

THE ACORN

SHERWOOD OAKS NEWSLETTER

100 Norman Drive, Cranberry Twp., PA 16066

www.sherwood-oaks.com

February 2024 "For the residents, by the residents" Vol. 43, No. 2

Winter Sunrise *January 12, 7:42 a.m.*



Photo by Jim Mauch

Gentle Readers,

Here at Sherwood Oaks, we want for little, to be sure. But occasionally, in the cold and gray of winter, I really miss my fireplace.

It was on just such a day that I packed up my laptop and walked to the Center, planning to sit by the fire and delete unused files from my computer. There, in the middle of winter, nearing the peak of flu season (in a place where "old" people live), this is what surrounded me in our community's "living room":

- The happy sounds of two tables of bridge, filled with chuckles and conversation.
- Folks going in and out of the Café to grab a coffee or order a meal.
- Dave Capan from Marketing taking a photo of soon-to-be residents.
- Someone deeply engrossed in a jigsaw puzzle.
- Folks coming in and out to get their mail or head downstairs to a medical appointment.
- The Drama Club rehearsing in the Auditorium, passing through at break time.

For that hour and a half, it really felt like a family home, with engaged and congenial people pleased to be interacting or enjoying solitary pleasures, but none suffering from boredom or isolation.

So, my fellow Residents, draw up near the fireplace for a bit on these cold days, and find the heart of Sherwood Oaks!

Jan Wendt (#158) for the Staff

Memorial Donations and Remembrance Cards

Did you know? Donation envelopes and remembrance cards are located on the memorial table in the lobby. The donation envelope lists many options to choose from when contributing in memory of a resident or loved one. Remembrance cards can be filled out and placed in Cubby #346; they will be collected and given to the spouse/family.

FEBRUARY CALENDAR

Groundhog Day	2
Chinese New Year	10
Super Bowl Sunday	11
Mardi Gras	13
Ash Wednesday	14
Valentine's Day	14
Presidents' Day	20
Leap Day	29

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Submissions for the March issue must be sent to the Editor no later than
February 15, 2024.

IN MEMORIAM

Memories are precious possessions that time can never destroy. For it is in happy remembrance that the heart finds its greatest joy.

Mabel Downing

January 3, 2024

Peter Lanza

January 7, 2024

PAUL AGNEW - #252

By Jan Wendt - #158



Photo by Jan Wendt

After spending virtually all his life in Pittsburgh's east suburbs, Paul Agnew made the move west to Sherwood Oaks in mid-November 2023. Since then, he has moved again, from a temporary stay in #247 to his chosen patio home at #252, which had been undergoing some updating.

Paul and his wife, Claudia, who died last September, spent 50 years in the Blackridge neighborhood of Penn Hills. They were married for a total of 61 years, and are the parents of a daughter living in Virginia, and a son in Seven Fields. Five grandchildren complete the family.

Paul was born in Swissvale, and educated at Swissvale High and the University of Pittsburgh. He is proud of his long career with Westinghouse as an electrical engineer. One highlight is the years between 1992 and 1997, when he travelled frequently to Poland and Czechoslovakia, helping to set up nuclear power

plants. He describes the intricacies of working with a translator when the subject matter was highly technical, each language having different terms for the newly developing systems. That sort of communication required patience and a sense of humor!

Although work involved travel abroad, Paul and his wife looked forward to regular trips to the beaches on Marco Island, FL, and Nags Head, NC.

Paul enjoys wood carving and wood-working in general (yes, he has checked out our Wood Shop), and the craft of copperplate calligraphy. He is intrigued by pickleball, expecting to check it out once work in his patio home has been completed. Keeping him company is feline pal Marco, a tuxedo cat reputed to have once tipped the scale at 20 pounds, although he has slimmed down some recently.

Whether you encounter Paul in the Wood Shop, the Dining Room, or the Pickleball Court, be sure to offer him a hearty Sherwood Oaks welcome!

How does an attorney sleep? First, he lies on one side, then he lies on the other side.

I have a few jokes about unemployed people, but none of them work.

Will glass coffins be a success? Remains to be seen.

What's the difference between a hippo and a zippo? One is really heavy, and the other is a little lighter.

Hear about the new restaurant called Karma? There's no menu – you get what you deserve.

JIM AND PAT BURGBACHER - #159

By Jan Wendt - #158



There are three important things to know about Jim and Pat: (1) they have moved many times in their married life; (2) they have led professional and personal lives of considerable service; and (3) they readily admit that their dog Molly may be more popular with others than they are.

