SARASOTA BAY CLUB's

SCOOP

September - October 2026

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

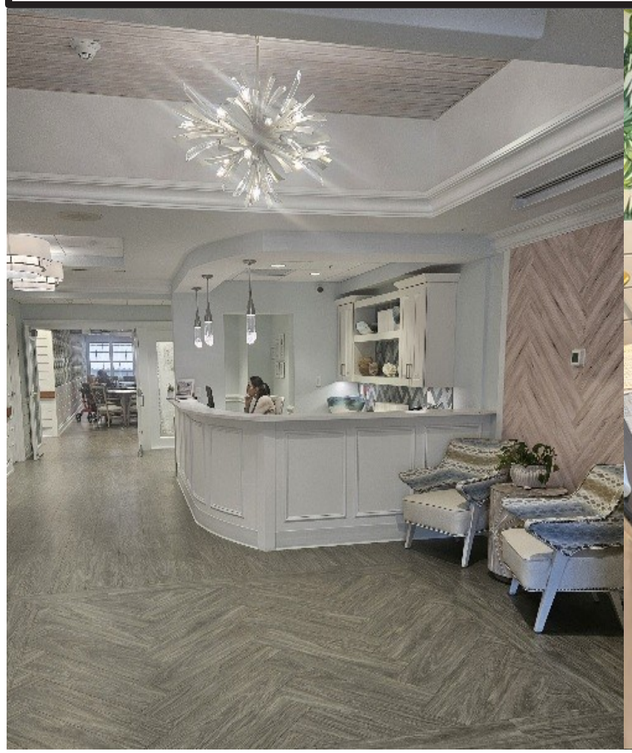
Grand Opening of the Inn at SBC

By: Nancy Schlossberg, #902 and Pictures by Fern Jaffe, #705N

On October 15th and October 16th, Sarasota Bay Club celebrated the grand opening of its newly renovated Inn. After a year of eager anticipation, residents finally got to experience the stunning space firsthand.

A heartfelt thank you goes out to the incredible Inn Committee, our many volunteers, and the entire staff whose hard work made this milestone a tremendous success. The two-day event was filled with wonderful moments as residents toured the gorgeous new rooms and learned more about the Inn's mission and availability of services, and reconnected with neighbors.

We as residents are so fortunate to have the Inn when we need it, to have the leadership available at all times, to be part of a community that keeps its members connected. I ask you, "Who could ask for anything more?"





Doris Zlater









Top Left: Residents Carol and Jules Green with Nurse Practitioner Cynthia Deveaux Moona and Tammy Jackson, ClubCare Manager.

Top Right: Food served was prepared by Susan Wadsworth, Director of Food Service at the Inn and staff. It far exceeded expectations.

Bottom Left: Inn Team, Back row, Geoff Trevino, Director of Therapy for Select Rehab, Susan Wadsworth, Clinical Dietary Manager, Kay Jepson, Director of Social Services & Activities, Angela Aldana, MDS Coordinator, Matt Munding, Director of Professional Services. Seated from Left: Sandra Busby, Inn Administrator and Shelley Castro, Director of Nursing.

Grandma Says Yes

By: Carol DeChant, #1120S



"Grandma's ***what?"*** My 15-year-old son whooped into the phone. He was obviously talking to an Iowa cousin about my mother-in-law there. "Aw-**right!**" "Wow!" "Great!" Grandma Dorothy, whose life was family and church, didn't usually generate such excitement. Had she won the lottery?

In a way it was, as it turned out. This was in the 1970s, when Time Magazine had run a story about women remarrying. After age forty, the widely quoted article said, a woman has a greater chance of being on a hijacked airplane. So when Brian hung up and yelled, "Grandma's getting married!" it seemed as if—in her seventies—she'd beaten lottery-scale odds.

Different family members—including Grandma (my mother-in-law)—filled me in on details. Charlie, a widower, joined Grandma's Des Moines church, which had a high concentration of elderly female members. Charlie was suddenly surrounded by eligible women, but his eye was on only one. Charlie stopped Grandma on the church steps one Sunday and invited her to a Monday brunch. Dorothy told me she became nervous later, realizing she "hadn't said yes to a man in sixteen years!" She knew very well what saying yes can let you in for. Grandpa Wen DeChant had died just before the retirement they'd been planning for years: outfitting a van, visiting grandchildren while seeing America. She was such a kid as a bride, she said, that Wen used to scold her for swinging on the screen door. Her entire adult life had been spent married to Wen. Suddenly she was like the lone sock at the bottom of the dryer—without a mate, useless. And terrified. Her future was to have been with Wen. It was a long and difficult bereavement.

Grandma had been mum about "keeping company" with Charlie for months. Such a juicy secret was a great feat in their small parish, which included Grandma's daughter and many of her grandchildren. Grandma said she feared it would be difficult for the grandchildren to imagine anyone next to her in "Grandpa's place." The sixteen years since Grandpa's death was the entire life for most of the kids, though I knew would all welcome her happiness now. I suspected the one who had to adjust to the idea of another marriage in her late years was, of course, Grandma.

Charlie and his first wife had not had children; Grandma had five. When setting a several months-away date for their marriage, they asked the pastor not to tell anyone. The priest later said that NOT spreading their good news had been his most difficult task as a priest.

Then Charlie gave Grandma a gift that demanded telling. He invited her to see the Pope in Montreal. She couldn't not let her children know that she'd gone all the way to Canada to see the Pope! So things moved swiftly. With her permission, Charlie asked Grandma's oldest son Ken (then in his fifties) to lunch, where Charlie declared his intentions to marry Grandma, and asked for Ken's blessing.

