

Elysian Fields

December 2022

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Magazine

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Remembering...

Laurence Moyer

Loving husband and father

Arrived: September 2022

Departed: November 15, 2022

Nancy DiGiorgio

Loving wife and mother

Arrived: July 2016

Departed: November 17, 2022



Veterans Day at PVE

On November 11 in front of an overflow audience including family and friends, 21 World War II veteran residents were recognized at the Veterans Day ceremony held in Rawlinson Hall. The event was organized by the PVE Patriotic Committee after Bruce Bartels, a guest of the committee, suggested we invite the 21 veterans who reside at PVE and pay tribute to their outstanding accomplishments. The idea was originally suggested by Nancy Bartels, who said that we needed to do this now because these men and women were leaving us before we have had a chance to thank them for their sacrifices.

Following the Pledge of Allegiance led by Bill Rawlinson, Bruce Bartels introduced each WWII veteran and stated their date of entry into the service and their job in the military. As each name was announced, the named veteran attempted to stand and waved to the applauding audience. Simultaneously, a picture of each veteran was displayed on three large screens. During pauses between introductions, the PVE Chorale sang three patriotic songs starting with *God Bless America* and followed by *American Anthem* and *America, the Beautiful*. With the last note of the final song, not one person in the audience was without tears.

The celebration was a momentous and praiseworthy event. Thanks to the Bartels and the PVE Patriotic Committee for their outstanding efforts in accomplishing this very successful Veterans Day event.

Our 21 veterans are Jack Albrecht, Molly Archdeacon, Dick Betchley, Dan Child, Earl Chinnock, Phyllis Craig, Bob Dittmer, Dan Dougherty, Manuel Escano, Spike Flertzheim, Bill Getz, Martin Kaufmann, John Knebel, Warren MacQuarrie, Walt McDaniel, Hermann Neuhaus, Bill Rawlinson, Steve Shanahan, Ted Terrill, Julie Thomas, and Pete Wolffe. When you see them, please thank them for their service.

—Tom DiGiorgio



Hanukkah Candles Commemorate Miracle

The Jewish festival of re-dedication, Hanukkah, is celebrated for eight days starting on the 25th day of the Jewish month of Kislev (December 18 this year). As one of the best-known Jewish holidays, its roots are based in a revolution against assimilation and suppression of Jewish religion.

The story of Hanukkah begins when Alexander the Great conquered Syria, Egypt and Palestine but allowed the lands under his control to continue observing their own religions and retain a degree of autonomy.

More than a century later, Antiochus IV controlled the region. He oppressed the Jews severely, placing a Greek priest in the Temple, massacring Jews, prohibiting practice of the Jewish religion, and desecrating the Temple by requiring the sacrifice of pigs (a non-kosher animal) on the altar. A Jewish revolt, led by Mattathias and his son, Judas Maccabeus, was successful and the Temple was rededicated.

According to tradition, as recorded at the time of the revolution, there was very little oil left that had not been defiled. Oil was needed for the menorah (candelabrum) in the Temple, which

Veterans Day 2022
PVE really did itself proud,
Gathered a huge loving crowd,
Honored its living Vets
Who fought without jets,
'Till Adolph and the Emperor bowed.
—Bill Rawlinson

was supposed to burn as an eternal flame. There was only enough oil to burn for one day; yet miraculously it burned for eight days, the time needed to prepare a fresh supply of oil for the menorah. An eight-day festival was declared to commemorate this miracle.

Although Hanukkah is not a significant religious holiday nor is it mentioned in Jewish scripture, the story is told in the book of Maccabees. The only religious observance related to the holiday is lighting of candles arranged in a menorah (or Hanukkah). It holds nine candles: one for each night plus a shammes (servant). The first candle is placed at the far right, and the candles are lit from right to left. The shammes candle is lit and three blessings are recited:

1. A general prayer over the candles.
2. A prayer thanking God for performing miracles for our ancestors at this time.
3. A general prayer thanking God for allowing us to reach this time of year.

It is extremely rare for Jews to give Hanukkah gifts to anyone other than their own young children. The only traditional gift is *gelt*, small amounts of money. This is to make sure that everyone, no matter how poor, has money for candles to burn for the holiday.

Playing dreidel, a game with a four-sided spinning top, is another tradition. The dreidel is marked with four Jewish letters: Nun, Gimel, Hei, and Shin, the first letters of the words *Nes Gadol Hayah Sham*, which means "A great miracle happened here."

Starting on Sunday, December 18, the Hanukkah candles will be lit for eight consecutive nights at sunset. Watch the Friday Flash for the exact location and specific times.

—Ann Farber

Move-Ins since the Last Issue

Chei Chen "C. C." Yin and Regina Yin
6003 United Circle
From Vacaville, California
Referred by Heidi Campini

Sandra "Sandy" Keever
6109 United Circle
From Benicia, California

Betty Vancil
6102 United Circle
From Macon, Missouri
Referred by Steve and Sanae Vancil

**Marshall Montgomery, Lt. Col., USAF (Ret)
and Ramona "Mona" Montgomery**
5815 Constitution Avenue
From Napa, California

Christmas Traditions

During the Christmas holidays of my childhood, I reveled in the joyful celebrations that my large Irish family brought to the day. Because Baltimore was such a melting pot of ethnic backgrounds, my grandparents simply appended interesting and entertaining elements of their friends' holiday celebrations to their own.

