



VILLAGE NEWS

STUARTS DRAFT RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Stuarts Draft, Virginia

"Keeping active in mind, body, and spirit for the time of your life."

VOL. 13 NO. 6

Happy Father's Day!!

JUNE 2016

The Sunday our church celebrated Anna Brenneman's birthday, her son, Byron, spoke of honoring one's parents. Byron reminded us that honoring one's parents is the first of the ten commandments with a promise. "Honor your parents that it might go well with you." Since that Sunday the thought of honoring has stayed with me.

As teenagers, it is often easy to question one's parents, their requirements and expectations. We may wish our parents and families were more to our liking. We may not always respect them and honor them. It sometimes takes years for one to really appreciate what they have meant in our lives. When we become parents, then we understand a bit better. Recently when my brother and I were talking about our family, I realized that siblings do not always remember the same experiences.

As a little girl, I loved to play house. We lived on a small farm at the edge of a tiny town in Ohio. There were buildings on the farm that could be used for playing



Remembering My Dad

By Ruth Y. Martin

house. For instance, I could use the corn crib to play house when it was empty. When it was time to store corn, I needed to move. The brooder house was enclosed bet-

ter than the corn crib and was nice and warm, but when little chicks came, it was move again. There was a loft above the pig house. Sometimes I used that. Thinking about it now, the pig house does not seem like a great place. There was also a garret above the house that had a window out to the roof over the kitchen. That was neat. It seemed that I moved about a lot. Maybe I just liked to move.

One day an amazing thing happened. I found I had a permanent play house. My dad gave me a play house of my own. It was not a pretty little house like one sees today. It was really a small hen house that we used to keep around for a few hens, more like a shed. There were windows on the front side and a door at the end. The roof was sloped so inside the ceiling was higher on the front than the back.

Continued on Page 2

WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE

"We won't stop playing because we grow old; we grow old because we stop playing."

George Bernard Shaw

Remembering My Dad

Continued from Page 1

But it was for me. My mom sewed curtains for the windows. An old piece of carpeting was put on the floor and I set up housekeeping with a small table, a chair, my dolls, and my blue willow tea set. It was great. I had many fun times there.

I don't know how long I used it on the farm in town. When I was ten years old, Our farm was sold, and our family moved to a larger farm out in the country. The move was made while my brother and I were at school, so I know nothing about the moving process. However, what I do know is that my play house went with us to the new farm. It sat beside two pear trees, so there was shade in the summer when I used it most.

That did not make much of an impression for this ten year old at the time, but now, in looking back, I marvel that my dad was aware of my need of a play house. He did something about it, and when our family relocated, it was important to him that the play house went with us. I regret that it has taken so long for me to realize what a gift of generosity he gave to me.

Reminiscing

THE ROAD TO BIG LEVELS

Nature's Mystery Trail

By Bunny Stein

BIG LEVELS is a 30,000 acre tract of land belonging to the Federal government. Part of this land is adjacent to the property we owned when we lived in Love, Virginia. We claimed it as ours because we enjoyed its boundaries in so many ways. My husband hunted there; we hiked its forests and hills; the children played in the thick pines that dominated most of the area we enjoyed, and we didn't have to pay taxes on it!

The road through Big Levels is called the Coal Road. I never learned how it got its name. I don't know of any coal deposits ever being mined there. This road was 5 miles down from our home, and was one of our favorite playgrounds.

Big Levels is actually a wildlife refuge. I never understood why it was called a refuge and then opened it up for hunting.

The road through Big Levels is a bumpy, dirt road, seventeen miles long ending at St. Mary's River.

When we first moved to our

home in the small village of Love, our visiting friends from back home, asked us what we did for fun. I guess they thought we were stranded in the wilderness. In a way, we were, but we loved the seclusion of our mountain home. We told them we ride down the Coal Road and listen to rocks ping off our hub caps! This always brought a chuckle, but this dusty old road and its mysterious trails offered many adventurous outings for a family that loved all of nature.

Traveling it as frequently as we did, we learned all the mysteries of its sideroads. The wildflowers were always in abundance in all seasons. We found an apple orchard, picking baskets of them in the glorious season of autumn. Near this orchard is a grove of persimmon trees, which provided ample fruit when making persimmon - hickory nut bread. Blackberries, blueberries, dewberries, and wild plums were also plentiful in season and free for the picking. Mushrooms were plentiful, the morel being the only one we were familiar with.

