



# Traditionally Yours







## *Welcome to the Neighborhood*

**Mary Ann and Mike Bodonese** have been married for 61 years! They came to Traditions from an over 55 community in Nazareth. They raised their three children in Nazareth, and they now have seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Early in his career, Mike was an accountant at the Dixie Company, which later became American Can. He then worked in the legal/insurance department of Bethlehem Steel for 20 years. Mary Ann was a stay-at-home mother. They've been very happy here at Traditions since arriving in early autumn and are happily settling into our community!



**Marian Gombocz** came to Traditions after spending six months in various rehabilitation facilities due to a hip fracture. Her family helped her decide that Traditions was the perfect place to live, so she sold her Bethlehem Township condo and took a convenient first floor apartment. Marian and her husband John (who passed away) married in 1954. They raised their family in the City of Bethlehem, where John was the director of the PLCB in Lehigh County until he passed away at age 55. Marian's daughter Gail and her husband Rich live in Schnecksville and visit Marian frequently. Her other daughter Eileen lives in Michigan with her husband Jeff. Marian also has three grandchildren who have extremely interesting careers; a grandson who is a lawyer, a granddaughter who is an opera singer, and a grandson who is a computer scientist and designs video games! Marian has two favorite songs: "What a Wonderful World" and "Over the Rainbow".



**Joe DeMeo** moved in recently from a nursing home residence in Williamsport. His daughters decided that Traditions would be a much better fit than his old place. And soon it will be an even better fit because Joe is getting ready to move from a second-floor apartment which is too large for him, into a first-floor studio which will be just right! Joe has three daughters, one in Bethlehem and two in East Stroudsburg. He also has two grandchildren. Joe was born and raised in Brooklyn, NY. He spent his career as a manager of a large parking garage in the Flatbush area of Brooklyn right near the Nets Basketball Arena. He also lived in Staten Island, and East Stroudsburg, PA. He is settling into Traditions and is looking forward to trying some of our activities soon!



I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.

*Maya Angelou*

## Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

**Maggie Pettis**, originally from Minnesota, moved quite a bit throughout her life (16 different homes in seven different states due to her husband's career opening JC Penny stores all over the country). She took her time before deciding to move to Traditions, just to make sure it was the right fit. After selling her home in South Carolina, Maggie wanted to be close to her daughter Kim's home in Bethlehem. She is enjoying having Kim and 15-year-old granddaughter, Mia nearby. Maggie's son Rory lives in NC with his wife and their two sons, 14-year-old Cullen and 1½ year old baby Dylan. The last several years have not been easy for Maggie. She lost her beloved husband Warren in a devastating accident on their wedding anniversary, September 7, 2019. He was struck by a car and passed away instantly. Maggie and Warren had been together since the 5<sup>th</sup> grade and he was the love of her life, so this was an unimaginable loss and left her feeling unmoored. In choosing her next home, it was important for her to reside somewhere that was conveniently located to Kim, that was clean, safe, with good food, fun activities and a friendly staff.



**Nancy Pavlovic** came to us rather suddenly after her 2 grown children said it was time for her to be in a new home, all on one level, with all conveniences located in one place. Her children found Traditions and she moved in about two weeks later on October 25, all to her surprise! She quickly sold her condo at Clearview Manor in Allentown. She was a bit nervous about leaving her condo and the life she knew there, but she is adjusting well and enjoying it here. Nancy and her husband Louis (who passed 15 years ago) raised their family in Northampton. Nancy's daughter lives in Allentown, and her son lives in Bethlehem. Between her two children she also has four grandchildren and five great grandchildren. When her grandchildren were growing up Nancy was fortunate to be able to devote much of her time to them and enjoyed getting to be a very involved grandmother. Nancy and her husband both spent their careers at Mack Truck, where Nancy was a secretary until she retired. She now loves to work on word puzzle books, enjoys the Bingo games here at Traditions, and would never miss a trip to the Wind Creek Casino!



Anger is an acid that can do more harm to the vessel in which it is stored than to anything on which it is poured.

