



VILLAGE NEWS

STUARTS DRAFT RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Stuarts Draft, Virginia

“Keeping active in mind, body, and spirit for the time of your life.”

VOL. 13 NO. 2

FEBRUARY 2016

♥ ♥ ♥ *“February - The Love Month!”* ♥ ♥ ♥

The Bible is full of great verses and passages concerning the topic of LOVE.

With that in mind, let us ask ourselves, “What is LOVE?”

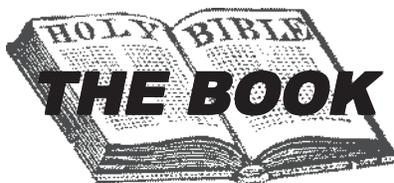
Looking at God’s Word, LOVE is described this way. It is patient, kind, not rude, not irritable, does not insist on having its own way, it rejoices in the truth, it will not pass away, and many others.

So again, we should ask: “What is LOVE?”

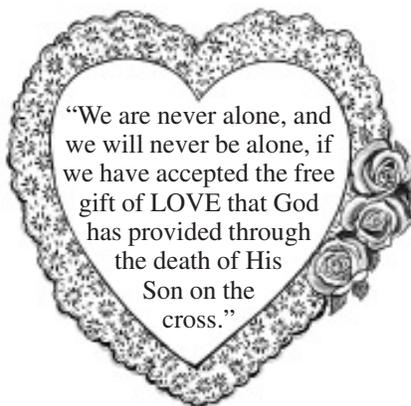
Here are a few verses from God’s Word concerning the word “LOVE”!

I challenge you to get your Bible, read these verses, and then determine in your own mind, what

Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey



the word “LOVE” means to you.

Romans 5:8 - Romans 8:37-39

Romans 13:8 - Galatians 2:20

John 3:16 - 1 John 3:1

1 John 4:7

There may be times we don’t feel His LOVE or His nearness, but He is always there! May the reality of His promise go deep into our heart and mind.

We are never alone, and we will never be alone, if we have accepted the free gift of LOVE that God has provided through the death of His Son on the cross!

He is God the Father – God the Son – and God the Holy Spirit.

God Is Love!

WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE

*“I set out to find a friend, but I couldn’t find one anywhere;
I set out to be a friend, and friends were everywhere.”*

Submitted by Marge Piatt.

Seeker of Truth

By Betty Luzadder

It was early Sunday morning
as I entered the room
reserved for church.

I went to join my friend
waiting for the service to begin.

For some it was an effort to attend.

Many questions came to thought.

What did I bring to the service?

Was it patience, kindness, understanding?

Did I go just to receive?

The sermon held the answers-

The first words I heard-

We have to grow up-

To do everything with joy,

Expressing the love,

Bestowed on man,

As the son of God.

The Weather Report A Look Back at December

By Bill Phillips

Our memories may be short but December should be remembered as a very warm month. It was 70 degrees on Christmas Day and was generally warm all month. The winds did return with several days over 20 mph and a high reading of 33 mph on December 28. I also noted a wind chill of minus 1 degree on the 19th with a 30 mph wind and a 30 degree temperature.

One unofficial record should also be noted. We seldom have single digit wind days and I recorded three in a row on the 5th, 6th and 7th. The winds were 7-9 mph. Very unusual for "The Draft!"

Reminiscing The Gift

By Bunny Stein

The woman walked with her head bent, in deep despair. Her footsteps kicked up spits of dust as she trudged slowly down the dirt road toward the spillway. Her mind was so confused. When she awoke that morning, the gloominess of the day matched her mood. Life had lost all meaning for her. Her Mennonite parents had taught her from the Bible not to be unequally yoked with an unbeliever, and she was learning the truth of these teachings. It had been a living hell married to the Native American, that she had fallen in love with one summer day in 1941. She tried so hard to make it work, but nothing good ever came of it except the two precious children that came from that union. She thought of her little son Jake, who that very morning, came in the kitchen clutching a hand full of yellow wildflowers. His face beamed as he presented them to her with such pride and love in his eyes.

Memories of her entire life span skittered across her mind in just a few short moments as she continued her journey toward the spillway. The dirt road curved slightly, and the spillway was now in sight. She walked up to the fence with her toes touching the bottom of the wooden guardrail. She gazed through blinding tears down into the deep, dark water. She was going to end this pain. Life was too hard. She prayed for a long time, because lately her words to God seemed to go unnoticed. For some reason she heard herself again asking God to take care of her two children and to forgive her for what she was about to do.

