

THE ACORN

SHERWOOD OAKS NEWSLETTER
100 Norman Drive, Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
www.sherwood-oaks.com

September 2020 “For the residents, by the residents” Vol. 21, No. 8

See who is practicing social distancing ...



Photo by Rabe Marsh

alongside unit #189!

FOUR YEARS WITH JULIE EDEN!

Gentle Readers: Sherwood Oaks officially introduced and welcomed Julie Eden in the September 2016 issue of THE ACORN. The cover of the next issue (October 2016) featured some of her glorious photographs of vegetables ... with some black and white shots throughout the newsletter. And her name was already on The Masthead!

In addition to her many photographs – a snowman here, a landscape there, always something stunning – Julie wrote articles about Jewish holidays, histories, rites, and rituals. When Sherwood Oaks celebrated its 35th anniversary, “From Dream to Reality,” Julie contributed a series of interviews with staff members of various departments such as social services, community nursing, etc. She also wrote “Slices of Life,” a review of the year 2017.

More recently, Julie has reported about her book club. In addition, many of us have purchased her beautiful note cards at Sherwood Gifts.

Now Julie says it is time for her to retire. Thank you, Julie, for your artist’s eyes and ears and for sharing those sights and insights with the rest of us.

– Ruth Becker, Rosemary Coffey, &
Barbara Dixon (past editor)



Photo by Julie Eden

VOTING and the 2020 CENSUS

By Peggy Rubel - #258

For the Civic Affairs Committee

The November 3rd Election Day will be here before we know it! Application forms for voter registration and mail-in ballots are available at the front desk.

If you want to vote in person, you can sign up in the mailroom for the bus that makes several runs on Election Day to our polling place at the Cranberry Township Center on Rochester Road.

The 2020 Census is also important for providing data that determine the level of Federal funding designated for PA and locally as well. If you have not already filled out the census form, please do so online at 2020Census.gov, or call 844-330-2020.

THE ACORN

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Submissions for the October issue must be sent to the Editors no later than **September 15, 2020.**

JAN KIMBALL - #226

By Jean Henderson - #611



Photo by Mike Mills

You've heard of *left-brained* people? They have qualities like linear thinking, being good at math, and being factual, logical, verbal, analytical, and orderly. Meanwhile, *right-brained* people are deemed creative, artistic, intuitive, and rhythmic, as well as visualizers and holistic thinkers. Nobel prizewinner R. W. Sperry proposed this dichotomy in the 1960s.

Well, meet new resident Jan Kimball – a **WHOLE-BRAINED** person!! It does seem that her brain – both sides thereof – is fully engaged!

Jan has earned three degrees: Baldwin Wallace, BS in education; Kent State, MS in education; and Ashland Seminary, MA in Clinical Pastoral Counseling. These accomplishments, plus many additional certifications, have led her into varied professions. She has written software-user manuals for large companies, has taught children with learning disabilities, is a clinical counselor, and is still employed full-time doing medical billing and consulting for Signature Health, a Federally Qualified Health Center (FQHC) and Ohio's largest outpatient chemical dependency provider.

Curiosity about what causes people to do what they do fueled her love of counseling.

Jan grew up in Ossining, NY, home of Sing Sing prison. Did that lead her to over 7 years of volunteering with Kairos Prison Ministry in Marysville, OH, with female prisoners? One of her jobs was traveling all over the US and Canada installing, customizing, and teaching logistics software to trucking company employees. Did that lead to her love of travel – trips to Canada, by railroad through the Canadian Rockies, South Africa, a Mediterranean cruise including stops in Egypt, Greece, Italy, Cyprus, Malta? Still to come someday ... the British Isles. Dearest to her heart has been a family cabin on Lake Champlain in NY, where she spent summers since she was 5. Sadly, it was recently sold.

And you should see her needlepoint work ... amazing! She prefers to do charts, not painted canvases, to create her own patterns and color designs. The ones I saw were stunning. Since she misses her weekly needlepoint pals in Cleveland, she may start a needlepoint group here when the way is clear. She's got tons of stash!

But the love of her heart is Buddy, her 20-year-old black and white cat. So sweet! (He slept through our entire interview!) A brother in NY, a niece and her family in Syracuse, and a special cuz complete the family.

What a delight to welcome Jan to our Sherwood Oaks campus! And ... I almost forgot. She's here because her BW college and lifelong friend, Jan Wendt, invited her over for a visit. The rest, as they say, is history. Her final comment to me was, "I love being here...." Jan, we love having you here as part of our Sherwood Oaks family.

* * * * *

Age appears best in four things: old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.

– Francis Bacon

DICK & RAE ZUBERBUHLER - #604

By Connie Brandenberger - #602



Photos by Mike Mills

Moving from a farm in Beaver County to Sherwood Oaks was quite a change for Dick and Rae Zuberbuhler. The farm had been owned by Dick's family since 1871. When they moved there in 2001, they put an addition on the 1834 stone house and did some restoring to the original fireplace, porch, and gardens. Dick misses his tractor, his old Jeep, but not the work!

Rae graduated from Beaver High School, while Dick graduated from Beaver Falls. After Rae earned her Bachelor of Science degree at Michigan State, she worked in New York City and later in Pittsburgh as an advertising copywriter. She then traveled to Europe, where she worked in Belgium for Outboard Marine, International. Returning to Pittsburgh, Rae wrote the company magazine for H.J. Heinz Co. She met Dick around that time and settled down to 56 years (so far) of wedded bliss! They have two daughters and four grandchildren, living in the North Hills and Sewickley.

Dick graduated from Allegheny College and served in the U.S. Navy after attending Officer Candidates School. In 1971, he founded and operated H. R. Zuberbuhler, Inc., a manufacturer of computer room supplies. An avid skier, he liked nothing

better than a ski trip West with his brother. Winter family vacations or weekends later included skiing with his daughters. Summer vacations were often in the Outer Banks.

Rae's many involvements include a Book Club, Beaver Antique Club, AAUW, and, especially, gardening. Dick and Rae enjoy cooking together and entertaining.

Unfortunately, moving here at the start of the Covid-19 pandemic, Rae and Dick have been unable to take full advantage of the many benefits of Sherwood Oaks. Dick has made some use of the Wood Shop for some unfinished projects, and they both enjoy gardening in the raised beds. Rae, a Master Gardener, has helped plant and maintain the monochromatic flower bed, along with Judith Shifrin. Rae also takes part in Aquacize at the pool.

With everyone wearing masks, it is difficult to remember faces. They apologize for not recognizing all the friendly people whom they have met, while thanking all for welcoming them. They hope to be able to greet people with handshakes and hugs soon.

YOUR HOROSCOPE THIS WEEK

ARIES You'll be spending time in your home	LIBRA You'll be spending time in your home
TAURUS You'll be spending time in your home	SCORPIO You'll be spending time in your home
GEMINI You'll be spending time in your home	SAGITTARIUS You'll be spending time in your home
CANCER You'll be spending time in your home	CAPRICORN You'll be spending time in your home
LEO You'll be spending time in your home	AQUARIUS You'll be spending time in your home
VIRGO You'll be spending time in your home	PISCES You'll be spending time in your home

GUESS WHO

By Ruth Becker - #340

Yes, the 40-year-old photo in the Summer Issue depicted Rosemary Frelke and Diane Neely, second and third from the left, respectively. They were attending a party in Highland Park. And the ONLY person to identify both women by signing the page in the mailroom ... drum roll, please ... was Linda Mamaux!



And now on pages 8-9 of this issue are some of our residents' old photos, these from our infancy and pre-K days. Who are these kids? See how many you can identify before checking the answers (upside down) on page 26. Don't peek till you're ready! Thanks to Diane for inaugurating this contest and inspiring a yearlong guessing game.

And while we're at it, have you seen Diane's "Heroes" photos in the Lobby? Can you identify our courageous staff members in their masks? What an appropriate tribute!

