



Traditionally Yours

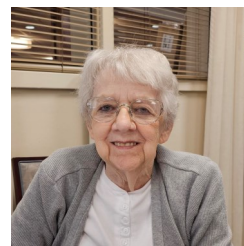
Your Community Newsletter
32nd Edition ~ October 2024





Welcome to the Neighborhood

Darlene LeFevre moved to Traditions in June after selling her ranch home in Traditions of America, Willow Green. Since her husband Bob passed away from multiple myeloma in 2020, the house had begun to feel too big and too quiet. Moving here felt just right, especially with her son James living just a mile away and familiar faces around from her 20 years leading the Craft Group at First Presbyterian Church of Bethlehem.



Darlene and Bob's love story began back at Allentown High School, where they admired each other from a distance. After high school, their mutual crush blossomed into true love, and their very first kiss coincided with Bob's marriage proposal! They married in 1956, eager to start a family. After 14 years of unsuccessfully trying to have a baby, they made the heartwarming decision to adopt their first son, James. The joy James brought led them to adopt a second son, Thomas, less than two years later. Their life with the boys was filled with so much happiness that they decided to foster girls, hoping to add a daughter to their family. They took in one girl at a time, showering each with love and support. Some were short term, some stayed longer. Although they weren't able to adopt any of the girls, one of them, Tina, stayed with them for eight or nine years through her middle school years. Due to circumstances beyond their control, they lost touch during her high school years, but now Tina is fully back in Darlene's life, and Darlene proudly considers her to be her daughter. Chosen family is real family, no matter what the paperwork says!

Along with James, Tom (who owns a thriving 28-year-old record store in East Stroudsburg called Main St Jukebox), and Tina, Darlene also has two grandsons. One recently graduated from college, and the other is currently enrolled at the US Air Force Academy in Colorado. She's incredibly proud of them all!

Judy Lapos moved to Traditions on July 30th. While she loved her first-floor apartment in the Historic District of Downtown Bethlehem, the hassle of downtown parking and those pesky tickets from the Bethlehem Parking Authority finally wore her down. It didn't take long for Judy to realize that Traditions was the perfect fit for this new chapter of her life. She's thrilled that her youngest son, Matthew, lives just under two miles away on Pine Top Trail, and her daughter Karen and son-in-law Michael are also within reach in New Hope, PA. Judy's two grandsons live in Hoboken, NJ,



making them an easy drive away too. In addition to her close-knit family, Judy remembers her oldest son, David, who passed away in 2012 at the age of 42. She cherishes the wonderful memories of their trips to New York City, where they would dine out and catch as many as three Broadway shows in a single weekend. Judy and her ex-husband Jim (now deceased) were married for 28 years, raising their three kids in the charming town of Jim Thorpe, PA. After their divorce, Judy moved the family to Summit Hill, PA, where she successfully ran a beauty salon for 20 years (no wonder her hair always looks good!)

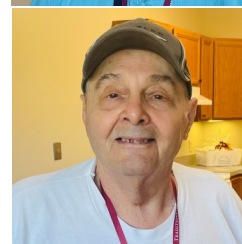
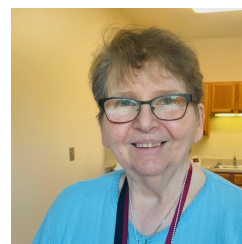
Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

Judy Lapos *continued*

Judy has always been passionate about dancing, though back and feet issues have made it difficult for her to keep up with it these days. As far back as her high school years, she entered and won many partner dance competitions; Jitterbug and Polka were some favorites. After moving to the Lehigh Valley, Judy and her girlfriends enjoyed many fun-filled nights dancing at the Sheraton Jetport (across the street from the ABE Airport)—the go-to spot in the 80s and early 90s for showing off your dance moves!

Judy absolutely loves the college football season so she can watch her beloved Big Ten football every Saturday afternoon this fall. If you're a Penn State football fan, make sure to join Judy in the Fireside Lounge to root for PSU!

Louis and Katherine Chicchi were welcomed into our community in August, and they're already loving their cozy first-floor apartment. Before landing here at Traditions, they checked out quite a few other places, but none felt right. The moment they set foot in our community, they knew they had found their new home. AND, the delicious, creamy seafood bisque served during their visit might have helped to seal the deal! Now, about Katherine and Louis's love story—it didn't exactly start with fireworks. In fact, Katherine didn't like Louis at all at first! She thought he was much too forward and flirty, especially when he had the nerve to compliment her sexy legs right off the bat! But love works in mysterious ways. Katherine eventually forgave his boldness and fell for his charm, and on August 11, 2024, they celebrated 62 years of wedded bliss. It's clear to everyone who meets them that these two are still in love with each other!



