

Elysian Fields



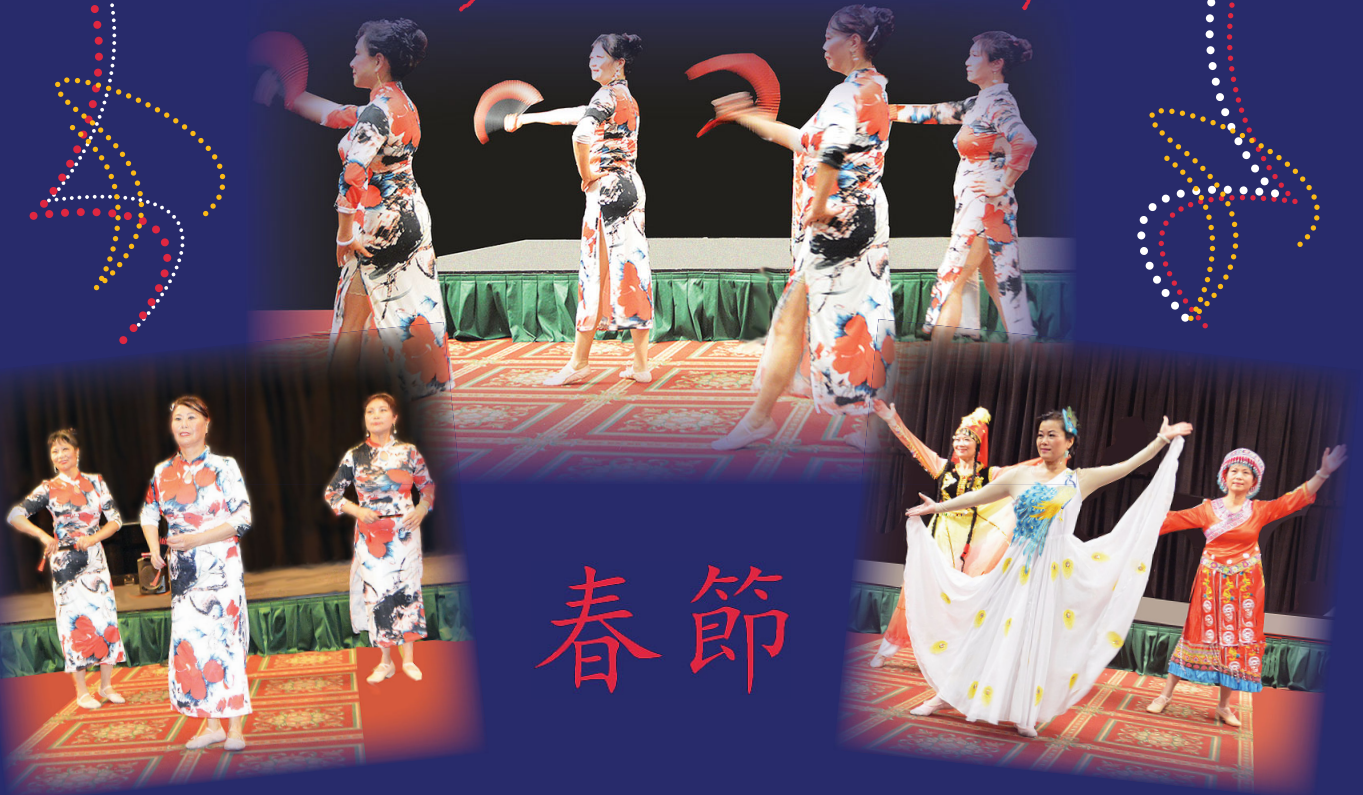
February 2023

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Magazine

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Kung Hei Fat Choy



春節

Chinese Zither Music Bridges Years, Cultures

It may be hard to imagine riffs from Jimi Hendrix songs of the 1960s coming from a zither with a 2,500-year Chinese history. But that was just part of the entertainment when Melody Yan and the Oriental Dancing Group came to Rawlinson Hall on January 17. Wellness presented the program to celebrate the Chinese New Year.

A graduate of the Shanghai Conservatory of Music, Yan is a master of the 21-string, 64-inch-long zither, called a *guzheng*, and has performed at United Nations' headquarters and on national television. She began by demonstrating how the instrument can simulate gently flowing streams as well as rolling thunder.



Next came four traditional songs that accompanied the dancers. In succession, they wore pink and blue fluttering silk costumes with elaborate headpieces; matching red, black, and white sheaths with red fans; and more-modern outfits with mandarin collars and side slits.

Two songs referred to the lantern festivals and family feasting enjoyed during New Year celebrations. Another described young women's love, and the last told how an ancient military leader used *guzheng* music to distract and defeat a much larger enemy force.

Then Yan, who is known for her East-West fusion techniques blending the rich tones of the West with the charm of the East, strummed and plucked haunting and foreboding selections from movies *The Godfather* and Clint Eastwood's *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. That was followed by Hendrix's *Voodoo Child* and Yan's interpretation of Queen's *We Will Rock You*.

Traditional red and gold envelopes with Year of the Rabbit fortune cards and goodie bags were handed out as the audience departed.

—Carol Moore

Willow Creek This Month

Gong Hei Fat Choy! As the new year begins, Valentine's Day must be just around the corner! February is also heart health awareness month. It's time to consider which habits we take with us and which habits we leave behind. A good habit example is focusing on ways to care for your heart. Cardiovascular exercise can make an amazing difference in your lifestyle.

Varieties of group exercises, morning fitness, and cardiovascular activities are critical to our health and available six days a week for Willow Creek residents. When our hearts are pumping, our blood flows, calories burn faster, muscles develop, and overall health improves dramatically. Residents are also encouraged to walk one lap around Willow Creek hallways before or after each meal. It's about 270 steps per lap so nearly 1,000 steps a day. We can march to a healthy heart one step at a time.