For the October issue, please consider sharing photos of your elementary school years. Put them in the Acorn cubbyhole by Sept. 15; we'll scan and return them.

PHINEAS FIG IS BACK IN TOWN

By Joanne & Frank Weiss - #154

Phineas Fig went on his annual excursion from Wexford to Cranberry at the end of May. He arrived, pot and all, thanks to our son-in-law, Jeff, who is his caretaker during the cold weather.

Phineas spends the Winter months snug and warm, buried in a compost pile. When Spring returns he has had enough rest and is ready for another fruitful season. He whiles away the hours each day basking in the sun on our patio and enjoying the glances he gets from neighbors passing by or shoppers on their way to Granny's Attic Annex. He usually produces about two dozen juicy little figs per season. A neighbor has already sampled a ripe one right off the branch and declared it delicious!

In the Fall, when all his figs have been savored and his large, heart-shaped leaves are turning to gold, he is ready to return to Wexford for another long Winter's nap.

So, if you are in the vicinity of Parking Area "C," stroll a short distance along the Pembroke walkway and say "Hello." He'll be there, by the shed, just soaking up some rays. He loves the attention!



THE BEST KIND OF POLICE

By an S. O. Resident

Some time ago, my wife and I went on vacation to the seashore with a group of family and friends. On a day when everyone was doing their own thing, I suggested to my wife that we drive back to the area where our family had spent many summer vacations while our children were growing up. She thought that was a good idea. (I should indicate that my wife was in the throes of Alzheimer's disease, which was becoming more pronounced.)

We were having a great day visiting in the areas where we had rented different cottages over the years, which brought back many pleasurable memories. We came upon a favorite area with many shops we used to love browsing through. I suggested we do that together, but my wife was having some balance problems and preferred to remain in the car.

I shopped for fifteen or twenty minutes and returned to the car with a few purchases, got behind the wheel, and was ready to start the engine. My wife indicated that we couldn't go yet, because we had to wait for her mother to return from shopping. (Her mother had died many years before!) I tried to explain that her mother couldn't possibly have been with us, but my wife would have none of that nonsense. Her mother was just across the street in a particular store, and I was to tell her that we were getting ready to leave. To try to calm her down, I went across the street into the store, returning to announce that her mother wasn't there. Well, then, her mother must be lost, and we would have to try to find her! I thought, how in the world are we supposed to do that?

After much discussion, I suggested that we go to the nearest police station and file a "Missing Person" report. She thought that

was a good idea. When we arrived, I went in to "file the report."

Once inside the police station, I explained that there was actually no "Missing Person," but it would be great if they would just give me a note on police letterhead saying that I had filed a report, which would surely ease my wife's troubled mind.

The officer at the desk said she would help. She turned her back toward me to what I thought was her computer; instead, another police officer shortly came out to ask me how he could assist me.

After I explained my dilemma, he asked me where my wife was. I led him to our car, where he took his notebook from his pocket, bent down to the open window next to my wife, and began to collect the pertinent information about this missing person. When he finished writing down all the data he had collected, he spoke into his shoulder microphone to get an official file number. He next took a personal card from his shirt pocket and, on the proper line, wrote in the official file number and handed the card to my wife. He then indicated to her that he now had our cell phone number and, when they had located my wife's mother, they would immediately give us a call so that we could return and take her mother home with us. My wife was clearly relieved, so we could now safely leave the area.

I thanked the officer profusely and later wrote a letter and made a donation to the Police Department, indicating how wonderfully sensitive, kind, and helpful the officer had been in taking so much time with us in a situation of real distress. The moral of this story is: we should be mindful that most police officers are providing excellent service and protection while in a very dangerous occupation! We should all be grateful that there are so many really good police personnel.

A LITURGY FOR WHEN WE ARE MISSING SOMEONE

A gift from your Living with Loss team, while many of us are separated from loved ones during the pandemic:

Leader: We willingly carry this ache.

People: We carry it, Holy One, to you.

L: You created our hearts for unbroken fellowship.

Yet the constraints of time and place, and the stuttering rhythms of life in a fallen world, dictate that all fellowships in these days will at times be broken or incomplete.

P: And so we find ourselves in this season, sharing the sorrow of our separation from _____.

L: We acknowledge, O Lord, that it is a right and a good thing to miss deeply those whom we love but with whom we cannot be physically present.

P: Grant us, therefore, courage to love well even in this time of absence.

L: Grant us courage to shrink neither from the aches nor from the joys that love brings, for each, willingly received, will accomplish the good works you have appointed them to do.

P: Therefore we praise you even for our sadness, knowing that the sorrows we steward in this life will, in time, be redeemed.

Adapted from a prayer by Douglas McKelvey, based on Colossians 2:5

LIVING WILL INFORMATION

By Rabe Marsh - #187

In Pennsylvania, a living will is a written document that describes the kind of life-sustaining treatment you do or do not want if you are later unable to tell your doctor in person what type of treatment you wish to receive. Usually, a trusted person – often one's spouse – is designated as one's surrogate for that purpose.

Checking the Living Will after the designated person has died is prudent. Clearly, the designation will need to be changed to ensure that your wishes will be carried out.

The Sherwood Oaks Health Center will keep a copy of the Living Will for you so that it will be available when needed.

IN MEMORIAM

Memories are precious possessions that time can never destroy. For it is in happy remembrance that the heart finds its greatest joy.

Doris Dowling

June 17, 2020

Anna Marie Campbell

June 20, 2020

Jean Kennedy

June 24, 2020

Lenora Howard

July 17, 2020

Thomas Horan

July 25, 2020

Mae DeVore

August 19, 2020

Thomas Fararo

August 20, 2020

Blanche Rodgers

August 24, 2020

DO
YOU
RECOGNIZE
...



1



2



3



4



5

8



6



7



8



9

... ANY OF OUR
LITTLE
RASCALS?
SEE p. 26
FOR ANSWERS!



14



10



12



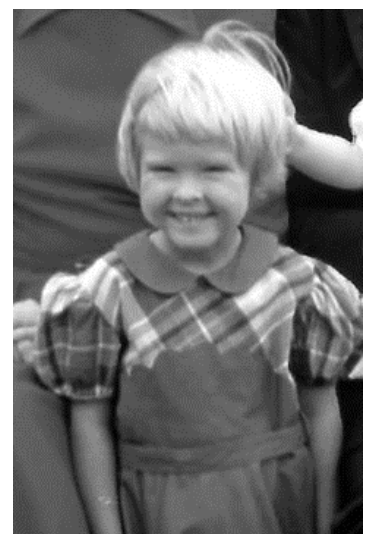
15



11



13



16

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY BEND AND WEED....

By Janice Wendt - #158

If you enjoyed gardening in one of the raised beds this summer, you'll want to join in a shout-out to Carol Paul (#148). Carol had a garden bed, like many of us, but she put in a little extra work this year – namely, weeding the wood-chipped ground around all the beds.

The chips had been strewn carefully by Grounds staff last Spring to help keep the weeds to a minimum. However, with the intense heat and heavy rains, the persistent, unwanted climbers found their way up through the chips, virtually covering all the areas between the beds.



To the left is a picture of the weeds covering much of the wood-chipped area. Carol says she “loves a challenge and enjoys gardening.” Like clockwork, she may be seen heading over to

the gardens early in the morning and later in the evening, marshaling the cool of the day to take to her hands and knees, attacking the unwanted intruders.

Here is a sample of her results:

As you can see, the weeds have disappeared, and the wood chips are once more clean and clear.

Thanks, Carol!



COOPER'S CLIMATE CAPSULE

By Bruce Cooper - #715

This column will highlight information from U.S. government agencies that authored the 4th National Climate Assessment in 2018.