Seriously, this little black, gray, and white Lhasa/Bichon mix is the total package: friendly with everyone (humans and other pets), smart, well-behaved, and beloved by both her owners.

Pat and Jim met at The Medical College of Virginia, when he was in medical school and she in nursing school. Later, Jim completed his psychiatric residency, and Pat received her Master of Psych Nursing. Jim had grown up in West Virginia's panhandle, and Pat is a native of Maryland. After completing their educations, the couple and their first child moved to Johnstown, PA., where they lived and worked for twenty-one years and raised a family of three boys.

During that time, their menagerie of children and pets included horses. For Pat, it was her palomino, Fancy, who lived to the age of 26. Jim rode Rosy, a gentle creature he later handed over to a

young boy who, Jim recognized, needed the companionship of Rosy more than he did. Professionally, Jim did adult psychiatry, but he also headed up a pediatric psych unit in Johnstown.

Then the couple moved to Danville, VA, where they worked another 13 years. Both volunteered in the community. Pat led a variety of support groups, including bereavement for adults and kids, and worked as part of a trauma response team. The duo re-charged with golf (Jim), dancing (both), and crocheting (Pat).

Their next adventure took them to Tucson, AZ, where Jim was Medical Director of the VA until his retirement. Pat continued to facilitate support groups. They then spent several years in Denver in a retirement community, before moving back to Danville for a bit until their youngest son, James, who lives in Franklin Park, made it clear that he wanted them nearby and encouraged them to check out Sherwood Oaks.

They are comforted by the thought of living where all levels of care are on the same campus. Jim hopes to join our golf group come Spring, and both expect to make good use of the pool. You'll know you have met them, when they are preceded on their walks by Molly scampering up to greet you. Don't forget to give her humans some attention, too!

I've got nothing to do today but smile. – Paul Simon

We have to choose joy and keep choosing it every day. – Henri J. M. Nouwen

The best cure for sea sickness is to sit under a tree. – Spike Milligan

MARY GAIL KORSMEYER - #181

By Rosemary Coffey - #113



Photo by Scott Vogel

Given that Mary Gail had lived in McMurray, PA, for 52 years, we can well imagine the kinds of adjustments she has had to make since moving to Sherwood Oaks a couple of months ago. But she is making good progress in finding the right places for the beloved possessions she brought with her, which is only what we might expect from someone who has practiced law for more than 40 years. (She waited to start law school at Pitt until her youngest child was in school all day.)

Speaking of children, Mary Gail has three of them, along with seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Her daughter Carol, who lives in Hampton, PA, and works for a family consulting firm, has two sets of twins (two girls and two boys), born four years apart (1992 and 1996). Her son David is currently Deputy Director of NASA's Ames Research Center in Mountain View, CA, while her son Keith teaches marine science at Hawaii Pacific University, in Honolulu, HI.

Mary Gail's interests are many and varied. They include participation in two reading-discussion groups, yoga, family history

and genealogy, current events, and information about new developments in medicine. Once she is truly settled in her three-bedroom unit, she will explore possibilities for engaging in activities at Sherwood Oaks.

Looking back a bit more, we learn that Mary Gail had wanted to go to law school since about the age of 14. After she majored in government and Russian studies at Cornell, she was admitted to Harvard Law School at the age of 21, but decided to postpone further formal education once she married Jerry Korsmeyer, a nuclear physicist and theologian, who died at the age of 84 after a brief illness. They had been married for 55 years. In the meantime, she became a sewing instructor at the Joseph Horne's department store, teaching tailoring, fitting and dress-making, while becoming adept at working with various fabrics, colors, and designs.

After graduation from Pitt Law School, Mary Gail worked for 27 years as an attorney and managing partner at PeacockKeller in Washington, PA. She became the first woman president of the Washington County Bar Association during its 100th anniversary in 1992. She did trial work, representing hospitals, medical personnel, and other clients in court and in business transactions. Her volunteer activities included membership on the Board of the Washington County League of Women Voters, the Washington County Bar Association, the Women's Business Network, and the Academy of Trial Lawyers of S.W. PA, among others.

One of the families living in her McMurray neighborhood was that of Jason Lyle, which was how she heard of Sherwood Oaks. We are grateful to them for inspiring Mary Gail to join us, and look forward to her participation in our community activities in the near future.

