



SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S **SCOOP**

November December 2024

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



Happy Holidays!

FOODIES

By: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

Vegetarians may have to turn over a new leaf.

Eating has become complicated. Whether medically or self-diagnosed, many people now eat gluten-free. Gluten is a thing now ... to the point where I saw a sign in a coffee-shop window: "Free gluten!"

I read an interesting item in a magazine: "A New York researcher concluded after six years of testing plants with a polygraph that flowers and vegetables have highly developed, almost human, emotional responses. Cabbages "faint" before being boiled, and flowers are nervous in the presence of dogs." (I had to think about this a minute. I don't believe they meant cut flowers in vases, but flowers in gardens fearing a somewhat acidic bath.)

Aside from feeling guilty about what cabbages must think of us, the real question is how these new discoveries about plants and their feelings will affect our lives? I wouldn't be surprised to see the following story in one or many newspapers: "Elliott and Sidney, two former vegetarians, are no longer operating their 'Mother Earth' restaurant. They said at a press conference that they never realized the anguish and misery caused by killing fruits and vegetables. It is for this reason they've renamed their restaurant 'Humanity,' and will offer only food that can be prepared in a pain free manner." Such dishes would be, I suppose, Brewer's yeast a la Greque and sea crystal cocktail. Chlorophyll soup would work, I suppose. The water list could be interesting - domestic and imported -- the owners having decided they wanted no part of murdering grapes.

Now that we have all this new information about plants, the want-ad section will no doubt start to carry messages like the following: "Home wanted for two young geraniums, sensitive, used to fairly intelligent conversation. Applications with references to Box 142."

"When a loved one departs, spare a thought for our insensitive friends. Say, 'No flowers by request.' Floral Defense League."

A new social protest movement will surely come out of all this. It's just a matter of time before a non-profit organization will be founded to educate the public about the feelings of plants. (It's been known for years that King Charles talks to them.) The mission of the movement will be to call attention to the fact that thousands of cotton plants are murdered every day so that we may wear shirts. The goal will be to see that this murderous enterprise is stopped. I should add that the paper on which this is printed comes from swiftly and painlessly felled trees.

Words

By: Budee Jacobs, Unit 404N

There are certain words we all have used as we travel along the path called life. Let's start at the beginning. As a young child when your mother asked "Who ate one of the cookies I just baked for the school picnic?" You probably answered "not me" even when the crumbs were dangling from your mouth. "Who just slammed the screen door just about off its hinges," she'd ask and the answer while fleeing through the yard to meet a friend was generally "not me"! You get the picture.

As a teen rushing to catch the school bus you could hear your mother shouting, "Did you walk the dog?" "I did" was the standard reply even though you really hadn't. And while watching your favorite program after dinner mom would ask "Did you do your homework?" And the reply, "I did" even when the lie was choking your throat. You get the picture.

So now, at the over-ripe age of 90 the words my friends and I use most often? "I forgot." Where did I leave my glasses, I forgot. Is my dental appointment today or tomorrow? I forgot. Did I send a birthday card to my grandson? Ouch! I forgot. You get the picture. I know I thought of a really good way to end this but—
-I forgot!

Beg to Differ

By: Burt Herman, Unit

I started writing this piece this summer in reaction to the May 21, 2022 Sarasota Herald Tribune's story about USA Today ranking Sarasota as the 11th best place to live in the U.S. And their 2023 follow-up about Sarasota being the 18th best place to retire to.

Eighteenth?

C'mon man!

I beg to differ.

After all, we were number one in 2020. What the heck happened? Can't blame it on Covid.

While the USA's data was obtained from sources that measured several indices, including quality of life, happiness, affordability and desirability, ranking Sarasota out of the top ten doesn't resonate with me and many of my like-minded friends and neighbors.

After all, we did our homework before settling here... concluding that Sarasota and the Sarasota Bay Club are by-far-and-away among the very best places to retire to. Not only in Florida, but in the entire U.S. Plenty of evidence to support my conviction.