This Month's Agency – Department of Energy

Website: <https://www.energy.gov/science-innovation/climate-change>

Addressing the effects of climate change is a top priority of the Energy Department. As global temperatures rise, wildfires, drought, and high electricity demand put stress on the nation's energy infrastructure. Moreover, severe weather – the leading cause of power outages and fuel supply disruption in the United States – is projected to worsen, with eight of the ten most destructive hurricanes of all time having happened in the last ten years.

To fight climate change, the Energy Department supports research and innovation that make fossil energy technologies cleaner and less harmful to the people and the environment. We're taking responsible steps to cut carbon pollution, develop domestic renewable energy production, and win the global race for clean energy innovation. We're also working to dramatically increase the efficiency of appliances, homes, businesses, and vehicles.

Current “Carbon Tax” Legislation

Learn more about the Energy Innovation and Carbon Dividend bill, with 82 co-sponsors, at www.energyinnovationact.org. For constantly updated information on the climate crisis, follow @CCLSlippery-Rock on Facebook.

THE COLETTA MCKENRY LIBRARY ACCESSIONS
FICTION, INCLUDING LARGE TYPE AND DVDs

The 20th Victim	Patterson, James	c. 2020	F PAT L.T.
28 Summers	Hilderbrand, Elin	c. 2020	F HIL
The A.B.C. Murders: A Hercule Poirot Mystery	Christie, Agatha	c. 2019	F CHR L.T.
After the Storm	Linda Castillo	c. 2015	F CAS
Alert	Patterson, James	c. 2015	F PAT L.T.
The Alice Network	Quinn, Kate	c. 2017	F QUI L.T.
All Is Lost	Chandor, J. C. (film)	c. 2014	F ALL DVD
All that Glitters	Howard, Linda	c. 1982	F HOW L.T.
Beautiful Dreamer	Lowell, Elizabeth	c. 2001	F LOW
The Beet Queen	Erdrich, Louise	c. 2006	F ERD
Before It's Too Late	Y'Barbo, Kathleen	c. 2019	F Y'BA
The Big Finish	Fossey, Brooke	c. 2020	F FOS
Big Summer	Weiner, Jennifer	c. 2020	F WEI
The Bingo Palace	Erdrich, Louise	c. 2006	F ERD p.b.
A Bitter Brew	Ludwig, Elizabeth	c. 2020	F LUD
The Bletchley Circle San Francisco	[TV Series]	c. 2018	F BLE DVD
Bodies in the Boatyard	Jacobson, Ellen	c. 2018	F JAC L.T.
The Book of Longings	Kidd, Sue Monk	c. 2020	F KID L.T.
The Book Woman of Troublesome Creek	Richardson, Kim	c. 2019	F RIC p.b.
The Boy From the Woods	Coben, Harlan	c. 2020	F COB L.T.
Bring Up the Bodies	Mantel, Hilary	c. 2012	F MAN p.b.
Broken	Winslow, Don	c. 2020	F WIN
Camino Winds	Grisham, John	c. 2020	F GRI
Camino Winds	Grisham, John	c. 2020	F GRI L.T.
Charity's Burden	Maxwell, Edith	c. 2019	F MAX L.T.
The Cider House Rules	Irving, John (film)	c. 1999	F CID DVD
Close Range: Wyoming Stories	Proulx, Annie	c. 2003	F PRO p.b.
Code Name Hélène	Lawhon, Ariel	c. 2020	F LAW
A Cold Trail	Dugoni, Robert	c. 2020	F DUG p.b.
A Conspiracy of Bones	Reichs, Kathy	c. 2020	F REI
Crooked River	Preston, Douglas	c. 2020	F PRE
Dead Land	Paretsky, Sara	c. 2020	F PAR
Eight Perfect Murders	Swanson, Peter	c. 2020	F SWA
The End of October	Wright, Lawrence	c. 2020	F WRI
A Fatal Grace	Penny, Louise	c. 2012	F PEN L.T.
Ghosts of Harvard	Serritella, Francesca	c. 2020	F SER
The Green Mile	King, Stephen (film)	c. 2007	F GRE DVD
The Handmaid's Tale	Atwood, Margaret	c. 1986	F ATW
Hello, Summer	Andrews, Mary Kay	c. 2020	F AND

The Hidden Gate	Chase, Marlene	c. 2020	F CHA
Hit List	Woods, Stuart	c. 2020	F WOO
The Holdout	Moore, Graham	c. 2020	F MOO
Hunt for Red October; Patriot Games, Clear and Present Danger		c. 2007	F HUN DVD
Hushed October	Melby, Becky	c. 2019	F MEL
Introducing Gertrude, Gumshoe	Merrill, Robin	c. 2016	F MER L.T.
The Last Tourist	Steinhauer, Olen	c. 2020	F STE
Lavender Blue Murder	Childs, Laura	c. 2020	F CHI
Leaving Before the Rains Come	Fuller, Alexandra	c. 2015	F FUL p.b.
The Library of Lost and Found	Patrick, Phaedra	c. 2019	F PAT p.b.
Lifeline	Penney, Elizabeth	c. 2019	F PEN
The Little Old Lady Who Broke All the Rules	Ingelman-Sundberg, C.	c. 2016	F ING p.b.
Long Range	Box, C. J.	c. 2020	F BOX
The Long Way Home	Penny, Louise	c. 2015	F PEN p.b.
The Love Story of Missy Carmichael	Morrey, Beth	c. 2019	F MOR
Masked Prey	Sandford, John	c. 2020	F SAN
Meet Me in Monaco	Gaynor, Hazel	c. 2019	F GAY L.T.
Mercy's Song	Prentice, Candice	c. 2019	F PRE
A Minute to Midnight	Baldacci, David	c. 2019	F BAL L.T.
Miracle on 34th Street		c. 1993	F MIR DVD
Mr. Nobody	Steadman, Catherine	c. 2020	F STE
Modern Girls	Brown, Jennifer S.	c. 2016	F BRO p.b.
Mortal Prey	Sandford, John	c. 2002	F SAN
Murder at the Marina	Jacobson, Ellen	c. 2018	F JAC L.T.
The Murmur of Bees	Segovia, Sofia	c. 2019	F SEG p.b.
My Name is Eva	Goldring, Suzanne	c. 2019	F GOL p.b.
The Mysterious Affair at Styles	Christie, Agatha	c. 2014	F CHR L.T.
The Night Watchman	Erdrich, Louise	c. 2020	F ERD
Ocean's Collection		c. 2009	F OCE DVD
Outfox	Brown, Sandra	c. 2019	F BRO L.T.
The Paladin	Ignatius, David	c. 2020	F IGN
Passenger to Frankfurt	Christie, Agatha	c. 1970	F CHR
Redhead by the Side of the Road	Tyler, Anne	c. 2020	F TYL
Robert B. Parker's Debt to Pay	Coleman, Reed Farrel	c. 2016	F COL
Rules of Civility	Towles, Amor	c. 2011	F TOW L.T.
Running Out of Road	Friedman, Daniel	c. 2020	F FRI
Sail Away Home	Putman, Cara	c. 2018	F PUT
Secondhand Lions		c. 2004	F SEC DVD
The Secret	Lewis, Beverly	c. 2009	F LEW
Secrets of Southern Girls	Harrigan, Haley	c. 2017	F HAR p.b.
Sheeps Passing in the Night	Ludwig, Elizabeth	c. 2018	F LUD
Shelter	Merrill, Robin	c. 2015	F MER L.T.