EMPLOYEE THANK YOU CARDS – 2023

Compiled by Jean Henderson – #346

Enjoy the comments below extracted from the 117 cards giving thanks to YOU, the residents, for your Xmas gifts:

Thank you! Working here has become less and less of a job and more of a passion!

The residents are my extended family in so many ways! Thank you, not just today but every day!

After 20 years, I continue to be amazed at the kindness and generosity of the residents.

Even on the worst days, your smiling faces put me right at ease. Warmest regards....

I am here to stay and so proud to be part of the team.

My family appreciates everything SO stands for and for making me feel like family.

After being here 2 years, I can say this has become my 'home-away-from-home.'

You brighten my day every single day!

Thank you for being amazing!!

You residents are a big reason I've stayed here for 30+ years! I feel like family.

Working here is a dream that your kindness makes come true.

It has been an honor and pleasure to work for you for the past 32 years.

I've only been here 2 months, but I love it!

Each resident I meet makes me smile. I pray I have the same effect on you!

I said it last year and I'll say it again! The kindness and generosity radiating from this community are unparalleled.

Thank you! I know in the spirit of Christmas it is the act of giving that is key.

I love being a nurse; here at Sherwood Oaks I really feel appreciated!

Thank you for your generosity; your gift will be a great help in buying books next semester.

Thank you for all you do – it makes coming to work fun!

I am so blessed to have found Sherwood Oaks – I look forward to serving your community for many, many years.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for having such a wonderful place to be a nurse!

It is only through SO and its residents that I'm able to improve my quality of life.

I will be sure to buy my horses a bag of treats and tell them it's from you!

Sherwood residents are the best!!

THANK YOU, EMPLOYEES,
FOR YOUR
FAITHFUL SERVICE!

CHRISTMAS AT SHERWOOD OAKS



Photo by John Bridges

WHAT'S NEW WITH SORA? (SO Residents Association)

By Jane Lohman, Secretary - #717

NOTE: Complete minutes are always available for review on the SORA bulletin board in the mailroom and in the SORA binder in the library.

Data from minutes for the Jan. 9, 2024, monthly board meeting:

SORA Treasurers: The Memorial/Special Projects Fund balance is \$37,680.70, with \$11,799.42 in the Employee Appreciation Fund, plus a short-term CD of \$20,000. The SORA operating treasury balance and CD investment come to \$90,916.62. A \$10,000 short-term CD has been approved for purchase with funds from the Library budget. Liaisons were asked to remind committees that charges for photocopying done by the front desk for July through December will appear on the January Finance report; committees should provide back-up names for approval of their expenses. It was noted that bus transportation fees for Trips and Tours excursions will be charged on residents' monthly bills.

Liaison Reports:

Focus on the World: Lecture on racism scheduled in January. Lighthouse Foundation food drive underway Jan. 11-18.

Technology Committee: The redesign of the SOAPP home screen will include a "Feed" button option, which will immediately switch to key campus messages and activities highlights. Sound wiring of auditorium will be completed in January. Environmental movies and documentaries will help celebrate Earth Day in April.

Roots and Branches: Committee met with a genealogist in January; she will return for a lecture to the whole community in March.

Drama Club: Dinner/theater will be held on **Feb. 15 and 17, 2024.**

Sherwood Gifts: Seeking volunteers to manage the Annex.

Program Committee: The Cranberry Men's Chorus will perform on **Jan. 25.**

New Year's Eve: 31 residents enjoyed music and games at this event. The committee is working on new ideas to appeal to more residents next year.

Executive Director: Census: IL 194/250 — 5 homes under contract. SN 32/43 (5-star CMS rating); PC: 30/42; OGC: 30/30.

Hallway Door: Maintenance Dept. installed a window on the auditorium door that exits to the administration hallway.

Lineage – Logistics – Refrigeration: Work to begin in first quarter to resolve noise problem from this facility.

Armstrong Cable Upgrade: Campus-wide upgrade to install fiberoptic to each television set is in process. Further updates will be provided.

Grab-n-Go Market: Dining Department to upgrade appearance of Café Market and add new items for sale.

New Business: An Activities Fair is planned for **Mar. 19.**

Next Monthly Board Meeting: **Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 1:30 p.m.** in the Card Room. All residents are welcome.



