



SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S **SCOOP**

January February 2025

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

Welcome Poly



Evocative of light passing through crystal clear water and of a wisp of cloud against a bright blue sky, Poly encapsulates the natural sensuous beauty of Sarasota. Blending in with its surrounding environment by day, the project transforms into a svelte lantern at night, serving as an iconic landmark that announces the presence of a roundabout to approaching vehicles.

Poly consists of laser cut steel sheets, folded and welded into prismatic tubes, powder coated with an anti-graffiti finish, and then stacked and bolted to one another.

Picture by Andrew Warfield as seen in Your Observer.com.

Retirement requires reimagining your future.

Here are ways to do it.

By: Nancy K. Schlossberg, Unit 902N; Article as seen in USA Today, January 10, 2025

My decision to retire after a 40-year career, 27 of them at the University of Maryland, seemed like it would be a piece of cake; after all, my work had focused on the transitions faced by older individuals.

My expectations for an easy, happy retirement were quickly squashed.

As I look back I made two major mistakes. First, my husband and I decided to move the year we both retired. As an expert on transitions I should have realized two major transitions simultaneously could be disruptive.

Second, I had the unrealistic expectation that nonprofits in our new community would want to hire me as a consultant. Wrong. They wanted me to join their boards and help raise money—something that did not interest me at all.

Suddenly my life was upside down—I no longer knew what to put on my business card, I no longer knew what I wanted to do with my life, I no longer felt relevant.

My go-to strategy when floundering is to learn more. So, I immediately started interviewing retirees living in trailer parks, individuals participating in community centers, and organizations like the World Bank, only to find I was not alone.

A retired military officer in a group I interviewed exclaimed, “I no longer feel relevant.” A Washington D.C. police officer, he shared his retirement experience with these words; “After 25 years, I turned in my badge and gun and left with only a brief handshake.”

A baby nurse, Myrtle May, who loved caring for others, was forced to retire when one leg was amputated due to diabetes, and she became lonely and depressed.

They no longer felt relevant, appreciated, listened to. They felt invisible. The lack they struggled with could be summed up with one word, “mattering,” – the need to feel noticed, valued, depended upon – a concept contextualized by the late University of Maryland distinguished Professor Morris Rosenberg.

Rosenberg studied adolescent boys and discovered that what differentiated those deemed delinquent from those who weren't was the degree to which they felt they mattered. Rosenberg and his students studied homelessness and I, with my students, developed the mattering scales and found that those adult learners who did not feel they mattered to the university dropped out.

The need to matter could be the secret to a happy retirement. If so, what will happen to the 4.1 million individuals expected to retire in 2025? According to the National Council on Aging, 80% will face either a financial or emotional crisis. As a nation we face the challenge of figuring out how millions of retirees can construct a life where they feel valued.

Connect and stay engaged

The way to start is to ask yourself what you can do to boost your feelings that you matter. A few prompts might help.

1. Get involved and stay engaged. Because of my unmet expectations, I decided to engage in and learn about the issues many retirees face. I ran focus groups at trailer parks, retirement communities, and with the staff of

RETIREMENT CONTINUED

several major organizations. Meanwhile, a woman in the group I co-lead, decided to move to a trailer park that advertised itself as a place that sponsored community connections. She also joined the Senior Friendship Center as a volunteer.

2. Seek out new connections. One recent widow complained that some of the couples she'd hung out with no longer included her. A friend suggested she take initiative and start giving dinner parties, or inviting couples to join her for a movie.

3. Take the time to thank someone for their help. Offer a kind word, or recognize someone's efforts. These small gestures make others feel valued and enhance our own sense of purpose.

4. When you see someone struggling with mattering, lend a hand. When a therapist learned about Myrtle May's depression, she convinced a local hospital to share the names of newly released patients with May, who then provided phone support to help them deal with their health issues.

Check your mindset like you do your financial portfolio

It is important to check your psychological portfolio, just as you check your financial portfolio with your financial adviser and the state of your health with your primary care doctor at your yearly physical.

When I interviewed the former CFO of a Fortune 100 company about his retirement, he pounded the table saying "Retirement is hollow. I have a pension of a million dollars, a secretary and office but no power."

In order to feel he matters again, he needs to focus on his psychological portfolio, which consists of his identity (who am I now that I don't have a job title); his purpose, (what excites me and makes me want to get up each day); and his changing relationships with family, friends and former colleagues.

Figure Out Your New Life Path

Based on hundreds of interviews, I identified six paths that can help boost one's "mattering:" You can combine paths and change them as life evolves. As a start ask yourself, "do I want to be a"

Continuer: This means continuing in a modified way what you have always done. For example, someone whose field was gerontology might continue interest in aging by volunteering at a senior center.

