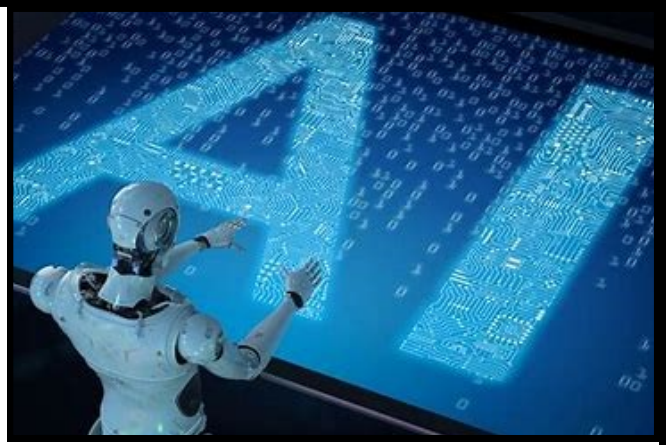
by Bob Anselmo

During most of my 48-year career, I engaged in designing and developing microchips for a variety of applications such as computers, video cameras, satellites, military systems, and more.

Every year and a half or so, we would embark on a new generation of chips that were twice as complex as their predecessors in terms of functionality and transistor count. As a result, my team and I would jokingly ponder whether these devices would ever become self-aware enough to mimic a brain. Eventually, these discussions inspired me to explore the nature of consciousness and why we are aware of our awareness.

My interest in whether electronic devices could someday become consciously aware sparked an interest in the source of consciousness itself and artificial intelligence or AI. Since discussions of consciousness tend to become very abstruse, I'll start with AI. To clarify, artificial intelligence does not imply artificial consciousness. AI is the simulation of human intelligence in machines, and it is used in many areas, including natural language processing, image recognition, and robotics. I recently learned about ChatGPT, a language model trained by a tech startup, OpenAI. OpenAI can answer complex questions and complete tasks such as writing essays, poems, legal briefs, and even executable code.

To try it out, I opened an account, and after asking ChatGPT a few simple questions, I gave it the silly task of writing a humorous, rhyming poem in iambic pentameter about automobile tires. Here's the result which



came back within 2 seconds of submitting the request:

Tires

*There once were four tires on my car,
But now they're all worn and quite far,
From new and round, they're flat and old,
They make my ride feel quite cold.*

*I thought I'd save some cash and wait,
But now my tires are in a state,
Of needing to be changed, it's true,
I'll have to buy some new ones, boo hoo!*

*I'll buy some tires that are brand new,
With treads that are deep, not worn
through,
I'll drive around with such great ease,
And leave my worn-out tires at peace.*

*But now I'm broke, and feeling blue,
I'll just have to drive on two,
I'll spin around in circles, slow,
Until I save enough dough.*

*So if you're smart, don't be like me,
And change your tires, so you'll see,
A smooth and safe ride every day,
And not be stuck in this tiresome way.*

I got a real chuckle out of the pun in the last line.

I sent a copy of the poem to my son in

continued on next page

Artificial Intelligence and Consciousness

continued from previous page

Los Angeles, and he said it reminded him of poems by Shel Silverstein that he read as a child. He sent it to a friend who is a TV screenwriter in Hollywood, and the screenwriter's reaction was "There goes my job!"

In another application, AI could be used to develop small, portable companion devices for children. These robots can interact with children and provide them with learning opportunities, but there are also concerns about their impact on children's social and emotional development. A recent article in the Morning Call explored this topic in greater detail.

My interest in consciousness has proceeded in parallel with my fascination with artificial intelligence. I embarked on an extensive journey of reading and researching consciousness, and as expected, I found many different theories. However, after a while, two major themes emerged - dualistic and mechanistic. Dualistic theories propose that consciousness is intangible and separate from the physical brain, while mechanistic theories suggest that consciousness arises from the sheer complexity of the brain and depends on an astronomical number of possible connections.

While I found myself unable to embrace a mechanistic view, I was equally puzzled by how the physical brain connects with consciousness in the dualistic view. I discovered that there was disagreement among both philosophers and scientists, and new theories didn't add much clarity to ancient ideas. Christian theology typically considers consciousness an extension of the soul.

Recent theories of consciousness attempt to explain it with quantum mechanics, usually referred to as "Quantum Consciousness." These theories propose that consciousness emerges from sub-atomic quantum phenomena occurring within the brain.

Overall, my own understanding of consciousness hasn't grown significantly, and although reading about it has been enjoyable, I'm comforted by the realization that people smarter than I don't seem to understand it either. I find it ironic that the lack of understanding doesn't prevent people from making money by writing about it. I'm glad that they do.

