



SARASOTA BAY CLUB's **SCOOP**

January February 2024

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

SBC Valentine's Dance



**Residents Genevieve Krumm and
Dennis Constant, Alan Summers**





Our Little Blue Zone

By: Burt Herman, Unit 809N

Did you watch Blue Zone documentary recently shown on SBC? “Live to 100....Secrets of the Blue Zone.”

If you missed it, it’s available on Netflix.

Pretty interesting stuff. But hardly a secret.

Thanks to advances in medical science, we’re getting better at pushing back our expiration date.

It’s a given that life expectancy will keep on increasing.

At the time of our founding, average life expectancy was the ripe old age of 35. In the 1930’s it was 58 for men and 62 for women. Social Security was designed in such a way that people would work for many years, paying taxes but not live long enough to collect benefits. That was then and this is now. Today, average life expectancy in the U.S. is 76 years for males and 81 years for females.

Meanwhile, famed futurist, Ray Kurzweil believes that by 2045, we might become immortal by uploading our brains into computers.

It’s called A.I.

And just last week, this was a medical news story about Neuralink, a company founded by Elon Musk that is developing implantable brain computer interfaces. This was the headline story about the first successful implant.

“Musk start-up implants brain chip into human patient.”

And another amazing news story is the future of human transplants using modified pig organs. All of which promises significant advances in life expectancy. More Blue Zones.

National Geographic fellow, Dan Buettner, identifies regions around the world where people live extraordinarily long and happy lives.

They’re called Blue Zones because in searching for and identifying the areas, Buettner and his colleagues drew blue circles around them on a map.

Loma Linda is one of Buettner’s six Blue Zones. It earned its designation in large part due to its significant population of Seventh Day Adventists.....the Protestant religious group known for its traditions of observing meat free diets, avoiding alcohol, smoking, and finding meaning through faith and service.

Other Blue Zones are Okinawa Island, the mountain villages of Sardinia, the Ikarians of Greece, where residents nap often, drink herbal tea, eat a Mediterranean diet and spend lots of time with family and friends.

Costa Rica’s Nicoya region is another Blue Zone. The people of Nicoya share a strong sense of purpose, eat whole foods and prioritize rest. Residents also integrate exercise into their daily routine, and drink naturally calcium rich water.

And Singapore has recently been named a potential Blue Zone as it has one of the highest life expectancies across the globe, thanks to its health care system, nutrition, and access to improved living conditions.

Despite being separated by thousands of miles and possessing dramatically different cultures, the formula for living to 100 and beyond is consistent, which is regular physical activity, a balanced diet and stress management.



OUR LITTLE BLUE ZONE CONTINUED

It's also a well-established fact that having strong social connections and a positive outlook on life contribute to longevity. Like we enjoy here.

Considering the number of octogenarians, nonagenarians and centenarians living here, I'd like to think that the Sarasota Bay Club is our little Blue Zone



HOW DUCKY

By Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

Two little ducks swimming in the bay on a perfectly pretty sunny day. They float along effortlessly side by side. Suddenly, they flutter their wings and fly away, then skim along then plop back in the bay. Over and Over are they looking for food or just a play?

Now, they are joined by others. "Come on in and join the fun. We'll play like this 'til the setting sun." Then each one perches on the pole of a wind torn dock. No fighting, no squabbling, each knows his place. They each turn to watch the sunset, and when that golden orb goes "plop", and the color-show fills the sky, they flap their wings, and in a group, they fly. They fly away—'till anther sunrise, a peaceful end to a pretty day.



PICTURE PERFECT DAY

By: Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

The bay is full of rippling. The ripples go on to eternity. How come the body breaks down and disintegrates, but the bay just keeps rippling on?



The bay is full of life of all kinds, fish, coral, seaweed, too many kinds to count and shrimp and crab to our delight and creatures that only come out at night.



The white wake of a motor boat cuts through the tranquil blue water breaking the mood of contemplation. Wonder where it is going in such a hurry.

Wait! Stop! Slowdown! Enjoy the scene, enjoy the beauty of the day. It is a day like no other. Notice it before it goes away.

Let this be the day you
LEAP
 into the life you're
MEANT TO LIVE.
 READY. SET. FLY!

Volunteerism

By: Shirley Fein, Unit 402B

When I was about ten years old, my parents explained to me what it meant to be a volunteer. Their direction was simple, "By helping others, you will also be helping yourself."

