



VILLAGE NEWS

STUARTS DRAFT RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Stuarts Draft, Virginia

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

VOL. 15 NO. 2

Happy Valentine's Day!

FEBRUARY 2018

February is a month where hearts and cupids are on display everywhere.

Merchants try to capitalize on yet another commercialized event. For years we have tried to impress our sweethearts with roses or chocolates or some expensive gift.

Love is much more than a physical or emotional attraction to someone.

When one in every two marriages fail, there is something wrong with our understanding of love.

So, then, what is love? Let's look at 1 Corinthians chapter 13 for the answer. God's Word says, though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not LOVE, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not LOVE, I am nothing, and though I

give all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not LOVE, it profits me nothing. LOVE is patient, LOVE is kind, it does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude or self seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrong doings. LOVE does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. LOVE never fails — true LOVE cares about other people, more than oneself — LOVE is willing to sacrifice — LOVE feels another's pain and rejoices in their happiness.

True love is not destroyed by circumstances.

True love comes from the heart of God.

John 15:13 — "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Let's remember what really is "true love".

Thinking Inside



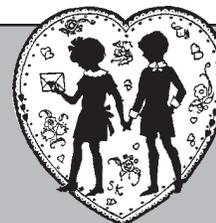
By Clair Hershey

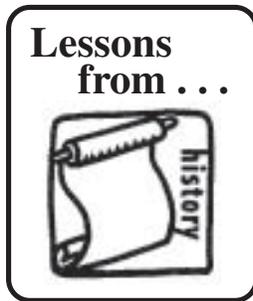
Love!

WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE

**"Let everyone sweep in front of his own door,
and the whole world will be clean."**

Johann Wolfgang van Goethe





“February, the Runt Month

By Norman Raiford

If months were puppies, then February would be the runt of the litter. While other months have 30 or 31 days, little February gets only 28, except in leap year when it gets 29. So, how did February get short-changed?

The fact is February once had only 23 days, then 24, and then 27 before Julius Caesar reformed the Roman Empire’s calendar in 45 BC and allocated February 29 days, plus a 30th day in leap years. While at it, Caesar named July in his own honor giving it 31 days. Not to be outdone, son and successor Augusta Caesar named the month of August after himself. However, his father’s reformed calendar had provided August with only 29 days. With an ego the size of Augustus’, that simply would not do. So he stole two days from February giving them to August making it the equal of his father’s 31-day July. Thus once again February became the runt month with only 28 days (29 in leap years). Like other runts, February provides playful antics that capture our hearts.

Best known among those antics is Valentine’s Day. Originally one of Rome’s pagan holidays, the Catholic Church Christianized it in the 400s by designating it the Feast of St. Valentine. In the 1300s English

poet Chaucer gave Valentine’s Day its identity with lovers. By the 1700s exchanging cards, candy and flowers became quite the fashion, and ever since no one has enjoyed Valentine’s Day more than the merchants — they stand to make roughly 20 billion dollars in sales this year! February’s rowdiest antic is Mardi Gras, somewhat ironic given that February’s name derives from februum, Latin for purification. Mardi Gras falls on the last Tuesday before Lent and is celebrated with hedonistic revelry. Then as if to redeem itself, February also celebrates Random Acts of Kindness Week, a time of thinking of others in sharp contrast with Mardi Gras’s self-indulgence.

Another February antic is the chances of being born on the 29th are one out of 1,461, if lucky enough to be born on “leap day,” you get the choice of calling yourself a “leaper” or a “leapling,” and you get the choice of which day to celebrate your birthday, February 28 or March 1, or even February 28 some years and March 1 other years — how special is that?! Another February antic is the tradition that women may propose marriage to men in leap year, and not just on February 29. Then there is that February antic of pretending to believe the groundhog Punxsutawney Phil can forecast how much longer winter will last — he better predict this one will end soon! If you didn’t get in enough New Year’s celebrating, you can pick up where you left off with Chinese New Year which falls on February 16 this year. Another antic of sorts is Presidents’ Day commemorating George Washington’s and Abraham Lincoln’s birthdays — wonder how they feel about having to share the honors? Once again, the merchants stand to profit with Presidents’ Day sales events —

better guard your pocket book if you overspent for Valentines! February also is Black History Month, American Heart Month, and National Children’s Dental Health Month — how timely considering all that Valentine’s candy!