Who says cardio exercise has to be serious? Whether with a partner or friend or by yourself, cutting loose with some dancing can lift your mood and keep you feeling stronger. With the nursing staff, we have a new program called Happy Feet that involves dancing, exercise, and music.

Lastly, please join us on February 14 at 2 p.m. in the Laurel Creek main dining room for our Valentine's Day Party and live concert with incredible jazz musician Alvon Johnson. Thank you all for continuing to support our residents at Willow Creek. Happy Valentine's Day to everyone.

—Adrian Quinones

Greetings from Laurel Creek

In February, the Wellness Staff will host a Valentine's Day luncheon for Laurel and Willow Creek residents with entertainment in the afternoon. The Java Music group is going well, and residents have enjoyed singing along with music. The morning exercise program with the Wellness staff has residents moving and grooving, and Poetry with Gladys, Morning Reading, Arts and Crafts, Balloon Volley, and many more group activities provide our residents with social stimulation.

Wishing you all a wonderful month and Happy Valentine's Day.

—Sharon Johnson

Dining Services

Highlights of the January meeting of the committee included congratulations to our Servers of the Month, Timia Dumandan and Kathleen Alegado. We are lucky to have such excellent servers.

We also discussed a new dining opportunity: Community Table meals on Saturday evenings (5:30) and during Sunday Brunch (12:30) available by reservation. If you would like to meet others and share a meal, make your reservation for the Community Table.

Numerous questions arose regarding prime rib—whether it referred to the grade of meat or preparation style. Our executive chef explained that our prime rib is a classic roast beef preparation using beef rib prime cuts with seven rib bones attached. USDA says prime beef is produced from young, well-fed beef cattle. It has abundant marbling.

When choosing meat entrées while dining in the Oak Room, Community Center Dining Room, and Café, here are some terms to consider to customize your order.

Poached: Submerging meat in liquid. Typically the cooking method for individuals with concerns about fats.

Grilled: Meat cooked on a rack under or over direct heat as on a barbecue or under a broiler.

Roasted: Meat cooked surrounded by heated air, usually in an oven.

Seared: Browning the surface of meat by quick-cooking over high heat to seal in juices.

Pan fried: Meat cooked quickly over high heat with a little fat—similar to sautéed but generally turning it over once or twice during cooking.

The Dress Code continues to present problems. Many thanks to our residents who remember to follow it. The term “business casual” is important to understand. It means to dress as if going to an important event. Not just coming over from an afternoon at home. Most residents do not want to return to the more formal coats and ties for gentlemen and similar attire for ladies but want to maintain the business casual dress code. Anyone who prefers not to dress in business casual attire can always have supper in the Cafe and lunch in the various cafes on campus.

Of the 93 comment cards submitted, overall satisfaction in December was 92% for food and

Remembering...

Juliette “Julie” Thomas

Loving wife and mother
A World War II veteran
Arrived: October 2000
Departed: January 7, 2023

Molly Archdeacon

Loving wife and mother
A World War II veteran
Arrived: June 1999
Departed: January 15, 2023

Agnes Clare

Loving wife and mother
Arrived: September 2015
Departed: January 17, 2023



97.5% for service. Kudos to our Dining Services Team.

Happy Valentine’s Day to one and all. Remember to make your Valentine’s Day reservation for lunch or dinner. There will be a special menu! And *bon appétit!*

—Sally Gripman

Greetings from Quail Creek

This month we will have two Happy Hours featuring Kendall and Alvon, a Valentine’s Pamper Party, a pre-Super-Bowl party, and Presidents’ Day iN2L Trivia. We also will make chocolate heart candies and Mardi Gras masks. And trips in February include a lunch outing to Red Lobster and shopping at Walmart, Trader Joe’s, and the Dollar Store.

We are introducing a new weekly Dudes Discussion Group and will have daily exercise programs, weekly chair volleyball, blackjack, and, of course, afternoon bingo multiple times a week.

As you can see, February will be busy! Please come over and visit your friends. You are always welcome.

—Ariana Jenkins

How I Passed the Tests to Get My Valentine

A few years after retiring from the Air Force in 1977, I found my Valentine. I worked in the Aeronautical Engineering Department of the Naval Air Rework Facility at Alameda Naval Air Station and, with no friends or social life, I was bored to death. I signed up for a ballroom dance class so I at least would learn to dance and maybe meet someone. With a dozen women and only three men in the class, the men changed partners frequently. I noticed a pretty redhead at the first class but didn't get to dance with her.

At the next class, I peeked at the sign-in sheet after she checked in to get her name. I made sure I danced with her that night. I asked if she would like to go for coffee with me after class and got a quick "No." After three more classes and requests to go for coffee, she agreed but said we would drive separately. Okay, I'd take anything. After a few such coffees, we went in her car to a weekend event. Following a few months of more coffees and weekend events, I guess I passed her test with at least a C.

She invited me to her friend's house for a party one night and introduced me to everyone. One Saturday when hanging my laundry on one of those pulley lines that went from my two-bedroom apartment over a three-car garage to

the main house, I saw one of her friends watching me from below. She said, "Well, it looks like she's got you well trained." I guess I passed her test. Next was to meet her mother for a picnic on the beach. I must have passed that test because, when we dropped her mother off, I was invited in to meet her father. He asked if I knew how to change the oil on a car. I said I did, and we went



into the garage so I could do it on his car. I scooted under his car with a drip pan and a crescent wrench to loosen the oil plug. He asked if I knew which plug to remove and I told him I did. After I drained the oil and replaced the oil filter, I filled the engine with new oil, and he checked the dip stick to be sure it was okay. I must have passed his test too.