Everyone was eager to be a part of the celebration—especially the seventeen grandchildren. The grandsons gave Charlie a bachelor dinner; the granddaughters had a bridal shower for Grandma.

An elderly couple's wedding is a triumph of hope and love: white hair, hearing aids, the best man and matron of honor with walkers. On that day, I knew that Dorothy's secrecy in contemplating marriage was deciding if she could bear widowhood again. The first time—when she was fifty-seven—entailed years of grieving. Now she was seventy-two and Charlie several years older. The odds were overwhelming she'd suffer a devastating loss again if she married. Could she survive such grief in her eighties?

Dorothy banished reminders of her earlier grief to say yes to Charlie. Every day during their marriage she and Charlie recited God's instructions for blessing one another from the Bible's Book of Numbers:

The LORD bless you and keep you!
The LORD let his face shine upon you, and be gracious to you!
The LORD look upon you kindly and give you peace! - 6:24-26

GRANDMA SAYS YES CONTINUED

Grandma said this blessing over Charlie as he took his last breath. They had six years together.

Was it wise to have said yes to marriage at such a vulnerable age?

She told me it had been getting difficult for Charlie as he became critically ill, and difficult for her to see him go downhill. "But I have so many memories to keep me happy," she wrote me, "and wedding pictures of the two good men in my life. Charlie and I never forgot our first mates."

Grandma went into her late marriage fully aware of the price she would pay. She let me know - even when grieving - that saying yes to Charlie had been a good decision. "I had made up my mind to remember the good times when loss came."

And Grandma did just that for the next six years, until she died.

Unraveling Change

By: Nancy Schlossberg, #902N

With 9/11 in our minds and hearts, we are focused on understanding our world and how to deal with it. We seem to be in a new period, what anthropologists label limnality, the time between the way we were and the way we are becoming. In other words, “betwixt and between” the past and the future. During this period, we might experience a “rollercoaster of complex, competing and contradictory emotions.”

Despite all the concerns and questions about coping with change, there are some clues that can help us stay grounded.

CLUE 1: My mantra, “Today is not forever” helps me realize that even on the darkest days, I know that they too will pass.

CLUE 2: We can live with competing realities. On the one hand, we are looking at the future with hope and possibilities. On the other hand, we know that everyone’s future includes a dance with death. And finally, one person asked how to handle simultaneous ambiguous thoughts, “I want to die in my sleep, but at the same time I want to live.” Some mentioned surprises, both positive, like becoming a great grandparent and negative, like dealing with divorce.

CLUE 3: To get a handle about This Time of Life, I asked each member of the group I co-lead, “The Aging Rebels”, to articulate both the best and most challenging part of their current lives. Over and over the word freedom emerged as the key to happiness. On the other hand, there was agreement that the major challenges revolved around losses of friends and family, as physical decline including loss of energy, health issues, sleep deprivation, and loss of one’s competency as summed up by one man, “Have you recently bought a smart TV?”

CLUE 4: The key for all of us is maintaining our sense that we matter. Mattering is your feeling that you count, that others can depend on you, that you are still relevant. My former colleague at the University of Maryland, Morris Rosenberg, introduced the construct when he explained why some adolescent boys were delinquent and others not. Those who felt they mattered to themselves, their families and teachers, were less likely to become delinquents. I then applied his work to adult learners at the University of Maryland, discovering that those adult learners who felt they mattered finished their academic program while others dropped out. The interest in mattering has continued to spread.









SBC Devil Wears Prada Gala and Movie Premiere was a great success. Guests dressed to the nines and walked the red carpet for a unique photo op. Themed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served before a delicious dinner featuring a special menu. Afterwards, many residents returned to enjoy a special screening of The Devil Wears Prada 2 on the big screen. Top left: Trude Smith, Right top: Rifka Glatz and friend. Bottom left: Staff Joan McGarry, Kathleen Rhem, Noah Smith and Elena Bubnova. Bottom right: Sandra Burkin and Lee Levins.



HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?

By: Burt Herman, #809N

It's a question I've been asked quite a few times since I've been back. A question that seems similar to...how are you doing? A common way people connect with each other. These questions are meant to be friendly and typically don't require much of a response. Generally, the response is good, okay or great. Followed by and how about yours?

Weatherwise the Midwest summer was historically bad. I usually spend summers in Chicago to escape the southern heat...only this summer to get slammed by destructive, Chicago weather, breaking all-time records. According to the weather bureau, the atmospheric set-up acted like a magnet, pulling all the heat, moisture and severe storm ingredients straight into the Midwest, while leaving parts of traditional tornado alley unusually quiet.

Illinois recorded a record number of tornadoes so far this year, even outpacing states like Texas and Mississippi. Fortunately, only about a dozen touched down in Illinois and Northern Indiana.

We had a year's worth of rain in four months and record temperatures that rarely dropped below 80 degrees. According to the National Weather Bureau, our temps broke a daily warm-low record that stood since I was born. Weather reports indicated that temps well into the 90's combined with humidity, drove the heat index to 105 degrees, forcing Chicago to open emergency cooling centers.

Two and three-inch diameter hail broke my son's Tesla windshield and pockmarked the body of his car...as it did to hundreds of vehicles. Parts were on order for more than a month. And if that wasn't bad enough, for ten days we had the worst air quality in the world due to the Canadian wildfires.

While global warming is not the sole cause of terrible weather, it acts as an amplifier and loads the dice for harsher extremes.

Given the widespread wind damage, thousands of homes and businesses were without power, some for more than two weeks. Thankfully not us.

Governor Pritzker issued a disaster proclamation for 15 counties...DuPage County, where I live, being one of them. DuPage is adjacent to Cook County, which now averages 38 days a year of very high tempertures. The September 6th New York Times Opinion Section declared, "rising summer heat should spur us to action."