Adventurer: Moving into an entirely different field, like the advertising executive who became a docent in a museum.

Easy Glider: Letting each day unfold with no clear agenda, enjoying the freedom to explore different activities.

Involved Spectator: Staying engaged in your field but as an observer rather than a doer, like the retired museum director who became absorbed in the art world.

Searcher: Continuously exploring how to take the next steps in your journey, trying out different activities and roles.

Retreater: Taking a temporary break to reflect and recharge, so long as it does not result in becoming a couch potato.

Keep reevaluating your path — and you can retire happy

Shopper's Lament

By: Gert Margolick, Unit 526S

The poet, T.S. Elliott surely made the right call
When he declared April the cruelest month of all;
Unpredictable weather and the income tax,
No funds left to binge at T.J. Maxx;
In fact, my finances were in such disarray
That even H.R. Block turned me away!
Now it's almost April, but I'm in debt again
And upset again;
You see, even though I try,
I'm impulsive when I buy,
For my instinct is to spend and spend,
While succumbing to every fashion trend;
That's why I'm always in arrears,
Overdrawn at Dillard's and at Sears;
I know, to you, it may sound absurd,
But to me, you see, a four-letter word
Is spelled, in capital letters, S-A-L-E,
Which, unfortunately always leads to a shopping spree;
Those initials seduce me every time
By turning my mood from dour to sublime
Now it is almost April with its new season of hope,
And I know exactly what to do in order to cope,
Simply cancel my credit cards, cause of all my stress,
Goodbye to Visa, Farewell American Express!
But, still, with my past history as a stern wake-up call,
I resolve never to go near that formidable UTC shopping Mall!

Valentine's Trivia

Question: Who wrote the oldest-known Valentine's Day message?

Answer: The Duke of Orleans

Question: From where was the oldest-known Valentine's Day message sent?

Answer: Prison

Question: When was the oldest-known Valentine's Day message written?

Answer: 1415

RETIREMENT: CONTINUED

Retirement is a major transition. As you move from worker to retiree, you lose some relationships and refocus on new ones with family, friends and former colleagues, modifying your daily routines and assumptions about the world.

According to Forbes, retirees can expect to live 20 to 30 more years. During these years, you might experience recurring cycles of mattering, not mattering and mattering again.

But with each bump in the road you can revisit your retirement strategies, and reevaluate the path you are on. When you remember that you matter you can retire satisfied and happy.

*Nancy K. Schlossberg, Professor Emerita, University of Maryland and author of **Revitalizing Retirement: Reshaping Your Identity, Relationships and Purpose.***



The reason life works at all,
is because not everyone in
your tribe is nuts on the
same day.

~Anne Lamott

Excerpt from *The Fed and the Flu*

By: David Kotok, Unit 528S

Chapter 11 is below.

Note that we are observing a bird flu risk in the United States as this is written.

The 1957 Asian flu pandemic would be the second pandemic to occur during the history of the Federal Reserve. It would mark a historic first, but not where the Fed was concerned.

On April 17, 1957, microbiologist Maurice Hilleman was perusing the *New York Times*. On page three, his eye was likely drawn first to the photo of Marines landing on a beach in Turkey, but he must have also been interested to read the article at the top left, about a possible link between radiation exposure from hydrogen bomb tests and bone cancer. The slim article titled “Hong Kong Battling Influenza Epidemic,” though, was just four inches of copy — a mere eight sentences — sandwiched just above the ads for Brooks Brothers worsted suits, Macy’s shoes, men’s ties, a lacy nylon blouse, and a beauty treatment for blackheads. The article reported “thousands of cases” of influenza in Hong Kong and mothers standing in long lines seeking treatment for their “glassy-eyed children, tied to their backs.”

Maurice Hilleman immediately recognized a possible flu pandemic in the making. At the time, Hilleman was working at the Walter Reed Institute of Army Research, where he had identified changes that could happen when a virus mutated. The next day, he sent a message to the Army Medical General Laboratory in Japan, asking them to investigate the outbreak. They were able to send him a saliva sample from a U.S. servicemember who had caught the virus. Studying the new influenza virus in the sample, he quickly identified two key changes that rendered most people susceptible to the new strain. He verified that U.S. soldiers had no antibodies to fight the new flu. Only elderly survivors of the Russian Flu pandemic of 1889–1890 would have any immunity. (That epidemic infected 4 million people in Britain and killed at least 125,000 of them.) Once other labs confirmed his findings, Dr. Hilleman announced that an influenza epidemic was coming, and he set out to ensure that a vaccine would be available by the time schools reopened in September. Because of his timely realization and quick action, 40 million doses of vaccine were produced in the United States by fall.