My Father also said, "If you see a need, fill that need." My parents were always helping family, friends and neighbors. And I must say, that they were happy to be nearby when needed, no matter how large or small their project was.

Most everyone that knows me, is aware that I lived on a farm with my family. My three brothers and I were active members of the 4-H Clubs, a U.S. Organization, primarily established for rural children. The adult 4-H leadership also taught us how important volunteerism was for all of us to do and understand as well.

When I married, and my daughter Tina was enrolled in school, I helped with the reading classes. I continued to volunteer during her High School years as well.

In April, 1997, I was awarded the "Good Heart Award" by Sarasota County for my many years of dedication at the Arts Council of Sarasota. This is a beautiful trophy and it has a dominate place in my home with my other awards. They make me smile and give me the full meaning of volunteerism.

Volunteerism, can best be described as an act of contributing free labor to conduct community service or support a non-profit organization. It is the principle of donating time and energy towards a greater cause. Volunteers help change the lives of those in their community as a social responsibility, rather than receiving a financial reward.

Look around you, you will surely find a situation that needs a volunteer. Think about the elderly, the unemployed, the lonely, etc. Be involved, help where you can make a difference and in reality, help yourself.

I did it, and being a volunteer has opened my heart and mind to the world around me!

"Meet "Amy Joe", An internet story credit Greg Smith

For the last few weeks each Tuesday, Amy Joe and I meet at the corner of Pine Street and S. Orange Avenue in downtown Orlando (I work downtown and am always moving around the city). Each day for about a week, I saw Amy Joe at this corner and she never asked for money...she simply said, "Good morning Sir, have a great day. God Bless!!", and smiled. I wear a suit to work every day so I get asked a lot for money quite often downtown...but never once from Amy Joe. Every Tuesday, Amy Joe and I now have lunch together. For 30 minutes to an hour, I get to hear how positive she is even though she really has nothing. Last week Amy Joe kind of dropped a bomb on me...she cannot read. Amy Joe does not smoke, drink, have a drug addiction, or anything of that nature. She simply just has never had anyone teach her how to read. She told me how hard it was for her to find work not being able to read. She began to tell me any money that she can collect she uses to check out library books that help with learning to read instead of buying food. This crushed me!! I have been blessed with two amazing parents and a family that has always had resources to provide me with anything I wanted to do. Amy Joe has not. So now, not only do Amy Joe and I sit and have lunch, I'm teaching her to read. I rent one library book a week and we read it together on Tuesday. She practices on her own throughout the rest of the week. This post is in no way to make anyone feel sorry for Amy Joe or to brag about me doing something for someone less fortunate. I wanted to share this because maybe this can lead to someone helping another person. There are a lot of people out there like Amy Joe, not all are hungry, homeless, or hurt. Some could be your family or friends. Helping someone could be as easy as saying hello and smiling. I have been fortunate enough in my finances that I can take care of Amy Joe, so that's what I'm going to do. If this is something that hit home with you, Like and Share it...if not, that's okay too. But you never know what you can do for someone until you try. **Who is your Amy Joe?!?!**

Tact R Us

By: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

There is such a thing as being too honest. I suppose this might also be called being “tactless.” Truly, no one starts out to be the kind of person who insults people accidentally or betrays a confidence. It is just ... a trait that came naturally to me. When I was a little girl, being an only child, I was often in the company of my parents and other adults. I was precocious and, to be honest, I had a big mouth. I recall two occasions from my pre-teen years.

One was when we lived in Eau Claire, WI., population 32,000. Father was running National Presto Industries., the pressure cooker company. It was a family business – but not our family. One night at “Austin’s White House Inn,” one of only two good restaurants in town (honest), a group of Presto people were in a private dining room having dinner. Midway through dinner in came Mel Cohen, straight from the airport. (Or maybe the train station, it being 1952.) I liked him a lot.

So he joins the group and says he’s really glad to be home because he’s not crazy about traveling. I then pipe up, “I wouldn’t unpack if I were you, because Father is getting ready to send you on the road again.” Of course, I had heard this being discussed and must’ve thought it my obligation to pass it on.

The other episode I recall at about that age happened in New York. Father was having a sales meeting and after the meeting introduced me to one particular man, saying, “Margo, I’d like you to meet Ruby Katz.” (I still remember that name because, really, who could forget a man named “Ruby?” He said to me, “I’ve heard a lot about you. Your dad thinks you’re pretty great.”