Here's where I'm coming from. And I even state my conviction in the SBC Herald Tribune and Scene Magazine promotional ads.

For starters, I have a long Sarasota history. Fifty years long. Given my history, I can unabashedly boast that I know a thing or two about Sarasota's amazing growth and what makes us tick. Why this is truly a great retirement community.

Why we're number one!

Like you may have done, Elaine and I walked our beautiful beaches, found amazing seashells, watched gorgeous sunsets, dined at fabulous restaurants, enjoyed our first class orchestra, ballet, and opera, seen exceptional plays, listened to informative lectures at Sills and elsewhere, visited awesome museums, golfed at great courses with Bobby Jones back in play again, all in close proximity. And what spectacular view of the epochal Ringling Bridge during the day and glorified at night with its celebratory lights.

And how about this. Perhaps the most important ranking of all, especially for senior citizens like me.

Health care.

In 2023, Sarasota Memorial was named one of the nation's leading hospitals by Newsweek.

And aren't we fortunate to live so close to SRQ.....our expanding airport.....the fastest growing airport in the nation.

Tells you something, doesn't it!

You might want to ask yourself, if you haven't already.

Why are the wealthiest buying here?

Why are the developers building multi-million-dollar condos? One after the other.

The quip around town is the billionaires are replacing the millionaires.

I was pleasantly surprised that the 11/18/24 Herald Tribune vindicated me with the front-page story of U.S. News and World Report now ranking Sarasota as the 4th best place to retire to...in the country.

Still not number one but that's more like it!

From the Sarasota Herald-Tribune.....

BEG TO DIFFER CONTINUED

“After falling a few years in a row in U.S. News and World Report’s list ranking the best U.S. cities for retirees, Sarasota has returned to the top five. Sarasota in first place in 2020 and 2021 and ranked as fourth best place to retire to this year.”

But my take is we’re still numero uno!

Sarasota and SBC. What a combo!

As if on cue, this is from the December 5, 2024 Sarasota Herald Tribune front-page story.

“Sarasota has a distinct vibe that’s different from Florida’s relative coastal cities, with its own vibrant arts scene, beachy atmosphere and burgeoning food culture. People who choose Sarasota as their home are generally called by its unique charm. This city of more than 55,000 people has a renowned opera house, a number of rooftop bars and the popular beach of Siesta Key, nearby. What makes the region special is its duality of downtown and seaside.”

As Sarasota is overcrowded, mums the word; except for promoting the Sarasota Bay Club.

Happy 25th anniversary to the Sarasota Bay Club happening in April.

And Happy Holidays to all.

Interesting....

From the Internet

A staggering 99% of people born between 1930 and 1947 (GLOBALLY) have now passed away.

If you were born in this time span, your ages range between 77 and 94 years old (a 17-year age span) and you are one of the rare surviving one-percenters.

You are the smallest group of children born since the early 1900's.

You are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war that rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

You are the last to remember ration books for everything from tea to sugar to shoes. You saved tin foil and poured fried meat fat into cans. You can remember milk being delivered to your house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" at the front door.

Discipline was strictly enforced by parents and teachers.

You are the last generation who spent childhood without television and instead, you “imagined” what you heard on the radio.

With no TV, you spent your childhood "playing outside". There was no city playground for kids.

The lack of television in your early years meant that you had little real understanding of what the world was like.

Interesting Continued

We got “black-and-white” TV in the early to mid 50s that had 3 stations and no remote.

Telephones (if you had one) were one to a house and hung on the wall in the kitchen (who cares about privacy).

Computers were called calculators; they were hand-cranked.

Typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing the ribbon. INTERNET and GOOGLE were words that did not exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and your dad would give you the comic pages after he read the news.

The news was broadcast on your radio in the evening. The radio network gradually expanded from 3 stations to thousands.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility. Most highways were 2 lanes and there were no motorways.

You went to the city to shop.

You walked to school and back.

Your parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw themselves into working hard to make a living for their families.

