



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. 3

MARCH 2016

We proudly dedicate this issue of The Village News to the memory of Jim Jordan (1933 - 2016). Production of the monthly newsletter is a team effort, and Jim Jordan was a valuable member of that team. As our designated courier he averaged three trips monthly to our computer graphics-layout expert in Waynesboro: (1) to deliver the rough copies; (2) to deliver the corrected go-to-press proofs from email; and (3) to pick up the papers. When offered help with those trips, his reply was, “Let this be my contribution to The Village News.” Jim was always at our meeting on the last day of each month to collate the inserts and to help in any way with distribution of the papers.

Jim regularly attended our TWIGS (The Writers’ Interest Group for Seniors) meetings. He participated in the discussion of the articles read by the participants and really seemed to enjoy the camaraderie of our close-knit group. Jim enjoyed telling about his work as a

From the Editors In Memory Of Jim Jordan



Photo Courtesy of Eleanor Mininger

Co-Editors of The Village News

**James Q. Salter &
Marjorie Piatt**

professional fire fighter for the Centreville, Staunton and Fairfax fire departments. Many SDRC residents had enjoyed Jim’s “firehouse” chocolate chip cookies which he regularly carried to our community breakfasts — as well as other delicacies.

Jim enjoyed attending Bible study. He participated in discussion and took his turn reading for the group. There is now an empty place in the chapel during Bible study and during our service every Sunday evening. There is also an empty place in our hearts.

Jim was a soft spoken, Southern gentleman who was kind, generous and caring and a friend to many. Jim had a love for the Lord, a love for his family and a love for people. He never waited to be asked; he was always ready to help. If he saw a need he tried to meet it. He will be deeply missed.

We are honored to dedicate this issue of The Village News to the memory of Jim Jordan.

WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE

“When we recall the past we usually find that the simplest things — not the great occasions — that in retrospect give off the greatest glow of happiness.”

By Bob Hope

Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey

“Unchanged Orders”

During the tremendous snow storm that we had at the end of January, I watched with amazement a young soldier guarding the “Tomb of the Unknown Soldier” in Washington, DC.

These brave men guard “The Tomb” 24 hours a day.

Every hour on the hour, 365 days a year, a different soldier reports for duty. No matter how treacherous the weather, these brave young men guard “The Tomb”.

When the new guard arrives, he receives his orders from the one who is leaving. The words are always the same: “Orders Remain Unchanged”.

The same could be said of the orders that Jesus gave to us. Just before He ascended to heaven, He told His followers, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature” (Mark 16:15). He also said in Acts 1:8, “You shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth.”

If we claim to be a Christian, we too must tell others that Jesus is the Son of God, and that He died to pay the penalty for our sin, and that salvation is granted to all who put their faith in Him.

Much has changed in 2000 plus years since Jesus chose His first disciples and started the church. But regarding the command to spread the good news of Christ, these words still remain: “Orders Remain Unchanged”.

The Run-Away Roll-Away

By Karen Moore



The spring thaw had just begun in Upstate New York as the middle of March approached. My family was living in Salisbury Center, a small town near Utica — the only town nearby of any consequence. My sister-in-law showed up at my door with an unusual request. Her mother-in-law was coming to visit her and her family next week and she had received permission to borrow a roll-away bed from the Bible school we attended. She needed my assistance getting it down from the attic where it was stored.

We were still under a blanket of about thirty-four inches of snow. It was a bit mushy, but we felt confident that it would not be that difficult to get the bed down from the attic, down two flights of stairs, and then about two blocks to her house. (We were both a lot younger then). Our families often referred to us as Lucy and Ethel due to our penchant for finding ourselves in dilemmas due to acting before we thought things through.