*Mark Twain*

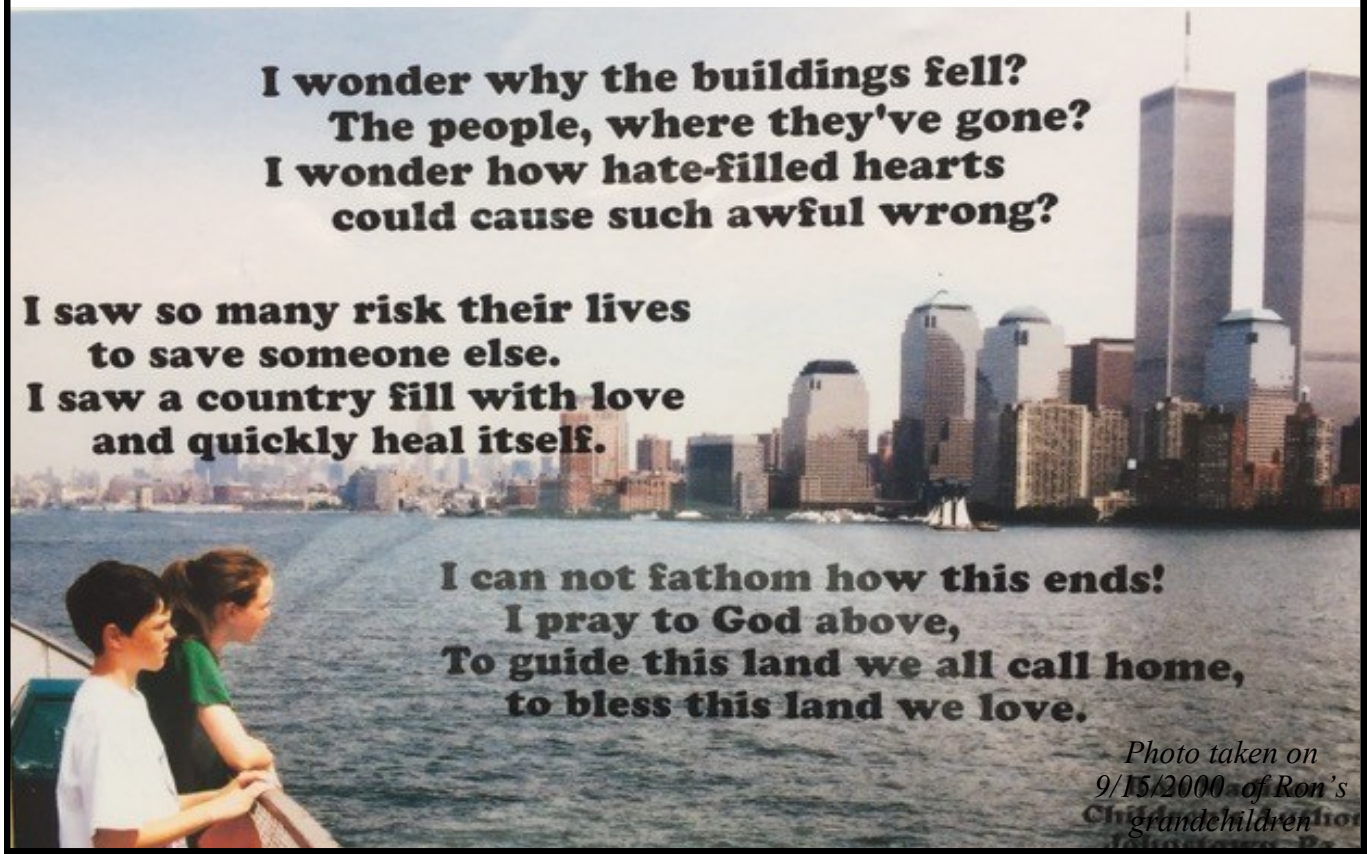
**Have something you'd like to submit?  
Feel free to email it directly to the editor of *Traditionally Yours*....**