MAP OF THE MONTH

By Joanne Weiss - #154



Some newer residents may have noticed this display in the Library and wondered about it. When we moved to Sherwood Oaks in 2017, I arrived with a shoebox full of *National Geographic* maps. The magazines that had accumulated over the decades on a basement shelf went the way of all old publications, but not the maps. As a former teacher, I just couldn't throw away such wonderful visual aids.

I knew that all the activities here originate with the residents, so I asked if I could have some display space in the Library. I was given the end of one of the stacks. Maps have been displayed there, month after month, ever since. During the pandemic lockdown, we visited some interesting distant places via the Map of the Month. When the maps are taken down, they are often placed on the "free" cart in the hall. Usually they go to a new home the same day. For the New Year, a series of maps has been started – The Making of America. I hope you "take a look" and find it interesting.



WORTH A LOOK BOOKS NEW TO OUR LIBRARY

By Barbara Christy - #237

The Soldier's Truth by David Chrisinger. Non-fiction. Ernie Pyle was probably one of America's greatest war correspondents; certainly, he was one of the most famous and most loved. One of the first war correspondents to be "embedded" with the troops, he reported on WWII from Africa through Sicily, and finally from the Pacific. He described himself, not as a journalist, but as "someone who traveled for other people and wrote their letters home." In this vivid and moving recounting, the author describes the reality of war: the stress, fear, death and destruction, and, in the midst of it all, some simple joys. Troubled by his marriage to the unstable Jerry, Ernie was torn between the duty he felt toward her and the duty he felt toward the soldiers. Eventually, he suffered from melancholia and shell shock but overcame it to join the troops in the Pacific, where he was killed in the battle for Okinawa. In this book, a famous name becomes a totally human person. 940.54 CHR

The Last Animal by Ramona Ausabel. Fiction. A tale for a winter's evening. Vera and Eve, teenage daughters of newly widowed Jane, are not delighted to be spending their summer accompanying their paleontologist mother to Siberia to look for woolly mammoth bones. While Mom struggles with her paternalistic colleagues, the girls are just bored enough to look for – and find – trouble. Instead of trouble, however, they find a frozen baby mammoth. Back home, disrespected by her male colleagues, Jane and her daughters hook up with a wealthy sponsor in order to de-extinct the mammoth. They use its DNA and gene editing to create, then implant, embryos into an Asian elephant. And the fun begins. F AUS

Saturday Night at the Lakeside Supper Club by J. Ryan Stradal. Fiction. The real protagonist in this book is the Lakeside Supper Club of Bear Jaw Lake, Minnesota. It is the story, lovingly told, of four generations of Midwest women struggling to build both a family and a family business in a changing world. Through births, deaths, marriages, and adolescences, the Supper Club is the backdrop, as these kindly, honest, but flawed family members find their way. F STR

Romantic Comedy by Curtis Sittenfeld. Fiction. Setting: a Saturday night sitcom writers' room. Characters: Danny Horst, male writer, and Sally Milz, female writer. When ordinary guy Danny falls for one of the glamorous and gorgeous guest hosts, Sally writes a skit making fun of all the successful male steps to beautiful-gal matchups. Her skit underlines how unlikely the reverse is. But is she right? Soon a gorgeous guy comes on the program and sparks begin to fly. F SIT

The Rabbit Hutch by Tess Gunty. Fiction. Vacca Vale is a town in decline after the departure of the auto industry. The Rabbit Hutch is an apartment building on the edge of that town, filled with residents in various stages of neglect or despair. One apartment houses four teenagers who have aged out of the welfare system. Blandine, 18 years old, is both beautiful and intelligent, but scarred by her foster home past. As she wanders around her crumbling city, interacting with a fascinating range of characters, the reader becomes engaged with Blandine, her teenage roommates, and the town where they grew up. F GUN

I by Sarah Vogel. Non-fiction. If you enjoyed the film *Erin Brockovich*, you might like this true story of a young lawyer in North Dakota fighting the US government on behalf of 8400 family farmers. In the 1930s, President Franklin Roosevelt

created an agency (the Resettlement Administration) that saved thousands of farms and farm families. They were unsung heroes. But, by 1980, that same agency, now known as the Farmers Home Administration, was using unsavory tactics to undermine farmers and threatening foreclosure on many of those same farms. Starting with her case in front of the Federal Trade Commission, the author writes a spellbinding account of the farmers' battle (which grows to 240,000 plaintiffs) against the Farmers Home Administration, FTC, and the Department of Agriculture, up to the U.S. District Court based in Bismarck, ND. Detailed yet personal, Sarah Vogel's story is truly a David and Goliath account for our time. 343.7 VOG