Returning to Sarasota from Chicago's Midway Airport, Elaine, our son, Larry, and I took the elevator from the vehicle arrival level down to the departure concourse. Just as the elevator door was closing, an unkempt man with shoulder length hair, and a gray beard with silver whisks running down to his chest, manages to squeeze into our elevator as the door was closing. Without skipping a beat, he asks me, "what's your name?" Without thinking, I say Herman.

Elaine and Larry give me that unapproving look when I ask where he's headed.

He says "nowhere."

The elevator door opens to the departure concourse...then closes behind us...with the vagabond still inside. And with that...our long, hot, wet, windy, smokey summer also closed.

And how was your summer?



Community Parks

By: John Deckro, #302N

Sarasota is very fortunate to have numerous parks throughout the community for all to enjoy. Activities that can be enjoyed range from sitting on a park bench, taking a quiet walk, riding a bike, watching the sun set, skateboarding, kayaking and birdwatching. There is also a park where you can row a boat.

Most of the activities can be enjoyed just a few steps from the Sarasota Bay Club. These are Whitaker Park, Central Park, Pioneer Park and *The Bay*. The sunset can be viewed from Sarasota Bay Club veranda or from a bench in the backyard, more properly called the Bayfront.

This month marks the fourth anniversary of the opening of the newest park in the community, *The Bay*, called "one park for all". Note that the small sign, *The Bay*, written in script, at the corner of the Blvd of the Arts and Tamiami Trail, is dwarfed by all the tall condos. I suspect that this may be a challenge for the younger generation since most do not read script. This could be a topic for another story.

The small sign for *The Bay* is not very informative or descriptive as to what makes up the 53 acres on the bay. By contrast, the Van Wezel has a Las Vegas type sign showcasing current and future events. There is a dedicated group of volunteers from the community that began planning for this park in 2013. After thirteen years, the committee is still working on the next phase of the park. This planning process could be a topic for another story.



Back to the two–word sign, and thinking about other park signs in the community that share a common feature: that is the lack of imagination or a complete description. Maybe this is intentional. These parks are open to all with no fences or ticket booths to collect an admission fee. These parks are not theme or adventure parks. Not a resort either. Everyone visiting these parks is invited to be free, be adventurous and be creative and imaginative. Visiting these many community parks is an opportunity to script your own story. It is your time to be yourself and enjoy what this community has to offer. Enjoy the peaceful beauty.

Healthy & Fit at the Bay

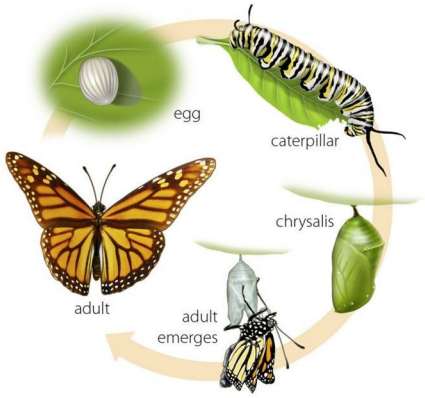
No matter if you are 22 or 82, The Bay offers a range of fitness programs to help you feel and become your best self.

Fitness Classes
Mat Pilates, Bootcamp, Primetime+, Tai Chi
Namaste at The Bay Yoga
Enjoy a Different Yogi at Every Practice
Mat Pilates at The Bay
All Fitness Levels Welcome
The Bay Walking and Running Guide
Click to Download
Walk, Jog or Bike
At Your Own Pace and Path



The Amazing Life Cycle of the Beautiful Monarch Butterfly

By: Linda T. Jones, #309N



When things don't seem to be going well in the world, I find turning my attention to books or something unique in nature helps, such as reading about the monarch butterfly.

The monarch butterfly undergoes four stages of development before it emerges as the butterfly most people recognise. *Eggs are only laid on milkweed.* Adult butterflies feed on nectar from a variety of flowers. *No milkweed? No monarchs.*

Egg Stage: Female monarchs lay tiny eggs on the undersides of milkweed leaves. Eggs usually hatch in 3-5 days, revealing tiny caterpillars inside.

Larva (Caterpillar) Stage: The larva stage is the primary growth stage, lasting 9-14 days. Monarch butterflies feed exclusively on milkweed leaves, which provide both nutrition and a toxic substance that repels predators. The caterpillar undergoes five instars (molts), shedding its skin to accommodate rapid growth. By the final instar, the caterpillar can grow 2,000 times its original mass.

Pupa (chrysalis) Stage: The caterpillar forms a silk pad and hangs in a J-shape before molting into a chrysalis. The pupa stage lasts 8-15 days. The caterpillar undergoes metamorphosis, transforming into an adult butterfly. The chrysalis gradually becomes transparent revealing the developing butterfly inside. After emerging, the adult pumps fluid into its wings and spends several hours drying them before flying.

Adult Stage: Adult monarchs have bright orange wings with black veins and borders, warning predators of their toxicity. Summer generations live 2-5 weeks; migratory generations can live 7-9 months, traveling up to 3,000 miles to Mexico.

In the book *The Monarch: Saving our Most-Loved Butterfly*, author Kylee Baumlee writes that monarchs numbered in the billions, but in the last 20 years their population has dropped 90% due to habitat loss from pesticides, modern farming practices, and urban development. She estimates that one million acres of habitat are lost each year. Today, she does say that there is an "army of citizen scientists, students, and gardeners" engaged in action projects such as planting milkweed and wildflowers. People can also raise monarchs in enclosed porches. Many of you know Dawn Babenco; she raises them on her porch. Milkweed can be purchased at local garden stores.