Many trails veered off the Coal Road, one being GREEN POND. This was a body of water, in the thick of the forest, almost swamp-like. Cattails lined the perimeter. We picked wild cranberries there in October, then froze them to use for a Christmas salad with a story to go along with it. Birds skimmed this pond indicating to us that we were

Continued on Page 3

VILLAGE NEWS

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Reminiscing

THE ROAD TO BIG LEVELS

Nature's Mystery Trail

Continued from Page 2

disturbing their seclusion. But it was a beautiful place to sit and watch nature in all of its workings.

Further down the Coal Road there is another off-trail where TWIN PONDS can be found. This area is so secluded that we found it by exploration one day, as we did all of these interesting places. Ducks could be found swimming around on occasion. Once, we spotted a blue heron standing statue-like at one end of the ponds, almost hidden by cattails. What a thrill to watch him take off into the forest with his wide wingspread and slender body. These ponds are man-made and alongside is a nature trail with a variety of wildflowers, and is a blaze of color in the fall when the leaves are at their peak.

As we made our way down the road, we saw deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, groundhogs, skunks, fox, and a variety of birds. . .and on occasion, a snake or two.

Our favorite place to enjoy was the Chalk Mine. This was the most unusual place we had seen on this road. At one time, we even drove our VW bus right beside one of the three lakes in this area. Mountains of chalk were back-dropped by scrubby pines along the top, and below were deep lakes with water as blue as indigo. The sky reflected on the lakes was a beautiful sight and the views from the top were spectacular. Much more could be told of this magical place, but it is now owned by someone who closed it to the public. Our family rejoices in the fact that we were privileged

to enjoy its boundaries. More is written about this chalk mine in a back issue of the Village News.

It has been said, "Don't be afraid to go down a dirt road." Well, we weren't . . .and we did, and adventured up another turn off the Coal road onto Bald Mountain Trail. This dirt road is only nine miles long but because of its rugged terrain, it takes about three hours to go from one end to the other. This trail ends up on the Blue Ridge Parkway around milepost 21. One needed a sturdy vehicle for this narrow, rocky trail. Luckily, we toured the road in our old army Jeep. There are about fifty species of wildflowers on that mountain, including an abundance of mountain laurel and rhododendron. One of my favorite spots on this trail, is found near the end, where rhododendron of all shades of pink, grow in an arch over the rugged dirt road. We always stopped here to drink in all the beauty while we ate our nose-bag lunches. . .an old girl scout term.

I have to mention the streams along the way, lined with fiddle ferns, ant hills two feet high, with large biting ants, and spectacular views from the summit.

A short distance from this area, we found an acre of lilies of the valley blooming in the dense forest. The sweet scent alone drew us to this destination.

At one point on this rugged mountain we found sand, wondering if we dug deep enough. . .would we find a sea shell?!

Other stories can be read about this interesting mountain trail in other back issues of the Village News.

Needless to say, it was one of our family's favorite places to spend a day. Each season offered a spectacular adventure and though it's doubtful I will ever travel this road again, my memories will sustain me for a lifetime.

NOW

By Betty Luzadder

A word of three letters
that bring to the surface
a sense of urgency.

No looking back for a reason,
or toward the future to delay.

Now is the time to declare
my heritage.

The Bible states, "Now we are
the sons of God."

To be obedient to God's word;
His statues and
commandments.

To remind myself that, "Behold,
now is the accepted time;
behold, now is the day of
salvation."

Taking each challenge;
one day at a time.

I John 3:1

II Cor. 6:1

Bible Study Starts Genesis

By Bill Phillips

"In the beginning" opens a great story of creation, history, religious teaching, and ethics and lays the foundation for our Christian faith.

Beginning in June, our Bible Study will shift from the New Testament to the opening chapter of the Bible, Genesis. It is too late for New Year's resolutions but this would be a good time to join us in the chapel at 10:00 a.m. on Tuesdays to study the opening chapter of the Bible. Come join us on June 7.

Current Bible Study leaders are Dot Smith, Margie Piatt, Hulda Heatwole and Bill Phillips.

Another Letter



The Park Bench

By Karen Moore

He sat alone as the evening sun began to cast its soft amber light over the park. This had been “their bench” for almost thirty years. As soon as dinner was finished and they had washed the dishes they would head for the park and sit together on the bench holding hands watching the sunset over the small lake near their home. It was their special time together and they looked forward to these moments of quiet, comfortable companionship.

