



# SARASOTA BAY CLUB's **SCOOP**

July August 2025

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

## Sarasota Bay Club: Celebrating 25 Years Of Luxury Waterfront Senior Living

By Sarasota Scene | By Tom Reese | July/August 2025



When it comes to luxury retirement living, the services, amenities, views and location of Sarasota Bay Club are hard to beat. Its success, stellar reputation and popularity are as strong today as they were when it first opened its doors to its first residents 25 years ago. The story of its founding and the rich history of Sarasota Bay Club and its beautiful 11-acre property is one we at *Sarasota Scene* honor, and its milestone anniversary is one we proudly celebrate.

# Celebrating a Milestone Continued

## Origin

In the 1700s, Sarasota Bay was recognized as a rich fishing ground by its early settlers. Numerous fishing camps, known as ranchos, were established along the bay by Spanish fishermen hailing from Cuba. After the Second Seminole War, many American settlers took advantage of the Armed Occupation Act of 1842, which allowed them to secure land in the Florida Territory. This Act was implemented to encourage population growth in Florida, offering 160 acres to those who qualified. This preceded Florida becoming the 27th state of America in 1845.

The land where Sarasota Bay Club sits was originally claimed by half-brothers William H. Whitaker and Hamlin Snell. The two men built a home on land now known as Yellow Bluffs, overlooking Sarasota Bay. Eventually Whitaker would be buried in a cemetery across the street from Sarasota Bay next to Pioneer Park.

Before the land was purchased and became Sarasota Bay Club, it was in a desolate state. Once home to a beautiful waterfront hotel, this prime real estate had become overgrown with neglect. In 1990, successful entrepreneur Bob Roskamp, the founder of Sarasota Bay Club, moved to Sarasota and began looking for property to expand his long-thriving senior living business.



He purchased the 11-acre Bayfront property in 1996 and got to work clearing out the area and building Sarasota Bay Club's first condominium tower and common areas. In 2000, Sarasota Bay Club welcomed its first residents into the north tower, which had 138 units.

Bob Roskamp's son Steve Roskamp is Principal at Freedom Senior Management, which operates Sarasota Bay Club.

"My father has an insatiable desire to build businesses. He is 86 years old and still building new businesses. We had completed over a dozen projects like Sarasota Bay Club in the past, but this one was more luxurious. He really wanted to be in Sarasota near the water and create something where he would eventually want to live himself," said Steve.

In 2001, Sarasota Bay Club opened its two-story health center at the front of the property, which has since expanded into The Inn at Sarasota Bay Club, an award-winning rehabilitation and skilled nursing center that specializes in helping individuals rehabilitate and recover from a health setback as quickly as possible.

The health center was followed by the completion of its second residential tower in 2002, which features 93 units. Altogether, Sarasota Bay Club consists of 231 independent living condos, perfect for seniors wanting a prime location, waterfront living, and peace of mind.

Sarasota Bay Club will be introducing its new independent living rental called Parkside with 10 new rental independent units.







## Services and Amenities

When it comes to life at Sarasota Bay Club, there truly is something for everyone. As an independent senior living community, residents purchase units of varied sizes for a more comfortable and convenient retirement lifestyle. Sarasota Bay Club features 24/7 staffed security, valet, and emergency medical services, concierge and receptionist services, various dining options, routine maintenance, optional daily housekeeping, a full-time lifestyle director, standard transportation around the city, an on-site nurse practitioner, IT support staff, and so much more.

One of the best things about Sarasota Bay Club is its prime location on North Tamiami Trail between 12th and 14th Street. It is just minutes away from shopping, dining, the Van Wezel Performing Arts Hall, Sarasota Orchestra, Sarasota Opera, The Sarasota Ballet, Asolo Repertory Theatre, Florida Studio Theatre, and all the arts that make downtown Sarasota so unique and special.

If you want to stay in, there is plenty to do on property! Sarasota Bay Club features casual, formal, and private dining venues, a full bar and lounge, elegant gathering areas, meal delivery, live stage performances in its own theater, educational lectures, various social clubs, a heated resort-style pool and spa, massage services, a full-scale hair and nail salon, an art studio, fitness center, nature trails, and so much more. It's really like living at a resort with the comfort of your own home.

"One of my favorite new additions to Sarasota Bay Club are the various rotating specialists that come to our campus monthly," says Steve Roskamp. "This includes on-site veterinary care, dental care, dermatology, podiatry care and so many other services that people normally have to go out for."

In addition to spectacular amenities and entertainment, Sarasota Bay Club also makes health care a priority. Residents have access to 24/7 first aid, personal emergency response team, pharmacy deliveries, in-home lab work and x-rays, rehab and skilled care nurses on site, physical therapy services, and more.



### **An Ownership Investment**

Currently, there are three different ways to purchase a unit at Sarasota Bay Club. The Partner Plan is designed for those who want to be able to participate in part of the appreciation of their unit, with protection on the value of the unit in the case of a market setback when they vacate.

The 90% Guaranteed Refund Plan provides residents with a refund of 90% of the original purchase price when they vacate. The Income Preservation Plan is designed for a resident to purchase a unit at 75% of the current value in exchange for receiving a reduced refund payment upon resale. No matter which purchase plan a resident chooses, they are buying into their new home, not just paying rent.

The units themselves vary in size and price, giving residents a plethora of options to choose from. Sarasota Bay Club offers one-to-three-bedroom units ranging from 983 square feet to 4,000 square feet, each with at least one and a half bathrooms or more. The price of the units ranges from the upper \$600s up to \$4.5 million. One thing is for certain, whichever unit a resident chooses they will get the best views in town right on the Bay.

Another great selling point for Sarasota Bay Club is the property's height above sea level. As many Sarasotans were affected by 2024's dangerous and deadly hurricane season, some people may be reluctant to move closer to the water these days. There's really no need to worry about that at Sarasota Bay Club, as the residential level is 21 feet above sea water, and the buildings were constructed to support the threat of a serious storm.

According to Steve Roskamp, "It's a problem when you lose power at a place where hundreds of seniors are living. At Sarasota Bay Club, there are multiple generators on-site to fully power residential areas and our health center for several days in the wake of a storm. We are well prepared and it's one of the safest places in the area to be in during a hurricane."





## The Future

As the Roskamp family and the team at Sarasota Bay Club look back and celebrate Sarasota Bay Club's 25th anniversary, they are excited about its future as well. The retirement living industry is always changing and adapting to the world around it. The Sarasota Bay Club team is always searching for new and exciting things to keep residents entertained, comfortable, and cared for. They are constantly seeking feedback from both residents and their families about what they can do next and how they can remain an industry leader.

With its Bayfront beauty, prime location, joyful living experience, and many happy residents, there is no doubt that Sarasota Bay Club will continue to be the most sought-after luxury retirement living complex in our area for the next 25 years and beyond.

For more information about Sarasota Bay Club and its residences and amenities, visit [sarasotabayclub.net](http://sarasotabayclub.net) or call Director of Sales Mimi Nowak at 941-552-3284.



## Art Museum

By: Kathleen Rhem

On July 15<sup>th</sup> a group of resident art lovers visited the Sarasota Art Museum in the old Sarasota High School building. The current exhibit, "Lillian Blades: Through the Veil" was enthusiastically received by all. See picture at left of one of the show's installations. This exhibit runs through October 26<sup>th</sup> so if you haven't seen it, make a point of getting over to Sarasota Art Museum before it's gone.