I responded in kind. I’ve heard a lot about you, too. And from what I’ve heard you should start looking for another job.” Father’s eyes got big and he said, “She is clearly mistaken” Except that I wasn’t.

At dinner that night Father told Mother of the event, and it was decided that maybe he would try not to discuss business in front of me, given my inclination to be a human parrot.

Fast forward many years to an evening out with my starter husband and a couple new to our street. After dinner, they said, “Let’s go back to our place for a brandy.” We go, and are invited to sit in the library. Over the fireplace is an oil portrait of a woman who looks a lot like Lady Bird Johnson. I ask, “who is the lady?”

“Well, it’s *me*,” says the hostess.”

“No,” say I. “Who would have a portrait of themselves with their old nose?” This is no exaggeration: the evening was then declared over and they bid us goodnight. (But, c’mon. I’m right. What is the point of having one’s nose done and then displaying a painting with the old schnoz?)

My most recent foray into honesty, or “straight talk,” as I like to think of it, was at a dinner party maybe fifteen years ago at The National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian in Washington. The man to my right was unknown to me. I did not recognize his name (Jeffrey Minear) or his face. So, naturally, I asked, “What do you do?”

He responded, “I am chief of staff to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.” My response just fell out of my mouth. “Listen, can you do something about your boss?” I knew it was a mistake the minute the words were spoken ... but bless him, he laughed.

I have not wandered into speak-first/think-later territory in some years. Just another sign, I guess, of the aging brain and slowing down.

My Bully Was Worse Than Your Bully

By: Carol DeChant, Unit 1120S

One of the few things I know for sure is that I survived the worst bully of 1952. That was the year I quit reading *American Girl* and started reading EC horror comics, a short-lived brand with graphic depictions of blood-sucking vampires and flesh-eating werewolves. I also grew taller than my mother, gaining new power to defy the adults by sheer height and by the rebellion that seemed to be in the air. Senator McCarthy was raising bullying to new levels then, by ferreting out the Commies in our government, our colleges, and our movies.

It was also the year of the Fang Club at Holy Family Catholic School, where even our nun was overwhelmed. Sister Agnes, (we called her Aggie behind her back) was new to teaching and to Des Moines. Most nuns needed only their formidable black habits and their rulers for authority. Those weren't nearly enough for Aggie.

Our real and present danger in eighth grade was Horencio, new to our school. He was sixteen years old, presumably after having flunked elsewhere. Horencio was huge, even for sixteen, spilling over the seat on his wooden school desk. Unable to sit still or be quiet, he'd have sudden, scary outbursts. Sometimes his grossly funny antics would end in a shocking finale—like the time he jumped up, walked around the room with his eyelids turned inside out, got the whole room laughing, then rammed his fist through a window. The rest of us, at thirteen, were scared, not just because of his power over us. He scared Aggie too—an “intimidated nun” was no longer oxymoronic.

The Fang Club started that spring. I don't remember who Horencio bit first, but we never wondered why. It would have been a typical burst of his nasty energy. Being bitten—long and hard—by Horencio made you a Fang Club member. Then you had to help jump on and hold down the next unwilling initiate while Horencio bit. His victims' arms carried the evidence for weeks. The skin around the teeth mark turned blue, then greenish and eventually it began to peel. Victims wore long sleeves to hide their bite marks. In eighth grade the only thing worse than being initiated into the Fang Club was being the one who let the adults find out about it.

When Horencio decided to take a new member, he'd spread the word: “We're getting James DeBartolo tonight.” But he lied about his target once. So whether you were the named prey or not, you'd spend the day frantically trying to plot an after-school escape. By the 3:10 dismissal bell you were mired in a sickening, sweaty hopelessness.

Seven girls and eleven boys were in our class. As new fang Club members were taken, those of us who were spared suffered a guilty relief and a growing dread. It was no longer just revulsion at Horencio; it was the fear of his menacing pack. No one was surprised that our classmates would attack at Horencio's command. Even more horrifying was that once initiated forcefully, each new member seemed to *enjoy* being part of the next assaults. We were becoming a whole class of Horencios.

