



# VILLAGE NEWS

## STUARTS DRAFT RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Stuarts Draft, Virginia

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

VOL. 15 NO. 1

JANUARY 2018

### *Reminiscing*

## Another New Year 2018

By Bunny Stein

Wow, here it is again, a brand new year! I leave 2017 with varying degrees of thankfulness. Last year was a trying year for me health-wise, but God has granted me the grace to face another year with much anticipation and hope for a better year. Despite the health issues, 2017 was an interesting journey. It was filled with many exciting and fun activities. Karen Moore, our activities director, sees to it that our

community calendar is filled with many things to keep us occupied, entertained and informed. If anyone here gets bored for lack of something to do, you're not reading your *Village News* for information on how to remedy that.

The most enjoyable trip I had last year was my annual trip to Chincoteague, and Tangier Islands with my daughter and son. We learned that Tangier Island is diminishing a little each year, but there are plans in the making for ways to possibly save it. I surely hope so, because it's one of our favorite places to visit each year.

A lot of changes took place here at S.D.R.C. last year, many of which are the new residents that moved here. It's always a pleasure meeting the new people and having their lives mingle with ours.

We have enjoyed a year of great weather in our community and state compared to many places that were ravaged by horrendous floods, fires,

earthquakes, hurricanes and tornadoes. Many lives were claimed, and many places are still working to claim their homes back.

This country and many other countries are seemingly in a troubling time....that doesn't seem to describe the situation today. Nonetheless, we live in one of the best countries in the world. Though it may not seem like a Christian country, God has blessed us with blessings....so many that though it seems like troubling times now, we have to believe that God is still in control. We can carve that statement in cement. Believe, and continue to pray for our country and our leaders.

I want to thank the Administration for their continued support of our newsletter and for the privilege of sharing my stories with this community.

I hope everyone in this community and their families will have a healthy, prosperous, and happy NEW YEAR.

### WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE

**"Be who you are and say what you feel, because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind."**

Dr. Seuss

## THE NEW YEAR

By Karen Moore

In with the new  
 And out with the old  
 At least that is what  
 We all have been told.

A new year has begun  
 The slate is clean.  
 Don't worry about the past  
 This is a brand-new scene.

But what of the memories  
 That make my heart burn  
 The heartache the joy  
 The lessons I learned?

Shall I toss them aside?  
 Shall I lay them to rest?  
 Is that all there is?  
 When put to the test?

I considered this long  
 I pondered and thought  
 This could not be all  
 Last year had brought.

Then I remembered  
 God's word is so true,  
 It is only in Christ  
 That all things are made new!

## The World of Reading

By Betty Luzadder

A library card led me  
 to the world of reading.  
 Using the tools of imagination,  
 I visited the lands of kings,  
 queens, and castles.

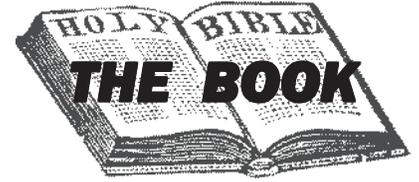
I witnessed the escapes  
 of Peter Rabbit and shed  
 tears when he was caught.  
 I was so captivated that  
 I was oblivious to the discord,  
 that often surrounded me.

I went to faraway places,  
 learning about their people,  
 fascinated with their strange ways.  
 Stories of good versus evil-  
 thrilled when good won.

More than once received scolding  
 for chores not done.  
 Now as I pick up a book,  
 waiting for a story to unfold;  
 with gratitude for my library card.



## Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey

### “A New Start”

Psalm 65:11 says — “You crown the year with your bounty, and your paths overflow with abundance.”

As we come to the beginning of another new year, and the ending of an old one, we often wish we could turn over a new leaf or have a fresh start. We make resolutions (which we may keep for several weeks) and then forget all about them. There may have been things we have done or said this past year that we regret.

Wouldn't it be great if we could just start all over again? Well, in reality, as Christians we can have a fresh start. The new year is still a blank slate. There are new opportunities ahead of us. We will decide what our priorities are going to be.

Today we have a great opportunity to make a new commitment. We don't know what this new year will bring, or what problems we may encounter. And we don't know what changes may come our way. But we do know that the Lord will have many wonderful blessings in store for us. Whatever this new year holds, we have no reason to be afraid because JESUS will be right there with us.

Corrie Ten Boom once said, “Never be afraid to trust an unknown future to a known God!” Remember, God is in control, He is ready to bless you in 2018. Just give Him your burdens; He knows exactly how to handle them! Have a Happy New Year!

## VILLAGE NEWS

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## “January 1st — New Year’s Day or Is It”

By Norman Raiford

“Oh no” you say. “Last month he told us we got it wrong about December 25 being Christmas Day. Now I suppose he’s going to tell us we’ve got it all wrong about January 1st being New Year’s Day.” I confess: I’m guilty of doing what historians often do, finding what once was thought absolute truth is not necessarily the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Is January 1st really New Year’s Day? Well, not for everyone.