Sherlock Holmes Hollywood Classics	Doyle, Arthur Conan	c. 2004	F SHE DVD
The Showstopper	Merrill, Robin	c. 2019	F MER L.T.
Song of the Cuckoo Bird	Malladi, Amulya	c. 2006	F MAL
The Summer House	Patterson, James	c. 2020	F PAT
The Testaments	Atwood, Margaret	c. 2019	F ATW
Texas Outlaw	Patterson, James	c. 2020	F PAT
Then She Was Gone	Jewell, Lisa	c. 2017	F JEW p.b.
There's No Place Like Holmes	White, Roseanna	c. 2019	F WHI
To Hive and to Hold	Smith, Virginia	c. 2019	F SMI
Tower Heist		c. 2012	F TOW DVD
Trace Elements	Leon, Donna	c. 2020	F LEO
Twisted Twenty-Six	Evanovich, Janet	c. 2019	F EVA L.T.
The Ultimatum	Robards, Karen	c. 2017	F ROB
Walk the Wire	Baldacci, David	c. 2020	F BAL L.T.
The Warsaw Protocol	Berry, Steve	c. 2020	F BER
The Water Dancer	Coates, Ta-Nehisi	c. 2019	F COA
Waves of Doubt	Mehl, Nancy	c. 2019	F MEH
Where Angels Go	Macomber, Debbie	c. 2007	F MAC
The Whistle Blower	Merrill, Robin	c. 2019	F MER L.T.

NONFICTION, INCLUDING BIOGRAPHIES

William Sloane Coffin: An American Prophet		c. 2004	BIO COF DVD
Heart Earth	Doig, Ivan	c. 1994	BIO DOI p.b.
Shakespeare: The World as a Stage	Bryson, Bill	c. 2007	BIO SHA CDs
42 Up		c. 1999	070.1 APT DVD
49 Up		c. 2006	070.1 APT DVD
Abraham : A Journey to the Heart of Three Faiths	Feiler, Bruce	c. 2002	222 FEI
Beyond Words : Daily Readings in the ABC's of Faith	Buechner, Frederick	c. 2004	242.2 BUE
Ceremony	Silko, Leslie Marmon	c. 1986	813.54 SIL p.b.
Edward II: The Unconventional King	Warner, Kathryn	c. 2015	942.03 WAR p.b.
George and Barbara Bush: A Great American Love Story	Sosa, Ellie LeBlond	c. 2018	973.92 BUS
God, Faith, and Reason	Savage, Michael	c. 2017	230 SAV
A Great and Terrible King : Edward I and the Forging of Britain	Morris, Marc	c. 2009	942.1 MOR p.b.
Heartsongs	Stepanek, Mattie	c. 2001	808.81 STE
Home Work: A Memoir of My Hollywood Years	Andrews, Julie	c. 2019	791.43 AND L.T.
How to Read and Understand Poetry	The Great Courses		808.81 GRE
John McCain: American Maverick	Povich, Elaine S.	c. 2018	973.93 POV
Journey through Heartsongs	Stepanek, Mattie	c. 2001	811.6 STE

Lincoln on the Verge	Widmer, Edward	c. 2020	973.70 WID
Masters of the Air: America's Bomber Boys Who Fought the Air War Against Nazi Germany	Miller, Donald	c. 2007	940.54 MIL p.b.
Mistakes Were Made (But Not By Me): Why We Justify Foolish Beliefs, Bad Decisions, and Hurtful Acts	Tavris, Carol	c. 2020	153 TAV p.b.
New Seeds of Contemplation	Merton, Thomas	c. 2007	248.34 MER p.b.
Over the Edge: Death in Grand Canyon	Ghiglieri, Michael	c. 2012	979.1 GHI
Philosophy: Contemporary Perspectives on Perennial Issues	Klemke, E.D.	c. 1994	100 KLE p.b.
Searching for Jesus	Hutchinson, Robert	c. 2015	232.90 HUT
Spied a Blossom Passing Fair	Russell, Josephine	c. 1969	808 RUS
The Splendid and the Vile	Larson, Erik	c. 2020	940.54 LAR
The Summer of 1787	Stewart, David	c. 2007	342.2 STE
To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings	O'Donohue, John	c. 2008	242.8 O'D
Torture Team	Sands, Philippe	c. 2008	341.48 SAN
The Undocumented Americans	Villavicencio, Karla	c. 2020	364.13 VIL
Why We're Polarized	Klein, Ezra	c. 2020	306.20 KLE
With All Due Respect: Defending America with Grit and Grace	Haley, Nikki	c. 2019	327.73 HAL



HAVE YOU SEEN ME?

The following books have “disappeared” from the library:

The Fearless Benjamin Lay
by Marcus Rediker

What Happens in Paradise
by Elin Hilderbrand

Adventure: The Story of Don McClure
by Charles Partee

Takes One to Know One
by Susan Isaacs

Close Up
by Amanda Quick

Masked Prey
by John Sandford

If you have any of these books, please return them to the library!

THANK YOU TO SHERWOOD OAKS

By Pearl & Safwat Habashi - #320

We would like to give our long overdue tribute to the "Good Samaritans" of the Sherwood Oaks Staff. My grateful ninety-four-year-old husband and I thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your heartfelt care.

When Safwat had kidney and heart operations, fell, had bleeding from his head, you kept him alive – you arrived on the scene!

We name Nancy O'Leary from Housekeeping to represent those from Community Health, Skilled Nursing, Security, Dining Services, and the Reception Desk, who answered our call for help.

Our prayer is that God will bless this terrific group and give them His real peace and joy as they continue to minister to all of us here.

We really *are* "ALL IN THIS TOGETHER"!

SPOTLIGHT ON NEW BOOKS

By Barbara Christy - #237

This month's *Spotlight* is dedicated to Tom Fararo, who has chaired the Book Selection Group for many years. Because of Tom's illness, the Book Selection Group has not recommended any books this summer, so this column features books donated to the library since June 2020.

American Carnage, by Tim Alberta, c. 2019. Nonfiction. *Politico Magazine's* chief political correspondent provides a rollicking insider's look at the making of the modern Republican Party – how a decade of cultural upheaval, populist outrage, and ideological warfare made the GOP vulnerable to a hostile takeover from the unlikeliest of insurgents: Donald J. Trump. “*American Carnage* isn't an all-about-Trump book. It's a book that reaches into the depths of the Republican Party and their relationship with the president.” (*USA Today*)

A Great and Terrible King, by Marc Morris, c. 2016, and *Edward II: The Unconventional King*, by Kathryn Warner, c. 2017. Both non-fiction. For English history buffs, these two books explore new ideas about two of England's most influential kings. “Edward I is familiar to millions as ‘Longshanks,’ conqueror of Scotland and nemesis of Sir William Wallace (in *Braveheart*). Yet that story forms only the final chapter of the king's action-packed life...”. On the other hand, “Edward II is one of the most reviled English kings in history. He drove his kingdom to the brink of civil war a dozen times in less than twenty years. He allowed his male lovers to rule the kingdom. He led a great army to the most ignominious military defeat in English history....This book tells his story.” (*Goodreads*)

The Testaments, by Margaret Atwood, c. 2019. Fiction, sequel to *The Handmaid's Tale* (also available in the library). More than fifteen years after the events of the earlier

book, the theocratic regime of the Republic of Gilead maintains its grip on power, but there are signs it is beginning to rot from within. At this crucial moment, the lives of three radically different women converge, with potentially explosive results.

28 Summers, by Elin Hilderbrand, c. 2020. Fiction. A “captivating and bittersweet” novel by the #1 *New York Times* bestselling author of *Summer of '69*: “Their secret love affair has lasted for decades – but this could be the summer that changes everything. When Mallory Blessing's son, Link, receives deathbed instructions from his mother to call a number on a slip of paper in her desk drawer, he's not sure what to expect. But he certainly does not expect Jake McCloud to answer. It's the late spring of 2020, and Jake's wife, Ursula DeGournsey, is the frontrunner in the upcoming Presidential election.” (*Goodreads*)

A Bitter Brew, by Elizabeth Ludwig, c. 2020. Fiction. Jan is chosen to compete in the Summer Baking Challenge. The invitation brings national recognition to the small town, since it is televised each year. Then the chest with the prize money disappears right under everyone's noses. Jan and her cousin Elaine are the prime suspects.