As she opened her eyes, they were drawn directly to a small bunch of yellow flowers growing alongside the river bank. She stared at them for a long time as they nodded in the breeze. Remembering her little son's gift of wildflowers that morning, her heart was strangely warmed. She knew in her heart that she could never leave her children. She wiped the tears from her eyes, and looking heavenward, gave thanks to God for giving her a ray of hope. . .and the courage to "keep on keeping on."

She stepped off the spillway and walked briskly towards her home. She had hope now, a new found strength from God's storehouse. "I can make it now", she said to herself, and thanked God again for using her little son's gift of flowers to show her the way.

**This is a true story told to me many years ago by a dear friend.*

VILLAGE NEWS

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WHAT A WEEK!

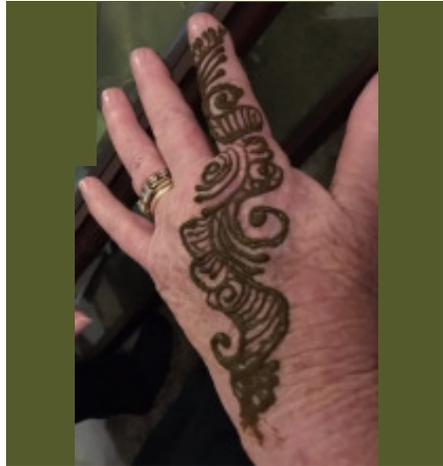
By Nancy Phillips

Travelled nearly 18,000 miles, saw my granddaughter married, knocked a big item off my “bucket list” and felt like I was living in the last century. All of this happened between December 26th and January 3rd.

I flew to New Delhi, India for my granddaughter Meredith’s second wedding to Rahul Grover. They were married last August in Washington, D.C. and this was the Indian wedding to fulfill his mother’s dream. Indian weddings are three day affairs and very colorful. The first event I got to attend Monday was the Mehendi, a glorified party where all the women got their hands painted with henna whilst others drank, ate dinner, sang and danced. My cousin, granddaughter Claire and I went to the home of the bridegroom earlier in the day to watch three men decorating both of Meredith’s hands and feet. Then they turned to us quickly painting one of my hands.

The next day twenty-two “white” folks travelled by bus to Agra, India to visit the Taj Mahal – a bucket list item for me. It is a fantastic building to behold. Since several of us were over age and grade we got to ride a motorized rickshaw closer to the gate forgoing the quarter mile walk to the entrance. If you like frantic weaving in and out of traffic you would enjoy that ride. The “Taj” was worth the long day of traveling. In India they are very conscious of our skin color and many times strangers asked to take their pictures with us just because we were white. (They also charged us at least twice as much for entrance tickets.)

Wednesday was the day of the big wedding. The actual ceremony was attended by a small group of invitees. It was held in a Sikh temple



Painted Hand



Taj Mahal



Motorized Rickshaw



The Bride

beautifully decorated with traditional yellow and orange marigolds. Our bride wore the customary red sari and the groom was turbaned. A bountiful luncheon followed the ceremony. That night the reception was held for a larger crowd in a grand banquet hall with dancing, and another magnificent meal. . . complete with the regulation spicy dishes and a wedding cake. When it came time to cut the cake the couple grabbed spoons and dug into it and fed each other, and then the parents, and many others also dug in and fed the couple who fed them in return. Quite a twist from our custom.

On Thursday Meredith and Rahul arranged a rickshaw tour of Delhi for us. It is quite a city. It is divided into five major sectors; New Delhi, Old Delhi and South Delhi among them. Rahul’s home was in South Delhi. There and in Old Delhi the streets are often cobblestoned, dirt or blacktop combined. Cows (they are sacred) roam the streets and are seen weaving in and out of the traffic. Dogs are also roaming everywhere and kind hearts put coats on those which are safe to pet. We even saw monkeys hanging from windows of some buildings. There are many small shops in buildings along the streets and it is sad to see the number of shacks and hovels where families live. These crowded, dusty and dingy streets hide glorious homes and buildings behind wrought iron fences.

Our tour took us into New Delhi which was built by the British before they were ousted in 1947. There you see broad four lane avenues with center islands lush with trees, curbs and gutters and nary a cow wandering. There are massive parliament and other government buildings and a presidential home reported to be the largest in the

Continued on Page 4

WHAT A WEEK!