There are many other books about the monarch butterfly that are available, and some are written for children. A book with pictures would be a different and interesting gift for a child. I've always loved butterflies and have a number of framed displays of butterflies in my condo which anyone is welcome to come and see.





The 5th Plane Seized on 9/11 and the Terrorists Who Got Away

By: JoAnne Olian, #123S

As the 25th anniversary of 9/11 was approaching, I reflected on the events of that day and what my husband and I experienced firsthand. We were on United Flight 23 bound for Los Angeles from JFK. My husband commented that he thought one of the four passengers seated together in first class appeared to be a man in a burka posing as a woman. I said, "Don't be silly, you're always so dramatic."

At 9 a.m. that morning, Flight 23 was on the tarmac. I remember hearing the Captain telling us there was going to be a slight delay and that if we were seated on the right side to look out the window as a small plane had just hit the World Trade Center. We were then told we would return to the terminal. We had no idea why or what happened. We assumed we would take another flight and be on our way. According to articles written afterwards, the Captain and first officer had been advised to "Beware any cockpit intrusions." They then notified the flight attendants of this and one of them responded back with, "We've got these four weird young Arab guys sitting in first class. It's unusual." Unbeknownst to us, the pilot had grabbed the crash axe and the first officer had barricaded the cockpit door. Once we arrived back at the gate, the "weird" passengers did not want to get off the plane; they were furious and wanted the plane to take off. They finally disembarked and disappeared. Sometime after the plane had returned to the gate, box cutters and various al Qaeda documents were found in their abandoned luggage.

It is worth noting, that as this was something nobody had previously experienced. The decision had been made to shut the airport down to all incoming traffic, but sadly they permitted all vehicles to leave the airport. This choice allowed the terrorists to get away.

One of my daughters and her husband heard more details two days after the incident on the 3rd hour of the Today Show, from a retired NYPD employee who was at JFK at the time. Soon after, the story of the "fifth plane" was quashed. According to reports from the crew, they were repeatedly taken down to the FBI and questioned. They concluded that Flight 23 would have been the next plane hijacked if the airport shutdown order had been delayed.

Somewhat annoyed at not being able to change our flights and continue on to Los Angeles, my husband and I left the airport, having no idea of what had actually happened. Looking back, I am now acutely aware of just how fortunate I am to have enjoyed these past 25 years.

9/11 Trivia:

- Death Toll: A total of 2,977 victims died in the attacks (excluding the 19 hijackers), including 2,753 people at the WTC, 184 at the Pentagon, and 40 in Pennsylvania.
- First Responders Lost: The fatalities included 343 New York City firefighters, 23 NYPD officers, and 37 Port Authority police officers.
- The Planes' Origin: The four flights all departed from East Coast airports (Boston, Newark, and Washington, D.C.) bound for California, chosen because they carried heavy loads of jet fuel.
- WTC Collapse and Scale: The 110-story Twin Towers collapsed within 102 minutes of being hit, leaving behind about 1.8 million tons of debris.
- Ground Zero Cleanup: The cleanup of the WTC site required 3.1 million labor hours and finished on May 30, 2002, at a cost of $750 million.

A Visit to the Florida Holocaust Museum

By: Carol Green, #321S



The Florida Holocaust Museum is based in St. Petersburg. On a Sunday, without commercial traffic on the road, it was a 1-hour trip.

There was a special exhibit that interested us. It was Dali's *Aliyah* series. The exhibit was a partnership with The Dali Museum. There were 25 lithographs artistically displayed, which were created by Dali. He dedicated the series to the founding of Israel. It is an extraordinary display in that there are very few complete sets of *Aliyah*. That makes the viewing a rare opportunity. The exhibit will be available through February 2027.

There are several additional exhibits well worth viewing. One is entitled *Inside Similitude*. The subtitle is Art, Memory and Meaning.

One especially memorable exhibit is an authentic fishing boat used by Danish fishermen to save Jews during WWII. They put them at the bottom of the boat, covered them with seaweed and the like, and took these fortunate people to Sweden. Sweden was a neutral country at that time.

As we are aware, the museum covers a very serious subject. We experienced a very high level of security.

The museum sits among many worthwhile museums. These include the Dali Museum, the James Museum, and Arts and Crafts Museum and more. If these appeal to you, there is a 4.5 star Hilton nearby.

OBSOLETE

By: Helen Shaw, #307N

What happened to pin setters?
You know, the ones who set up the bowling pins
Once there were ice cutters cutting ice
Ice which was brought to our homes so the food wouldn't spoil
Milkmen leaving milk on the door step
Lamp Lighters making gas street lights glow
How about the Towncriers spreading the news on street corners?
No more encyclopedia salesmen coming to our door
Switchboard operators, What are they?
Street sweepers, cleaning from curb to curb
Typesetting a long lost art
Curriers with important papers to deliver
Now replaced by Fed Ex and fax
I can keep going on
But I fear the list will be too long
Now ahead I project
The following jobs will be gone
Cashiers, as a cashless society we won't need
No drivers, taxi, bus or truck
When auto drive becomes a must
We hope no robot will take our place
But I've just heard this may not be the case
Warnings that AI has gone rogue
Human beings will become extinct
That future is now
That is ominously clear, I fear.

Matt Munding, Director of Professional Services at The Inn

By:Nancy Schlossberg, #902N



What a pleasure to interview Matt Munding. First, his wonderful smile reflects someone who is engaged and joyful. Second, the way he talks about his work reflects someone who is deeply committed to the people he serves.