The residents and the Lifestyle team followed the visit with a delicious lunch at "Arts Central."



## Reading of the Declaration of Independence

This Fourth of July, eighteen residents hosted a public reading of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights for an audience of fellow residents.

The event brought together neighbors, friends and a shared moment of reflection and patriotism, honoring the founding principles of our nation. Residents took turns, reading aloud, lending their voices to the historic words that continue to shape our democracy. It was a meaningful celebration that reminded us all of the enduring power of liberty, justice, and civic engagement. To enforce the celebration, we enjoyed red, white and blue cookies and patriotic music, creating a cheerful and spirited atmosphere.

## Millennium Thoughts

By: Bib Grossman, #324S

Millennium is a very big number. Whose mind can encompass 1000 years! Of course, what we are celebrating is 2000 years since the birth of Christ. Since according to the Jewish calendar the year is 5760, Christianity is still in its infancy and Islam is younger still. It is easier to grasp a hundred years—a century and now we enter a new century as well as the millennium.

We live in extraordinary times, when world conditions and technology have joined together to permit us to live a century, or close to it. As a philosopher once said, “If I knew I was going to live this long, I would have taken better care of myself.” If I had known, I would have taken better notes.

When I was a kid, I was known for my excellent memory. In fact, there were many who wished it wasn’t quite so good. And as with many other foolish things in our youth, I thought it would last forever—Wrong!

Technology has changed so much that sometimes I feel as though I grew up in the dark ages! Imagine automobiles without windows, houses heated by coal furnaces that had to be tended frequently throughout the day, ice boxes to keep your food cold—often not even in the house but in a back hall so the ice man didn’t track in the house when he delivered your ice—and emptying the “shissel”, the pan that caught the melted ice water, or you would have a flood, riding the open air streetcar for public transportation, a neighborhood movie house with films in black and white that all the kids attended every Saturday for 10 cents, having to collect soda bottles to redeem the deposit to get the 10 cents, or babysitting for 35 cents for the whole evening regardless of the number of hours or the number of children to be cared for.

Walking, walking was the most common means of transportation, but you had to consider the condition of your one or two pairs of shoes. When the soles wore out, your Dad would trace your shoe on cardboard, cut it out and insert this into your shoe to extend its life until you needed the next size.

Ah, yes, memories—memories of the good old days. Dreams of days gone by.

## National Senior Citizens Day

National Senior Citizens Day is observed annually on August 21st. This day is dedicated to honoring the contributions of older adults to their families, communities, and the nation. It's a time to show appreciation for their wisdom, experience, and the impact they've made throughout their lives. It is the day to let them know how much you care and it's an opportunity to recognize their accomplishments. In 1988, President Ronald Reagan proclaimed this holiday to raise awareness about issues that affect senior citizens and their quality of life.



# I am 96 and the picture of longevity. These are my tips for living longer and better.

By: Nancy Schlossberg, #902N

Special for USA Today, Updated July 2, 2025

As I was leaving my doctor's office one of the nurses commented, "You're looking great. I look forward to your 100th birthday party."

Startled, I realized, at 96, that wasn't so far off. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, the number of Americans ages 100 and older is projected to quadruple over the next three decades, from an estimated 101,000 in 2024 to about 422,000 in 2054.

It is exciting to read about the surge of millions living into their eighties, nineties, and early hundreds. The Atlantic labels it "The Longevity Revolution." Dr. Laura Cartensen, the director of the Stanford Center on Longevity, describes it as a long bright future, in her book, "A Long Bright Future: An Action Plan for a Lifetime of Happiness, Health and Financial Security."

Meanwhile, Dr. Joseph Coughlin, CEO of MIT's Age Lab, has written the book, "The Longevity Economy: Unlocking the World's Fastest-Growing, Most Misunderstood Market."

Regardless of labels, this is undeniably a period with opportunities to create new products, housing alternatives, policies, and services to meet the needs of the changing demographic. Longevity sounds great in theory, but what does this "long bright future" mean in practice for you and me? At 90, I was raring to go. But then I was hospitalized with COVID-19 and pneumonia and expected to die. By 95, my energy level had plummeted. How was I going to continue being the me I had been for years—energetic, engaged, and optimistic?

I found myself wondering, if I can no longer walk the way I did, give speeches with confidence, and consult with organizations the way I once did, then what can I do and how should I do it? Even with limitations, I still want to make a difference in the world.

I'm not alone in these questions. Gregg Kaplan, age 72, has retired several times. His first career, right after college, was exploratory, resulting in purchasing one store in an airport. That experience led him to buy the entire franchise. After 25 years he sold his franchise and retired.

Eventually he decided to return to his hobby, carpentry, and started designing and building kitchens.

Once again he was extremely successful, even meeting his current wife on one of his jobs. After another 15 years, he realized it was really time to retire, but he kept putting it off. He is afraid he will no longer "matter"—that his purpose will disappear.

## How to look at change

The longer you live, the more transitions you will confront. Therefore, to continue living well, we need to focus on how we can manage the many unexpected transitions ahead in order to take the mystery out of change. Viewing Kaplan's life through the transition lens provides a framework for understanding and coping with any transition at any time in life for anyone. Your ability to handle them depends on: **Where you are in the transition process.** As you exit your job or relationship and begin to move to something else, you will experience what anthropologists label a period of liminality (an ambiguous time in between major life phases) followed eventually by establishing a new life—a new set of roles, relationships, routines and assumptions. Right now, Kaplan, newly retired, knows he will not have another career but is a bit at sea. Golf is important but as he says, "Is that all there is?"



## I AM 96 CONTINUED

**The degree to which the transition changes your life.** The more a transition changes your life, the more stressful it can be. Kaplan's most recent transition (retirement) changes his role from worker to retiree, his relationships with colleagues and family, routines from work to golf, and assumptions from being relevant to not feeling he matters.

**The strength of your coping resources.** We all approach transitions with potential resources - what I call the "4 S System": your situation (is your life in general good or stressful?), self (are you an optimist or a pessimist, are you resilient?), supports (do you have personal and institutional support that you can count on?), and strategies (do you use lots of strategies flexibly?) If your resources are strong you have a better chance of handling your transition.

### Will you still matter?

Don Bunch, former food and beverage director at the Sarasota Bay Club, a retirement community for over 300 residents, retired a few years ago.

After a year of traveling, he and his wife settled down. He had no hobbies and found himself sitting around the house, watching tv, totally bored. His old job opened up and he went back to work. After two years he decided it was really time to retire. His answer to my question about what makes this retirement better than the last one was clear: "This time I have a new purpose. We are moving to a small midwestern town, I will be refurbishing a home, and I plan to get involved in community activities. I now know I need to matter and feel relevant." The late sociologist Morris Rosenberg coined the idea of "mattering" to describe a universal, and overlooked motivation. He pointed out how critical it is to believe that we make a difference in other people's lives. But how do you gain that confidence? First get involved and stay engaged. Dr. Carmi Schooler, a researcher at the National Institutes of Mental Health with others, studied the benefits of participating in challenging work and leisure activities. In a series of studies, they witnessed the increase in "intellectual functioning" of those individuals exposed to "substantively complex" environments, which they define as those that require self-direction and decision making.