We bundled up the children, put them on sleds, and pulled them up to the building. We told them to play in the snow until we came back, leaving my oldest son in charge. Up the stairs we went, then to the attic to uncover the ancient heavy roll-away bed. “Wow,” I said, “this thing must have been made of iron!” We heaved, we “hoed,” we pushed, we shoved. Finally, we got it to move about four inches. Then we had a brain storm. We laid a blanket down on the floor, put the bed on it and pulled it to the doorway. Great, we thought; we’re on our way!

Then we started down the stairs...clunk, clunk, clunk. People came to their doorways to see what was causing all the commotion. Clunk, scrape, clunk! We had to stop every few steps to catch our breath as an audience began to form. I have to add that no one seemed inclined to help us. The show was garnering a following of laughing students and teachers.

Finally, we reached the bottom of the steps, thankful that we were in the home stretch. We called the children over and started out for home. Slush, slush, slush...the wheels of the roll-away were lodged in the melting snow. “Now what?”, my sister-in-law said, looking discouraged. I have to admit that I too felt the tentacles of doubt creeping in.

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VILLAGE NEWS

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The Run-Away Roll-Away

Continued from Page 2

"We can do this; I know we can," I said with feigned courage.

The children had run on ahead. My mother-in-law was standing on the porch waving at us, and it looked as half of the neighborhood were also joining in watching the strange parade heading toward the area. First came our littlest ones covered in mushy snow and some mud. Then there came the older boys with their heads hanging down in embarrassment. Last of all, my oldest and my niece were tagging behind in embarrassment. We truly were a sight!

The bed was hardly moving — no matter how hard we tried to push, pull, tug, or kick it. We finally just stood there looking at the soggy mattress — now sinking, along with the behemoth frame, into the snow. Suddenly a light bulb went off over our heads, and at the same moment we cried, "The sleds!"

We grabbed two of the children's sleds and heaved the legs of the bed onto them. We pushed a little and wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles, it worked. The sleds were sliding smoothly along, carrying the bed with them.

What we hadn't planned on, however, was the fact that the weight of the bed combined with the steep downhill slope to the house, would propel the bed downward at a clip. The bed went flying down the hill ahead of us, spinning wildly to and fro, recklessly picking up speed as it went. Following the bed were two screaming women, five laughing children, and a hodgepodge of assorted other children and adults laughing hysterically.

When the bed finally came to a stop it was miraculously right in front of my sister-in-law's house. We all stopped, out of breath, and stared in amazement. There was also quite a bit of back slapping and "I can't believe they did it" being thrown about.

My sister-in-law and I just smiled at each other rather smugly and said to the crowd, "We never had any doubt we could do it!"

We went into the house and threw ourselves onto the sofa, out of breath, and convulsing with laughter. We left the soggy bed on the porch. "Well," I said, "Ethel, that was fun; what should we try next?"

Reminiscing **A Girl and Her Dog**



By Bunny Stein

Our daughter Teri was a compassionate, energetic, child who loved animals of all kinds. She picked up strays and all manner of injured animals she came across and brought them home to care for them. She had pets of her own, a turtle, and a cardinal for a while that she rescued. Our family always had several dogs and cats in and around our home, and she loved and cared for them as well.

On her 13th birthday, she asked if we would buy her a St. Bernard puppy for her very own. We couldn't turn her down, and took her to Lone Fountain Kennels and bought her a beautiful female rough coated St. Bernard puppy that she named Brandy.

The purchase of that puppy put us into a full-fledged business later when Brandy delivered us sixteen beautiful puppies in her first litter. Only fourteen survived, but Teri took care of them from day one, feeding, watering, and making sure they were taken care of by her mother, Brandy, who only had twelve dinner plates. Teri learned how to make a milk supplement to help out. She not only took care of them but she cleaned their litter boxes, groomed them, and played with them every spare minute she had before and after school. It was hard for Teri when we had to sell one of the puppies. She settled for keeping the pick of the litter, naming him Max, short for, Our Chalet's Maximillion, his registered name. Teri began training Max from age 6 months.