The Summer House, by James Patterson, c. 2020. Fiction. Once a luxurious southern getaway on a rustic lake, then reduced to a dilapidated crash pad, the Summer House is now the grisly scene of a nighttime mass murder. Eyewitnesses point to four Army Rangers – known as the Night Ninjas – recently returned from Afghanistan.

Ghosts of Harvard, by Francesca Scottoline Serritella, c. 2020. Fiction. A Harvard freshman becomes obsessed with her schizophrenic brother's suicide. Then *she* starts hearing voices. “A rich, intricately plotted thriller.... Serritella, who is a Harvard grad herself, writes about the campus with an insider's savvy.” (*The Washington Post*)

Waves of Doubt, by Nancy Mehl, c. 2019. Fiction. Virginia Lawrence is a scholar of Martha's Vineyard history, as well as a recluse. The island is abuzz when a library lecture is booked with this local eccentric. Then, the evening of the event, Virginia is a no-show. The valuable museum artifacts in her possession are also missing. As a local sleuth delves into Virginia's mystery, another puzzle emerges involving a cemetery. How are they connected? (*ShopGuideposts*)

Second Hand Lion, starring Michael Caine, Robert Duvall, and Haley Joel Osment, c. 2004. DVD. A shy adolescent boy, Walter is taken by his greedy mother to spend the summer with his two hard-boiled great-uncles, who are rumored to possess a great fortune. At first, the two old men, both set in their ways, find Walter's presence a nuisance, but they eventually warm up to the boy and regale him with tall tales from their past. In return, Walter helps reawaken their youthful spirit.

Cider House Rules, starring Tobey Maguire, c. 2000. DVD. Homer is taught medicine by the doctor at the orphanage where he was brought up. However, when he clashes with his mentor over the issue of abortion, he leaves the home and finds work on a cider farm. There he falls in love with another man's girlfriend, but starts to re-evaluate his principles. This is a very good, old fashioned-type movie, if you're tired of all the drama you find in today's shows.

Large Print Books

Introducing Gertrude, Gumshoe, by Robin Merrill, c. 2016, plus five additional books about the same character. Gertrude shoots from the hip, is unburdened by tact, and likes things done her way. Yet, the people who know her *adore* her. It's a mystery. Speaking of which, Gertrude never set out to be a sleuth. She was just minding her own business among her many, many collections (including her cats), when her neighbor went

missing. With no one else around to help, Gertrude stepped in to solve the case – and found out she's got quite a knack for snooping.

Murder at the Marina, by Ellen Jacobson, c. 2018. Fiction. What would you do if your hubby gave you the worst anniversary gift ever? Mollie McGhie is hoping for diamonds for her tenth wedding anniversary. Instead, her clueless hubby presents her with a rundown boat. She's not impressed.

LADY

By Lee Wierman - #110

One fall evening before my 9th birthday, my dad announced he was leaving after dinner to go on an errand. He left after dinner many times for meetings: business, church, a social gathering, so my three siblings and I paid no attention. Then Dad said he was going to meet the train. That got our attention, and we wondered why. After he left, there was much speculation.

Mother, never an instigator but always a supporter of Dad's plans, said nothing. We had experienced excellent surprises in the past, as Mother made Dad's ideas happen. For instance, one summer morning, awakened unusually early, we were told to eat a quick breakfast, as Dad wanted to take us on an early morning ride. Such rides were always fun; we sang, Dad recited poetry, or we played games. On this morning, when we eventually asked where we were going, we were told that we were headed for Niagara Falls! Mother had packed for all of us without our even noticing. Another time it turned out to be Washington, DC, for a professional baseball game and the Ice Capades with Sonja Henie – or New York City, for the Empire State Building and the Rockettes.

Dad loved surprising us. So on this particular evening, we eagerly awaited his

return. At last, the front door opened and in came Dad with an Irish Setter. She was a mahogany red, curly-haired, small dog. Her name was Lady, and she was perfect. Years passed; Lady became family.

Birthdays for the Martin children were celebrated with a favorite dinner, cake, and gifts from Mother and Dad. The 12th birthday was the exception: that pre-teen event was a party with friends. In 1948, as my 12th birthday approached, Mother was 8 months pregnant. I knew little about childbirth, but was convinced no one as large as my mother could safely deliver a child. I thought she would die. Nonetheless, she had me prepare and distribute birthday party invitations. Then, the morning before my birthday, she went into labor. We canceled the party, and that evening the first of the Martin children to be delivered in a hospital was born. Sister Sharon weighed in at 10 lbs. 13 oz. – a chubby, happy baby. Mother lived. All was well until Sharon began to crawl. Although this activity was originally met with delight, we noticed that, as she traveled around our home, her hands and knees became covered with long, wavy red hairs. My efforts to collect these were futile, and Mother was *not happy*.

With time, Mother's frustration won over Dad's objections. One Sunday, he announced that we had to give Lady away to a lovely family who lived about 40 miles from us and wanted a dog. Dad said they had a large fenced yard with no small children, that they had already met Lady, and that they wanted her. She would not be sold; she would always be "our dog." Dad said we would take a ride after dinner to meet this family and see Lady's new home.

My heart was stabbed, and my breath taken away. How could this be? My older sisters asked questions, my little brother

sat silently, and I sobbed. When the family left for Morefield, I refused to go, and spent the afternoon curled around Lady, crying. A week later, the family left again, this time with Lady in the car. I refused to go, saying my tearful goodbyes on the porch. In the following months, the family went many times to Morefield to visit Lady, but I could not go. On other Sunday rides, Dad would point out the house and yard where Lady now lived, but I never did visit.

In my senior year, I attended every football game. The last game of the season was to be in Morefield; our Golden Tornado team had won most of its games. I signed up to go on the school bus with friends, on a warm November day. Buzzing in my head was the fact that Lady's "home" was only six blocks from the football field. Could I walk by the yard and see her? Could I do that and not be devastated?

At half-time, I told my friends not to let the bus leave without me and began walking. I covered the blocks quickly. About two blocks from the house, I began to hear a dog barking. Looking toward that yard, I could see a red head jumping up past the 6-ft. fence top, disappearing, then reappearing, barking and whining. I started to run, hearing a woman calling out, "Lady, Lady! What is it? What is it?" As I ran toward the fence, the lady opened the gate, and what happened next is not exactly clear in my memory. There was rolling, licking, crying, barking. I was completely undone. Lady remembered me.

Calm restored, I got up, identified myself, and was invited in for a visit. I was given milk and chocolate chip cookies, but the sweetest part was having Lady at my side, leaning against my leg and licking my hand. That reunion memory is bittersweet, but pure gift. I did not visit again, but I knew that my special bond with Lady would never be broken.

SORA BOARD MEETINGS AND SORA RESIDENTS MEETINGS

JULY 1, 2020, to JUNE 30, 2021

By Jean Henderson, Secretary (prepared 6/20)

MONTHLY MEETINGS OF THE BOARD

Held in the Auditorium at 1:30 p.m.
Residents are welcome and given an
opportunity to speak. First Tuesday
after the first Monday.

September 8, 2020

October 6, 2020

November 3, 2020

December 8, 2020

January 5, 2021

February 2, 2021

March 2, 2021

April 6, 2021

May 4, 2021

June 8, 2021

QUARTERLY MEETINGS FOR ALL RESIDENTS

Held in the Auditorium at 7:15 p.m.
Residents are urged to attend and may
speak. First Tuesday after Board meeting.

