

"Tips and Tales"

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the Residents of Sunnyside for Sharing News and Information
about and of Interest to Them*

VIGIL CONTINUES AT COURT HOUSE

The monthly Vigils at the Court House Steps in Harrisonburg continue on the 16th of each month at 6:30 with a recent communication to Ervine Stutzman, Executive Director of Mennonite USA, asking for announcement in Sunday bulletins of all Mennonite churches in the Shenandoah Valley of the continuation of the Vigil through the month of September.

The Vigil commemorates the 34 students and faculty killed at Virginia Tech as well as the 20 children shot and killed at the school in Newtown, CT. The Vigil is saying to the larger community that gun violence in America needs the attention of the US Congress as well as the Virginia State Legislature. The same request has gone to the Virginia Interfaith Council and all Multi Faith groups.

>Jack Mathison

WHERE IS IT?

A mess! A mess! It certainly is,
My room is in a tangle!
I'm hunting something, it's in here,
But where? What is the answer?

How messy is my room today,
Can stir it with a spoon;
But where? Where is that blooming thing?
I've searched the entire room.

I don't like messes . . . that I don't,
Get rid of them today!
I'll find my thing and straighten up.
Where is it anyway?

I looked up high, and then down low,
My room turned inside-out;
It seems it's not in here a'tall
I must have thrown it out.

Oh, . . . there it is . . . and in plain view,
The thing I thought was lost;
So now the mess goes out the door,
The thing stays in the room.

That thing is a lovely pillow
Sitting in my room;
I fluff it up every night
When darkness invades my room..

>Helen Miller
February 25, 2015

WHY I FLY THE AMERICAN FLAG

*"Everywhere I go I see an
American flag. I don't understand
that. You hardly ever see a British
flag flying anyplace in the UK."*



That from a member of my writers group, a transplanted Brit, in this country now for 10 years or so. Sorry to say, it took my aging brain a few hours to compose a response. But now I have and here it is:

We Americans are proud of our flag. It is a symbol of the war our forefathers came together to fight in order to free themselves from the "colonizing" that the English at that time were imposing on countries all around the world. Our ancestors refused to yield; they fought back . . . and won!

As children we were taught to honor our flag. In the elementary school I attended there was always an American flag at the front of the classroom, and every morning we stood, put our hands over our hearts and recited together:

*I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.” **

Then as a member of the Campfire Girls I was taught flag etiquette, including how to fold it properly, never to let it touch the ground, and not to fly it in the rain. In short – to treat our flag with respect.

At summer camp we started each day with the ceremonious raising of the flag and closed it solemnly with the lowering of those Stars and Stripes at sunset. Standing in a circle at the foot of the flag pole we sang “God Bless America” or “America the Beautiful”. Thus the seeds of love for our flag and its meaning were planted in our young hearts; just one of the reasons I fly the flag today.

When I became an adult I married a Marine who fought in the South Pacific toward the end of WWII. He chose to make the Marine Corps his career after attending college and receiving his commission as a 2nd lieutenant. On bases where we lived, when the main flag was raised or lowered, any Marine in sight stopped, stood at attention, and saluted. It is the symbol of why they serve and what they fight for.

An American flag graces the lids of soldiers’ coffins and is folded and then presented reverently to the next-of-kin at their funeral, a sad but proud emblem of their service to the country. I fly a flag to honor my husband’s service as well as the service of all military personnel.

I’m proud that as Americans we have stepped in to stop the aggression of nations like Germany and Japan, North Korea, North Vietnam and others. We don’t go to those places with the goal of flying our flag victoriously over the victim countries but to ensure the freedom of their people to fly their own flag.

Shortly after the horrific events of 9/11, I had occasion to drive from my home in Virginia to Memphis, TN. Hardly a minute passed on that busy interstate that the Stars and Stripes was not visible in or on cars and trucks, at rest stops, in the distance at homes and businesses in towns large and small. All Americans were flying our flag that day, it seemed.

What was the message we were sending to each other and to the terrorists? I think it was the same thing we said to the British all those years ago – “We’re not yielding, we are together, and we will fight back.”

I hope this brief explanation of *why* will answer the puzzlement so plain on my British friend’s face when I told her, simply ... *I fly the flag.*”
 > Gail Kiracofe

*The words “under God”, were added in 1954.