Since the U.S. population by the end of 1957 was just shy of 172 million people, 40 million doses of vaccine were not nearly enough for everyone who wanted protection to have it, but the vaccine assuredly saved lives. The Asian flu pandemic marked the first time in history that a vaccine had been developed to blunt the impacts of an influenza pandemic. Such a vaccine might not have existed in 1957 either had it not been for Hilleman and an eight-sentence report in the *New York Times*. The 1957 experience — when the World Health Organization had missed foreseeing the outbreak and matters came down to a physician scientist reading a newspaper — underlines the never-ending importance of global surveillance that enables early detection of new infectious diseases in time to prepare and react. The key observation that Dr. Hilleman made about influenza viruses — that genetic drift caused the flu to mutate regularly — would presage the need for annual flu shots. The epidemic in 1957 might have been even worse if not for Dr. Hilleman. The vaccine would limit the death toll among Americans, but the toll might have been even lower if the vaccine had been made available to everyone sooner.

Maurice Hilleman developed more than 40 vaccines in his long career, a record that remains unmatched today. He created vaccines for the measles, mumps, hepatitis A and B, rubella, pneumonia, and meningitis, among others. At least a million lives were saved by his measles vaccine alone.

Though the Hong Kong epidemic finally made the news in April of 1957, it actually began in February in East Asia, when a subtype of influenza A underwent genetic modifications after an animal host was infected with both that strain and an avian influenza strain. The two viruses combined, reassorting their genes and producing a new influenza A strain that would be named H2N2. Such mutations are common occurrences. Genetic drift and more reassortment would combine to eradicate H2N2 and replace it with another virus, H3N2, in just over a decade. H3N2, in turn, would cause the influenza pandemic of 1968.

Beginner's Mind by Parker Palmer



The Growing Edge

Look well to the growing edge. All around us worlds are dying and new worlds are being born; all around us life is dying and life is being born. The fruit ripens on the tree, the roots are silently at work in the darkness of the earth against a time when there shall be new lives, fresh blossoms, green fruit. Such is the growing edge!

It is the extra breath from the exhausted lung, the one more thing to try when all else has failed, the upward reach of life when weariness closes in upon all endeavor. This is the basis of hope in moments of despair, the incentive to carry on when times are out of joint and men have lost their reason, the source of confidence when worlds crash and dreams whiten into ash.

The birth of the child—life's most dramatic answer to death—this is the growing edge incarnate. Look well to the growing edge!

—Howard Thurman

2024 was a hard year for millions of people, and the arrival of 2025 will not change that fact. But for millennia, that New Year's tick of the clock has provided a ritual moment to imagine a more life-giving path into the future.

Howard Thurman—mystic, scholar, and civil rights activist—was no romantic about these things. A black man born in Florida in 1899, he knew all about the cruelties we are capable of inflicting on each other—his beloved grandmother had been an enslaved person. But he never let the hard realities of injustice rob him of the hope embodied in what he called “the growing edge” of our lives.

As we watch love, truth and justice being trashed at home and around the globe, it's easy to become world-weary. But no matter how weary I become, time spent with infants or young children rekindles my spirit. In this treasured photo, my granddaughter Naiya takes me to the “growing edge” of her world by explaining one of its many mysteries. Her eyes are wide with wonder, her hands alive with speech, and her expression says, “Grandpa, I'm going to keep talking until you get it!” (FYI, the topic was little-known facts about turtles.)

I'm following Naiya intently for many reasons: I love her, every child deserves our attention, and kids remind me that the world is full of wonders that jaded eyes will never see. The burdens of adult life are real, but they are not the whole truth. Only by seeing life's magic and mystery as well as its misery can we create a world

The Growing Edge Continued

that will serve our kids well.

So I'm heading into 2025 with an aspiration to “get it” by looking at life thru the eyes of a child—while using my adult awareness and power to do whatever good I can. Buddhists call it “beginner's mind,” a vital corrective to the cynicism that comes when we allow harsh realities to darken our vision and diminish our energies. It's a way of looking at the world that makes fresh starts possible at home, at work, and in politics.

As we move into the New Year, I'll be reflecting on the “growing edge” of my life. What is yours and how do you hope to grow into it?

May 2025 be a year in which we find new life in ourselves and bring that life to the world. In that spirit I wish you and yours a creative and engaged New Year!

