



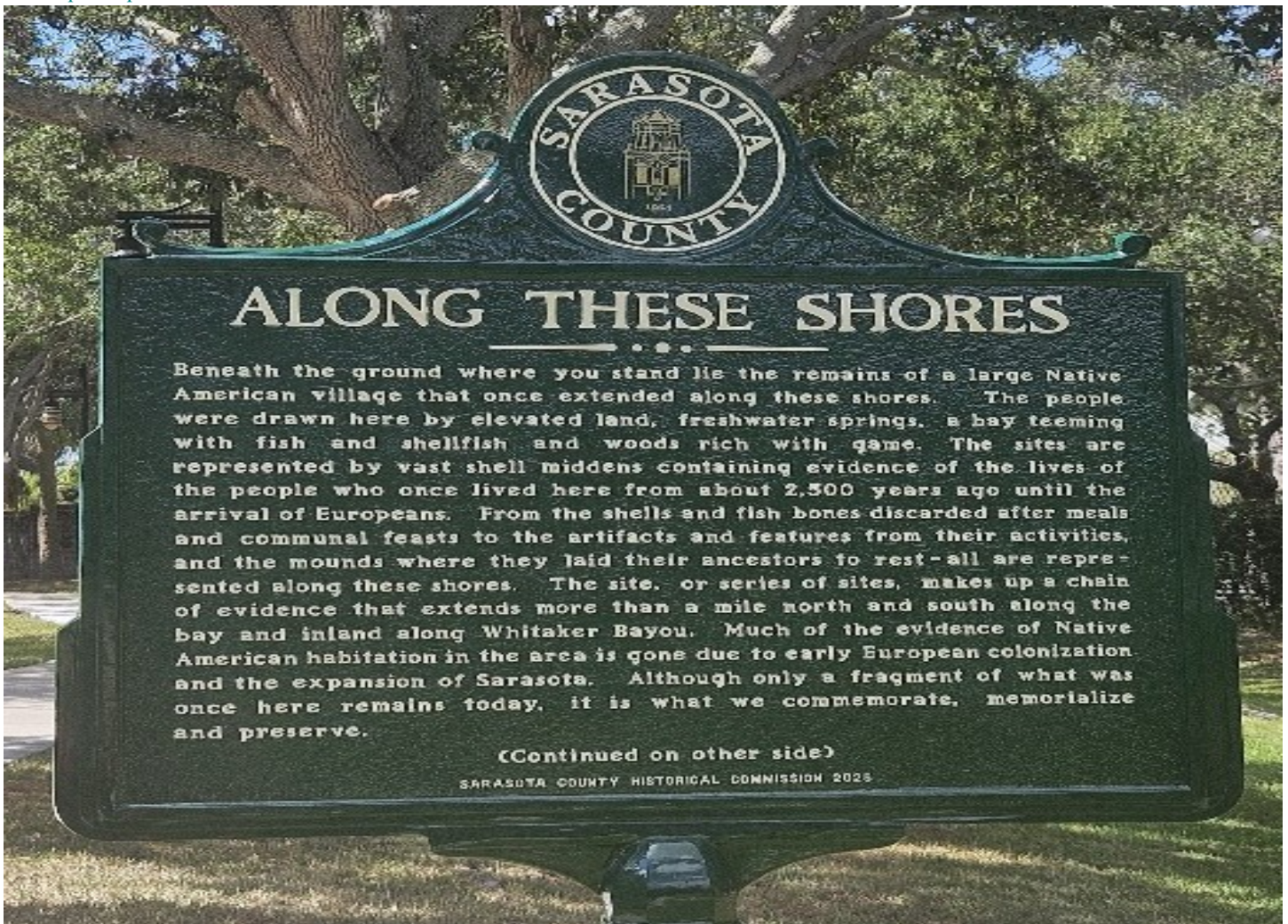
SARASOTA BAY CLUB's **SCOOP**

September October 2025

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

SBC HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN CONTEST





HISTORIC MARKER DEDICATION IN WHITAKER PARK

By Helen Shaw, #307N



On October 16th there was a dedication ceremony at Whitaker Park sponsored by the Sarasota County Libraries and Historical Resources. A number of SBC residents as well as the general public were at the ceremony. The purpose of the ceremony was to unveil a new Historic Marker, called "Along These Shores", commemorating the history of the large Native American village that once stood on these grounds. A series of sites show proof that people once lived here about 2,500 years ago until the arrival of the Europeans. Although most are gone, there still remains evidence of the shell middens (shell bones and artifacts) and mounds (where they laid their ancestors to rest). These sites extend more than a mile north and south along the bay and inland along Whitaker Bayou. Archeologist Emeritus Steve Koski, speaking on behalf of the Archeological community, gave credit to Marvin Mills, then a resident of SBC. He told how Marvin, in 2018 came to him to suggest having a historical marker erected to honor these native people. Steve helped Marvin prepare the application. For those of you who may not have known Marvin, you should be aware that although he only lived at SBC from 2014 to 2019, when he passed away, he left a lasting mark. He was a practicing architect and an architectural historian. He worked on the initial concept of the mural at the SBC retention wall, and as a member of the SBC Association board, had input in the discussions as to what artwork statue would be placed on the 14th street circle. I believe he would have preferred an American Indian motif, but I think blue Poly would have met with his approval. I often think of Marvin and his wife Laura and how lucky we were to have had them here. Laura moved to Utah to be near her daughter in 2022. Unfortunately, she passed away this month after a fall. I know that Amy, Marvin and Laura's daughter, is happy to know that the Marker "Along These Shores" is now in place. Marvin and Laura would be pleased as well.