New Year’s Day is important to cultures around the world. For the Chinese, New Year’s Day moves from year to year between January 20 and February 20. For India’s Hindus, New Year’s also moves around, falling on April 14 some years, April 15 in others. Likewise, for Egypt’s and Ethiopia’s Coptic Christians, New Year’s Day falls on September 11 some years, September 12 in others. The Persian calendar identifies March 21 as New Year’s; parts of Africa identify the second Sunday in June as New Year’s Day. Christianity’s Orthodox branch celebrates New Year’s on January 14 while Armenian Christians prefer January 6. The Gwaun Valley region in Wales is the only part of Britain to celebrate New Year’s Day on January 13. “But,”

you say, “I’m not Chinese, Hindu, Persian or Gwaun Valleyite. So, I know New Year’s Day is and always has been January 1st.” Hold on — you’re in for surprises.

The world’s first calendars appeared in the ancient Middle East and were quite different from today’s. Babylonians, in what is modern day Iraq, began the New Year on March 21st, the first day of spring. Meanwhile, the ancient Egyptian calendar at first placed New Year’s in summer and later, as we’ve seen, between January 20 and February 20. Meanwhile, the ancient Jewish calendar moved New Year’s Day around in September and October — it will be September 11-12 this year.

Along came the Romans with their penchant for adopting and adapting whatever they admired among people they conquered. Julius Caesar, who came, saw and conquered everything in sight, added Egypt to the Roman empire. He quickly recognized the superiority of Egypt’s calendar, for on the Roman calendar, New Year’s Day fell on March 1, and several months’ names were actually numbers for where they fell after March. Hence, September (the seventh month after March), October (eighth), November (ninth) and December (tenth). In 45 BC, Caesar moved New Year’s Day to January 1st where it has remained ever since. He also unhesitatingly agreed to the Roman Senate’s naming July for him. Not to be outdone, his son, Augustus Caesar, had August named for him! The Julian calendar as reformed by Julius Caesar remained dominant in Europe until 1582 when Pope Gregory XIII further reformed it to align accurately with the solar year because the Julian calendar each year ran

eleven minutes and fourteen seconds behind the actual solar year! Alone among the major European nations, Great Britain refused to adopt the Gregorian calendar for 143 years owing to anti-Catholic bias. At least in 1752 the British Empire switched to the Gregorian calendar still in use today. To catch up, the British had to skip 11 days, which makes for interesting historical tidbits, such as British colonist Thomas Jefferson’s real birthday being April 2, 1743 (Old Style, meaning before 1752) but ever since 1753, it has been celebrated on April 13th because of the 11 skipped days! Today nations around the world accept the Gregorian calendar, which certainly facilitates international trade and travel. Oh, but then there’s that pesky International Date Line where travelers can lose New Year’s Day going west but have two New Year’s Days in a row going west!

So, here’s my final thought: Let’s just all agree January 1st is New Year’s Day and celebrate it safely! Happy New Year 2018 everyone!

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## HISTORY BLOOPERS

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*And now for more history “Bloopers” and creative spelling from students’ essays, courtesy of teacher and author Richard Lederer.*

The painter Donatello’s interest in the female nude made him the father of the Renaissance. It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Sir Walter Raleigh invented cigarettes. Another important invention was the circulation of blood.

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## A Bad Case of Hepatitis and a Premonition

By Joe Savoy  
1926 — 2017

*(NOTE: Joe was working on this article at the time of his death on December 2, 2017. His granddaughter, Rachel, has kindly edited it and submitted it on Joe's behalf.)*

Since my sister brought our mother from Maine to her house in Fort Dix, New Jersey for a week and then to my house in Delaware for a week, I had to take her back to Maine on Labor Day weekend. When my wife Bev's youngest sister found out what I would be doing that weekend, she suggested that she and her girls could visit with Bev while her husband Bob could help me do some of the driving, as he wanted to see his mother who also lived in Maine.

Bob and Connie lived in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and got to Wilmington, Delaware in time so that Bob, my mother, and I could leave for Maine by 7:30 a.m. on Saturday morning. We made good time until we were less than 2 hours from our destination, Bangor Maine. We encountered a very large swarm of small flying bugs that looked like a cloud hovering over the entire width of the northbound lane of I-95. There was no way to go around it, so we had to drive through it. After we got through the mess, I could hardly see through my windshield. So we got off the highway and found a service station to clean the windshield and blow the bugs out of the radiator. We finally got to our destination, dropped Bob off at his mother's house, and I went on to my own mother's house.

Monday morning at 7:00, I picked up Bob as planned and

headed south. On Route 1 we stopped at Bev's oldest sister's coastal seafood restaurant to say "hello." Since it was early in the morning she insisted on getting us something to eat. I told her that all I wanted was some of her delicious batter-fried clams....BAD DECISION, I would find out later! We got on our way and arrived back in Wilmington around 8:00 p.m., which gave Bob and Connie enough time to return to Harrisburg.