Sing, Memory by Makana Eyre. Non-fiction. Theirs was an unlikely friendship, but this was an unlikely time. Aleksander Kulisiewicz was a Polish nationalist; Roseberry d'Argunto was a Jewish professional choral director. Both were imprisoned in Sachsenhausen concentration camp. When the secret Jewish choir was discovered and disbanded, and the members sent to Auschwitz, only the conductor, Roseberry d'Argunto, was left behind. As their friendship grew, D'Argunto made Aleks, who had an eidetic memory, promise to save the music and poetry of the camps – all the Jewish, Polish, Russian, French, Czech, Serbian, and German creations – to be an eternal record of survival. This is his story. 780.89 EYR

Popular books and authors added:

The Edge by David Baldacci

The Secret by Lee Child and Andrew Child

Resurrection Walk by Michael Connelly

Alex Cross Must Die by James Patterson

The Overnights by Ian K. Smith

LIVING IN ENGLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME; SOME OF OUR MORE INTERESTING MOMENTS; AND HOW WE LEARNED TO NAVIGATE A NEW ENVIRONMENT

By Julie Eden - #290

My father, who was a bio-chemist, spent three sabbaticals at Cambridge University in England. We kids were along for the first two, 1960-61 and 1964. In 1960 it was our first time living abroad as a family. Life in Cambridge was eye-opening in many ways. I soon realized the world did not revolve around the United States, and not everyone lived life exactly as we did.

The first day in our new home, we went to the local grocery store. It was smaller than those in the United States, but it had the basics. Once we got done at the checkout counter, the cashier looked at us and we looked at her. No one was loading the mounds of food we had into anything! Unbeknownst to us, we should have brought our own bags or boxes. I don't remember how we got all the stuff home, but we managed somehow. This was our first lesson in British life.

Our home away from home was #7 Bulstrode Gardens, west of town. It was a dead-end street with only a few rather large homes. Dealing with getting our mail was another lesson. Not long after arriving, we soon had a visit from the neighbors at #1, at the top of the road. They did not bring a welcome packet, though they were very friendly – instead, they brought us our mail. Again, unbeknownst to me or my folks, the Brits cross their 7s, with a straight perpendicular line in the middle. Without the extra lines, the postal service was routing our mail to #1. To this day I still cross my 7s.

Our house was a brick two-storied home named Southernwild. It belonged to a woman who had inherited it from her father, a former professor of Greek. It had been previously rented to Americans who appreciated the larger refrigerator than was normally found in England. It also had what was called central heating. That meant it had a heater in the middle of the upstairs hall! Each room also had fireplaces equipped with the gas inserts found all over Europe. There was a telephone, too, though only one or two of my friends even had one. Not many people were familiar with cars, either, as several thought that our English Ford, which was waiting for us when we arrived, was an imported American car.

Dr. Campbell, the earlier owner of the house, had collected books on every subject, with several thousand volumes scattered from room to room. My self-appointed job that first summer was to put them in some semblance of order. I started in the library and continued on, assigning a subject or two to each room. In August I turned 14 years old. To celebrate, my mom bought a cake. It was to be a custard cake, but the icing was so hard we could not cut it or eat it. British icing, it turns out, has a sad reputation. Royal icing, used for formal cakes, gradually hardens, which provides support for tiered cakes, but makes them harder to cut.

My ninth grade year was spent at Chesterton Secondary Modern School. The school, which brought the most changes in my life, provided a very different environment from in the US. My sister and I rode the five or so miles from home to school and back on our bikes most days. When I was ready to go the first day, I realized very quickly that a straight skirt wasn't conducive to riding a bike. I could not get on ... so I changed

clothes. Once we got to school, I learned about the uniforms. In my form (grade), we were to wear a white blouse, a cardigan (red or gray), a red tie, a blazer, and a grey pleated skirt. All that certainly made for easy bike riding and hiding a figure ... not something a gal in the ninth grade wanted to do. Getting around the uniform rules was my next challenge. I explained to the school that, because we were going to be there for one year only, my folks did not want to shell out the money for a blazer. Then I told my parents that, because we'd only be there a year, the school said I did not need a blazer. I also added a petticoat under the pleated skirt to make it fuller, and I rolled up the skirt at the waist to make it shorter.