Katherine and Louis raised a daughter and two sons in various parts of the Lehigh Valley before settling in Slatington, where they built a home and lived for 36 years. Katherine started as a secretary at a company that eventually became B. Braun, and later, after earning her certification, became an office manager and bookkeeper for Pennsylvania Perlite, Inc. Louis, on the other hand, built a successful business as a furniture upholsterer while also working for the railroad. Despite battling arthritis and tendonitis, Louis's energy is still going strong—he's currently working as a school bus aide for young children with special needs, making sure they get to school and their outings safely and with a smile. The Chicchis are proud grandparents of five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Their Catholic faith is the cornerstone of their love and support for their family, and Katherine beams when she talks about her greatest joy—chatting with her 22-year-old twin grandsons and nearly 16-year-old granddaughter, all of whom have special needs. Though they wish their grands and great-grands lived closer, the distance doesn't diminish the love.

Louis and Katherine are thrilled to have joined our community, calling it a great decision (but we might just need to ask them to tone down their Quarters Bingo-winning streak!).

Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

Maria Laub joined our community at Traditions in July after selling the Pen Argyl home where she and her beloved husband, Armand, lived for more than 35 years. Before marrying Armand in 1981, Maria and her first husband, with whom she shared a marriage that ended in divorce, raised their two sons, Louis and David, in Roseto, PA. As a busy mother with a thriving career as a hairstylist, she transformed part of their home into her own salon, where she maintained a devoted and appreciative clientele, keeping the ladies of Roseto looking their best.



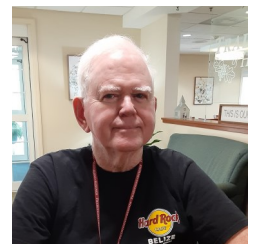
In 1979, Maria faced an unimaginable loss—the death of her son David at just 13 years old. A gifted all-around athlete, David passed away during an evening football practice due to an undetected heart condition. Maria acknowledges that modern advancements, such as defibrillators, would likely have saved his life today, sparing other families this heartbreak. She credits her faith and relationship with God for giving her the strength to endure this tragedy.

Maria and her second husband, Armand, enjoyed 35 wonderful years of marriage. When they moved to Pen Argyl, Maria continued her passion for hairstyling, creating a new home salon where she worked until retiring in 1987. Their story was not just one of romantic love but also of deep filial affection. Though not biologically related, Armand and Louis shared a strong bond, considering each other as father and son, with abiding love and respect.

Having survived cancer herself in 2008, Maria knew how to care for those afflicted by the disease. When both her husband Armand and son Louis were diagnosed with cancer, she cared for them with great devotion. Their passing, within a year and a half of each other in 2016 and 2017, compounded her grief. Once again, she turned to her faith, along with the support of her remaining family and church friends, to help her through.

Maria's lovely demeanor and upbeat personality belie the tragedies she has faced. She has quickly charmed everyone she's met here at Traditions and firmly believes that moving here was the right decision for her. We wish her many years of well-deserved peace and happiness ahead here .

Dan Loftus joined us in late June. His son, Brian and his wife Alisa, and their kids, Brandon (24) and Amelia (21), live nearby. With the family so close, Traditions was the perfect spot for Dan. While he sold his spacious townhome in Moosic, PA, he's holding on to his gorgeous Naples, FL townhome for now—after all, who could resist golfing in the Florida sunshine? Plus, it's where Dan and his family love to bond over a round of golf!



Dan's life has been nothing short of colorful. He often shares memories of growing up in a "dirt-poor" family in Scranton, relying on government assistance to get by. Despite the challenges, he managed to put himself through the University of Scranton by earning scholarships, taking out loans, and working hard—a true testament to his determination. After college, Dan served as a combat medic on the front lines in Vietnam. When he

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Welcome to the Neighborhood... continued

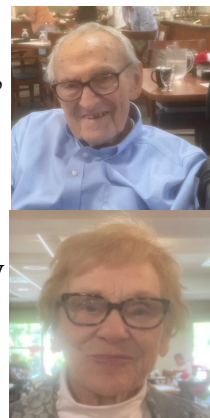
Dan L continued

returned, he worked as a caseworker for the Department of Public Welfare. These experiences gave him a cool-headed outlook on life: while blood and tears might make things seem overwhelming in the moment, with a little distance, everything becomes clearer. Dan later earned a master's degree in social work from Marywood University and entered the mental healthcare field. Then, as if that wasn't enough, he added an MBA to his résumé, which kicked off a 20-year career in sales and product marketing for AT&T. When the telecom landscape changed, Dan switched gears and became the CEO of a company providing services for people with disabilities, particularly handling payroll for caregivers. Under his leadership, the company grew from grossing \$750,000 a year to an incredible \$84 million! In 2012, Dan decided it was finally time to relax, hit the golf course, and enjoy retirement.

