



# SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S SCOOP

March April 2026

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

## SBC Celebrates Earth Day 2026



Sarasota Jungle Gardens visits SBC with Jack, the Macaw, Joan holds a baby gator named Pluto, and Kathleen holds Pickles the Bunny

The 3 R's for Earth Day are **Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle**, a foundational concept for minimizing waste, conserving natural resources, and decreasing landfill usage. These actions, which can be thought of as *cut down, repurpose, and reprocess*, are meant to be followed in that specific order to maximize environmental bene-

**Reduce (Cut Down):** Limiting the amount of waste created and energy/resources used. *Examples:* Turning off lights, choosing items with less packaging, fixing leaks, and reducing water consumption.

**Reuse (Repurpose):** Using items multiple times or finding new uses for them instead of throwing them away.

- *Examples:* Using reusable shopping bags, refilling water bottles, donating old clothes, and turning glass jars into storage containers.

**Recycle (Reprocess):** Collecting and processing materials to turn them into new products.

- *Examples:* Sorting paper, plastics, glass, and metal for curbside recycling, and buying products made from recycled materials.

### Synonyms/Related Concepts

While the 3 R's are the core, they are sometimes expanded to include:

- **Remove:** Eliminating unnecessary materials.
- **Refuse:** Saying no to plastic or items you do not need.
- **Rot:** Composting food scraps and yard waste.
- **Repurpose/Repair:** Giving old items new life rather than buying new.



## A WOMAN WITH MANY BALLS IN THE AIR

By: Nancy Schlossberg, #902N

Interviewing Kathryn Jepson (Kay), Director of Social Services and Activities, The Inn at Sarasota Bay Club, was delightful. Kay is so relatable. She is totally engaged making you feel that this interview conversation is the most important activity at the moment. And that is Kay's style. She is a listener and a thoughtful conversationalist.

What I learned about Kay:

Kay enjoys both parts of her job title—Director of Social Services and Director of Activities.

She discusses the residents and the staff with such respect. She sees the staff as a team with each person necessary to the success of caring for the Inn residents.

Kay studied adult development and aging and has always been fascinated with how people feel and behave. She has two degrees, a Master of Arts (MA) in Lifespan Development and a Master of Sciences (MS) in Applied Gerontology.

She works to make the Inn experience a positive one, by talking and getting feedback with each resident at the very least weekly. She calls herself an “information gatherer.”

She plans release of each resident carefully, followed up with a call soon after leaving.

Fun, joy, surprise are all ingredients of careful planning. For example, everyone enjoys it when staff members dress in costume for the holidays.

Kay takes what she learns from listening and tries to turn what is needed into an activity. For example, “when residents spoke at one of our monthly resident council meetings about enjoying trivia and word games...we added a Wheel of Fortune style game and, when appropriate, strive to include trivia a component of other activities.”

Kay is on the alert for future programs. For example, she is trying to reach the Humane Society about a possible therapy dog.

The Inn is fortunate to have her in a leadership role.

### Notice—The Inn

**The Inn is looking for residents who will share their talents—making the Inn a place of joy and healing. If you are interested, please contact Gini Peltz at [ginipectz@comcast.net](mailto:ginipectz@comcast.net).**

## **The Passover Matzah Ball Showdown**

By: David Kotok, #528S

Passover at our house is less of a religious observance and more of a competitive cooking reality show. There are no TV cameras, but there's plenty of drama. Every year, the family gathers in Grandma Sylvia's kitchen. They come armed. With aprons. And with firmly held opinions. And, of course, with enough matzah to build Fort Sumter and the Coliseum.

The dining room table is extended to its maximum length. And then there are the folding tables that wobble like Aunt Rhonda's faith in Uncle Mort's cooking. All the kids run around reenacting the Ten Plagues. The tradition is to bring rubber frogs and the ugliest frog contest creates the first afikomen looking position. Meanwhile adults argue over who gets to hide the afikomen. And everyone argues over banning Uncle Mort after the "hidden in the freezer" incident.

This year, the battleground was clear. It was all about matzah balls.

### **First came Uncle Mort's Seltzer Balls**

Mort said they were light and airy. Well maybe. But somehow one bounced when dropped. Another one actually ricocheted off the counter. It landed in Grandma Sylvia's wine glass. She took a sip. She paused. Then came the Buba wisdom. It "Tastes like regret with carbonation." She said with a grin. Sylvia had been an English teacher during her career. She always chose words carefully. Mort beamed with pride.