[My 10 books are at <https://tinyurl.com/mt4sbe7t>. And please check out “The Growing Edge Podcast” that Carrie Newcomer and I do at <https://tinyurl.com/5n83dpna>. BTW, Naiya just finished her first semester at college with straight A's. Time flies!] Written by Parker J. Palmer, widely published and a well known name

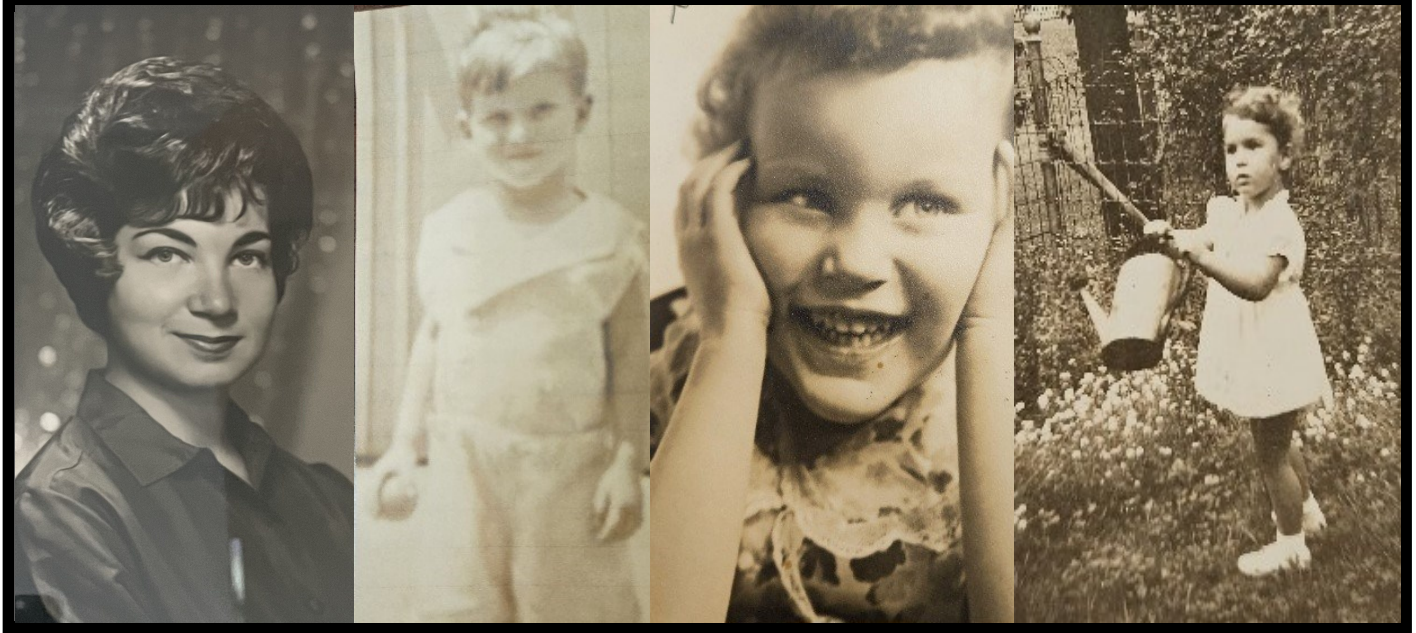
Some Reflections on Our Times

By: Gert Margolick, Unit 526S

I hope these lines won't sound discordant
 Although they really reek of mordant
 The state of the world causes me to dwell
 On matters that often don't sit too well.
 For instance, with newspapers, I'm often bemused!
 As well as very thoroughly confused
 There are words I've never heard before
 Requiring a dictionary to explore
 There's “twitter” and “Facebook” along with dot com
 Some of which I view with alarm
 Almost everyone now has acquired a “blog”
 And people shop “on line” or by catalog'
 The jobless—up a creek minus an oar
 Searching for a job through a revolving door
 There are numerous tid-bits we don't care about
 As well as gossip items we could all do without
 I wonder if some of us would surely agree
 That somewhere lurks a threat to our privacy.
 We are kept abreast of global warming
 Politicians pursue their shrill barnstorming
 Terrorists waiting in the wings
 Scientists are espousing “Brave New World” things
 Ongoing wars and strife everywhere
 Nature going berserk on a destructive tear

Wall Street flighty, up and down
 More R-rated movies from Tinseltown
 Sports heroes revealed as steroid users
 Along with serious drug-abusers

It's all very vexing, this texting and sexting
 What, one wonders, might be the next thing?
 Weapons of mass destruction stresses us out
 When once there was just fire and brimstone to worry about!
 Peace, good citizens all, should be our aim
 Vigilance and love is the name of the game.



