

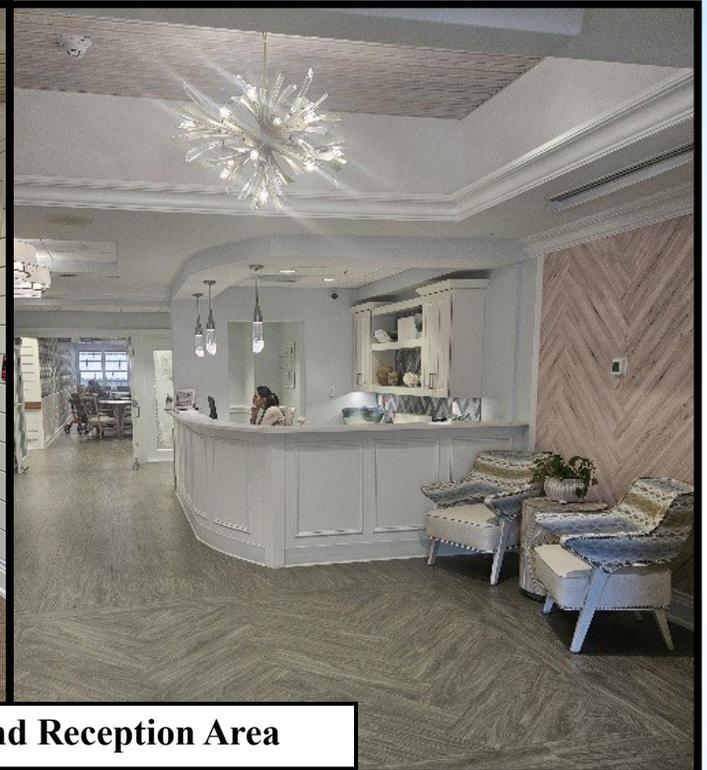


SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S **SCOOP**

January February 2026

News of the Residents - By the Residents - For the Residents

The Inn at SBC



Inn Entrance and Reception Area



HOW LUCKY CAN WE BE? HOW FORTUNATE TO LIVE AT SARASOTA BAY CLUB WITH AN INN TO CARE FOR US WHEN NEEDED.

By: Nancy Schlossberg, #902 with photographs by Fern Jaffe, #705N

I just spent time with two amazing women—Sandra Busby, Administrator and Shelly Castro, Director of Nursing at the Inn. Ridiculous as it sounds, I look forward to being in the Inn if and when something happens to me.

They are two outstanding women. Yes, they each have stellar backgrounds (see below) but their attitude, vision and commitment to compassionate care is over-the-top.

My major take-aways:

- Their commitment to daily interactions with patients, and understanding their expectations, which they try to meet by listening, and providing compassionate care. As they both pointed out, incoming patients are vulnerable and often in pain.
- They emphasized the importance of teamwork-probably their most important strategy. The commitment to work as a team with every patient, as opposed to working separately with each individual, ensures better, more equitable care.
- The redesign of the Inn now has all patients and staff on one floor which ensures less wait time for care.
- They both look forward to coming to work. They love their work.

Professional Bio Sandra Busby, Administrator, RN, NHA

Sandra Busby, RN NHA, serves as Administrator of The Inn and Bayshore Place at Sarasota Bay Club in Sarasota, Florida, where she provides executive leadership dedicated to exceptional resident care and operational excellence.



Sandra joined Sarasota Bay Club in 2011, initially serving as Director of Nursing, a role she held for nearly a decade. In 2020, she was appointed Administrator, reflecting her deep institutional knowledge, clinical expertise, and steady leadership approach. In her current role, she oversees daily operations, regulatory compliance, clinical services, and interdisciplinary leadership teams, ensuring high standards of care while fostering a resident-centered community culture.

With more than 30 years of experience in healthcare, Sandra's career reflects a comprehensive understanding of the continuum of care. Prior to joining Sarasota Bay Club, she spent 18 years at The Pines of Sarasota, where she held a variety of nursing and leadership roles from 1992 to 2010. Her background also includes experience in acute care hospital settings and with Tidewell Hospice, where she provided compassionate end-of-life care and collaborated closely with patients, families, and care teams.

Sandra's path into healthcare leadership is distinctive. She began her professional career as a trained chef and Certified Dietary Manager (CDM) in a long-term care community, gaining early insight into operations, nutrition management, and regulatory standards. This foundation continues to inform her holistic, resident-focused leadership style and her appreciation for every discipline within senior living operations.

As a Registered Nurse, Sandra brings a clinically grounded perspective to administration, emphasizing quality outcomes, staff development, and collaborative care delivery. Her leadership philosophy centers on dignity, accountability, and creating environments where residents and staff alike can thrive.

HOW LUCKY CAN WE BE CONTINUED

Professional Bio Michelle Castro, Director of Nursing, RN, MSN



Shelly's nursing career began more than 35 years ago as a Medic in the U.S. Air Force. During her eight years of service, she worked in the Emergency Room and flew Aeromedical Missions out of MacDill Air Force Base. While stationed there, Shelly returned to school at Manatee Community College and earned her Associate Degree in Nursing.