Next was an Irish corned beef and cabbage dinner at her apartment and to meet her dog Corky who jumped right up on me to be petted so I guess I passed the main test. On Valentine's Day that year, I came home from work to find a platter of peanut butter cookies on my porch with large Hershey's Kisses pressed into the middle of each one. That did it! After several months, we were married in the Naval Air Station chapel. You may have met her. Her name is Judy.

—Jerry Mulenburg



Happy Valentine's Day to All

Valentine's Day has always been one of my favorite holidays.
The dozens of red roses, boxes of candy and card-giving craze.
Reservations at restaurants, the candle glow radiating the happiness of many.
Remember in grammar school exchanging of cards worth a penny?

Cupid's busiest day of the year as his arrow finds its mark.
The engagement ring I received as we strolled in the park.
There are many legends about St. Valentine and who he really was.
It is not really important; what is important is his cause.

—Joanie Cloughesy



Bill and Connie Gum

A Romance That Lasted

In recalling a marriage that “was meant to be,” Connie Gum said they first met in September 1948 when they were partnered in a wedding at the Lehigh Chapel in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The bride was a college classmate of hers and the groom was a childhood friend of Bill's. The festivities lasted from Thursday to Sunday. They didn't expect to get together again since Connie lived in Massachusetts and Bill in West Virginia, where he was employed by FMC Corp. as a mechanical engineer.

Bill had joined the NROTC as a freshman at Duke University in 1941. In February 1944, he began his overseas duty in the Mediterranean on the USS Philadelphia. In 1945, he was on the USS Amsterdam on its way to observe the signing of the Japanese surrender aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay.

He chose to stay in the Reserves, and by some magical happening, he was recalled in 1950 to report to the Boston Navy Yard where the USS Des Moines would spend four months being overhauled.

Bill had his car with him so it wasn't too far to come out to Wellesley to begin a new

relationship. Dancing at the Meadows to a full orchestra, going to plays in Boston, playing bridge, and doing a lot of singing together (they each had been in choral groups) were delightful.

They decided to marry on February 23, 1952, and Bill had a long leave, giving them a chance to honeymoon in Bermuda. In October, Bill was released from his two years of recall, and they moved to Charleston, where Bill had his job back and their sons Stephen and Peter were born. Five years later, Bill couldn't resist an offer from FMC to join a newly formed research and development group in San Jose so they moved to California.

Bill and Connie were volunteers for a telephone crisis hotline, tutors at a grade school, and members of a Boy Scout parent group and served many roles on church committees. Their grandchildren, Nathan and Megan, have provided them with great joy in their role as grandparents.

Connie's advice to today's newlyweds is “keep the romance alive.”

Bill passed away in 2020, two weeks shy of their 68th wedding anniversary.

—Carol Moore



My African Odyssey

In May 2022, I was blessed to take a seven-week trip to Europe and Africa. It began with a one-week stopover in Paris where I enjoyed being a tourist. From there, I flew to Nairobi in Kenya for my first safari with tour company Overseas Adventure Travel.

Our first stop there was the Sheldrick elephant nursery. It was established about 30 years ago by an English woman to rescue and nurture baby elephants that were orphaned by slaying of their mothers. I learned that baby elephants need milk for the first two or three years of their lives to survive. One man is assigned to each baby, and he basically lives with it for one or two years, feeding it and sleeping with it at night!

From Nairobi, we flew west to the Maasai Mara in Kenya. There, we saw our first giant bull elephant, which weighed about 13,000 pounds. We also spotted our first rhinoceros and learned that they are in danger of extinction because poachers kill them for their horns, which have a street value of more than \$65,000. While on the Maasai Mara, we took a balloon ride. From the air, we saw large herds of zebras and antelope and also got our first sightings of cheetahs and lions.

After three days in Kenya, we flew to Amboseli National Park in Tanzania. It is home to families of elephants, zebras, and wildebeests. They thrive there on fresh grass watered by snowmelt from nearby Mt. Kilimanjaro. One of the highlights of this safari was a visit to Ngorongoro Crater in northern Tanzania. There, we witnessed a pride of lions take down a cape buffalo for their afternoon meal.

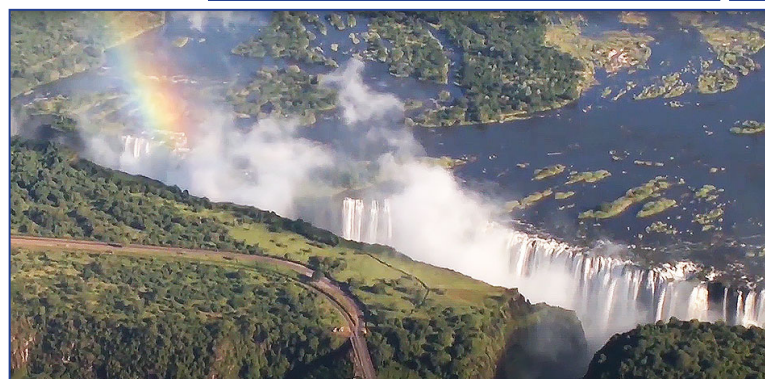
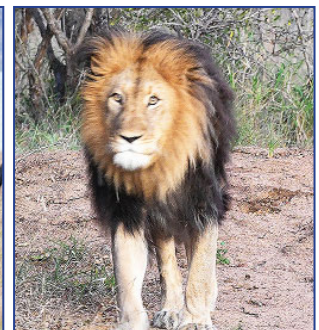
We next drove to the Serengeti plain in Eastern Kenya. It is home to more than two million wildebeests and 800,000 zebras. This is where the Great Migration begins—a 1,200-mile seasonal trek in a large clockwise circle north, east, and south following seasonal rains. The wildebeests and zebras are accompanied by around 12,000 elans and Thompson gazelles. This migration is considered one of the great natural wonders of the world!