Continued from Page 3

world. You feel as though you are experiencing two different centuries all in one day. Our tour of Old Delhi was a total contrast. There the streets are narrow and crowded with shops. We went in to the “pepper market” and the tons of red peppers there put off an aroma making us all cough. We bought tea in the tea market. But, most memorable of all we visited a huge downtown Sikh temple where we observed them feeding 30,000 free meals a day to the hungry. The Sikhs have three tenets including cut nothing living (don’t cut their hair, or eat root vegetables that would kill a plant) and be charitable. Granddaughter Claire joined in rolling out bread in one of the kitchens. It was an amazing experience.

As we were leaving the U.S., Bill emailed me he read on the web that Delhi was the number one worst city for pollution in the world. After our rickshaw tour we discovered when we blew our noses black gunk came out. Dense smog hung over many of the buildings and I was using my asthma inhaler regularly. On January first Delhi initiated an odd/even rule that people could only drive every other day: odd licenses on odd days, etc. However, there are quite a few exceptions such as single women can drive any day so there is doubt this rule will really help the pollution problem. I saw no change in the heavy traffic.

The twenty-two hour plane trip home (two legs and six hour lay-over) brought me back to the current century and I arrived home tired, thankful for our country and grateful for the opportunity to see another fascinating part of the world.

SDRC Residents Featured in the Staunton Newspaper

By James Q. Salter

In the two days prior to Christmas and Christmas day three residents of our retirement community were featured in front page stories of The News Leader. Reporter Traci Moyer from the newspaper interviewed Penny Wilson, Anna Brenneman, and James Q. Salter. On Wednesday, December 23 Penny Wilson of the Meadows was featured in a front page story entitled “A 1963 Wish.” Penny’s son, Steve, now 58 years old, sat by his side as Penny told the story about six-year-old Steve’s wish that his dad would get home from Thailand for Christmas. Penny was serving with the Seabees at that time with the 85th Naval Construction Battalion. Penny stated that he had not expected to be able to get off to go home, but after much hard work his commanding officer rewarded him with a pass to go home for Christmas. After a difficult journey by air and bus, Penny arrived in Norfolk on Christmas Eve. He called his wife and asked her to get in the car and meet him at a certain intersection. Penny arrived at his home at 2:00 a.m. Christmas morning. Penny Wilson said that the Christmas of 1963 was his most cherished memory. He surprised his son for Christmas.

Anna Brenneman was featured in The News Leader on Thursday, December 24 in a story entitled “An Austere Start.” In the story Anna recounted some of her favorite Christmas memories as she told especially about the depression. As she pulled out a handkerchief from her purse, Anna stated that one of her favorite memories is that of 1935. “A little boy gave the handkerchief to me,” she stated, “and I remember that his family was very poor. I kept it.”

Anna stated that the hurried pace of raising a family and surviving some of the more financially strained years are long gone and her new living environment has a number of benefits, “We don’t have to shovel snow or mow the grass,” she said. “We are well taken care of.”

On Christmas morning the newspaper featured James Q. Salter in a story entitled “A Gift from the Past.” Salter told about his U.S. Army dog tag of World War II which he lost in 1945 and had returned to him on November 21, 2015. The story goes something like this.

After flying on thirty-two bombing and mining missions against Japan, Salter returned to the states and was granted a forty-five day leave before returning for his Army discharge. During his leave he enjoyed his favorite sport – quail hunting. It was on one of those hunting trips that he lost the dog tag about twenty-five miles from his home. By coincidence, a relative by the same last name found the tag. When that gentleman died years later, the tag was found in his personal effects. A gentleman who knew about Salter came into possession of the tag and kept it in his billfold for some time. Now, fast forward to November 9, 2015. A relative was attending the funeral of a mutual friend. After the service the man who had the tag told a friend that he would like to get the tag to James Salter, but did not know how. “I know how to get it to him,” he stated. He gave it to Salter’s relative who called Salter and told him to watch his mail in the coming days.

The reporter closed the article with this statement: “My old Army dog tag,” Salter said fondly, “I lost that 70 years ago. I’m hanging it on the wall with my other one.”

Thanks to Chaplain Karen Moore (for giving the names of the interviewees), reporter Traci Moyer and photographer Griffin Moores of The News Leader, the features cast a favorable light on the Stuarts Draft Retirement Community. Anna Brenneman’s closing statement applies to all of us here: “We are well taken care of.”