As a Registered Nurse, she started her civilian career on a Medical/Surgical/Oncology unit before transitioning into Women's Services, where she found her true calling. At Sarasota Memorial Hospital, Shelly specialized in high-risk obstetrics and served as a member of the Maternal Transport Team, dedicating 18 years of her career to the organization.

Over the past decade, she has held multiple leadership roles in nursing. From 2020 to 2023, Shelly served as the Director of ICU at Doctors Hospital of Sarasota, followed by her role as ACNO and Interim Chief Nursing Officer at Blake Medical Center. She holds a Bachelor's degree from the University of South Florida and a Master's Degree in Nursing Leadership.

Throughout her career, Shelly focused on initiatives that enhance patient outcomes and improve both patient and staff satisfaction. She is deeply passionate about fostering personal and professional growth within the nursing profession. Her guiding philosophy is to learn from every experience life offers—believing that each moment is an opportunity to grow, help others, and discover something meaningful.

Personal Life

Outside of nursing, Shelly's favorite role is being a mom. She has been married to her incredibly supportive husband for 26 years, and together they have raised four amazing children. The oldest, Shelly's stepson, is 28 and married to his high school sweetheart; they've blessed Shelly and her husband with two beautiful grandchildren. The first-born son, 23, works as a construction project manager with First Watch, and their 21-year-old twins are pursuing their dreams—their son is attending firefighting school, and their daughter is in law school. Shelly professes they are her proudest accomplishments and greatest joy.

In her free time, Shelly loves boating, fishing, and spending time on the water. She is also passionate about fitness and starts each day with an early morning workout at 4 a.m.—Shelly says it grounds her and prepares her to face each day with purpose and energy.

This was a sneak peek at the renovations completed at the Inn.

It is beautiful, bright, and cheerful and as Nancy says “a place I look forward to going if something happens to me.”

TOURS COMING SOON!



DOCTOR, DOCTOR, by Bob Naquin . Cast from left to right: Wylie Osborn, Doris Zlatar, Sue Bralow, Tom McDonald, Trude Smith, Budee Jacobs, Al Cohen

For everyone who attended the performance of Doctor, Doctor on February 26th, you might find it hard to believe that the play readers/actors had less than five weeks to rehearse! So on point were the seven residents with their comedic timing, it would be easy to have mistaken them for semi-professionals. The room was filled with the laughter of over 100 fellow residents who clearly got and appreciated every joke – some subtle, but most delivered with the gleeful gusto necessitated by a comedy bordering on farce.

This incredible feat was due in no small part to the very dedicated and talented director, fellow resident Linda McDonald, who not only scheduled regular group rehearsals, but also set up individual schedules one on one in her own condo with the play readers. Linda was both a firm task master and a gentle guide who worked with the actors to extract their very best efforts. She helped them to develop their characters and bring them to life with a mix of nuance and flamboyance.

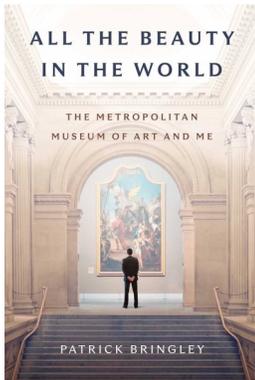
As you will have noted, this play was a mix of play reading and acting because Linda challenged the group from the very beginning to move around the stage and to interact with each other and with props – no easy feat when you are reading lines rather than memorizing them (though you will have caught that most of the actors knew their lines well enough to deliver them with barely a glance at the page at times). Costumes were another fundamentally important aspect of the play with everyone wearing clothes to match their role and personality and a few of the characters had a lot of fun curating their rather outrageous outfits (Jenny Flecks, Mrs. McGilacutty, and Bea Sting). Many of them were unrecognizable as they disappeared behind the costumes and the characters.

Over the course of the five weeks of rehearsals, Linda welcomed the always calm and easy-going support and perceptive feedback from her assistant director Helen Shaw, who worked hard to ensure that the audience would always clearly hear the dialogue and would have a good view of the stage. Alas, with over 100 attendees on the night of the play, those who sat at the edges of the rows may have been unable to see everything on stage, but it certainly sounded as though they missed none of the humor.

In addition to the dedicated attendance and hard work by the seven play readers: Sue Bralow, Al Cohen, Budee Jacobs, Tom McDonald, Wylie Osborne, Trude Smith, Doris Zlatar, the play reading group consisted of two understudies, Doris Morgenstern and Audrey Sharp, who attended rehearsals alongside the cast, just in case they were needed to step into any of the roles.

HAVE YOU VISITED THE BOOKSTORE AT SELBY LIBRARY?