Dan has been married twice, and from those marriages, he has three children. His sons, Brian and Kevin (who passed away at 35), were born during his first marriage. His daughter, Caroline, is now a lawyer in Salt Lake City and was born during his second marriage. Both marriages ended in divorce, and Dan humorously says "wife" has officially become a four-letter word in his vocabulary. However, he's open to applications for the role of "girlfriend"!

Adjusting to life here at Traditions hasn't been a walk in the park for Dan—it's not easy going from a big house to a smaller space. But one bright spot? Weekly housekeeping! In his typical humorous style, Dan joked that his old house was once described by a friend as being "one bullet shy of a murder scene!" So, he's beyond grateful to our fantastic housekeeping team for keeping things in tip-top shape. We're sure Dan's sense of humor will keep everyone smiling—if you haven't met him yet, you're in for a good laugh!

Sue and Joe Csatari joined our community this August, moving from South River, NJ, where they raised their family and built a life together. Joe, with Sue always by his side as a true partner, built a remarkable career as a renowned artist and illustrator. His work has graced book covers, magazines, galleries, museums, private collections, advertising campaigns—and even two U.S. postage stamps! Joe has painted portraits of many iconic Americans, including President Dwight Eisenhower, First Lady Betty Ford, and entertainment legends like Bing Crosby and Leonard Nimoy (just to name a few!).



They decided to relocate to Hanover Township to be closer to their son Jeff, his wife Kathy, and their three daughters. Their other son, Joe, lives nearby in Clinton, NJ, with his family. Meanwhile, their daughter Wendy has returned to South River and is now living in the old family home. Downsizing from their large house to a more manageable space has been a big change, but when Sue recently visited their former home with Wendy, she was surprised to find she didn't miss it nearly as much as she expected. In fact, she thought, "Why didn't we make this move sooner?"

Sue and Joe's story began in 1954 when they first noticed each other across the aisle at church. When they ran into each other on the street one day, Joe asked Sue to a movie,

continued

Sue and Joe continued

and she felt comfortable saying yes since he was, after all, a familiar church acquaintance. They dated for five years—which was quite a long courtship back then! Sue had a big, lively group of friends and wasn't quite ready to settle down, even with Joe, who was a dashing, slightly older gentleman (he was 30, and she was 22). Eventually, though, his charm won her over, and they tied the knot in 1959.

Joe always knew art was his calling. He earned a scholarship to the Academy of Art in Newark, NJ, and later studied at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, NY. In 1958, he became the art director for The Boy Scouts of America, and by 1973, he was the art director for Boy's Life magazine. During this time, he became a protégé of the legendary Norman Rockwell, whose work he had always deeply admired and respected. Joe assisted Rockwell with sketches, themes, photo shoots, and even doing fine brushwork when Rockwell's hands became unsteady. In 1977, shortly before Rockwell's passing, Joe was named his successor as the official artist for The Boy Scouts of America—a role he held until his retirement in 2009.

Throughout Joe's career, he and Sue were a dynamic duo. Sue took on the roles of accountant, model booker, location scout, and event planner - essentially the CEO of their personal and professional lives! They made a great team—handling everything from glamorous galas to making sure the models got paid and the kids had dinner!

To top it all off, Sue and Joe have generously donated a copy of Joe's 2009 book, Norman Rockwell's Boy Scouts of America, to the Traditions of Hanover library. The book is a tribute to both Rockwell and Joe, capturing iconic moments that reflect the ideals of the Boy Scouts of America—camping, hiking, pinewood derbies, and the spirit of community service.

Please join us in giving a warm welcome to Sue and Joe as they start this exciting new chapter with us!

Preamble 2.0: The Influencer Edition

By Bob Anselmo

As we all know, the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States of America reads as follows: “We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.”. So just for fun, I asked MS Copilot GPT-4 Artificial Intelligence how the preamble would read if, instead of classically educated patriots, the document was written today by social media influencers. Here's the result:

Preamble 2.0: The Influencer Edition: “Hey fam! Word. We, the lit peeps of the USA, are about to drop some major vibes with this Constitution thing. It's all about flexin' our rights, getting the blessings, and leveling up our nation game! Let's make history, squad!”