Befitting her runt’s status, February’s birthstone is amethyst, the gem representing humility. Humility is a most biblical quality as per Micah 6:8 “What does the Lord require of you but to act fairly, show kindness and walk humbly with the Lord your God” (Raiford version). February may be short on days, but she is long on values: purity, love and humility — and with a lot of fun thrown into the mix. So let’s all enjoy every one of February’s 28 days while we wait for its 29th one coming up in 2020.



HISTORY BLOOPERS

And now for more history “Bloopers” and creative spelling from students’ essays, courtesy of teacher and author Richard Lederer.

The government of England was a limited mockery (monarchy). Henry VIII found walking difficult because he had an abcess (abcess) on his knee. Queen Elizabeth was the “Virgin Queen.” As a queen she was a success (editor: though not at being a virgin!) When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops (meaning exposing herself to danger), they all shouted “hurrah” then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo (Armada).



Finally, It Is Time for the Winter Olympics

By Nancy Phillips

To say I'm a fan of the Olympics is to put it mildly. Our household has always watched them from the Opening Ceremony to the Closing Event. Bill and I purchased our first color TV in the sixties just so we could watch the Olympics in color. I have visited Olympic sites in Los Angeles and in Munich. Our girls even carried a bottle of water from an Olympic pool in Munich back to their own swimming team's pool to bring the team good luck. I admit to being totally jealous of my oldest granddaughter who got to go to Olympic events in Eastern Europe when she was there on a mission trip.

My best friend was a cheerleader in high school. I wasn't. I couldn't do back bends or the splits which our high school team required. I can swim....just not very far. My running style would never win a race and though I can hit a very straight golf ball, it never goes much over fifty yards. I have many qualities of which I'm proud, but none of them involve being great at any sport.

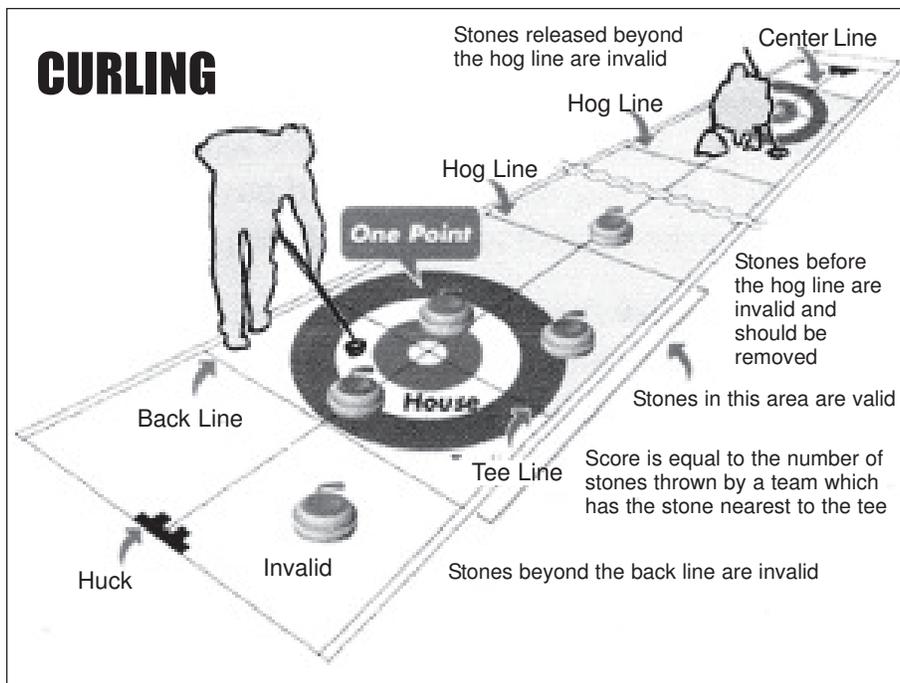
I have determined in these later years there is one sport at which I might have been able to excel if I'd only lived in a colder clime. That sport is curling. It is probably the slowest moving sport in the Winter Olympics, but it has been around for many ages....it was one of the five original sports in the first winter competition back in the twenties and reintroduced in 1988. If you've not watched a curling match you might plan to catch one come February....February 9-25 to be exact, and on NBC and its related stations.