**Michele Morrow, Editor    [mtmorrow1@gmail.com](mailto:mtmorrow1@gmail.com)**



## The Day the Buildings Fell

by Ron Madison



## Where Do All the Leaves Go?

by Walt Brzezinski

Whistling wind, sun upon the leaves,  
Swaying limbs, multi colored trees,  
From my window as I peek,  
Every leaf, colors so unique,  
Red, orange, yellow upon the ground,  
Carpets of beauty, all around,  
Like rainbows, above the green,  
Only His magic, to be seen,  
Then disappear, with white of snow,  
Where do all the leaves go?



If you are always trying to be normal you will never know how amazing you can be.

*Maya Angelou*

## John Fleming's Violin Concert

by Bob Anselmo

On October 11, John Fleming, who had recently relocated to Traditions with his wife Dot, delighted us with a solo violin concert. John's program consisted of two parts. In the first part, he performed five etudes and a waltz, all composed by Rodney Everhart, a fellow member of the "Windjammers" with John. After teasing the audience with a trivia question about "windjammers," John revealed that it referred to circus musicians, especially horn players, who would "jam their wind" through their instruments to be heard above the circus noise.

The five etudes and other compositions by Everhart represented the type of music played at the center ring concert before the circus acts. In the time before radio and recorded music, this was an opportunity for people in remote areas to experience classical music, show tunes, popular melodies, and original compositions when the circuit came to town.

John masterfully conveyed the ethereal essence of the first five selections, titled "Sunrise," "Forest View," "Life's Journey," "Universal Truth," and "Sunset." To conclude Part 1, John played "Aldena's Waltz," a piece that could have accompanied a high wire act.

For Part 2 of the concert, John performed five marches by John Philip Sousa. Each piece was introduced with a brief narrative written by John and delivered by Frank Henderson. Here is a list of the pieces John played, along with descriptions similar to the narration:

"The Washington Post March", inspired by the newspaper of the same name, was composed by Sousa in 1889. It has remained one of his most beloved compositions, not



only in the United States but also in many other countries.

"The Liberty Bell March", composed by Sousa in 1893, is an American military march. While visiting Chicago, Sousa named this previously composed piece after reading in a letter from his wife that their son had participated in a parade in Philadelphia celebrating the Liberty Bell.

"The Manhattan Beach March" commemorates the Manhattan Beach Park resort, which was a collection of luxury hotels in that large park on Staten Island, New York, near Manhattan Beach. In 1893, the park was much larger than its current size.

"Hands Across the Sea March" wasn't dedicated to a particular nation but was intended for all of America's friends abroad. Sousa might have been inspired by an incident in the Spanish-American War when Captain Chichester of the Royal Navy came to Admiral Dewey's aid in Manila Bay by positioning his ships to prevent the German fleet from joining the fray.

The program concluded with an exhilarating rendition of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," composed in 1896. In 1987, it was designated as the National March of the United States of America by an act of Congress.



# Hanover Humor by Al

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



I got a call from a telemarketer the other day who wanted to sell me a luxury coffin. I told him, a luxury coffin is the last thing I need.

The wife of a sniper didn't know what to think when her husband told her that he missed her.

A person helping a criminal before a crime is called an accomplice. A person helping a criminal after a crime is called a lawyer.

I recently got an invitation to a wedding in the mail. I returned the invitation with a note saying, "No thanks, I am already married".

You don't need a parachute to go skydiving. You need a parachute to go skydiving twice.

If Jesus is the Lamb of God and Mary is the mother of Jesus. Does that mean that Mary had a little lamb?

Moses, Jesus and an old man went to play golf one morning. On the first hole, which was across a small pond, Moses hit first and his shot was short. Just as the ball was about to enter the water Moses raised his driver and the waters parted. The ball landed between the two walls of water and bounced onto dry land on the other side. Jesus was next to hit and his tee shot was also short. Again, just as the ball was about to enter the water, Jesus raised his club and the water became like a sheet of glass. The ball bounced on the surface and skipped over the pond. Next the old man hit. Needless to say his shot also was headed into the water. Just as it was about to enter the water a large seagull swooped down and swallowed the ball. As the gull rose in the air a flash of lightning struck the bird causing it to drop the ball. The falling ball landed on the green and rolled into the cup. Moses looked at Jesus and said, "I don't care what you say but this is the first and last time your dad plays golf with us".