As a result, our sitting room (now called a family room) at Christmas time was taken over by a large, low, wooden table where there was an entire miniature village of snow-covered homes, and tiny residents went about their happy tasks. A Lionel train circled the village, passing through papier-mâché tunnels, while electric poles flickered with tiny lights. I guess we never felt any incongruity about a Bavarian landscape peopled by Dickens-like figurines waiting to catch the "Royal Blue" train, a 1930s wonder diesel locomotive, under incandescent lights.

I looked forward to the pleasure of going to the homes of relatives and friends to enjoy their "Christmas gardens," as the elaborate displays were called. Each year of my childhood the villages became more elaborate, with additions of ice skaters on a mirror "pond" and a fully equipped farm with barns and animals. The hosts at each home we visited often served Christmas cookies accompanied by hot chocolate for the children and liberally "spiked" eggnog for the adults. It was a lively, convivial time.

These Christmas gardens remained on display until Twelfth Night, January 6, when the entire project was dismantled and packed away.

Equally traditional as the Christmas Garden was the annual photo of the cousins posed beside the decorated tree. Indoor photography was not point-and-shoot in 1940 so the subjects frequently looked like wax figures in a museum display. Strong floodlights were mounted; we children were seated in a formal pose and instructed to remain absolutely still while a timer ticked away ten seconds. These were definitely not candid shots. We were always dressed in the family "dress code:" dark blue velveteen dresses with pearl buttons and Irish lace collars for the little girls and short pants with a starched shirt and clip-on necktie for the boys' ensembles.

When flash photography was introduced commercially, the annual Christmas picture became much more informal, and we were occasionally photographed in our pajamas and robes, hanging up stocking at the fireplace, holding favorite gifts, and other more imaginative poses conceived by Aunt Mary, our family Kodak chronicler.

Some Christmas traditions never changed, though, and the annual clan gathering on Christmas evening with a variety show performed by members of the family using round, wire cake racks mounted on plungers as "microphones" continued to delight us for many years. The uncles descended the stairs wearing bathrobes, carrying jewel boxes, and singing *We Three Kings of Orient Are*, Cousin Billy played his trumpet, and my sister Carolyn and I sang and tap-danced while Aunt Catherine led a sing-along of Christmas carols.

We were a family of show-offs, but we were also an appreciative audience for each other's performances.

—Liz Wildberger

Willow Creek Holidays

As we say goodbye to 2022, this Holiday Season is different and definitely a season to remember. I saw this quote from one of my friends in social media, "This is not the year to get everything you want. This is the year to appreciate everything you have." Timing is perfect now that we are back in group activity settings. There will be plenty of holiday cheer this month at Willow Creek with all the holidays coming up. Come and join us on December 3rd for our Willow Creek Tree Lighting. Starting December 12 to Christmas Eve, we will have different varieties of holiday activities such as a cookie decorating contest, afternoon movies, virtual concerts, and a holiday sing-along with residents and staff ending with a Happy Hour and live concert with Kendall Osbourne. Lastly, on behalf of all the staff at Willow Creek, we thank you for your generosity this holiday season. I want to wish everyone Happy Holidays!

—Adrian Quinones

My Christmas Memories

When I was small, my Christmas memories were excitement about the preparations for the day, and then the opening of presents on Christmas Eve. There were five or six siblings at home depending on the year, and I was the youngest so really did not play a role in getting ready for Christmas. This was taken over by my two sisters Margie and Lois who decorated the house first and later the tree. They found decorations from last year of paper bells that unfolded from a flattened state by rotating them into a three-dimensional bell and hung them from the dining room chandelier and in a couple of other rooms. They also strung red and green crepe paper on the walls in the dining room.

My brother Vern helped with the Christmas lights on the tree which had a problem each year. One or another bulb was always loose or had burned out making the whole string of lights inoperable. The solution was, after tightening all the bulbs, to take a known good bulb and go from one socket to another removing the bulb and trying the good bulb there to see if the string lit up and, if it didn't, try it with the next bulb in the string. This sometimes took several tries because there may be two bad bulbs, but Vern always somehow got it working each year. Next came ropes of bushy red all around the tree followed by the ornaments which were the same every year. Opening the tinsel saved from previous years and draping it over the branches came last making the tree glisten in the light.

Our way of everyone getting presents was by drawing slips of paper with the name of everyone in the family from a bowl. You had to get a present for the name you drew. That way no one had to provide more than one present. I know now that my parents always got me a present because I never had to get one for someone. On Christmas Eve my role was to pick a present from under the tree and take it to the person whose name was on the little label. When all the presents were distributed everyone could open them and show what they received, although they didn't know who had gotten it for them. Or so I thought at the time. My present was always something I really wanted. One year a set of Pick-Up-Sticks, another time a set of Lincoln Logs. The best was an erector set with all kinds of pieces to put together.

When I was older my presents became clothes like new jeans, shirts, socks, underwear, and other necessities for school. This made sure that I always had two sets of clothes to wear, one for school and one set for after school.

Despite not having much money in our family, Christmas was always exciting!