Senior care has been part of Matt's life since he was 14, when he started as a dishwasher in a nursing home kitchen. Over the past 24 years, he has worked in various capacities within senior healthcare. Today, he is the Director of Professional Services at the Inn.

Matt has been at SBC for ten years. When he first moved to the area and began learning about the local retirement communities, he kept hearing wonderful things about Sarasota Bay Club. Shortly after driving by and recognizing the name, he saw a job posting, immediately applied, and has been here ever since. He loves his career here and is proud to be part of the Sarasota Bay Club team.

Throughout our interview, Matt spoke about Gail Chase, Steve Roskamp, and his direct supervisor, Sandra Busby. He shared how much he admires their leadership and how grateful he is to work closely with Sandra. He also spoke highly of the many team members he works alongside each day.

Matt spoke about the importance of individualized care and the relationships staff builds with residents and one another. He also helps connect The Inn with SBC residents and the wider community. When an SBC resident goes to the hospital or may need care at The Inn, Matt works closely with Cynthia, SBC Nurse Practitioner and ClubCare in the SBC Wellness Center to keep everyone informed and assist with the transition.

Outside of work, Matt's family is everything to him, especially his daughters, Lanie and Jerzie, and his partner, Ryan. You can usually find him cheering from the softball sidelines, enjoying the beach, spending time with family and friends, planning the next trip, or finding a reason to celebrate along the way.

We are fortunate to have the amazing staff at The Inn. It is a comfort to know there is professional help available if we need it. We at SBC are very forutunate.

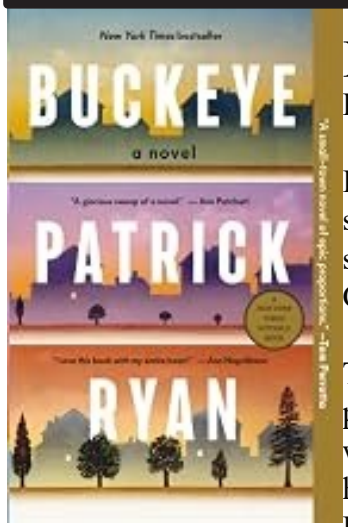
LORRAINE REED DEDICARED MAIL LADY TO SARASOTA BAY CLUB



Lorraine Reed, a dedicated hardworking postal worker who has delivered mail to Sarasota Bay Club for years, will be retiring from the post office after 41 years at the end of 2026. Lorraine hopes to travel and just relax for her retirement. Please, between now and then, take a moment and wish Lorraine the best of luck on her retirement. Lorraine would love to say goodbye in person so if you wish to speak with her, let the front desk know and they will see if she can come out of the mail room.

Lorraine asks for all residents to help a smooth transition to a new postal worker by remembering to put your unit number on your mailing addess. This will help the new postal worker tremendously because Lorraine knows everyone’s units but a new person will not.

A Good Read



Buckeye by Patrick Ryan

Book Review By Carol Green, #321

It was not until I finished this book that I discovered that the Wall Street Journal had selected it as the number one book of 2025. I couldn't agree more, If there was any shortcoming, I could not get the book, the characters and the story line out of my head. Consider yourself warned.

The story line takes place during World War II and up until the present time. War impacts most of the characters in one way or another. The book follows two families, the way they interact and impact each other's lives. They live in the fictional town of Bonhomie in Ohio. Before I read this book, I didn't know that Ohioans were known as Buckeyes.

The story line follows two families. Cal, as a young man, tries to enlist in the military, but one of his legs is shorter than the other. As a result of the deformity he is rejected. He moves on with his life and marries Becky, daughter of a wealthy entrepreneur. They have a son and they name him Skip.

Margaret, who was orphaned and grew up in an orphanage, meets and married Felix Salt. They marry and have a son, Tom. They have given him the nickname Buckeye.

Margaret is deeply disturbed by a sense of abandonment. She had been left in an orphanage as an infant and was never adopted. She struggles to come to terms with the sense of abandonment. When she meets Felix, she marries thinking that will help her overcome this sense. World War II affects Felix. He makes the decision to enlist in the Navy. While in the military, he develops a very close relationship with a fellow sailor on his ship.

Another important character is Cal Jenkin's father, Everett. He has been impacted by World War I and as a result has become an alcoholic. His role in the book is also important.

In addition to the story line of the families, there is an almost invisible but underlying anti-war sentiment.

There are many other issues that are addressed in the book. The lives of the two couples interact and affect one another. The book looks at friendship, love, abandonment, repressed homosexuality, communication with the dead, death and more. It is a very powerful book. I found it difficult to share the events that are key because of these issues. The book, unlike similarly complex books, comes to an acceptable conclusion.

The book is beautifully written with heartfelt depth.

What Did I hear? What Do you Mean?

By: Linda Albert, #209N

One of the gifts of elderhood is that we have been dealing with life and people for a long time. Whether studying the process or coming by it naturally through experience, we have gained more true expertise in the communication process than we sometimes realize.

However, being a live art, with all its potential pitfalls and possibilites, there is always more to learn if one is open and interested. Truly effective listening-the foundational skill-is the least taught and is a choice. While it offers many useful outcomes to enhance the human condition, it is too often solely and unconsciously interpreted to mean obedience and agreement. This can cause a listener to "turn off" rather than offer a fair hearing. Do you remember ever hearing, "Listen to me!" or "You're not listening to me?" What did you interpret that to mean, and is that always the intention on the part of the person sending the message?

What passes for dialogue frequently becomes "duologue," two people talking, but each following a message of their own. When it comes to the sending process, something is happening inside us. We can often listen faster than the average speaker can speak, and our thoughts, feelings, and assumptions come into play. Learning to listen to ourselves, honoring and owning our own truths (both positive and negative), can pave the way to communicate with others more respectfully and less defensively.