I could tell you a yoga joke, but it would be a stretch. So, I was going to tell you a boxing joke, but I forgot the punch line.

The best place to be on a hot summer day is at a baseball game. There are a lot of fans there.

Why didn't Rudolph make the honor role in school? He went down in history. Speaking of history, what kind of history can you find in an unwashed pot? Ancient Grease.

Jewish mothers make great parole officers. They never let anyone finish a sentence.

## Life & Property

by Walt Brzezinski

Between the Newark and Union New Jersey Fire Departments, I spent 34 years as a professional firefighter. I was appointed to the Newark Fire Department in the fall of 1956, a 1,000-man force at the time. Then around 1961, I retested and joined the Union Fire Department, a 100-man force.

### ***Fire Alarm Boxes...***

Many of you who lived in cities may remember the red Gamewell fire alarm boxes posted on street corners throughout your neighborhoods. In 1956, with a simple pull, the response would be as follows:

- ♦ 4 engine companies with six men each... the Captain, driver, and four on the tail.
- ♦ 2 ladder trucks with the same amount of men.
- ♦ 1 rescue unit with 5 men geared to do the obvious.
- ♦ 1 Battalion Chief and his driver to initially direct the incident.
- ♦ 1 salvage unit to protect property from water, heat, and smoke damage. (In these days, the salvage unit's salaries were paid by the insurance companies!)



### ***Backed up by the Deputy Chief if needed...***

The Chief of the entire department only responded to major incidents or multiple alarms.

### ***False Alarms...***

Those red alarms weren't always used as fire alarms though. People would pull them for family disputes, accidents, medical needs, and I'm sorry to say, for false alarms and arsonists just getting their kicks! Arson investigators would roam the crowd looking for possible suspects.

### ***A "fully involved" fire, with possible threat to life.***

As the first due engine company connecting to a hydrant, the truck companies looked for ways to vent the structure, apartment, or room of heated gas to prevent a "backdraft" for rescue and extinguishment.

As a rescue was being attempted, it was not unusual to find children hiding in closets, under their beds, or in the bathtubs. The firefighters who find and carry the victims to safety usually got labeled as the heroes. You be the judge!

I'm not sorry to say that I miss those days, not the work, but my family of firefighters with whom I spent 34 years of my life with.

## Bead Buddies Wants You!

by *Connie Huber*

Bead Buddies is a group of residents who meet to make beautiful necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and napkin holders. We sell the pieces we make throughout the year, and all the proceeds are donated to the Alzheimer's Association. In the past we have donated about \$1,000 a year to this important cause.

Cheryl Williams, our facilitator and teacher, meets with us monthly. All the meeting dates are listed on the calendar.

If you are interested, talk to me.  
It's easy and a lot of fun!



Remember that...

Everything in life is temporary.  
When something good comes your way,  
enjoy it and savor every aspect of it.

When things are going badly, this too shall pass.



## Kids Tell the Truth

by *Connie Huber*

While I was shopping in Wal-Mart, a child about three or four was sitting in her mom's cart. The child realized that I wouldn't be able to get my cart past her mom's, which was blocking the aisle. She was able to maneuver the cart closer to the shelves, allowing me to pass.

I said, "Thanks young lady." She smiled and said to her mom, "Mommy I was able to help the Old Lady." Her mother was so embarrassed. I laughed and said, "She only said what she saw."



Never argue with stupid people, they will drag you down to their level  
and then beat you with experience.