In curling there is a circle in the middle of a long icy lane called the sheet. The player pushes a rounded, heavy disk (called a stone) down the lane with the aim of landing it in the bull's-eye center of that circle. The player wears special shoes for one foot has to slide on

the ice to follow the stone and the other has a thing on its toe to help the player brake. If the stone slows down she has to sweep the ice in front of it to make it continue on its path or to change that path. If the opponent already has stones in the circle she wants to hit them and make them leave the circle since only those in the circle gain points.

That means I could do it. I have a good eye for determining if something (like a picture) is straight and I've used a broom all my life. How hard can sliding on

one foot be? Too bad they're not recruiting people in their eighties to join curling teams. When we were in Canada, we saw rinks with many curling sheets and this probably explains why Canada, along with the host country-South Korea, is fielding the most curling competitors this year....twelve teams made up of women, men or mixed couples.



Our country is fielding ten teams and I bet most of them come from places like Minnesota. Our first match will be in mixed doubles against Russia.

The Olympics this year are called Pyeong Chang 2018 and they will be held at a totally new set of facilities in South Korea. There will be 102 events in fifteen different sports. There is a tradition of having a mascot for each Olympics and this year you'll be seeing a little cartooned white tiger named Soahorang gracing the TV ads. I wish I could see them in person, but event tickets range from \$17 to \$776 for a single seat with the priciest tickets for the most popular events, figure skating and men's hockey.

Our TV will be tuned in on February 9th for the Opening Ceremony where we'll have a warmer seat than any of the 35,000 folks there in attendance. GO USA!!!

In-between

By Betty Luzadder

She sat, her mood pensive,
 Baby shoes in hand,
 worn and yellow with age,
 Were her feet ever so small?
 Memories like imprints in the
 sand.
 An older sister loved by Dad;
 the youngest rocked until the
 age of eight-
 She was the in-between.
 She remembered a house of
 conflict.
 Mother crying.
 She in her childlike way,
 Trying to comfort.
 How did Mother cope, moving so
 many times,
 yet always making a home?
 Agonizing over the meager food,
 yet each meal a banquet.
 Sacrifices made without
 complaint;
 A child's coat made from her own.
 Money in short supply,
 Yet the luxury of music lessons.
 Mother's faith sustained her.
 Her thoughts returned to the
 present,
 The faint writing on the shoes-
 "my pretty little girl".
 She was loved, a legacy from
 the past.

Reflecting on Those Other Times By Matilda Lee

Already before getting out of bed I was feeling so downhearted, crushed, dreading the dreary feeling for my day ahead.

As I got up on my feet I saw in my mind's eye big blobs of paint in browns, blacks and purple. I'm going to paint, even those blobs. But must it only be those blobs of dark colors? Darkness is all you feel and see when you are sad, isn't it?

I started to get my things together. Ira, my husband, came to the door. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am going to paint," I said. "Can you reach that drawing pad up there on the shelf? It's hard for me to reach." I replied.

He did, and left the room.

Soon I was ready to paint. Pausing, I thought, what shall I paint?

Then red, yellows and other colors began forming in my mind.

Okay, but what do I create? I took my brush, dipped it into the red paint and put on a stroke, three inches long. Then another stroke beside the first one. "A flower?" I wondered.

I painted a large flower in red with yellow center and highlights on the petals. The flower was probably seven inches across.

Next I painted a ten-inch stem curved to the left. Two or three leaves were put on the stem.

What else? Oh, water. A flower floating on water. I did so. Not a lot of water but

enough.

I stood back to see the results. I liked how the waves were lapping against the stem. The flower was held well above the water.

Then I understood. The Lord Jesus had guided me to paint what He wanted to tell me. He is saying He is helping me to weather the storm and keeping my head above water.

What a comfort. I did not have the heavy dark day that I had expected.

When I read the story in the Bible about Jesus walking on water, I know He not only quiets the storm, but walks with me until the storm passes.