It's no wonder that some of us, some of the time, have difficulty understanding our grandchildren.



How Did Your Parents Pick Your Name?

By Mario Marcozzi

My mother was never a follower; she had a mind of her own. She mostly followed traditions, but not all of them. She certainly did not follow the Italian tradition to name your first-born children after their grandparents. Her first-born was my older sister, Pina. She was named Pina simply because she liked the name Pina. My sister, Pia, was named after Pia de Tolomei. She was a noble woman from Siena and a character in Dante's Divine Comedy. She was murdered by her husband so he could marry his mistress. She was also the theme of an opera by Donizetti, about de Tolomei. My mother read the book and was so awed by the character that she named my sister Pia. I looked up this book on Amazon and found it. It sounds very interesting, and I would certainly buy it if I could find it in English.

I was named after Mario, the main character in the Opera Tosca. My parents went to see an Opera in Teramo just before I was born, and of course, after she saw this wonderful opera, she just had to name me Mario! I'm proud to be named after this character, and I'm proud that my mom was a strong intelligent woman who made her own wise choices in life.



In a small group discussing reincarnation, one person said, "I'd like to come back as a 911 emergency dispatcher. When the cable TV company calls to report the building on fire, I'll say, 'OK. We can have a truck there sometime between 1:00 and 4:00.'"



Where we land when we get past the Pearly Gates

By Al Schadle

A priest and a New York City taxi driver died and went to heaven. St. Peter met them at the pearly gates and asked the taxi driver to follow him. He took him to this enormous, beautiful house with immaculate lawns and landscaping. "This is where you will be living," he told the taxi driver. The priest was quite impressed and wondered what his place would look like since the taxi driver's house was so nice. St. Peter told the priest to follow him and took him down a wide street but then turned into a narrow alley and stopped in front of a rundown shack with peeling paint and weeds growing all around the house. "This is where you will be living," St. Peter told the priest. The stunned priest turned to St. Peter and said "There must be some mistake, that taxi driver got that beautiful house, and I get this rundown shack. After all, remember I am priest". "There is no mistake," said St. Peter, "according to our records when you preached your parishioners fell asleep and when this taxi driver drove his passengers prayed."



Thoughts by the Late Humorist, Ogden Nash

Submitted by Barbara Moore

Ogden Nash wrote the following in 1931:

Family Court

One would be in danger
From the wiles of the stranger
If one's own kin and kith
Were more to be with.

Reminiscent & Reflection

When I consider how my life is spent
I hardly ever repent.

Introspective Reflection

I would live all my life in nonchalance and
insouciance
Were it not for making a living, which is
rather a nuisance.

Reflection on a Wicked World

Purity
Is obscurity.

Common Sense

Why did the Lord give us agility
If not to evade responsibility.

The Cow

The cow is of the bovine ilk
One end is moo, the other milk.

Reflection on Ingenuity

There's a good rule of thumb
Too clever is dumb.

The Phoenix

Deep in the study of eugenics
We find that fabled fowl the phoenix
The wisest bird
As ever was
Rejecting other Mas and Pas
It lays one egg not twelve
And when it's hatched
Out pops itself.

None is Everything

Better a parvenu
Living luxuriously on Park Avenue
Than a Schuler or a Van Rensselaer
Living inexpensselaer.

The Baby

A bit of talcum
Is always walcum.

What's the Use?

Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants
Yours are the limbs my sweeting
You look divine as you advance
Have you seen yourself retreating?

The Parent

Children aren't happy
with nothing to ignore
And that's what parents
Were created for.

Humorous Puns Seen on Signs...

Submitted by Connie Huber

On a Plumber's truck: *We repair what your husband fixed*

On a Septic Tank Truck: *Yesterday's Meals on Wheels*

In a Podiatrist's office: *Time wounds all heels*

In a veterinarian's waiting room: *Be back in 5 minutes. Sit! Stay!*

On a Shoe Repair Shop: *We'll heel you. We'll save your sole. We'll even dye for you.*

Fire Rainbow

Submitted by Carol Paden

This is very rare form of rainbow—sometimes called a fire rainbow. It is caused by the angle of the sunlight hitting cirrus ice crystals in the atmosphere. The effect is fleeting, usually only lasting a few seconds before either disappearing or turning normal-cloud white. This was spotted in a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia. Some think that fire rainbows are where the concept of dragons came from. The fire rainbow is a play of light weather phenomenon, a form of a circumhorizontal arc.



A Puzzle

By Dean Updike

An author writes: “One and two make three, but one or two make one.” The author claims that both statements are true. Can you explain why this is true?