VALENTINE'S DAY

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

Why is it that it's not even February, and I am thinking of Valentine's Day? Maybe I am thinking of LOVE, love of parents, children, friends or country; I don't know. But, no matter, this story pops into my head today.

As I recall, a few days before February 14th I would go to our local Woolworth Dime Store and buy a package of Valentines. I had to have at least 19 of them as there were 20 students in our class and Mrs. Andrews our teacher told us we must send a Valentine to each classmate. I suppose she didn't want the unpopular kids to feel left out. She was probably referring to Jack Simmons. Jack had a love affair with garlic, and each time he spoke wafts of the ugly smell permeated the air. Lucky me, I sat right in front of him, and every time he burped, which was often, the fumes settled on my entire body like a spider's web you can't remove. So, dutifully, I bought enough Valentines so each person in our class would get one from Fran Johnson.

Picking out the right Valentine for the right person was quite stressful, at least for me. Each package contained four different messages. There was the generic message "Be My Valentine", the slightly more personal, will YOU (the you is capitalized) be my Valentine, the ever popular, "Roses are Red and Violets are Blue no matter what I'll always be true" and the really intimate one, "Today is the day, I just want to say, you've captured my heart in every way. Please be mine." This was my dilemma. If I send that one to Billy Foster, Billy Foster with the cutest dimples when he smiled that took my breath away, the Billy Foster I couldn't say more than Hi to because I knew I'd faint just getting that close to those dimples. But, what if in return I got the generic Be My Valentine; I'd die of humiliation. Fortunately, I could ask my best friend Betty to give me her opinion. We discussed this at great length and it was decided to go with the Roses are Red one. My mother suggested I sign it, Fondly, Fran. Fondly, she said was not too impersonal and not too lovey-dovey. So, that's what I decided to do.

Valentine's Day arrived and we all put our sealed and addressed envelopes into the slot on top of the magnificently decorated Valentine Box. It was tissue papered up the Wazoo with swaths of red and white paper adorned with massive amounts of red and white hearts. It was an object of exquisite beauty.

Tensions were high as Sue Green, the most popular girl in our class, was chosen to carry the box down each aisle and deliver the Valentines. When the box was emptied I counted all my envelopes. Yikes, I only had 18! Someone did not follow our teacher's instructions or else was sending me a message. What if that someone was Billy Foster? Why did I send the Roses are Red one to him? I should have played it safe and gone with Be MY Valentine, but no, I was so sure I'd get one in return! My heart was racing. I looked down at my desk and then I saw it, an envelope slightly larger than the rest. This one didn't come from the package we all bought. I opened the envelope and it said I want YOU (the you all in caps) to be my Valentine, Love, Billy Foster. There it was in red on white, the most beautiful word in the English language, LOVE.

That was the first time anyone other than my parents, and they didn't count, ever said or in this case wrote the word love to me. I glanced at Billy Foster, his dimples smiled back at me. My whole world became a brighter, shinier place and I was in the center of all that sunshine.

So, whether you are an 11 year old child or a seasoned senior with children and grandchildren, my wish is for everyone to have a memorable day like I did. And it doesn't have to be only on Valentine's Day, any day will do. Just say or write the word Love to someone; you have no idea how special you will make that person feel. And P.S. the person not sending me a Valentine that year? You guessed it, smelly Jack Simmons. I assume old Garlic Breath Jack doesn't even remember. The only time I think of him is when I order Garlic bread at an Italian restaurant.





Tennis was the Thread Through Their Lives

By: Audrey Sharp, Unit #1026S

As Published in the Longboat Observer

Tennis was my father's avocation. His day job was mundane, an accountant in the city's Gas Company. But tennis was his passion and a thread through all our lives.

Tennis brought my parents together. Thanks to my mother's diaries, I was delighted to find that their first game, finagled by my mother, was 10 years to the day before their only child, me, was born. They "courted" in both senses all during their 20s, and from spring to autumn their social lives revolved around the tennis club.

The courts were all grass in those days, very kind to the feet, so long Saturdays were spent at the club, and the ladies took turns catering tennis teas. The courts were idle on Sundays in post-Victorian England, as it was not acceptable to play games on the day set aside for church and family. How times have changed, with major tournament finals now played on Sundays.

My father, Dick Williams, became interested in umpiring tennis tournaments. He built up some experience through the '20s, and qualified to join the Lawn Tennis Umpires Association. This meant he could apply to umpire at Wimbledon, and I have the letters he wrote to his fiancée, my mother, from his first venture there in 1930. He was overwhelmed to be assigned a line on the hallowed Centre Court on opening day.

Dad writes of a thrilling match between Tilden and Borotra, and describes Helen Mills-Moody as "unbeatable." If he was not addicted before, this experience sealed his commitment. During the next 40 years he willingly took one of his two or three weeks of vacation to umpire at Wimbledon. This did not suit my mother so well, because it cost the family money as well as time, though in the years when she could go too, she gloried in the experience. And, she was immensely proud of her husband.

Paradoxically, Dick gave up playing tennis before I was born, when he was still under 40. Having seen the top players at Wimbledon, he foolishly thought there was no point in playing if he could not achieve that high level. Then I was born, my mother took a long time to recover from an emergency Caesarian, the war came along, and it must have seemed too late to pick up their former sport.