September 15, 2020 (Cancelled)

December 15, 2020

March 9, 2021

June 15, 2021 (Annual meeting)

SORA BOARD MEMBERS 2020-2021

Presented by Jean Henderson, Secretary (6/29/20)

<u>OFFICERS</u>	<u>PHONE</u>	<u>EMAIL</u>
President – Frank Finley	724-591-8714	flyfish5X@aol.com
Vice-President – Stan Foster	8349	slfoster349@gmail.com
Secretary – Jean Henderson	724-553-5203	jhhh21942@aol.com
Treasurer – Peter Broeren	724-591-5666	prbroeren@gmail.com
Oper. Treasurer – Jim Bouwkamp	412-443-5696	jbouwkamp@gmail.com
Asst. Oper. Treas – Beth Brown	724-553-5057	gpa19385@msn.com
Past Pres. – Betty Eichler	8355	e.eichler@zoominternet.net
<u>DIRECTORS</u>		
Al Brahm	724-772-6686	albrahm@zoominternet.net
Mary Lou Fox	8128	No email
Elaine Hartswick	8281	esh55@zoominternet.net
Bob Hines	724-553-5614	rphines@yahoo.com

Jane Lavender	8253	djlav@zoominternet.net
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Jane Paul	8341	JPaul1207@gmail.com
Frank Weiss	8154	fjweiss154@gmail.com
Lee Wierman	724-417-7123	leewierman@gmail.com
Anne Williams	8329	annebobwil@zoominternet.net

AH! SWEET MEMORY

By Bill Paul - #167

As I look back over past personal events and life experiences, one I frequently recall was a memorable Sunday worship service at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. It happened in June 1972, when the Vietnam War was in full swing and when our indiscriminate bombing of North Vietnam was killing thousands of innocent civilians, mostly women and children.

In a desire to demonstrate my opposition, I joined five other Presbyterian clergy-persons at a Sunday worship service in the Academy Chapel. Scattered individually around the huge sanctuary, we stood silently through the entire worship service. Following the first hymn, when all the worshippers sat down, we remained silently standing. When the chaplain noticed, he asked us to *“Please be seated.”* We remained standing.

In the course of the chaplain’s sermon, which he read verbatim, there was a moment I will never forget. In one sentence, he passionately proclaimed: *“It’s time we stand up for what we believe.”* I could hardly believe my ears. Unintentionally, in one sentence, he had summarized and justified what we were trying to do.

Following the service, after having endured the verbal curses and condemnations of a few surrounding worshippers,

we were each escorted separately to a room in an adjoining building. There we were questioned, fingerprinted, and warned never to set foot on the Air Force Academy grounds again.

My one regret was that, when reporting the story in its Monday edition, the *Denver Post* daily newspaper confused me with another clergyman whose last name was also Paul. I was later told that my disappointment at the mistake was more than matched by the anger of that clergyman who was also mistakenly identified.

As I look back today, that mistaken identity is my only regret.

TOM FARARO: R.I.P.

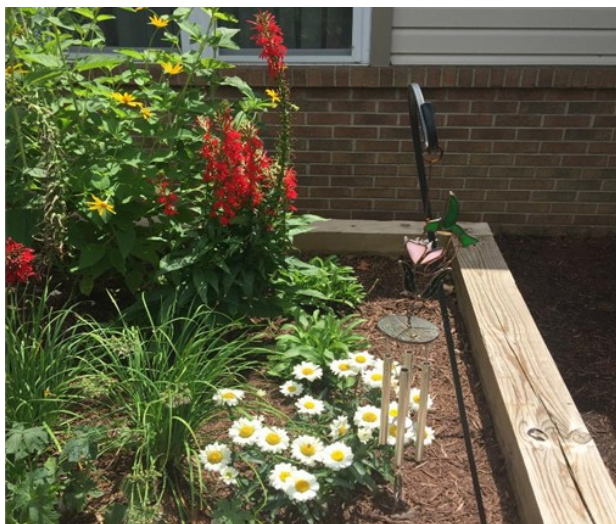
The Editors of the *Acorn* join the members of the Library Committee in observing the recent death of Tom Fararo, chair of the Book Selection Committee and longtime contributor of the monthly articles titled “Spotlight on New Books.” Among his valued qualities were a commitment to monitor the use of past purchases to help select new offerings; a willingness to entertain the concerns or suggestions of committee members; the gift of his superb analytical mind and organizational skills; and his commitment to continue to share his talents even as he became more and more ill over the past couple of years. Thank you, Tom: We miss you already.

THE MAKING OF A SPECIAL PLACE

By Jane Lavender - #253

Let me tell you about the pleasure one man takes in observing some of nature's beauty. When Howard Charlebois moved into his patio home in July 2018, he found the same thing most of us found – that is, a perfectly cleared-out area surrounding a cement slab behind his new abode. As I understand it, Howard has long been interested in hummingbirds and butterflies. Since he was starting with a clean slate in the patio area, he planned to make an attractive place for these creatures so that he might enjoy them up close and personal. However, the area beside his patio slab was very wet. With the help of the grounds crew, a solution was reached: to make a raised bed, fill it with good soil, put in the plants, and wait.

The first year was a bit of a disappointment as far as birds and butterflies go. Not to be discouraged, Howard sought out a local National Audubon Society center, determining that the staff was happy to help anyone interested in supporting birdlife. They have unlimited information about birds that is available to the public, Backyard Habitat for Attracting Hummingbirds being just one on their long list. Off he went for a visit, returning armed with a listing of friendly plants. Once he made his selections, the Audubon Center shipped the plants, and they were happily planted by Howard.



By mid-July of this year, Howard was enjoying bright red cardinal flowers, red and pink Monarda (bee balm), yellow New England aster, wild purple geranium, nodding onion, and oxeye daisies – all of them native wildflowers. Creating this environment took time, work, and patience, but now, sitting quietly, he can watch two or three hummingbirds at a time feeding at the flowers as well as at his feeders. The butterflies come, too, although so far they are few.

Thank you, Howard, for making your corner of Sherwood Oaks a lovely home, especially created for hummers and butterflies. For his part, Howard expresses his appreciation and thanks to Jeff McGaughey and the grounds crew for their help in making this possible, and to his friend Ellie Hood for all her work.



Photos by Rabe Marsh

To dwell above with saints we love, that
will be grace and glory.
To live below with saints we know, well ...
that's another story! [Unknown]

ON THE MOVE? ... IT'S NOT SO BAD WITH PAUL!

By Janice Wendt - #158

Near the top of the list of life's stresses is moving. Physically, it involves bending, lifting, sorting, lugging. Mentally, there is planning regarding where "stuff" will fit in a new space; hiring a mover or renting trucks; communicating the new mailing address to the Post Office, friends, and the utilities, etc.; making sure cable and internet will be set up soon after moving into the new home. Emotionally, there is the excitement of a new adventure, or the deep tearing away from a home filled with a lifetime of memories.

Who would choose to walk into this morass as a way to earn a living?

Well, Paul the Organizer, that's who.



Many a Sherwood resident will tell you that Paul "saved my life," "made all the difference," or "helped me at a very difficult time." The prospective resident can engage Paul to come to the "old" home and look over possessions, compare it with the new floor plan, and help decide what can go and what won't fit. He can then come to the new residence on moving day or any time after and unpack boxes, hang pictures, or help arrange furniture.

A sociology major at St. Vincent College, Paul Regan first worked as an Activities Director in a long-term care facility, where he discovered that he enjoyed being around older folks. For a time, he sold Medicare plans for Health America, which again had him interacting with an aging population. On the side, he began doing some organizing and decluttering work, found his niche, and made it his full-time gig in 2005.

Paul grew up in a large family in the North Hills, with four brothers and four sisters. Was he a "neatnik" back then? He does remember being the one to clean the garage out as winter approached, to make room for the cars. Today he remains close to his extended family, noting that being with them is one way he relaxes.

As you might imagine, he has found himself in a wide array of situations with clients, from outrageously funny to heart-wrenching. Not infrequently, clients will sit in their three-story home and say with a straight face, "I want to take everything." Paul says that often his job is to serve as "the voice of reason" – pulling out the floor plan of the new home and discussing the square footage compared with that of the old residence. Even so, he has heard many say, "I'll just tuck this in. And this. And this."