By: Linda T. Jones, 309N



Some residents may not know that the *Friends of Selby Library organization* has a large bookstore in Selby Library which has been there for many years. Community members donate a few books or boxes of books. Many books have been donated by Sarasota Bay Club residents or relatives. Mario Sparagana's daughter recently donated 22 boxes of books! Mario loved to read and participated in the book club. The bookstore has many different types of books, e.g. fiction, art, history, biography, nature, pets, and books about Florida. Some people must read one mystery after another and then donate them because the bookstore has hundreds of mysteries.

Most books sell for about \$2.00 to \$4.00. If it is a new or rare old book, the price will be higher. The bookstore has an Executive Director and volunteer at the desk. One of them will help you locate the type of books you might want to purchase for yourself or give to others.

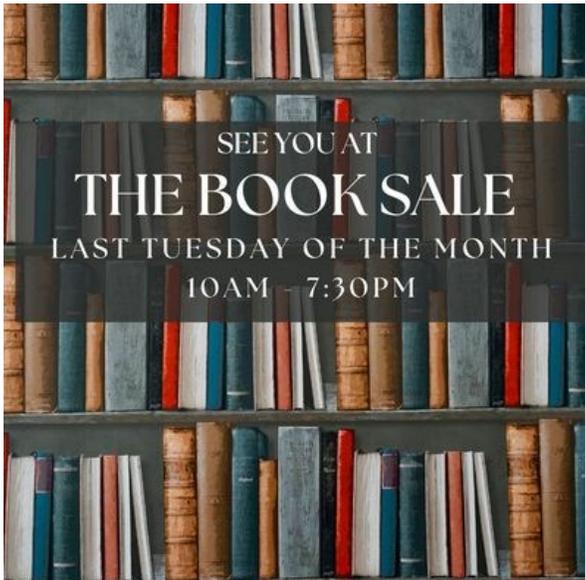
The funds that are raised are used to support library programs for all ages, speakers and authors that whom the library cannot afford.

If you would like to donate books to the bookstore, please leave them outside my door (309N).

The Sarasota One Book Program this year is featuring All the Beauty in the World: The Metropolitan Museum of Art and Me by Patrick Bringley. The author will make a presentation on March 6 at the Shannon Staub Library at 10:30 a.m. and at the Selby Library at 7:00 p.m. Books will be available for purchase from the bookstore.

The book, *All the Beauty*, "is as rich in moving insights as the Met is in treasures, all the beauty in the world reminds us of the importance of learning at a profound level." Back cover Summary: Millions of people climb the grand marble staircase to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art every year. But only a select few enjoy unrestricted access to its every nook and cranny. They're the guards who roam unobtrusively in dark blue suits, keeping a watchful eye on the two-million square-foot treasure house. Caught up in his glamorous fledgling career at the *New Yorker*, Patrick Bringley never thought he'd be one of them. Then his older brother was diagnosed with terminal cancer, and he found himself needing to escape the mundane clamor of daily life. So he quit the *New Yorker* and sought solace in the most beautiful place he knew.

To his surprise and the reader's delight, this temporary refuge becomes Bringley's home away from home for a decade. We follow him as he guards delicate treasures from Egypt and Rome, strolls the labyrinths beneath the galleries, wears out nine pairs of company shoes, and marvels at the beautiful works in his care. Bringley enters the museum as a ghost, silent and almost invisible, but soon finds his voice and his tribe: the artworks and their creators and the gracious, subculture of museum guards -a gorgeous mosaic of artists, musicians, blue-collar stalwarts, immigrants, cutups, and dreamers. As his bonds with his colleagues and the art grow, he comes to understand how fortunate he is to be walled off in this little world, and how much it resembles the best aspect of the larger world to which he gradually returns.



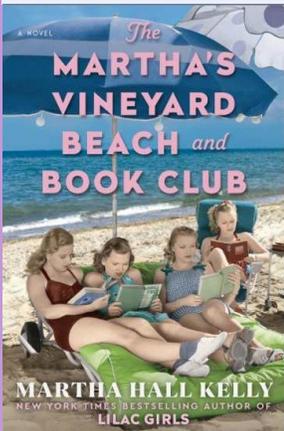
Bookstore Hours of Operation

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|------------------|--------------------------------|
| Monday | 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. |
| Tuesday | 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. |
| Wednesday | 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. |
| Thursday | 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. |
| Friday | 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. |
| Saturday | 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. |
| Sunday | Closed |

**Once a month: 50%-off book sale,
Last Tuesday of the Month, 10:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.**

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, #321S



The Martha's Vineyard Beach and Book Club, by Martha Hall Kelly

When I started the book, I was not sure I was going to like it. I thought it might be “very light reading”. However, I quickly fell in love with the characters and the story-line. As you already know, the story takes place on Martha’s Vineyard, not in today’s world, but primarily in 1942 during World War II. The characters are greatly impacted by the war in a variety of ways.

There is also the contemporary part of the book that takes place in 2016. It is there to tie the story together.

The book is the tale of Briar Smith and Cadence Smith, sisters who live on the island. Chapters vary with their perspectives. They are key members of the Beach and Book Club. The book club is much more than a traditional book club. They take on a very important project.