Another Mort creation rolled under the fridge. When it was found a month later it was mistaken for a rogue tennis ball. The dog chased it for 20 minutes before giving up.

### **Rhonda's Baking Powder Batch was the second entrant.**

Fluffy, yes, but they disintegrated like the Dead Sea Scrolls when poked. One of them fully dissolved mid-soup. It left a mysterious cloud. Is that the ghost of Passovers past? Cousin Ben tried to scoop one and ended up ladling pure broth. "I swear there was a ball here," he whispered. Another one vanished completely. The joke was to call ICE to investigate the missing balls. Rhonda defended her matzah balls. She blamed humidity.

### **Next came Josh's Turmeric-Miso Fusion Balls**

They tasted like spiritual enlightenment. They were bright yellow and suspiciously buoyant. They were oddly spicy. They rested high in the soup like an empty oil tanker at sea. One guest asked if it was a matzah ball or a flotation device. Josh insisted they were "culinary art." Grandma Sylvia muttered, "Art belongs in a museum, not in my soup."

The flavor was so intense, Cousin Rachel said it felt like being spiritually mugged by a rogue samosa wearing brass knuckles. "I didn't know matzah balls could taste like curry and vindaloo," she whispered. Her eyes were watering.

### **The final attempt was a Brisket-Stuffed 'Surprise Sphere'**

They sank like anchors and scared the dog. One thudded into the bowl with such force it splashed soup onto the ceiling. Aunt Rhonda screamed, "It's raining broth!" The dog refused to come back into the kitchen for three days. Another one was so dense, Uncle Mort tried to use it as a paperweight. It cracked the table. I called them "Surprise Spheres." The surprise was structural damage.

## The Passover Matzah Ball Showdown Continued

By the end of the night, the kitchen looked like a matzah massacre. Bowls everywhere. Floating balls. Sinking balls. One that somehow exploded when reheated in the microwave, leaving a matzah crater. Grandma Sylvia took a long sip of her wine, and, like a Buba, she declared, "You know what? Just give me the ones from the box."

Silence fell. Even Josh nodded affirmatively.

Everyone agreed: the boxed mix may not win awards, but it never starts family feuds, and it never explodes in the soup.

## Being Scammed Couldn't Happen to me Until It did, Big Time!

By Nancy Schlossberg, #902N

Professor Emerita, University of Maryland

I received a wonderful, elaborate email from David Remnick, the Editor of the New Yorker, sharing in detail why he admired my book, *Too Young to Be Old*, and suggesting three interviews with me. I was elated. I shared the news with everyone, walking around with my head in the clouds.

I sent the letter from Remnick to a friend who is a celebrated author. She immediately wrote back suggesting it was a scam. She knew the tell-tale signs which totally escaped me. At first, I could not believe it. But after more digging, realized she was right.

What have I learned? Unfortunately, to be more suspicious. But even more important to continue doing what I have always done—work because I love it—with or without recognition.

It's been a roller coaster ride—from elation to letdown.

## SIZES...ugh!

By: Carol Green, #321

I don't know if it is the same for men, but I can say women's sizes can be crazy. My shoe size is 7 or 7.5 or in extreme cases 8. Then, factor in European sizes.

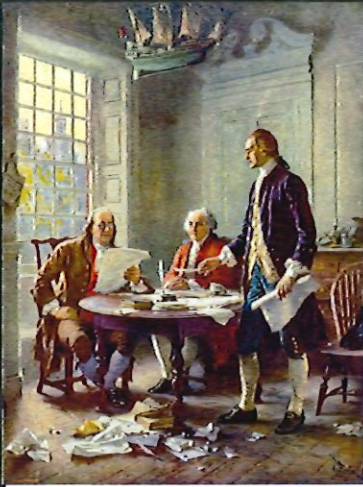
I most often wear a small in clothing except when I wear a medium. Numbered sizes can be more frustrating. I am a 6 or an 8 or even a 10.

If I go to Chicos, I am a zero or a .05.

Just tell me how a poor soul is to order online?

I understand that the manufacturers changed the measurements on sizes, so that you can lay claim to a smaller size.