The two-story main school building was built in the 1930s. It had begun its life as two separate schools, and still operated that way, one for boys and one for girls. The campus had a tall, chain-link fence right down the middle of the large asphalt area adjacent to the building, so that never the twain should meet, or so the school authorities thought.

Of course, at lunch, after we had eaten, we'd line up on our respective sides of the fence and chat. There may have been separate halls, classrooms, libraries, and assembly rooms, but there was only one kitchen and dining area. It was a freestanding building on the girls' side of the school. At the appropriate time, the boys marched down the sidewalk to go to eat, right through our territory. We'd often sneak around to watch them through the windows, and they did the same when we ate.

The teachers had gone to some unknown lunchroom of their own and were there for about an hour and a half. That gave us a rather long unsupervised lunchtime. The

food was pretty poor. I remember being sorry for my friends, as lunch (they referred to it as dinner) was their main meal. They would only have "Tea" in the evening, while I'd have a full American-style dinner. The daily fare was potatoes, meat of some sort, and overcooked vegetables. All of this was to be covered by gravy. Always gravy. (I hate gravy of any kind these days ... I wonder why.) Dessert might be pies, cakes, or what we actually called "dead babies." This was some kind of cake rolled up and served on a platter, with a crust of pale grey dough. It really looked more like a blanket rolled up. A thick beige custard came in pitchers to pour over it and make it edible. Actually, no matter what the dessert was, there was custard.

When school was over, the boys were let out a few minutes before the girls and were to exit the school grounds quickly via the bike path to the main road. They just waited there for the girls, who showed up maybe fifteen minutes later.

The classes were far less academic than those in American schools. There was little homework. We studied the usual subjects, as well as Scripture, Cooking, and Needlepoint. We also learned to play the recorder.

Since our family had many other adventures and travels during that first sabbatical period, I've given you only a taste of them. We left school and Cambridge to tour the Continent a second time, and then on to the United States via a ship ... the closest I've ever come to a cruise. We had all learned a bit about living in a country other than our own and how to adjust. It was a good thing, too, as we'd return to England in a few years, and go on to live in Israel as a family. I stayed on in Japan by myself, before we returned home after that second sabbatical.

CONTINUED LEARNING

Submitted by Jno L. Hunt - #308

We have scheduled a regular series of programs on Channel 951. Initial airings on Tuesdays are at 10:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m., and 7:00 p.m. Encore presentations are usually on Thursdays at 10:00 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

- **Tues., Feb. 6:** How to Look at and Understand Great Art (1 & 2). Encore on Thurs., Feb. 8.
- **Tues., Feb. 13:** Connections: The Trigger Effect. Encore on Thurs., Feb. 15.
- **Tues., Feb. 20:** The Faroe Islands. Encore on Thurs., Feb. 22.
- **Tues., Feb. 27:** Lost Christianities (3 & 4). Encore on Thurs., Feb. 29.

The first Tuesday of the month we alternate presentations on music or on other fine arts. This year we will be starting a series titled, "How to Look at and Understand Great Art," presented by Sharon Latchaw Hirsh, who earned her doctorate in the History of Art at the University of Pittsburgh. Unlike most art history classes, this course does not emphasize dates and events, although you will be introduced to many historical tidbits. Instead, the course is designed to present the most essential features of every work of art, including color, line, perspective, composition, and shape, as well as less understood but no less important elements such as points of view, time and motion, and light and texture. Delving deeply into each topic reveals both secrets that artists have used for centuries and more recent innovations. Lectures will be presented the first Tuesday of every other month.

LIBRARY LOWDOWN

By Barbara Christy - #237

There are writers we all know – Patterson, Macomber, Picoult, and others. But there are also very good writers who don't seem to get the same attention or devotion. In the next few issues, we will highlight some of them in hopes that you will become fond of them as well. This issue's author is Louise Penney. She has written a who-done-it series featuring Chief Inspector Gamache of the Sûreté de Québec, with delightful descriptions of the Montreal countryside and inhabitants. The first book in the series is *Still Life*, available in the library.

Also new this month, for our low-vision readers, is a large-type Bible that is available to check out. It can be found in the first stack, next to the paperback room. The shelf location is 220.5 BIB.

As a reminder, we have a desk-top low-vision reader that will scan your page and read it to you. It is available to check out to use in your home. Contact Barb Christy (8237) or Anne Hunt (8308), if you are interested in using it.