Answer: Let us add the implied words to clarify the statements. One (object) and two (objects) make three (objects). One (numeral) or two (numeral) make one (numeral). Note that the words one and two in English can refer to either the number (counting) or the numeral (symbol).



Counting Perfect Squares

By Dean Updike

Start with one, four, and nine,
And everything is fine
Sixteen and twenty-five
Will keep the count alive.

Thirty-six, forty-nine,
Still everything is fine.
Ten bringing in sixty-four
Will even out the score.

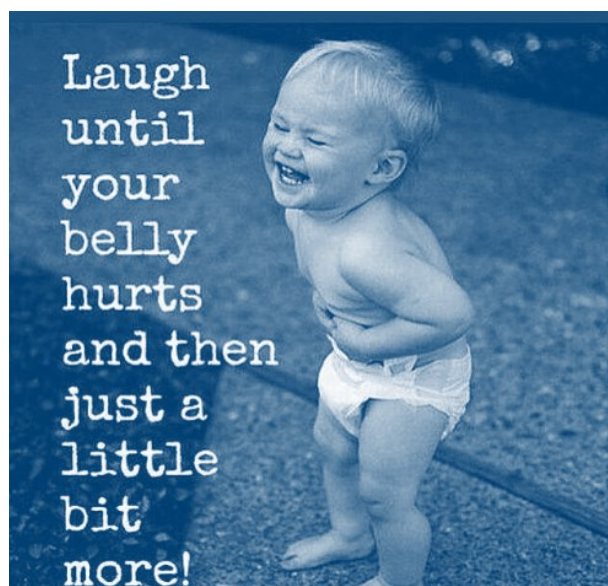
Then adding eighty-one
Contributes to the fun.
Bringing in one-hundred
Will put the count to bed.

Now I’ve counted perfect squares
But of course nobody cares.

X	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
2	0	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20
3	0	3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30
4	0	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40
5	0	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50
6	0	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60
7	0	7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70
8	0	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80
9	0	9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90
10	0	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100

Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



I accidentally put my medical donor card into an ATM machine. It cost me an arm and a leg to get it back.

How can you tell when a bucket is ill?
It becomes a little pail (pale).

I bought 1000 shares of a company that made wind chimes. I thought it was a pretty sound investment.

Everyone knows that there are 5 Great Lakes in North America but only one of them is Superior.

Is an attractive monster pretty scary?

I sent a letter to a friend of mine who lived in Los Angeles. I was going to include a really funny umbrella joke but I decided not to because, not only would it probably be over his head, but it probably would take him a few days to get it.

Two slices of bread got married. The reception was great until someone decided to toast the bride and groom.

A pirate who wears a sombrero is called a sea senior.

A pirate at sea was convicted of mutiny and sentenced to walk the plank. Prior to the event the Captain asked the pirate if he wanted to take a shower. No thanks said the pirate, I'll just wash up on shore.

I passed a building the other day and I knew it had to be a rehab center because a sign out front said "Keep off the grass".

Shortly after we got married my wife prepared a candlelight dinner. I didn't have the heart to tell her that she could have saved a lot of time if she used the oven.

I gave my wife a 5 lb. bag of sugar for our 25th anniversary. She thought it was sweet.

The polygamist cat had 9 wives.

A woman was getting married for the fourth and final time. A friend asked her how she was so sure that this would be her last marriage. The woman replied, "My first husband was a banker, my second was an actor, the third was a preacher and the fourth one is an undertaker". What's the significance of all those marriages asked the friend. Well, said the woman, "one for the money two for the show three to get ready and four to go".

I was invited to a kleptomaniacs anonymous meeting last week. Unfortunately, I was running a little late and by the time I got there all the seats were taken.

My buddy's wife converted him to religion. Before he got married, he didn't believe in hell.

If a deaf person is charged with a crime and must appear in court, is it still called a hearing?

If a snowman has a tantrum in the summer, is it called a meltdown?

Volunteering

By Dorothy (Dot) Fleming

Recently I volunteered to manage our library here at Traditions. It is a very welcoming room on the third-floor main corridor, midway between the elevators. Everyone is invited to come and enjoy the collection.

Over the years I have worked in various libraries: college, large university, and the public spectrum. These experiences led me to work with a variety of personalities and requests, which could be interesting as well as challenging. To think an entire career of individual and supervisory positions, both full-time and part-time, all started with a part-time job while I was in high school helping in the library at Pennsylvania Military College, now Widener University.