**Could someone please demand some standardization?**



## The Greatest Sentence Ever Written

By Linda T. Jones, #309N

The Greatest Sentence Ever Written is the title of a new short book written by historian and biographer Walter Isaacson. Can you guess what the sentence is? Some people may know, but I wasn't sure. I did think it was from the beginning of the Declaration of Independence. It is the second sentence of the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson and edited by Benjamin Franklin and John Adams for the states of America, July 4, 1776.

*We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.*

In the book, Isaacson describes the many drafts that were made. Each word was important. The first word of the sentence *We* is also the first word in our Constitution, which was drafted eleven years later. The phrase, *We the People*, is as profound as it is simple. Our government is based not on the power or right of kings or emperors. It is based on a contract that we the people have entered. Isaacson makes the point that since the dawn of civilization the authority of any government should be based on a social contract with the people. Jefferson was invoking this collective will not just on the will of the sixty men gathered in Philadelphia, but how it bound a diverse group of people into one nation.

In just 41 pages with 26 pages of appendices, Isaacson carefully explains each phrase: "self-evident," "all men," "created equal," "pursuit of happiness" to indicate not only what the founders meant but how it applies today. Additional chapters include "The American Dream" and "Going Forward." He expresses concerns about the polarization that affects us today and cites examples. What can we do? His suggestion seems to be that we can be more like Franklin, who not only wrote the sentence, but lived it. He organized fire, police, street sweeping; a public library, hospital, and school; a widows' pension and published a newspaper with a wide variety of opinions. He bequeathed a fund for young people to help them start businesses. Franklin also donated funds to every church in Philadelphia, including the first synagogue. When he died, 20,000 mourners attended his funeral procession, which was led by clergymen of every faith, including the local rabbi.

A good, stable society is one where individuals can be free and flourish and live together in harmony. That requires "nurturing the sense that we share common rights, common grounds, common truths, and common aspirations. Democracy depends on this."

For the 250<sup>th</sup> birthday of the Declaration that founded our nation, Isaacson reminds us that the ideals of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are not guaranteed. They must be protected and extended to all people.

# Habits to Build a Happy Retirement

Published in the Bottomline, Inc. on February 17, 2026, Nancy Schlossberg, #902N

What constitutes a happy retirement? Even retirees with a healthy financial cushion can find themselves unhappy if they don't seek a new path and purpose. "It's no longer 'you work, then you retire from that work'," says Nancy Schlossberg, EdD, an expert on adult transitions and retirement and author of *Revitalizing Retirement*. "Instead, you want to find another path. In fact, you might even have two or three more paths during your life now that we are living longer."

## Building Blocks to Enjoy Your Retirement

Financial planning aside, there are three key steps for retirement planning to ensure you feel fulfilled, says Dr. Schlossberg.

1. **Know that there is a future for you to figure out.** "It's very comforting to realize that you've got many more years ahead to work and retire or volunteer and retire. It's not a one-time choice," Dr. Schlossberg points out.
2. **Choose a path where you will feel that you matter.** "The underlying issue for many people who are unhappy in retirement is they no longer feel relevant. The 'mattering' component is critical," says Dr. Schlossberg. "It's really important that, as you find your new path, you feel that you're noticed, appreciated and depended upon."
3. **Nurture your psychological portfolio.** "Everybody's worried about their financial portfolio—you may have many, many meetings with your financial advisor. But just as important is your psychological portfolio," she says. Your psychological portfolio is made up of three components that may need attention now—your identity, your purpose and your relationships.

*Your identity* may still be tied to the career from which you retired, and you might need to define yourself in other ways now.

*Your purpose* may need to change, too, if it was linked to your former job.

*Your relationships* are vital to your well-being, but these might change, especially the ones with former colleagues, since you might not stay in constant contact with them. Be open to making new friends, recommends Dr. Schlossberg.

You may also have a different place in your family when you retire, and expectations that family members have of you can get in the way of what you want to do, explains Dr. Schlossberg. *Example:* A participant in one of Dr. Schlossberg's workshops told her that she felt very guilty saying, "My daughter thinks that because I'm retired, I can babysit whenever she wants. I don't want to babysit." This woman needed to change her family dynamic. "On the other hand, what gives my daughter-in-law's mother the biggest pleasure now that she's retired is taking care of our granddaughter," says Dr. Schlossberg. "That's her new purpose."

## How to Find Your Next Path

Unless you already knew what you wanted your life to be after retirement, expect to go through a period of exploration. "Much as you went through after you graduated from high school and college," says Dr. Schlossberg, "you're at a transition point."