*Mark Twain*



## A Sad Time in a Beautiful Community

by Connie Huber

On September 6, 1952 my parents, Aunt Grace, sister Phyllis and I started our journey to our new home. We left the Bronx with the moving van following us. In 1952, Levittown was a tiny spot on the map between Trenton, New Jersey and Philadelphia. My father and uncles were bricklayers and had worked for Levitt and Sons in Levittown, Long Island. When Levitt moved to Pennsylvania, Daddy followed his job.



*A crowd gathers along Bristol Township's Haines Road to protest the arrival of the first Black family in the then all-white Levittown, in August 1957. Photo from Urban Archives at Temple University.*

In August 1957, Tom and I had just been married. Levittown was a beautiful and idyllic community of a little over 17,000 homes. We had neighborhood schools, neighborhood churches, and The Levittown Shop-A-Rama, the largest mall this side of the Mississippi River. What a wonderful place to raise a family.

William and Daisy Meyers thought so too. They had just had their third child and needed a larger home. Both were college educated. They found their dream home: three bedrooms, big yard, and a driveway for their almost new car. Things looked wonderful... but not quite. William and Daisy Meyers were Black. The first night they were in their new home, a rock came through the window. In the coming days, the violence escalated. Neighbors played loud, racially inflammatory music at all hours of the night and crosses were burned on their lawn.

Because Levittown was built in four different municipalities, Bristol Township (where we lived) didn't have a very big Police Department. State Police were brought in many times to stop the violence. I had never heard the term "Block Buster." The rumors were that the Meyers family had bought homes in several "White" communities before, so they could be the first Black family and therefore break the block to make way for other Black families. These rumors proved to be false.

I had never been exposed to racial violence before, and it was terrifying and unbelievable. My family members, as were a majority of Levittown residents, were horrified at the behavior of the people who were causing these problems.

After what seemed like an eternity, the violence subsided. The Meyers family lived in Levittown for four years before moving to a bigger home.

Good friends, good books, and a sleepy conscience: this is the ideal life.

*Mark Twain*

## Italian Cookies

*submitted by Michele Morrow*

A little cookie humor for us Italians, those of you lucky enough to be married to an Italian, or even to be friends of Italians...

An elderly Italian man lay dying in his bed, when he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favorite biscotti cookies wafting up the stairs.



Gathering up his remaining strength, he lifted himself from his bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort, gripping the railing with both hands, he crawled downstairs.

With labored breath, he leaned against the door frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven, for there, spread out upon the waxed paper on the kitchen table were literally hundreds of his favorite biscotti cookies!

Was it heaven? Or was it truly one final act of love from his devoted wife of sixty years, seeing to it that he left his earthly world a happy man? Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees, he was able to grasp a cookie. He placed it in his mouth and began savoring the wonderful taste, which seemingly brought him back to life. His aged and withered hand trembled on its way back to the table for another cookie, when it was suddenly smacked with a spatula by his wife....

"Don't touch!" she said.... "They're for the funeral."

## The Cello

*by Ron Madison*

There once was an amazing fellow  
Who broke four strings while playing his cello.  
The music changed from soft and mellow  
To a sound like someone sucking on Jello.





## Autumn Lessons

by Amelia E. Reyes

One thing I like about this area is the change of seasons. Each season has its own characteristic. My favorite season is autumn; I love its colors. As the temperature drops, the leaves change colors. The yellow, orange, red, and brown leaves make a beautiful scene for a painting.



I am a retired teacher, and I taught pre-first grade for many years. Since autumn is my favorite season, and it starts at the beginning of the school year, teaching students about fall seemed like a good theme. I prepared lessons in Language, Science, Social Studies, and Math that were related to fall. The theme would start by taking the students on a nature walk around the school. They'd collect different leaves from the ground. When we returned to the classroom, the students engaged in different activities using their leaves. They enjoyed doing the activities that I prepared for the different subjects as much as I enjoyed teaching them.

## The Girls and Me

by Vera Delio

We may be getting older and maybe a little bit bolder.  
We mix and mingle, shimmy, and shake  
But not to bake a cake  
We dance, sing, talk, and laugh a lot  
And when day is done, we say  
We may be getting older, but our life is still a lot of fun!  
This may not be your cup of tea  
But it sure is enough for the girls and me.