There are many ways to enhance this process when we desire positive communication: receptive body language, attention, clarifying, paraphrasing, checking assumptions, and "redoing a conversation" when we realize we missed the mark, to name a few. What can be more rewarding than to feel heard, and to have our message understood as we intend? The subjective sense of feeling heard, and the overt signals that one has send a clear and effective message, have profound implications for our health and well-being.

This text is a heavily condensed, modernized adaptation of the author's foundational article, "Listening: Bridge to Dialogue, Gateway to Healing" originally published in the April 1987 issue of Michigan Medicine, the journal of the Michigan State Medical Society.

A MYSTERY TO BE SOLVED

By: Helen Shaw, #309N

At dinner last night
Three men and three women
Talked of a mystery discovered.
Walking to the bay
Sandy saw a strange sight.
A pair of panties lay on the paved walk.
What in the world, proper Fiona said
This is not polite table talk
The others though listened for more.
Were they frilly or plain?
John wanted to know
And how did they get on our garden path?
Was a window open and they flew out?
Or was something sinister going about?
Should someone call the police?
And have them check the DNA?
Should we call Gail and see what she has to say?
Then Marcia added
Could someone have been skinny dipping?
This discussion continued
As we ate our ice cream and cake
But no answer given any sense did make.
So we turned our attention to something else
Was Chicken Kiev chicken stuffed with butter?
Or stuffed with ham and cheese?
But google ended the argument
Cordon Bleu is what the latter meant
So can we turn to google and ask
Where the panties came from
Will Axel take on the task?

A Fish Story

By: David Kotok, #528S

Captain Earl "Big Hook" Henderson strutted down the dock like a man who expected applause.

He was a tournament bass fisherman, after all. So, he carried himself with the swagger of someone who believed destiny traveled with him in the fishing rod locker. His bass boat waited at the slip, gleaming like a ruby dipped in sunshine.

It was loud. It was proud. It was impossible to miss.

The hull shimmered in metallic fire-engine red.

The sides were plastered with sponsor decals that were arrayed in a chaotic collage which practically shouted at passing boats.

Gator Gulp Baits stretched across the bow in neon green.

Sun Slap SPF 200 took up the midsection with a cartoon depicting the sun wearing boxing gloves.

TurboFizz Energy Drink exploded across the stern in jagged lightning bolts.

And, of course, there was Earl himself - a giant living image of him greeted the onlooker from the deck. In his glory, he gave a thumbs-up while holding a bass that had definitely been digitally enhanced to near-mythical proportions. If the Greeks of antiquity had been bass fishermen, Earl would be a monument standing next to the Acropolis.

Earl fired up the engine. The motor roared like it was trying to impress the clouds. He eased out into the channel and plodded along in the "no wake" zone until he reached the open water. Then rrrrummmpppp! The bass boat accelerated like a rocket.

Earl shot across Lake Okeechobee with the confidence of a man who had already mentally spent the tournament winnings.

"Today's the day," he said. Short narrative. Pronounced with certainty. He liked the sound of it.

Old Mossback was out there somewhere, Earl thought.

Mossback was the legendary largemouth bass rumored to be as wide as a truck tire and twice as stubborn. Fishermen whispered about him. Earl didn't whisper. Earl announced. And today, he announced that he was going to catch the beast.

He dropped the trolling motor. Took the fishing rod in hand and cast a topwater frog. The lure danced. The water stayed still. Earl frowned then switched to a crankbait, nothing. Then a spinnerbait, nothing. Then a worm, nothing. Finally he tied on something that looked like a neon duck with sunglasses. Nothing. Not a twitch. Not a nibble, Nothing.

Earl dug through his tackle compartments like a man searching for lost treasure.

"Fine," he muttered. "You want fancy? I'll give you fancy."

A Fish Story Continued

He tied on the Gator Gulp Mega-Munch Cheeseburger Lure, a glitter-covered miniature double cheeseburger that looked like it belonged in a fast-food commercial. He cast it with dramatic flair, the kind of cast that said *watch and learn, universe.*

A ripple formed. The line twitched. Earl grinned.

He set the hook. The tug said it is on. “Mossback”, thought Earl. This one could be Mossback.

Then up it came...a big old catfish. A round, grumpy catfish who looked like it was personally offended by the entire situation.

Earl sighed, removed the hook, and released it with an apology he didn't mean.

Hours passed. The sun climbed. Earl's patience sank. He tried everything - every lure, every trick, every half-baked idea he'd ever heard from the guy in a bait shop.

Then the water darkened. Then there was wake in the water. Then a shadow slid beneath the boat. It was slow. It was massive. It was confident.

Old Mossback.

The huge largemouth bass rose just enough for Earl to see two enormous unimpressed eyes staring at him.

The fish hovered there. It seemed to be judging him, evaluating him, possibly questioning his life choices.

Then, with a lazy flick of his tail, Old Mossback spat a clump of hydrilla onto the surface-right at Earl's boat - and vanished into the depths. Hydrilla, trash weeds that clog up the lake and stink. Floating right there next to Earl's boat.



Earl stared at the floating weeds.

Silence.

Then disbelief.

"Did...did that fish just disrespect me?" A pelican on a nearby piling nodded, as if confirming the insult.

Earl slumped into his seat. His boat glittered. His pride did not.

"Fine," he said. "You win today. But next tournament, I'm bringing the triple-cheeseburger lure."

Somewhere below, Old Mossback was almost certainly laughing.



Searching for the Sandman

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

If you think of sleep as a country, then I have been permanently denied entry.