Getting to Know Us Better

By Nancy Phillips

Our featured resident this month is Eleanor Mininger, a lifelong Pennsylvanian who moved into Skyline Pavilion last April. You have probably noticed this slight little whirlwind joining in many of our SDRC activities such as Bible study and the hymn sing at the Meadows. Nearing ninety, Eleanor spoke lovingly of her eight children, twenty grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. Her children currently live in six different states and in recent years she has escaped the Pennsylvania winters by circulating among her children's homes. However, this year she has been so pleased with life at SDRC she is staying put for the winter. She has a daughter who lives close by and another daughter in Harrisonburg.

Eleanor grew up in Eastern Pennsylvania not too far from Philadelphia. Her home for many years was nestled at the base of some mountains and she is particularly pleased her balcony here faces our beautiful Blue Ridge mountain range. She attended school for only eight years in a little one-room stone schoolhouse. She had three brothers and three sisters and was the fifth in line in her family. She was only three and a half when her mother died in childbirth and the two youngest in the family were sent to live with relatives.

She married Joe Mininger in 1946 and she showed me pictures of the lovely log cabin home they



Eleanor Mininger

had in the Pennsylvania hills. Joe died in 2007 after sixty-one years of marriage.

Eleanor's love of flowering plants is evident when you visit her apartment. She has plants in pots lined up in front of her sliding glass doors and the beautiful amaryllis that adorned the January community breakfast table was standing tall among them. Another love she developed was for photography and she loves to take pictures of nature.

I asked her if she had ever worked outside of her home and she just laughed. "No, I never worked. I just stayed home and raised eight children." We all know just how much she really worked, and I am sure this lovely lady enjoyed every moment with her family.

One last thing I learned: just like my own mom's, her family name is part of the Pennsylvania Deutsch tradition. When you say Mininger the "g" is almost silent and you say it as Minin'er. Remember that when you call out her name.



By Marge Piatt

This is a quick and easy way to make Beef Stroganoff. I have used this recipe for years and my family always enjoyed it. Hope you will too.



Quick Hamburger Stroganoff

- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 pound ground beef
- 2 Tbsp. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained; may use fresh
- 1 can (10 1/2 oz.) of cream of chicken soup (may substitute mushroom soup, if desired)
- 1 cup sour cream

Saute the onion in butter in a large skillet over medium heat until transparent. Add the ground beef and cook until beef is light brown. Sprinkle flour over the beef mixture, stir and cook for one minute. Add salt, pepper, mushrooms and chicken soup into the beef mixture. Cook until hot, about 5 minutes; add sour cream and simmer about 2 to 3 minutes longer. Pour beef mixture over egg noodles or rice. Yields about 4 servings.



“SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus, RLM Athletics

“Winning With Character”

Finally — but finally! — the college football season has been put to rest. The plethora of bowl games (about 40) which led up to the final-four playoff rounds were a bit much, to put it mildly. Even at that, with all the bowl games there were, methinks the NCAA might have missed some. How come there was no “Salad” or “Cereal” or “Soup” or “Chowder” Bowls? So the collegiate gridiron glory goes to Alabama which edged Clemson, 45-40 for the national championship.

Staying with the pigskin ranks, the NFL’s playoffs are underway heading towards the February 7 Super bowl climax in Santa Clara, CA. Washington’s Redskins turned on the switch over the last month of the season to capture the NFC Eastern Division crown with a 9-7 mark. The team’s switch to Kirk Cousins as the quarterback paid huge dividends. He wound up with a team record for passing yardage, which paved the way for the ‘Skins’ playoff tussle with Green Bay. Unfortunately, the ‘Skins’ could not hold an early 11-0 lead and were eliminated by Green Bay’s mighty second half surge, 35-18.

So who will it be in the fabled Super bowl L (that’s 50, folks) clash? At press time, eight teams remained: in the AFC it was Kansas City, New England, Pittsburgh and Denver; the NFC showed Green Bay, Arizona, Seattle and Carolina. This corner favors the Packers over New England.

On the ice, the Washington Capitals continue their rapid pace atop the NHL’s Metropolitan Division, winning roughly 3 out of every 4 games. The “Beltway Gang” had a healthy lead of nearly 20 points over their closest rivals (Rangers and Islanders) and seemed on the verge of a runaway division title. Alex Ovechkin, the Caps’ torrid goal scorer recently joined some elite company by becoming the 43rd player in NHL history to notch 500 goals. The Russian winger hit the 500 mark in 801 career games, the fifth fastest player to do so, trailing only Wayne Gretzky, Mario Lemieux, Mike Bossy, and Brett Hull.