What tender caring love. What more could I ask? He speaks to me in many ways, knowingly at the time, other times knowing after the fact. I think perhaps at those times after the fact, I wasn't listening or should have known by heeding to His words of promises in the Bible. So patient is He.

What a wonderful God we have. He does not leave us to be alone.

We can rest in Him and in His peace.

He keeps
 our head
 above water.



VILLAGE NEWS

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Reminiscing

Custom Screen Door

By Bunny Stein

I called my daughter Teri. "Can you bring your truck and go with me to Lowe's to pick up a screen door for my basement?" I asked.

"Sure, I'll be there soon. Who's going to put it up for you?" she asked.

"Uh...well,...I kinda thought maybe you and I could do it. After all, how hard could it be?"

"Sure,...no problem," she answered confidently. I hung up, relieved that I would finally get this project done.

We headed for Lowe's, roaming the aisles to the door department. There were three kinds of screen doors. I had to choose one, not too expensive and just the right width — 36 inches. I saw the size I wanted. "Can't afford the fancy one," I said to Teri who was looking favorably at the ones with the wooden grill in front.

"Is this the one you want?" she asked.

"Yeah, that one is only \$34.95 and it will do fine." We headed back to hardware. We both commented about the door seeming to be too large. "But is it the same as I measured?" I said.

"What kind of hinges do you want?" Teri asked.

"Gosh, I don't know. How many kinds are there?"

"Well, there's the offset kind where you gouge out a place to put the hinge; then there's the flat kind that fit against the wall."

"That's the one," I said deci-

sively. "We want this project to be as simple as possible." After paying, we rolled the big carrier out to the truck and headed home to get started on our project.

Teri pulled up to the basement and took the door over to the space where we were going to put it. It wouldn't fit! We couldn't even get it under the deck! "*What's going on here?*" I said under my breath. I had measured the width of the door and that was correct. However, I hadn't measured the height, thinking all screen doors were the same height. Well, I learned later...they are, unless they're custom made. My basement door was obviously not the average size, and the one we bought was four inches too tall.

My heart sank. "Got any suggestions?" I asked Teri dejectedly. She thought a minute and her face lit up.

"Sure, we'll just take it back and get another one. If they don't have our size, we'll get them to whack the top off this one and go from there. Sound like a plan?"

Feeling a little more confident, I replied, "Yes, let's do it."

We headed back to Lowe's dragging the door inside and asked a clerk to exchange this door for one of our specifications. That's when it all started.

"What size door did you want?" the clerk asked.

"Seventy-three and one-half inches tall," I replied hesitantly. But before I finished he said emphatically, "You're not gonna find a screen door that short!"

"So, if I'm hearing you right, the only size screen door you sell is the one we have here?" added Teri.

"That's right, Mam, unless it's custom made."

We dragged our door to the desk in back, but checked the screen doors again, hoping to find one with a wider band at the top and bottom that we could just cut

off. We didn't but asked another clerk if our plan of cutting off a portion of the top and bottom would be done. "Oh no," said the clerk, insinuating that we were dummies for not knowing that.

"Well, why not?" I asked, becoming a little perturbed.

"You wouldn't have enough left and it would be too flimsy. You could take it to a company that does millwork and have them cut it off and replace the screen. Your best bet is to have one custom made."

"Know any companies like that?" Teri asked.

"Sure, Thomas Brothers over near the wharf."

While waiting in line for fifteen minutes for more information, I asked Teri to call Thomas Brothers to find out if they would cut our door off. If not I'll just order a custom door from Lowes. Thomas Brothers wouldn't cut our door off, but said they would make one for \$300.00.

We finally talked with the clerk at the big desk, only to have her tell us that *they don't make custom screen doors!* "But one of your clerks told us you did," I said as I was beginning to feel intimidated.

"I'm sorry, Mam, we only sell three sizes, but I can give you the name of someone who will build you a custom door." Teri's eyes rolled around and we took off down the aisle feeling dejected.

The day was flying by and we hadn't accomplished a thing. Teri looked at me and said, "You know, I believe we can cut the top off the door we bought and make the size we want."

We had discussed the possibility of doing this before and this was the only option left. "Let's go for it." I said. After a short consultation we came up with a plan for our screen door and proceeded to buy the additional supplies needed.