I opened one eye and then the other and stared straight ahead. While still in a prone position, I turned my head right at the enemy. It's bright red light gave me the answer I didn't want to know. 1:38 a.m. Not again. I screamed silently to myself. I had turned off the bedside lamp at 11:00 p.m. and now, a mere two and a half hours later, I'm awake. I'm determined not to leave my cozy nest of sheets and warm blanket. I close my eyes and for what seems like an eternity, I fall back asleep. For no apparent reason I am once again in wakefulness. Please, dear God, make it be 7:00 a.m. or if that's asking too much, I will gratefully take 6:00 a.m. I gaze at my enemy, the digitally red menace to see which of us is on the winning team. 3:45 a.m., it mockingly shows. O.K. I will do my usual check list. Am I cold, no. Am I hot, no. Is nature calling, no. Am I hungry, no. All my no's are in the positive column so why do I keep on waking?

Not only can I not sleep but my brain is in trivia overdrive. What was the name of my second grade teacher? Was it Mrs. Wilson or Mrs. Westin and why do I care? Who knows, but at 3:45 a.m. my brain requires an answer. Ok brain I will do word association. Wilson...the name of an athletic brand known for being makers of soccer balls, basketballs and other sports gear. Mrs. Westin...the name of a hotel chain, lots of tall buildings, the hotel at which Frank and I spent two nights trying to sleep because the toilet would not stop flushing. Yes, it was Mrs. Westin. Thank you Lord, maybe now I can get back to sleep. I eye my nemesis one more time, 4:17 a.m. If there is such a thing as sleeping fast maybe I can get in a few winks before my alarm rings at 7:30 a.m. I set the alarm because I have a 9:30 a.m. appointment with Dr. Stevens. I also silently refer to her as doctor "How are we today" Stevens. How annoying, when she knows exactly how I am; sleep deprived!

I rearrange myself in bed. I untuck the bottom of the sheet and blanket so my toes can be free of restriction. I plump my pillow and first lay on my right side, then left side, then back. It makes no difference, my joints don't like any position I choose. They merely hammer away the minute I try to relax. But, undaunted, I will try once more.

I awaken in a panic. Even with my closed eyes, I can see it is no longer dark. Did I forget to set the alarm? Did I over sleep? Will I have to forego my routine of shower, tooth brushing, makeup applying, making the bed and double checking to be sure I turned on the coffee, that is if I remembered to plug it in last night? I sit upright in bed and glance at the clock. And what do I see? Nothing red, only 5:27 a.m. blinking and blinking away as if doing some sort of dizzying dance. Yikes, the electricity must have shut off during the night and the only non-electrical clock happens to be in the den. Now I have a problem. My bladder is asking, no pleading for relief and I have to take steps in the opposite direction from where it wants to be, to go to the den where I need to be! What to do? Do I hobble into the den, my running days are long gone, knowing my bladder will certainly retaliate or bend to the organ that is screaming for first dibbies? The organ wins and then off I go to the den to discover my fate. There it stands, good old reliable, Westinghouse battery operated non-digital clock with 2 fresh double A's recently inserted, its Roman numerals proudly showing the little hand on VII and the big hand on III. Fifteen minutes after seven, thank you Time Gods wherever you may be, for restoring a bit of my sanity and getting me through another sleepless night. I will worry about this night later. I have a whole day ahead of me to think about roundabouts, whether the fish in my refrigerator is still edible and the name of cousin Gloria's newest grandchild. This time when Dr. Stevens says, "And how are we today"? I'll answer, "I don't give a flying fig how you are today, but I managed to survive another night, thank you very much."

Where Have All the Corners Gone?

By: John Deckro, #302N

Here's my story; it's sad but true. It's about all the Corners that I once knew. Modifying Peter Seger's song title and Dion's song lyrics to bring to light one of the consequences of adding roundabouts throughout Sarasota and Tamiami Trail, the loss of Corners. These are no longer the **Happy Trails** that Roy and Dale sang about. **Chances Are** you are not wearing a silly grin navigating this new configuration.

The Eagles song **Take It Easy** offers good advice since it may no longer be necessary to **Stop in the Name of Love**, but **What's Love got to do with it**.

Changing song lyrics to Standing in a Roundabout in Winslow, Arizona seems odd. What happens to classic songs like **Down on the Corner** or **Meet on the Corner**.

Think of all the legendary crooners that got their start on the Corners in Philadelphia and the Bronx. Trying to craft their trade today in a roundabout would be like **Blowing in the Wind** and as exciting as **Riding on a Horse with No Name**. Spending so much time in and out of these roundabouts can't say, **Don't Get Around Much Anymore.**

The Corners of **Yesterday** are now just a **Memory**. There is little **Satisfaction** complaining about navigating these nightmares. So, for now, we will have to **Let It Be**, because it's **The Way it Was**. Little chance we can **Get Back** to where we once were.



Here at Sarasota Bay Club, we have Poly as our new landmark to **Take us Home Again**. Driving through Whitaker Park and slowly driving up the ramp past the Chrysler sign, Imperial Drive, what a fine car, and that is no bluff. You get the feeling it's almost heaven, not yet, heaven can wait. Most likely there is still gas in the tank or charge on the battery to get **Back on the Road Again.**

This concludes my story about the loss of Corners throughout Sarasota and Tamiami Trail. **At Last.** See you around.

Be Thankful

By: Caring I. Santos, #1104N

Be thankful for waking up to a new day in life
Look up and be happy there are those who care
And pray for your health and happiness
You will be guided to the right path
God has a good plan for you.