After two weeks in Kenya and Tanzania, we flew to South Africa. There, we visited Botswana, Zimbabwe and Zambia. One of my favorite spots was Chobe National Park. It is home to large families of elephants, antelopes, and lions. The Chobe River is home to hundreds of alligators and hippos as well. It also hosts large flocks of colorful birds, including Egyptian geese and spoonbills.

Our last stop was beautiful Victoria Falls on the border of Zambia and Zimbabwe. This waterfall is not the largest in the world but is the longest with a cascade of water extending more than a mile long!

Videos of the trip are available on PVE Pulse under videos.

—Dick Feaster



The Wall of Remembrance

The walls of our Club display pictures, plaques, and mementoes of current and past residents who have served our country in peace and in war. There also are images of three military crafts: U.S. Navy destroyer Everett F. Larson DD830, a hand-drawn poster of Jimmy Doolittle of Tokyo Raid fame with a B-25 bomber, and an F-117 stealth jet fighter.

U.S. Navy destroyers are known as Greyhounds of the Seas and as Tin Cans. In former times, destroyers protected larger vessels such as cruisers, battleships, and carriers. The name destroyer came from the fact that the ship was designed to destroy small torpedo boats. Current destroyers are armed with missiles and are not necessarily used to protect larger vessels. PVE resident Shirley Arnold donated the picture of the destroyer. Her late husband, resident Ray Arnold, Lt. Commander, U.S. Navy (Ret), served on the Everett F. Larson during the Korean Conflict and in the Suez Canal.

The famous Doolittle Raiders held their 25th Reunion at Travis Air Force Base. Lt. Colonel Jimmy Doolittle led the daring raid on Tokyo. It was the first offensive attack on the Japanese homeland and helped to raise the morale of the American people. PVE resident Anne Ruth donated the poster, which was drawn by her late husband, Air Force Captain Bill Ruth, after he heard that the Raiders were to have their 25th Reunion at Travis. The poster commemorates the anniversary of the bombing and pays tribute to Jimmy Doolittle. A B-25 bomber appears in the center of the poster and is surrounded by four drawings of Doolittle. It was presented to the Raiders at the reunion and signed by the surviving members in attendance.

F-117 Nighthawk



Solace

Ancient oak, bereft of leaves
Limbs twisted and bent
Creaking in the icy fog
Silently surveying your realm

Oh, what laughter you've heard.
From bocce court and horseshoe pit
From golf putts that have sunk or more often not
From quiet conversations under the Pavilion

And all the residents then and now
Walking their dogs big and small
Rushing to get from here to there
Or sitting and admiring the view

Strolling along, I write my poem.
I think of all the winters gone by
Of the ice, wind, rain, floods
And how you've withstood them all.

I take my New Year lessons from you
Age will give me wisdom
Adversity will give me strength
Laughter – and love – will make me whole

—Sharon Goldman

The F-117 stealth fighter originated with the Vietnam War because of the vulnerability of many aircraft to Soviet anti-aircraft missiles. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation designed and built the aircraft with stealth capabilities. It was kept secret for most of the 1980s but became known with its use in the Gulf War. The fighter was retired after development of the F-22 stealth fighter. The F-117 in the image on display in the Club was being flown by resident Gary Voellger, Major General, USAF (Ret) over Yosemite Valley. General Voellger was then vice-commander of the F-117 Wing. He flew combat missions in Southeast Asia, Desert Storm, and Operation Just Cause.

If you have a memento of your military service and wish to have it added to the Wall of Remembrance, please submit it for display. Provide a brief description of the item and its significance, and we will consider it for approval. Items can be submitted to any Wall of Remembrance Committee member: Don Campbell, Whitney Hall, Ken Mackie, Art Mark, Tad Riley, and Vern Chong.

—Vern Chong

My Beer Wagon Story

Growing up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the “forties” provided some challenging and lasting boyhood experiences. America was rocked by war, and the United States was faced with choosing freedom or submission.

Milwaukee was known as the Beer Capital of the World with more than 30 city breweries, including namesakes like Pabst Blue Ribbon, Schlitz, Braumeister, and Blatz. Nearly every neighborhood block had its own family-friendly bar that was, by definition, an unpretentious street corner two-story bungalow with the family living upstairs and tending their public bar downstairs. Our neighbors celebrated the presence of Smiley’s Irish Pub on our block. The name fit our neighborhood *persona* even though Smiley himself was German. Everyone was welcome at his Pub except under-aged “troublemaker wise guys” like me.

My favorite block events occurred when neighbors would spontaneously gather from a small assembly into a larger populous of fun seekers on warm summer nights. I vividly recall one such July night when I was just seven years old. Little did I imagine that a kid like me was about to experience his first beer party. Wow!

I pushed back from the supper table after wolfing down one of Mom’s awesome Friday night fish fries. My Dad, a great musician, had left the house earlier with his saxophone to play at an event. As dusk set in, I struggled with how to spend the twilight evening with my neighborhood buddies. I felt somewhat



Valentine’s Day Advice

Men, once again we must become pensive,
‘Cuz what we buy seems way too expensive.
“No! These chocolates come from See’s!”
“No! These type flowers make me sneeze!”
So, men, buy a card...and stay on the defensive.

—Bill Rawlinson

impetuous until hearing the faint sound of outdoor music and singing creeping in the direction of our house. I could almost make out the distant image of a horse drawn buggy with three musicians playing live music on a make-shift cart.

Soon, I saw the ensemble and my dad perched on the cart blowing his saxophone with two other musicians. His trio was flanked by several barrels of freshly brewed ice-cold lager Pabst Blue Ribbon beer. Dancing neighbors were following the wagon as more and more of them came streaming out of their houses to fill their giant porcelain beer mugs with “suds” and grab a freshly baked German pretzel, all for just 35 cents. Yup, just 35 cents! My dad’s trio played the *Beer Barrel Polka*.