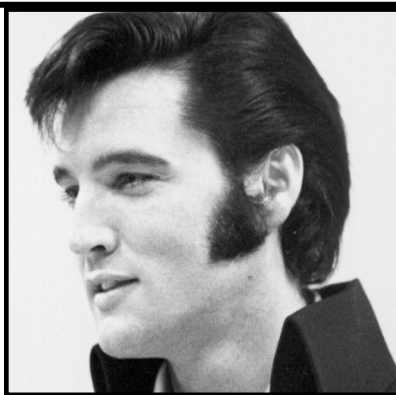
I've learned.... That one should keep his words both soft and tender,  
because tomorrow he may have to eat them.

Andy Rooney

## Did you know this about Elvis Presley??

Submitted by Connie Huber

Elvis' musical career is a lot more varied than the rotation of hits you hear on radio stations would lead you to believe. He was a huge gospel fan and was inducted into the Gospel Music Hall of Fame in 2001. Meanwhile, his only Grammy wins were for one live performance and two albums of gospel music.



## Poetry, Vignettes in Verse

*By Christine Kearns*

### The Art of Cooking

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

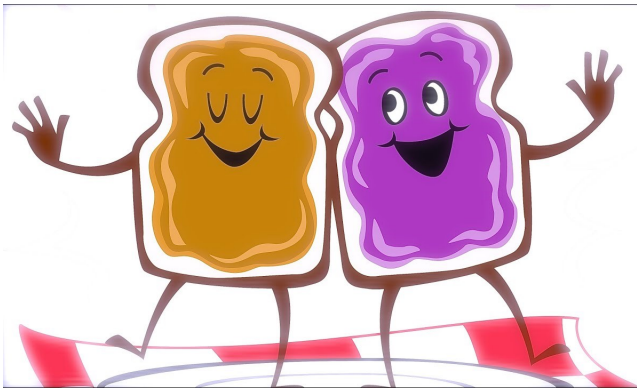
See me in my kitchen  
See me slave and toil  
Of this, I'm very confident  
Water, I can boil

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



### Snapshots

Behold a brilliant sunset  
A mountain capped in snow  
But something else warms my heart  
And sets me all aglow

Love between two people  
Is a precious thing to me  
A cradled babe in mother's arms  
A sight I love to see

Picture this—young sisters  
Giggling in fun  
And it's so nice to see  
A man embrace his son

I love to see a young lad  
Stick up for his little brother  
And see two loyal friends  
Stand by one another

Friends, lovers, soul mates  
An image to behold  
The image tells a story  
The sweetest story told

In the album of my world  
In travels far and wide  
A picture tells what matters most  
A loved one by your side





## **More Stories from Africa: Country Medicine & The Bone Setter**

*By Helen Kohler*

When working in a remote village one day, I saw a man walking through town "favoring" his right arm and leg. When I returned to the campus, I asked Daniel, the man who was teaching me the local languages, what do people think happened when a person suddenly has a

weak arm and leg? He said if such weakness occurs, the person has been to the "Water Woman" to request something very important to them. He had to give some of his strength to the "Water Woman" in return for meeting his request!



Moving up the level of medical care:

A man fell out of a palm tree and was paralyzed. He lay in a hospital bed for some weeks with very little improvement. Finally, his family came and "carried him", presumably to a "Country Healer"! About a year later when I was in the man's area, I saw him walking through town with only a slight limp! Even visiting surgery professors from the US quickly learn that for most fracture patients, results are better if they are quickly referred to a local "Bone Setter"!

I happened to have met BoLu the bone setter of Wozi, who was reputed to be the best bone setter in upcountry Liberia. It was known that they did not use casts, and that they began PT as soon as the break occurred. Little else has been discovered about their treatment, in spite of a great deal of effort to do so. When I returned to Liberia, on sabbatical leave, I met BoLu again, and told her that I had heard of her special skills eight years before, and of her patients. She laughed and said: "You Americans, you can remember!!"