Have you ever seen an “ILLINOIS GULLY WASHER”? No! This question was presented to me one Spring morning when the sky was pitch black with heavy rain outside the library. This was our first year to experience tornado warnings/alerts. We moved to Champaign, IL, in late August from Pennsylvania. On the way home, a radio message reported tornado alerts were cancelled. We saw curving scallop-shaped clouds in the sky – is that normal? While eating dinner we each sat looking out of kitchen windows and the front door respectively.

What do you do when the card catalog is 3 ft. above you, and you need the top drawer? To answer this question: “Pull out and catch”! My last day of work my boss observed me doing this act. “I often wondered how you got the top drawer down to use.”

How do you lock up the main library at night when the door lock isn’t working? I retrieved my combination lock off my locker. I was able to thread the large chain through the door handles and attach the combination lock to the chain to secure the doors. That’s not taught in any library science course that I’ve ever heard of.

I have always enjoyed reading. I look forward to enjoying the Traditions collection.



The older I get, the more I understand why roosters scream to start their day.

My Little Companion

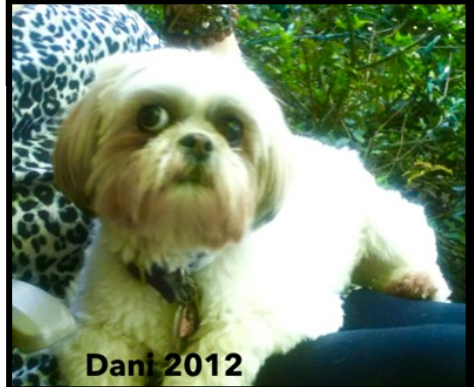
By Bob Anselmo

In June 2010, my wife, Caroljean ("Cj"), and I visited the Humane Society shelter on Dixon St. in Allentown. Though we already had two small dogs, a Japanese Chin named CharLee and a pug named Leroy, Cj wanted a dog of her own. She noticed an emaciated stray, trembling at the back of a cage, severely underweight, and shaved to the skin due to her tangled coat. Captivated by the dog's soulful eyes, Cj bonded with her instantly. After completing the adoption, we brought her home and changed her shelter name from "Wilma" to "Dani," after a character on Cj's favorite TV show, Law and Order, SVU. Our vet identified Dani as over 50% Shih Tzu, possibly 100%, and about a year old. We set her birthdate as May 9, 2009.

Dani quickly became Cj's constant companion, sleeping with her, sitting in her lap, and following her everywhere. Even as I took over more of Dani's care during Cj's decline, she remained deeply bonded to Cj, always searching for her when we returned from walks. Dani fit right in with CharLee and Leroy, and they played together, chasing, mock fighting, and playing "keep away" with toys and tennis balls.

Before passing in 2015, Cj spent several weeks in Good Shepherd Rehab. Dani and I visited for several hours every day. Three years later, my sister was at Good Shepherd and asked me to bring Dani for a visit. As soon as we arrived, Dani became agitated, pulling me from room to room, constantly sniffing the air. I suddenly realized that she remembered Good Shepherd, and she was looking for Cj.

Over the past nine years, Dani and I have grown closer. At 15, she no longer plays games but enjoys walks, sleeps under my desk, and loves small chicken tenderloin snacks. She's been a great companion here at Traditions, but I know there is a place in her heart for Cj that I will never occupy, and that's OK.



Age is merely the number of years the world has been enjoying you.

Unknown

Our First Real Vacation

by Connie Huber

We had been married 19 years and had never been on a real vacation. It seemed that there was never money available. I decided to open a bank account and made small deposits each week, which began to add up. When it was time for my husband to pick his vacation in 1977, I asked him to make sure he requested the week of our anniversary. After looking for a trip that I could afford with my secret savings I found a brochure about a sailboat cruise. It left from Mystic Seaport, Connecticut and sailed for five days to Martha's Vineyard and back. My husband always loved boats, so a sailboat cruise would be perfect!



Three weeks before our anniversary, I showed him the brochure with the Mystic Whaler in full sail. I asked him if he thought he would like to take that cruise. He thought it would be perfect, if we could afford it. That is when I showed him the tickets and the trip plan I bought and paid for with my secret account.