Additionally, characters representing the U.S. military training on the island are introduced. These include Major Gilbert and Captain McManus. The sisters’ brother, Tom, is called up to serve in the Army Rangers.

A complexity presents itself when a German soldier, who claims he is a deserter, leaves his ship. He washes up on shore, nearly dead, and the sisters save him. He was born in the Midwest in the U.S. and wants to get back to his family. Is he a deserter? Is he a spy? Is there another spy on the island? All questions to be addressed.

The sisters, along with others, belong to the Martha’s Vineyard Beach and Book Club. The Club plays a role in their lives as well as the military members training on the island.

There is intrigue, there is romance, there is class consciousness and more.

Don't Ask...Don't Tell—An Adventure in Two parts

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

I live at Heaven on Earth Independent Living/Resort in Niceville, Florida. It's a great place to spend one's senior life, and I've made several good friends. My besties are Eloise, Roz and Paula. Though we are a little slower than we once were, we four participate in most everything the facility offers. We join in on game nights, we whoop and holler at the weekly Bingo night and some of us actually use the recumbent bike. Though all of these things engage our bodies and minds, sometimes we just want to "hit the open road" and do something different. I still drive and happily do so provided the trip is short and done only during the daylight hours.

One afternoon after our Bridge game, I experienced a feeling I can only describe as an itch waiting to be scratched. I needed a distraction, something to remind me I am still alive, with a spirit to match that is crying out for adventure. "Girls, we have to come up with something, anything to avoid the same old, same old. Anyone have an idea that would take us away from here for a night or two?" "There's a new Monet exhibit in Smallville, and we could go, stay overnight at a really posh hotel, you know, one that puts a mint on your pillow every night and gives you fresh towels daily." That came from Paula, the artsy one of the group. "Boring" piped up Eloise. "My suggestion is a rodeo. There's one going on now in Huntsville. We can all buy fancy cowboy hats and boots and eat Brats while watching all those virile young lads riding bulls." "No Eloise, too dirty, too messy and besides that, don't Brats give you heartburn?" That was my response. "I've got one, the circus is coming right here next week. We can go and watch those handsome guys in their oh so tight tights doing tricks on the high wire. There wouldn't be anyone stopping us from eating cotton candy either; that's a plus." "Been there, done that a thousand times," I said wearily. "I guess it's my turn to make a suggestion." I sat in my chair, head in hand, assuming a pose not unlike Rodin's Thinker. I spoke out loudly and clearly but not so loud that the gals sitting next to us could hear. "I think we should go to a Nudist Camp". Gasps, heavy breathing, astonished looks; all were aimed right at me. "Gloria, you've come up with some whoppers in the past but this tops them all. I would never, ever have anyone see me naked, not in the dark, not in the light of day, and certainly not by a stranger. My body is a Temple needing some repairs, I admit, but certainly not for viewing." Paula, the Prude replied, but I persisted. When I get an idea I'm like a dog with a bone, I don't give up without a fight. With that, I excused myself and left my besties. I pondered what my next action would be. I went up to my apartment, turned on the computer, pushed the key for Google and put Nudist Camps near Niceville, Florida in the search box. I discovered that this type of establishment is most often referred to as "Clothing Optional Resorts" and was surprised to discover there were quite a few close by. That should satisfy Paula, she of the Temple in disrepair. She can dress like Nanook of the North and wear every stitch of clothing she owns or she can go the barely bare route or just simply the bare route. Next were listed Optional Clothing Resorts by category. The first one listed was FOR SINGLES ONLY! At this resort one had to prove their non-marital state. I suppose lack of a wedding ring was the proof. I dismissed others in that category assuming "hooking up" did not mean you could hammer a hook in the wall on which to hang your clothes. The next category dealt with folks interested in Living Naturally. This type of establishment is for folks who literally and figuratively want to live out the rest of their lives Au Natural. We girls were only interested in taking one small step toward confidence, one giant leap toward assurance, and accomplishing the task in two days! Then I saw this ad. FULL CHOICE VILLAGE. "Try it, you may like it", that's their slogan. Family owned and family friendly. From one to one hundred one, all are welcome. Bare or clad you will feel right at home in our lovely two bedroom rental cabin, "barely" furnished with twin beds, a dresser, one bathroom and fresh towels daily. No telephone, no television, no mini bar. Just the "bare" essentials. We want you to explore our lovely wooded areas, play a round of golf, a set or two of tennis and enjoy our hot tub. You may rent whatever equipment you need. Come as you are, whatever makes your boat float. Leave your troubles at home. I guess you could also leave all your clothes at home too. If one was open to the trip, packing sounded easy.