A couple of years later, Max turned into a two hundred pound, rough coated beauty with a massive head, beautiful coppery colored coat, perfect markings, and best of all, perfect conformation. Teri had already trained Max in obedience, from age 6 months. He was somewhat of an oddity in the obedience ring because his massive size made his moves much slower than the smaller dogs, but his commands were always perfect. In his first show he won a blue ribbon and a silver bowl ahead of Tony, my dog — a miniature poodle, once in the same show!

Teri began to train Max for the conformation ring. He had a champion in his pedigree and we all believed he had the makings of a champion.

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A Girl and Her Dog

Continued from Page 3



Teri began to do the circuit in neighboring states, showing against mostly older people and professionals. The competition was brutal at times, but she came home with a few second and third place ribbons and praises from the judges almost each time. Losing didn't dampen Teri's spirits because she believed her expertise, patience, and love for Max made him a perfect candidate for the ring and status of a champion.

Finally, her luck changed, the next show was in nearby Harrisonburg, Virginia, an hour's drive from our home. My husband couldn't go to this show and we had to drive through blinding rain and heavy traffic, making us late for the show. Teri was up-tight as we rushed to find a grooming booth. Finding one finally, Teri put the finishing touches on Max's already immaculate coat, snipping away any stray hairs around his muzzle and face. She brushed his thick, coppery coat and flowing tail one more time to make sure every hair was in place. She adjusted her little Swiss outfit, combed her hair so that she and dog looked perfect. She clipped a leash to Max's collar and led him into the Junior Obedience competition ring. His performance was flawless and he took a first place blue ribbon and a Jefferson cup. She came out of that ring all smiles as everyone around congratulated her.

The day wasn't over yet; she still had to show in the conformation ring. The competition for this class was going to be tougher and there were many beautiful entrants in this class, all looking like champions. But she entered the ring, running slowly and elegantly holding Max's lead high in the air, and placed him in his spot next to the other Saints. Max sat obediently at her side, with his head held high. At one point of the competition, the judge asked the handlers to put their dogs in a stand/stay position whereby she examined their stance. Max looked as good as any dog in the ring. At least, we thought he did.

The judge called him. Teri trotted Max over to the judge and had him in a stand/stay position. The judge ran her hand over his back, then tossed a ball up into the air. Max didn't move a muscle, with his big feet planted firmly next to the judge. The judge seemed impressed and leaned over to rub her hand down his back again. She had a large flower on the lapel of her jacket. Max cocked his head sideways and took a big sniff of the flower. The judge looked at him and cracked up with laughter. Max had done everything perfectly,

but I believe he won her over when she put her hand under his chest to feel for bone structure. Max's big nose nudged her and he planted a big kiss on her hand. He was a true charmer, and his charm worked for him that day. The judge awarded him first place winner. He came home with a blue ribbon and a silver bowl.

That made two trophies in one day. This was truly their day. Teri came out of that ring beaming from head to toe as everyone came over to congratulate her. I've never seen a happier child. We could hardly wait to get home and tell everyone the good news.

We gave up the show circuit because it became so costly and time consuming. Max never won many points but he sired many Saints over the years and Teri had opportunity to see some of these dogs that also became show dogs. Who knows, perhaps one day the world champion will bear Max's name and he will live forever, not only in our hearts but on the list of famous St. Bernards.

Teri showed many dogs over the years in many states, but this one show seems to stand out in our memory more than any others.

Teri took up grooming in later years, owning her own shop for awhile, giving up showing and retraining dogs. She still can't resist picking up stray dogs and cats, trying to find their owners or homes for them.

Max died of a heart attack at the age of nine. He is buried in a quiet meadow in the Blue Ridge Mountains where he loved to run free.

The memory of a young girl and her big dog is etched in my heart and the hearts of many who knew them. Their antics dominate many pages of my journals, and hold the dearest of memories for me.