Recognizing the emotion it takes to "get from point A to point B," he sees his role as minimizing the angst as much as possible. Indeed, Paul manages to do so with a calm manner, a touch of humor, and the unique ability to meet people where they are, size up their needs, and move forward. "Where do I begin?" asks the overwhelmed client, and Paul always seems to have the answer.

His approach is to sit with his clients and find out what is important to them, something about their lifestyle, possible physical limitations, and what belongings are treasured family pieces that must make the move. He remembers assisting the daughter of clients who had moved to Sherwood Oaks. Not long after, her father died. She was determined to take his very large desk to her own home, but Paul knew it would not fit in the space she had chosen for it. He dug deeper to find out what about the desk was so meaningful to her, and it turned out she remembered the unique sound the drawers made when her Dad closed them. In the end, he says, they took a picture of the drawers and recorded the sound of them closing, and she was able to part with the desk itself.

When I asked about some of his more memorable recollections, he told me of a woman who, when asked if the cellar needed to be gone through, said, "Oh, it's all junk down there." Paul encouraged her to let him survey the area, as folks often forget where important things have been stored. In the process, he found \$75,000 in savings bonds, now worth \$90,000.

The objective observer might describe Paul's service in a nutshell as "move coordinator." A visit to his website, paultheorganizer.com, indicates that he can help sell unwanted items; arrange to have the old residence cleaned; work with other providers, such as movers and utilities; create a timeline for the move; and draw up a floor plan of the new home with notations of where items will go. What the website doesn't tell you is that Paul is a reassuring presence with a 'can do' attitude. For the deer-in-the-headlights senior facing the process, he answers the question, "Where do I begin?," thereby removing the suffocating feeling of being overwhelmed.

Clients' decorating styles run the gamut, from crammed and ornamental to stark and plain. Paul remembers a couple who had nice things, "but not a picture on any wall," which he found unusual. He provided them with a few wall hangings he had on hand, which they seemed to enjoy.

His schedule is full, on speed dial for new residents of Longwood at Oakmont, Masonic Village at Sewickley, St. Barnabas, Asbury Heights, Providence Point, Friendship Village, and Sherwood Oaks, as well as folks in the community at large. He is a member of the National Association of Senior Move Managers. The Covid-19 shutdown has slowed things down a lot, he noted, "as the most vulnerable people make up the bulk of my clientele." But business has leveled back up again in the past month or two.

I asked how he relaxes. I had hoped he wouldn't tell me that he cleans and reorganizes his home – and he didn't. He says that, pre-Covid, he enjoyed meeting friends for dinner, going to the movies, spending time with his family, and attending downtown events like the Art Crawl. Although he loves animals, there is no pet, because he just isn't home enough.

When Paul appears at your door after the move, you'll often find him bearing an orchid as a gift. I asked why, as opposed to another plant. "They last a long time and have pretty flowers." He looks for those with at least two stems and lots of buds. My plant book says orchids symbolize elegance and love. Seems appropriate, don't you think?

ON ELECTIONS

By Rosemary Coffey - #113

Oh, those were weary days of strife and strain,
When men all fought for votes instead of love.
Campaigns and talks in sunshine or in rain
Compelled the common man to push and shove
His way to sanity. The one said this,
The next said that, and who knows what was true,
For accusations either hit or missed,
And contradictions fast and furious flew.
Our histories immortalize the fame,
The truth, the lies, and ev'ry misspent dime
Each candidate has added to his name
In all elections since the start of time.
But Life is short, and I've too much to see
To spend *my* time in reading History!

November 3, 1952

Please note: This sonnet, published in my high school newspaper, refers to the election battle between Adlai Stevenson and Dwight D. Eisenhower. And yet it still seems relevant!

CROCHETING PLASTIC BAGS OUT OF PLARN AT SHERWOOD OAKS

By Ruth Inkpen - #225
Chair, Recycling Committee

Plarn is short for plastic yarn. It is made by cutting plastic grocery bags into long strips, which are then strung together into a single long strand. Plarn can be used instead of regular yarn to crochet sturdy, reusable tote bags, purses, doormats, and more.

Have you been concerned about disposing of the thousands of plastic bags we've been receiving with our delivered meals, as well as those we get from area stores? Well, the Recycling Committee would like to form a group to begin using them productively.

Below, for example, is a crocheted mat:



There are directions online explaining how to make plarn. Are you interested? If so, please email me at pencil@zoominternet.net or contact any of the other members of the Recycling Committee: Barbara Brock, Betty Budney, Betty Eichler, Nancy Marshall, Terry Neely, or Shirley Raymond.

A meeting will be arranged later this month.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED DURING LOCK-DOWN AT SHERWOOD OAKS

By Dennis Lynch - #335

After I had lived here two years, I wrote a story for *The Acorn* about what I had learned. I want to update that with new knowledge from the last half-year.

- I wouldn't know what day of the week it was if my meds weren't in boxes labeled SMTWTFS.
- I will be introduced to a new bevy of beauties when the female residents unmask and get to the hairdresser.
- In fact, I won't recognize **any** of my friends without a mask.
- But I may understand them better when I can read their lips.
- My jaws have the strength of ten, because I have eaten some of the steaks that have been delivered.
- I am eager for the dining room to open full-time; I miss the servers.
- Our dog Maggie will miss the door deliveries. When she hears the carts rumbling, she alerts; when there is a loud knock on the door, she runs to it: It might be Amanda! It might be Sarah with a treat and skritchess!!
- I'm a cheapskate. After the campus branch of West View Savings closed, Barbara took me to the branch past our new Meeder neighbors, and I got \$100 cash walking-around money. I learned I can't spend it: I still have \$79 and change left. There must be something about virus on the bills.
- If Barbara lets me ride with her to Giant Eagle, I've learned to sit in the car in the parking lot and see many strange new people. O brave new world that has such people in't!

THANKS FOR THE CELERY

By Harriet Burress - #112

A big thank you to the Dining Dept. for supplying us with the "Grocery List" during our Quarantine. We have ordered from it many times – milk, eggs, the multi-grain bread, dish soap, orange juice and, yes, celery. We need fresh stalks of celery for one of our favorite snacks – stalks stuffed with peanut butter. Crunchy and so good!!!

Some years ago, John and I attended a showing of celery dishes at the Frick Museum in Pittsburgh. There was such a beautiful variety of them – large ones from Old Economy, smaller, cut glass ones in various colors borrowed from homes of the rich and famous of the city – all a throwback to times gone by.



As we were leaving the display, we met three ladies and a gentleman going in. I asked them if they had time for a brief story, and they did. It follows:

My great-grandmother lived with my grandparents and did most of the cooking. My mother told my sister and me of her recollection that, when she was a child, her grandmother was so proud of having fresh celery for Thanksgiving and Christmas. At that time, there were no refrigerated trucks to bring fresh produce north regularly from Florida, but it was delivered for the holidays. My great-

grandmother did not want to waste any part of the celery, so she used the pretty leaves at the top of each stem to garnish the turkey platter.

The gentleman in the group with whom we were talking said, " My grandmother did the same thing."

So, when you buy *your* next celery stalk, do take a moment to see how lovely are the delicate leaves at the top!

LOST SPRING

By Robert Typanski - #190

Spring arrived on schedule.
We knew that it would come.
It was always very special.
We were waiting to have fun.

Winter held us captive.
Spring was a welcome sight.
With eyes tired of grayness,
we longed to see the light.

Spring's warmth brought flowers.
Trees were budding and green.
Spring also welcomed birds,
But we were quarantined.

Our absence was required,
To stay safe till we won,
So we can all be together,
when once again Spring comes.



Double-headed Gerbera Daisy

Photo by Peg Rychcik - #297

PONDERINGS

By Ellen Brierly - #734

Have you noticed that ...