We told the clerk we were go-

Continued on Page 6

Custom Screen Door

Continued from Page 5

ing to keep our door and said confidently that we were going to cut off the top of this door and make it shorter. "Shorter?" he asked.

"Yeah, we're gonna add these two boards we bought and...."

"But what about the screen? You'll have to completely replace the screen," he said, looking a little bemused.

"Oh, we have a plan for that," I said. He looked at me as if to say yeah, right. "I'll bet you'd like to see our finished door, wouldn't you?" I asked jokingly.

"Yeah, yeah, I really would.... Good luck to you," he said.

All the way home we discussed our plan, anxious to get started on our project. Once again we dragged the screen door to the basement. "What's first?" I asked as if Teri had all the answers.

"Let's measure the door space one more time to make sure we have the right measurements before we cut the door," she said. But something wasn't coming out right! The screen door wasn't going to fit over the existing area without making a whole new frame. We weren't prepared for that, so after agonizing over our configuration we went to plan "B." We were not going to be outdone. We decided to put it on the inside.

"After all," I said, "who says the screen door has to go on the outside?"

So, measuring accurately, we decided this was going to be our plan.

"Okay," said Teri, "let's build that door!" We nailed three pieces of moulding to a three inch wide pine board that we had bought to size and screwed this unit to the top of the door, exactly 73 and 1/2 inches from the bottom. We took another

board and screwed it to the middle of the door, which actually made it sturdier than it was. Perfect! Now the scariest part....cutting off the remaining top of the door.

"We can do it," said Teri who by now was getting out the saw. I loved her attitude and her confidence. "Okay, you saw, I'll hold. Close your eyes," said Teri. "There it goes." I cut off the excess screen and stapled the remainder to the top, covering this up with a piece of flat molding.

"Beautiful!" I said, as I stood back and looked at our new door.

"Who said you can't cut the top off a screen door?" said Teri mocking the people who had pooh-poohed our plan.

"Yeah, it looks great. Now, if it will only fit," I added.

We had to gouge out a portion of the door frame and do a remake on the hinges. We joked that we should go into business for ourselves — our name being FRICK & FRACK.

We laughed and giggled at all the things we had to do in the process. We still didn't know if it was going to work, but at this point we didn't care if it fit or not. *We had made a custom screen door and it looked great!*

For the "umpteenth time" we dragged the door over to the space to see if it would fit. Lo and behold, it slipped into place, fitting like an old shoe. "Hallelujah," we both said at the same time. "We did it!" I said.

"Yeah, well...did you think for a moment we couldn't do it?" asked Teri jokingly.

"Nah, I didn't question our ability for even a second."

"It is probably the only screen door that you'll ever see *behind a regular door. Maybe we'll start a new trend!*"

We stood back and looked proudly at our work — our custom-made screen door.

A Double Winner Thursday

By Dub Beynon

On the second Thursday of each month at 9:30 a.m. Karen Moore treats anyone who shows up at the dining hall to fresh donuts she has just picked up at Martin's. They really do taste very good if you add a cup of coffee from the machine. That donut breakfast is the first winner of my day.

At about 9:50 a.m. those who are interested in sports can make their way just a few steps away to the Friendship Room. There they will be met by Ron Mentus who will host Sports Chat. He will open the get together with a prayer and then those folks in attendance will begin to express their opinion about some sports topic that Ron has brought to the floor for discussion. Opinions are like roses; every one has one. As in most any group discussion, opinions at Sports Chat will differ, but everyone here knows his/her opinion will be heard without criticism. When everyone has given his/her insight into the topic of discussion, we move on to the next item Ron brings to our attention. This rotation goes on for about 45 minutes, and then Ron asks some trivia questions which have been printed in the program we received at our arrival to Sports Chat. Ron makes a good leader and facilitator for our get-together because he is extremely knowledgeable about most any sport being discussed but will never use that knowledge to embarrass or make anyone who is giving his/her opinion feel uncomfortable. He closes our sports chat about 11:00 a.m. with a comment which has become the mantra of the group. Don't be a Character. Show some! After Sports Chat, I head back to my apartment realizing today has been a Double Winner Thursday!

What or who are your SDRC winners for today?