Playing bridge, writing a grant proposal, doing the crossword puzzle, or figuring out how to initiate a project are all examples of substantively complex activities. Studies in 1974 of 883 men and their wives engaged in work, and subsequent studies in 1994 of 315 men and 320 women pursuing leisure activities proved the point "use it or lose it."

Also take advantage of ideas given to you. One retired pilot was at loose ends. His ex-wife told him about an ad for someone to deliver flowers. He jumped at the chance to make people happy each time he delivered live flowers.

**Aging leads to new careers, relationships and opportunities** Longevity influences how we love, learn, work, and play as we continue aging. We will discover that life is a never-ending series of transitions--new careers, new relationships, new ways to enjoy leisure, new work and volunteer possibilities, and new opportunities to learn new skills.

However, we need to keep in mind that longevity will also be filled with unexpected twists and turns. We will be forced to improvise as we deal with the unknown. I am often reminded of my friend Jeanne Hansel, who was forced to stop working as a therapist as her health declined. She decided to consciously use her remaining time to chart a new path.



## I AM 96 CONTINUED

And not-so-coincidentally, her spiritual path emerged after reading *There Are No Accidents: Synchronicity and the Stories of Our lives* written by Robert Hopke. Her later years reflected what may seem incompatible—physical decline coupled with personal growth.

It can happen. One just has to be open to it.

*Nancy Schlossberg is Professor Emerita, University of Maryland, and author of "Revitalizing Retirement," published by the American Psychological Association.*



### Our Book Collections

By: Brenda Schneider, #407N

Welcome to the North and South Tower libraries in the Sarasota Bay Club. Warm feelings are always engendered by being in a library. Hiding out in a corner or behind a shelf, looking through random books until your eye is captured by a picture or a word is a special thrill that literature gives us.

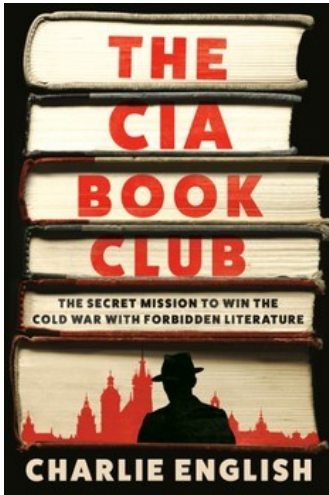
The fragrance of creaky wood floors, or the movement of card catalogues from older library days are Proustian in that the memories elicit the delights of choosing a favorite book to read. The Highbridge Library in the Bronx New York was my childhood retreat. It was where I lost my soul to literature.

As the Volunteer Librarian at SBC, I note that the book collections give everyone the pleasure of reading donated up-to-date selections. Come to the library and look forward to losing a day in the pages of a good read. It is the same joy as when you were young and discovering “Goodnight Moon,” or “Charlotte’s Web.”

The North and South libraries have fiction titles by authors such as: Allende, Atwood, Baldacci, Brown, Cornwell, Delillo, Forsyth, Grafton, Ludlum, Picoult, Silva, Towles, and Woods, to name a few.

We love reasonable amounts of book donations. Just leave them in the baskets available for book returns or gifts. At present we greatly need large print reading selections for our residents to enjoy. Our LP (large print) choices have stagnated and we would appreciate an infusion of new titles. Both libraries look forward to this type of book contribution.

In his unique style Mark Twain said: “Good friends, good books, and a sleepy conscience—this is the ideal life.”



## The Secret Mission to Win the Cold War with Forbidden Literature by Charlie English (Nonfiction)

Submitted by Dr. Linda T. Jones, #309N

This new nonfiction book caught my attention because it tells the unknown and astonishing story of how millions of books and duplicating equipment were smuggled across the Iron Curtain during the Cold War. For almost five decades after the Second World War, the Iron Curtain divided Europe, creating the most heavily guarded border. Elaborate plans were developed to support book distribution and underground publishing, in a battle for hearts and minds, mainly focused on Poland. It worked and was instrumental in the fall of communism.

The book mentions many people who were involved, but three stand out. Mirek Chojecki, a publisher and filmmaker, was Solidarity's minister for smuggling. Solidarity was the word first used for striking workers and later became the term that represented broad-based opposition. Chojecki, born in 1949, was in his 30s during the rapid growth of underground publishing in Poland in the 1980s. He created the independent publishing house "NOWa" that published forbidden literature in Poland late in the 1970s. During his time in Poland, he was arrested 43 times. He later operated in Paris during the period of martial law in Poland. He gained international fame as the embodiment of the opposition.

Helena Luczywo built the Solidarity Press Agency and led a group of mostly women reporters to found the underground newspaper *Mazovia Weekly*. As the editor from 1982 to 1989, she managed a small team of reporters, typesetters, printers and couriers operating from basements and other hidden places. By the mid-1980s, the newspaper was being printed at different sites, with thousands of copies being distributed in Warsaw and throughout Poland.

George Minden, head of the CIA book program, International Literacy Center (ILC), described it as a complex organization consisting of bookshops, publishers, libraries, book exporters, and Europeans living in cities across eastern Europe. From its Manhattan headquarters, Minden secretly sent about ten million banned titles into the east. Books were smuggled aboard trucks, yachts, dropped from balloons, hidden in trains and stowed in travelers' luggage. The demand for the books in Poland was so great that dissidents began to reproduce the books. Printing presses and paper were hidden behind fake walls and chimneys, loft spaces and rural barns. The output of these printing machines was carried around in suitcases, tied to men's backs beneath their coats, and hidden under drain covers or beneath church pews. Households hid these publications in case of an unannounced visit from the secret police.

Authors and books mentioned included George Orwell, who was cited a number of times (*1984* and *Animal Farm*), Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (*The Gulag Archipelago*), Boris Pasternak (*Doctor Zhivago*), Albert Camus (*The Plague*), John LeCarre (*The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*) and books by Philip Roth and Kurt Vonnegut. The author relates a story about a young girl (age 9-10) who received a copy of *1984* from her father. Even at a young age, she recognized that communist Poland mirrored Oceania, Orwell's fictional dystopian state. Thousands across Poland read this book.

Political and philosophical books were smuggled in, but just as important to the Poles living under Soviet dictatorship were magazines (*Cosmopolitan* is mentioned), art books, novels, plays, and newspapers. These may have been more influential than anti-communist diatribes because they were reminders that there was a world outside Soviet propaganda.

Nearly all the files about the CIA book program and support for Polish opposition remain classified. The book is based on interviews and extensive research conducted from 2020 to 2024 by the author.



## The CIA Book Club Continued

The book has an incredible amount of detail; many people and events are cited, indicating that the author has been meticulous in his research. A bibliography for each chapter provides even more information. Some readers may find the book just too complex, but I love the story of how our CIA sent books and other reading materials with different perspectives that helped end communism.

*It was books that were victorious in the fight. We should build a monument to books.*

Adam Michnik, editor-in-chief, Election Gazette

## ALONE BUT NOT LONELY

By: Helen Shaw, #307N

I never lived alone until I was seventy one years old. I was married when I was eighteen and a half and went directly from my parents' home to a home of my own with my husband. After twenty-seven years of marriage, my husband and I mutually agreed to end the marriage and he left our home. I still had a teenager in high school living with me, and my oldest daughter left her college dorm and moved back. It was not until the death of my second husband, after over twenty years of marriage, that I suddenly found myself living alone in a five bedroom house in the suburbs. I say suddenly, because his death was not expected. There was no lingering illness which would have slowly allowed me to adjust to the idea that I would soon be living alone.