You aren't alone. Many people can't or don't plan for retirement in advance. "I avoided thinking about my own retirement," admits Dr. Schlossberg. "I loved my job so much that I really wasn't interested in thinking ahead. So I had no idea what I was going to do in retirement, and I floundered at first. I had moved from Washington, DC, to Sarasota, Florida, and, in my mind, I thought everybody would hire me as a consultant. Well, nobody was interested in me. They hadn't heard of me at that point. So I asked myself, *What am I going to do?*"

"When I don't understand something, I run focus groups, so I started running focus groups with people who were retired, and I learned from them. I discovered my town's Senior Friendship Center. I like working with

seniors, so it was a logical place to go. I started running a weekly group called “Aging Rebels”...and I have been doing that for 10 years.”

It’s helpful to be open to new opportunities. “I could never have predicted when I originally retired that I would write another six books,” says Dr. Schlossberg. “That really hadn’t been part of my plan. So learn to live with the unexpected and take advantage of opportunities.”

Here’s more of Dr. Schlossberg’s advice...

## Get connected to an industry that excites you

“Think about everybody you know and people you don’t know personally but know of. Who’s doing what you would like to do? What field has always intrigued you?” asks Dr. Schlossberg. “Maybe you can’t fulfill your dream to be an astronaut, but you can find ways to get involved in that field, whether it’s at the secretarial level or at a company within the industry.”

She also suggests asking yourself what you regret not having done so far in your life. Now is the time to explore it. “You might have always wanted to be connected to the art world, maybe work in a museum, but worry that you have no experience,” she says. “Call the organization you’re interested in and set up a meeting to discuss ways you can volunteer. Don’t be afraid of starting at a low level—think of it as an opportunity to learn new things.”

## Find a life coach

If you’ve identified exciting things you want to do but are scared to take the first step, working with a life coach can be very helpful, advises Dr. Schlossberg. “A creative coach can also help you see options that you can’t see yourself and show you the steps to go from here to there.” *To find a life coach:* Start with The National Career Development Association ([NCDA.org](http://NCDA.org)), an organization that helps connect individuals, including those in or approaching retirement, with career counselors and/or coaches.

## Tap into senior-oriented organizations

From national groups like AARP, the National Career Development Association, and AmeriCorps Seniors to your own local community center, there are many resources to help you discover your next act or find volunteer opportunities.

*For more on finding your path and nurturing your psychological portfolio:* Download the [\*Freedom Paradox Workbook\*](#), the result of Dr. Schlossberg’s consultancy with Hartford Funds.

## What Kind of Path Seeker Are You?

There’s no single right way to find retirement happiness. Dr. Schlossberg has identified six types of path seekers. “Each person is a little different,” she says. Embrace who you are and enjoy the journey.

**Continuers.** “I’m a continuer,” says Dr. Schlossberg. “I’m not working for a salary anymore, but I still write and think about the things I always have.”

**Adventurers.** These people do something very different from their previous career path and are excited by it.

**Searchers.** Most everyone is a searcher, asking themselves, *What do I want to do next?* But true searchers try different routes over and over until they find the one they love.

## What Kind of Path Seeker Are You? Continued

**Easy Gliders.** Not troubled by retirement, they get up in the morning and let the day unfold—they don't have an agenda. "That's the group I envy, because I'm not one of them," says Dr. Schlossberg.

**Retreaters.** "There are two kinds of retreaters—those who become couch potatoes and those just taking a moratorium—a timeout to rethink, search and find a new path."

**Involved Spectators.** These retirees thrive on staying involved with their old field.



### TERESA ANGENENDT

BY: Carol DeChant, #1120S

I was able to get Teresa Angenendt, Project Director, to sit and talk to me recently—so rare to see her sitting!

Teresa arrives at work at 6:30 a.m. after a 30-minute drive from home. She then finds that she "walks" from 7,000 to 15,000 steps every workday.

She's been racing through work sites for over fifty years, starting with a Sarasota architect. Before that she studied architectural drafting at Sarasota Vo Tech. "I was always artistic," she says. She started working with the architect as

a blueprint runner and ended her career with him as a managing partner performing design, drafting and management duties. That career ended with "The Great Recession". She then went to work for a contractor and performed construction inspections on military projects throughout the states.

She came to SBC in 2020 to work with new residents as they remodel, furnish and decorate their units—from floor to ceiling. Every condo is different, as is every owner, she says, and most plan "major re-dos."