Teri now owns a lovable black Lab named Maddy. She's not show material, but I suspect Teri will have her in some kind of therapy training soon!

PLEAS FOR MONEY By Bettie Compton

Have you ever wondered how many pleas for money you get over a year? I was curious, so for the entire year of 2015 I kept a record of the requests by mail and the total reached one hundred and sixty-five.

I can't give to each plea and I hope I make wise choices. We all have probably given to ones that aren't using our money as they should.

Along with asking for money, there comes an abundance of note pads, greeting cards, nickels, dimes, postage stamps, calendars, calculators, return address labels, etc. I've been told companies donate these items, and if they do, I feel a donation of money to the charities would be of better use.

Memories of Farm Life



By Anna Brenneman

Reading the book Dear House written by Ina Hunsberger, brought back many memories of my own childhood. I lived on a farm all of my life except presently I live in the Stuarts Draft Retirement Center. This is still in a farming community.

My parents bought an eighty acre farm in the early 1930s in Howard County, Indiana where many of my mother's kinfolks were living at that time. This is the place of most of my childhood memories. I was fourteen when we moved to another farm in Iowa. This article is about memories of the first home in Indiana.

The house was not very large. It had an upstairs but had no basement. We did have a porch surrounding the side and front of the house. We also had an enclosed porch in the backside of the house. We had a large kitchen and dining area. We had a large bedroom and a smaller room used as a bedroom and storage area and a small living room with the wood heater stove. Our upstairs had two bedrooms and an entry room with a closet.

We had no piped-in water. We carried all of the water in from the windmill pump and heated the water on the large kitchen stove. This also helped to heat our house in the winter, along with cooking our food. I have memories of standing in front of that stove stirring mush or soup with one hand and reading a book held in the other hand. I loved to read and I was not wasting any time.

My mother was not too happy with that arrangement. I guess I did not do the best job stirring.

We had a milk house with water piped in from the windmill. It was a cool place where we kept milk and other perishable food. We had no refrigerator. Occasionally we would get a chunk of ice in the summer time to help with the cooling and preserving of food.

There was the big barn with a haymow and the stable for the horses. We also had a stable for the cows. My brothers and I each had a cow to milk each morning and evening. I have memories of the



bantam hens and their baby chicks running around in the barn. This was a good hiding place for them.

We had a chicken house. One of my jobs was to gather eggs. I did not mind gathering eggs until some of the old hens would start to set. Then, you had to watch out because they would peck you. We also had a brooder house. Each spring we would get boxes of little chicks from the hatchery. They were so cute and fluffy. These became chickens and they replaced our old hens.

There was the corn crib and the hog house where our pigs were kept. Beside these buildings was the machine shed where the farm implements were kept when not in

use. There was a large water tank close to the barn that was always kept filled with water for the horses and cows.

We had a wash house connected to the milk house. We heated water in a large kettle that we put in our Maytag washing machine to wash our clothes every Monday morning and we would hang them out to dry.

Since we had no running water in the house, the outhouse was a popular place. I spent a lot of time at the outhouse hoping the dishes would be washed when I got back in the house, but they never were.

I don't know why it took me so long to learn that my mom was not going to do my chores. The Sears Roebuck catalogue was an attraction.

We had a small orchard where I enjoyed taking walks. There were the yellow transparent apples. The wealthies, maidens' blush and jonathans. These are a few of the apples that I remember. Behind the orchard was a large truck patch. There is where we planted large crops of potatoes, sweet corn, etc.

We had a large strawberry patch. I have memories of picking strawberries and packing them in boxes. My father and I would go to the town of Greentown, going from door to door selling strawberries. Needless to say, I was glad when the strawberry season was over. It was not my favorite job.

The neighbor's woods were on our fence line. I would crawl over the fence to gather leaves that I needed for a school project identifying the different trees — the linden, the oak tree, the elm tree, etc. These are a few memories that I recall. I did enjoy my childhood days on the farm.