My Favorite Picture of My Younger Self

Can you visualize your friends and neighbors when they were younger? Don't you love seeing old photos of friends? It's like getting into the "way-back-when machine" with people you only met as seniors. So join me and let's reminisce and have some fun. Find your favorite picture of yourself when you were younger and give to Lynne Minguez for inclusion in the next Scoop. See if you can identify the SBC people shown. Answers on last page of Scoop

The Letter

By: Budee Jacobs, Unit 404N

Dear Mary Beth: I have finally gotten around to sending you this letter. It is well over due so I decided to catch you up with what has gone on in my life since we last connected. The reason it took me so long is mostly because I have moved. I moved to an Over 55 community though from what I can tell these folks haven't seen 55 in a very long time, My new friends and I never discuss our ages, politics or weight. Speaking of weight, I have gained a few pounds or maybe more than a few since we last saw one another. I gave my scale to Goodwill when I realized it was the source of my anxiety attacks. I now use the button test to determine whether or not I am gaining weight. If the top button closes at the waist of my slacks, I am in good shape. If I have to leave it unbuttoned, I've gained a few pounds and if I have to remove the button all together and move it over an inch or so, I stop with my late night snack of Chunky Chip Chocolate ice cream with a cookie chaser.

As you probably remember, my husband Harold passed away more than 5 years ago. Though I still miss him, one of my new acquaintances introduced me to Mike, a recently divorced gentleman. We seemed to enjoy similar activities, old movies, walks in the park, eating chunky chocolate chip ice cream. We soon became a couple and spent a lot of time together. Just last night Mike informed me that we would no longer be together. He had discovered greener pastures...my words not his. I immediately got on my phone and called Joan, the town crier of our community. "He's been seen with Claire." Claire Alworth who recently moved in the Grayness 'old place'? The Claire Alworth with the badly bleached blond hair and the 34 DD boobs? The Claire Alworth I welcomed into my Bridge Club and even invited over for dinner one night with Joan, her husband and yes, Mike! That Claire Alworth is my replacement? It took about 2 weeks for me to get over the embarrassment and humiliation. At my age I don't have enough time any more to waste on shameful and tasteless men. If he chose Claire Alworth over me, he has no class at all!

That about does it for me, Mary Beth. Hope this letter finds you in good health. Do keep in touch. Your old friend, Vera.

“CASABLANCA”

By: Burt Herman, Unit 809N

It's 1955.

I was a navy reservist and was activated and ordered to the U.S. Naval Communication in Sidi Yahia, Morocco.

I imagined myself hanging out at Casablanca's Rick's Café, with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.

A pipe dream!

Fact is, I was headed where the camels are tough on the spine.

To a remote Moroccan village in the forlorn foothills of the Atlas Mountains. My 21-month tour of duty would be in a high-tech marine-guarded, windowless, cinder block building, adjacent to a French communications base, with the lure of occasional visits to Casablanca, 150 miles distant.

The 1942 movie, “Casablanca,” explores the themes of Love and Sacrifice and is based on the World War II, real life love story of café owner, Rick Blaine, played by Humphrey Bogart, and his former lover, Ilsa Lund, portrayed by Ingrid Bergman.

It is one of the all-time romantic films, with re-runs especially around Valentine's Day.

While the movie is about refugees tied to romance and American idealism, the back-drop is Vichy fascism...like the little known story of Sigmund Freud's daughter-in-law, Esti Freud, and his granddaughter Sophie and their escape from Casablanca on a night train to Tangier, a flight to Lisbon and shipboard passage to America.

Sophie Freud wrote, “Just now I am sitting somewhere high up on the ship. It seems impossibly fantastic. A moment I could never have imagined.”

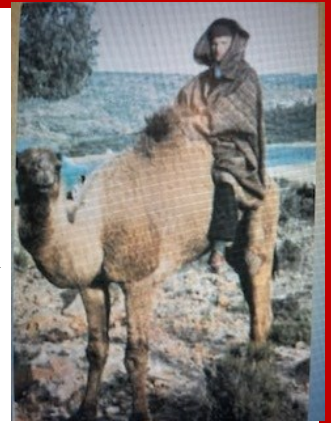
Casablanca's theme song, “As time goes by,” was composed in 1931. It's preamble, not heard in the film, expresses the stress and confusion of unsettling new ideas in a world of change.

The pre-amble acknowledges that some things, like love, are more fundamental than physics.

“You must remember this,
A kiss is just a kiss,
A sigh is just a sigh,
The fundamental things apply,
As time goes by.
And when two lovers woo,
They still say I love you,
On that you can rely,
No matter what the future brings,
As time goes by.”