In the NBA the Washington Wizards slog along at a less than .500 pace and do not appear to be viable threats for the 2016 title. Defending champs, the Golden State Warriors again seem like the powerhouse of a year ago as they whipped along at a phenomenal .945 clip into the season’s latter half.

On the local hoops scene, the UVa Cavaliers had moved to No. 4 in the national polls before promptly dropping a pair of Atlantic Coast Conference games to Virginia Tech and Georgia Tech. Those losses dipped the Cavs (12-3) to 13th in mid-January polling; the top spot went to Kansas which stood at 14-1. At 12-5, James Madison stood mid-pack in Colonial Athletic Association competition. In the Atlantic-10, VCU was 11-5 overall, while Richmond was sitting at 9-6. Plenty of time for the old Dominion State squads to get their acts together as they prime for the “Big Show” in March.

Join us for our next Sports Chat session, Thursday, February 11, from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. in our usual lair, the Friendship Room. Be a part of the “Biggest Hit in Augusta County.”

In Memory

Cherished members of our community have passed on to their heavenly home:

Calvin Niday

December 26

Emmajane Rossman

December 28

Jack Tanner

January 2

They shall be greatly missed!



The Gift

By Bunny Stein

In this day and time when our nation seems to be in dire straits and it’s every man for himself in so many cases, it is depressing to say the least. Suddenly a ray of sunshine glows in your life.

How often do you receive a gift for no special reason? Last week when I received the beautiful vase of tulips from an (almost anonymous) giver, I was filled with such joy and gratitude. I learned that everyone in our community received one also. Of course we all know that it was from our nearby neighbor BlooMaker. We saw BlooMaker from its beginning and have seen its growth over the years. I have long wanted to go there and view, first hand, how they manufacture these beautiful flowers. Maybe our Activities Director will plan such a trip for us one day.

I have watched with interest, how these flowers bloom. . . a little at a time, and how it brightens up my kitchen where it can get light and sunshine. I, for one, really appreciate this gift, as I know everyone in our community does.

THANK YOU BLOOMAKER for your special gift, and for putting a ray of sunshine in my life and the lives of all those in this community.

And remember: Don't BE a character — SHOW some!!!

The Visitors

By Karen Moore

My parents grew up on adjoining farms in Konnarock, Virginia, a very small town in southwest Virginia. They knew each other from childhood, but were not romantically inclined toward each other until they were in their teens. Mom worked in her uncle's grocery store, and Dad worked the farm with his father. Their "dates" consisted of walking to and from church on Sundays and Wednesday evenings with their parents and siblings in close proximity. Everything changed after December 7, 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Within a few months my father joined the Army and made plans to leave for Fort Benning, Georgia for boot camp.

My mother once told me that the first time Dad ever kissed her was on the evening he was leaving. It was a very short kiss according to her as her parents had allowed them to stand on the front porch together . . . alone! But only for a few minutes.

They agreed to write each other as often as possible and to wait for the day when my father would return from the war. Mom said she wrote almost every day, but of course that was not possible for my father who was a paratrooper serving in the Philippines.

My father was granted only one leave during his four years of service. While on leave he asked my mother to marry him. She quickly agreed. So upon his return, in 1945, they were married and moved to Portsmouth, Virginia, where two of my father's brothers were now living as there was work and housing available to returning service men in the city.

It is important to understand that although my parents had written many letters and had known many of the same people growing up, there was a four year interlude in their relationship. During that time

many things had changed in the world and in their lives. So what follows is an account of an experience that occurred due to the passing of time and the lack of communication between them that my mother shared with me during the recent Thanksgiving holiday.

One evening a taxi pulled up in front of the row home my parents were living in and a young couple with a suitcase got out and knocked on the door. They asked if this was where Charles Williams lived, and my mother, being somewhat flustered at the appearance of unexpected guests was not really listening, said that it was. The man told my mother his brother had met my father while in the service and that my father had told him he was welcome to stay with him when he got out of the service until he found a job. (My mother recalled that she thought at the time that did not sound like something my father would say as he was a very private person. However, she thought that this man must have saved his life or something). According to this young man, he had also recently returned from the war and his brother had told him to come to Portsmouth and look up my father and inform him that he wanted my dad to let his brother take him up on the offer as he was happy living where he was.