HOLIDAY EATING “High on the Hog”

By James Q. Salter

There is an old saying about fine dining called “eating high on the hog.” When one thinks about that in connection with the holidays, turkey and ham generally come to mind. During the past Christmas our holiday meals were special — venison, quail, oysters and shrimp. As we were leaving one of our Village News staff meetings at the Augusta County Public Library, our computer graphics and layout artist Donna Falls said that her husband, Romie, had something in the car for us. She reached into an ice chest and pulled out two nice packages of frozen venison, each containing some tenderloin and a roast — one labeled for Marge Piatt and one for me. Just prior to Christmas we had a venison feast “fit for the gods.” I tell folks that my wife, Verlyn, can cook venison that the King of England would enjoy.

Fast forward to Christmas Eve. Oyster stew was served at 1:00 p.m. in the Skyline Terrace Dining room. Ah! My favorite seafood — oysters.

Our daughter, Gwyn, invited us over for dinner that day. We did not know what she planned. What a pleasant surprise when she walked into the dining room with a platter of fried quail and set it right in front of me. For years when I did a great deal of hunting, a Christmas Eve quail dinner was a tradition. Quail was the favorite wild game for all of the family. Gwyn had found some frozen quail at Martins. They were absolutely delicious. One special feature: we did not have to worry about picking out lead shot.

Now to continue this holiday eating we had fried shrimp in our dining room. I’d certainly call all of this as “Holiday Eating High on the Hog.”

As a postscript, toward the conclusion of the holidays, our son-in-law, Ben Carter, invited us over for some genuine Cajun red beans and rice — another favorite family dish. He was raised south of New Orleans and is an expert in some phases of Cajun cooking.

Three weeks ago our daughter and son-in-law spent a week visiting in Louisiana. They visited briefly in our home town and brought us some famous Zwolle tamales (Zwolle is pronounced to rhyme with tamale). What a fitting way to conclude our holiday “eating high on the hog.”

In Memory

The Promise of Eternity

*A cherished member of our community
has passed on to her heavenly home:*



Betty Trainum

January 6, 2018

*We will always treasure her
friendship and memory.*



Betty Trainum

By Karen Moore

Betty Trainum was a very special lady! She had a welcoming smile and a gentle manner about her that seemed to emanate the love of God. On Sunday mornings she would always have an encouraging word to share with us. She would freely express her love and devotion to the Lord. Ms. Betty loved God’s word and

told me she taught Sunday School for many years. This was evident in her knowledge of the Bible, as she often shared her opinion on the message I was sharing. To hear her insight into the Bible was a privilege that I treasure.

During our weekly hymn sings you could see her singing along, sometimes with her eyes closed as she knew most hymns by heart and they were more than just songs to her. They were her testimony. As with many of us, she expressed one of her favorite hymns was “In the Garden”. She shared with me once, that the words to this hymn brought her comfort knowing that there truly was a place of abiding and fellowship with the Lord in this world and in the world to come. She passed on to her home in glory on January 6th, 2018.

What a blessing it was to have known Miss Betty. We will miss you!



“SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus
RLM Athletics

Year 4 of **Sports Chat** got underway on January 11 with 11 attendees eager and willing to discuss the world of sports. We didn't solve many of the perplexing issues evident nowadays....but we had fun in the process.

A quick review of our 2017 records: Total attendees numbered 153, an average of 12.7. That was a modest increase of 13.7% from the year before. Since our inaugural meeting in 2015, we've had 417 in attendance, an average of 11.9. Our thanks to all of our loyal supporters for “Talking Sports in the Shenandoah Valley.”

Usually plaudits and accolades go to the victors. In this case, we offer a healthy salute to our northern neighbors in Harrisonburg and James Madison University's gridiron squad....after a **loss**. JMU made the FCS finals, where the Dukes' 26-game winning streak was snapped by North Dakota State, 17-13. As the trite saying reminds us. “You can't win 'em all!”

The NFL playoffs are in full swing and head towards Super Bowl LII (52) in Minneapolis on February 4. Yes, those (scoundrel) New England Patriots are among the final eight — again! Surprisingly, the

Tennessee Titans and Jacksonville Jaguars (who?) are also among those eight. Where they came from and how they got there still puzzles several of our “chatters.” Who will emerge as the NFL champion? Strong support went to Minnesota, along with backers for Pittsburgh and Atlanta.