My Louisiana Home Town

By James Q. Salter

Part One: Introduction and the People

In 1933 at the ripe old age of nine, I moved to the small town by the name of Zwolle (pronounced to rhyme with tamale) in northwest Louisiana. With the exception of a few months in Shreveport, Louisiana, that remained my home town until we moved to Virginia in 2011. During those seventy-eight years I graduated from high school there in 1941, got married there in 1947 and began raising my family. After the war and obtaining my college degree, I taught speech, English and social studies in the high school there for seventeen years, served as principal for ten and one-half years, and worked in the school system's central office for four years.

I honestly believe there is no small town in the United States that has a more colorful and unique heritage than the town of Zwolle, Louisiana. Over the years I have published many newspaper articles and two books about my hometown: *Zwolle, Louisiana; Our Story* (Town of Zwolle, 2000), and *Smelling the Roses* (Carter Enterprises, Stuarts Draft, VA 24477).

In this series of three segments my challenge is to present a few of the highlights which give a true picture of the town's colorful and unique heritage.

The People

In this first segment I present a discussion of the people that make up the town. The population consists of a diverse mixture of folks of

Native American ancestry, African-Americans, Spanish and Mexican-Americans, and Caucasians.

The second largest state-registered Native-American tribe (Choctaw-Apache) is domiciled there. Many of these residents are proud of their background and actively promote their heritage. There is a well-known Indian legend that severe storms will not hit an area located in the forks of two creeks. Thus the first Native-Americans settled in the area between Bayou San Miguel and Bayou Scie (where



the town of Zwolle is situated).

The oldest city in Louisiana, Natchitoches, about forty miles east of Zwolle, was founded by the French in 1714. To counteract the influence of the French, the Spaniards founded their eastern most out post at Los Adaes, a Spanish fort about fifteen miles west of Natchitoches. The Sabine Parish area in general and the Zwolle area in particular were on the direct route of travel of the Spaniards from Texas to Los Adaes. The following is quoted from the brochure from the Louisiana Department of Culture, Recreation, and Tourism: "Louisiana was transferred to Spain in 1762. In the subsequent Royal

regulations of 1772, Spain ordered Los Adaes closed, and the inhabitants moved to San Antonio to found the present-day city of Nacogdoches, Texas. Others eventually returned to Louisiana, where their descendants live today." The largest segment of Zwolle's population — the Spanish-Americans — have a proud heritage.

Information about early African-Americans who settled in the Zwolle area is very scarce. The vertical files of the Sabine Parish Library contain information that there were seventy-five slave owners in Sabine Parish. No doubt some of those who were enslaved lived on the plantations near Zwolle. This is something that we do know about Zwolle's African-American population: They have made tremendous strides — especially in education and government. They point with pride to their election to municipal government positions and their positions of leadership in education.

The first English-speaking settlers did not arrive in the Zwolle area until the 1820s. According to most sources they came chiefly from Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and the Piedmont counties of the Carolinas. Some had crossed into Texas and returned to the Zwolle area to take advantage of opportunities for stock raising, farming, hunting, and fishing. After the Homestead Act of 1862 a steady stream of settlers moved into the area and acquired land. Some of these settlers played prominent roles in the early development of the town of Zwolle.

In the second part of this article about my home town I shall discuss the history of the Kansas City Southern Railroad and how my home town got its name.



“SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus, RLM Athletics

“Winning With Character”

And now pro football can take a rest. With the conclusion of Super Bowl 50, the gridiron play-for-payers can now begin negotiating new contracts and other assorted perks which will virtually ensure a healthy boost in ticket prices. But, that’s the good ol’ American way, isn’t it?