MY MYSTERY TOURS Part I

From late May until two-thirds of the way into June, I was involved in mystery tours. The mystery is the destination. The first of these was offered by Knoxville Tours in Tennessee. I drove to that city where I spent the night prior to the departure at the motel where the out-of-town travelers gathered. Next day after boarding, the tour director asked each of the 50 of us to write on an individual slip of paper what we deemed the destination to be and how many miles we thought we would be traveling. The tour director collected these papers.

Off we drove. When we found ourselves going east on I-40, destination-guesses on the coach included Outer Banks, NC, New Bern, NC, Cahrlotte, NC. Pages of the small atlases that some travelers had brought with them rustled with the turning. Some suggested we were going to Charleston, SC, and, indeed, it looked that way when we passed through Charlotte and entered South Carolina. That was a lunch stop. After lunch our coach headed not south but north, back into NC! On we went to Durham, spent the night in the Washington Duke Hotel on the campus of Duke University. On the following morning, a hop-on guide gave us a delightful tour of the

refurbished downtown city. What once were Lucky Strike tobacco warehouses now house businesses. One such was Burt's Bees.

Departing Durham, we drove into Virginia to Virginia Beach. Our activities varied. We drove to the aquarium and thought that was where we were headed but no, we were ushered onto a boat to seek dolphins. Quite a few played near us. We saw the Cape Henry Lighthouse, heard tales of rescue at the Old Coast Guard Station on the boardwalk, and visited the Military Aviation Museum where vintage planes from both world wars and from both sides of the conflicts were housed.

After crossing the Chesapeake via the bridge-tunnel, we headed to Crisfield, Maryland where we boarded a ferry for Smith Island. Smith Island is akin to Tangier, but they are in different states. Customs and food are similar and so is the isolation. School children have to be ferried to and from school.

En route to Ocean City, Maryland, we stopped at the Assateague Island Visitor Center. Small herds of wild ponies grazed close to the road enabling us to see them up close. Weather in Ocean City turned blustery and cold. Walking the boardwalk did not appeal. On the entire trip we ate a great deal of bay area food. We passed through historic Berlin and on to a small plantation home where costumed guides explained life in the early 18th century. As we approached the Bay Bridge, I wondered if we were going to stop at St Michael's. We did. Because of the size of our group, we divided. Some sailed on a genuine working skipjack while others went to the Phillip's Wharf Environmental Center to learn about crabbing and marine life. Then the groups shifted.

Seeing the Bay Bridge, we on the coach concurred that Annapolis would be our final destination before heading back to Knoxville. Wrong again! Back on the western short of the Bay, we turned south and had a final night in Fredericksburg with a dinner show "My Way" at the Riverside Theatre. Next day we knew we had a long drive ahead of us. Going west on I-64, I could wave goodbye to both Waynesboro and

Staunton. I wished I had someone to drive my car back home from Knoxville without having to fetch it myself! Although no one had guessed the location of our mystery trip, one man had the mileage nailed to within 40 miles of the correct answer. He won a prize!

Next issue, another Mystery Tour!

>Carroll Lisle

CELEBRATION

On October 18, 2015, my family is sponsoring a CELEBRATION of my one hundredth (100th) birthday. At 9 AM, at Chaplain O'Gorek's invitation, my grandson, a seminary student, will be preaching in Meredith Chapel. From 2-4 PM, in Bethesda Theatre, there will be a party featuring The Vintage Blend, a quartet from the Harrisonburg Harmonizers Chorus, a cake cutting, social, etc. Sunnyside Staff and Residents will be welcome. I am looking forward to the next century!

>Charlie Cowsert, AL 254

LURAY FAMILY

Grandfather Sedwick and his three brothers married the four Kyser girls of Luray. My late husband James had many double cousins.

James grew up on a farm that bordered the Shenandoah River at Luray with his nine siblings. The eldest son was killed at the Battle of the Bulge. The other three sons also served in the military. One son and one daughter remained in Luray while the other seven and their spouses had careers elsewhere. However, when retirement time came, they all returned to Luray!

This close family meets each Saturday on a rotating basis in homes for dinner or dessert and games. I joined this family on August 14, 2004 when Jim and I were married at Mimslyn Inn in Luray. There are now only three families still meeting. Jim died November 29, 2014.

> Lena Bish

TESTIMONIAL

A major convenience living at Sunnyside is having a full service bank at the Highlands. I learned that last year when Shelly Pope spent hours on the computer and phone locating the South Carolina title to my van, which I had not received. That dedicated help convinced me to transfer my account to BB&T.

I had dreaded doing the paper work involved to change automatic deposits and payments, but Erin Fitzwater took over and did it all! It is so nice to have old fashioned personal service 10-2 five days a week right here on campus.