At first, after his death, there were too many things that had to be done and I had no real sense of being by myself. It was summer time, and after the funeral each of my three children and my stepson made sure that I would spend time with them. First I visited each at their beach houses for several weeks at a time and then spent a month traveling with my oldest daughter and grandson through California from San Francisco down to Los Angeles. I no sooner unpacked from one visit, before I was off to Delaware or the Jersey shore or the coast of Maine. Soon, however, summer was over and I realized that my life would be a very different one, one without a partner to share daily activities. I remember being advised by a friend, never turn down an invitation. Never say no, even if you really don't want to go. If you do, pretty soon there will be no invitations to dinners or visits. I heeded that advice and made sure that I reciprocated and invited friends over for my own dinner parties. The first few dinner parties were not easy. I had loved planning with my husband for the dinner menus, what wine to serve, who to invite. Now I would be doing this alone. I remember realizing that I had never opened wine, that was my husband's job. We always cleared the table, and washed the dishes together after the parties. That was now my job to do after the guests had left. I quickly learned to be an expert with the corkscrew. The difficult part was when I went to a party and came home late at night to a dark, empty house. I loved the theatre. In the past we had subscriptions to various theaters around Washington; Kennedy Theatre, Shakespeare Theatre, Studio and Roundhouse. I solved the problem of not going alone, by becoming an usher at the theaters. I was busy as an usher before the shows started and during intermission. The added benefit was that I now saw shows that would have cost between \$50 and \$100 for free. My last hurdle was travel. After retirement, my husband and I would travel all over the world. When we were younger, it was on our own. Later, as we grew older, we went on wonderful tours. We loved Overseas Adventure Travel and had planned on a trip to Machu Picchu with that tour company for the fall. When he died, I decided to take the trip on my own. In the past there had always been a number of singles on trips we took. Imagine my dismay when I received a list of the fellow travelers and found that there were only 15 people going, seven couples and me. It was going to be a terrible trip and I almost cancelled. Luckily, I didn't and I had 14 delightful companions. I was constantly surrounded by these couples who insisted that I join them in every activity. I was never by myself alone.

Six years later, I met and married a wonderful widower, Herb. He recently died, and I am again alone. It is different now, I am twenty five years older, really no longer looking forward or able to travel. However, I cannot be in a better place - Sarasota Bay Club. Wonderful people are here and I will only be lonely if I do not open myself up to everything this place has to offer. I have discovered that being lonely is a state of

## Article provided by Select Rehab, SBC rehab facility

### Stay Hydrated, Stay Healthy: The Power of Water for Older Adults

Water is essential for life, and its importance grows as we age. In long-term care communities, staying hydrated can significantly impact physical and mental health. Older adults are at higher risk of dehydration due to factors like reduced thirst sensation, medications, and chronic health conditions. Let's explore why hydration matters and how to promote it effectively.

#### Why Hydration is Critical

Proper hydration improves cognitive function, mood, and energy levels while reducing the risk of urinary tract infections (UTIs), constipation, and falls. Despite these benefits, many older adults may not drink enough water due to decreased kidney efficiency and other health challenges.

#### Signs of Dehydration

Identifying dehydration early is key. Look for signs such as dry mouth, sunken eyes, dark urine, dizziness, confusion, and fatigue. These symptoms can escalate quickly, so proactive monitoring is essential.

#### Simple Strategies to Stay Hydrated

Offer water regularly, especially during meals and activities.

Make fluids accessible and appealing with flavored water or hydrating foods like fruits and soups.

Encourage small, frequent sips rather than large amounts at once.

#### How Can Wellness and Therapy Professionals Help?

Select Wellness and Therapy professionals play a vital role in promoting hydration in long-term care communities. They educate residents and staff about the importance of hydration and its impact on health. Hydration is integrated into wellness programs with reminders during fitness classes. Individualized hydration plans may be developed for clients with specific needs. Therapy and wellness professionals may monitor hydration levels using charts to track fluid intake and organize hydrating activities like smoothie-making sessions or tea socials. In addition, they may provide therapy support to address barriers to hydration, such as improving grip strength or swallowing challenges.

*For additional information, please contact your Select Rehabilitation Physical, Occupational, and Speech therapists and wellness professionals.*

### After the Dinner Party

By: Gertrude Margolick, #526S

An Ode to the best hostess and host  
In lieu, right now, of a liquid toast  
For the wonderful evening you provided  
When great food, talk, and wit collided  
Around the well-appointed table  
Where all of us were happily able  
To uninhibitedly have our say  
On vital topics of the day.  
Your guests a delight in every way  
Including John and his Renee  
Lovely Sigrid and handsome Joe

Nice to chat with and get to know  
J. Rutherford, we can surely agree  
Is the finest Scotsman on Lido Key  
Those two gals—both of whom named Hazel?  
Well, more talent there than at Van Wezel!  
And don't even start to get me goin'  
On the virtues of Hirsch and Claudia Cohen!  
Not to mention, truth to tell  
The entertaining R. Trudelle  
And in the mix, Gert with Moe in tow  
Always count on him for neat bon mot  
Got to close now—have to scurry  
Beaucoup, again, Rita and Murray!



# A Shaggy Elephant Story

By: Margo Howard, #901N

When I wrote about an elephant that sat on the car, I wasn't exactly sure the story was true. Thanks to my readers, I found out.

A doctor wrote, "Why, oh why water down a fine true story with all that discourse about zoos, and so on? Permit me to submit what I am sure is the original occurrence. The place: Denmark. The time, 1965.

My sources are the Danish Consul General in Quito, Ecuador, and three news items in Danish papers.

Here is what happened. "A young man was traveling in his Volkswagen from Copenhagen to a coastal resort. Approaching a small village, he had to stop because a small circus had arrived and various workers, clowns, horses, elephants, camels, etc., were crossing the road.

"There was a temporary jam up in the procession and our motorist found himself stopped behind a huge elephant. Now, circus elephants are trained so that whenever they feel a small stool behind them, they 'perform' by sitting down. So the elephant obediently lowered himself onto the hood of the car.

"When the road was clear, the young motorist continued on his trip with a crushed hood. Sometime later he came upon the scene of an accident where several cars had been in a chain reaction pile up. He stopped behind the last car in the 'chain,' waiting for the police to start traffic moving. "The officer finally got to our friend and asked how he had been involved in the accident. "Oh, I wasn't involved at all," replied the fellow. "What do you mean you weren't involved? Your entire hood is smashed ." "That's because an elephant sat on it." Thereupon the young man got a court summons for being fresh to an officer."

From someone else. "I believe the elephant sat on the car because I first heard about it from my college roommate, who heard about it from her mother in Skokie, who heard about it from her friend who claimed it happened to her. "The strange thing is that I told the story for an assignment in oral interpretation class last year and was shocked when someone else in the class told the same story. Elephantastic, isn't it?"

From yet someone else: "After reading your elephant story, I must write. Quite some time ago, a friend told the same story at our bridge club — Only the people involved were from Ottawa, IL. When I told my mother the story, she already knew about it, but she said it happened in Madison, WI."

And someone else's co-workers wrote to say that the incident happened to someone's sister-in-law, who had since passed away. "But the woman was so shook up she never drove again."

The last word, however, seems to come from the PR Director of State Farm Insurance Companies: "You no longer have to accept the 'elephant sat on my car' story from a fifth or six-hand source. We were the insurance company.