You weren't neglected, but you weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad you played things like Fiddle Sticks, Grab, Monopoly, Marbles, and Jacks by yourselves. They were busy discovering the postwar world.

You entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where you were welcomed, enjoyed yourselves. You felt secure in your future, although the depression and poverty were deeply remembered.

Polio was still acrippler. Everyone knew someone who had it.

You are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our country. World War 2 was over and the cold war, terrorism, global warming, and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life.

Only your generation can remember a time after WW2 when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. You grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better.

More than 99% of you are retired now, and you should feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times!"

If you have already reached the age of 77 years old, you have outlived 99% of all the other people on this planet. You are a 1% 'er!





IN MEMORY OF LUCIA BLINN

By: Margo Howard, Unit 902N

Our dear and late friend, as the Irish would say,
 “Has gone to the angels” for her afterlife’s stay.
 They’re in for a treat, as her wit was sublime
 And she expertly knew how to play with a rhyme.

Her humor was special; it often was wry.
 And though it is painful to say a goodbye
 For every beginning there’s always an end,
 So have a good trip, dear adorable friend.

We will miss you.

In her very own words...

The light that was Lucia is out

A classic Gemini, Lucia was half intro, half extrovert.
 Mathematically and mechanically challenged,
 She needed a crib sheet to work the TV/VCR/DVD
 And never got the hang of a map. Words, though?
 Born with a silver sack of them, Lucia penned a
 newsletter at day camp and won essay contests in
 school.

At nineteen, the little girl from Wilmerding, PA,
 The lucky seventh of eight, was writing advertising,
 First in Detroit, then in New York, the beloved Oz
 Her soul called home where she discovered
 A knack for black. When the handsome Marty,
 He of the pear-shaped diamond discovered her,
 She opted for his Judaism and fondness for music
 Of the baroque. Too soon, that chapter,
 Replete with glamorous digs on 90th & Park, was
 over and there was Chicago-the anti-New York.
 Consolations amid her solation: beautiful Meredith
 And the ravishing Daphne.

Lucia wrote ads for thirty-five years and spent week-
 ends at the little red house in the country. James
 Beard and Julia mid-wifed her into entertaining with
 souffles and cassoulets, Wedgwood and cabernets.

She traveled the glittering capitals and dreamy is-
 lands,
 Dabbled in TM, EST, macrobiotics and yoga.
 A friend to many, quick to laugh, ironic, and funny,
 Lucia doted on books, movies and theater and loathed
 anything loud or being told No.

The smoking and drinking ended.
 Marty died.

The girls flew away, yet stayed close.
 And what remained was her sweetheart
 And bounty of brio, band of friends and Tina,
 Winters in Longboat Key, summer gardens above the
 Lake and a late-blooming career
 As poet and performer of her witty work.

Then once upon a quiet night,
 Lucia reached the last page, and wrote the last word.

Lucia Blinn, 2008



9/11 AND THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By: Norma and Albert H. Cohen, Unit 310N

The New Jersey Symphony Orchestra was planning on opening its season with a gala concert on 9/13/2001. James Galway was slated to toot his flute and charm the big-bucks donors in the audience.

It didn't happen, of course, because of the tragedy of 9/11. But the orchestra decided to present a special concert on 9/14 in Newark's beautiful Performing Arts Center.

As Norma and I approached the hall, we saw many people standing in the street holding candles. Needless to say, it was very moving.

The program was completely changed. It was scheduled to start with Copland's Fanfare for the Common Man and end with Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony with its famous second-movement Funeral March.

But first, the Star Spangled Banner. Music Director Zdenek Macal had a problem; as written, our national anthem is a gaudy, musically-splashy piece. That just didn't fit the mood of the nation and of the audience sitting just 15 miles from Ground Zero.

He rewrote the anthem as a dirge (a slow and somber piece). It was rescored for strings and changed to be played in a minor key. When the orchestra saw the changes, the musicians rebelled. "We can't change the National Anthem," they said.

So Macal made an agreement with them: if the audience had a negative reaction, they would immediately perform the anthem as originally written.