The atmosphere swirled with energized happy people dancing and singing into the morning hours. Ultimately, Smiley’s wife had enough, and she proceeded to hand out token DUI warnings commonly referred to “*Dancing under the Influence*.” Then, she would turn off the bar lights, politely thank her patrons, and, with a gentle German nudge, shout *Aus!* (Out!). A few stragglers eager for just one more night cap could be heard giving one final gasp: *Ein Prosite!* “a toast to friendship!” What more could a simple beer wagon experience teach a Milwaukee kid about American freedom and the “never give up” attitude that would later influence my military and civilian career.

Thank you for reading my Beer Wagon story and a toast to PVE friendship. *Ein Prosite PVE Freund*.

—Wayne Goetz

PVE Healthcare Primer

My name is Steve Neff, and I have the privilege of serving PVE as VP of Healthcare Operations. Like every Life Plan Community in the United States, PVE is scrambling to succeed in an environment of rapid changes in regulations, payments, care models, referral sources, and technologies and expansion of geriatric knowledge. The COVID-19 pandemic has put extreme stress on the healthcare workforce in the United States, and financial results for healthcare organizations in the past two years have been some of the worst ever.



PVE has made substantial investments over many years in its campus, independent living units, and healthcare services. The campus is large and gorgeous. PVE's healthcare services include traditional assisted living (Quail Creek), assisted living for those who have memory impairment (Deer Creek), respite care (Willow Creek), inpatient rehabilitation and long-term care (Laurel Creek), clinics for physician and nursing care, and nursing

and personal care in the comfort and convenience of your homes. PVE, through a partnership with a hospice agency, also supports hospice (end of life) services for our residents.

Important factors that contribute to remaining healthy and well as we age are access to and use of healthcare services, a healthful diet, exercise, and meaningful social relationships. A recent study published in the journal *Occupational and Environmental Medicine* found that going for a walk in a park or along a lake or tree-lined space can reduce the need for medication for anxiety, asthma, depression, high blood pressure, and insomnia. On a personal level, I am always thinking about how to optimize my mental and physical abilities.

By all objective measures, healthcare outcomes from services at PVE for residents and patients are superior. For example, residents who spend a rehabilitation stay at Laurel Creek are much less likely to be readmitted to the hospital than residents in other facilities. In fact, in 2023, PVE's best opportunities for growth are its healthcare services.

Aging is not an ailment; however, it is an important risk factor for many health issues and diseases. And the average age of PVE residents is rising. One third of deaths at PVE in 2022 left behind surviving spouses. There are many health issues associated with loss of a spouse, including administration of medications, activities of daily living, and, most importantly, loss of lifelong companion. Unfortunately, most of us do not want to think about healthcare until there is an event that needs to be addressed.

2023 will be a year of listening to, communicating with, and educating all our constituencies regarding PVE's healthcare services. Our residents are most important, but PVE's constituencies also include hospitals, physicians, and patients who come here for short-term healthcare. Trust is built on visibility, caring, passion, and compassion. The best and most important part of my job will be listening and learning from our incredible residents and leading our nursing and caregiving teams. In the words of Vince Lombardi, "Perfection is not attainable, but if we chase perfection, we can catch excellence."

—Steve Neff

Americana Trivia

Since February includes Presidents' Day and two of our more famous presidents' birthdays, let's see what else you nerdy people know about some of our presidents.

1. Who named the "White House" (and when)?
2. Which state was the birthplace of the most presidents?
3. Who was/is the smallest president?
4. Which president never had a dog while in the White House?
5. Who was the first president to have a Christmas tree in the White House?
6. Which president refused to use a telephone while in office? What, no texting?

—Your Patriotic Committee

answers on page 14

What Is Mardi Gras Anyway?

According to Wikipedia, Mardi Gras refers to events of the Carnival celebration beginning on or after the Christian feast of the Epiphany (Three Kings Day) and culminating the day before Ash Wednesday, known as Shrove Tuesday. *Mardi Gras* is French for Fat Tuesday, reflecting the practice of the last night of eating rich, fatty foods before ritual Lenten sacrifices and fasting. In countries such as the United Kingdom, Mardi Gras is usually known as Pancake Day or Shrove Tuesday.

In the United States, the festival season varies from city to city. Some, such as New Orleans, celebrate Mardi Gras from Twelfth Night (last night of Christmas that begins Epiphany) to Ash Wednesday. Others treat only the final three days before Ash Wednesday as Mardi Gras. In Mobile, Alabama, Mardi Gras-associated events begin in November and are followed by mystic society balls on Thanksgiving and New Year's Eve and then parades and balls in January and February, celebrating up to midnight before Ash Wednesday. In earlier times, parades were held on New Year's Day. Carnival is an important celebration in Anglican and Catholic European nations.

Though Mardi Gras is not observed nationally throughout the United States, many traditionally ethnic French cities and regions here hold notable celebrations. Mardi Gras arrived in North America as a French Catholic tradition with the Le Moyne brothers in the late 17th

century when King Louis XIV sent the pair to defend France's claim to the territory of *Louisiane*, which included what are now the states of Alabama,

Mississippi, and Louisiana and part of eastern Texas. In 1703, French settlers in Mobile established the first organized Mardi Gras celebration tradition in what became the United States. The first informal mystic society, *krewe*, was formed in Mobile

in 1711 as the Boeuf Gras Society. By 1720, Biloxi had been made capital of Louisiana, and French Mardi Gras customs accompanied the colonists who settled there.