There are 231 units in her probability schedule, and she is usually working on fifteen to eighteen units at any one time—(seventeen on the day we talked). Sarasota Bay Club is replacing all the plumbing in each unit as they turn over, which will become another major upgrade.

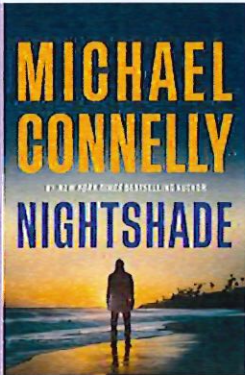
Six out of ten new buyers are able to select their finishes from the new Design Center. Those that don't, she sends to the contractor's vendors.

Stephen Roskamp and Gail Chase have been instrumental in helping Teresa create tools to help keep her organized with as much information as she needs for her job. They are always more than willing to aid in refining the process.

Teresa met her husband Chip on a job site. He was the project executive for three condominiums she designed in Palmetto. At home, she enjoys her Havanese dog Chica.

# A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, #321S



## Nightshade by Michael Connelly

Recognized as a leading crime author, Michael Connelly has written over 40 books. Most have headed to the best sellers list. Additionally, Connelly's name has become synonymous with his hugely successful TV creations, Harry Bosch and Mickey Haller, the Lincoln Lawyer.

Not all of his novels are created equal; however, Nightshade is definitely worth reading. Nightshade is the name attached to a corpse of a woman found in Catalina Bay, wrapped in tarp from a ship and weighted down with an anchor. Ironically, the tide has brought the body into the port where the woman worked. The body is identified as a woman and given the name Nightshade because of purple colored streak in her hair. Since the territory where she is found is under the jurisdiction of Catalina Island, Sheriff Stillwell takes charge.

Stillwell is an interesting character. Apparently, Stillwell got into trouble over the handling of a case in Los Angeles and was shipped off to Catalina Island. Catalina Island is under the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles Police Dept. Instead of it being punishment, Stillwell fell in love with the Island.

The cast of characters in the book are varied and quite interesting. Besides Stillwell's staff, there is the Mayor Allen; the visiting judge, Monica Juarez; the manager of a very exclusive private yacht club; Charles Crane, owner of the exclusive sailboat implicated in the murder, the Emerald Sea; Mason Colbrink, the detective with LA Police who cause Stillwell's banishment, Ahern, and the reporter for local newspaper. There is also Lee Ann Ross, the victim, Leslie Snead, Lee Ann's friend; Dan Esterbrook, and more. One would think the large cast would be difficult to follow. However, Connelly has a gift of developing memorable characters, despite their smaller roles in the drama. Key is Natasha, nicknamed Tosh, who has a romantic relationship with Stillwell. You can throw in the criminals and the efforts of law enforcement to develop a viable case.

This book gives insight into police investigations and procedures. I found it very interesting. I also think it opens the door for Connelly to develop a new character in a new locale. Who knows, it could lead to a new television series.

If you are a fan of Connelly's storytelling, this is a book that you will definitely want to read.

## Daylight Savings Time

By: Carol Green, #321S

Twice a year, we adjust the clock by an hour in order to comply with Florida state law. Not all states choose to change the clock. Arizona and Hawaii are exceptions. Many American territories opt out as does the Navajo nation based in Arizona. I, for one, hate the change. I find that it takes my body many days to get with it. Last night I fell asleep at 9:30, which is disruptive to say the least. Additionally, I read that car accidents increase by 6% after the change takes place.

I'd like our country to do it one way or the other; this twice a year ritual does not work well for a large number of people. Considering that it was introduced to help farm families, it appears to make no sense in modern life. When the clocks are pushed forward, school children wait for school buses when it is still dark in the morning. Not a great idea, but what options do parents have?

I doubt my complaints will have any impact. Nevertheless, it feels good to express how I feel about it.

## Don't Ask...Don't Tell—An Adventure Part 2

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

Recap: Gloria and her besties living at Heaven on Earth Independent/Resort Home plan a weekend at Full Choice Village, an optional dress resort.