At our recent Sports Chat session on February 11, our limited group of eight tossed about some thoughts relative to the crowning of the Denver Broncos as NFL champions. For one, all agreed that the Broncos’ stifling defense perplexed the high-scoring Carolina Panthers from start to finish in their 24-10 title victory. Another was although QB Peyton Manning earned his second Super Bowl ring (tying him with his brother, Eli of the NY Giants), he was not as instrumental in the offensive part of the game. In fact, several of us thought it might be time for Mr. Manning to call it a career and bask in the glory of his past accomplishments. Thirdly, almost unanimously, our attendees gave poor grades to Carolina’s young (and immature) QB, Cam Newton. Not only for his poor on-the-field performance, but also for his surly

and somewhat childish behavior in postgame interviews with the media. He surely could use some pointers on showing that he could lose with some measure of grace and professionalism (in short supply with many pro athletes today).

On the hardcourt, the UVA Cavaliers (at press time) were in a tense battle with the North Carolina Tar Heels for the top spot in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Our most observant hoop fans noted that Coach Tony Bennett’s Cavs have been exhibiting solid team defense of late, which has propelled them to No. 7 in the national rankings. Meanwhile, in Richmond the VCU Rams were within striking distance of the lead in the Atlantic-10 standings, a notch below Dayton. And in Harrisonburg, the JMU Dukes were playing solid basketball and seemed poised to challenge first place North Carolina-Wilmington. With “March Madness” around the corner, it appears that our Old Dominion State College squads will provide some excitement heading towards the Final Four in April.

Do we hear the sound of “Play Ball!” emanating from Florida and Arizona yet? Not quite, but by the next edition of Sports Chat we’ll be exploring the spring training games and offering our fearless predictions as to who will succeed Kansas City as MLB World Champions.

You’re all cordially invited to our next Sports Chat meeting on Thursday, March 10, at our usual time of 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. in the SDRC Friendship Room. There’s plenty of room; bring a friend and take advantage of our 50% off the admission tag.



By Marge Piatt

These muffins were a favorite of my family, especially my husband and my Ladies Bible Group. This recipe makes 24 muffins but they freeze well. The cream cheese frosting is a little different than the usual but is quite yummy!

Pumpkin Muffins

3 large eggs
1 cup oil
2 cups pumpkin puree (canned)
1/2 cup raisins
2 1/2 cup granulated sugar
3 cups flour
1/2 cup walnuts (chopped)
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. nutmeg



1. In a large bowl, add eggs, oil, pumpkin and raisins. Mix together.
2. In another bowl, sift all dry ingredients. Add the chopped nuts.
3. Add dry ingredients to wet ingredients and mix thoroughly.
4. Fill muffin cup 2/3 full.

Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Yields 24 muffins.

Cream Cheese Frosting

16 oz. cream cheese
1 1/2 cup powdered sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup heavy whipping cream

Combine cream cheese, powdered sugar and vanilla. Mix well. Beat whipping cream until stiff peaks form. Combine cream cheese mixture and whipped cream. Mix until combined.

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

NOTICE



to SDRC Pet Owners from SDRC Management

It has been brought to our attention that we need to remind our furry friends and their parents that we do have a couple of rules that pertain to pet owners in our community.

1. Please keep your pet on a leash when out in the community. This is for their safety too. There are a lot of cars and delivery trucks coming and going.
2. Make sure to clean up after your pet when out walking. If you are not a pet owner, the last thing you want to do is clean up after someone else's pet.
3. We do have some designated areas for pets to use for their "business".
4. We need to be respectful of our neighbors who do not have pets; not everyone is as blessed as we are as pet owners!!! And not everyone thinks our pet does no wrong!!!

**Please remember
to be a
responsible parent
to your
"Furry Child".**

What to Do with Your Tulips

From BlooMakers

After flowering, clip the dead flower off the stem, and let the foliage die off while maintaining water level. When the foliage has completed drying out, you may see new little bulbs beginning to form, leave these. Cut the foliage, and store the bulbs dry and as cool as possible until early November. Then plant them in your garden, using a good mix of soil and compost. Thoroughly water them at planting.



When and where to plant (in my zone) after flowering?