—Jerry Mulenburg

Greetings from Laurel Creek

The residents at Laurel Creek are enjoying the Holiday Season full of music, fun and socializing with family and friends. The Laurel Creek Holiday Gala, Christmas Tea Party with music and special treats, singing Christmas Carols, Holiday movies, writing Christmas cards to family and friends, baking Christmas cookies or cupcakes, traveling to Germany during their holiday season and watching The Nutcracker Ballet on the iN2L System.

Residents, families, and staff are enjoying the Christmas lights, Christmas trees and decorations at Paradise Valley. Wishing you all a wonderful Holiday Season and Happy New Year!

—Sharon Johnson

Season's Greetings from Quail Creek

This month, Quail will be doing our normal shopping trips to Trader Joe's, the 99-cent store, and Walmart. We will also be heading to Candy Cane Lane in Vacaville in the middle of the month to see all the beautifully decorated houses! We will be hosting caroling practices as we will be caroling for the residents in Deer Creek later in the month. We will also be having an Ugly Sweater Christmas Party followed by a Christmas movie with hot cocoa. Then of course we love our monthly trips over to the Creekside Café! We will also be having a weekly "Return the Elf on the Shelf" hide-and-seek-like activity where the residents will earn some sweet prizes! Lastly, we will be having our Holiday Gala on December 8th!

—Monique Rogers

Golf News

On November 2, PVE Moaners and Groaners (M&Gs) celebrated 25 years of golf. It was a day to remember. At the golf course, Walt McDaniel handed out tee prizes (sleeve of balls with markers, a candy bar, and a bottle of spirits) to 24 golfers on a chilly fall morning. It was so cold that Don Campbell's group had to stop play on one hole as a hail cell moved through. Each player also received a custom-made golf cap, embossed with the PVE logo, and "25th anniversary."

The after-golf dinner was held in the Learning Center with a capacity crowd of 60 plus. A life size cardboard cutout of Tiger Woods was provided by Kimmie McCann for photo opportunities. Some non-golfers think that Tiger Woods is an animal in a forest in India, but golfers know better. Lovely flower arrangements were provided by Kay Case and wine for each table was generously donated by Bud Ross.



Walt McDaniel started the evening with a toast to future M&Gs. Kimmie McCann welcomed the alumni and invited them back to future dinners "because we love to party." Then Walt presented trophies and prizes: Kathy Tomko received a hole-in-one trophy; Norbert Luke got a memento for his hole in one at a Las Vegas course; Verna Dow received the perpetual trophy for PVE female golfer of the month; and Bud Ross got the



perpetual trophy for PVE male golfer of the month. The winners of the perpetual trophies will select next month's winners.

The Election

I may be just another oldster
Who dreams of his old roadster
But sensed the direction
Of this last election
Better than any paid pollster.

—Bill Rawlinson

Another award went to Doug Fisher for having a bad day. He got some Tennessee Moonshine (Doug was told he wouldn't care about the bad day after drinking the Moonshine.) Finally, Don Campbell, who hit one in the water, got a sleeve of balls guaranteed to float.

Following are the winners of the 25th Anniversary tournament:

- **1st Place (69):** Norbert Luke, Rick Cole, Don Campbell
- **2nd Place (71):** Fred Williamson, Bob Irwin, Doug Fisher
- **3rd Place (73):** Verna Dow, Christine Williamson, Gene Noble
- **4th Place (80):** Tom DeMartino, Dick Youngflesh, Ginny Caspersen, Pat Gibbons-Johnson
- **Low putts (24):** DeMartino, Youngflesh, Caspersen, Gibbons-Johnson

Walt proposed to the M&Gs that prize monies for the 25th anniversary tournament be donated back to the M&G kitty, getting a loud applause from the crowd.

Winner of the PVE putting tournament was reported by Norbert Luke: Andy Anderson did it again! He slugged it out in the first round with Verna Dow and came out on top only to find himself face to face with two former putting champions, Herb Heberling and Walt McDaniel. Sue Vukasin proved herself to be a real sleeper, overcoming six veteran putters, including Diane Heberling who made her first one-putt in tournament play. Andy just wore Sue down in the final match to win the tournament. Congratulations Andy! Practice does pay.

—Estelle Holway

Marines Celebrate 247th Birthday

Gathering in The Club for the social time before lunch at twelve noon, twenty attendees mingled to meet and greet. We welcomed two new Marine couples this year, Jim and Susan Ritchie and Bob and Joan Gardner. The ranks are growing! The Club was an



appropriate venue, noted Bob, since the Continental Marines met at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia to establish a branch of the United States military on November 10, 1775.

The program began with a welcome by Dave Eller, who with his wife, Elaine, Pat Williams, and Georgia DeBarr, composed the planning committee. Following the Pledge of Allegiance, we heard the reading of General Lejeune's First Message in 1777 by Bob Gardner. Art Mark read the message from USMC Commandant David H. Berger.

Lunch was served by our competent dining room team and the Beef Wellington and Shrimp/Scallop skewers were all done to perfection. As the meal ended, Georgia DeBarr was introduced as the speaker. Georgia introduced her youngest daughter, Jennifer Clement, from Virginia Beach.