There were about 30 other passengers. We had our own cabin, but we shared the "head" with several other people. We were young so this was not a problem. The dress code was relaxed and comfortable. The meals were hearty and delicious. We sailed all afternoon, and in the evenings, we stopped at different ports along the New England coast. On a sail ship, there are no radios, newspapers, or contact with the outside world, except for emergencies. It was August 16, 1977 when we landed at Martha's Vineyard. When we got to the dock, there were two boys running to see a friend. They were saying that Elvis Presley had died. That's how I learned of my favorite singer's death. The rest of the evening was nice even though I was sad about Elvis. We went back to the dock to get the tender to return to the ship. It was late and dark, and we were all tired. We were laughing and talking when I spotted a large boat with a white hull and no running lights heading right for us. It hit us broadside! Our crew's experience prevented us from turning over. The captain reported it to the Coast Guard, and fortunately, no one was injured. The boat that hit us was a modern-day pirate ship, stealing from boats anchored at the dock.

The next day was our anniversary and the crew made a special cake and all the passengers made and signed a card for us. On the last day, we returned to Mystic Seaport. It was a wonderful trip.

I continued with my secret bank account which wasn't secret anymore, and we were able to take a nice trip every year after that.

Wisdom for the Aged!

Submitted by Connie Huber

If a bottle of poison reaches its expiration date, is it more poisonous or is it no longer poisonous?

Which letter is silent in the word 'Scent,' the S or the C?

Do twins ever realize that one of them is unplanned?

Every time you clean something, you just make something else dirty.

The word 'swims' upside-down is still 'swims'.

Why is there a 'D' in fridge, but not in refrigerator?

As I've grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but pissing everyone off is a piece of cake!

Common sense is like deodorant. The people who need it the most never use it.

It's not my age that bothers me - it's the side effects.

I'm not saying I'm old and worn out, but I make sure I'm nowhere near the curb on trash day.

As I watch this generation try and rewrite our history, I'm sure of one thing: it will be misspelled and have no punctuation.

I put my scale in the bathroom corner and that's where the little liar will stay until it apologizes.

Hard to believe I once had a phone attached to a wall, and when it rang, I picked it up without knowing who was calling.

My wife says I keep pushing her buttons. If that were true, I would have found mute button by now.

There is no such thing as a grouchy old person. The truth is that once you get old, you stop being polite and start being honest.



I've learned....

That under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

That a smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.

Andy Rooney

Drawing Trucks

By Dean Updike

I was sitting in the Fireside Lounge working on a Sudoku puzzle when I saw Darla, the breakfast server, with a young boy who seemed to be bored. I asked her to bring him to my table. She told me his name is Liam and that he is the 5-year-old grandson of Cathy, our Executive Director. Liam sat down in the chair next to me.

I suggested that we draw a truck. He agreed. I pulled out a sheet of plain paper and asked, "What kind of truck shall we draw?" "A dump truck." He replied.

I drew the front part of a truck then asked, "On the back, do you want one or two axles for the wheels?" "One." He answered. I then drew the lower part of the back portion of the truck. I then asked "Do you want the dump body down and loaded or up and dumping?" "Up." He responded. I finished the drawing as Liam had specified and gave it to him to take home to color.

Since then, we have drawn trucks together a few times. Some people here at Traditions have become aware of these drawings of trucks. This ends the story about how I became a known artist.



When a kid says "Daddy, I want mommy" that's the kid version of "I'd like to speak to your supervisor."

Reserved for a Great Story

Written by You

Do you enjoy reading this newsletter?

Would you consider sharing some of your stories with your neighbors?

We know your fellow residents would love to read them!

Please consider jotting them down and sending to one of us.

You can either type and email them to us, or if you're not able to do that, simply give Christy a handwritten or photocopy of it. Whichever is easiest for you!

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Forrest Gump...

Submitted by Rosemary Carlos

The day finally arrived... Forrest Gump dies and goes to heaven. He's at the Pearly Gates and is met by St. Peter himself. However, the gates are closed, and Forrest approaches the gatekeeper.

St. Peter said, "Well Forrest, it's certainly good to see you. We've heard a lot about you. I must tell you though, the place is filling up fast and we've been administering an entrance exam for everyone. The test is short, but you have to pass before you can get into Heaven."

Forrest responds, "It's sure good to be here, but nobody ever told me about any exam. I sure hope it ain't too hard. Life was a big enough test as it was."

St. Peter continued, " Yes, I know Forrest, but it's only 3 questions: What two days of the week begin with the letter T; How many seconds are there in a year; And what is God's first name."

After thinking over the questions, Forrest returns to St. Peter who asks, "Ok Forrest, what two days of the week begin with the letter T?"

"Shucks, that one's easy. Today and Tomorrow." answered Forrest.

St. Peter, a little surprised, said, "That's not what I was thinking but you do have a point, and I'll accept your answer. How about the next one... How many seconds in a year?"