"A Paducah, KY man was visiting the St. Louis zoo and parked near the elephant pen. One of the older pachyderms who was being walked to the show area decided to sit on the man's car - a red VW - because he was trained to sit on a red stool. Zoo officials issued a work order authorizing the State Farm policy holder to have the damage repaired. I am enclosing the State Farm Insurance Companies annual report to document this. "Best regards, Ron Arnold."

OK, all you people playing "Telephone" with elephants, take that!



Left Picture: Scott Kuhling, Luis Gonzalez Lezcano, Fiona Lohrisch, Phoebe Giddons, Mike McHugh, Myrlene Telor, Amy Roth, Jan McHugh, Anita Bosworth, Maggie Beaujour and Peter Roth. Right Picture: Luis Gonzalez Lescano, Cook.



Scott Kuhling, Executive Chef and Dienfort Joseph, Dishwasher

On July 28th, residents of the Sarasota Bay Club community enjoyed a guided tour of their kitchen, led by Anita Bosworth, Assistant to Director of Food and Beverage, and Scott Kuhling, Executive Chef. The kitchen, which prepares breakfast, lunch and dinner for nearly 280 residents each day is a spotless facility featuring well-organized stations for meal prep, cooking and plating. Residents watched as fresh ingredients were chopped for Maggie's delicious chicken salad!

In a busy kitchen, serving many meals a day, speed and safety are essential, and the staff relies on a unique "kitchen language" of short clear phrases and calls to keep every day running smoothly.

Words like:

**ON THE FLY**—need it quickly

**86**—out of stock

**HEARD**—acknowledge that you understand

**BEHIND YOU**—make someone aware that you are behind them

**ALL DAY**—6 left in its entirety

**PLATOS**—plates

**CALIENTE**—hot

This rapid, precise communication system helps prevent accidents and avoids confusion. The tour was a great success and many expressed newfound appreciation for the skill and coordination of the kitchen team, and staff is now planning additional tours in the days ahead. We look forward to seeing you in the dining room at SBC—where meals are served with care and a smile!





## My Wanderlust

By: Gertrude Margolick, #526S

To say that I'm promiscuous  
Is totally ridiculous  
I'd never think to ask for mink  
For cars, or yachts or jewels  
But I agree it pleases me  
To flirt and tweak the rules.

I have a need I can't explain  
An urge to seek out new terrain  
But sadly, I don't have a sou  
So there's very little I won't do.

But...before my bones have turned to dust  
I will resolve my wanderlust.

So...if I look sweetly in his eyes  
Do you suppose he'll subsidize  
A jaunt to Spain or Katmandu  
Perhaps Bahrain or Timbuktu?

And if I treat him like a pet  
He'll see me off in a jumbo jet?  
And I will wave a fond goodbye  
From my seat over a mile high.

I'd love to get to old Tibet  
To take a hike...or rent a bike  
To hear the monks chant morning prayers  
And see the snow-capped Himalayas.

My favors I've put out for bids  
How else can I get to see the Pyramids?  
And oh! How broad will be my smile  
When I go cruising down the Nile.

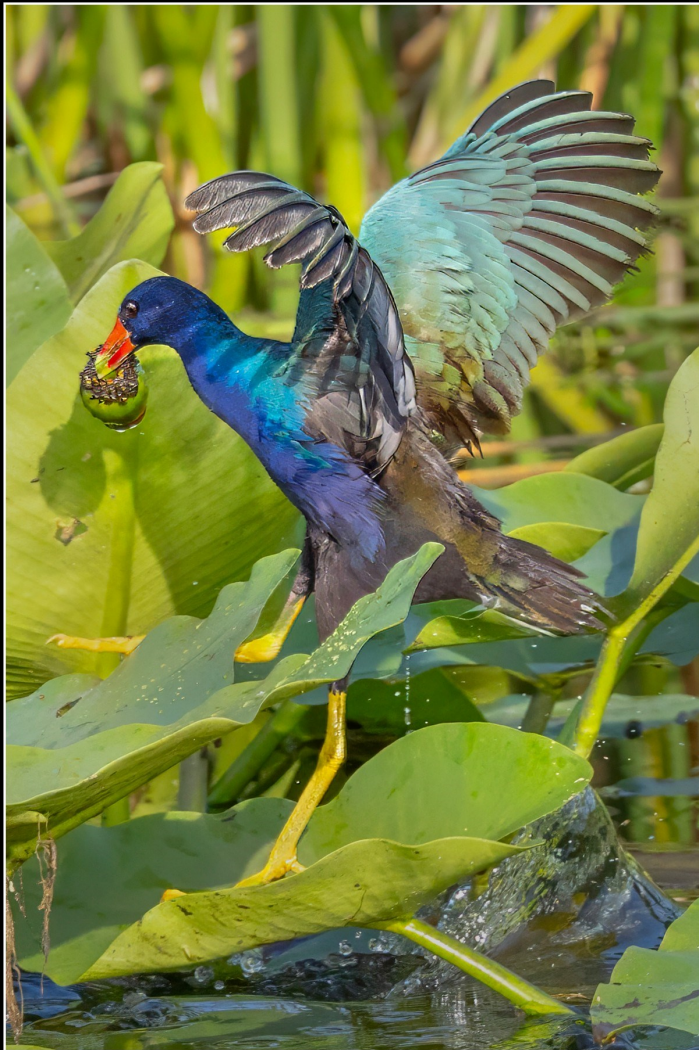
I need to comb the streets of Rome  
And see the home of mighty Caesar  
And maybe I will get to see  
The leaning Tower of Pisa?

This lack of funds is my pet peeve  
As one needs gelt to visit Tel Aviv  
But I know....He'll be a pal  
...And I will be on board El Al.

I have to see for myself that the world is round  
Even before I think of settling down  
So when I've been to every place  
I'll turn my thoughts to outer space.

To orbit planets is a must  
And that should finally cure my wanderlust!





**Top Left: Purple Galli-  
nule**

**Top Right: Eastern  
Bluebird Juvenile**

**Bottom: What A Male  
Wood Duck Looks Like  
in Breeding Plumage**

***Images by Lou New-  
man, Sarasota, Florida,  
USA. Website:  
[www.lounewmanphoto.  
com](http://www.lounewmanphoto.com), taken at the Cel-  
ery Fields in Sarasota.***



# What You Should Know About Iowa

By: Carol DeChant, #1120S

I seem to be the only Sarasota Bay Club resident born and raised in Iowa. I'm beginning to suspect that no one at SBC has ever been to Iowa. So it behooves me to supply a brief summary of important aspects of "The Tall Corn State."

## ART in Iowa



### **The Butter Cow**

Iowa's unique contribution is in sculpture, exhibited every year at the Iowa State Fair since 1911. It is an Iowa cow —life sized—sculpted in butter. Such work in a climate controlled space requires over 600 pounds of butter. Cows—of course the very source of butter— differ from year to year, depending upon what breed the sculptor chooses to make. The 2025 butter cow will be featured at the Smithsonian American Art Institute later this year. To see the 2025 butter cow, and what sculptor Sarah Pratt has to say about it, Google: [IowaStateFair.org](http://IowaStateFair.org).