But when I was 10, and the war was ending, tennis became possible again. I was sent off to the single local covered court to be taught the basics by the aging teaching pro—half an hour for half a crown (50 cents). Alas, my game did not develop to the level my father would have liked, and only in my last term at school did I scrape into the second team. How I wish he would have come to the courts to hit with me, but all I remember is his advice from the sidelines: "Move your feet!"

My first visit to Wimbledon came when I was 17. The umpires had an allotment of Centre Court tickets for alternate days. They were wonderful seats which cost one pound each, and woe betide an umpire who was found to be selling for a profit. When I was at London University and Dad came up for his annual week, he would let me have tickets to take a friend one day. This was the heyday of the American women: Doris Hart, Shirley Fry, Little Mo Connolly, Althea Gibson, Louis Brough. Australians dominated the men's events: Lew Hoad, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Neal Fraser.

Dad once took me to the Umpires' Ball, and I danced with the Aussie Mervyn Rose.

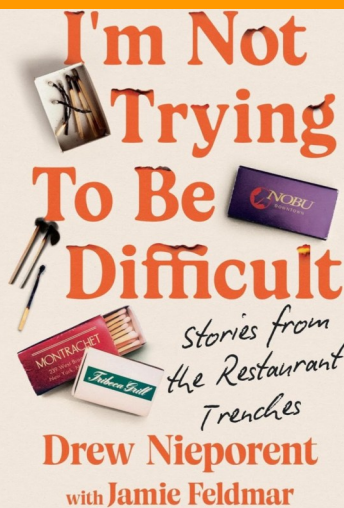
Wimbledon was not the only tournament for which Dad officiated. He gladly gave his time to local clubs, parks and junior events. He was the county non-playing captain, and we went to Blackpool, where the touring Harvard and Yale team was playing the Lancashire team. At 17, I was in love with all those gorgeous bronzed Americans. Dad served on many committees, including the coaching committee for funding promising juniors. Alan Mills, longtime Wimbledon referee, was one of his proteges.

Tennis Was the Thread Through Their Lives Continued

Dad's last officiating was at the Canadian Open in 1973, and he significantly caught the final ball, an ace served by John Newcombe to win the doubles championship—the final ball of the final match of that event and of Dad's tennis life. He died 18 months later.

Dad was a man born before his time. We now have a group of professional umpires who travel the world with the pro tour. That would have been Dad's dream job. I also wish he had lived to see our life down here on Longboat. He would have loved hanging around the courts, kibitzing with the large group of men who play daily, and he would have seen that I have finally developed into a decent player, who occasionally remembers to move her feet.

Audrey Sharp grew up in England, lived in Toronto for 40 years and was a snowbird on Longboat Key for 12 years. She and her husband, Ian, became permanent residents of Longboat. And yes, Sharp "moves her fee" at the Longboat Key Club.



Richard Olin's granddaughter, Jamie Feldmar, and her latest book. Unlike her previous cookbooks with celebrity chefs, this is a life story about the restaurant industry. Richard says he will not see dining in the same way any more!

Drew Nieporent has been a staple of the New York dining scene for decades, establishing a host of iconic restaurants like Nobu, Tribeca Grill, and Montrachet. But his career started from much more humble beginnings—the grill at the local McDonald's.

A middle class kid from New York's East Side, Drew spends his childhood tagging along with his father to help restaurants get their liquor license, igniting a lifelong obsession with food. His passion takes him on a winding, continent-spanning journey, crossing paths with legendary chefs, iconic athletes, and movie stars as he grows

into one of the most influential names in the culinary world. From waiting tables on a cruise ship to getting his first three-star review; from squabbling with Cornell professors to partnering with Robert DeNiro; this is more than a story of one man's extraordinary life—it's a story of an evolving industry. As culinary trends come and go, and relationships blossom and combust, Nieporent navigates it all with a simple yet powerful philosophy: give the customer what they want.

Told in Drew's unforgettable voice, I'm Not Trying to Be Difficult is a rollicking memoir that feels like sitting across the dinner table from someone who has seen it all—one of the last great restaurateurs.

GOD AND MOMS

Taken from the Internet. Answers from 2nd grade school children to the following questions.

Why did God make mothers?

1. She's the only one who knows where the scotch tape is.
2. Mostly to clean the house.
3. To help us out there when we were getting born.

WHY SKIN GETS THINNER WITH AGE

By: Onsite Dermatology

As we grow older, our skin—the body's largest organ—becomes thinner and more fragile, a condition often referred to as dermatoporosis. This makes seniors more vulnerable to bruising, dryness, irritation, and slow-healing wounds. Understanding why this happens and how to care for aging skin is key to maintaining health and comfort

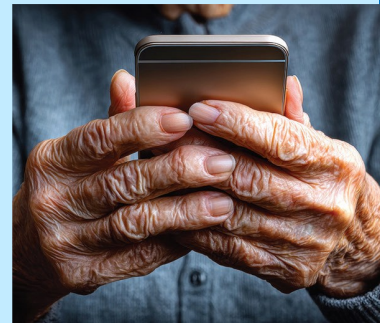
LAYERS OF THE SKIN & AGING EFFECTS:

Epidermis (outer layer): Becomes thinner with fewer pigment cells, making skin more pale and prone to UV damage.

Dermis (middle layer): Loses collagen and elastin, reducing strength and elasticity, and causing fragile blood vessels.

Hypodermis (deepest layer): Fat and connective tissue diminish, decreasing insulation and firmness.

Additional factors like sun exposure, smoking, alcohol, certain medications, and natural aging accelerate skin thinning and reduce healing capacity.