It is the characteristic of the magnanimous man to ask no favor but to be ready to do kindness to others. – Aristotle

You cannot do kindness too soon, for you never know how soon it will be too late. – Ralph Waldo Emerson

Sometimes it takes only one act of kindness and caring to change a person's life. – Jackie Chan

What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness? – Jean-Jacques Rousseau

COOPER'S CLIMATE CAPSULE

By Bruce Cooper - #715

For those who believe that climate science is unsettled, I recommend a paper from Columbia University titled, "What Uncertainties Remain in Climate Science?" It begins with this: "The favored refrain of climate deniers and those who oppose climate policies is that 'the science is not settled.'" To some degree, this is true. Climate scientists are still uncertain about a number of phenomena. But it is the nature of science to never be settled – science is always a work in progress, constantly refining its ideas as new information arrives.

"Certain evidence, however, is clear: global temperatures are rising, and humans are playing a role in it. And just because scientists are uncertain about some other areas does not negate what they are sure about."

The paper continues: "Reputable climate scientists around the world are in almost unanimous agreement that human influences have warmed the atmosphere, ocean, and land and that the speed of the changing climate exceeds what can be attributed to natural variability. They are also virtually certain that this warming has been driven by the carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases produced by human activities, mainly the burning of fossil fuels. Climate scientists are highly confident about these things because of fundamental principles of physics, chemistry, and biology; millions of observations over the last 150 years; studies of ice cores, fossil corals, ocean sediments, and tree rings that reveal the natural influences on climate; and climate models."

We simply must stop hiding behind the "science is unsettled" argument and get on with saving the planet.

Watch *Will Renewables Stop the Climate Crisis?* on Channel 951 on Mon., Feb. 12, at 10:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m., or 7:00 p.m. Encore presentation on Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 10:00 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

CURIO CABINETS FOR FEB./MARCH

By Janet Desko - #210

I believe that the January/February curio theme of "Let It Snow" will be hard to beat! Your wonderful snowy items look fabulous! I'm not sure how we can top it, but we will give it our best. Thanks to everyone!

Peggy Meister and I look forward to our theme for Feb./March which is "**Faraway Places – International Travel.**" Please gather up your exotic souvenirs, photographs, maps, itineraries, ticket stubs, tour books, etc.

You may pick up your "Let It Snow" items currently in the cabinets on **Feb. 6**, from **10:30 - noon** and from **4:30 - 6:00 p.m.**

On **Feb. 8**, please bring in your new items from **10:30 - noon** and from **4:30 - 6:00 p.m.** for "**Faraway Places – International Travel.**"

As always, thanks for your help, and wish us all "Bon voyage!"

From FOCUS ON THE WORLD

By Bruce Cooper - #715

Presidents' Day will be celebrated here on Feb. 19. With the Drama Club offering its Dinner Theater play on Thursday, Feb. 15, the normal day for a presentation from Focus on the World, we will instead be showing a Channel 951 video about a president with whom you might not be all that familiar, namely, "Nelson Mandela & Apartheid in South Africa." It will be shown on **Feb. 15 at 10:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m., and 7:00 p.m.**, with encore showings on Friday, Feb. 16, at 10:00 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

Don't miss the Dinner Theater; but do watch this video about a man who brought apartheid to an end in South Africa and began the process of reconciliation.

A TARGET-RICH ENVIRONMENT

By Dennis Lynch – #335

It can be a mistake to complain to your cardiologist.

Some of you know that in early December I went to the Heart and Vascular Institute at UPMC Main for a Cardiac Catheterization procedure – my eighth. Should they also place a stent, that was going to be my eighth, too.

We left here at 8:45 a.m. for their shiny new facility. The procedure was long, and the recuperation was longer. I was forbidden to move by Nurse Ratchet, and the hours of forced immobility were painful. But time passed, as it tends to do, and we were finally cleared for launch back to Sherwood Oaks at 4:00 p.m. We left with about 17 pages of Discharge Instructions, including the information about my Body Mass Index that I had committed to memory long ago.

While I was in Recovery, the surgeon visited us, so we asked what he saw while he was rooting around my heart. He smiled: “You have a target-rich environment.”

What that meant was a possible trip to UPMC-Presby (perish the thought), where they have “special equipment” that “might” help.