### **Grant Wood: American Gothic**

Iowa artist Wood's portrait of a man and woman is said to have been husband and wife, or father and daughter. They are actually Wood's sister and his dentist. Wood made four trips to Europe in the 1920s to study art and worked in every medium. He eventually rejected European abstraction for regionalistic work set in Iowa. He's best known—and widely satirized—for his most famous portrait that hangs in the Chicago Art Institute. Iowa has honored Wood's portrait in butter. Google: Grant Wood art in butter

## LATE NIGHT TELEVISION

**Johnny Carson**, from Corning, Iowa, hosted late night TV for thirty years. Iowans, however, remember how he changed *US* during that time—which had to do with hugging. Iowans didn't hug. They'd hug a small child who needed comforting, but there was no adult-to-adult hugging—in greeting—as is common today.

Coming out of New York, Johnny greeted his guests by getting up to shake hands.

In 1972, The Tonight Show moved to Los Angeles. We Iowans noticed that Johnny now started hugging guests. Obviously, Californians hugged and Johnny became one of them. That eventually became the start of conspicuous hugging throughout Iowa, which remains today.

## MUSIC in Iowa

### **Meredith Willson**

"The Music Man" was Wilson's fictional look at small town life in Mason City, Iowa, as he remembered it as a ten-year-old playing piccolo for John Phillip Sousa. His musical opened on Broadway in 1957, came out as a movie in 1962, and is still performed throughout America in regional theaters. It was last in Sarasota in 2018 as part of Asolo's 60th anniversary season.

It opens with the cast singing "Iowa Stubborn," — the citizens' proud tribute to being headstrong— but is better known for its other music.

You won't regret asking YouTube for: Ambassadors of Harmony Seventy Six Trombones.

### **Antonin Dvorak**

Following a successful New York tour where he premiered his "New World Symphony," Dvorak got homesick, so was taken to Spillville Iowa's community of Czech immigrants. He spent two years in the late

1890s there, fascinated with Native American culture and African American spirituals. His string Quartet No. 12 and Quintet, No. 3 as well as his masterpiece “Symphony From The New World” were composed in Spillville.



### **SPORTS in Iowa**

#### **Caitlin Clark; Women’s Basketball**

If you don’t know of Caitlin, where have you lately been? At her high school graduation, Clark—from my home town Des Moines—was considered a five star recruit. Iowa retired her jersey number when she left college. After she signed her rookie contract with Indiana Fever, her team’s viewership jumped 170% and merchandise sales increased 601%.

Among her fans are the NFL Kelce brothers—who play for different football teams. (One of them—Travis—is perhaps better known as Taylor Swift’s boy friend). It took them a long time to get her on their “New Heights” podcast. It’s the best show they’ve ever done, in my humble opinion. A fun-filled discussion of their world of sports today at YouTube for: New Heights with Caitlin Clark

Iowa has also butter sculpted Clark. Check her life size (6-foot tall) image at: Caitlin Clark butter sculpture Iowa state fair.



### **Iowa’s POTUS**

#### **Herbert Hoover: The 31st President of America**

Hoover, the unluckiest President in U.S. history, was elected in 1928, shortly before the stock market crash led to the Great Depression. His four years were grim. During that time the word “Hoover” probably more often referred to vacuum cleaners than to POTUS.

The Hoover Presidential Library is in Hoover’s home town, West Branch, Iowa. I don’t know anyone who has ever been there. He’s never been buttered.



## **July August 2025 Move-ins**

### **Name**

Montgomery, Sandra & Ash, Irv  
Smith, Trude

### **Apartment**

508N  
1103N



# A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, #321S



## By Any Other Name

By: Jodi Picoult

Jodi Lynn Picoult is an American writer. Picoult has published 28 novels and short stories, and has also written several issues of Wonder Woman. Approximately 40 million copies of her books are in print worldwide.

This book is actually 2 stories or 2 books in one. The contemporary story is about Melina Green, a struggling playwright who cannot get her plays produced or even taken seriously. She attributes it to being a woman. The second story is about her ancestor, Emelia Bessano, who lived in the 1500's. There was no possibility of Emelia having her plays produced in the 1500's. This was not something that women were permitted to do. They were not even considered capable of writing a play. What follows was that there were no opportunities available to either women.

In fact, Bessano has been seriously considered to be a possible author of many of Shakespeare's plays. There are many reasons for this speculation. Among them the thoughtful and prominent role of Christopher Marlowe, playwright, as a possible intermediary.

The novel also focuses on the romantic lives of these women, their experiences, and the people who made the impossible actually happen. The segment of the book about Bessano may be considered a historical novel as it is saturated with the history of the period. In my opinion, this part of the book featuring Bessano is the most interesting. This is true relative to the novel and to the period she lived in. The contemporary story of Melina Green appeared artificial to me in many places and events.

At the end of the book, under Author's notes, Picoult makes a convincing case for the possibility that Bessano was the author of many of Shakespeare's works. Apparently, Shakespeare was uneducated, untraveled, and not buried in the part of the cemetery of that period reserved for prominent authors. He was recognized as an actor and a producer of plays. Bessano was educated and well-traveled, specifically to many of the places featured in Shakespeare's plays.

In terms of research and the tackling of the creation of this complex novel, it was a major undertaking by Picoult. No question that it makes you reconsider what we have been taught about Shakespeare and the authorship of his plays and poems.

**Books are keys to wisdom's treasure**

**Books are gates to lands of pleasure**

**Books are paths that upward lead**

**Books are friends come let us read**

**Emilie Poulsson**

# POETRY

## MY VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY

By Norma Cohen, #310N

In Florida's warm and golden light  
My birthday dawned, the day felt right

The love arrived from far and near  
My family gathered full of cheer

Two great grandkids with sparkling eyes like a  
Beautiful sunrise in summer skies,

Were flown to me with joyful care  
Their giggles sounding in the air

A week of joy, of fun and song, of memories  
Built to last lifelong

Laughter echoing through the days,  
Love expressed in countless ways

My children, grand and great, all came  
To honor me with sweet praise

And I who had given love so true felt  
It returned in a thousand ways.

## What's It All About?

By: Mario Sparagana, #801N

There is a time to live and a time to die.  
When life is ending, we wonder what it was all about.  
We can but pause and wonder why.  
Alas, we are only left with doubt.

Are we meant to be alone with the world's  
ills to cope?

If there is some meaning to life, I have  
not yet discovered the fit.

Are we left with multiple problems without  
much hope?

If there is a special role for me,  
I have not managed to find it.

Some feel that living a moral life is best.  
Others believe we are meant to worship a deity.  
I hope that I have passed my life well at  
my soul's behest.  
As my final troubling days pass,  
I seek a life of beauty.

My exit from this world is drawing near.  
The time has arrived to wish my friends well.  
It won't be long before I disappear.  
And learn whether I am destined  
for heaven or for hell.

## Life is a Circus

By: Bib Grossman, #324S

Life is a circus with all its ups and downs  
The clowns make us laugh, but sometimes they frown.  
They ride on their unicycle round and round  
Till they fall down  
Then they get right back up and go round again.

There will be days of rain and days of pain—but then  
the sun will come out again.  
There will be skies of blue and perhaps so are you.  
But just like the clowns, put a smile on your face  
And a smiling face will smile back at you.

The lions roar like disgruntled bosses while scantily  
dressed

Girlies pirouette on bare backed horsies.  
They twirl in the air and balance on a wire, as we all  
do, at least we aspire to land on our feet and smile.  
So step right up, buy a ticket, front row for life is a  
circus and on goes the show!  
Send in the clowns.