Companionship — that is the thing I miss most, John thought. The time that we shared, often times without words, was just the quiet comfort of being together. Now there seems to be nothing to fill the emptiness in my life.

Friends had told me to get a hobby, a project, anything to fill in my time. But, no, filling up time was not the issue. It was the lack I feel deep in my soul that could never be filled; that is what I am missing, he thought.

He watched a young couple walk by hand in hand. She was smiling up into the young man’s face with an unmistakable look of love. He was, in turn, looking at her with a mixture of love and care that touched off a pain in John’s heart. He got up off the bench and made his way slowly back home.

He sat down at his desk and began the nightly ritual that offered him some semblance of relief.

Dear Julia,

I thought about you tonight. I think about you every night, every waking moment. But tonight touched off a flood of sweet memories that seemed to take me on a journey down memory lane that I desired to never end. I saw a young couple walking by our bench, by our lake, in our park, just as the evening light began to fade away. They looked so blissful, so in love. He reminded me again of how much I miss you, how blessed we were to have each other and share a love that was timeless. I began to remember the first time I saw you. It was in that very park. You were walking home after school. I was sitting on the park bench alone. I had experienced another difficult day at football practice and felt so dejected. I just never felt I measured up at school, in sports, or at home. As you passed by me, you paused and gave me a smile. It seemed as if in that moment something beyond words passed between us. I knew you understood, without knowing my situation. For, how could you know? We had never spoken. I smiled back at you and you threw up your hand in a shy wave and walked on. For the next week we continued our “chance encounters.” I would rush to the bench each afternoon and wait, holding my breath for you to pass by. Of course, you did come, and every afternoon you would smile and give me that shy wave and keep walking. After the week was past I determined in my heart that somehow I would get the nerve up to speak to you. So Monday came and there I was on the bench sweating profusely, hoping you would be by soon. And then I caught sight of you approaching. I can still see you in my mind’s eye as you were that afternoon, white dress with a blue sash blowing

slightly in the breeze and your golden hair shimmering in the sun. Your eyes a color of blue that reminded me of cornflowers. I stood and tried to speak, but all that came out was a croak. You stopped and looked at me with a shy smile.

“Hello,” you said softly.

I tried again, “Hello,” I said. Then we just stood, looking at each other. You started to walk away and my senses returned. It is a beautiful afternoon, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is,” you replied.

“My name is John,” I continued.

“Mine is Julia,” you said.

And then it happened. You looked into my eyes for one long moment and I thought my heart would stop. In that moment I knew that somehow we would be together forever and I would take care of you for the rest of my life.

You turned and sat down on the bench. I sat down beside you and there we sat for a long while without speaking. Impossible, I thought. We don’t know each other, but for some reason we feel perfectly comfortable sitting here watching the sunset. After what seemed an eternity, but was only a quarter of an hour, you stood to leave. “Can I walk you home?” I asked. You nodded shyly and started for home.

That is how it all began, Julia. It is how it continued for all those delightful years we had together. I am thankful for these precious memories, my dearest. They are the only thing that brings any comfort. I miss you my love. John

Again, as always, John went to the desk, opened the old wooden box, and placed the letter inside. He closed the lid and sighed. His hand rested on top of the box for a moment. Slowly he got to his feet and went to the old recliner where he slipped into a peaceful sleep.

No Stage Fright

By Dub Beynon

I have been on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in my home town of Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania three times in my life. The first time I was about 8 or 9 years old. In those days you got a lot for your money. Vaudeville was very popular, so when you went to the movies you also got a Vaudeville act.

The act that particular day included a trained bear and his trainer asked if anyone in the audience would volunteer to come up on the stage and wrestle the bear. My hand went up immediately. I was too young or too stupid to realize the possible danger. (I'm a lot older now). So up on the stage I go and "wrestled" the bear. The whole thing took about 15 to 20 seconds.

The second time I was on the stage I was 17 years of age and much more nervous. It was my graduation day from high school and I was playing a cornet solo, "Stars in a Velvety Sky" by Herbert L. Clarke.

I did not know at the time that my band director had contacted the band leader of the 256th Army Band which was stationed at Fort Belvoir, Virginia to come and listen to me play. This was to be my audition for the band.