CONSEQUENCES OF THINNING SKIN:

Easy bruising from fragile blood vessels

Delayed healing and increased infection risk

Dryness and itchiness due to reduced hydration and skin barrier function

Higher sensitivity to environmental damage

These issues are especially critical for older adults in care settings, where mobility and comorbidities can further complicate skin health.



PROTECTING AGING SKIN:

Sun Protection: Daily use of SPF 30+, wear hats, and avoid peak sun hours.

Eat Well & Hydrate: A diet rich in fruits, veggies, omega-3s, and antioxidants supports healthy skin.

Be Gentle: Use mild, fragrance-free soaps and avoid hot showers.

See a Dermatologist: Routine checkups help monitor changes and manage conditions effectively.

WE'RE HERE TO HELP

At OnSite Dermatology, we specialize in senior skin health—offering in-community care for dry skin, wrinkles, age spots, and skin cancer screening. We make dermatologic care easy and accessible for older adults by coming directly to retirement communities.

Did you know OnSite Dermatology comes to your community each month?

Call (877) 345-5300 to make an appointment or visit www.OnSiteDerm.com



Emperor Penguins: Unique and Adorable

How long will they survive?

By Linda T. Jones, #309N

Emperor penguins have evolved to do what no other living creature can: breed and raise their single chick in the middle of the freezing cold and harsh Antarctic winter. This species of penguin has developed one of the most complex and challenging breeding cycles of any of the world's thousands of bird species. The strategy has worked so far but in 2012, after further research, the emperor penguin was moved up to the 'near threatened' category. Unlike most declining birds, which are threatened by a combination of habitat loss and other causes, the emperor penguin is facing oblivion for one reason alone: global warming/climate change.

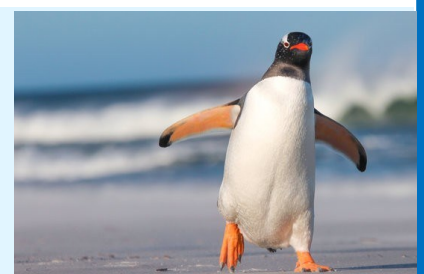
Emperor penguins breed in large colonies during March and early April, when males and females return from foraging in the sea. Breeding is apparently timed to ensure that the developmental period will produce fully fledged young in midsummer when their chances of survival are greatest. The female gives birth to a single egg in late May or early June, just before the onset of the Antarctic winter. She immediately transfers the egg to the top of her mate's feet. If she drops the egg onto the ice or he fails to receive it properly, then unless they can get it safely back onto the male's feet within the next minute or so, the chick inside is doomed. If the egg is transferred successfully, the female departs, heading back to the ocean to feed.

The male penguin begins his long and lonely vigil. For more than two months, his only duty is to incubate the precious egg balanced on the top of his feet. When the egg finally hatches, the male will not have eaten for several months. After it has hatched, the chick is still incredibly vulnerable, depending on the male for warmth and food, a fat-rich mixture known as crop milk. After a few days, this will be gone; if the female has not returned from the ocean by then, the chick will starve to death. The male transfers the chick from his feet to hers and she then regurgitates half-digested food—mainly fish, krill and squid from her stomach. The male bids her farewell and he too heads back to the ocean to feed and regain his lost weight.

Once the chicks are six or seven weeks old, they can be safely left alone, as both parents make the long journey to the ocean and back to collect food. The chicks gather into groups, which keeps them warm and relatively safe. Soon their downy covering changes into adult plumage—and finally into their tuxedo outfit.

Penguins are social animals, playful and funny too. They have been featured in numerous films (about 58), books, TV shows, and documentaries. Some dive deep into icy waters and snowy landscapes of penguin habitats offering a glimpse into their fascinating lives. However, I am not sure this will help the Emperor Penguins. There would have to be a worldwide commitment to reduce global warming to keep the Antarctic ice from melting.

P.S. If you are looking for a new penguin movie, there is one on Netflix, *The Penguin Lessons*, which has good reviews. *Heart of the Emperors* is a 2025 series available through Hulu, Disney and Prime Video.





Shrimp Fried Rice



Chef Scott Serves up Flavor and Fun!



At the Chef's Corner, Chef Scott treated residents to a lively cooking demonstration of Shrimp Fried Rice, featuring 14 fresh ingredients and seven simple steps. As he prepared shrimp, eggs, vegetables, garlic, onion and ginger and cold cooked rice, he explained each stage of the process. Residents enjoyed tasting the delicious finished dish and left not only satisfied but also with take home recipes to try for themselves. Chef's Corner was a hit!

If you were not able to make it, see Joan for the recipe.

Submitted by Fern Jaffe, #705N

TOTI LA BORD!!! TOTI LA BORD!!

By: Burt Herman, # 809N



All aboard! All aboard! All aboard, "The Train of Life."

My father never returned to his homeland but my brother, my son, my nephew and I made the journey to our roots and the Romanian train station my father allegedly departed from in 1904, by himself, at age 14. He made his way to Hamburg and the ship that would eventually take him to the "promised land," far away from the poverty and persecutions of his rural Romanian shtetl. I say eventually, because my father's journey to America took two years and is another story.

One of the prized photos of our 2014 roots trip is of me and my brother in front of the historic Burdujeni, Romania railroad station.

The "Train of Life" poem by Vincent Moore, is descriptive of life's journey.

"At birth we boarded the train and met our parents, and we believe they will always travel by our side. However, at some station our parents will step down from the train, leaving us on this journey alone. As time goes by other people will board the train and they will be significant.