A discussion ensued regarding Alabama's college football (FBS) championship via a 26-23 overtime triumph versus Georgia. While Bama coach Nick Saban's sixth national title (tying him with Bear Bryant) is without dispute, much of his sideline demeanor and conduct is. His gyrations, verbal and emotional outbursts and assorted antics leave much to be desired.

Here a coach in the national spotlight is hardly setting a good example of character and sportsmanship by his wild demonstrations. Yet, as some in our group mentioned, the game is all about “money,” and little else matters. And apparently, such once-frowned-upon deportment is acceptable in (far too) many quarters. It's a sad commentary on American sports in the 21st century.

Wasn't there a time when sports were supposed to be a healthy activity often played for fun? Alas, in contrast to what is happening currently on the fields of play (and not confined only to athletes), that premise must have been the proverbial “pipe dream.”

Please join us for our next **Sports Chat, Thursday, February 8**, in the **Friendship Room**, from **10-11 a.m.** Plenty of prime seating available (including box seats). Be a part of the “**Biggest Hit in Augusta County!**” Have your say — and then some!



By Marge Piatt

The recipe this month is in honor and memory of Jim Jordan who went to be with the Lord on February 19, 2016. He shared his recipe with me shortly before he went home.

Broccoli Casserole

2 (10 oz. pkg.) frozen broccoli

2 eggs, beaten

1 (10¾ oz. can) cream of mushroom soup (undiluted)

½ cup milk (2%)

1 cup mayonnaise

1 cup sharp cheese, shredded

Buttered cracker crumbs (Ritz)

Cook broccoli in slightly salted water, just until tender; drain.

Combine eggs, soup, milk, mayonnaise and cheese; stir in cooked broccoli.

Pour into a greased 2 quart casserole dish and sprinkle with cracker crumbs.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30-40 minutes or until golden brown.

Let cool 15 minutes before serving.



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

SDRC Pool Hall Follies



By James Q. Salter



Every Tuesday at about 1:00 p.m., several men of SDRC gather in the

Activities Room for a game of pool. At present the group averages about six to eight shooters and one kibitzer — Harold Feathers. He says the entertainment is worth the price of admission. I am sure that at times we disturb our P.T. Plus neighbors to the south, but they are nice and do not complain. Our neighbor to the north, Chaplain and Activities Director Karen Moore, says that sometimes we are a “rowdy bunch.” She is exactly right. However, we are a jovial “rowdy bunch.” There is not a “sore-tail-cat” in the group. We enjoy that particular break in our routine here in the community.

Only four participants can shoot at a time. Usually the ones shoot in the order in which they arrive. Not once have we heard any grumpy complaints about that (or anything else). Regarding ability, we have no pros in the bunch; we are just rank amateurs having a good time. A “grouch” would not last long with this group.

Our favorite game is eight ball. Quite often the eight ball is made prematurely by accident, thus ending the game. The one who does that usually apologizes to his partner, but we don’t worry about that. It is all in fun.

We have thought about asking for an additional pool table, but there is not enough room. Everything con-

sidered, our Tuesday afternoon in the “pool hall” is an excellent diversion to help make our life here in the community just a bit more enjoyable.

At times when a game is lasting unusually long (due to poor shooting), our kibitzer says he will go up and ask the kitchen crew to hold over dinner an hour or so. When someone makes a crazy shot and the object ball goes in an unintended pocket by accident, we call that a “Neil shot.” When someone misses a “crip shot,” Dub laughs so hard his electric wheel chair bounces up and down in rhythm with his laughter. On Tuesday, January 2, George Kelly made what our kibitzer called the “shot of the century.” Only the eight ball remained for George to make in the appropriately called pocket to win the game. However, other balls blocked a shot directly to the eight ball. When George made a seemingly impossible bank shot and sank the eight ball, the guys erupted in laughter. George accepted the accolades graciously. He calmly placed his cue in the rack as if to indicate that this was just another pleasant episode of “SDRC Pool Hall Follies.”