Disclaimer:

Except for edits and insertions, most of this text was written by ChatGPT based on a rough draft and notes in outline form given to it by this human "writer".

And... by time you are reading this, the data will already be obsolete.

There's an old saying, 'Life begins at forty.'
That's silly. Life begins every morning you wake up.

~

I look to the future because that's where I'm going to spend the rest of my life.

~

In those days the best painkiller was ice; it wasn't addictive and it was particularly effective if you poured some whiskey over it.

George Burns

Friends.

Have We Kept in Touch? Have They Changed?

by Mario Marcozzi

Now that we're in our eighties, my wife and I talk about how quickly the years have gone by. It brings me back to my teens when I left Italy to come to America and I had to leave all my friends behind, especially my best friend.

I loved coming to America, but I really missed my friends. Would I ever see them again? Would they still be my friends? I should have known that good friends stay with you forever. I have always kept in touch with all of them. My wife and I have traveled to Italy many times through the years, and we always made time to visit them. My best friend, Giovanni (pictured here), has come to visit me a couple times. Once alone and then again, with his wife.



Giovanni and I have so much in common. We are both interested in music. In fact, he became a music teacher. He writes music in his spare time, and he plays many instruments. In fact, he is a born genius when it comes to music. I had a beautiful song that my father used to sing to me when I was a child, and I could never find the music to it. I sang the song for him while he was visiting me, and a couple days later he surprised me with the music that he wrote to it.

He was so talented that he belonged to a well-known chorus in Italy called the Giuseppe Verdi Chorus. Years later, his group traveled to Canada to put on a show. Of course, my family and I went to see the show. He was so happy to see us there. I knew just about everyone in the group, and after the show my family and I were invited to the reception! That was a day that I will never forget.

I am 83 years old now and Giovanni and I still keep in touch; with the phone, with Skype and Messenger. Our friendship is stronger than ever, even though we're miles and miles away. All my friends are special to me, but I consider Giovanni the one I admire the most, and no, he hasn't changed a bit. He's still the best!

Having faith does not mean having no difficulties,
but having the strength to face them, knowing we are not alone.

~

To change the world we must be good to those who cannot repay us.

Pope Francis

Poetry, Vignettes in Verse

By Christine Kearns



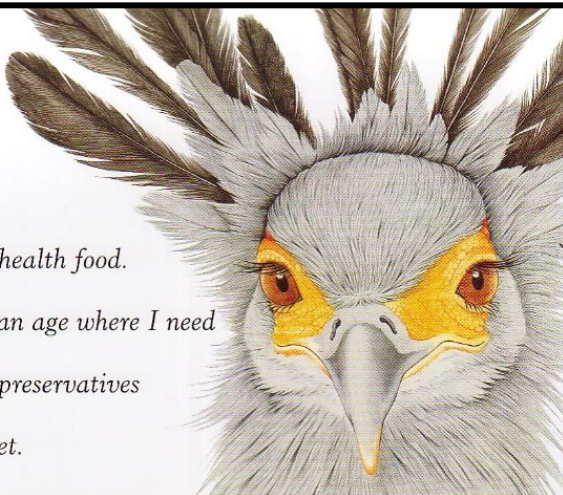
The Wheel

Many roads lead to 'God'
Journeys far and wide
In churches, mosques and temples
Or a feeling deep inside

Like the spokes of a wheel
Converging at the core
The roads lead to a lofty place
Behold heaven's door

The roads are never shrouded
In ideology
But gleam in golden sunshine
For sweet humanity

Tis written in the wind
A prayer along the way
May peace embrace the earth
Forever and a day



Forget health food.

*I'm at an age where I need
all the preservatives*

I can get.

I Wonder Why The Leaves Fall Down

By Ron Madison

Shortly after we moved to western Pennsylvania forty years ago, I drove over the mountain on my way to the Pittsburgh airport. It was October and the colors on the mountain were like nothing I had ever seen before. I marveled as if I was seeing the colors of fall for the first time, a grandeur I had begun to take for granted. I wrote a children's poem on the plane ride to Nashville, a poem that would allow me to remember forever the beauty of one of God's wonderful gifts. I hope you enjoy the poem as much as I have.

~

I wonder why the leaves fall down?
Toys of the wind, to blow around?
A riot of color in reds and brown.

I swear I heard the oak tree say:
They are for you... for you to play.
I dropped them down to make your day.

So pile them up as high as you please
And wade on through,
clear up your knees.
It's fun to wander through leafy seas.

And don't be sad though dead I seem.
Like you at night I sleep and dream:
Of robins and springtime...
when I'll be green.