## **Oh What An Open House it Was!**

*by Connie Huber*

We've had open house events over the years, and they've all been wonderful. This year, however, it was held during the holidays when our community was decorated so nicely. It was wonderful to see so many families sharing in the festivities, to listen to the music, and to sample all the goodies. But the part that warmed my heart the most was being able to share it with my family!



Special thanks to "Santa" (Neil Heimsoth) for making the evening so much fun.

## What My Mom Was Like When I Was a Child

*by Mario Marcozzi*

When I was 5 years old, I already knew why I never met my father. I was told that he was taken from us when I was a baby. For years he was like a slave in the German coal region, in the deep coal mines of Dortmund.

Years later, in 1942, my grandfather was near death, so my mother, grandparents and friends were able to convince the Italian Red Cross to bring my father back to Italy to take care of his family and his parents.

On the first week of May, 1942, there were 2 big events that happened to my life. I met my father for the first time and my grandfather died.

The next 3 years of war were the worst years of our lives. The war ended in 1945, but there was no economy, no jobs and food was scarce. My father and his brother left for Venezuela to find work. My courageous mother was left alone again to take care of her family of 3 children. My mother never stopped working and sacrificing for her family. This is one example of her hardships that I remember. It was time for my sister, Pia's First Communion. There was no material to be found to make a Communion dress for Pia, and no money to buy it. Mother did not give up. She found an old black umbrella and she actually made a dress for Pia from this umbrella!

My mother was a strong person with many talents and a lot of love for her children. If they were giving out trophies for Best Mom, she would have a room full of trophies! My mom always managed to put food on the table. I don't know how she did it. She was a great survivor.

Years later I heard my uncle say that she could always make a meal out of an eggshell! How true! When I became an adult, I always made sure that my parents were safe and secure, and that they would enjoy their lives to the end.



## 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 per chance you have a square, to call either either is most unfair.



## On The Beach

by Ron Madison

It was early summer of 1957. Meg and I, newlyweds, had moved into our first home to start our first jobs. We were in Hermosa Beach, California, on Santa Monica Bay, near Los Angeles. We picked Hermosa Beach because it was not far from the airport where Meg worked for United Airlines, or from the new Bethlehem Steel plant where I worked.

It was like an extended honeymoon. We had a small apartment looking over the roof of a small cottage on the strand (the beach). From our living-room window we could see the expanse of wide beach and the breaking waves during the day. The sound of the surf lulled us to sleep each night. Pretty special life for a boy from Cleveland, Ohio, and a girl from Lincoln, Nebraska.



This particular morning, we decided to start our day with a stroll on the beach, as we often did. It was a beautiful, sunny, cloudless summer day. We had been out late the night before and had slept in. Just the two of us, walking hand-in-hand over the wet sand, packed hard by the surf. The small waves lapped over our feet. The larger ones we sidestepped. Just the two of us.

We admired the sight of the crescent beach of Santa Monica Bay, which spread before us from Palos Verdes in the southeast to Malibu to the northwest, a thirty-mile stretch. Just the two of us!

I think we both realized it at the same time. As far as we could see, it was **just the two of us!** No one else was in sight. No street noise from the road a block from the beach, no one on the strand. On a beautiful, sunny, cloudless, summer Saturday morning, a perfect day for people to flock to the beach. Strange!

We headed back to our apartment to have a late breakfast and wondered as we looked out at the view of the beach from our window: Where is everybody? A short time later there was a knock on our door: it was our friends who lived in the cottage in front.

“Where have you been,” they asked with deep concern? “Where has everyone else been?” “Didn’t you hear? It was announced on the radio and on TV, and there were loudspeakers driving up and down the beach: the entire area was evacuated because of an expected tidal wave.”

If you have ever been somewhere where there should be people and no one is there, you will know how we felt. It was a strange feeling. Not frightening. Not lonely. But very, very strange!





**Traditionally Yours - Winter 2024**