About 1500 people were present, and Norma and I were there.

As the music unfolded, the reaction from the audience was profound. Many wept, including us. After it ended there was silence that had a powerful impact on everyone. No one objected; no one applauded. They just stood.

Macal, clearly weeping, ran off stage to compose himself.

The rest of the concert proceeded with muted audience response. But the impact was deeply felt. Now, 23 years later, it is still etched into our minds and hearts.

ABOUT THE ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER BUILDING TODAY

Standing as a shining beacon for the new Downtown, and a bold addition to the skyline, One World Trade Center is safe, sustainable, and artistically dynamic. Soaring to a symbolic 1,776 feet — it is the Western Hemisphere's tallest building, and already an iconic New York landmark.

Building Facts

- Opened October 2014
- Architect: Skidmore, Owings & Merrill (David M. Childs)
- Tallest of new WTC Complex



World Trade Center Today Continued

- 104 Stories / 1776 feet high
- 3 million rentable square feet of space
- 55 foot high office lobby
- 54 High-speed destination dispatch passenger elevators
- Life-safety systems far exceed NYC building code
- Bound by West, Fulton, Washington and Vesey Streets
- 55% leased to tenants including Condé Nast

With entrances on all 4 sides of the building, One WTC has been designed to smoothly integrate traffic of visitors & office tenants. The cubic base has a footprint identical to the original Twin Towers. The surface of the base is clad in more than 2,000 pieces of shimmering prismatic glass. The tower ascends 69 stories — its edges chamfered back to form 8 isosceles triangles, a perfect octagon at center. It culminates in a square, glass parapet at the crown, its crystalline form creating a vibrant effect, as light refracts like a kaleidoscope, changing throughout the day. The “One World Observatory” — opening 2015 — is an enclosed observation deck rising 1,250 ft. above street level. The crown of One WTC is a 408-foot spire — consisting of a mast and a communication platform ring. At night, a beacon at the top sends out a horizontal light beam, which can be seen from miles away.

My Favorite Picture of My Younger Self



There are some people you can look at and visualize what they looked like when they were younger. This is not true for everyone, of course. 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.

Can you identify the SBC people above:

Answers on last page of Scoop



Thank you!

By: Burt Herman, Unit 809N

What an impressive display of the dozens of employee thank-you cards posted on the North building bulletin board, each with their own personal message of gratitude for the annual distribution of resident gratuities. It was our gratitude for a year's worth of dedicated employee services, be they visible or behind the scenes.

It got me thinking about the origin of thank you cards. So, I did a little research and found that thank you cards can be traced back to ancient Egyptian and Chinese civilizations, where people would write messages on papyrus to express gratitude and good wishes to friends and family. The practice of exchanging these types of notes later evolved into the modern "thank you" card, with Europeans starting to send similar greeting cards around the 1400s. And widespread adoption of thank you notes in the 19th century being largely attributed to the introduction of postage stamps.

The thank you notes of today have come a long way from their original form as we see in the lobby. And what is most impressive are the personalized notes like these:

"Your generosity is going to help make a wonderful Christmas for my son."

"It's the thoughtfulness of people like you that make the world so bright."

"Thank you for your generous gift."

Card after card warmly expressed the gratitude of our fabulous and valued staff.



P.S. I know what it's like to count on tips. During my college years I was a summer resort waiter working day and night for ten straight weeks, dependent on tips for my tuition. The waiters pooled the tips we shared at summer's end.

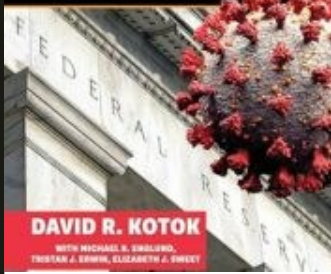
POEM

By: Caring Santos, Unit 1104N

Today let us be happy and
 Let our hearts sing
 For none of us knows what
 Tomorrow may bring
 With God on our side
 There's no need to worry
 No need to aide
 Today let's live life
 As God would intend
 Enjoying each blessing
 from beginning to end!