Just take a tooth brush, tooth paste, hair brush and in our case a bunch of pills and that's it. I called a meeting and presented the information. Surprisingly they all said they'd go. We thought about what we should tell our children, since we didn't think this kind of trip would go over very big with any of them. It was decided our cover story would be that we were going on a retreat with a well known respected tour group. We would be spending two days, meditating and taking Yoga classes. Each evening, there would be lectures on the fauna and flora of the

Don't Ask Don't Tell Continued

area. The meals would be vegetarian style and locally sourced. Though there was no central office for our children to call to check on us, we all have cell phones and promised to check in every day. What child could complain about their mother taking such an educational and inspirational trip? The cost was minimal, and we moms would come back to heaven on earth, revived and renewed. We picked a date; I made the reservation. No refunds or cancellation so we four were now committed. We four also agreed that what happens at FULL CHOICE VILLAGE stays at FULL CHOICE VILLAGE. No need to ever destroy the pristine image our children have of their mothers. How fully free any of us would be, only we would know, and there's not a tattler among us.

This is the end of Part One. Join me for Part Two soon.



Jeremiah to the Rescue

By: Suzanne G. Lutkoff, #604N

As I was drinking my morning coffee, Lavanda was watering the large potted plant that sits in the corner of my dining room.

All of a sudden I heard a small shriek, "There's a gecko in the plant...a rather large one."

I turned around to see Lavanda standing there, watering can in her hand, eyes wide open, pointing to the plant.

Almost simultaneously, we shouted, "How could it get in here?"

We decided to call down to the front desk to find out if there was someone who could help.

Neither of us was going to try to catch it. But someone had to do it. Alas, no one at the front desk was able to help.

Then Lavanda remembered that there was work going on down the hall. She decided that she should go there to try to find some help.

A minute later she returned with a young man holding a plastic bag. We showed him the plant and he went about finding the gecko.

He very quickly found it and grabbed it in the bag.

We found out that he grew up on Anna Maria Island and is well acquainted with our intruder.

We profusely thanked him. His name is Jeremiah!

POETRY

The Captain's Table

By Norma Cohen, #310N

Twice a month the table, set with faces new and old
 A place where stories stretch their legs and
 quiet smiles grow bold
 Some come shy, some come savvy;
 some not sure what to say
 But laughter finds its way in fast
 and soon it wants to stay,
 There are tales of jobs and journeys, of dances,
 kids and war
 Of loves that lasted decades long, and dreams that
 still want more
 The Captain's Table isn't grand—no rank,
 no seat of pride, just room enough
 For everyone to pull their chair inside
 By dessert strangers soften, names turn warm and
 true, and no one leaves the table quite
 the same as when they were new
 So here's to shared beginnings in a place
 that feels like home
 Where twice a month at one small table,
 no one dines alone.

Count Your Blessings

By: Caring I. Santos, #1104N

Every day is a new beginning
 Be thankful for your blessings
 It is better to be kind than right
 Love each other and spread
 Your love, joy and happiness to those you meet
 Have a wonderful day and God bless us all!

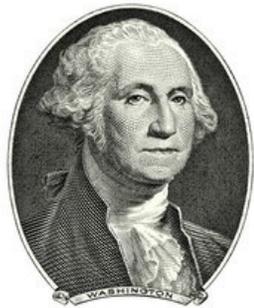
On the Occasion of Harry's 80th

(for Harry Pinker, "delivered" by
 Rebecca Goldstein Pinker)

Sometimes at weddings you catch the bouquet
 But last year, at Truro, a prince came my way
 Granted that he was the bride's step-granddad
 But, oh what a smiling and sweet face he had
 I am rather certain my crush was quite plain
 And not all that easy to try and explain
 This clearly was one of my many faux pas
 Because of...well, you know, because of, well...Roz.
 What would she think of this relative youth?
 (Well, OK, late 60s to stick with the truth)
 Hanging around, almost glued to his side
 I fear that the dear man had nowhere to hide.
 But now that he's entered his 80th year
 And I am in Boston (I'm clearly not here)
 I think I will mention my new favorite song
 ..."I'm just wild about Harry."

Mazel-tov and lots of love
 From the red-headed floozy

Submitted by: Margo Howard, #901N



Our First President, Who Could Not Tell a Lie

By: Carol DeChant, #1120S

This exchange with George Washington came after an election had left a nation longing to return to an America of truth-tellers. It arrived via dimension travel. Subjects in both material and spiritual realms each moved a damp tea bag along an alphabet board after each had ingested a tincture of rhubarb, ginseng, poppy and other seeds. I interviewed President Washington for Scoop, asking about his era; he also explored his curiosity about ours.

SCOOP: Mr. President Washington, is it really you?

GW: Yea. To whom do I speak and what is your time and place?

SCOOP: I'm Carol, in the 27th American state of Florida. It's 2026, in February, where we celebrate your birth with cherry pie.

GW: My curiosity abounds. Why cherry pie?

SCOOP: We learned that as young boy you were unable to lie to your father about chopping down his cherry tree.

GW: Zounds! That tree gave me only grief. A cherry pit cost me my first tooth, beginning a lifetime of bedevilment. Why do you ask about this peculiar fable?

SCOOP: America has become a country of liars: politicians, news sources, merchants—people even post untrue self-descriptions when seeking mates. We long for the virtues of earlier times. I have many questions.

GW: I too have questions. Firstly, does slavery exist still?