Georgia's tribute to her late husband, BG John R. DeBarr, included wearing the Star of Jordan medal presented to John by King Hussein of Jordan in 1955. She had chosen a green velvet gown to wear that complimented the medal. John's 34 years of service included being a platoon leader on Iwo Jima, serving on the United Nations Truce Supervisor

the JAG at Marine Corps Headquarters. John retired in 1976. After retirement, John was Professor of Law for eleven years at California Western School of Law in San Diego, retiring as Professor Emeritus. Staying active with the American Bar Association, John served as Chairman of the ABA General Practice Section, Chairman of the LAMP (Legal Assistance to Military Personnel) Committee, which

took him to many military bases to visit the legal offices, House of Delegates, Government Lawyers Division and Consortium on Legal Services and the Public.

John and Georgia met at an Evening Parade at Marine Corps Barracks, Washington, D.C. They married in January 1992 and shared happy retirement years until John's passing in December 2014.

The traditional cake cutting ceremony was nicely done by Pat Williams and Georgia DeBarr. They served the first piece of cake to the oldest Marine, Warren MacQuarrie, who was accompanied by his daughter, Nancy Dunn, and

then passed the cake to the youngest Maine, Art Mark. Toasts all around to honor those who serve our country and thanks for keeping us safe.

Semper Fi!

—Georgia DeBarr



PVE Men Recount Thud Pilot Reunion

Three PVE residents attended the F-105 Combat Fighter Pilots; Bears Reunion held in Tucson, Arizona on November 2-6. Colonel Bob Stirm and Major Bob McCoy, who both flew the Republic F-105 Thunderchief (Thud), renewed acquaintances with other Thud pilots with whom they flew combat missions over North Vietnam.

Thud pilots were stationed at many stateside bases and then overseas in bases like Kadana, Okinawa, Takhli or Korat, Thailand. POW reunion attendees were Ron Byrne, Tom Kirk Jr., Marty Neuens, and our own Bob Stirm.

Twenty-nine pilots had 100/100+ missions over North Vietnam, and six pilots had 200/200+ similar missions. Two pilots were Medal of Honor winners, and 39 had Air Force Crosses. It was indeed a privilege to be among so many Vietnam War heroes. Each one of them had interesting stories to tell.

Stirm met his wingman, who was flying with him over North Vietnam the day he was shot down. After a huge embrace, his wingman shared this account. "Our mission was to destroy a large bridge several miles north of Hanoi. Bob was leading our flight of four, when I spotted a surface-to-air missile (SAM) headed toward us. All three of us shouted over the radio, "Bob, pull up." Evidently, he didn't understand us because we were all shouting at once. He didn't pull up, and his plane was hit head on by the SAM. Bob had to bail out, and we saw his parachute open as he drifted toward earth. We had to return to Takhli without our flight leader."

Bob landed near a rice farm and was immediately surrounded by several angry farmers with pitchforks, shovels, and clubs. They immediately tied ropes around his wrists and both legs and began to pull him apart when a

North Vietnam soldier stopped them and took Bob as his prisoner. Bob was put into a large hole in the ground and kept there until dark.

He was then loaded on a flatbed truck, with Vietnamese guards on either side, and driven down a street in Hanoi. People were throwing rocks and sticks, hitting him and the two guards. So, the truck driver took all three to a large prison, built by the French, which became known as the "Hanoi Hilton," where Bob was a prisoner for over six years.

Another POW, Ron Byrne, was seated at our dinner table with Bob McCoy. They were stationed at Korat, Thailand together. McCoy was scheduled to fly a mission to North Vietnam, when Ron, his Flight Commander, said, "I'll take your flight and see how things are being carried out." So, Ron took Bob McCoy's flight and was shot down over North Vietnam, becoming a POW for seven and a half years.

When the two of them met at the dinner table, Ron looked at Bob McCoy and said, "I thought of you every day for 2,725 days in prison until I was released in 1973."

After returning from Vietnam, Bob received a silver star for his support of two fellow pilots who were shot down, while flying his own battle-damaged F-105!

—Andy Anderson



Colonel Bob Stirm



The First Santa Claus

(No matter what others may say)

Now who is this pudgy rascal who races across the sky once a year in a sleigh pulled by eight reindeer, keeps lists on naughty kids, and lives at the North Pole with a bunch of tiny elves in the toy manufacturing business...AND, has many aliases such as Saint Nicholas, Kris Kringle and Father Christmas? You will hear people say that he is Italian, Norwegian, Dutch. And the patron saint of Amsterdam and Moscow.

Are you ready for a shocker? The original Saint Nicholas came from a place called Demre in modern day Turkey. He's a Turk? No! Turn back the clock to the fourth century when that area of the world was part of the Byzantine Empire. On an island off the southwest coast of modern Turkey sat the city of Myra in the province of Lycia. At that time, the official language was Greek, but many dialects were spoken. Nicholas was the bishop of Myra and during his lifetime he became known for his care and gifts

to the poor. Today there stands in Demre a statue of St. Nicholas surrounded by children.

Wait a minute! My Italian friends are positive that Saint Nick is buried in Italy! Hmmm! Kinda! In the 11th century Italian sailors raided the tomb of Saint Nick and stole his bones to keep his remains from the invading Turks . . . but with time things do change. As a result, there is only a piece of the left ilium in the cathedral in Bari, Italy. The Turks want it back. That probably will not happen.