Zones 4 & 5 . . .

September or early October

Zones 6 & 7 . . .

October to early November

Zones 8 & 9 . . .

November to early December

Zone 10 . . .

Late December to early January

Refrigerate tulip bulbs for six to eight weeks before planting in zones 8 through 10. Place them in a paper bag away from ripening fruits (the fruits produce ethylene gas, which destroys the flower bud within the bulb).

Tulips grow best in full sun in well-prepared soil with fast drainage. Avoid planting where water collects, or in locations that are prone to late frosts.



A TWIGS Tribute to

Lena P. Mahone

Submitted by TWIGS

*(The Writers' Interest
Group for Seniors)*

Only a few of our SDRC residents knew Lena Mahone, as she was not a member of our community. Lena had been an active member of our writers' group since the organization was founded. She really enjoyed the camaraderie of the group, and we enjoyed her contributions. Lena wrote some excellent articles for The Village News including poems, devotions, and travelogues about points of interest. Her last article entitled "Area Points of Interest" was broken into several segments and published as edited by Marjorie Piatt. Lena's last feature article entitled "An Interesting Visit" was published in the December, 2015 issue. Lena enjoyed writing about her visit with her former college roommate.

In Lena's article entitled "A Special Retreat" (June 4, 2013) Lena wrote the following after telling about Lynn Coffey's talk about her experiences in writing and publishing: "Then we had some time to go outside and explore the beauty of the property, use our senses to hear the babbling brook, smell the clean air, smell and enjoy the color of the flowers, hear the birds and insects and in general enjoy the silence and beauty in nature all around that God has blessed us with." This statement exemplified Lena's appreciation and love of God's creation.

Lena passed away on Monday, February 1, 2016. Our TWIGS members will miss Lena Mahone.

Let It Snow
Let It Snow
Let It Snow

By Dub Beynon

Sounds like a good title for a song, doesn't it?

But here at the SDRC, it's how the residents feel because we have a super great snow removal crew who shows up just about the same time as the first snowflake.

We can sit in our warm apartments and enjoy the sight of the falling snow while the snow removal crew is outside, in the cold, with shovels and snow blowers and plows working very hard to clear the parking areas and the sidewalks. When they have that accomplished, they then turn their attention to the parked cars and clear the snow from around the cars. And then they will clear the snow from the car.

They do a wonderful job, and on behalf of the folks who live here, and the visitors who come to see us, I want to say a very large **THANK YOU!!!**



The Snow Angel

By Betty Luzadder

The snow began early coming at a fast pace;
 Time to dig a path for my Westie.
 A neighbor clearing the sidewalks-
 making it easier to walk my dog.
 With much patience he shoveled,
 as the snow covered everything
 at a fast pace.

Conditions deteriorating-
 Snow over my boots-
 Piled high; no place to go.
 An offer to clear my porch-
 Sidewalks cleared again.
 The snow angel is at work again.
 At last I can walk my dog.

Then the dog path gone-
 Asked the snow angel to help.
 He digs a pathway, asks if it will do.
 Jesus said the second greatest commandment is
 "to love your neighbor as yourself."
 Thank goodness my snow angel knew.

*This Poem is Dedicated
 to the Memory of
 Jim Jordan*



**Note from
 Eleanor Mininger**

Thank you to SDRC and all who make the wonderful place what it is — even "Rosa's whistle." Thank you for the beautiful place — library, lobby — to gather together.

My children: Steve, Les, Phil, Gary, John, Janene, Tim, Betty and spouses — and some grandchildren were and are still happy to have met so many of you. We all say "Thank you and God bless you."

March 27th



He Arose!



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 MARCH SCHEDULE

- March 5 Lisa McQueen presenting **Marvalistic Music**
- March 12 **Audrey Jenkins and Friends**
- March 19 **Natalya and Company**
- March 26 **Marvin Dollins**

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.**



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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.