The day has arrived when Roz, Eloise, Paula and I are leaving for our weekend at Full Choice Village. It is only 100 miles away, so we knew what the temperatures would be during our stay. Each one of us pondered the same questions, what to wear, what to pack, do we need to pack? Each one of us wondered what the others would bring and if there would be any unpacking at all? How free do we expect ourselves to be at Full Choice Village? Which one of us is willing to cross into the unknown? This is how I remember it. I took a carry-on with only my hygiene essentials and very little else. But then, I am a minimalist at heart. Eloise took two large Publix bags. I saw the potato chips on the top but had no idea what rested beneath. Paula carried only a large handbag but was dressed in layers. From what I could tell she had on a short sleeve tee shirt over a long sleeve shirt, her favorite skin tight jogging pants over which was a Daisy Mae pair of shorts and her "never without" Go Bucs sweatshirt. Roz entered my car with a 25-inch suitcase replete with stickers from every place she's visited. I am partial to the one that says, "You sure do fall for Niagara Falls." I think she took most everything in her closet. If the place gets raided, and we are hauled off to jail for lewd and lascivious behavior she might need a change of garment. There were a few outward disguises we adopted as well. I took my large brim hat and Jackie O sunglasses, Paula donned the most outrageous long blond wig while Roz and Paula chose kitten masks as if they were on the way to a very early Halloween party. You must admit, just like Girl Scouts, we were prepared. For what, only time and a conscience would know.

We arrived, at the office, picked up the key to our cabin and were relieved to notice the person admitting us was fully clothed. "See that girls, this is going to be a piece of cake," I said with more bravado than I felt. Dusk was approaching, dinner was at 6:00 p.m. so we decided a walk before dark was in order. We wanted to familiarize ourselves with the surroundings. We headed out removing not one iota of clothing. I could hear balls bouncing close by so I knew we were near the tennis courts. As we approached it was evident tennis balls were not the only things bouncing. A happy foursome was playing, all with matching tennis shoes, period, end of report. There was not a stick of clothing on any of them though one lady wore a pair of stunning earrings. As we stood transfixed I reminded the girls that it is eyes forward, never downward. The play stopped and one of the bouncier of bouncers called out to let us know the court would be free in a few minutes if we cared to sit court side and wait for them to finish. Paula managed a raspy no thanks, maybe another time, and we quickly departed. "Let's head back to our cabin, girls," I uttered. Suddenly, out of the blue walking toward us in one of those race walker strides were two young men. They energetically waved at us with their arms and hands as other parts waved all on their own. How we made it back to the cabin without one of us fainting, I don't know, but we did. The hour of decision was now upon us. What to wear or not to wear for dinner. There were both pluses and minuses to this dilemma. The menu that night was Bar B Q served with baked beans, potato salad and cannoli for dessert. If we wear clothes, there was a good chance sauce would land on at least a shirt and with Eloise's low vision, the entire meal could land on her entire outfit. On the other hand if we wear nothing and there are dribbles, a quick wipe and there's no need for extensive clean up.

We decided it was still too soon to be fully free at Full Choice Village so we opted for dark pants and tank tops. Paula wore her long wig, I had my Jackie O sunglasses, Eloise removed her contacts (she felt if she couldn't see people she wouldn't know if they were staring at her) and Roz put her hair in a turban, removed her fake eyelashes and went without makeup; something she never does. For her it was going incognito. We arrived at the dining hall. There were long tables with benches on either side; the idea is to sit anywhere that makes you comfortable, with anyone who also makes you comfortable. Comfortable is the last word I would use. We four clutched at one another and sat down.

Eloise and Paula grabbed the inside while Roz and I were the ones sitting next to strangers. In the folks came, some couples, some families with children, some single. Roz sat next to a lovely family from Iowa with their 5 year old twins. The only garments they wore were shoes and light sweaters for the kids. They had been to

## Don't Ask...Don't Tell Continued

many clothing optional resorts, sometimes with their children and sometimes not. They felt it important for their girls to accept their bodies as they were, not to be ashamed and that there was nothing wrong with communicating with other humans without hiding what the good lord gave you. Lesson learned. I sat next to a young couple, married just a short time. They wanted this experience. They were semi dressed. She was topless and if I were her I'd probably always be topless. Her girls were perky and were at attention the entire meal. Joe, her husband, was topless and bottomless. I did my best to keep eye contact when speaking to him but with his gorgeous smile, bulging biceps and his other accoutrements it was all I could do to just keep my eyes firmly affixed on his beautiful face. It was a great meal, and we visited with lovely people. There wasn't a googled eye in the crowd; that is if you omit Paula who kept elbowing me throughout the meal. We finished dinner without incident and went back to our cabin.