The Weather Report

A Look Back at December

By Bill Phillips

December was another very dry month. I thought November was dry but December was even worse. Counting the melted snow from the 9th, I recorded only .29 inches of moisture. That makes 1.25 inches combined for November and December. Even the ponds in neighboring pastures are getting low.

The winds did come back in December with seventeen days of twenty m.p.h. or more. We had two days over forty m.p.h. with a high of forty four m.p.h.

December ended with very cold weather and wind. Christmas Day had forty m.p.h. winds with a low wind chill of minus ten. 2017 ended with nineteen m.p.h. winds, a temperature of six and a low wind chill of minus seventeen. Several other minus wind chills were also noted during the month.

We need snow or rain to help the drought. Be careful what you pray for however!



A Time to Give Thanks

A big thank you to the Bible Study group and residents here at Stuarts Draft Retirement Community! With the offerings that totaled \$592.00 we were able to send twelve boxes of toys to the children on the reservation! In all, with the help of several

other churches, the Cheyenne River Youth Organization was able to wrap and deliver 7,000 gifts to the families on the reservation! That is an amazing feat of devotion and hard work! We were also able to send two cases of copy paper to the Takini School with which they will be able to copy seat work for the children as there are not enough school books for each child to have their own text book.

Our future plans are to use additional funds to purchase quality reading books that can be used in the classrooms. The needs are great, but each little bit we can do to help makes a big difference in the lives of the children.



Reminders



Please check the Shenandoah Terrace bulletin board for changes in these announcements

WORSHIP SERVICES

Sunday Morning Services:

Meadows (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th) 9:30 a.m.
 The Cottage 10:15 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services:

Shenandoah Terrace 7:00 p.m.

Holy Communion:

Shenandoah Terrace 3rd Sunday

Sunday Services Speakers: 1st Sunday - Karen Moore, 2nd Sunday - Carol Byrd, 3rd Sunday - Communion, 4th Sunday - Waynesboro Mennonite Church, 5th Sunday - To Be Announced

CHAPLAIN'S SERVICES

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

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE FEBRUARY SCHEDULE

February 3 Kimball Swanson
 February 10 Frank Byars
 February 17 No Program Scheduled
 February 24 Bob Clouse

SDRC COMMUNITY BREAKFAST

The **Community Breakfast** 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.

BIBLE STUDY

Bible Study is held each **Tuesday** morning in the **Shenandoah Chapel** at **10:00 a.m.**

HYMN SING

Hymn Sing is at **11:30 a.m.** on **Tuesdays** at **The Mead**. Ruth Martin, Pianist.

JULIET LUNCHEON (For the gals)

The **second Wednesday** of each month join the ladies for lunch at **local restaurants** in the area. The van leaves from the **Friendship Room** at **11:00 a.m.**

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

Those interested in joining a weekly **prayer time** are welcome to meet each **Wednesday afternoon** in the **Chapel** from **3:30 p.m. until 4:45 p.m.**

SDRC COMMUNITY FELLOWSHIP

The **Community Fellowship** is held the **second Thursday** of each month at **9:30 a.m.** Come and enjoy fresh donuts and fellowship in the **Skyline Dining Room**.

SPORTS CHAT

Join Ron Mentus the **second Thursday** of the month at **10:00 a.m.** in the **Friendship Room** for a lively discussion of sports currently in the 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.** at the **Friendship Room** 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**.

CROQUET

Croquet is discontinued for the winter and will resume in the spring.

RECYCLE PROGRAM Participation is voluntary.
VILLA RESIDENTS: Use the recycle center located behind Skyline Terrace or place separated items on roadside on designated trash pickup days.
TERRACE RESIDENTS: Use the indoor recycling center bins located in storage room on first floor of Skyline Terrace.

www.stuartsdraftretirement.com

Please Send Articles or Inquiries to Editor:

James Q. Salter — 540-946-8066
 Marjorie Piatt, Co-Editor — ampiatt53@gmail.com
 571-296-5996 or contact one of the regular feature writers:
 Clair Hershey, Bunny Stein, and Nancy Phillips.

All material must be turned in to James Salter or to Marge Piatt by the 12th of each month for publication the following month. Use and editing of all submissions are the prerogative of the editorial staff.