It was now the third week in October and I was starting not to feel well. I was having a dull feeling on my upper right side. I suspected gall bladder problems, so I went around work asking guys I knew who had gall bladder problems what their symptoms were. The answers I got did not sound like what I had. Come Sunday after church, I decided to lie down in bed after feeling particularly bad. By the time I finally got up the next morning, Bev had already made a doctor's appointment for that afternoon. On the way to the appointment, while stopped at a traffic light, Bev turned to me and said, "You don't even need to go to the doctor; I can tell you have hepatitis!" She could see that the whites of my eyeballs were very jaundiced.

My doctor gave me two choices for treatment. I could go to the hospital and be quarantined, or he could let me go home as long as I followed a strict regimen of 24-hour bed rest and a low fat/high carbohydrate diet. Additionally, I would need to come to his office once a week for blood work. Guess which option I chose? After three months of bed rest, I finally was cleared to go back to work. And remember those clams? BAD DECISION!

*(Rachel notes that the premonition part of the title "refers to the next installment of this story, which*

*Grampy never got a chance to write. I know the story he is referring to, but I would never do it justice by telling it myself. Just know that it involves an ice-skating show at a brand-new coliseum, a premonition, a roof blowing off in the wind, and a narrow escape from danger!" Joe told the story to Norman Raiford — it really was hair-raising. Just ask Norman the next time you see him!)*

**EDITOR'S NOTE** (James Q. Salter and Marge Piatt): Joe Savoy was a valuable contributor to the Village News. We are going to miss him. We thank his granddaughter, Rachel, for submitting the article which Joe was preparing at the time of his death. Joe's final complete article in the Village News (December issue) was titled "God, the Super Chemist and Engineer". It is appropriate for all of us to consider this last sentence in that article — "Therefore, I say that He is, by far, the greatest super chemist and engineer in the universe, bar none.... period!!!"

## Thank You, Joe Savoy

By Norman Raiford

Joe, how vividly I recall you bounding across the street that day in May 2016 when I first moved in at our Retirement Community. You rapped on the door announcing, "Hi, I'm Joe Savoy. Here is the Village News. I've written several articles for it and I'm giving you copies of them." There began our friendship and my introduction to how important the Village News was to you and would soon become to me.

There is much to thank you for, Joe. Encouraging me to write for the News was first, but foremost was

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## Thank You, Joe Savoy

*Continued from Page 4*

the warm fellowship you offered. We spent a lot of time on your porch and alternately on mine as we solved the world's problems without so much as one falling out between us. Sometimes we just sat and watched passersby, the changing skies, and sunsets. You kept your front door open all day long everyday making it clear, "come on in and sit a spell," and I took you up on it time and time again. Each time as I would leave, you always would graciously say, "Thanks for stopping by."

With nothing but goodwill between us, we poked fun at one another, enjoying many a laugh. You shared memories of good times growing up in Maine and even better times with your wife and family. Knowing my interest in history, you let me ask about your service in World War II — not all vets do so, given how tough wartime memories can be. How special our visits became, you sharing the wisdom of your 91 years with this "whippersnapper youngster" (your words) 20 years your junior.

Joe, I miss you. I miss you something awful and others here do too. But boy am I ever more grateful for the 18 months you loomed large in my life. You had a good life, and now you're having an even better time with your dear Bev of whom you always spoke lovingly and longingly. Thanks for befriending me, for encouraging me, and for inspiring me. You're tops in my book, Joe. Even so, don't get too rowdy reuniting with your army buddies when you are given well deserved military honors at Arlington National Cemetery — else, Bev will call you out! God bless you, Joe. Your friend, Norman.

## *Janie Campbell*

By Karen Moore

We are blessed in this life at times to become associated with persons of great character who have a great capacity to love. Janie Campbell was one of those persons.

1st Corinthians 13 describes the attributes of love through God's eyes. It is described as enduring long, being patient and kind, not self-seeking and ends the discourse by adding it bears up under anything and everything that comes its way and believes the best of everyone. In the end love never fails. Now I know that only God Himself could measure up to all of that, but truly when I think of Janie those words do come to mind. For although her life was not an easy one, and many trials and heartaches accompanied her in this life, she had a loving nature, and there was a sweetness about her that drew you to her as soon as you met her. It certainly was manifest in her love and devotion to her family. It shined through in a special way in her relationship with her daughter Sandra. Some of us would have described her as someone with special needs, but to Janie she was perfect. From the first time I met Janie I was aware of a special light in her eyes as she spoke of her. She told me how she fought for Sandra to have the opportunity of an education at a time when that was not always possible. Her tender and nurturing heart was also displayed in her professional life as an LPN private duty nurse which was so fulfilling to her and a blessing to those she cared for. She also gave generously of her time as a life member of Providence Forge Volunteer Rescue Squad, a 15 year member of Quinton Volunteer Fire Department and Auxiliary.

She was a woman of faith who attended Beech Grove Christian Church and regularly attended the chapel services held at the Stuarts Draft Retirement Community.