On our last morning we had a pow wow. "Well, girls, it's now or never. Are we going to show these folks what we are made of, figuratively and literally or are we going home, the same old, same old ladies we were when we arrived? I am going outside topless." That was me, more guts than sense. OK, they all said, if you can do it, we are going to do the same. So, on a bright and shiny summer morning four eighty-something year old women exited a cabin and walked heads held high, other parts not so high, into the sunshine. There isn't one of us who couldn't use a boob lift or one of us whose body hasn't seen better days. But, there wasn't one of us who ever walked more sprightly, ever swung her arms more freely or ever felt more alive. The folks we encountered on our walk couldn't have been friendlier; some clad and some "in the all together" almost like family but without the judgements. You have no idea how good you feel when you forget to care how others feel about you.



## HOW I ENJOY BRAIN GAMES

By: Helen Shaw, #307N

I always look forward to playing "Brain Games" with Kathleen once a week; the hour exercising the mind, making me think outside of the box. After a good brain workout, I feel much more relaxed.

Recently, when I wake up in the middle of the night, I find myself playing brain games and that helps me fall back to sleep. Instead of thinking about everyday personal problems (which we cannot solve anyway), I think about topics that I have no emotional stake in solving. I call them night brain games.

One of the night brain games I recently started was listing letters that represent names. For example, FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation), JFK, LBJ, FDR (our late Presidents). I always thought that these were acronyms, but have discovered that I was wrong. An acronym is where letters are read as a single word: NAFTA, FEMA, NASA. But FBI, NSA, AT&T, IRS, CIA (and the above Presidents names ) are read as a series of letters and that is called initialism. So now, I try to differentiate the two types of listings. For example the UK is part of NATO and is also a member of the EU, that is until BREXIT.

After I go through a few of these, my mind is exhausted and I fall fast asleep...ZZZZ...No, this is not initialism but called onomatopoeia. So if you wake up at SBC in the early AM dawn, ASAP begin to play this brain game. And remember it is not OK to think about SCOTUS or POTUS or COVID.



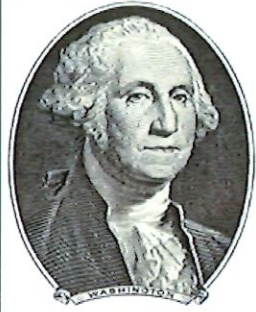
## 2026 Resident Advisory Council

Row 1 Left to Right: Doris Morgenstern, Mary Lou Levine, Neal Colton, Sandy Mackman  
Row 2 Left to Right: Nancy Lindeman, Anthony Salotto, Robert Israeloff, Gini Peltz, Jan McHugh

### Count Your Blessings

By: Caring I. Santos, #1104N

Be thankful you may live another full day  
And not be just a faded memory  
Be thankful that behind your clouds and storms  
There are rainbows of hope and sunshine  
Be grateful for your mistakes for  
life would be dull if perfect  
Be grateful for love of family and friends  
God bless us all.



## 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 a 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 be-devilment. 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.

## Our First President, Who Could Not Tell a Lie Continued

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.

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.

## The Black Folder

By: Albert H. Cohen, #310N



As some of you may know, I really love classical music. So when I go to my elevators in the North Tower, I always say hello to the bust of Beethoven on the table in the living room.

Some days, there's a black folder on the table. I walk over and read the obit of a one of ours who has recently passed. I learn a lot about that person, and muse about what their life was like before they came to us, and while they lived here.

I wonder: who wrote the lovely and informative obit. Did the person see it before they passed? If not, are there items omitted they would have liked included?

I think about whether I should write my own obit to make sure everything I would like said is said, and to save a grieving family member the trouble.

I hate seeing those black folders.

Someday there will be one with my picture in it. People may stop and read it. Maybe they'll wonder about who I was; maybe they'll learn something of value about my life. After all, I've been blessed to have a full life with many diverse accomplishments, a wonderful wife, a wonderful family.

I'm 93 and not at all ready for my black folder. When it does show up, stop and take a look. Then go about your life and enjoy the day.

# WELCOME



## March—April 2026 Move-ins

<u>Name</u>	<u>Apartment</u>
Kenneth Morgan/Magnea Viggosdottir	1121S
Laurence & Barbara Newman	620S
Edward & Harriet Safran	314N



Two Male Ducks come in for a landing. Aren't they spectacular? *Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA March 7&8, 2026.*