THE FED AND THE FLU

PARSING PANDEMIC
ECONOMIC SHOCKS



THE FED AND THE FLU (an excerpt)

By: David Kotok, Unit 528S

I have been intrigued by the impacts of epidemics and pandemics for more than a half century. My journey began in 1966 when, as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army, I was assigned to the 485th Preventive Medicine Unit attached to the 7th Army, Europe. We were part of the 7th Medical Brigade, whose task was to support the entire American 7th Army in Europe with field medical services, including medevac helicopter ambulance services. The American military establishment has long understood the risk of sickness and disease. History tells us that General George Washington inoculated troops in the Continental Army against smallpox during the American Revolutionary War using a technique called variolation. Smallpox was the most virulent killer of soldiers in those days, far more dangerous than British troops. Fact is, disease has killed more soldiers throughout all wars than swords, arrows, bullets, and bombs have. American military commanders from General Washington to General Eisenhower knew this history lesson well; thus, the task of the 485th was to protect soldiers from epidemic disease.

The writing and research in this book are the culmination of over a half century's focus on disease and epidemic and pandemic events and their economic impacts. Pandemic disease, fear of disease, prevention, and treatment have long factored into economic and financial market risk alignment. An economy and its financial market function best when market agents are not sick and do not have disease risk on their minds. And while an economy can be spurred in the short term by subduing fear — a popular strategy — it cannot be fully restored as long as pandemic-caused disease, death, and disability continue to erode human health and productivity. Years after my time with the 485th Preventive Medicine Unit, when I served as the program chair of the Global Interdependence Center (www.interdependence.org), with the help of GIC colleagues, we expanded the scope of that nonprofit organization's dialogues beyond trade and monetary affairs. We added health issues to its lineup of rich conversations. At the time of this initiative, this shift was a major change for the GIC. At the GIC, we subsequently organized a discussion conference about SARS, held at the Lauder Center on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. A few years later, the GIC partnered with the College of Physicians of Philadelphia for a national conference on bird flu preparedness, a topic which has become timely again as this book goes to press. I will be forever grateful for the help and guidance of former board member and my GIC bird flu conference co-chair, Sharon Javie. Without her efforts, we would never have been able to achieve a worldwide dialogue about bird flu preparedness at that conference in Philadelphia.

Many of the lessons from SARS and bird flu and other GIC initiatives helped GIC members and their constituents to prepare for COVID. My partners and I were able to contribute N-95 masks to local healthcare workers at the start of the COVID pandemic because we had them stockpiled before COVID arrived. We did not know which virus would show up, but we did know that preventive medicine and preparedness are critical functions for a business and an individual household, and we did know that pandemics are to be expected, though we may have little warning when they begin. The GIC continues its programming on health issues through today. It has held multiple conferences on disabilities thanks to the efforts of former GIC board member Stephanie Mackay. Another project at GIC has been to examine the issue of long COVID and what it means in economic terms as well as how medical science will deal with millions of new victims of post-viral disease originating with COVID infections.

For more than two years, I published through Cumberland Advisors, www.cumber.com, numerous reports on COVID developments and their economic implications. A linked list of these writings, along with other resources, can be found on the book website: thefedandtheflu.com. The COVID shock is one of the largest pandemic-related economic shocks in modern history. As such, it provides us with the most recent and best data for analysis of the economic effects from pandemics as those impacts unfold. Much, of course, has been written about the disease aspects of COVID, but just as there is still more to learn about a constantly mutating virus with insidious and lasting impacts on multiple systems of the human body, there is also more to learn about short- and medium-term economic impacts of the COVID pandemic and other pandemics. As we contend with the ongoing march of COVID variants through our midst, we can also learn from history. Pairing the lessons of the present and the past with regard to pandemics and their impacts on societies and economies is the focus of this book, with a particular nod to the new role of the U.S. Federal Reserve during COVID.