Janie was certainly one of whom we can say had a thankful heart. All of us at Stuart Draft Retirement Community loved Janie dearly. She had a way of making each of us feel appreciated and loved. She took great care not to miss an opportunity to thank us for helping her in any way. One example of her caring heart is how she approached activities at the Meadows. When asked if she was going to play Bingo, she said, "No, I am not playing, I just like to go and help those who need it ". The last time I saw her was when she was in the hospital, and I was telling the nurses what a special person she was. She was not able to speak at that point, but as I said the words "she is an awesome woman" she motioned towards me and grabbed my hand and shook her head. To the end always putting attention on others.

We typically only get to know your loved ones as life is ebbing. But we feel privileged to get to know them in the culmination of a life well lived. I would like to share a portion of a poem I read recently. It made me think of Janie.

"I shall not pass this way again,  
Grant me to soothe the hearts of men,  
Faithful to friends, true to my God.  
A fragrance on the path I trod."

Second Corinthians says that we are the sweet fragrance of Christ unto God. I think we can all agree that Janie's life left a sweet fragrance in all our lives that will linger for many days.

## CLEMENT LOOKINGBACK

By Maggi Chafee Nelson

During choir rehearsal one dark night in a small Methodist church in Mobridge, South Dakota, where Bob and I were serving as volunteers in mission at Central Indian Bible College, a tall young Native American walked in and took a seat near the choir. Dressed in black from head to toe, with coal black hair worn in a shoulder-length pageboy, he was a mysterious figure to show up for choir practice! Drawn by lights shining from our sanctuary windows, this handsome Sioux had decided to come in.

Not knowing exactly what we should do about him, we invited him to join our rehearsal. Instead of sitting on one end of the choir he wound up right in the middle. He introduced himself as Clement Lookingback, saying that he lived in Little Eagle on Standing Rock Reservation, just across Lake Oahe, part of the Missouri River system.

As we were practicing one of those dear hymns about how much Jesus loves us, Clement began weeping as though his heart would break. He sobbed out that he was dying of AIDS. He had just come off the streets of Mobridge where some of his family members had been selling his 'homosexual favors.' His share was 'one dollar a trick.'

The love of Jesus poured from our hearts to his, evident because no one made a move to withdraw from sitting close to him — and by the compassion shown him. Although prejudice is rampant toward Native Americans living in that area, no one in the choir seemed alarmed at the mention of AIDS afflicting an Indian sitting in our midst.

Of course, there was no more choir practice as we listened to his tragic story. After sharing his heart, Clement wanted to make a donation to God, withdrawing five crumpled \$1 bills from his pocket. Even though it seemed obvious this money must have been his earnings for the night, by silent agreement, we, including the pastor of the church who was a choir member, accepted his gift in an offering plate from the altar....knowing that God understood the cry of a broken heart.

When we asked how we could help him right then, he only wanted to go to his home in Little Eagle on the Reservation. Four of us volunteered to take him home. We felt traveling on the Reservation at night would be a little safer in a group. A retired dentist sat in front with Bob in our van.

Another choir member who went along was Joyce Erikson, principal of Wakpaia Elementary school on the Reservation. Joyce had raised two adopted Sioux Indian children. Burned into my memory is Joyce's insistence despite my protestations, that I enter the second seat in the van first, then she sat down, with Clement on her right. With her own body I felt that she was protecting me from possible exposure to HIV. Joyce was like that.

We were blessed when we reached Clement's home. His mother had no idea she would have unexpected Anglo visitors that night, but graciously invited us into her spotless, attractive, beautifully kept home. (Native Americans — at least in that area — refer to all non-Indians as "Anglos.") She thanked us for bringing her son home, having been praying for him and wondering where he was. Had her prayers led him to us?

Joyce's position with the school gave her access to health records of Native Americans living on the Reservation. Because of this she determined that Clement was indeed dying of AIDS. Mobridge police verified the 'sex-slave' trade going on in the streets, involving both sexes.

In order to give us some of his beautiful drawings that he had mentioned while we were taking him home, Clement visited us later in our home. As it happened, an Anglo couple had dropped by prior to Clement's arrival. Thinking of Mobridge's racial prejudice against Native Americans, we were surprised that couple didn't leave. Maybe they were curious as we all drank hot tea together during Clement's visit.

We never saw him again. Clement left us with an indelible impression of one sad plight of reservation life, which also includes high rates of alcoholism, domestic violence, and suicide. At least he was reminded of our loving Savior by the compassionate acceptance of a Methodist choir, singing Jesus' love for all.

*Our hope  
is not in the  
new year.....  
but in  
the one  
who makes  
all things  
new.*

*QuotesIdeas.com*

## Observations

of an

## Early Morning

## DogWalker



By  
Bill Phillips

Maggie (our dog) and I usually walk in the morning between 7:35 and 7:45. This is a quiet time to observe the sunrise, check jet trails, observe life around the community and to wave to other early risers. Here are some irreverent observations.