SCOOP: No. A President Abraham Lincoln abolished it in 1863. He was known as Honest Abe. You and he are considered our finest Presidents. May we explore the honesty of your era, especially of America's founders?

GW: The founders were geniuses and patriots, but they wrangled among themselves. We were all flawed. Hamilton could be devious. Jefferson paid someone to publish a false claim about Adams, which cost Adams dearly. I strove to be a man of few words, which can deter one from miscasting or embellishing tales.



If slaves are gone, from whom do people get replacement teeth?

SCOOP: We don't use real teeth any more. Upper and lower false teeth plates are made from a smooth compound. Or a single false tooth can be implanted by screwing it into bone.

Were politicians especially prone to lying in your time?

GW: Politicians no more than others, perhaps. Newspapers made scurrilous claims against me, though the public did not choose to believe their defamation.

I found that an ambitious man who believes he is superior to others is often tempted to falsity. Persons of character have humility. A habitual liar dupes firstly his own self. He comes to believe the lies he tells about events and about others and about who he truly is.

So even teeth can be false in 2026! Do your false teeth still use metal springs for chewing? Do they still jump out of the mouth unbidden?

SCOOP: No. The upper plate is kept in place with a viscous compound that adheres to the roof of the mouth, yet allows easy removal.

Who was the most honorable person you dealt with?

GW: Martha. I never knew her to lie.

Our First President, Who Could Not Tell a Lie Continued

Are your plaster of Paris models accurate now so they fit a mouth tightly and uniformly? Or must the wearer still whittle them?

SCOOP: Precise molds of the mouth are made with a gummy substance. False teeth fit well.

And you never lied to Mrs. Washington?

GW: Well, there is a tide in the flow of wedlock... When donning a new gown, she would look over her shoulder to ask if the frock overly enhanced her posterior.

SCOOP: Pants-wearing women still do that. And you would tell her...?

GW: I would say You look lovely my dear. She was always beautiful to me.

SCOOP: You didn't lie. Spouses in a good marriage understand what is really being said and asked.

GW: Verily. I lost my last tooth three years before I departed the earth and she loved me to the end.

SCOOP: Thank you, Mr. President, for your part in this brief oral history.



By: Richard Olin, #906N

For years now, my voice had become weaker, softer, and requiring more effort to make myself heard. After an unsuccessful visit to a voice therapist, I discovered a local otolaryngologist.

I had reached the point where my phone conversations included hearing “what?” over and over!

The doctor performed a 10-minute procedure called “Injection Laryngoplasty.” She injected material to bring my vocal cords closer together. The result was immediately evident. I’ve banished the “what” nuisance completely.

I’ve been told to expect a year or more of relief, and then I can get a “refill.”

GAZE GALLERY

340 N. Central at Fruitville in the Arcos Building

ART OF THE OLINS

Pamela and Richard

March 6th through April 29th

11a.m. to 5 p.m. Wednesday to Saturday

The Great Flatulence Editorial Crisis

BY: David Kotok, #528S

David had written many columns in his life — some controversial, some dull, some that made readers write long letters in green ink. But never, not once, had he expected *flatulence* to be the hill upon which his editorial board submission might be crucified.

David was no novice to the written word. He had been publishing for over fifty years, with op-eds appearing in the *Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times*, and a long list of other respectable outlets that took punctuation seriously. Yet here he was, submitting his latest work to the editorial board of *The Scoop* — a proudly underground, internally circulated missive produced inside a Sarasota residential facility where the average age hovered around ninety and the residents remained as spry, opinionated, and editorially fierce as ever.

The Scoop is published bimonthly, and the editorial board gathered once a month, which meant every meeting carried the weight of destiny — or at least the weight of deciding whether a word like “flatulence” could appear in print.

The four-person board gathered in the conference room, a space decorated with dusty dictionaries, a framed photo of the 1987 staff picnic, and a potted plant that had given up hope sometime during the Clinton administration.

Harold, age 92, sat at the head of the table, chin resting on his chest, already asleep. This was not unusual. The meeting had not yet begun.

Mildred, 83, a former English teacher and self-appointed guardian of all things grammatical, sat primly with a red pen in hand. She wielded it like a rapier.

Lindalu, the poet and playwright, wore a flowing scarf and stared dreamily at the ceiling as if waiting for a metaphor to descend.

And then there was Babadooee — a humorist, storyteller, and the only person in the room who had once won an award for a limerick about a llama. She was already grinning.

David cleared his throat. “Thank you all for reviewing my column. I understand there is... discussion.”

Mildred pounced first. “David, dear, the word *flatulence* appears three times. Three! I circled each one. It is vulgar.”

“It is not vulgar,” Babadooee countered. “It’s scientific. Clinical. Practically medical. If anything, it’s too polite. I’d have gone with something punchier.”

Mildred gasped. “Punchier?”

“Sure,” she said. “Something with personality. Something with—”

“NO,” Mildred snapped. “Absolutely not.”

Lindalu finally spoke, her voice soft and melodic. “I find the word... honest. A gentle acknowledgment of human frailty. A whisper of our shared mortality.”