Pumpkin Contest Winners From the Halloween Contest



Funniest – The Inn

Ella the Baby Elephant

Designed by Charlene, Medical Records



Most Creative - Housekeeping

Puffer Fish

Designed by Cheryl



Spookiest – Human Resources

Witch

Designed by Corissa and Jon



Lou sent me these pictures back in June but at the time I used other pictures for Scoop that he had also sent. These were just too perfect and cute not to share.

Sometimes you just plain "get lucky....."

I went to South Lido Beach exceptionally early on Saturday, June 22, 2024, so I could photograph the setting moon over the Gulf of Mexico with a tidal pool and the beach in the foreground. The setting moon was disappointing, but boy, the morning was far from disappointing. The Least Terns were having a feeding frenzy in the tidal pool where a school of small bait fish had been trapped by the outgoing tide.

Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA, June 22, 2024.



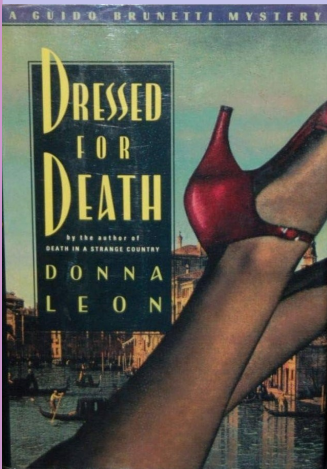


Tern Feeding Frenzy...



A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Unit 321S



“Dressed for Death” by Donna Leon

It was our dear Lucia Blinn who introduced me to the Guido Brunetti crime stories. Brunetti is the Commisario of Police in Venice. The Brunetti crime stories take place in Venice and clearly are addictive. There is a human side to Brunetti as he is married with a son and daughter who play a part in the tale.

Dressed for Death is based on the discovery of a body of a man dressed as a woman. It is found in a location populated by male and female prostitutes. The initial attempt is to identify the corpse. The assumption is that the man was a male prostitute. It appears likely that he was killed because he was a prostitute.

The process of determining who he is and why he was killed is most complex. The key goal of the Police is finding who killed him.

The wife of the victim is aware her husband was found dressed in women’s clothes. Nevertheless, she insists he was not a transvestite, nor gay.

The solving of the mystery involves identifying the crime, blackmail, and where the man was actually murdered. The plot is complex, filled with surprises, and should keep you involved in the solution. I have since read two more Commisario Guido Brunetti crime stories. If crime novels are your cup of tea, this book is worth reading.

POETRY

Losing Things

By: Linda Albert, Unit 209N

I've lost some important things this year;
a favorite jacket, prescription sunglasses,
discipline for dieting, my temper,
the elasticity in my thighs, ability
to con myself, energy for cooking,
friends who've up and died.

This is not a good sign. I keep thinking
they'll all show up again; I look
under beds, pull out couches,
paw through closets, wade through drawers;
I call all the places I went with them,
but no one claims they've seen them.

Every *Lost and Found* is empty;
I'm suspicious they were stolen;
I keep trying to remember
when I last saw them, where I,
distracted, put them down;
their locations play hide and seek with me;

I'm sure they'll show up if I just
keep on looking; I check the same places
over and over again, convinced
I've overlooked them; so far,
I've had no luck; I'm not giving up though;
they must be somewhere.

Are you Really Real?

By: Gertrude Margolick, Unit 526S

Are you sincere each time you flash your grin
Are you all sugar or just saccharine
Are you just ordinary or—unique
Are you a bargain basement or boutique?
Are you a perfect pitch or—monotone
Are you bone China or plain—ironstone
Are you sparkling champagne or—lager beer
Are you a skylight or a dark trap door

Are you linoleum or parquet floor
Are you fine sterling silver or just stainless steel
Or, darling, are you really real?

Are you pure butter or just margarine
Are you all wool or merely acrolein
Are you Brooks Brothers or is your dress mod
Is your self confidence just a façade

You seem so charming, but are you aloof
Are you the cellar or a penthouse roof
Are you consistent or flash in the pan
Is your head in the clouds or in the sand

Are you a 2-no trump or will you pass
Are you grilled cheese or pressed duck under glass
I know I'll answer "yes" and let wedding bells peal
You can't be anything but real.