The first Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans is recorded as having taken place in 1837. The

tradition in New Orleans then expanded until it became synonymous with the city in popular perception and embraced by all residents. Mardi Gras celebrations are part of the basis of the slogan *Laissez les bons temps rouler* (Let the good times roll). On Mardi Gras Day, the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, the last parades of the season wrap up, and the celebrations close with the Meeting of the Courts, known locally as the Rex Ball.

PVE will celebrate Mardi Gras this year with mask-making on Monday, February 20, in the Art Studio and Happy Hour on the Flight Deck on Mardi Gras Day, Tuesday, February 21. Wear your masks and your beads. We'll see you there and *Laissez les bons temps rouler*.

—Bruce Bartels



The Garden after Rain

The garden after rain
Makes the leaves drip teardrops
Painting them greener
Coloring them redder
Purple shines brighter

The garden after rain
Charms our eyes and hearts closer
Asking us to embrace it
Telling us to breathe big
So, we can empty our hearts
And lose pointless thoughts

The garden after rain
Welcomes in a pair of ducks
Their happy courtship
Make us want to be simple
And just love one another

The garden after rain
Invites us in too
Into the pure hearts
With its willowy gestures
Then
It leads us heavenward

—Young Lee

Golf News

The year 2022 went out with the Moaners & Groaners (M&Gs) having much to celebrate . . . 25 years of golf at PVE, Walt McDaniel reaching 100 years of age, and veteran putting master Kimmie McCann taking the last tournament of the year. But not without a grueling 14-hole match with her favorite nemesis, Andy Anderson.



The new year started with a rain-out for the Happy New Year tournament, but the M&Gs found a way to celebrate a few days later. Kimmie McCann hosted a putting tournament on the carpet of the 500 Room. One M&G putter was nominated from each table to participate. The worthy contenders were Verna Dow, Kimmie McCann, Bob McCoy, Andy Anderson, and Nancy Bartels. It was no surprise that Kimmie McCann and Andy Anderson tied for the win, and each got a bottle of wine to share at their tables during dinner.

Kimmie announced that the following M&Gs have volunteered to make sure 2023 will be a fun year for PVE golf:

- Pat Gibbons-Johnson will be the greeter.
- Don Campbell will prepare the flyers.
- PVE putting tournaments will be run by Norbert Luke.
- Bud Ross and Verna Dow will take care of sign-ups and pairings.
- Andy Anderson and Dick Crocker will make sure that the PVE putting green is maintained.

The December 2022 tournament was held one day before Walt McDaniel's 100th birthday. He was honored by having him hit a tee shot at the Paradise Valley Golf Course. As



he approached the tee with onlookers all around, he must have felt like he was swinging a bat with boxing gloves on. He addressed the ball with knees shaking, took a practice swing, and gripped it and ripped it right down the middle of the fairway with the crowd cheering. The ball was retrieved, and a ceremony will be held to place the ball in the trophy case outside the Community Center Cafe.

Tip for the New Year: The best thing you can do to stay out of a bunker is to aim at them. That way, you'll never be in one.

—Estelle Holway

Sy Tells His Story

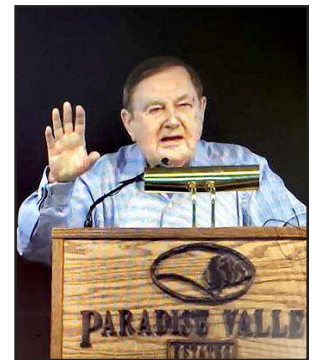
Some comments from residents who attended resident Sy Karfiol's account of his family's harrowing years during the Nazi occupation of Antwerp.

- *Touching and meaningful*
- *I learned a new term – hidden child*
- *I was riveted to his story and felt honored to be in the presence of such a remarkable person*

His very personal and heartfelt talk in Rawlinson Hall on January 9 was recorded and is available for viewing on Pulse ([Menu>Documents and Social >Videos>Tell Us Your Story](#)). A previous presentation by Dan Dougherty and an interview of Chris Moore by Susie Parrish are also available.

The Wellness Committee hopes to schedule more presentations showcasing the breadth and depth of knowledge and experiences of residents. We will keep you updated on future talks.

—Suey Wong



Who Is the Real Phil?

Each year on February 2nd, the world gathers in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania to see Punxsutawney Phil. It's Groundhog Day, after all. Punxsutawney Phil lives on Gobblers Knob and appears on Groundhog Day with the help of his handlers to predict whether we will have a short or long winter. According to the legend, when Phil sees his shadow, we will have a long winter; no shadow means a short winter. I never could figure that out. But the real question is who is the real Phil?

If you were here last year, you read about PVE Phil on these very pages. We had a joyous celebration when our Phil came forth from his burrow under the bridge, and Kevin picked him up, listened to what he had to say, and announced it to the crowd of residents (all wearing masks and standing six feet apart). PVE Phil said we would have a short winter with very little rain and cold. And, by golly, PVE Phil was right. Unfortunately for us, that meant another year of drought.

So I looked into the history of Punxsutawney Phil. He has only existed as Punxsutawney Phil since 1961. Before that, he was just a groundhog. Trying to make their Phil the real Phil, the folks from Pennsylvania sent a pair of baby groundhogs to the Griffith Park Zoo in Los Angeles. But the California government was on to them, declared the groundhogs "pests," and had them destroyed. This told me clearly that the groundhogs from Punxsutawney could not be the real



Photo by Arpat Ozgul, Courtesy Encyclopedia Britannica

Photos of the Month



Photo was taken at Sand Harbor Scenic Swim Area and Park, Lake Tahoe, Nevada highway 28, south of Incline Village (sometimes called Income Village).

Photo by Sally Tabler.

On the morning of December 15, 2022, I was greeted by this young deer that happens to be among the variety of wildlife regularly visiting my backyard at PVE. Enjoy the view!