1. Not many are early risers. Before Daylight Saving Time ended, it was still dark at that hour and not many lights were on. That is good. Nancy advertises me as a former Dairy Farmer and I admit to getting up early. More power to those who sleep late.
2. I regularly exchange salutes with Dub Beynon and Harold Feathers. They are early risers and I salute their service.
3. Not all dog walkers pick up after their dogs.
4. Some of the grass here seems to cause dog deposits (the Editor won't allow us to be too descriptive) to disappear. I'll admit to not always picking up because sometimes I can't find the deposit.
5. Maggie spends most of the walk in the grass with her nose down and trying to find strange markings to over mark. I have a 16 foot retractable leash and I try to stay on the sidewalk or pavement. All the "good" smells seem to be at 18 feet which is the length of the leash plus my arm.
6. Not all cars get their license plates renewed in a timely manner. I've noted some as much as three months out of date. As I write this, one car still has a November 2017 sticker.
7. David Brenneman is the first "official" here in the morning. However, Miguel is first here and starts his trash runs early.
8. Employees leaving at 7:00 a.m. need to clear off their windshields better.

If you are up early and see us walking by, knock on the window and wave. I have one lady I say hello to in the morning but only occasionally since she usually sleeps late.

## Advice for the Know-It-All

By Anna Brenneman

In my daily reading, I came across the title for the day — "Advice for the Know-It-All!" Quite a title for a devotional reading! Sure, we all know folks that have an answer for everything — and we really don't always appreciate those folks. The verse that was used for the devotional was Romans 12:15: "Rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep." The author said it was read at their wedding.

I had to think of the young mother in our prayer group, who got a troubling note from the teacher of her son about his behavior. How embarrassing! As she shared it with us we did not give any advice, we walked beside her, encouraging her, praying for her. We wept with one who was weeping.

Then I thought of the young lad who said he put in over 100 applications for a full time job with benefits. Finally, the day came — he got the job! Within a short time, he was named employee of the week. And later, he got the day off with pay for his birthday. We then rejoiced with those who were rejoicing!

This is the best advice for the Know-It-All.

## The Weather Report

*A Look Back at November*

By Bill Phillips

We need snow! Or rain! It is like a broken record when I keep reporting we had a dry month. November outdid itself with only eight days of measurable rain and a total rainfall for the month of .96 inches. Only two of those eight days had rainfall of over a tenth of an inch and the last rainfall for the month was November 19. The gardeners will soon need to plant cactus!

Winds have started to pick up with a high reading of 40 m.p.h. on November 19 and several readings above 20 m.p.h. Some of the flags on Mountain Vista suffered since the winds come straight down the road and the corn is gone.

A friend at Waynesboro Nursery tells me the 90 day forecast for the area is for dry conditions and warmer than normal. I'm not sure the forecast included the wind which can make a tolerable day intolerable!

## Welcome Aboard to Our New Residents

By Nancy Phillips

Record attendance at many of our SDRC functions is noticeably down. Seems to me the reason for this is many of our new residents are not taking advantage of the many opportunities to get to know their new neighbors. We need to encourage them to join us.

When Bill and I moved in we decided to enjoy the dining hall meals for the first couple of months just to meet and get to know our new neighbors. Now we eat at least once a week for the same reason. Villa folks won't get to know those in the high rises unless they make a decision to do so.

We have a lot of opportunities besides the dining room to meet with one another over a meal. There is a sign up book in the main seating area next to the dining room where you can sign up to go on the many trips listed in the calendar you received in your newsletter. Women go out once a month to a restaurant for lunch on a Wednesday, men join the ROMEOS for breakfast once a month on Friday, any can go out to lunch for the Thursday outing. We have special trips such as the visit to the apple orchard or to Michie Tavern. The Tea Party is the highlight of the month and is always well attended to see which unusual character will join us. The breakfast on the first Monday of the month is a potluck and the staff uses it as an opportunity to update the calendar with new opportunities.

Do you like to sing, or write, paint or play pool? The Hymn Sing on Tuesday, the TWIGS meeting, painting with Millie and men's pool are waiting for you to join in. Saturday Night Live features visiting artists and groups who entertain us. Chapel every Sunday night and Bible study every Tuesday need your attendance. There is something for everyone's interest.

Federal privacy regulations make it illegal to list the names here of those folks moving into our community. I have done a series of "getting to know" folks, but I have to have their permission to do this. If you would be willing to spend fifteen minutes with me, I'll write a short bio about you and your interests and I'll snap a picture of you. People will then seek you out and say hello. Call me at 942-5280 or send me an email at nancyphil37@yahoo.com and I'll be in touch!

Finally, to all of us, an email notice goes out to those with email access from the office whenever something newsworthy arises. Please let David Brenneman know your email address so you can be aware of changes in events, weather problems or information of general interest.

## Grade Your Day

By Dub Beynon

Each morning when I awaken, the first thing I do is pray to God. Then I get out of bed, and I visit the bathroom. Next, I go into the kitchen and take my morning medications. I then go to my computer and receive and send any e-mails that need my attention. Usually, I get a visitor outside my window in the person of Bill Phillips and his dog, and then it's back to the kitchen for breakfast. This is my everyday routine. When I hear snap, crackle and pop, and I realize it is my CEREAL and not the sound of ME just getting out of bed. I immediately grade this day with an "A", so far.