- ... you drop things more frequently now that you are unable to bend over to pick them up, and, by the way, that the floor is much lower than it used to be?
- ... people do not speak distinctly?
- ... those cherished tastes of yore have lost their flavor? [They just aren't as good as they once were.]
- ... you can't recall when you stopped wearing lovely shoes with stiletto heels and switched to industrial-strength black oxfords?
- ... upon viewing your drooping neck in the mirror, you have a strong urge to say, "gobble, gobble"?
- ... some of your current medications include death as a side effect?
- ... you usually need a child with you in order to open child-proof bottles?
- ... you tend to panic when someone says, "Just text me"?
- ... while trying to straighten your wrinkled stockings, you may discover that it was your ankle that was wrinkled, not the stocking?
- ... it is rather alarming to realize that photographers would see you only as a candidate for "before" in self-improvement ads?

Sigh ... oh, the joys of growing old!

SEPTEMBER HOLIDAYS

Labor Day	Sept. 7
Patriots' Day	Sept. 11
Grandparents' Day	Sept. 13
Rosh Hashanah (sunset ff.)	Sept. 18
First Day of Fall	Sept. 22
Yom Kippur (sunset ff.)	Sept. 27

SHE CHARMS SNAKES, TOO!

By Terry Neely - #351

One fine morning this past spring, as I was taking our dog Claire for her morning walk, we noticed something unusual in the straw and mesh covering a new grass planting. As we looked more closely, we saw that a meter-long black snake had become entangled in the plastic mesh. It moved only when touched, so we knew that it was in distress and needed help immediately.

We ran home to fetch our animal rescue expert. Diane has had experience saving distressed animals, even entangled snakes, and would know just what to do. Indeed, she quickly grabbed a sturdy pair of scissors and hurried to save the serpent. Slicing through its mesh bonds, she slipped it out of its deadly trap, while reassuring it that it would be OK. Then she released the charmed serpent to recover.



Photo by Terry Neely

As we went home for breakfast, we knew that the black snake would continue to do its best to limit the number of rodents and, therefore, ticks in our yard, thereby reducing our possible exposure to Lyme Disease. A win-win situation all around!

ADVENTURES IN WEXFORD

By Julie Eden - #290

Some of life's most important adventures are the shortest in miles. About twelve years ago, in an October and the following spring, I embarked on two journeys of a lifetime with my grandsons, then nine and five years old, when I visited them in Wexford. The trips were somewhat spontaneous, but they did take some careful planning, as we were headed to potentially dangerous encounters with adversaries unknown and fierce wild animals. Soon, after deciding on our destination, we armed ourselves with Star Wars lightsabers, plastic swords and armor befitting the best of knights, short shovels and buckets, baseball bats, canteens, and anything else from the playroom we thought might be appropriate. We set off on our journeys, limited only by our imaginations. Encumbered with as much paraphernalia as we could carry, up the backyard hill and into the magic woods we went.

Our little group tramped up the steep incline, carrying our weapons, digging sticks, and preparations for survival. If necessary, we planned to live on squirrels, wild turkey, and deer, which usually shared the land. Any animals in the area those afternoons, however, were evidently well warned that we were coming; thus, through fear or good sense, they stayed away, and we saw none of them on either trip.

An enormous root ball from a long-ago felled tree offered a well-positioned fort, along with opportunities to strip the dirt from the massive structure, as the boys looked for treasure. I spent much of my time on each visit sitting on another nearby log, guarding any gems they dug up, cooking meals out of fungus and rocks, and keeping an eye out for enemy forces. When I shared with them a threat to our realm from imagined intruders, the boys would put aside the digging apparatus and

get into full protective gear. As brave warriors, they held off waves of potential invaders and numerous attacks from wild beasts.

We also did make valiant attempts at being naturalists (after all, my initial goal had been to get the boys immersed in nature). We identified some deer droppings on our first trip, surmising that they were relatively recent, as they appeared not to be overly dried out. This discovery alone thrilled the five-year-old, who, later that evening, when asked what he liked best about the afternoon's adventure, excitedly answered, "We saw deer POOP!" We would, no doubt, have failed any true survival test, though the boys did learn that they could make it for an afternoon without engaging in continual sports activities or electronic games.

After successfully handling all the challenges of the two afternoons, we were brought back to reality when the nearby town leaders (namely, Mom and Dad) sent smoke signals into the woods, letting us know it was time to return. We buried our treasures for safekeeping, gathered our tools, and headed home down the slope. As we trudged back both times, the boys asked me if we could do it again. That proved that the journeys had been well worth it.



Below are the names of the infants pictured on pp. 8-9. See how many of them you identified correctly!

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 8. Peggy Meister | 16. Julie Eden |
| 7. Sarah Jane Naylor | 15. Peg Rychcik |
| 6. Ruth Becker + bro | 14. Rosemary Coffey |
| 5. Fran Borrebach | 13. Terry Neely |
| 4. Frank Weiss | 12. Joe Schewe |
| 3. Diane Neely | 11. Joanne Weiss |
| 2. Barbara Brock | 10. Jean Henderson |
| 1. Bill Paul | 9. John Becker |

FISHING IN THE LAKE

By Jim Blum - #135

There are lots of fish in the lake just waiting for you to catch them. Since they love to be caught, fishing is fun and easy. Over the last six years, the Lone Ranger of Fishing (also known as Jim Blum) has caught over 600 fish and 25 turtles. Snapping Turtles are fun to catch, but difficult to unhook.

This year I decided it would be fun to catch some large carp. With a potato roll on the hook, the hungry carp immediately got the surprise of their life. So far this year, I have caught three of them, weighing between 20 and 30 pounds. You have to wear the carp out, which takes approximately 20 minutes, before you can reel them to the land.



In addition to carp, other fish in the lake are Bluegill, Large-mouth bass, Small-mouth bass, Crappie, Perch, and Catfish.

The largest of the 25 turtles I have caught was 20" in diameter. After I pulled a large snapping turtle up the hill between the lake and the pond, the turtle immediately charged me. Fortunately, I was able to kick the turtle on its back and cut the line. The turtle then made a beeline for the pond. On any given bright day, you might see the turtles sunning on a log in the pond, the swans chasing the geese, a beautiful Blue Heron standing on the bank or fishing, or S.O. residents walking around the lake.

Young and old should enjoy fishing. Bring your grandchildren to fish for bluegill! With a pole, a small hook, and a worm or corn, they will catch an unlimited number.

Let's *all* go fishing. We have a beautiful lake and plenty of fish just waiting for you to catch them. If you want to read an earlier fish story, see the one in the September 2015 *Acorn*.

LIBRARY LOWDOWN

From the Library Committee

The Library Committee is looking for a volunteer to chair the Book Selection Group. The work, which can be done from home or in the library, involves identifying potential book purchases each month and communicating the list to other committee members to vote on. The new chair is free to develop his/her own system of selection. We have been using Amazon.com and Barnes and Noble as our (discount) suppliers, ordering books on-line. Our book purchasing budget is \$1,500/year, which covers roughly 100 books. **If interested, please contact Anne Williams, #329. Do consider volunteering for this important activity!**

THE QUILTING CONTINUES

By Ann Ferguson - #269



This is quilt number 3. Now that it is officially finished, it will be taken to Dutilh United Methodist Church to be donated to Mars Home for Youth. Quilt number 4 is pink, with a cross-stitched piece in the center donated by Agnes Peebles. It will go to the same church, where the layers will be stitched together on a long arm machine. The group is planning quilt number 5 with greens. We are looking for more planners and sewers! **Join us on the second Friday of the month** in the Craft Room from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. Put us on your calendar for September.



With warmest thanks to Grounds Department employee Sheryl Bittel for choosing, planting, and caring for the flowers at the entrances to our parking areas!

Photos by Rabe Marsh