So if one should ask you, who was the original Santa Claus, just kiddingly say, "An old Turk!" The ensuing argument will give you a chance to show how much you really know about the true Santa Claus.

—Bill Rawlinson

Calling All Angels in Paradise

Wellness is excited to launch the rebirth of our *Angels in Paradise* Program for our Laurel Creek Health Center residents. Wellness will be hosting training sessions to review our program structure, goals, and anticipated outcomes. As many of you know, we have been awarded a *Java Music Club* three-year grant from Leading Age of California that we will also be hosting as part of our program. The Java Music Club will serve our Laurel Creek residents to enhance connections resident to resident. A big thanks to Floyd Gripman, Adrian, and Nick for stepping up to lead our scheduling piece and be the support and contact persons for you, our resident volunteers.

The Java Music Club has a training video which will be offered to all interested volunteers to help you learn the program training materials and format for hosting a Java Music Club session.

If you are interested in joining this exciting group, feel free to reach out to Floyd Gripman, Adrian Quinones, or Nick Martens for training and scheduling details.

Thanks everyone for helping to uncover the strengths that are within you to support our LCHC residents.

—Jan Olson

Save These Dates

- Dec 02 | Tree Lighting, Rawlinson Hall, 4 p.m.
- Dec 06 | Solano Winds, Rawlinson Hall, 7:30 p.m.
- Dec 07 | Wreath Making, Art Studio, 1 p.m.
- Dec 09 | Holiday GALA, 4 p.m.
- Dec 10 | Army-Navy Game and tailgate, Rawlinson Hall, 11 a.m.
- Dec 16 | An afternoon celebrating St. Nicholas with Lee Fruechte, Learning Center, 3 p.m.
- Dec 18 | Hanukkah begins
- Dec 20 | PVE Talent Show, Rawlinson Hall, 3 p.m.
- Dec 21 | Ugly Sweater Contest, Rawlinson Hall, 3 p.m.
- Dec 25 | Christmas Day
- Dec 26 | Hanukkah ends, Kwanzaa begins
- Dec 31 | New Year's Eve Dance, Rawlinson Hall, 7 p.m.
- Jan 01 | New Year's Day, Kwanzaa ends

America the Beautiful Toured through Songs

For its fall concert, the PVE Chorale, directed by Carla Grokenberger, presented a lyrical tribute to the beauty of America from sea to shining sea. The three-part program was a pre-election reminder of the spirit that unites us and the pride we take in our states. Emcee Jan Heise commentated on the musical trip described in Liz Wildberger's script that started with such East Coast hits as *New York, New York*, *Moonlight in Vermont*, and *Carolina Moon*. As the journey moved west, the singers donned cowboy and farmers' hats for Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!* that featured sopranos Ellen Fisher and Phyllis Riley and alto Ann Bonar. Fisher was also the soloist during an Old West medley of songs that included *Yellow Rose of Texas*, *Red River Valley*, *Old Chisholm Trail*, and *Home on the Range*.

The audience joined in sing-along versions of *America the Beautiful* and a PVE parody of *California, Here I Come*. Such patriotic favorites as *American Hymn*, *Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor* and *You're a Grand Old Flag*, with spirited flourishes by pianist Nick Martens, concluded the program.

Other sopranos and altos in the chorale are Joanie Cloughesy, Georgia DeBarr, Doris Eastman, Sandy Esposito, Diane Heberling, Reynotta Hoberecht, Linda Leach, Nancy Pastori, Barbara Rockwell, Marie Smith, Romy Sabelhaus, Sanae Vancil, Catherine Van Eyck, Lenie Brown, Jo Crocker, Karel Hedrick, Marilyn Isherwood, Caroline Keller, Sueva Terry, and Ruth Wong. Dick Feaster, Allan Fisher, Bob Isherwood, Kimmie McCann, David Rausch, Tim Tomiko, Ann Waldman, Doug Fisher, Jerry Hedrick, Richard Murray, Tad Riley, Joe Spinelli, Walt Suder, and Bill Tschudy sing tenor and bass.

The printed program, designed by Joe Spinelli, credited Wolf Schaechter, Joshua Freytag, and Jesse Marquez as stage crew managers and Dick Grokenberger as publicist.

—Carol Moore



Nativity Scenes from Around the World

The Nativity Scene Collection will be on display at the Reading Room located across the street from the Oak Room, December 6–18. PVE residents will share their items from their collections with everyone. The



collection items come in all sizes, large to very tiny. The materials they are made of represent the cultures they come from, such as water jade from Korea, handmade Japanese dolls, eggshells from Santa Barbara, crystal from Germany, corn from England, and olive wood from Israel.

Browse through for an experience in folk art, to reminisce, or come simply to enjoy the festive spirit of the season!

—Ali Corbett



Dining Services

Twenty-five years and counting . . . Our community is celebrating a milestone as we move forward with confidence and cheer. The tradition of a very special Winter/Holiday party began in 1998 with an announcement of a Victorian Extravaganza! Residents were asked to dress in festive clothing or in Victorian costume for San Francisco in 1912. Festive food from North Beach, Chinatown, Russian Hill, and Ghirardelli Square was enjoyed.