I did okay because I was accepted into the band.

The third time I appeared on the stage was in 1976, the year of the bicentennial. I was then 45 years old and I was very proud to be the Sergeant Major and Enlisted Band Leader of The United States Army Band, conducting the band with my home town folks as the audience. The theatre was packed to capacity and I think my mom must have been sitting on a pillow because she stood out to me. I'm just not really sure which of us was the proudest.

Maasai In Virginia

By Ruth Y. Martin

The evening before I left for Ethiopia, my sister-in-law gave me a book: ACCIDENTAL MISSIONARY, by Wallace Ohrt. I read it on the flight to Addis. The story is about a couple — Denny and Jeanne Grindall, who became involved with the Maasai people during a visit with their friends who lived in Tanzania. Denny saw the need for a better water supply for the livestock of the Maasai. He became involved for a number of years, constructing dams to hold water during the rainy seasons for use in the dry seasons. After visiting the Maasai people myself, I read the book a second time on the way home.

The book begins with a sad story about a young widowed mother trying to comfort her sick infant. Elders entered her home and said since her baby was dying, they needed to take the baby away from the home. The baby could not be permitted to die in the house.

In spite of her protests, the baby was taken away from the village and laid on a sheep skin, then left for the hyenas. The next day, the owner of the sheepskin sent a lad out to retrieve the sheep skin. The lad returned to say, the baby was still there and still living!!

Some years later this little boy, maybe around 12 years old, told his mother one day that he was leaving. He had been taught to read a bit by a teacher in the area. He, Samuel, wanted to learn. He was going to school.

When he arrived at the school, the administration was uncertain what to do with him. He was a bit old for first grade, but he was determined. He did learn and later went on to England for college. Sam's first goal was to be a doctor but realizing that would be much too



expensive, he became a teacher, later a minister, returning to his home area to serve.

As my brother and his wife drove me home from my trip, I was sharing about the book I had reread and the Maasai village we had visited. I was informed that the family who had been renting an apartment from their friends, Peggy and Mike, were Maasai people. In fact, Peggy and Mike had spent 5 weeks in November traveling with Mary, Lorenzo, and their girls to visit their families still living in Tanzania. Lorenzo is the son of Sam, the infant left for the hyenas.

All this was very exciting to me. Talking to Peggy, I found that Mary came to live in their apartment ten years ago, leaving her family in Tanzania. She wanted an education and has been studying since that time. Working at EMU, she is able to take one course each year tuition free. She is studying sociology. After two years, her husband, Lorenzo, and three daughters were able to come to the States and join her in the apartment at Peggy and Mike's. In those years, they have come to be part of Peggy and Mike's family. Peggy talks of seeing that the younger girls get to the bus stop for school in the mornings. Mary's oldest daughter, Zoe, graduated from EMU this year and has plans to return to Tanzania. She is ready to change the world.

Mary's father, Noah, who was also mentioned in the book: ACCIDENTAL MISSIONARY, came to Virginia for a visit. He wore the traditional Maasai clothing, a red blanket, as he accompanied Mike about his work.

World War II Memories Rekindled

By James Q. Salter



Photo Courtesy Ben Carter

Pictured above is Ryan Karr looking at the shadow box containing my World War II memorabilia. I flew on thirty-two bombing and mining missions against Japan during World War II on a B-29 as the radio operator. Ryan's grandfather was our co-pilot for thirty-one of those missions. Ryan is pointing to his grandfather's picture taken during the war.

I've wondered about what happened to my fellow crew members since 1945 when the war ended. Recently I have been able to account for nine of the eleven men. Of the nine, I am the only one living. I have established contact with family members of the ones I know about. I have really enjoyed talking and corresponding with some of them.

As Ryan told some of the stories his grandfather had shared with him, I showed him entries from my diary which I kept during the war, some pages from our bomb group book, and various articles about our missions.

Ryan enjoyed my story about an incident that happened on the night of May 3, 1945 on our crew's seventh mission. At our preflight briefing we were told that the Japanese suicide planes called Kamikazes had been seen in this area and we should watch for them.