"So," the young man said, "I married my sweetheart, and here we are."

My mother smiled and excused herself. She went into the kitchen to make coffee and try to figure out where they were all going to sleep in this tiny one bedroom house. About that time my dad came home from work. He looked surprised to see two strangers in the living room. He said hello to the puzzled looking couple as my mother came out of the kitchen with a tray of coffee smiling shakily. They all sat and stared at each other for a few minutes drinking coffee.

My father tried to make small talk, and in a few minutes asked my mother to step into the kitchen for a moment. "Are these some of your friends from back home that you met when I was away?" he asked.

"No" was my mother's quick reply. "I thought he was the brother of a friend of yours from the army."

My dad looked puzzled and returned to the living room. He asked the man just what his brother's name was.

"Richard Blevins," was the young man's reply.

"I'm afraid there has been some mistake here," my father said. "I don't know anyone by that name."

"What was the name of the man you are looking for?"

"Charles Williams," was the reply.

"Well, my name is Charles William Chambers."

"Oh, no!" said the young woman, burying her head on her husband's shoulder. "What are we going to do? How could this have happened?"

Her husband tried to comfort her, softly stroking her hair. He said almost as if speaking to himself. "I was sure my brother told me to look up Charles Williams at 647 Gleebe Street.

Suddenly my father broke into nervous laughter. "This is 647 Gleebe Street. Now what are the chances of that? Gleebe Street is on the other end of town!" At that point both couples gave a huge sigh of relief.

My mother giggled and said, "Does anyone want more coffee?"

After my father went down the street to hail a cab for the couple and returned home, he and my mother sat down on the sofa and tried to make sense of what had just happened. They decided then and there that there was a lot of talking they needed to do to catch up on all the time and events that had passed between them during the four years he was away.

Rude or Bang

By Hulda Heatwole

At 5:45 a.m. New Year's Day I awoke, too early to get up for the day, so I decided to see if I could go back to sleep. Back to sleep I went with the greatest of ease. Next thing I knew I was on the road with a runaway car. I couldn't get any kind of control and saw a curve coming. I tried to avoid the curve and quickly found my self on my bedroom floor.

What a rude awakening or maybe the New Year was starting off with a bang! The time was 7:45 and the meat was to be in the oven by 8:00. Well, I was able to get up and walk and was soon busy in the kitchen. I was entertaining seven ladies at noon. They live alone and are from my church. Really they also entertained me and I was glad I was able to go on with the meal. Praise the Lord!

Why that dream? Could it have been because the night before at supper I was teasing Cecil about cowboying around in his "Golf Cart?"

A Special Thank You

to

BLOOMAKERS

*for the beautiful
tulip centerpieces
that adorn the tables
in the*

*Skyline Terrace Dining Room
and
some of our apartments.*

They are Beautiful!



Another Colorful Character

("Down the Hill" McClanahan)

By James Q. Salter



Ivory "Down the Hill" McClanahan

It seems that just about every community has individuals that, for some reason or other, stand out as unique or colorful characters. Through the years I have known several people who fit that category. I have enjoyed writing about some of them. In 2000 in conjunction with a grant that my home town received from the Endowment for the Humanities, I wrote a book entitled Zwolle, Louisiana: Our Story (Town of Zwolle, 2000). I entitled chapter eleven "Our Legends, Stories, and Colorful Characters." The story that follows is about one of those colorful characters. Perhaps, this story might remind the reader of some special person from your home town in years past.

The real name of the individual featured in this character sketch in Ivory McClanahan. However, for many years when he was a "permanent fixture" down town, he was known as "Down the Hill." He was a pitifully, physically deformed African-American. Note from the picture that from the waist up he was normal size for a man his age, but from the waist down his body was like that of a small child. His little legs just dangled uselessly. He could not walk or even crawl. He propelled himself along with his arms by scooting along in a seated position.

Every Saturday his mother, who would not have weighed over ninety

pounds soaking wet, would get him into a little Red Flyer toy wagon and pull him to town where he would spend the day holding out a tin cup and begging for donations. "Down the Hill" had an infectious smile. He would greet someone and say, "Down the Hill, Got any money? Drop it." That is how he got the name. At the close of the day his mother would return with the little Red Flyer toy wagon and take him back home.