The following year the invitation read “PVE travels on the Orient Express.” To join in the fun, the suggestion was to dress in clothing reminiscent of the late 1930s in Europe. “Belle Epoch” from Paris to Istanbul with colorful Gypsy fortunetellers, the lobby as a Sultan’s tent with a dancing harem and a fountain.

In 2000 the community journeyed to the Emerald City (Main Dining Room). The patio was transformed into a Kansas barnyard complete with live animals. The PVE Hot Flashes danced.

More themes through the years: 2001 Hollywood: A Celebration of PVE Stars, 2003 a Winter Wonderland Cruise among the fjords of Norway on the *SS Paradise*, 2005 Holidays in New York.

Who made the decorations? Residents, two marketing team members, and members of the Dining Services Committee. The Dining Committee planned for months to produce these extravaganzas. What fun! The menus were never published as far as this researcher could find. The food was always a delightful surprise with the special touches that only the director and the chef could provide. Many thanks to Ken Morrow who has facilitated having *Elysian Fields* issues available on Pulse. His efforts have provided us with the history of our community.

This Twenty-Fifth Anniversary year will be another festive event. Our most formal event of the year is the Gala. The invitations in blue and silver set the stage for the celebration.

The servers of the month who are honored this time are Sierra Yates, and Desirae Chavez. Our congratulations and thanks for these fantastic team members. The servers are awarded certificates which have their names written in calligraphy courtesy of Bill Fernow. Thank you, Bill!

Kihei and the Hummingbird

Our cat Kihei started to cackle
She’d spotted the hummingbird
Just outside the closed window
Sipping the flowers’ nectar

The bird leveled off to face her
Hovering like a drone
Or more like an F-35 Raptor jet
Readying to attack

Beak locked in on the cat
It maneuvered up, then down
Glided left, then right
Armed with air-to-air missiles?

Suddenly it was gone
It had evaded human radar
But cat radar too?
So, it would seem

Kihei stopped cackling
The foe was gone
She had lost the battle
Game over.

—Sharon Goldman

The members of the Dining Services Committee continue to work with the Welcome Home Committee to help new residents with the traditions of PVE and dining. The Comment Card submissions are read by the Dining Services Leadership Team and responses are shared among the members of the committee.

Kitchen tours will begin in January. These tours will last at least ninety minutes and include both kitchens. A tram ride between the two kitchens will be provided. The exact dates will be posted in January. Be sure to remember that there is extended standing involved.

Let’s celebrate our 25th, Hanukkah, Christmas, Kwanzaa, and New Year’s Eve! And bon appétit!

—Sally Gripman

Christmas Estate Sale Starts Holiday Shopping

Just as children await Santa each December, PVE residents and team members look forward to the Christmas Estate Sale each November. The volunteers who run the Community Center Store, the 6000 Store, and monthly estate sales fill the rooms of a manor home with seasonal décor, gift ideas, festive dinner accessories, antique dolls, collectible ornaments, and



jewelry, all donated by residents. Each room has a color theme, including blue for Hanukkah, and a merchandise category—toys, holiday attire, gift-wrapping supplies. “I love it when shoppers pop their eyes and say, ‘Oh my! So many choices, it’s a

Santa’s Shop for adults,” said Betty Silva, who manages estate sales with Loretta Epperson. A focal point of the display



was a Christmas tree trimmed in gold balls, ribbons, and birds by Cathy Thomson who curated the sale.

The biggest gift was a bit more than \$4,000 in proceeds the Store gave to the Resident Council to fund campus activities. Four table-top decorated trees that were raffled off between November 8 and 10 at 5809 Constitution were won by Anne Ruth, Robin Tickner, William Ulm, and Nancy Wisner.

Silva noted, “Candace Miller, Marilyn Byington, Loretta Epperson and I want to thank all of the folks, team members, residents, family and friends who came to the Christmas Sale. We especially want to say a ‘HUGE THANK YOU’ to all of those who helped with unpacking, setting up, silver polishing, pricing of items, and working the sale and then spent hours packing and moving all unsold items and the tables. The event was a tremendous success because of all involved.”

—Carol Moore

Precipitation at PVE

Where’s the rain? We keep hoping, and the weather person on TV keeps saying “There’s a chance of a few showers, maybe next week.” Well, based on what we have received so far, next week has not arrived. We should have a little over 4 inches of rain by now and have had just 2.05 inches so far this rain season. Last year at this time we had 12.75 inches. There was a large storm in October and then things settled down, leaving us with little rain the rest of the season—25.6 inches for the entire season.

Take heart because the rainiest months are December through March. The best is yet to come, we hope. The rain guys are back keeping an eye on their rain gauges, and we will be reporting to you each month during the rainy season. To help you understand the weather a bit better, I will be including an interesting weather fact each month. Maybe even a little quiz now and then.

This month’s weather fact: The coldest temperature ever officially recorded was -89.2°C , that’s -128.6°F . That’s really cold!