With the lover's future hanging in the balance, Bogart toasts Bergman with this poignant farewell:

“Here's looking at you, kid.”



KEEPING BUSY DOING NOTHING

By: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

I will make an educated guess that very few SBC residents still work. Perhaps a few continue to have a say in a family business or handle their own investments. Beyond that, I'm sticking with my thesis.

I've been thinking about this because the other day it dawned on me: I have no job, no household responsibilities, and yet I am always behind. I am behind with my emails, behind with things I want to read, behind with TV movies and series I've jotted down. This does not make a lot of sense to me. Where does the time go? What am I so busy doing that I haven't enough time?

Given the situation we are all in, the answer has to be age and energy. Granted, some of us are getting things done. I have women friends who cook and bake. Some volunteer. I do not think, however, that I am alone in feeling that I can't catch up. It is a red letter day when I awake and think: "I can do whatever I want." (Never mind that, in theory, *all* days should feel like this, since, as I said, I have no job and no responsibilities.)

I, in no way, am the first person to ponder the question of time. Famous philosophers considered the question, to be sure. "Aristotle and Leibniz, among others, argued that time is not independent of the events that occur in time."

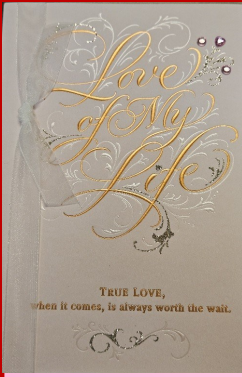
Whatever that means. This certainly does not even come close to answering the question about why I am behind with my emails, books unread, and TV shows unseen. The answer must be age and energy. Should anyone reading this have any ideas or answers, I would love to hear them, and I promise to make time to read them.

RULES

By: Budee Jacobs, Unit 404N

In most homes there are rules to follow and my home was no different. Some were spoken rules, some unspoken. What was the most hated rule I had to follow as a youngster? No dessert until all your vegetables are eaten. My mother, though terrific in many ways, was not the Betty Crocker of her generation. Our vegetables were right from the can, green beans, corn, peas, and carrots, all recooked on the stove so that every last bit of taste was removed including any resemblance from the picture on the can. They were hot, yes, they were tasty, no. So, in order to ensure my reward, I would take in a large breath, hold it, swallow as much of the moosh as my mouth would hold, drink a glass of water and then exhale. By doing this I got what I deserved, a HoHo, a Ding Dong or a cookie. My cup did runneth over as well as the roll fat protruding over my ample belly. But I was a happy camper. Rule 2. Waste not, want not. As we all knew in the 30's and 40's, children in Albania or China were starving. How my being a charter member of the "clean your plate club" helped the children, I never knew but I certainly was not going to be the source of their hunger. Rule 3. Always wear clean underwear. I asked why and was told in case, after leaving home, I was in an accident and had to be taken to a hospital. My parents would be shamed and I would be disgraced because strangers saw day-old underwear on my broken body! I never could understand how a medical professional would know whether or not my underwear was fresh or day-old but I followed rules without question. Rule 4. The Golden Rule. I struggled a lot with that one. Not so much as a child but certainly when I left home, went to college and had no parents reminding me. I speak particularly about my first serious boyfriend whose name will be nameless to protect the guilty. I really wanted to do unto him what I wished he would do unto me but my guilt would not allow any thou shalt.

Now that I am an older and I hope a bit wiser adult, I have sent most of those rules out to pasture. I can only hope my children still adhere to the Golden Rule, though I have a feeling some have bent it a few times. Oh well, maybe it's ("Like mother like child").



Valentine's Day 2025

By: Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

It doesn't seem possible, but it's true, I've made it through another year without the two of you. Boxes full of cards expressing so much love and hope and dreams for the future, and now the future is NOW! Perhaps this is the moment to write "The End" to this beautiful love story that started 73 years ago in a mountain resort in the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania.

I guess senility has not quite set in yet, because I can still replay the whole scenario in my mind of how we met, what I was wearing, how "fresh" you were when you lifted my skirt to place a dry napkin on my leg to dry up the raindrops from my soaking wet dress. All that time I spent adjusting every hair and applying that last dab of lipstick all to be undone by that torrent of rain. How would the story have ended if it had been a bright sunny day, or if they had seated me at some other table?? They say, "whatever was meant to be, was meant to be."