>Coni Dudley

FREE BIRDSEED!

For some reason, no birds in OUR part of the neighborhood want any of the niger seed we put out . . and the grackles gobbled up all the sunflower seeds AND chased all the other birds away! So, we have several pounds of each for anyone who wants them - - first ask, first get!

<Jim & Pat Kellett

SUNNYSIDE'S 11th ANNUAL APPLE BUTTER FESTIVAL

Saturday, Sept. 26th - 9 AM – 1 PM

Eiland Center

Updates and Final Thoughts



We are getting very close now to just being able to enjoy this year's Festival and revel in the proceeds of all of our hard work. But there are still a few very important things that need to happen.

Number One is making the Apple Butter. This year's theme is "One Day – Three Kettles". Yes, we will have three kettles going this year and Alex Banks will be wearing himself out hopping

from one to the other. Sign up to take a turn with the ladle and stir the pot on Thursday, September 17th from early morning to whenever it is done. Remember, you won't be stirring for an entire hour and refreshments are cheerfully supplied throughout the day! Labeling the apple butter will be done on Friday, September 18th starting at 9:00 am in the Arts & Crafts Room in the Eiland Center. You can also volunteer to work the day of the festival for one hour or more. There are opportunities to volunteer as a greeter in the Corson Lobby or out by the Re/Max hot air balloon at the upper parking lot. Additional volunteers are also needed for several of our shop venues. Sign-up for a time slot by calling Joni Runzo at ext. 8216 or stop by the Volunteer Office where a clipboard is posted on her office door.

Number Two -- start baking for the Bake Shop. The Bake Shop is always one of the most popular shops at the Festival and they need everyone's favorite baked goods to help stock their shelves for the festival. Baked goods can only be delivered to the Corson Lobby or to either reception desk on Friday, September 25th between the hours of 9:00 am and 12:00 noon for set up and pricing. Questions? Call Pat Oxley at ext. 8873 or Nellie Koon at ext. 8508.

Remember those three main things we can all do to make it a successful festival this year? Sure, you do! Donate, Volunteer, Participate! Participating is just as important as the first two – plan on attending the festival. Invite a friend from the old neighborhood, family members or just gather some of your neighbors together. You can shop, bid on an auction item, have something good to eat, visit with friends, and take home a pint or quart of apple butter.

Reminder: There will be shuttle service the day of the festival running from the Highlands on the half hour and pick-ups can be scheduled throughout the Village by calling Joni at ext. 8216 to sign up. You must sign up by 9:00 am on Friday, September 25th to schedule this service.

About those final thoughts? It has been a pleasure to work on the festival this year – we have expanded our advertising and are expecting or at

least hoping for a larger crowd this year. You – the residents – have been amazing in your response to our calls for donations! We should have each and every shop filled with things to sell for the festival as well as stocking the Gift Shop for the upcoming holiday season. I am certain that your response to calls for volunteers and donations of baked goods will be just as spectacular. Thanks to all of you for your efforts and the donation of that most important commodity – your time. It's going to be a great Apple Butter Festival – Be a part of it!

>Pat Harkins

THE "NEW" JOSHUA WILTON HOUSE

On Pat's birthday, we went back to our favorite 'high end' restaurant - the Joshua Wilton House - to celebrate on August 20. It had been open for about three weeks under the new management, the same company that owns the Chop House Grill.

Generally, I don't visit restaurants for the first couple of months to give the staff time to shake down their operation, but since we had the needed a celebratory dinner, we made an exception here.

If this were Yelp, I'd probably give it two and a half or three (out of five) stars overall. One of the real high points is the environment. They have a very comfortable setting with the same furniture as the old Joshua Wilton House, and an absolutely delightful 66 dB sound average! You can actually hold a conversation here! On the opposite end of the scale, the table service was extraordinarily poor for what purports to be a fine restaurant - - had to ask for the tea three times, were served one entree with no fork and actually had to steal one from another table (!), and had casual at best attention to the table. Our server seemed preoccupied with one other table, and it was often

hard to get her attention.

Cocktails were superb! The food quality varied a bit, not quite up to the "old" Joshua Wilton standard, but overall quite nice. I was surprised that they had run out of the only fish on the menu by our 7 PM seating, so I substituted pheasant which was tasty once you got past the tough, chewy skin. Pat's filet mignon was outstanding, as were both the desserts. No espresso!

Bottom line: not as good as it used to be, but still about the only high end place in Harrisonburg, and with the chance to get better as the kitchen staff settles in.

>Jim Kellett

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