—Stu Loventhal

Water

Looking for mountains boasting glistening snow
Doing a frantic “snow dance” waiting here below
Patiently awaiting the freeze that turns to water
Gazing at my umbrella; listening for drops that splatter

Riding by the reservoir. Water receding from its shore
Seeds awaiting moisture to sprout food from earth’s floor
Hydration for all creatures. Without it they will wither
All grateful for the crunch of snow even though we shiver

—Joanie Cloughesy

Thwack! It's a Pickle Ball

Tennis was my game in my younger days, and I missed it. Pickle Ball at PVE sounded fun. Don Corbett said, "We laugh a lot on the court." Really, I thought. Now every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday I am out the door early with excitement to play Pickle Ball because indeed we do laugh a lot. Thrilled to say we now have two Pickle Ball courts so there is less of a wait to play. Even with ten or more players, we can rotate in and out pretty quickly. Being the ball girl or guy for the others speeds up games even more.

The new nets on wheels are terrific; easily moved around and locked in place. My blood pressure has gone down a bit because I am getting good cardio exercise while having an enjoyable time. Everyone is supportive of each other's amazing shots or whiffs; and between four of us someone can recall the score after a long rally. We range in age from 63 to 84. Pickle Ball is the fastest growing game in the nation, so PVE is up to date on that score. Come and try it out. It will make you laugh.

—Susie Parrish

The Perfect Tree

"Put on your scarf, mittens, warmest coat, and don't forget your rubber boots!" our father called to my younger brother Chuck, my little sister Melissa, and me. It was Saturday, two weeks before Christmas. We were going up into the flint hills of Kansas where cedar trees grew wild in a special place Daddy knew about.

We bumped along gravel roads in our blue Ford pickup with wooden stock racks for almost an hour. It seemed much longer, especially to Melissa. The frosty wind was sharp and blowing little swirls of snow against the fence posts as we passed by.

At last, there it was! Looking in the pasture to the left, we saw a wonderful stand of cedar trees

Splooting Squirrels

What a ridiculous sound
Couldn't be a real word
The author is playing with us again

But it's true, she protests
"Splooting Squirrels Spotted!"
Said the SF Chronicle

Smashing their little stomachs onto the grass
Stretching out their adorable little legs
Looking like flattened frogs

Is it a deadly disease?
Nope, just "heat dumping"
(Their word not mine)

If you don't believe me,
Ask your furry dog (or a friendly bear)
They sploot too

What should you do
If you see a splooting squirrel?
In most cases, nothing

—Sharon Goldman

nature had sprinkled on our snowy earth. We joyously tumbled out of the cab of the truck and raced among the trees looking for the perfect one. We stood back at a safe distance as Daddy took the saw out and cut down the tree. Then we helped load it in the truck and headed back to our ranch in Oklahoma.

An hour later, we arrived home. Chuck and I helped drag our tree up the steps of the front porch while Melissa went in to help Mother with hot cocoa. Try as we might, we could not force it through the front door. The tree was too wide and too tall! They always look smaller outside. After Daddy trimmed it down to size, we could smell the wonderful scent of cedar and dream of Christmas to come!

—by Jan Hewitt

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Doer or Dreamer

Which one are you a doer or a dreamer?
Practicing "carpe diem" or forever be a schemer?
Don't misunderstand, one needs a plan in mind
No heedless rushing forth or stopping to rewind
But knowing when the opportunity presents itself, and time to go
Or forever "fighting windmills" while your gear remains in slow.

—Joanie Cloughesy

King Wenceslas Has an Accident

Most British schools provide their pupils a token exposure to religion. At my school, this consisted of beginning each day with a half-hour period known as Prayent attended by the whole school. Some 400 boys, aged 11 through 17, took our places in the body of the hall, while the all-male teaching staff, dressed in their black gowns, occupied the stage. The headmaster said a few words and led us in reciting the Lord's Prayer. Then a senior boy read a passage from the Bible. Finally, the whole school joined in singing a hymn.

It was not an exciting way to start the day. We boys arrived half asleep, and there was much yawning and rubbing of eyes. Any little disturbance—a hiccup, a yelp of pain—would provoke a local buzz of whispers and strangled laughter. Many popular hymn tunes had alternative words of dubious propriety, well known to generations of English schoolboys. A few scattered rebels would sing these words, but they were usually drowned out by the law-abiding majority.

One Christmas, however, a group of us set a conspiracy in motion. The day before school broke up for vacation, we usually replaced the morning hymn with a carol or two. A group of us managed to get "King Wenceslas" scheduled for the final item on the program. Then, we spread the word throughout the school that everyone should sing the alternative words and made sure that these were known to all.

When the school assembled on the last day of school, there was an expectant hush in the hall. Eyes were wide open, faces were smiling, and many knowing looks were exchanged. I think the staff sensed that something was afoot.

The headmaster's special Christmas address seemed



Image courtesy of Gryffindor, Wikimedia

Photo of the Month



This was the table setting outside on our picnic table.

Photo by Lynn McCurry

to take forever; the Bible reader knowing he was unwanted, stumbled through his piece at breakneck speed; and finally, we got to the first carol. This served to get the 400 larynxes tuned up. Then it happened. The whole congregation was belting forth the refrain:

*Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the feast of Stephen.*

*He hit his nose on a gutter spout and
made it all uneven.*

*Brightly shone his nose that night
and the pain was cruel.*

*Then the doctor came in sight,
riding on a mule.*

And so on—I forget the rest.