I was certainly not out to make any "lasting relationship." I was 24 years old, just recovering from the painful breakup of a 3-year-long romance. I was hoping for 2 weeks of sunshine, perhaps some time to read, some pampering, good food, and just in general, a change in subject. And yet, here was this very attractive young man adjusting a large dry napkin on my very wet leg. Well—one dinner mate. What could it hurt? And well, Al was persistent, if nothing else. Soon we got "paired off" for many of the camp activities. So much for the solitary book reading. And soon we had formed our own group of fellow campers who planned to spend time together at various "camp activities." So comfortable and so much fun!

The two weeks flew by and soon we were making plans for a "camp reunion." Labor Day was coming up so we all had time off from work. We had a laugh-filled weekend in New York City and had an exploratory trip to Tiffany's on 5th Ave just to check out my taste in engagement rings—nothing serious, just for fun. The rings were fun, the prices were definitely not! But it was good for laughs for years to come. I'd managed a short visit with Aunt Hannah—not for her approval, mind you, just happened to be in the neighborhood. Then the letters and phone calls became a daily routine.

As New Years Eve approached, I was invited to spend the weekend with his mother and sister in Rochester, New York: that was an eye opener. Al had one million friends. He knew everyone by name and all knew him. He had just been elected to the County Board of Supervisors. He was obviously a born "people person" and had taken his first baby steps to his career in elective politics.

Mom and sister were polite but none too enthusiastic about the prospective addition to the family. That was OK. I was still far from committed. Up to that point, it was just a fun game. He proposed, I said "No, not yet," and after a fun New Year's weekend, I went back to home and job in Providence, Rhode Island.

Then came Valentines Day and Al announced he had to see me and was coming in for Valentines Day, and I should make a reservation at some place special. So I did. He tried to order an orchid corsage, but it was late in the day and the orchids were all gone, but they would make and deliver whatever they could to go with a purple velvet camisole top and striped taffeta skirt. Not an orchid — but much more memorable.

Then we had a memorable duckling dinner with all the appropriate holiday trimmings, in the main dining room at the Narragansett Hotel, and then came the official proposal.

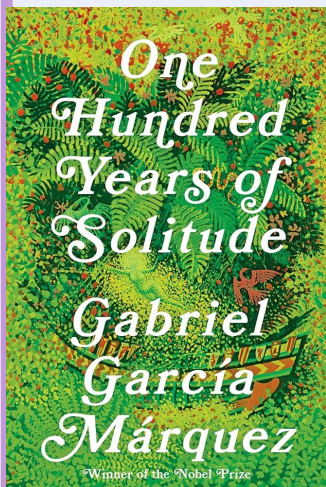
Well, what's a girl to do?

So I did. I said yes, and with a few minor adjustments, we lived happily forever after for 73 loving, laughing, happy years.

Happy Valentine's Day

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Unit 321S



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE

by Gabriel Garcia Marquez

I have to admit that I read this book many years ago. When it recently appeared as an 8-episode mini-series on Netflix, I latched on to it. I did not anticipate the powerful and successful interpretation of the book. The casting, acting, direction, and sets were worth every minute of viewing this masterpiece by an accomplished Latin author. Often the filming of an outstanding book is diluted and one is disappointed. This is not the case in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. It is most definitely not diluted and not disappointing.

The book follows a young couple who are deeply in love. Because they are cousins, their family forbids their marriage and tells them their children will be deformed. In fact, they will be born with pigs' tails. The book takes place in Columbia. The couple rebels and sets off for the Pacific Ocean to establish a new life. They attract other followers who are captivated by the adventure to travel west and to establish a new community. They are the founders of a new town which they name Macondo. For a very long period it is a peaceful and secular community without Church or police. It grows into a thriving community. They never find the Pacific Ocean but settle for life along a river.

The book follows the life of the couple, Jose Acario and Ursula Buendia. They go on to have three children, none of whom are deformed. Over time, they take responsibility for two other children who play an important role in the development of Macondo. The town thrives. That is until the Columbian government enters the picture. They are going to tax the residents and conduct elections and install a government to rule over residents.

The book follows seven generations of the Buendia family. It is a powerful and unpredictable story.

I have read two other books by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. His most famous book is "Love in the Time of Cholera." This book is definitely worth reading. Should you choose to watch the mini-series, you will not be disappointed.

Samwise Gamgee, The Lord of the Rings

It's like in the great stories, Mr. Frodo. The ones that really mattered. Full of darkness and danger they were. And sometime you didn't want to know the end. Because how could the end be happy? How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad happened?

But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow. Even darkness must pass. **A new day will come. And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer.** Those were the stories that stayed with you. That meant something, even if you were too small to understand why.

But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do understand. I know now. Folks in those stories had lots of chances of turning back, only they didn't. They kept going, because they were holding on to something.