Depending on the activity scheduled for this day, I will determine my next move. For example, each Tuesday I go to Bible study at 10:00 a.m., so I read the paper and then get myself cleaned up and dressed, ready to "move out smartly" about 9:45 a.m. Everything is going smoothly and today is looking like a good grade "A" day.

After Bible study I have a light lunch and I prepare to shoot pool with friends at 1:00 p.m. The activities room is just down the hall so I have a few extra minutes to check my computer for e-mails or to browse Facebook. There's nothing that needs my attention there, so I'm looking forward to keeping today a grade "A" day.

I arrive at the activities room and go to secure my pool cue. Sure enough, it is exactly where I left it the last time I was here. After a few games shooting 8 ball and a lot of kidding with my fellow billiard buddies, I head back to my apartment and take a nap. Grade "A", here I come!

Next, I head for the dining hall looking forward to a wonderful meal, and I am not disappointed. I head back to my apartment for some sports on TV. The day certainly does qualify for a grade of "A", but I want some extra credit. So, I root for the Washington Redskins to beat the Dallas Cowboys. They don't, so a Grade "A" day is reduced to a "B+".

Now it's off to bed with a prayer of thanksgiving to God. How would you grade your day today?

*Happy New Year  
Learn from yesterday,  
live for today,  
hope for tomorrow.*

*Albert Einstein*



## “SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus  
RLM Athletics

Happy New Year! Is it 2018 already? Well, almost, whether we like it or not. The winter sports menu is now well into its various schedules, while football is wrapping up with the usual montage of collegiate Bowl games. And of course, the Super (or “Commercial”) Bowl LII (52) lurks in the distance on February 4 in Minneapolis.

Have you made your New Year’s resolutions yet? You know, the ones you made yesterday but I have already broken today. Here are a few I’d like to see the sports world make to enhance the sport itself, its competitors and the loyal (and sometimes misguided) fans who support them.

1. **Resolved:** that athletes comport themselves in a civilized manner and not as spoiled juveniles given to outrageous and often offensive antics and gestures, which do not belong on the fields of play.
2. **Resolved:** that athletes respect our nation (the good ol’ USA) which has provided them the opportunity to display their talents and skills, and on the professional level, to be more than well-compensated for their ef-

forts. Which means not “thumbing noses” at those that feed (or support) them when issues arise with which they disagree.

3. **Resolved:** That all sports fans, Christians and non-Christians alike, do not encourage questionable or reprehensible and conduct displayed by too many of today’s athletes and coaches (or managers). Stand up for doing the “right thing”; demand responsibility and appropriate conduct instead of only concentrating on wins or losses.

On the local gridiron level, JMU reached the semifinals for the FCS where the Dukes were slated to meet South Dakota State on December 16. The defending national champions were looking to extend their 25-game winning streak en route to a repeat national title.

Virginia Tech (9-3) was on its way to a Camping World Bowl clash in Orlando with Okla. State (9-3), making it 25 consecutive years with a Bowl appearance. Virginia’s Cavaliers (6-6) received their first Bowl bid since 2011 and was slated to meet Navy (6-6) in the Military Bowl in Annapolis. Both games were set for December 28.

Enjoy (if you can) the plethora of Bowl games while indulging in holiday leftovers which are hardly needed. Then take the Bowl test. See if you can remember any of the teams/games....the day after you watched them.

Please join us as we embark upon Year 4 of **Sports Chat, Thursday, January 11**, in the **Friendship Room**, from **10:00-11:00 a.m.** Plenty of prime seating available; take advantage of our discounted rates for 2018. Be a part of the **“Biggest Hit in Augusta County!”** Have your say — and then some!



By Marge Piatt

*This recipe is a family favorite. It is quick and easy to prepare. You may spice it up with green peppers, chopped ham or bacon, whatever you like, even shellfish. Although the omelet is baked in the oven, care must be taken that it is not overcooked. Enjoy!*

### Oven Baked Omelet

**For 4 people:**

- 2 tbsp. butter
- 6 eggs
- ½ cup grated cheese of your choice
- 2 skinned tomatoes
- 1 tsp. parsley or chives
- Salt and pepper to taste

1. Heat the butter until melted.
2. Beat eggs and grated cheese. Add thinly sliced tomatoes and seasonings.
3. Pour into shallow ovenproof baking dish.
4. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes at 425 degrees until egg mixture sets.



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

## More World War II Related Friends

By James Q. Salter

When World War II ended in September of 1945 our B-29 bomber crew had completed thirty-two missions against Japan. We were given credit for a complete tour of duty and were cleared to return to the states. I had wondered through the years what happened to our eleven-man crew. Thanks to a phone call from Cindy Engelking in May of 2015 and events resulting from that call, I now can fill in many of the blanks about my crew members. When I answered the phone that May afternoon, this is what I heard: "Mr. Salter, my father was the navigator on your B-29 crew in World War II." After I got over the shock, we had a delightful conversation. I was puzzled about how they located me. Cindy explained that her husband, Dave, spent a great deal of time on the Internet. When he typed my name in a Google search, the two books I had written came up. They then called my publisher who gave them my telephone number.