Our siblings, friends and children and even the love of your life. Many will step down and leave a permanent vacuum. Others will go so unnoticed that we don't realize they vacated their seats.

This train will be full of joy, sorrow, fantasy, expectations, hellos, goodbyes, and farewells.

The mystery to everyone is we do not know at which station we ourselves will step down. So, we must live in the best way. Love, forgive and offer the best of who we are. It is important to do this because when the time comes for us to step down and leave our seat empty, we should leave behind beautiful memories for those who will continue to travel on the "Train of Life."

As we did throughout Romania and Ukraine where many of our relatives were born, lived and died. With the help of our guide, we found my grandfather Simon's final resting place. It was in a small, secluded Romanian graveyard, behind a working farm, where the four of us....two grandchildren and two great grandchildren Grandpa Simon never knew, recited prayers for the deceased's eternal rest.

As with Vincent Moore's "Train of Life" poem, our two-week roots journey was also full of joy, sorrow, fantasy, expectations, hellos, goodbyes and farewells.



GOD AND MOMS CONTINUED

If you could change one thing about your mom, what would it be?

1. She has this weird thing about me keeping my room clean. I'd get rid of that.
2. I'd make my mom smarter. Then she would know it was my sister who did it not me.
3. I would like for her to get rid of those invisible eyes on the back of her head.



Residents Linda Albert, Helen Shaw, Nancy Schlossberg, Richard Olin, and Jan and Mike McHugh visited the Gallery.

502 Gallery Opening

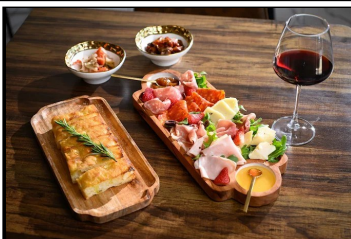
By: Richard Olin, #906N

Small artworks can have a significant impact.

In art, scale is as fundamental as material, color, line, shape, and context. From ancient times to the present, scale—a ratio or relative dimension has been a key way for artists to convey meaning. Continuing this tradition, 502 Gallery, presented the third installment of the popular exhibition, “Shop liftable,” featuring miniature artworks (small enough to steal) by 50 artists.

502 Gallery, located in the Historic Burns Court District on South Pineapple Avenue in downtown Sarasota, FL, invites art enthusiasts and community members to experience the best of regional and local talent in its vibrant gallery space. The gallery stands as a premier art destination, fostering a welcoming environment for exploring and appreciating the works of local Southwest Florida artists as well as established figures with ties to the Sarasota art community.

SBC Resident Richard Olin’s artwork was featured at this exhibit from September 20th thru October 25, 2025. Richard’s display included 4 pieces: Role Exit, Woman Warrior, Algorithm Bondage, The Older I get the Greater I was.



LOIS’S TABLE, MYMAMMA RESTAURANT

By: Lois Schottenstein, #1109N, a Restaurant Review

When friends raved about this restaurant, I decided to try it. Immediately I was transported to Italy. It felt like a typical homey, family-style restaurant complete with white tablecloths and special signature dishes. Home-made focaccia, daily oven-baked pastas, desserts like tiramisu and cannoli. A family affair, mama was cooking with her daughter-in-law in the kitchen while her husband and son ran the dining room. Definitely new favorite not far from home. The address is 3105 N. Tamiami Trail, Phone 941-259-1911. Wheelchair accessible to both entrance and seating. **BUON APPETITO!**

It's That Time of Year—Parents Caring For Their Young



Top Left: Yellow-crowned Night-Heron's diet consists of crustaceans, especially crabs and crayfish. They regurgitate the partially digested food into the bottom of the nest for the chicks to eat. At roughly four weeks of age the chicks can be left alone in the nest and both parents can concentrate on gathering food for the rapidly growing chicks.

Top Right: Black-crowned Night-Herons also bring food back to the nest in their stomachs.

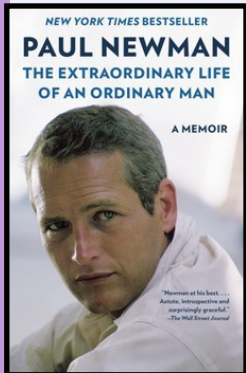
Bottom: The male Osprey is a busy bird. Until the female is comfortable leaving the chicks unattended in the nest, he must catch enough fish to feed himself, the female and one to three rapidly growing youngsters.



Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, FL, USA. Website: www.lounewmanphoto.com, taken at the Celery Fields in Sarasota.

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, #321S



The Extraordinary Life of an Ordinary Man

By: Stewart Stern and Paul Newman

This is the posthumously written memoir of movie star Paul Newman. It was written with his close friend Stewart Stern. It is based on five years of transcribed conversations with screen writer Stern and Newman.

I first saw Paul Newman as a teenager. I saw him on a TV show. I remember calling my close friend to tell her to turn on the TV and see this good-looking fellow. I am fairly certain that there is not a resident of SBC that has not heard of Paul Newman and have seen some of his movies. Many are classics. Among the better known are "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof", "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid", "Long Hot Summer", "Picnic", "The Sting", "Hud" and the list goes on and on. Assumptions were made as to his strong personality and happy life based on his movie characters. Life is never simple and the truth can be stranger than fiction.