That there is some good in this world, and it's worth fighting for.

POETRY

Lucia

By: Mario Sparagana, Unit 801N

We once loved a damsel
Whose life is no more.
She once did us dazzle
This woman we all adore.

Her untimely death, woe to us brought.
Her pain she daily endured.
Our tears flowed, we were distraught.
We miss the joy she assured.

She has left us for another place.
We mourn that she had gone away.
Yet she still holds us in her embrace.
She would not desert us, even for a day.

Our hearts sob that she is now a shade.
We will later seek her elsewhere
Cavorting in some heavenly glade
Since a love such as ours will always be there.

Kathy's Birthday

By: Norma Cohen, Unit 310N

It's my oldest daughter's birthday
But how can that be
My girl will soon be older than me

I'm getting younger each year as she's growing older
My friends and relatives noticed my fibs
They're clearly getting bolder

But they laugh with me because they know
I'm really just protesting, putting on a show

I'm so proud of my girl, the first of my two
She is gifted and lovely and so caring too

And best of all, she lives right down the street
A phone call away, and then we can meet
For a lunch or a walk or a fun girly chat.
Can you imagine anything better than that?

At times, daughter becomes mother,
she gets in her nurturing mode
But that's ok, I understand, she cares and after all,
I am getting old.

Cold Harbor Road

By: Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

A visit to this civil war battlefield Cold Harbor, outside Richmond, VA, inspired this writing. It saw terrible losses in a short time in June 1864.

Traveling down that ancient road
Admiring the scene
The golden fields, the stately trees
Magnolias with their glossy leaves.

Yet long ago this land saw pain
Echoes of the strife remain
In woods and fields where
Trenches still retain
The blood that thousands
Of young men shed

In a terrible summer time
The guns of war are silent now
The land preserved to honor and remember how
So many lives were lost that June
In that place of golden fields and stately trees
I mourn when thinking of the blood
That thousands of young men shed
In that long past summertime
That terrible hot summertime.

POETRY

Life

By: Shirley Fein, Unit 402N

Life constantly goes up and down
 Creating new meanings and rhythms
 Follow your life plan
 Walk the treadmill to understand.

Aim high-fly with the birds
 Smile and be happy and caring
 Help your family, your friends your neighbors
 Life is sweet and precious.

Every moment is yours
 Every minute is yours
 But every hour belongs to all of us!

The Roundabout

By: Herb Snyder, Unit 307N

I have figured out what the roundabout's about
 When to go fast and when to go slow
 When to stop and when to go.
 When the light changes up the street
 The traffic thins
 And our turn begins.
 The old traffic light was slow and steady
 But for new things we are ready.
 There is now a statute there named Poly
 To hit it would be folly.

And Then There Were None

By: Helen Shaw, Unit 307N

Once there were four couples
 Dear friends always together
 Spent with children and pets
 Picnics in the park, summers at the beach
 Houses filled with laughter and fun.
 Together saw theatre and concert shows
 And late after theatre dinners enjoyed
 Told stories beside fireplaces, wine in hand
 Constant visits back and forth
 Neighbors marveled at their closeness
 The perfect friendships
 Yes, these were years of joy and happy times.
 Then Diane got ill, cancer took her soon
 And half a couple is not a couple
 So from four the couples became three.
 Things continued for a year or more
 Until Elaine found another love and moved away.
 And half a couple is not a couple
 So from three the Couples became two.
 Soon Bonnie and Marc their marriage unraveled
 And so from four only one couple remained.
 Wish this tale had a different end,
 Wish we could say the one couple stood strong
 But alas, they also went their separate ways

And then there were none!

Questions and Answers by 16 year olds

Q: How is dew formed?

A: The sun shines down on the leaves
 and makes them perspire.

Q: Name the four seasons.

A: Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

Q: What does 'varicose' mean?

A: Nearby.



January February 2025

Move-ins

<u>Name</u>	<u>Apartment</u>
Burzik, Catherine & Francis	304N
Brown, Kristin & Ernest	1127S
Kemper, Nancy	322S

Yogi Berra's Famous Quotes:

1. "It ain't over till it's over."
2. "It's déjà vu all over again."
3. "Never answer an anonymous letter."
4. "We made too many wrong mistakes."
5. "You can observe a lot by watching"
6. "The future ain't what it used to be."
7. "It gets late early out here."
8. "Nobody goes there anymore. It's too crowded."
9. "I never said most of the things I said."

***Answers for My Younger Self:** Irene Ross, Burt Herman, Gerry Swormstedt and Mary Lou Winnick



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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