It ended suddenly. Thomas Yost's dad discovered his son's bite mark and made him tell. Poor Tom got the stool-pigeon stigma; the rest of us were secretly relieved. Our parents met with the principal, but never told us what was settled. Horencio was not expelled and though he stopped biting, his domination of the room—and of Aggie—continued. We couldn't comprehend Aggie's helplessness. Why had the order of things turned upside down in her classroom, where—I must point out—religion and prayer were part of our daily curriculum?

Even the Bible was full of bullies: starting with Cain, on to Goliath, then the infant-slaughtering Pharaoh and Herod. Even Paul persecuted others until he saw the light and preached peace and love—at which time, he was beaten and stoned. Bullies are always out there, and they often rule!

For her part, Aggie knew the bridge we'd all crossed together. She refrained from that baby stuff—like urging us to save room on our seat for our guardian angels. (Hadn't *they* abandoned *us*?). She never quoted those silly nun maxims (“Every time a young lady whistles, the Blessed Mother cries.”) Margaret Perkovitch stole cigarettes from her mom, and all of us girls had our first smoke right in the school john. Whistling was kindergarten rebellion; we were headed for high school.



Does Impeachment Activity in the House Have Impact on Financial Markets?

By: David Kotok, Unit 528S

Background: New resident, David Kotok, is the co-founder of Cumberland Advisors and its Chief Investment Officer since inception. David's articles and financial market commentaries have appeared in the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, Barron's and other publications. He is a contributor to Bloomberg TV and Bloomberg Radio, Yahoo Finance TV, and other media. He holds a B.S. in economics from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, an M.S. in organizational dynamics from the School of Arts and Sciences at the University of Pennsylvania, and an M.A. in philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania. He has authored or co-authored four books including the second edition of "From Bear to Bull with EtFS" and "Adventures in Muniland."

A few SBC friends asked if I thought that the latest impeachment activity in the House will have any impact on financial markets. In my opinion, the answer is no. There is no indication that the stock or bond markets are influenced by this political activity. I believe that is true regardless of the outcomes of the two present House impeachment actions whether targeting President Biden and/or DHS Secretary Mayorkas. Both the Trump impeachment and the Clinton impeachment were viewed as political and not financial market moving events. Financial market agents ignored them.

The process of impeachment seems to be used by either political party controlling the House when the opposite party holds the White House. Furthermore, I believe that a conviction by the Senate is so unlikely as to render that probability near zero.

Maybe it always was that way? A few misbehaving judges are the exceptions in American history.

Below is a quote from the US Senate's webpage on impeachment (<https://www.senate.gov/about/powers-procedures/impeachment/senate-impeachment-role.htm>). At the end of the page, we can find impeachment activity reported for all American history. A full list of all impeachments and their results starts with Senator William Blount in 1799 and ends with President Donald Trump in 2020. Until Mayorkas, only one cabinet officer has been impeached. He was William Belknap, Secretary of War, in the Ulysses Grant administration. The Senate did not convict him. It appears that Mayorkas will not face the Senate and, if he does, it appears there will be no conviction.

Here's the quote from the US Senate webpage:

"Since 1789, one principal question has persisted — how to define the constitutional question of what is a 'high crimes and misdemeanors.' This question has been debated by members of Congress, defense attorneys, and legal scholars from the first impeachment trial to the most recent. Were misdemeanors lesser crimes, or merely misconducts? Did a high crime or misdemeanor have to be a violation of written law?"

In an unsuccessful attempt to impeach Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in 1970, Representative Gerald Ford declared: "An impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history." Thus, this constitutional phrase remains a subject of continuing debate, pitting those who view impeachment as a response to an official's perceived violation of the public trust against those who regard impeachment as being limited to indictable offenses."

Financial markets did seem to respond to the Richard Nixon impeachment inquiry. But that financial market response was not clear and only implied. Nixon was already in trouble following his re-election in 1972. There was turmoil due to the Vietnam War-related events and other global forces, including a war in the Middle East and an oil price shock. Nixon faced charges about the Watergate break-in and subsequent "dirty tricks" in his political campaign. And then along came the famous 18 and 1/2-minute gap on a White House tape recording. That was enough to put the issue into serious motion. Nixon resigned before the House held any vote to impeach him.

Impeachment—Impact on Financial Markets Continued

Was the 1973–1974 bear stock market exacerbated by the Nixon impeachment hearings? We could speculate about that forever.