Photo by Lorie Mazzaroppi.



thing. After all, the California government never makes a mistake.

I am truly happy because it is clear that our Phil is the real thing, not a fake from PA. I will continue to visit PVE Phil each February 2nd to celebrate the real Groundhog Day with him. The rest of you are welcome to join me. Based on past performances, he will appear about 9:15 a.m. on Thursday. Our Phil knows that it's against the rules here to bother anyone before 9 a.m.

I do want to warn you not to go looking for PVE Phil under the bridge. Phil can be very mean if disturbed before his special day. In fact, he's been known to bite residents who stick their hands down his burrow. You've been warned. See you Thursday, February 2nd, the *official* Groundhog Day at Paradise Valley Estates in Fairfield, CA.

—Bruce Bartels

Precipitation at PVE

Whoever is doing the “rain dance” needs to STOP. As of January 17 when this was written, we had 16.5 inches of rain in the previous 30 days. This gives us a total for the rain year (July 2022 – June 2023) of 21.75 inches. This series of storms was relentless. While PVE has only had minor storm issues (a few leaks here and there), other locations in the greater Bay Area have really suffered with flooding, downed trees, and power outages. Keep your fingers crossed that we remain safe.

While this seems like a lot of rain, we have to remember that we are in a drought. Our reservoirs are all down and need to be filled. Last year at this time, we had a total of 23.5 inches. But last year the rain just stopped in January and never really started again. The weather warmed and snowpack melted and mostly ran into the ocean. The reservoirs did not really recover.



The good news is that the snowpack stands at about 200% of normal for this time of year and it looks like the rain will continue to come. We will have to wait and see. As far as the reservoirs are concerned, Lake Shasta is 50.7% full (33.6% last year), Lake Oroville is 55.9% full (43.1% last year), and Lake Berryessa is 63.9% full

(64.3% last year). So, you can see this rain is helping. We just need to hope it continues for a while longer so the reservoirs are full and ready for the spring snowmelt.

Interesting Weather Fact: For each minute of the day, one billion tons of rain falls on the earth.

—The Rain Guys

Way Too Much Rain

My neighbor, Noah, is building a boat.
It's so huge it will never, never float.
He's now collecting crazy pets,
And all his sons are acting vets,
Now I need to dig a protective moat.

—Bill Rawlinson



Laurel Creek

Our “Lady Laurel” merrily goes her way.
And let's us smile on a cloudy, rainy day.
But within that twisting flow,
Are things that people throw,
Carried down to the San Francisco Bay.

—Bill Rawlinson

My Wife's Pet Sitting Business

After I retired from the military, my wife Nancy decided to start a pet sitting business. She loved animals, especially dogs, as evidenced by our having a pet dog our entire married life. I thought it was a great idea and even helped her get started. First, she had 500 cards made with her name and business printed on them. Then she let her friends with pets know of her business. This was followed by placing an ad in the local newspaper. Pretty soon, she had enough clients that she discontinued the ad.

I was surprised how conscientious she was about making sure the pets were well cared for. Several times, she would take a pet out for a walk even though it was not requested. However, there were times when she would ask me to help her—like when she tried to take twin Dalmatians for a walk and the dogs tried to run in opposite directions. Another time, she needed help feeding an Akita. It would attempt to bite her hand when she poured food in the dog's dish. I had to distract the dog while Nancy filled the bowl. I didn't mind helping as I wanted her to succeed in her business.

Her love for animals overcame any bites or scratches from unfriendly pets. No pet was too big or mean. She especially enjoyed feeding farm animals. I was not too happy with that as we grew up in a city where farm animals were nice to look at but always behind a fence.

One day, Nancy accepted a job to feed a horse and two sheep on a small farm outside of Vacaville. I came home from golfing one day and found her frantically trying to call a client. She said the

horse she was supposed to feed was lying down and appeared unconscious. I drove her to the client's property and concluded that the horse was not breathing. We checked with a neighbor, who came over and told us that the horse was in fact deceased and not to feel responsible at it was 22 years old and not in the best of health. The neighbor took responsibility for calling the owner for disposition. Nancy did not want to leave the deceased "pet" uncovered so before leaving I retrieved a large car cover from the trunk of my '78 Buick Park Avenue and placed it over the horse. Nancy felt better then so we thanked the neighbor and drove home. That neighbor happened to be a fellow pilot named Bob Whitehouse.

Nancy became the person to call whenever a neighbor had a problem with a pet. If a dog or cat was injured, Nancy would offer help, even taking the pet to the veterinarian. Today, friends still remind me how Nancy's loving care of pets remained in their memories. We should all be as kind to animals as Nancy was.

—Tom DiGiorgio

Water Rushing

Happy New Year! cried the creek
Swirling and bobbing along
Swollen by yesterday's rains
Shining in today's bright sun

Hello dear friends up on the bridge
Smiling at me as I play
Dancing with the limbs and leaves
Tumbling over stones in my way

Listening to me as I sing
Bubbling along as creeks often do
Splashing bubbles to hear them pop
Water rushing in the key of life

My visit will be brief but joyous
I'll gift you moments of serenity
Minutes of laughter at my antics
Memories for when I disappear

—Sharon Goldman

Americana Trivia Answers

1. Theodore Roosevelt in 1901. Prior to that, it was called the executive mansion, the President's House, and several other names.
2. Virginia with eight. Ohio has seven.
3. James Madison stood 5'4" and weighed less than 100 pounds.
4. Harry Truman.
5. Franklin Pierce.
6. Calvin Coolidge.

—Your Patriotic Committee

UnCivil Affairs

It was April 1965 in the Dominican Republic. A fair election had replaced a dubious and repressive regime and better days loomed. But then, the evicted regime raised the flag of revolt. Students and workers took to the streets. The new, freely chosen government was struggling to its feet. Globally, the West was already under attack. The Red Army loomed over Europe. Communism threatened Vietnam. Castro reigned in nearby Cuba and exported revolution.