Some of the boys were mean to my friend and would bully him. Many times when this was going on, Down the Hill would scoot along the sidewalk and propel himself into my father's store where I was working. He would say, "Where James (sic)?" He knew that I would make those boys leave him alone. He also knew that I would reach into the drink box and give him a cold RC Cola. Furthermore, he knew that if he was hungry I would give him a Moon Pie.

Somehow, during World War II the draft board's records got mixed up. They had "Down the Hill" listed as a draft dodger. When the investigating officer finally found him, what that officer said about that assignment cannot be published.

Sometime after I published the book about my home town, one of "Down the Hill's" relatives came by my home and told me some more about my friend. This lady stated that she had lived in her grandmother's home for a while when "Down the Hill" also lived there. Over in the area where they lived, my friend was called "Doll," she stated. In his final days, she stated that "Down the Hill" became mentally ill and his folks could no longer take care of him. He spent his last days in a nursing home in Shreveport, Louisiana. "Down the Hill" was buried "in the cemetery near the baseball field south of the Kansas City Southern Railroad tracks," the lady stated. I was glad to claim "Down the Hill" as my friend.

My father had polio at age eight and was physically handicapped for the rest of his life. I've always had sympathy for those who are physically challenged. The thought that goes through my mind is "there but by the grace of God go I."



Reminders



Please check the bulletin board at Skyline for details about any changes in these announcements.

WORSHIP SERVICES

Sunday Morning Services:

Meadows (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th) 9:30 a.m.
The Cottage 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services:

The Cottage 6:30 p.m.
The Meadows 7:00 p.m.
Shenandoah Terrace 7:00 p.m.

Holy Communion:

Shenandoah Terrace 3rd Sunday
The Meadows 4th Sunday

Sunday Services Speakers: 1st Sunday - Karen Moore, 2nd Sunday - Carol Byrd, 3rd Sunday - Rev. Don LaRue, 4th Sunday - Pastor Howard Miller, 5th Sunday - Rev. Kim Webster
Our ministers come from Mennonite, Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Brethren, Methodist and non denominational traditions. Come share with us.

CHAPLAIN'S SERVICES

Our chaplain, Mrs. Karen Moore, is available at 540-490-2492.

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE FEBRUARY SCHEDULE

February 6 High on the Mountain Boys
February 13 Audrey Jenkins and Friends
February 20 Jay Daniels
February 27 Debbie Sandridge

BIBLE STUDY

... Bible Study will be held every Tuesday morning at 10:00 a.m. in the Chapel.

HYMN SING

... Hymn Sing follows Bible Study Tuesdays at 11:30 a.m. at The Meadows. Ruth Martin, Pianist.

CROQUET

Croquet will be discontinued until spring.

SDRC COMMUNITY COFFEE HOUR

will take place the **first Monday** of each month at **9:30 a.m., Skyline Terrace, second floor**. Bring your favorite breakfast snack, join your neighbors in fellowship and hear all the latest Village news.

ROMEO CLUB (For the guys)

Breakfast out every **third Friday** of each month. The van will pick you up at **8:00 a.m.** to go to a restaurant of choice.

AEROBICS CLASS

The **first Monday** of the month only, there will be **no exercise class**. Every other **Monday, Wednesday and Friday** there will be exercise class at **9:45 a.m., third floor, Skyline Terrace**.

RECYCLING PROGRAM

Newspapers, junk mail and magazines may be placed in the usual containers in the storage area, first floor Skyline Terrace, and also in covered containers at the maintenance garage on Mountain Vista Drive. Look for them outside at the left corner of the entry side of the building.

T.W.I.G.S.

The **Writers Interest Group for Seniors** will meet the **first Wednesday of each month** in the **Chapel at 1:00 p.m., first floor**. T.W.I.G.S. is for everyone who likes to write poetry, memoirs, short stories, fiction, reminiscences. Or, come if you simply want to listen to interesting work created by T.W.I.G.S. members.

PRAYER TIME

Our **Prayer Group** meets **Wednesday evenings** from **7:00 to 8:00 p.m.** in the **Chapel**.



HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

www.stuartsdraftretirement.com

Please Send Articles or Inquiries to Editor:

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571-296-5996 or contact one of the regular feature writers:

Clair Hershey, Bunny Stein, and Nancy Phillips.

All material must be turned into Kathy Marshall's office by the 12th of each month for publication. If material is turned in after the 12th, it will be included in the next month's issue. Use and editing of all submissions are the prerogative of the editorial staff.