I was surprised to learn that Paul Newman grew up in a dysfunctional home. He and his brother received little love and it impacted them for the rest of their lives. His mother dwelled on her good looks and was distant and reserved. His father had no involvement with his sons. Newman was not the confident good-looking and successful man we all imagined. As a youngster and young man he was small for his age, and felt insecure and painfully shy. The result was that it made him feel left out. Acting became his security blanket. How he went from an unhappy, rebellious child to a successful leading man in films and stage is a fascinating tale. It rolls out in his memoir. We learn that he was hard drinking and fast living. The loss of his son, Scott, to suicide, never left him. He felt responsible, and in many ways he was responsible.

Demonstrating how insecure he was, he married the first woman to give him attention. He went on to have 3 children with her before parting ways. His love affair with JoAnn Woodward resulted in a lasting love and a lasting marriage. But it also destroyed his first marriage.

In addition to his acting, he is recognized for having supported the establishment of the Hole in the Wall Camp for the underprivileged. When he, along with a friend established the Paul Newman line of foods through a charitable foundation, with 100% of the profits going to the camps, he was awed by the unanticipated success. He loved the camps and the impact they had. I can speak to them, as I visited one of the camps and saw, first hand, the children thriving. He expressed that the easiest thing one could do is give away money. He didn't expect kudos for doing what he did. But in reality, he earned that kudos. The beauty is that the foundation goes on giving long after his passing.

If you were one of the many fans of Paul Newman, I am certain you will find the book worth reading. Keep in mind that it is brutally honest. Definitely not white washed. Your possibly honey coated image of Newman will melt away.

GOD AND MOMS CONTINUED

What ingredients are mothers made of?

1. God made mothers out of clouds and angel hair and everything nice in the world and one dab of mean.
2. They had to get their start from men's bones. Rhey they mostly use string, I think.

POETRY

RETURNING FLOCK

By Helen Shaw, #3097N

Like the swallows of Capistrano
 Flying to their winter home across the sea
 Our residents with summer places
 From Maine to Colorado
 Now, in the fall, return here to SBC
 As we look at their familiar faces,
 On elevators or in the halls
 There are hellos and
 Welcoming calls
 So glad to see you back to stay
 We hear so many say
 Because we are family
 You see
 Here at SBC.

CONTENTMENT

By: Mario Sparagana, # 801N

It is within that we find contentment.
 Arising from music that we alone can hear.
 A poet sings and makes the music rise.
 It soars in the air in a transport of bliss.

You smile and out comes love.
 How do such feelings arise?
 They appear unforced
 Like a puff of wind beyond its borders.

I went within myself to seek the source
 of this satisfaction.
 Sometimes I heard celestial music.
 But at other times I noted the sound of weeping.
 Joy gushes forth, misery remains locked
 in the great below.

It seems that the source of happiness is in
 giving of oneself.
 Whereas misery holds charity prisoner.
 We should aid our brethren in times of need.
 It is in benefiting others that we find satisfaction.

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE

By: Norma Cohen, #310N

What can be sweeter than the sound
 of a child's laughter?
 (The answer: The sound of six laughing kids)
 These sounds will fill my heart forever after
 I have lived to see this fourth generation
 And each visit becomes an amazing celebration
 Their tiny hands hold magic, their questions never end.
 Their wonder makes me younger,
 their giggles are my friend
 I see the past behind them, the future yet to come
 My heart delights in knowing their stories have begun
 What a sweet promotion from parent to grand to great
 The circle of life continues in its most
 welcome and tender state
 An honor for me to the end of my days,
 to witness their
 laughter, their blossoming ways.
 Each smile a blessing, each hug a prayer
 A legacy of love beyond compare
 Time folds gently and memories stay as generations
 brighten the path on my way

BE THANKFUL

By: Caring Santos, #1104N

Be thankful for each new day
 Bringing gifts from heaven
 Stress relief, calmness of soul, peace of mind
 Just be happy and make others happy
 The Almighty will take care of everything!

Laughter is the Best Medicine

By: Linda Albert, #209N taken from the Internet

More than 30 years ago, Norman Cousins — a successful journalist and editor of *Saturday Review* — suddenly fell seriously ill. He was diagnosed with collagen disease, a rare autoimmune disorder that attacks the body's own connective tissue. His condition deteriorated rapidly: he could barely move, turn his head, or even open his jaw to eat. When Norman asked about his chances of recovery, the doctor told him something chilling: "Only one in five hundred patients survives this."

That night, Norman made a life-changing decision.

If traditional medicine couldn't save him, he would fight for his life himself. He remembered reading that negative emotions like fear and despair weaken the endocrine system, while positive emotions can activate the body's healing mechanisms. And then it struck him: If negative emotions can make us sick, maybe positive emotions — especially laughter — can help us heal.

Norman moved out of the hospital into a hotel room. With the support of his doctor, he filled the room with a projector, comedy films, and humorous books. And then the experiment began.

The first time he forced himself to laugh for ten minutes, something incredible happened — the pain vanished long enough for him to sleep peacefully for two hours without medication. For the next days, weeks, and months, laughter became his daily therapy. He watched funny movies, listened to jokes, read comedies, and laughed for hours every day. Doctors monitored his blood before and after these "laughter sessions" — and the results were clear: inflammation levels dropped after every session.

Gradually, Norman began to move his fingers again. Then his arms. Then he could sit up. Step by step, he regained mobility and strength. Eventually, he returned to work — something the doctors thought would be impossible.

Years later, Norman met one of the doctors who had told him he wouldn't survive. The doctor was stunned. Norman shook his hand with such strength that the man winced. That handshake said more than words ever could.

In 1976, he published *Anatomy of an Illness* — a groundbreaking book where he shared his journey and argued that positive emotions can be a powerful force in healing. He later became a lecturer at UCLA Medical School, inspiring future doctors to awaken the healing spirit inside every patient.