Mildred blinked. “Flatulence is a whisper of mortality?”

“Everything is a whisper of mortality,” Lindalu replied, adjusting her scarf with tragic elegance.

Harold snored loudly.

KittyKathy’s Musical Intervention

The Great Flatulence Editorial Crisis Continued

Just then, the room's ancient sound system crackled, hissed, and suddenly erupted at full volume with Elvis Presley belting out *Silent Night*. The editorial board jumped — well, three of them jumped; Harold slept straight through it.

KittyKathy, the eternally pleasant staff member who understood every quirk of the ninety-something crowd, rushed in with the calm of a kindergarten teacher and the reflexes of a firefighter. “Oh goodness, not again,” she said, weaving between walkers and tote bags to reach the control panel.

Mildred shouted, “Turn it down!” even though it was already deafening.

“I can't hear Elvis over Elvis!” Babadooee yelled, slapping the side of her hearing aid.

Lindalu, ever poetic, whispered, “The King has returned.”

Harold finally stirred. “Is it Christmas?”

KittyKathy flipped three switches, smacked the amplifier, and pulled a rogue plug. Silence returned.

“Battery's dead,” Harold muttered, swapping out his hearing aid. “Carry on.”

And the meeting resumed.

David tried again. “The column is about the congressional hearing on dietary guidelines. The word flatulence is relevant.”

“Relevant?” Mildred said. “Relevant? You think the public needs to read about flatulence at breakfast?”

Babadooee leaned back. “Mildred, the public *produces* flatulence at breakfast.”

Harold snorted awake. “Who's producing what?”

“Flatulence,” Babadooee said cheerfully.

Harold nodded. “Ah. Yes. Happens.”

Mildred just groaned.

Lindalu folded her hands. “I believe the question before us is not whether the word is vulgar, but whether it is political.”

David blinked. “Political?”

“Everything is political,” she said. “Even beans.”

Babadooee perked up. “Now *that* is a column.”

Mildred shook her head. “No, no, no. We must determine whether the word flatulence leans left or right.”

David stared. “How could it possibly lean—”

“Well,” Mildred said, “the left talks about environmental emissions. The right talks about personal responsibility. Flatulence could be interpreted as either.”

Babadooee clapped. “Brilliant! It's bipartisan gas!”

Harold nodded again, eyes closed. “Gas prices are too high.”

“That's not—” David began, then he gave up.

Lindalu sighed poetically. “Perhaps flatulence is neither left nor right. Perhaps it rises above politics, drifting freely, belonging to no political party.”

The Great Flatulence Editorial Crisis

Babadooee grinned. “A true independent.”

Mildred rubbed her temples. “This is absurd.”

David tried to steer the ship. “Look, the column is about how the congressional hearing devolved into an argument over whether beans should be considered a ‘high-risk food.’ The word flatulence is necessary.”

Mildred sniffed. “Couldn’t you say, ‘digestive consequences’?”

“That sounds like a lawsuit,” Babadooee said.

“Or ‘intestinal discomfort’?” Mildred tried.

“That sounds like a Victorian fainting couch,” Babadooee replied.

Lindalu murmured, “Flatulence is the wind of truth.”

Everyone stared at her. She shrugged. “I stand by it.”

Harold suddenly sat upright. “I vote yes.”

“You haven’t heard the discussion,” Mildred protested.

“I heard enough,” he said. “Man wants to use the word. Let him use the word. Life’s too short to argue about gas.”

Babadooee raised her hand. “I second Harold’s motion.”

Lindalu raised hers. “I third it, in the spirit of artistic honesty.”

All eyes turned to Mildred

She sighed, defeated. “Fine. But I want it on record that I object to the word.”

Babadooee scribbled dramatically on her notepad. “Recorded: Mildred objects to flatulence.”

“That is NOT what I said!” blasted back the retort.

David closed his folder. “So, the column is approved?”

Harold was already asleep again.

“Babadooee nodded. “Approved... probably.”

Lindalu added gently, “Approval is a fragile thing. It might hold. It might not.”

Mildred groaned into her hands. “We’ll revisit it next month.”

And David walked out of the room knowing that never in the history of journalism had so much editorial energy been spent on a single, simple, scientifically accurate word — and that even now, *editorial board approval might still be revoked at any moment.*

Flatulence had won... for now.



LEFT: These Killdeer look like they are about to hold a meeting.

RIGHT: Beautiful Bunting in flight

BOTTOM: A Ruby-throated Hummingbird.



Let's Face It!

By: Burt Herman, #809N

Elaine couldn't take her eyes off me.

We were having breakfast.

It was about 20 years ago.

I was married long enough to decode Elaine's non-verbal language.

This time, there was something different about her fixation.

I finally asked, "Why are you staring at me, like that?"

She said, "Because there's a suspicious-looking discoloration on the left side of your face, under your side-burn. You need to have it checked out."

My off-hand response was, "It's probably just a beauty mark."

It didn't go over.