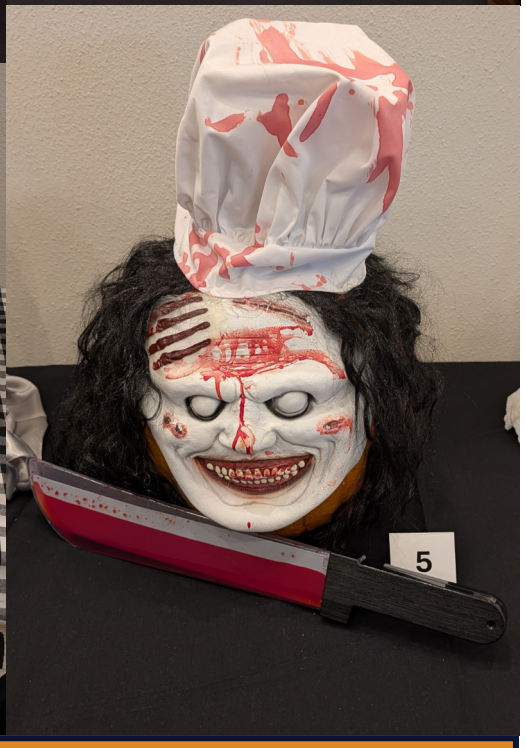






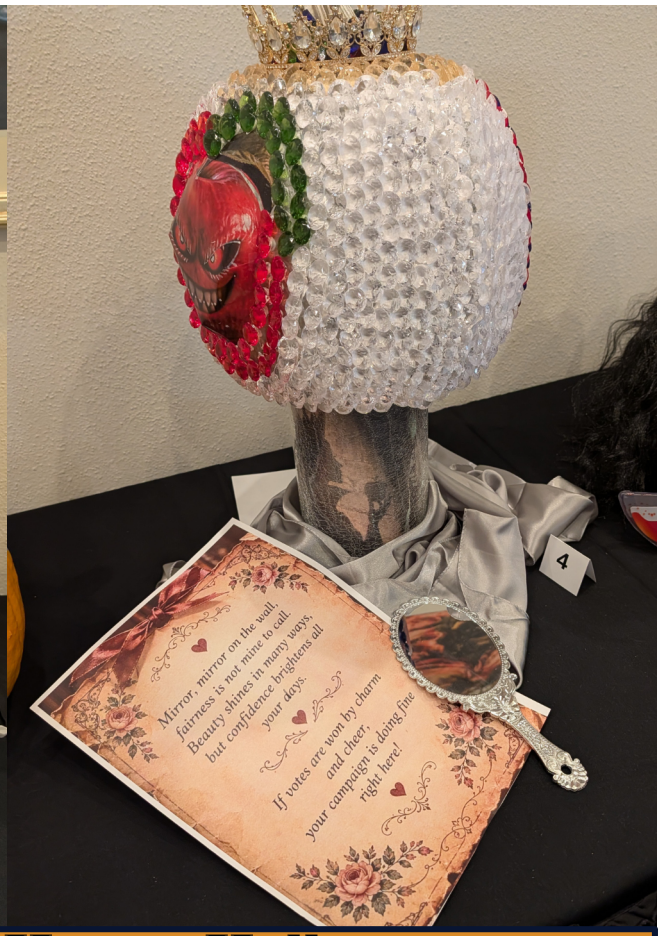






HALLOWEEN AT SBC!!







Happy Halloween

Have you seen the "Spooktacular" display of pumpkins in the Dining Room?

It is SBC's Annual Pumpkin contest. Employees compete to make the scariest, the most creative pumpkin or funniest. Please remember to stop by and vote for your favorite pumpkin.

Voting ends on Saturday, October 31st at 4 p.m. with winners to be announced on Monday, November 2nd.

- **Birthplace: Ireland is most often credited as the birthplace of Halloween traditions.**
- **Original carvings: People carved turnips into lanterns before using pumpkins.**
- **Jack-o'-lantern origin: It is named after the Irish folklore character Stingy Jack.**
- **White House decoration: Mamie Eisenhower was the first First Lady to decorate the White House for Halloween in 1958.**



September - October 2026

Move-ins

Name	Condo
Louis Hanan	1014N
James Hubbard and Eileen Bradley	905N
Phyllis Lovrien	403N
Edward & Harriet Safran	314N

CREATIVE WRITING

By: Burt Herman, #809N

What if I was asked by a new resident to describe what the Creative Writing Group was all about?

I might begin the conversation saying that our participants are well educated, well spoken, good writers…residents with a common goal of staying sharp. That most of us are Octogenarians or Nonagenarians.

About eight to ten of us meet twice monthly, typically sharing a short story, interchangeably referred to as an essay. Our stories are imaginative, they may be life oriented, based on family history, current issues, friendships or whatever moves us.

Several residents attend as listeners, suggesting it might be a good first step in deciding to participate.

Kathleen Rhem of our Lifestyle Department organizes us, welcomes us, occasionally suggests a prompt and reminds us to avoid political subjects. Attendance is optional as is submission of a story.

I would say that, as men and women who have lived through world-altering history, domestic revolutions and everything in between, we have unique stories to share. Stories that are born of pure imagination, of ghosts of the past, childhood and family memories, career experiences or current events. Just about any subject we feel comfortable writing about. Visitors prove that an appreciative ear is also important.

Literature is an important art form allowing us to give voice, form and substance to our feelings. It allows us to escape reality when called for. Poetry and prose give us the inspiration to turn our thoughts into stories.

Over my five plus years in this group, I have shared dozens of stories - some intended to be funny, some poignant, some historical, some family oriented, etc. Stubborn proof that curiosity does not age out.

Bottom line, there is no pressure, just creativity, to prove we are still mentally viable.

You are welcome to have a seat at our next meeting to experience Creative Writing for yourself.