✦ His story reminds us:

Laughter isn't just good for the soul — it can be good medicine, too.



TRUE FRIENDS

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

I am a member of The Fearless Four. Our senior member, Roz, is 89, next is Eloise, 87, Paula is right above me at 85 and me, Gloria, at 83. We live at Blossom Terrace an independent living facility in Highland View, Florida. I believe the town got its name because it sits thirty feet above sea level, very close to the Atlantic Ocean. Thirty feet high in Florida is mountain size in most other states.

These are the reasons why we are called The Fearless Four. Most of the residents don't speak up as we do to make helpful suggestions. Paula was able with some effort, to have chocolate pudding added to our dessert selections. Roz was relentless in her pursuit of getting 6:30 instead of 5:30 as the latest time to dine. Eloise who never knew the meaning of "follow the crowd", refused to give up her rabbit, as it was a four legged animal under the mandated thirty-five pounds. My contribution was having the rule of showering prior to getting into the pool removed. We residents are elderly and don't have complete control over our bladders. If we can bop around in the pool with a little dribble, we can surely bop with sun tan lotion making the water a bit greasy.

Sometimes life gets boring at Blossom Terrace, and I came up with a great idea. A bit out of the box perhaps but innovated and this was it. "Let's watch a porn movie." You would think I was suggesting we run butt naked through the Mall. "You have got to be kidding, that is disgusting, I'm shocked you'd even suggest such a thing" were the responses I got. "Look girls, this is our only life and there's not much left of it so why not?" First there was silence, then a few grunts followed by smiles and finally, loud, gut-hurting laughter. "And just where would we four old ladies even get one", Roz said. As it happens, when I was at my daughter's house, I overheard my 17-year old grandson, Eddie, talking to someone on the phone about this very topic. I'm sure his mother would faint dead away if she knew, so I've kept this little nugget all to myself, assuming it might come in handy one day. Well, that day has arrived. "So girls are you in?" Heads nodded in agreement.

Sunday arrived, that's the day the obligatory visit to Grandma Gloria takes place. I pulled my grandson aside and said, "see this \$20—it's yours if next Sunday you bring me a pornographic movie. Don't ask, don't tell, Eddie, just bring it next Sunday." With that, I quickly turned away and in a loud voice looked at his mother and said "Have you seen any good movies lately?" Behind me I heard loud coughing. It was Eddie with the reddest face you ever saw, coughing and laughing all at the same time.

The next Sunday came and during the hugs and kisses no one seemed to notice Eddie taking more than the usual time with me. He quickly handed me the disc, so fast you'd think it was a red hot poker. Well, in a way it was. "Grandma, I have no idea what you plan to do with this but I must get it back to the guy who knows a guy who knows a guy by next Sunday."

Monday morning I called my co-conspirators, told them I had the goods and to be at my condo the following day by 1:00 p.m. Popcorn and diet soda will be served. They all arrived promptly at 1:00 p.m.. We had never discussed a dress code and here's how they were attired. Roz appeared in a flowered shirt with matching Palazzo pants, Eloise wore a sequined black sheath with ballet slippers, Paula looked like some gum shoe from a 1930's movie donned all in black, replete with black baseball cap, and me, I had my best Donna Reed swirl house dress with lace half apron. If the feds were to come knocking at my door and whisked the four of us away, we would look stunning in our mug shots. We sat in chairs in front of the TV, with TV tables along side. The cocktail table held the popcorn and enough diet colas for an army of thirsty desert dwellers. The TV lit up; I thought it a bit dark, but it could be my macular was at work and Paula said she thought it was her glaucoma. The action started right away. From what I could tell there were three bodies on a bed. I shot a glance at Roz. She looked agonized. "Are you ok?" I asked. She has a bad heart and I thought she was having a stroke. "I'm fine, but what are they doing?" Paula was all twisted with her head near her feet, eyes looking upward. "I didn't know humans could do such things", and Eloise was in a trance. All she could mutter was OMG! OMG! OMG! And me? I missed most of the film I was so busy watching my friends. Without any notice, the show was over. If there was a story line I have not a clue what it was and though the credits

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were displayed I wondered why. I don't believe this film would garner any Oscars . I turned on the lights, we all looked at one another, and then the laughter began. It got louder and louder, and I was sure Betty from next door would report us to the board for unnecessary frolicking. That rule is punishable by disallowing seconds for dessert for two meals. For us it's tantamount to a death penalty! The Fearless Four set an all time record. We spent one hour and fifteen minutes where not one of us got up to go to the bathroom!

It's great knowing you have friends you can trust, friends with whom you can savor a new experience and friends who will never, ever tell anyone how we once spent a Tuesday afternoon having the time of our lives. Now that's what I call true friends.

How Did They Build That?

By: Carol Green, #321S

One of the more interesting TV shows is "How Did They Build That". It is a regular feature on the Smithsonian Channel. The show features architectural and engineering masterpieces from throughout the world. Architectural and engineering marvels vary from the multi-sided second phase of the Denver Art Museum to the Portland Oregon air terminal to a huge structure in Dubai. The latter is in the desert and is self-reliant on cooling. The Portland airport had to be worked on when the airport was not in service. Only 4 hours at night were conducive to some building activities. Additionally, the airport used all local lumber from Oregon and southern Washington. This is just a sampling of the projects. They are truly remarkable and some are quite outrageous. Included in various broadcasts are the tallest skyscraper, which is a residential building in New York City, as well as the Hive in Singapore.