(Photo of Ron's granddaughter McKenzie)



Life is Good

by Jean Riegel

"To ease another's heartache is to forget your own." *Abraham Lincoln*



Sometimes we think life is unfair,
Some of us seem to have more problems than others,
We question, "Why me?"
The good Lord seems to know who can handle more problems than others.

We seem to pick ourselves up after it is all over and say it wasn't too bad after all,
When we look around and see other people,
We see that someone is worse off than we are.

Be thankful for what we have and enjoy life; it is as good as it is going to get.
Live day by day and enjoy.
Life is good.

Just as I finished writing this, an advertisement for the Shriners Hospital came on the television, and I saw children with no hands or arms or legs. It showed an eight year old boy with no arms – smiling as he said, "I can write my name using my toes and foot."

Stories from Africa

by Helen Kohler and her days in Kenya as a traveling professor

Roads...

If you drive at night on the unpaved roads, and suddenly find yourself in a cloud of dust, you need to know that a big truck is directly in front of you! Also, it has its lights turned off to save power!



Phoebe...

All the cars that regularly came up country to the Cuttington College campus and Phoebe Hospital were well known to people who lived along that route. One day when I was returning to campus, my car sustained a flat tire. As usual, the young men of the nearby village were sitting along the road where I stopped. They looked at me and the car very carefully, and then someone said, "Oh, Phoebe!", meaning "it's the nurse from Phoebe Hospital". They immediately fixed my tire, and I went happily on my way.

Schools...

"School" can have many meanings. In urban areas, schools may be pretty much like those in Europe or the USA. In the very rural areas, someone with a sixth- grade education may be teaching the first 4 years of content. The most interesting "school" I ever saw consisted of 25 large, flat stones arranged under an enormous shade tree.

On Death and Dying

by Ron Stauffer

The subject is taken from the title of a widely-read work by Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross which was published some 50 years ago. The book relates her many interviews with terminally ill patients, families of the patients, and their medical care teams. Her analysis and conclusions are thought-provoking.

As we grow older this topic, of course, becomes more and more relevant. However, we seem to become less and less willing to discuss it, considering perhaps that the matter is unpleasant if not morbid!

Maybe we should lighten up a bit and remember these quotations from George Burns (of the Burns and Allen radio comedy show):

"I am not afraid of dying - I just don't want to be there when it happens."

"The first thing I do when I get up in the morning is read the obituaries in the newspaper. If my name is not in there I eat breakfast. If my name is in there I eat breakfast anyway - I am not going on an empty stomach".

You may remember how the show always ended with the following exchange:

George: "Say goodnight, Gracie"

Gracie: "Goodnight Gracie"



Things Kids Said to their Teachers

Teacher: How old is your father?

Kid: He's 6

Teacher: What? How is that possible?

Kid: He became a father when I was born

Teacher: Maria, go to the map and find North America

Maria: Here it is.

Teacher: Correct, now class, who discovered America?

Class: Maria.

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

Donald: HIJKLMNO

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 brothers.

Did you copy his?

Clyde: No, sir. It's the same dog.

A Simple Memory Test...

Submitted by Connie Huber



You may be a little concerned about trying this test, BUT if you just pay close attention... all is well!

Exercise of the brain is as important as exercise of the muscles, and as we grow older, it's important to keep mentally alert.

If you don't use it, you will lose it !!!
Take this test to determine if you're losing it or not. OK... RELAX... clear your mind and begin...

#1. What do you put in a toaster?

Answer: 'bread.' If you said 'toast', just give up now and go do something else. And, try not to hurt yourself. If you said, bread, go to Question #2.

2. Say 'silk' ten times Now spell 'silk.' What do cows drink?

*Answer: Cows drink water.
If you said 'milk,' don't attempt the next*

question. Your brain is already over-stressed and may even overheat. Content yourself with reading more appropriate literature such as Women's Weekly or Auto World. However, if you did say 'water', proceed to Question #3.

3. If a red house is made from red bricks and a blue house is made from blue bricks and a pink house is made from pink bricks and a black house is made from black bricks, what is a greenhouse made from?

Answer: Greenhouses are made from glass. If you said 'green bricks', why are you still reading this ???PLEASE, go lie down ! But, if you said 'glass,' go on to Question #4.

4. Please do not use a calculator for this for it would be cheating:

Just last week, you drove a bus from New York City to Philadelphia. In Staten Island, 17 people got on the bus. In New Brunswick, 6 people get off the bus and 9 people get on. In Windsor, 2 people get off and 4 get on. In Trenton, 11 people get off and 16 people get on. In Bristol, 3 people get off and 5 people get on. And, in Camden, 6 people get off and 3 get on. You then arrive at Philadelphia Station.

Without going back to review, how old is the bus driver?

Answer: Oh, for crying out loud! Don't you remember your own age?!?! It was YOU driving the bus!