More phone calls and correspondence followed. Cindy and Dave were our special guests on Monday, November 27. They now live in Springfield, Missouri. We felt honored that they drove such a long way to see us. In fact, during the last two years we have found out that I am the only one of our eleven-man crew living. During that time I have met some of my World War II colleagues' family members from Florida, North Carolina, Northern Virginia, Illinois, and Georgia. Also, what a joy it has been talking on the phone with some of them.

Cindy's father, Clyde Schap, died in 1981. His position as navigator on our plane was right across the cabin from mine. He handed to me every position report that I radioed in (there were many). Our crew members were a closely knit group.

## Why Write?

By James Q. Salter

Perhaps a better title for this article would be "Why I Write." I retired from gainful employment in 1980 at age fifty-five after thirty-three years in education. That included seventeen years teaching high school speech, English and social studies, twelve years as principal (elementary, intermediate, and senior high school), and four years as parish (county) supervisor. I retired with the idea of plunging full time into hunting, fishing, traveling and gardening — with a bit of writing tossed in. I have vivid memories of fulfilling my dreams of retirement. Included were fantastic quail hunts in Texas, unbelievable fishing trips on Toledo Bend Lake of 185,000 acres near home and rainbow trout fishing forays on the Little Red River in Arkansas. Our travels included the Western Canada and Boston tours, among others. I wrote numerous articles which were published in the parish (county) newspaper. In 2000 I wrote a book about my home town titled *Zwolle, Louisiana: Our Story*. The book is now available (as of October, 2017) for \$150.00 on Amazon. When we moved into our retirement community in 2011, I knew my hunting, fishing, traveling and gardening activities were behind me.

I really needed something to fill that void. That is where TWIGS (our writers' group) came into the picture. I attended the first TWIGS meeting held after we came here and have missed only one or two meetings in the six years we have been in the community. I plunged into writing extensively. Reading Bunny Stein's memoir "The Road of Life" and

Bunny's encouragement gave me the impetus to write my own memoir "Smelling the Roses." Then, I was able to compile articles I had written for The Village News into a book and have it published. At the present I enjoy serving as Editor of The Village News alongside Co-Editor Marge Piatt and our computer graphics and layout artist, Donna Falls as we encourage our contributors with their writing. We are glad that our residents seem to enjoy our finished product. To all of the contributors to The Village News: keep those articles coming.

### *In Memory*

### *The Promise of Eternity*

*Cherished members  
of our community  
have passed on to their  
heavenly home:*



*Janie Campbell  
December 1, 2017*

*Joe Savoy  
December 2, 2017*

*We will always  
treasure their  
friendship and  
memory.*

## Wild Critter Excitement

By Matilda Lee

My uncle went to his shop and opened his desk drawer. What should he see? An opossum looking up at him. What to do with him?

Then my husband, Ira came in. He saw my uncle's dilemma.

"I'll take him off your hands," he said. "I'd like to take him home to show him to the boys."

When the boys saw the opossum they were all excited and asked to keep him. I said it wouldn't be a good idea. We don't know what to feed him.

"Oh, let us," they begged. "We'll take care of him. Please? We'll feed him."

What could I say? Finally I said, "Okay, but you must leave him in the cage and keep the door latched at all times. You must keep him on the sun porch (their play area)."

They tried feeding him all sorts of things. Milk, bread, leafy vegetables, and an assortment of insects they caught. But he would not eat any of those things. What would he want? He was hardly half grown. We could not tell if he drank any of the water we gave him.

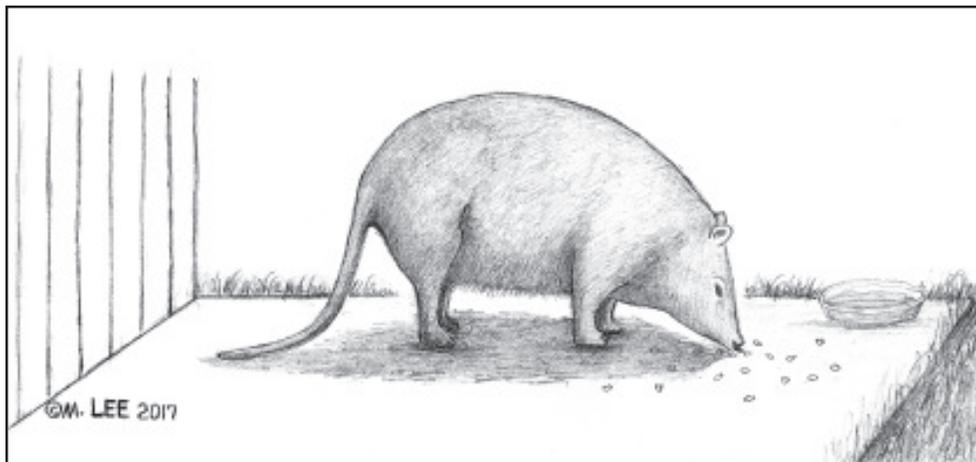
On the second night I told them that if he hasn't eaten by morning they will need to let him go to find food for himself.