To get the older shows, I recommend going to You Tube on your computer and searching for the Smithsonian channel. If the subject interests you, you will be rewarded.

Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA. Website: www.lounewmanphoto.com



WRITE IT DOWN

By: David Kotok, #528S

They'd been together for 56 years. That's longer than most houseplants live, and definitely longer than any of their appliances had lasted. They met in high school—back when hair was big, music was louder, and Peter still had knees that bent without complaint. They married after college. He went to Michigan. She went to Smith. Then the merger was consummated. No lawyers involved, just love and a shared fondness for cross-word puzzles.

56 years. Three kids. Eight grandkids. One great-grandkid. And now Harriet was 86, Peter 88. They were starting to forget things—birthdays, names, occasionally where they parked the car (spoiler: it was always in the garage).

Peter had never remembered birthdays. Harriet had always remembered everything. But forgetting a grandchild's name? That was new. That was unsettling.

"I just can't pull it out," Peter said, as if his brain were a stubborn drawer stuck on a sock. "What's the name of the curly haired one who smells like peanut butter?"

Harriet frowned. "I'm worried about Alzheimer's. We need to see Doctor Sigmunder."

Dr. Fritz Sigmunder had been their family physician for years. He was still practicing at 72, mostly because golf bored him and his wife had banned him from reorganizing the spice rack again.

The appointment was set. They endured a battery of tests—math, words, geometry, memory, number sequences. It felt like the SATs had come back for revenge. By the time they got home, they were so tired Harriet mistook the remote for a sandwich.

At the follow-up, Dr. S leaned back in his chair and said, "I don't see any evidence of Alzheimer's. I looked at the cognitive tests and the lab work. It's just aging. Older people forget."

Harriet nodded. "So what do we do?"

"Write it down," he said. "Make a note and write it down immediately."

They went home. Took naps. Ate a quiet dinner. Sat on the sofa watching television, which was mostly commercials and people yelling about which medicine to buy for their psoriasis.

Harriet placed her hands on the armrests and began the sacred ritual of "getting up." At that age, standing wasn't a movement—it was a process. A negotiation between bones and gravity.

Peter looked over. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to get some ice cream," she said.

Peter, ever the gallant knight, began his own slow-motion ascent. "I'll get it for you."

"Okay," Harriet said, settling back down.

"Vanilla," she added. "Peter, write it down."

"We promised the doctor," she reminded him.

Peter scoffed. "What's to write down? Vanilla ice cream? I can remember that."

"You promised," she said, with the tone that had once convinced him to repaint the entire kitchen in one weekend.

He shuffled toward the kitchen.

WRITE IT DOWN CONTINUED

Put some strawberries on it,” she called.

“Okay,” he replied.

“Write it down,” she said again.

“I don’t have to write it down. Vanilla ice cream, strawberries. Got it.”

He reached the kitchen door.

“Chocolate sauce too!” she added. “Please write it down.”

Peter yelled back, “Vanilla ice cream, strawberries, chocolate sauce! I got it! No need to write it down!”

Then came the symphony of kitchen chaos. Pots clanged. Cabinets slammed. Peter muttered like a man trying to remember the lyrics to a song he’d never heard. Aromas drifted through the air—some promising, some suspicious.

Twenty minutes later, Peter emerged triumphantly with a tray. Silverware. A plate. Presentation worthy of a cooking show.

“Here you are, dear,” he said proudly.

Harriet looked at the tray. Then at Peter. Then back at the tray.

Bacon and eggs.

She smiled sweetly. “You forgot the toast.”

She patted his hand. “We promised the doctor we’d write it down. See what happens?”

Peter blinked. “Wait... was this not breakfast?”

“I thought you wanted some breakfast!”

CHILDHOOD VACATIONS

By: Mary McGrath, #925S

The prompt on storyworth recalled this occasion when it asked to describe childhood vacations.

We liked to visit an aunt and cousin who lived in a small rural town in western Massachusetts. This felt like going into the countryside for city folks. There were woods behind the house with a stream and open fields nearby. We had lots of freedom to play and have new adventures there. Across the street was a small family farm and a bakery. We would be sent over to the bakery to buy fresh bread, still warm from the oven. My cousin and I were friendly with the children of the bakers, a brother and sister about our age. A number of goats were grazing in a field on the hillside beyond the house. One day we went over to visit the goats, a treat for me, who had not seen many farm animals up close.

One of the goats became agitated and knocked against a beehive, breaking the hive open unleashing a swarm of angry bees. The swarm seemed to zero in on us and began their attack. We ran down the hill and across the street at our top speed pursued by the swarm and screaming in pain. Our mothers managed to get us into the house, closing the door on the bees and dispersing the ones that managed to get into the house. Rhey spent the next hour treating the multiple stings. My cousin claims he had 32 stings, I didn’t have quite so many but enough to make me wary of visiting bee hives up close.

A few years ago a relative of my husband had taken up beekeeping as an interesting hobby. She collected some honey combs wearing full protective gear then demonstrated the extraction process. It made me recall this prior adventure with bees. I kept my distance from the hives but I did enjoy the honey.



September - October 2025 Move-ins

<u>Name</u>	<u>Apartment</u>
Dawn Albreacht-Parys	524S
Rochelle Bernard	128S
Murray Duffin	205N
Walter Renfften	804N
John and Priscilla Schlegel	920S
Nancy Sirchis	325S



John and Mary Deckro in “Lobster Attire” enjoy a visit to the “Maine Line”