I recall that time and the shock to the financial system. My firm Cumberland was founded in 1973. In my opinion, and from distant memory, the activity of the Nixon impeachment theatrics made the bear market worse than it might otherwise have been. But there is no way to disaggregate the various forces at work and attribute some financial market turmoil to the impeachment process alone. The oil price shock and interest rate shock were coupled with an inflation surge in the early 1970s. They were certainly powerful forces, with or without any impeachment activity.



Valentine's Day

By: Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

The day dawns sunny and bright, calm seas, baby blue skies, puffy white clouds, gentle breezes ruffle the trees.

It's Valentines Day when couples make special efforts to declare their love, when parents and children see each other in a special way that says "Thanks for all your hard work and sacrifices," when friends look at each other with loving eyes that say "thank you for caring about me, and I care about you too."

If only the world could declare a truce, look around and see, we are not so different—you and me. We all need love and nurturing—someone to be special to, to love us unreservedly.

So, Valentine's Day comes around each year to remind us and bring us close to those who are dear. Indulge in a chocolate or two and remember to say "I love you", not just today but every day all year through.

Happy Valentines Day, my dear wherever you are.



Expressive Arts

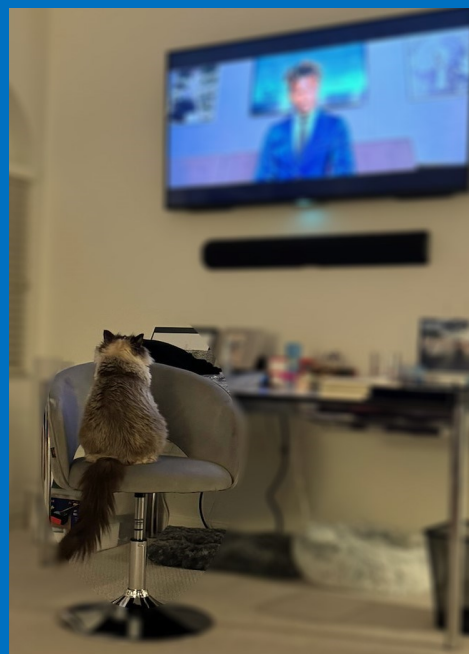
Have a Heart for a Good Cause

Second Heart Homes Executive Director, Megan Howell, held a “drop-in workshop to demonstrate the making of origami hearts. The hearts will be passed out this spring when the Rosemary District opens a new park. SBC made and contributed 250 hearts. Shown here, resident Paul Morgenstern making hearts.



2024 Creative Writing Quill Award

The 2024 Sarasota Bay Club Creative Writing Quill Award was presented to SBC resident Bib Grossman in recognition of outstanding artistry, originality, creativity and expressiveness encompassing the human condition of a bygone era.



Do Cats Watch TV?

This picture captured of Nancy Schlossberg’s ragdoll cat Luna seems to indicate they do. Luna seems very intent on watching the news. Who do you think she will vote for?

Nancy said Luna frequently sits with Richard and her while they watch TV but something about this show captivated her to sit and watch it by herself.



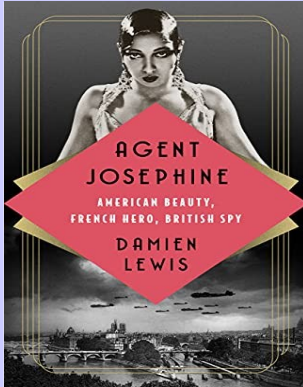
Felt's Preserve

SBC residents, joined by Kathleen Rhem and Joan McGarry of the Lifestyle Department, visited Felt's Preserve for a birding trip to see the "painted buntings" who migrate to Florida in October. Residents were fortunate to have a sighting with their guide Jeanne Dubi of the Audubon Society.

DID YOU KNOW? The adult male Painted Bunting is one of the most colorful of all U.S.-breeding birds, rivaling South American tanagers like the Gilt-edged Tanager and Green-headed Tanager. In Mexico, the Painted Bunting is commonly known as *siete colores*, or "seven colors"; in Louisiana it is called *nonpareil*, French for "without equal." Both are fitting terms for this gorgeous bird. Like other closely-related species such as the Varied Bunting, this bird's diet consists mostly of seeds, supplemented by high-protein insects during nesting season. Despite the males' bright colors, Painted Buntings are often hard to see outside of the breeding season since they prefer to lurk low in the dense cover of brushy areas and woodland edges.