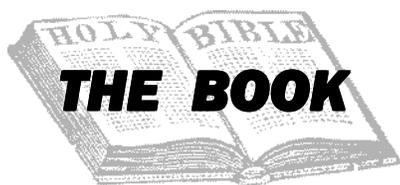
At night they looked like orange balls of fire darting about in the sky. After we dropped our bombs we were on the way back to base when we emerged from a heavy cloud bank. Our bombardier called excitedly on the intercom: "Ball of fire coming in at 11:00 o'clock high, DIVE!! DIVE!!" The pilot had walked a few steps back to talk to our navigator just across the cabin from my position. He had disconnected from his intercom, so he did not know what was going on. Ryan's grandfather put our bomber into a steep dive as the bombardier really opened up with our forward turret of four 50 caliber machine guns. The turret, which extended downward right by my position, was really popping. Those tracers were headed straight toward the MOON. I remember seeing our pilot staggering, struggling to get back to his position. For the remainder of our missions we really kidded our bombardier about shooting the moon.

I then shared with Ryan another incident which happened on our fourteenth mission of June 5. This was our closest call. A Japanese fighter took us head on and almost put us on the ground. He really shot us up with his 20 mil. cannon and his 50 cal. machine guns. He struck our left inboard engine with his cannon and set it on fire. Our pilot said on the intercom, "Fire in number two!" He then said to Ryan's grandfather, "Extinguish #2!" Thankfully, the built-in fire extinguisher did its job. The fire died down; the smoke changed from black to gray, then to white, and finally the engine quit smoking altogether. We flew all the way back to base on three engines — about 1,200 miles. This mission earned the DFC (Distinguished Flying Cross) for our entire crew.

I shared with Ryan a packet of information including several articles I have written about the war and copies of the obituaries of some of our crew members. Verlyn, our daughter, Gwyn, and I enjoyed showing Ryan and his wife, Olivia, our wonderful facilities here in our retirement community. They promised to return and to possibly bring Ryan's mother with them.

After a delightful visit in our apartment we enjoyed a delicious lunch at Sansone's Restaurant in Stuarts Draft. I shall always remember Memorial Day of 2016 as the first Memorial Day after I found out about what happened to my fellow crew members who served our country so valiantly in World War II.

Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey

“God’s Presence”

Do you realize that there is no place you can go to escape the presence of God?

In Psalm 139, vs. 7-10, King David is declaring that there is absolutely no place he could go to escape the presence of God.

David says, “Where can I go from Your spirit? Or where can I flee from Your presence? If I ascend into heaven, You are there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold, You are there. If I take the wings of the morning, and swell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Your hand shall lead me, and Your right hand shall hold me. (NKJV)

There is no place you can go to escape the presence of God!

What an amazing promise! Wherever you go, God is with you. The universe does NOT contain the Lord. “The Lord contains the universe!”

In Acts 17:28 the Apostle Paul says: “In God, we live and move and have our being.”

Our God is closer to us than we could possibly imagine.

For those who know Christ, you are not alone in this world, so be encouraged in knowing that God is with you. He is always with you; there is no place you can go to escape His loving presence!

The Weather Report

Looking Back at April

By Bill Phillips

If April showers bring May flowers, May will be a bleak month! April followed March as a dry month with only 1.4 inches of rain here. Following my unproven theory of rain at the beginning and end of the month, we had only two small rains between April 2 and April 26. Then we had 1.16 inches during April 26-30. The rain has continued into May.

Wind was really the big news for the month. As I reported last month, winds were 46 m.p.h. on April 2-3 and remained high for most of the month with 22 days of 19 m.p.h. or higher. The high reading for the month (and year) was 48 m.p.h. on April 9-10. The Draft is living up to its name!



By Marge Piatt

Occasionally, at the Doctor's office where I worked, we would share a group lunch. My friend Janel would bring in this squash casserole, which soon became a favorite and was requested often. Try it and you will see why!



Squash Casserole

2 lbs. yellow squash, unpeeled
1 medium onion
1 cup carrots, shredded
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup melted butter
(8 oz.) pkg. herb stuffing mix
Salt and pepper to taste

Boil sliced squash and onion for 5 minutes. In medium bowl, mix sour cream, carrots and cream of chicken soup. Drain squash and onion. Fold into cream mixture. In another bowl, mix stuffing and melted butter. Put half of the stuffing in an 8 x 10 casserole dish. Spoon squash mixture on top of the stuffing and put remaining stuffing on top.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until bubbly. (Cover with tin foil while baking.)



“SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus, RLM Athletics

“Winning With Character”

A modest group of 10 attended our May 12 session, in which we didn't quite solve the myriad problems of the sports world. Though we failed in that regard, the chuckles, guffaws and humorous comments which followed suggested the morning fellowship was worthwhile.

The baseball season is now in full swing. Here we are heading into June with about one-fifth of the much-too-long schedule completed. Down the road, the Waynesboro Generals are primed to launch the 2016 Valley Baseball League campaign. And the other pro sports are winding up their playoffs. In the college ranks, yes, the defending NCAA champion Virginia Cavaliers are still alive (though sometimes gasping for survival).

First, the remaining pro playoffs. At press time, the NBA's Golden State Warriors were still showing their overall prowess as they head into the Western Conference finals. The Warriors proved their team concept mettle, doing so with the limited services of newly-named MVP (via unanimous vote), Stephen Curry, who sat out four games with injuries.

After posting the top record in the NHL, the Washington Capitals somehow bombed out in the second round, being eliminated by the Pittsburgh Penguins in six games. Five of the six games were decided by a goal, and three went to over

time, two of which the Caps lost. The trite but often true adage applies here: the regular season is one thing; the post season quite another. In my opinion, these upsets happen in good part because there are too many teams in the playoffs, with several that simply don't belong there.

Up in DC-land, the Nationals after a fast start have slowed to some degree, but are battling the pitching-rich New York Mets for the top spot in the NL east. While often acting like a spoiled brat, the Nats' Bryce Harper continues to be the scourge of opposing hurlers.

Early season surprises have come from the Windy City, where both the Cubs and White Sox lead their divisions. The Cubbies roared to a 24-6 start, the best in the majors at that point in the season since Detroit was 26-4 in 1984. And the vaunted Yankees, with their astronomical payroll and a bunch of aging players, are finding out what it's like at the bottom of the AL East ranks.

In C-ville, the UVa Cavaliers were 31-17 and ranked 15th in the national polls. A year ago the Cavs finished strong and claimed the NCAA championship. To repeat that feat, they face a stern challenge ahead of them as the upcoming D-1 tournament looms.

Our next Sports Chat meeting is scheduled for **Thursday, June 9, from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. in the SDRC Friendship Room.** Our special guest will be Matt Williams, the new head coach of the Waynesboro Generals of the Valley Baseball League. Matt is currently an assistant coach at Valdosta State in Georgia. He'll give our group the inside scoop on the 2016 VBL session. Please join us then and be a part of the “**Biggest Hit in Augusta County.**”

Another Veteran Moves into SDRC

Corporal George Kelly

Cpl. George Kelly served two years in the United States Army. His chief duty was that of postal clerk.

George's duty included sixteen months' duty in Germany where he served in the Division Headquarters of the 4th Infantry Division. Upon his discharge George received the European Theater Commendation Award among his citations.

Cpl. Kelly moved from Pennington Gap, Virginia into the Shenandoah Terrace in April, 2016



Happy Father's Day!

June 19th



And remember: Don't BE a character — SHOW some!!!

A Momentous Decision Giving Up My “Wheels”

By James Q. Salter

I am sure that others in our community have been faced with the decision of giving up driving. Those who have faced that can probably relate to my experience and agree with me that it is a “momentous” decision. Driving one’s own car is an important aspect of independence which means so much and is difficult to surrender.

Soon after we moved into our retirement community in 2011, my family wanted me to quit driving and give up our car. Due to poor eyesight I had quit driving at night about six years previously. I told my family that I was not quite ready to quit driving completely, but I would restrict my driving further and would know when the time came to stop driving completely. I agreed to limit my driving to Stuarts Draft — to the post office, grocery store, bank, Dr. Hatter’s office. I told my family that when the time came I would give them the keys and the car, too.

In early April I realized that the time had come when I should not longer drive. After some “soul searching” and a prayer of gratitude for safe driving for all of those years (I am now 91 plus), I reached that decision with complete peace of mind — knowing how much I would miss getting in the car and going to the store for milk and bread, or going for a haircut, or a visit at the doctor’s office, etc.

We decided to give our car to our grandson who lives in Pittsburgh. We are glad that he and his family are now enjoying the car that we enjoyed so much.