The next morning we discovered the opossum was gone! But how did he get out? The door was latched. It remained a mystery.

One night when everyone was asleep I woke up to hear a noise. I lifted my head to hear better. Oh, the noise is in the kitchen.

I shook Ira and told him about the noise. He wasn't interested. I got up quietly and made my way to the kitchen. Ah, under the sink. I pulled back the curtain. Nothing. I waited a moment. Hearing nothing, I went back to bed.

A few nights later I heard the noise again. Quietly, I went to investigate. Now I need to explain. Ira built our kitchen cabinets but the doors had not yet been installed.



Curtains were hung on the front of the cabinets and under the sink I had a paper grocery bag for trash.

Well, this time, with a flashlight in hand, I cautiously pulled back the curtain. There, looking over the top of the grocery bag, were two large, dark eyes and a long, pointed nose! A rat!

I quietly ran down the hall to the bedroom door and got Ira out of bed to come get the rat. When he got there the rat was gone.

Not so long after that I heard him again one night. "Ira, you go first," I said, "so you can get him before he gets away."

Ira grabbed a bat as we passed by the boys' bedroom. Quietly he entered the kitchen with me right behind. The creature was there all

right, but he was not a rat. He was an opossum! Ira took him by the tail, carried him outside and let him go.

Perhaps a month or two later I sat on the rocking chair in the dining room to relax with a book for a few minutes before I went to bed. The rest of the family were asleep and all was still. What's that I hear under the table? I look. Sure enough, there he was, eyes big as ever. That opossum! Again he was put outside, and I forgot about him.

Then one day I took the trash out to the big trash barrel. Surely not, but yes. Looking straight up at

me was that opossum. He was scavenging for food.

By now I couldn't help but laugh. You win, you rascal!

If we couldn't see the funny side of ridiculous and trying things in life, our lives would be so dry and

dreadful.

A happening one night about two weeks ago reminded me of this story. It had rained all day. Late that night I pulled back the window curtain to see if it was still raining. Yes, the patio is still wet.

Then I saw him. A big, fat opossum! He was eating sunflower seeds scattered on the patio for the birds. So intent was he that he paid no heed when I rapped on the door. He gave me enough time to quickly draw him before he turned and waddled away.

Have I heard of others having seen him too? Oh for opossums. They are God's creations too, whether we like them or not. The Lord does all things well.



# Reminders



Please check the Shenandoah Terrace bulletin board for changes in these announcements.

## WORSHIP SERVICES

### Sunday Morning Services:

Meadows (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th) ..... 9:30 a.m.  
The Cottage ..... 10:15 a.m.

### Sunday Evening Services:

Shenandoah Terrace ..... 7:00 p.m.

### Holy Communion:

Shenandoah Terrace ..... 3rd Sunday

**Sunday Services Speakers:** 1st Sunday - Karen Moore, 2nd Sunday - Carol Byrd, 3rd Sunday - Communion, 4th Sunday - Waynesboro Mennonite Church, 5th Sunday - To Be Announced

## CHAPLAIN'S SERVICES

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



## SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE JANUARY SCHEDULE

January 6 ..... Kimball Swanson  
January 13 ..... Frank Byars  
January 20 ..... To Be Announced  
January 27 ..... Jay Daniels

## SDRC COMMUNITY BREAKFAST

The **Community Breakfast** 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.

## BIBLE STUDY

**Bible Study** is held each **Tuesday** morning in the **Shenandoah Chapel** at **10:00 a.m.**

## HYMN SING

**Hymn Sing** is at **11:30 a.m.** on **Tuesdays** at **The Mead**. Ruth Martin, Pianist.

## JULIET LUNCHEON (For the gals)

The **second Wednesday** of each month join the ladies for lunch at **local restaurants** in the area. The van leaves from the **Friendship Room** at **11:00 a.m.**

## 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

Those interested in joining a weekly **prayer time** are welcome to meet each **Wednesday afternoon** in the **Chapel** from **3:30 p.m. until 4:45 p.m.**

## SDRC COMMUNITY FELLOWSHIP

The **Community Fellowship** is held the **second Thursday** of each month at **9:30 a.m.** Come and enjoy fresh donuts and fellowship in the **Skyline Dining Room**.

## SPORTS CHAT

Join Ron Mentus the **second Thursday** of the month at **10:00 a.m.** in the **Friendship Room** for a lively discussion of sports currently in the 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.** at the **Friendship Room** 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**.



## CROQUET

Croquet is discontinued for the winter and will resume in the spring.

## RECYCLE PROGRAM

Participation is voluntary. **VILLA RESIDENTS:** Use the recycle center located behind Skyline Terrace or place separated items on roadside on designated trash pickup days.

**TERRACE RESIDENTS:** Use the indoor recycling center bins located in storage room on first floor of Skyline Terrace.

[www.stuartsdraftretirement.com](http://www.stuartsdraftretirement.com)



## 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.