George & Esta

By Esta Grocer, Unit 922S

As many of you know
I had a very dear friend
Who just passed away
And I loved him to the end

As couples we were happy
The four of us together
We travelled a lot
In all kinds of weather

The year my husband died
They were there for me every day
One year later his dear wife passed away and
We really needed one another
To help us to keep going and that's when
I think we fell in love
Without really knowing
I miss this loving man
He was so very kind
Just hope now that he is gone
My life again I'll find.

POETRY

Bird Talk

By: Mario Sparagana, Unit 801N

Birds must sing, they have no choice.
They chirp while perched up in a tree.
Most are gifted with a beautiful voice.
I am charmed when they vocalize with glee.

How I love to hear their singing
With a song meant just for me.
In a voice of joyful trilling
Cascading down from a forest tree.

Birds always sing, they bewitch me.
The creatures wake at dawn with a trill.
I whistle a reply, a witty repartee.
They answer me in a token of goodwill.

A bird can perfume the air with a lilting melody.
At times a flock of birds will sing along.
I am ecstatic when I hear birds warble in harmony.
It brings joy to me who hears their song.

When dusk arrives singing comes to a halt.
Things now go on in the customary way.
All who heard the spectacular singing exalt.
Twittering will return next morning at break of day.

Winter Coats I Recall

By Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

Winter coats, winter coats
I no longer own a winter coat
Since living in Florida
I love to gloat
That I have no need for a winter coat

I once had a Paddington bear coat
Heavy wool and loden green
Worn in Germany
It fitted the scene

There was a black coat trimmed in red
With it I wore a red beret on my head
I had a mink coat for many a year
And gave it up without a tear
I miss New England in Summer and Fall
But don't miss winter's snow and ice at all
Winter coats I recall
Do I need them now...Not at all.

Phantom Neighbor

By: Gertrude Margolick, Unit 526S

I have a neighbor across the hall
Whom I hardly ever see at all
Sometimes I notice her door ajar
So I know she can't be very far

In early morn when we open our door
To retrieve newspapers from the carpeted floor
You'd think our eyes would surely meet
As we look down in our slippers feet
But it hasn't happened yet—not once in over six or
seven months

Some mornings, her papers, already retrieved
I feel oddly enough, a little relieved
Because, not dressed yet to face the day
I'm not quite ready for polite repartee
Yet, I'm all but sure we'd get on famously
When we finally open our doors simultaneously!



CLUTTER

By: Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

Clutter, clutter everywhere
Clutter, clutter to my despair.
I've vowed a thousand times
To clean it up. To make my home
A "model home" so I do not have to be
embarrassed when the doorbell unexpectedly rings

But alas, I'm on my way to 99
Hearing failing, energy draining
Each thing that I find a new, more
Convenient place to store—within minutes
It is lost forever. It is not where it used to be
And if it were, I couldn't reach it anyway.
So I'll do without until some day
When I'm looking for something else it will just
Show up in my hand and I'll be glad
To see it. It's not lost after all.
I'll cry with joy. End of cleaning for today.

The next generation will have such a good time
Discovering all the hiding places for the "treasures"
Going to Goodwill or some other charity places.
"Look what she saved for 50 years or more."
One says to the other. "Let's see that
Maybe I'll take it just for a remembrance."
"Oh really" says the other. "What's that other thing
Over there? How would that look in my bedroom?
I'll just take it and try it out!"

And so it goes. The clutter moves on
From one generation to the other. Then they will call them antiques.
Once they become antiques they are no longer clutter
And are to be cherished.

Time for me to take a rest.
Guess I'll never pass the test.

WELCOME



November December 2024 Move-ins

Name

Apartment

None



Lou Newman, Wildlife Photographer has selected this as his “picture of the year”. I quite agree with him, it is fabulous. Images by Lou Newman.

***Answers for My Younger Self:** Barbara Jacoby, Linda Albert and Steve Roskamp



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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