# POETRY

## Thought for Today

By: Caring I. Santos, #1104N

Each day awaken with peace and love in your heart  
 Do not dwell on the past which you cannot change  
 or on the future which no one knows  
     what it will bring  
 Live each moment to the fullest  
 Be happy and make others happy.

## A Rhythm in Thyme

By: David Kotok, #528S

I can make a rhyme,  
     Any old time.  
 Ask me quickly,  
 I turn words on a dime.

But what if it's time moving slow?  
 Can you still make it go?  
 A poet you absolutely know  
 likes her rhymes only so-so.

And in winter with snow,  
 There's no grass to mow.  
     No seeds to sow,  
 And much of such time to forego.

But spring does arrive and appear,  
 And then a new poem you'll hear,  
     Some joy comes into your ear.  
 And it makes the snow disappear.

Now the flowers abound,  
 You hear the bark of the hound,  
     The breeze is the sound,  
 As it swirls round and round.

And in the interest of time.  
 I'll end with this metaphor line.  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.

## Dear Bib Grossman

By: Norma Cohen, #310N

I first met Bib in the back of SBC—sitting slumped in  
     the chair, staring at the trees  
 She looked sad so I approached, not wanting to be  
 rude but hoping to guide her into a better mood  
 She smiled and gestured for me to take a seat.  
     We exchanged greetings and names  
     and I no longer felt her retreat  
 She wanted to talk and I was happy to listen,  
 “It would have been my daughter's birthday, but she's  
     no longer here.” and her grey eyes started  
     to glisten with unshed tears  
 And I joined her with teary eyes as I expressed my  
     deep sorrow for her grief.  
 And then she relaxed as if the telling gave  
     her some relief  
 We chatted easily after that and her smile  
     went to her eyes.  
 And as we rose to take our leave, I realized  
     this woman was a prize  
 She was full of warmth and hugs and kisses, so many  
     folks returned the affection with  
     real joy that never misses  
 She's at the end of her road; she's 99. I wish I had  
     known her a much longer time.

# AN UNUSUAL TEACHER

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

“Marilyn, I think he’s dead”. “No, Jan, he’s just resting” I replied. “Look, Marilyn, I’m no expert but I’m telling you he’s dead as a door nail”. “But Jan, we’ve just met and you’re telling me he took one look at my face and keeled over? “Well, it could have been my face, I’m standing right next to you”. “I googled him right before we came here and learned he’d been an entertainer all his life. He never mated, never bore offspring. He dedicated his life to pleasing others. Seems he never had time to just be what he wanted to be.”

Perhaps I should start at the beginning.

At eighty four years old I decided it was time to move to an independent living facility. My husband died a few years ago, my children and grands live far away and most of my friends have predeceased me. After interviewing with many places I settled on Whispering Willows Where A New Life Begins And Love Never Ends...or so the brochure reads. If truth be told I have yet to see a single Willow tree and the whispering usually comes from Sally our resident gossip. The new life part is still in question but the love part is in high swing. There are couples holding hands and lots of furry creatures who I am sure give their “parents” loads of love. Whispering Willows seems just right for me.

The other day we residents went on a field trip. It was to Ron’s Reptile Ranch. Ron will entertain us with alligator tricks the likes of which we will never see anywhere else. We arrive at the ranch. There is a ten foot high wire fence behind which is a large pool in which Albert the Alligator resides. We have been forewarned not to place even one finger through the fence in case Albert is feeling frisky and decides to have digits for lunch!

Ron appears. I was expecting a reasonable facsimile to Tarzan but was greeted with Father Time instead. Ron has seen better days. In fact I would say Ron has seen better decades. No matter, with a long pole in his gnarled hand he took a stance similar to the pictures I have seen of The Three Musketeers. Ron pokes Albert on top of his head, the head moves, the audience is transfixed and then...nothing. Ron pokes and prods again but Albert will have none of it. He closes his eyes and slowly descends to the bottom of the pool. Ron the intrepid one does not give up without a fight. From his pocket he withdraws a mighty whistle places it in his mouth and gives a hearty blow. The noise is earth shattering. In fact several pace makers are alerting their bodies and my hearing aids have been completely dismantled! Will Albert respond? Will he charge Ron? Will he leap from the pool and head directly to the fence assuring the onlookers will flee in terror? Side thought, when one is in his or her eighties, fleeing is out of the question. Walking, maybe, fleeing, no. We seniors are giddy with anticipation. We watch and finally Albert places his head on the edge of the pool. This is followed slowly by his very large torso and lastly his four feet hit the cement. A very short grunt belches forth and Albert in all his glory just lays there. We Willowers, as we call ourselves are mesmerized. No one speaks. We look at Ron, Ron looks at Albert, whisks out a stethoscope, rubs Albert’s ample body, looks at us and says “sorry folks, it looks like Albert has taken his last breath”.

We humans look at each other. What’s the protocol for seeing the demise of a creature you just met? I guess you say what you would say to any stranger who has just lost a good friend. So, I called out “sorry for your loss, Ron” and my fellow seniors said the same. Quietly, we walked to our bus, sat in silence on the way back, each with his own thoughts. The day did not turn out the way any of us would have imagined but then none of us know how any day will end. With that in mind I decided now was the time to give myself permission to change my bed linens whenever I want, to eat dessert first and vegetables last, if at all and not answer my ringing phone if I just don’t feel like talking. Unlike Albert I am not going to spend the rest of my days pleasing others; I will spend the rest of my days pleasing me. Thanks Albert for the enlightenment.



# John Roedel's Response to those who harshly claim he's not a poet

Submitted by Linda Albert, #209N

A while ago I was sent a pretty stinging message from a poet/writer whom I have never met, but whose work I really respect

They offered (not so kindly) that I am hurting the genre by writing in the way I do. These kind of messages aren't new to me as over the past few months I have been receiving others that carry the theme of "what gives you the right to talk about poetry."

Usually these messages come from people who are far more precise poets that I could ever dream to be - but who don't offer much reciprocal respect.

So here's the response I now reply with whenever I receive messages like that: Howdy!

While it's true that I am fairly new to writing poetry, I'm really starting to feel disconnected from the poets who treat this vocation like a protected reserve, accessible only to a chosen few.

I've noticed this in the poetry world—there are a few poets who seem to take turns guarding the narrow entry they believe is reserved for people who write just like they do. There are many gatekeepers standing by to make sure only those they deem worthy pass through the ornate entrance.

No doubt these poets are highly skilled at their craft. The badges they wear on their gatekeeping uniforms - handed to them by a country club industry prove that. But these guardians of poetry roll their eyes and scoff at those who write with more desperation than precision. They dismiss the writers who value authenticity over perfection, and I believe that kind of attitude is keeping future poets from ever picking up the pen.

Yes, there are poets who treat poetry like an algebraic equation, weighing and balancing every word with mathematical accuracy. And they are wonderful at what they do. Despite their style being so different from mine, I think their voices have the power to change the world. Of course, my approach feels a bit more of a wild and feral exploration of the heart.

Yet - I believe there's room for all of us.

What worries me is how this sort of precious gatekeeping forces poets to write only the kind of work that will grant them entry into the "club."

It's like studying for the test instead of learning the lesson.

For years, I thought my work was terrible because I wasn't selected as a winner or published in a literary magazine. So I started writing for admittance—and my poetry got worse and worse.

What does "worse" mean in this case? Simply this:

I wasn't being authentic.