When we finished there was much whooping with glee on the part of the boys, The staff didn't applaud, but they were openly laughing. Even the headmaster had a broad grin on his face as he walked to the podium.

"Gentlemen, that was a very spirited, if not spiritual, rendering. Now return to your classrooms, where I expect you to take an equally spirited approach to your schoolwork."

—Written in 2007 by
Eric Daniel, former resident

Mobility Aids

The evolution of personal mobility aids is linked to the way society viewed, or was aware of, people with reduced mobility. If we look back to the Middle Ages, for example, society didn't feel responsible for people with reduced mobility or other disabilities. Many disabled people lived as outcasts in a society full of superstition.

One of the very first wheelchairs we know about is from the 5th century B.C. Depicted in this 'wheelchair' is Confucius, a famous ancient philosopher and teacher. It was a very rudimentary version of a wheelchair, but was a wheeled device used with the intent of helping people with reduced mobility.

Canes are perhaps the most common and standard type of walking aid a senior is likely to use. By the time most of us reach our seventies, our balance starts to falter, and a cane can really help for stability while reducing strain on the legs and being an easy, portable device to keep around. Similar to crutches, canes help to support the body's weight and help transfer some the load from the legs to the upper body.

A walker (or walking frame) is an assistive device used to provide stability and relieve full or partial weight bearing on a lower extremity. Of the possible assistive devices available (crutches, canes, or walkers), walkers provide the greatest anterior and posterior stability and base of support. Walkers are typically made of lightweight aluminum and are easily adjusted using pushpins on the legs. Standard walkers have molded handgrips and rubber tips on all four legs. If you're finding

it too difficult to move your standard walking frame, it is possible to get one fitted with wheels which makes it easier to move. Mobility aids started to develop much more around the 15th century. The oldest known use of a walking frame in England is depicted on a piece of clothing from the 14th century.

A rollator refers to a three-wheel or four wheel walking aid. Rollators should not be used to actively support body weight, as they are liable to slip out from under the individual if too much weight is put onto the frame. However, they do sport hand-operated brakes if the user needs to use these.

The first folding wheelchair was designed by a pair of engineers in 1932, after one of them had an accident with a landmine during WWI. The first electric wheelchair was invented after WWII. In the 1960s and 1970s, mobility scooters and rollators appeared, and walkers similar to the ones used today came into development. Mobility scooters came about for the first time in the late 1960s. They were quite successful and seen as alternatives to the electric wheelchair. They were designed for people who could walk, but who couldn't travel long distances on foot because

of problems in their knees or arthritis.

Mobility Aids are great inventions for humankind and especially us at PVE.

—Bob Lunning



Solano Winds' Flutists Give Hint of Holidays

As a fanfare for the holidays, the Solano Winds Community Concert Band will present *Holiday Traditions, New and Olde* in Rawlinson Hall on Tuesday, December 6. Highlighting the evening will be *Christmas March* by Edwin Franko Goldman, known as America's second-most famous bandmaster behind John Philip Sousa. Other selections will be *Sleigh Ride Samba* and *Minor Alterations No. 2 – Carols from the Dark Side*, in which familiar tunes are played in minor key. Various ensembles from Solano Winds have entertained at PVE under Covid restrictions but this will be the first appearance of the 60-member band since February.

On the afternoon of November 12, the Solano Winds' flutists went for Baroque with *Village Maid* by Jean-Philippe Rameau and *Allegro Assai* by F.J. Haydn. Bill Doherty, director of the Solano Winds, described the performance as a thank-you for PVE's sponsorship of the band's season opener at the Downtown Theater and as a Veterans Day tribute. "It's appropriate that every two years the dates of Election and Veterans days are so close. We couldn't have one without the other," he said.

The Flute Quartet – Cyndi Chancellor, Sherrill Honeychurch, Lisa Laughlin, and Amanda

Stokholm—played *Trio No. 2* by James Hook and *When the Saints Come Marching In*. Bill and Jennifer Doherty, on trumpet and piano, then presented *Suwanee River* by Stephen Foster and Irvine Berlin's *God Bless America*. Linda Horsman, Shelley Schubert, and Eve Somjen joined their colleagues on stage to form the Flute Choir that offered the slow drama and grandiose energy of Johann Quantz's *Largo and Menuetto*, as well as *Little Red Monkey* by Jack Jordan. When the audience called for an encore, Doherty replied, "That will come December 6."

—Carol Moore



New England Fall Colors Are Here

Well, almost. From one who grew up in Connecticut, the brilliant colors we see here bring back many memories. Perhaps the biggest one is of raking the fallen leaves into the largest pile we could muster then jumping into them. Of course, the whole activity was to be repeated. I remember saving the biggest red-orange maple leaf I could find.

Here at PVE we are enjoying the following three different kinds of trees. When you enter the Main Gate, you will see the Crepe Myrtle straight ahead on the right. Turn right and on your immediate left is a Chinese Pistache tree. Continue over the creek bridge and take a stroll down the dirt path that follows the creek, and you will see an Autumn Blaze Pear as colorful as the other two. The colors of autumn bring smiles to our faces for the pleasant moments nature offers.

—Phyllis Mosher

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