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Unit 321S



“Agent Josephine”

By Damien Lewis, Review by Carol Green, Unit 321S

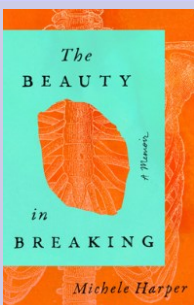
Josephine Baker was a black girl born into extreme poverty in 1906. Her life started in highly segregated St. Louis, Missouri. When she tried to entertain audiences with her considerable dance and song talents, she met with continued prejudice. From this poverty-stricken background, where it appeared she had no hope, she morphed into an inspiration and icon.

At one point, Josephine discovered that France was treating black entertainers well. She took a chance and moved to Paris. It was an incredibly successful move. She became a superstar in Paris by 1930. Financial success followed. She purchased a mansion which she upgraded to become one of the best. She had a Rolls Royce at her disposal. Yet, when the Nazis invaded France, she had to leave, as Blacks were in danger.

She became involved in the French Resistance movement and agreed to spy for the exiled French government and for England. She fled for a time to Morocco where the Sultan of Morocco protected her. Josephine Baker became committed to the Allied cause and risked her life and at times experienced the highest levels of danger. This book tracks her heroic feats on behalf of the Allies. It highlights the risks she undertook. Despite becoming very ill, she carried on. She even hid spy messages in the musical lyrics she used to perform. She went on to entrain the Allied troops with the one stipulation, that Blacks and Whites would sit together. This was unheard of at the time.

Once she went back to the U.S. as an entertainer, she once again met with extreme levels of discrimination, whereas in France, she was awarded the highest military honors including a French uniform. She wore this uniform along with her many medals to Martin Luther King's rally and I Have a Dream speech at the U.S. Capitol. She was the only woman on the program.

This is a book about a unique individual and has enough intrigue to satisfy those who follow spy stories.



“The Beauty in the Breaking”

By: Michele Harper, Review by Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

“The Beauty in the Breaking” is a memoir by a remarkable woman.

The title refers to the Japanese art of repairing pottery by filling cracks with gold or silver. The broken object is considered more beautiful for its imperfections.

The author has been an emergency room physician for over a decade, working in various hospitals including the VA. She grew up in Washington, D.C. and was a graduate of the Cathedral school and Harvard University. Her husband of 13 years announced he was leaving the marriage after she had committed to a job in Philadelphia to be nearer to his family. She relocated alone to a new job in a new city. Her own family was a troubled one with an abusive father who was also a physician.

Through the stories of the various patients that she treated in the ER, she reveals her own family's difficulties and how she learns to cope with them, and learns much from her meeting with some of these patients. She also has to contend with the discrimination that sometimes occurs as a black woman doctor.

Michele Harper is someone I'd like to be on duty, if I had to go to the ER. She's not only a competent doctor but a gifted writer and compassionate woman.

This book has been chosen for the reading group at Selby Library.



White Morph Great Blue Heron

I have had the unique opportunity to observe and photograph a White Morph Great Blue Heron from both ground level and high above. Unfortunately, this bird is on private property not open to the public where there is construction, almost no parking and both security and video surveillance, so it is not in a location where others can access it.

Since GBHEs do not mate for life, I cannot be sure but would suspect this is the same pair that nested in this location last year. If so, it seems unlikely that the product of this mixed pairing of Dark Morph and White Morph will result in intermediate morph Wurde-mann's Heron chicks. Time will tell.

I believe current thinking is that this is a color morph and not a subspecies of Great Blue Heron. White Morphs are not uncommon in the Florida Keys, rare elsewhere.



POETRY

Doctor Appointments

By: Linda Albert, Unit 209N

Like rabbits they mate—they proliferate.
One becomes two—two becomes four
One follows through—one is before.
For some you must fast—and hope you will last
Your belly might grumble—the gowns make humble.
You set your alarm—fill out forms long as your arm.
There are co-pays and x-rays—PA's and practitioners
You now must be seen by a team of commissioners.

Here's a new order request—time again for a test.
How could two years have passed since you
 had that one last!
It's eyes, ears and hearts, bones, lungs or bladder
Is everything good or has something turned badder?
Your blood work is wanted but not by the Feds
It could be your age—it might be your meds,

Is this only a nightmare from which you'll awaken?
Did the lab techs take care—the conclusion mistaken?!
The world is still calling—adventures to claim
A fountain in Rome, coins engraved with your name.