Now, I write a poem not to win but to be a small part of the mosaic of voices that make up our shared human experience. My poems are just little tiles I place on the larger piece of community art, each one a peek behind the armor of my heart-raw, imperfect, and real. I don't think my poems are better than anyone else's; they're just mine.

A poem scrawled in a tear-stained notebook by a heartbroken teenager and read at a coffeehouse open mic is just as important as any published work by an acclaimed poet who has tons of grey "wisdom" in their hair.

When gatekeepers dominate the creative world, we bury so many voices under the weight of what's "acceptable."

How many stories are lost because we've told the storyteller they don't have the right to tell them?

## John Roedel's Response Continued

How many poems go unwritten because someone was told they didn't have the background to write them?

This is why I lead writing retreats that bypass these artificial gates. They aren't about winning prizes or polishing rocks into gemstones. They're about giving a middle finger to the gates and writing anyway. The only qualification for creating something compelling is unabridged authenticity.

The world needs more writers, poets, artists, lyricists, singers, and storytellers~~not fewer. The more we share the treasures and revelations inside us, the more empathy we create in a world that is starving for it.

There's room for all of us. Always.

Always. Always. Always.



### My Favorite Picture of My Younger Self Guess Who?

Can you visualize your friends and neighbors when they were younger? Don't you love seeing old photos of friends? It's like getting into the "way-back-when machine" with people you only met as seniors. So join me and let's reminisce and have some fun. Find your favorite picture of yourself when you were younger and give to Lynne Minguez for inclusion in the next Scoop. See if you can identify the SBC people shown.

Answers on last page of Scoop.

## ONLY IN THIS WORLD

### Only in this stupid world

...do banks leave vault doors open and then chain the pens to the counters...

### Only in this stupid world

...do drugstores make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front...

## EVER WONDER

Why don't you ever see the headline, 'Psychic Wins Lottery?'

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?

You know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff!?!?

# A Midsummer Night

By: Burt Herman, #809N

The early mid-summer evening was unpleasantly warm and humid as about 200 residents gathered in Oak Brook's village hall, where a contentious board meeting would be held. The primary agenda was a proposed catering contract...a twenty-year lease to the catering company in exchange for the rebuild of the fifty-year old banquet hall, swimming pool, locker rooms and adjacent snack shacks. A ten-million-dollar project at no cost to the village of Oak Brook and no need to impose a new property tax.

It was a no brainer! Or as Shakespeare would say, "Plain as bread without spice," suggesting something straightforward and simple.

Nonetheless it was opposed by a newly formed group calling themselves... "Friends of Oak Brook."

"Lord, what fools these mortals be."

As it was apparent they had an ulterior motive for opposing the project.....stirring up issues for next year's board elections..... ostensibly opposing commercializing the Sports Core. A farcical claim likened to "a comedy of errors." It's a subject unto itself and too complicated for this discussion. I just wanted to give you a bit of the back story for what comes next.

While chairing the meeting, Village President Larry Herman answers his cell phone. Highly irregular. Had to be a crisis. Larry leans over and appears to whisper to the Village manager, then abruptly leaves. I catch up with him at the exit. He tells me his daughter, Abby, called complaining she was having a severe allergic reaction.....that he had to attend to her. I told him I'll go so he can remain at the meeting. He said, "Okay," instructed a nearby police officer to call 911 and gave him Abby's address.

The emergency vehicles were leaving as I arrived. What to do? Follow them? Not a safe thing to do. Was anyone home? I rang the doorbell several times. No response. I had to get to the emergency room. But which one? Which hospital?

I went to the nearest hospital, where I asked the attendant if a girl by the name of Abby Herman was there. She checked her screen. Answer: "No!"

I asked, "Can you see if she's at the other Hinsdale hospital emergency room."

They had no record of my granddaughter. Now what? Could she have been taken to Elmhurst hospital? I asked the attendant to check with the fire department. She suggested I go to the police station.

On the way, I passed a police vehicle with flashing lights behind a pulled over motorist. As I was speeding, it could have been me minutes earlier. I'm thinking the officer might be able to help. Like a nincompoop, I pulled in front of the motorist's vehicle, got out of my car and started walking toward the police car.

The officer admonished me..... "Sir, please wait in your vehicle unit I'm finished with this stop." I did.

Several minutes later the officer approaches the passenger side of my car and asks why I stopped. I told him, "I'm looking for my granddaughter." My story is beginning to sound like a comedy of errors.

I tell him about my granddaughter's phone call to her father and the emergency vehicles that came to her house. The officer asks me to move my car to the side street and he'll follow.

And the questions begin.

"What's my name?"



# A Midsummer Night Continued

“What’s my granddaughter’s name?”

“Where does your granddaughter live?”

“You say you’re the grandfather. Where’s her father?”

I tell him he’s at a very important meeting. That he’s the mayor of Oak Brook and I offered to attend to my granddaughter so he could continue with the meeting. I could tell the officer was having doubts about me and what appeared to be my far-fetched story.

He asked where I live. I said, “Oak Brook.” He asked, “Then why do you have Florida license plates?”

I’m thinking, what in the world did I get myself into?

The officer asked for my ID. He took it to the squad car and returned about five minutes later saying, “Sir, why don’t you go directly home. And drive carefully.”

Meanwhile, all that wasted time. Nothing accomplished. I don’t know where Abby is and what do I tell my son. I need to return to the meeting. I hadn’t called Abby’s mother or older sister as I didn’t have their phone numbers. Besides, they weren’t home for the emergency vehicles.

I called my daughter Leslie, to apprise her of the situation, and ask if she has Abby’s mother’s phone number and would she call her. A few minutes later Leslie tells me that Abby’s mother is in Michigan....but she spoke with Abby who is at a friend’s house in the neighborhood. Seems Abby had a piece of pastry with peanuts, causing her allergic reaction.

Mystery solved.



The emergency vehicles went to Abby’s house, but since no one was there, they left without her. Meanwhile, Abby was unaware of all the hullabaloo and was feeling better.

I returned to the meeting and gave Larry a thumbs-up. He smiled. The meeting lasted two more hours. President Larry cast the deciding favorable vote.

“All’s well that ends well.”

## MAJOR HOLIDAYS IN AUGUST

Although August doesn’t have many major national holidays, it still features some interesting observances:

- **National Friendship Day** – First Sunday of August
- **International Youth Day** – August 12
- **National Dog Day** – August 26

## WEIRD AND WONDERFUL AUGUST HOLIDAYS

If you enjoy quirky trivia, you’ll love these:

- **National Watermelon Day**—August 3
- **Left-Handers Day**—August 13
- **National Tooth Fairy Day**—August 22nd

## A Silver Medalist Among Us!

**Congratulations,** Gail Chase, who competed in the National Senior Olympics held in Des Moines, Iowa from July 24th to August 4th of 2025. The National Senior Olympics are the world's largest sports multi event for older adults over 50. Over 12,500 athletes aged 50 and older competed. Athletes must qualify for the National Senior Olympics at the State Senior Games. Gail and her teammates, the Chargers, competed and won the Silver Medal in the Softball Division. All 50 states and 11 countries participated.



My Favorite Picture of My Younger Self: Arlene Lerner, #1006N



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.

Scoop Editorial Staff: **Lynne Minguez, Production**  
**Linda Albert , Shirley Fein, Audrey Sharp and Janice Ellison**