I got a familiar, disdainful look.

Interpretation. Call the darn doctor!

The dermatologists recommended by friends, or my doctor, were either booked for weeks on end, or were not accepting new patients.

So, I let my fingers do the walking in the Yellow Pages.

Surprise! I got an appointment for the following day, at a storefront dermatology practice, on Sarasota's Hillview Street. The scheduler could not have been nicer. She said they just had a cancellation and asked if I could be there at 10 a.m. tomorrow.

I showed up early. After completing new patient paperwork, I was escorted to the operating room. The doctor told me what to expect.

He said, "I will biopsy a small section, check it out under the microscope and if it's malignant, I'll examine another layer and another until I'm satisfied I got it all." The procedure could take several hours.

Several layers were removed and biopsied. I wasn't surprised by the diagnosis as I had spent a lifetime in the sun.

About three hours later, the nurse walked me through the post-op instructions. Keep it dry. No strenuous activity. Return in a week. That sort of stuff.

I was impressed that the doctor called me that night to see how I was doing.

At my follow up appointment, Doc reassured me that everything looked good. He urged me to keep out of the sun as much as possible and suggested a particular sunscreen and a return in six months.

END OF STORY.

Not quite! Several months later, this was the headline in the October 5, 2006 Sarasota Herald Tribune:

DOCTOR SENTENCED TO 22 YEARS.

"A well-respected community member, family man, and dermatologist in Sarasota, violated the trust of his elderly patients. He convinced them to endure unnecessary surgeries that scarred and sometimes disfigured his victims, all to bilk Medicare out of millions of dollars. His office manager testified he told her he had a quota of \$10,000 a day, as he had a wife and seven children. A total of 865 elderly patients from the Sarasota area went under his knife. Almost all of them diagnosed with skin cancer."

A 2004 whistle-blower lawsuit by two Sarasota women alleged doctored slides.

LET'S FACE IT CONTINUED

It would be insensitive of me to refer to Doc by name given that he's likely on parole, having paid his debt to society, serving 75% of his sentence.

Doc fervently denied faking slides, contending his staff set him up. That was a big mistake, giving his staff too much access to the lab. He insisted that his high percentage of skin cancer diagnosis was not unusual given that most of his patients came to him because they suspected skin cancer. And most were right. Florida ranks second in the nation for the highest rate of skin cancer cases.

Doc claimed his seventeen-day trial was tainted by improper evidence and prejudicial comments by the judge; that his attorney gravely underestimated the sentence he could receive if convicted by a jury, and failed to pursue a plea bargain.

None of it mattered. On October 5, 2006, on his 56th birthday, in front of his wife and six of his seven children, a Tampa jury found the doctor guilty on 70 counts of health care fraud.

The steely judge ordered him to pay 7.2 million in fines and restitution and threw the book at him, with a twenty-two-year prison sentence to be served at a minimum-security facility in Miami.

This follow-up story appeared two years later in the Tampa Bay Times:

“One of the whistleblowers had long thought her Sarasota dermatologist seemed a little too eager to do skin cancer surgery on her. But it was only after discovering he had falsely diagnosed a benign spot as cancer, that she shared her suspicions with the doctor's office manager. This whistle blower was operated on seven times for lesions that experts later determined were not malignant. For their help in sending Doc to prison for 22 years, the U.S. Justice Department awarded two of the whistle blowers \$1 million from the restitution. Each woman is getting \$350,000 before taxes, with a law firm sharing in the award.”

Even if he was guilty as charged, I felt that a five-year sentence would have been punishment enough, given the fines, restitution, forfeiture of his medical license and the disgrace.

To put the severity of the sentence in perspective, according to Florida law, if Doc was convicted of killing a man he found in bed with his wife, it would be considered third-degree murder, punishable by a significantly shorter prison term of up to fifteen years, followed by fifteen years' probation, and a \$10,000 fine.

Let's face it!

I was also sentenced.

Sentenced to a lifetime of wondering.

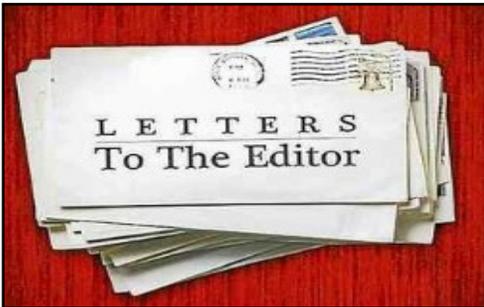
Wondering if I really needed micrographically oriented histotrophic surgery.

Known by its acronym...MOHS.



January - February 2026 Move-ins

| <u>Name</u> | <u>Apartment</u> |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| Patricia Franklin/Stephen Shanklin | 726S |
| David & Susan Katz | 425S |
| Robert & Diane Roskamp | 113N |
| Malcolm & Carole Schwartz | 720S |
| Herbert Silverstein | 226S |



We also welcome your contributions to future issues of SCOOP at any time! Please place your articles in Lynne's mailbox located in the North or South Tower Mail Room.

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