Forrest said, "That one's a bit harder, but I think about it and figure it's twelve." Astounded, St. Peter said, "Twelve? How in Heaven's name did you come up with twelve?". Forrest replied, "Shucks, St. Peter, there's got to be twelve... January 2nd, February 2nd, March 2nd..."

"Hold it," St. Peter interrupts . " I see where you're going with this and I see your point, though it's not exactly what I was thinking, but will accept your answer. And now the last question. What is God's first name?" "Sure," Forrest said. "It's Andy."

"ANDY??" exclaimed an exacerbad and frustrated St. Peter. "Ok, I can understand how you came up with the first two answers, but ANDY??"

Forrest replied, "Shucks, that was the easiest one of all. I learnt it from the song, *Andy walks with me, Andy talks with me, Andy tells me I am his own.*"

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates and said "Run Forrest, Run..."



My Grandparents' Weddings

by Michele Morrow, Editor

I know of a few people who had the pleasure of growing up with grandparents, but am not sure there are too many people who can say that they attended their grandparent's wedding.... I actually was able to attend TWO!

When I was six, Tosca, my paternal grandmother, literally married "the boy next door." My dad's father died long before I was born. Many years after moving her children to their new home, Tosca met her next door neighbor's dad, Charles. The two got to chatting over the fence, and well, as they say... that's all she wrote! A few months later they were married. Tosca and Charles spent the next several decades enjoying every second of life and traveled the country in their motorhome. Charles died before her and was buried along side of her first husband (my grandfather.) She died when she was 91, and now has the two loves of her life on either side of her for all eternity!



My maternal grandmother, Tessie, passed away when I was a teenager. My grandfather, Michael was only 63 at the time, and after her death, he dated... A LOT! One day when his sister was in the hospital, she learned that Mary, the woman in the bed next to her, was a widow. So she called my grandfather and said "Michael, you need to come visit me, and wear a suit!" And again... that's all she wrote! Michael and Mary married when I was 21. We love telling people that my grandfather met his second wife in bed, ha ha ha.



They were happily married for many years. Mary became not only member of the family, but a dear friend to all of us. She was my last living grandparent and recently died at the young age of 100.

So not only I was quite privileged to have grown up with all of my grandparents and many great grandparents, I was even more privileged to welcome two NEW grandparents into my life. The memories I have of each of them will stay with me forever.



**Be grateful that no matter how much chocolate you eat,
your earrings will still fit**

“Thank You” Never Said

By Ron Madison

Since we moved into Traditions over a year ago, I’ve had much time to think about my life.

I find my thoughts are not so much about me, but about those who shared a part of themselves with me, those who helped shape me into what I have become. As I recall more and more of these people, I find myself regretting never thanking them for making my life so much fuller. I find myself somehow never expressing how I felt.

But let me thank them all now Most of all, let me thank God for sending them my way!



If I were a Little Girl

by Ron Madison

If I were a little Girl,
I’d tell you what I’d do.
I’d build me a little house
In the middle of a shoe.

Then I’d loosen up my lace,
When the little boys would come,
And instead of opening my door,
I’d stick out my tongue!



Notes to Myself:

- * Stop spending more money to get free shipping.
- * Your coffee is still in the microwave.
- * Don’t throw the box with the directions away until it’s 100% done!
- * Your glasses are on top of your head.
- * Just because it pops in your head doesn’t mean it should come out of your mouth.
- * You’re never going to remember to do “that thing” later, just do it now.



Poetry, Vignettes in Verse

By Christine Kearns

Precious Vote

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! America
Election Day is near
Cherish your precious right to vote
A treasure we hold dear

May those who are elected
Embrace a lofty goal
To make the world a better place
Indeed - a noble role

May they serve with honor
In our Democracy
And stand for basic, human rights
A golden legacy

Our Founders' grand intent
Precious rights for all
O hear their voices echo
From Independence Hall



The Wind Between My Toes

I love your gentle, warm embrace
I love a long stemmed rose
But what I love most of all
The wind between my toes

Roses are red - flower of love
Violets are bathed in blue
But look at my pink tootsies
The breeze is streaming through

These tootsies are so happy
Love is everywhere
Big toe, little toe and those between
Ten toes in the air

And so my love I tell you
While in our hearts love grows
The sweetest joy in my life
Is wind between my toes



They say that 40 is the new 30 and 50 is the new 40,
but all I know is that the older I get, the more 9 pm is the new midnight!

First rule of cleaning while listening to music:
The toilet brush is never the microphone. Never!

Sometimes I shock myself with the smart stuff I say or do.
Other times I try to get out of the car with my seat belt on.