Your teeth need more flossing—extra tweaks for your gums
Implants and crowns involve five figure sums.
Who knew that retirement was nothing to fear
Since going to the doctors could become a career.

It's breasts and it's prostates—it's skin and it's plumbing
It's scans and it's probes 'til the whole thing is numbing.
So your knees sometimes crunch—your neck sounds like gravel
You've got buckets to fill and they all involve travel.

Is this an anomaly or have you decided
Your Doctor means well, but the plan is misguided?
I have a friend who thinks healthcare is hollow -
It could be that her example is worthwhile to follow.
She only eats fried foods and red meat and candy
Her outlook is sunny, her digestion is candy.

A banana a day and she's ready for action.
She doesn't take meds so no adverse reactions.
Without those appointments her calendars clear
She's always free for fun to appear.
I know the AMA isn't likely to buy it
but whatever her secret, I'm tempted to try it!



Magnificent Frigatebirds are not usually seen in Sarasota in January. They are all at sea or at home and/or nesting from the Dry Tortugas south. However, several individuals saw at least one Frigatebird flying above Sarasota Bay on Saturday, January 27th. And darned if this one didn't actually land in the mangroves beside the Sarasota Yacht Club and sit for about twenty minutes before flying off. Frigatebirds typically show up here in May and stay until late August. They have a few mangrove islands where they like to roost and they return to those same islands year after year. They spend all day in the air, coming back to roost in the evening.

The Frigatebird is sometimes called the "Man-O-War Bird" because it harasses other birds until they regurgitate recently captured food, which the Frigatebird snatches in midair. Unlike most seabirds, the Frigatebird does not have waterproof feathers. If it gets wet it is unable to fly. Their legs and feet are very small so they cannot paddle and rarely even try to walk. Instead of plunging or diving into the water they use a variety of other methods to obtain food while staying dry. They feed mostly on small fish, squid, jellyfish and crustaceans. They will also take hatchling turtles, young terns and other birds. The gliding and soaring ability of Frigatebirds is so efficient that they have been recorded staying airborne for more than two months at a time.

Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA. First image captured January 27, 2024. Others were captured in past summers. Website: www.lounewmanphoto.com

POETRY

The Koi Pond

By: Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

Early each morning as I go on a walk
 I pay the lovely koi pond a visit
 Admiring the creatures their shapes
 Their movement and colors exquisite
 They move through the water
 Like flashes of light
 Enchanting in various hues that delight
 I could watch and admire them all the long day
 But things are calling to be on my way
 There are birds and dogs and people to greet
 Then sit at a table with new friends to meet
 A coffee a chat and I'll go on my way
 A pleasant beginning for another day.

The Big Blow

By: Mario Sparagana, Unit 801N

A biting wind was shrieking at my door
 Demanding entry into my abode.
 There was something menacing in its clamor.

 The storm attacked me with an angry roar.
 What is this plague that assails me?
 A biting wind was shrieking at my door.

 The wailing tempest howled more and more
 And seemed to act out of malevolence.
 There was something menacing in its clamor.

The Big Blow Continued

By: Mario Sparagana

It was a warning I dared not ignore.
 Some forces of nature are so malign.
 A biting wind was shrieking at my door.

The maelstrom at my roof tiles tore.
 It will destroy me, if I don't take care.
 There was something menacing in its clamor.

Do I face some evil that I deplore?
 This scourge may have some pernicious purpose.
 A biting wind was shrieking at my door.
 There was something menacing in its clamor.

A Canoe

By: Herb Snyder, Unit 307N

I can paddle a canoe, can you?
 It looks the same in front and back
 And it is quick to roll if you give it slack.
 With paddles at each end
 From left to right you bend.
 If you've got the knack
 You paddle a kayak,
 A lot more strain
 Is it worth the pain?



January February 2024

Name

Apartment

Adair, Darbra	1122S
Adair, William	811N
Bailey, Richard & Barbara	723S
Bloch, Jack & Judy	314N
Colton, Neal & Prizant, Sharon	828S
Greenblatt, Jay & Green, Joyce	204N
Johnson, Stephen & Spelman, Sharon	124S



We also welcome your contributions to future issues of SCOOP at any time! Please place your articles in Lynne's mailbox located in the North or South Tower Mail Room.

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Linda Albert , Shirley Fein, Audrey Sharp and Janice Ellison