At home, after a bit of food and some peace and quiet, the incision site was inspected by my resident Surgical Site Inspector, and it looked suspicious. “Too much blood” was the call. That resulted in a call to the Community Nurses; with their usual dispatch, they arrived, with Security, and all joined in inspecting my incision site. The decision was, Call the on-call doctor. That took several tries, but we finally got a woman who, reasonably

enough, not being able to see what we were talking about, said, “Call 911 and go back to the hospital.” Everyone went into CYA mode: I was shouted down. (It was now some twelve hours since my first appearance in the hospital, and I did *not* want to return.) Regardless, an ambulance was summoned. Although the older EMT agreed with me that it looked like a wait-and-see to him, we were outvoted, so we went back to the hospital.

The usual formalities followed. The expression on my face cued the nurse that I really did not need to disrobe and gown up – that dropping my trousers would serve. So began the wait for “The Doctor,” who would “Look At Me,” and opine.

When the doc finally bustled into the room – it was now after 11:00 p.m. – and I downed trou, he took a quick look and pronounced: “Perfect. That is just the way it is supposed to look. Go home.”

With the shortest set of Discharge Instructions I have ever seen, we returned to base.

The EOB for the Procedure arrived, and I totaled up all the items. They came to some \$80,000. But that was wrong (I hoped). Most expenses appeared to be subsumed under two large items, so the cost was only some \$9,600. I await my invoice for “you owe or may have paid” \$250. Thank you, UPMC, for Life Insurance!

But I just got the “you owe” bill from the doctor who told me to “go home”: his 45-second visit cost me \$63, net. A buck forty per second. Nice work if you can get it.

Wood burns faster when you have to cut and chop it yourself. – Harrison Ford

THE COLETTA MCKENRY LIBRARY ACCESSIONS

FICTION, INCLUDING LARGE TYPE AND DVDs

Alex Cross Must Die	Patterson, James	c. 2023	F PAT
The Edge	Baldacci, David	c. 2023	F BAL
The Overnights	Smith, Ian K.	c. 2023	F SMI
Resurrection Walk	Connelly, Michael	c. 2023	F CON
The Secret	Child, Lee	c. 2023	F CHI

NONFICTION, INCLUDING BIOGRAPHIES

Free to the People		c. 2021	974.83 oversize
Love Wins: A Book About Heaven, Hell, and the Fate of Every Person Who Ever Lived	Bell, Rob	c. 2011	234 BEL
World War I: The Great War		c. 2011	940.3 WOR DVD

ASH WEDNESDAY SERVICES - 2024

By Jean Henderson - #346
and Mary Mion - #202

Ash Wednesday services will be held on **February 14** for both Roman Catholics and Protestants.

The Protestant service, which will begin at 4:15 p.m. in the Auditorium, will include music, scripture, prayers, reflections, and the imposition of ashes. Leading the service will be resident pastors Alick Kennedy and Jean Henderson. They will also impose ashes for Protestant residents and staff in the early afternoon in the SNU, PC, and Oak Grove.

Roman Catholic residents and staff may receive Imposition of Ashes in the Chapel on the lower level of the Center between 11:30 and 12:30. Ashes will be imposed in the early afternoon on the health units.

ARE YOUR DOCUMENTS IN ORDER?

By Jan Wendt - #158

When you moved to Sherwood Oaks, you were given a packet of documents from the Living with Loss team. They relate to advance care and end-of-life planning, such as advanced directives, obituary writing, etc. Once a year, Living with Loss meets to review

these documents with residents and answer your questions. This year, the review will be on **Thurs., Feb. 8, at 10:30 a.m.** in the Card Room.

Winter is a great time to tend to house-keeping tasks such as this. If you can't find the packet of documents you were given, we will have extras available at the meeting. Making your wishes known and writing them down is a gift to those you love.

THIS POEM HAS BEEN SPELL- CHECKED

By (the late) Sheila Bridges

Eye halve a spelling chequer;
It came with my pea sea.
It plainly marques four my revue
Miss steaks eye kin knot sea.
Eye strike a key and type a word
And weight four it two say,
Weather eye am wrong oar write,
It shows me strait a weigh.
As soon as a mist ache is maid
It nose bee fore two long,
And eye can put the error rite –
Its rare lea ever wrong.
Eye have run this poem threw it:
I'm shore your pleased two no:
Its letter perfect awl the weigh,
My chequer tolled me sew.

Trimming Oak Trees on Campus



Photos by Shirley Poduslo