We are simply unable to find adequate words to express our love and appreciation for our daughter Gwyn, and our son-in-law, Ben, for taking us to all of those doctor appointments and anywhere else we wish to go. To all of our residents who have offered transportation for us, you do not know how much that means to us. We have you on our “backup” list. Also, we just might take advantage of some of our community’s bus trips to the grocery store, etc.

Great New Sidewalks to Create More Exercise Options

By Nancy Phillips

I have been watching posts stuck in the ground all along Patton Farm Road since midwinter and wondering what was going to be appearing in that location. The answer is almost complete — new sidewalks along the road running from The Meadows, past The Cottage and on to Shenandoah Terrace should be ready for us to stroll by the time this issue is delivered. I, for one, huffed and puffed trying to climb the hill behind The Cottage. The hill will still be there, but it is a much more gradual ascent for folks like this huffer and puffer. Thanks to our administration for adding this valuable new exercise option to our community.

This means I can walk a complete circle around the community without touching foot on that busy speedway (Patton Farm Road), especially during shift changing times at Little Debbie’s.

Myrna Hershey and my husband, Bill, were threatening to scrawl their initials in the wet cement, but so far it is still in pristine condition where it has been completed. Residents have ventured on the finished sections already, some even taking the time to supervise the operation. The picture shows Rosie Hall making sure the surface will be nice and smooth.



Reminders

Please check the bulletin board at Skyline for details about any changes in these announcements.

WORSHIP SERVICES

Sunday Morning Services:

Meadows (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th) 9:30 a.m.
 The Cottage 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services:

The Cottage 6:30 p.m.
 The Meadows 7:00 p.m.
 Shenandoah Terrace 7:00 p.m.

Holy Communion:

Shenandoah Terrace 3rd Sunday
 The Meadows 4th Sunday

Sunday Services Speakers: 1st Sunday - Karen Moore, 2nd Sunday - Carol Byrd, 3rd Sunday - To Be Announced, 4th Sunday - Pastor Howard Miller, 5th Sunday - Rev. Kim Webster
 Our ministers come from Mennonite, Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Brethren, Methodist and non denominational traditions. Come share with us.

CHAPLAIN'S SERVICES

Our chaplain, Mrs. Karen Moore, is available at 540-490-2492.

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

JUNE SCHEDULE

June 4 James Salter on the Digital Piano
 June 11 Audrey Jenkins & Friends
 June 18 To Be Announced
 June 25 Jay Daniels

BIBLE STUDY

... Bible Study will be held every Tuesday morning at 10:00 a.m. in the Chapel.

HYMN SING

... Hymn Sing follows Bible Study Tuesdays at 11:30 a.m. at The Meadows. Ruth Martin, Pianist.

CROQUET

Croquet will be discontinued until spring.

SDRC COMMUNITY COFFEE HOUR

will take place the **first Monday** of each month at **9:30 a.m., Skyline Terrace, second floor**. Bring your favorite breakfast snack, join your neighbors in fellowship and hear all the latest Village news.

ROMEO CLUB (For the guys)

Breakfast out every **third Friday** of each month. The van will pick you up at **8:00 a.m.** to go to a restaurant of choice.

AEROBICS CLASS

The **first Monday** of the month only, there will be **no exercise class**. Every other **Monday, Wednesday and Friday** there will be exercise class at **9:45 a.m., third floor, Skyline Terrace**.

RECYCLING PROGRAM

Newspapers, junk mail and magazines may be placed in the usual containers in the storage area, first floor Skyline Terrace, and also in covered containers at the maintenance garage on Mountain Vista Drive. Look for them outside at the left corner of the entry side of the building.

T.W.I.G.S.

The **Writers Interest Group for Seniors** will meet the **first Wednesday of each month** in the **Chapel** at **1:00 p.m., first floor**. T.W.I.G.S. is for everyone who likes to write poetry, memoirs, short stories, fiction, reminiscences. Or, come if you simply want to listen to interesting work created by T.W.I.G.S. members.

PRAYER TIME

Our **Prayer Group** meets **Wednesday evenings** from **7:00 to 8:00 p.m.** in the **Chapel**.



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Please Send Articles or Inquiries to Editor:

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571-296-5996 or contact one of the regular feature writers:

Clair Hershey, Bunny Stein, and Nancy Phillips.

All material must be turned in to James Salter or to Marge Piatt by the **12th of each month** for publication the following month. Use and editing of all submissions are the prerogative of the editorial staff.