“I don’t want to wake up and find the Communists in charge in the Dominican Republic” are words attributed to then U.S. President Lyndon Johnson. He launched the U.S. Marines and two battalions of paratroopers into the Republic. Military history records the force as PowerPack, but we were supporting a civic government. How might the U.S. military act in a civic support role? Through a niche process left over from World War II known as Civil Affairs, a non-gung-ho staff section might still influence transportation and public health and attempt to reign in graft and corruption.

But the old Civil Affairs seemed a dead end so the Pentagon formed an after-action report committee. They would send the first researchers to the Dominican Republic right away. Alas, I was the Civil Affairs member. Civil affairs? Me? I couldn’t even imagine a civil affairs type issue. When we went out interviewing, I was mostly along for the ride.

Consider the American Military Police (MPs) on traffic patrol. Without a functional legal system, MPs couldn’t give traffic tickets so hotshot drivers gave them a bad time. The non-civil affairs class remedy? Let the air out of their tires and leave them to spend hours looking for a mobile compressor. Garbage collection? Citizens ordinarily placed trash neatly on curbs for pickup but the local service failed. When neighborhoods became dangerously unsanitary, GIs were tasked with pickups. Most citizens were appreciative but some enjoyed tossing unpackaged slop out front and watching gringos pick it up. Upshot: The next time American soldiers faced slop, they kicked down front doors and tossed it into the offenders’ living rooms. But I didn’t write that one up either.

There came an interview I liked far better. At a remote village, we visited a different crew of Americans who wore Levis and sometimes hometown t-shirts. But you had to know where to look. They all wore paratrooper boots, and their rifles were always handy. We were visiting a Special Forces “A” Detachment. I was impressed. Years later, after a few phone calls on the old comrade net, I joined them myself. But that’s another story.

On the last night in our posh hotel, I asked the bartender in our super-high-class lounge what I should order. He made a furtive look both ways and said, “Order a Cuba Libre. Both sides are drinking that.”

—R. A. Jones

Save These Dates

- Feb 02 | Groundhog Day
- Feb 09 | Dr. Mark Villallon Talk on Healthy Hearts, Learning Center, 1 p.m.
- Feb 10 | Art Therapy (Healthy Heart Month), Art Studio, 2–5 p.m.
- Feb 12 | Lincoln’s Birthday
- Feb 13 | Valentine’s Day rock painting, Art Studio
- Feb 14 | Valentine’s Day parade, Flag Court, 10 a.m.
| Special Valentine’s Day lunch and dinner, Main Dining Room
- Feb 15 | One Day University “How WWII Changed the World,” Learning Center, 3 p.m.
- Feb 20 | Mardi Gras Mask-making, Art Studio, 1:30 p.m.
| Presidents’ Day holiday
- Feb 21 | Mardi Gras Happy Hour, Flight Deck, 4–5:30 p.m.
- Feb 22 | Washington’s Birthday
- Feb 24 | Jazz Music Appreciation (Black History Month), Learning Center, 3–4 p.m.
- Feb 28 | Recreating Alma Woodsy Art (Black History Month), Art Studio, 3 p.m.

Can You Hear Me Now?

As you know, I have a hearing limitation. Although I am fairly good at lip reading when someone is looking at me and clearly pronounces their words. I have a lapel transmitter that I sometimes ask people to wear. It makes a big difference for me being able to understand what someone is saying. Never when I asked had anyone refused to wear my transmitter lapel mic. But there is always a first time.

Recently, I travelled to San Simeon to visit and tour Hearst Castle. I was scheduled for the 10 a.m. tour of the main floor. We boarded the bus for a leisurely ride to the top of the mountain where the castle is. Wildlife along the way, the view of the ocean, and the cumulus clouds were all breathtaking, and my excitement grew. We disembarked, and my friend Inez and I gathered near our guide. I had had a front seat on the bus so was off first and approached the guide to explain privately that I was very hard of hearing and to ask if she would wear my lapel mic to transmit her words clearly to my hearing aid. As I was explaining, she was backing away from me as if I asked her to bathe in a toilet (pardon the expression, but that was the look on her face). She proceeded with an air of authority to ask me if I could hear her now.

When I answered yes, she said I could stand close and would hear. I was speechless and mumbled “Fine,” putting the mic in my pocket and thinking “You b----!”

The tour proceeded. She was articulate and her enunciation was excellent. I’m sure she was trained theatrically. She paused dramatically at correct moments; her hand motions enhanced her talk. At the end of the tour, I walked to her, looked her in the eyes, and said “I heard about one quarter of what you said, thanks,” then turned and walked away.

Was I angry? Did I still think she was awful? No, not really. I was frustrated and concluded that she was ignorant of what a person with hearing difficulties deals with. She was ignorant of the fact I could hear the noise her voice made but not distinguish her words. And I was angry with myself for not being more assertive and for cowering to her demeaning attitude.

A friend to whom I related all this suggested I write Hearst Castle a letter, not to complain but to educate, for the next person who needs help hearing. These devices are becoming more and more popular, and guides should be aware of them.

—Verna Dow

Stress Less

As the New Year rolls into February, the Wellness Team will be hosting a new pop-up-format class on Mondays and Wednesdays at 3:30 p.m. in the Activity Room for both residents and team members. The classes are 15 to 30 minutes long and include chair yoga, meditation, and guided relaxation and gentle stretches on mats or chairs. The theme is *New Year New You* with a focus on self-care and managing stress.

Future classes will be provide aromatherapy with stress-less inhalation beads. Aromatherapy uses essential oils for therapeutic benefit. It has been used for centuries and can improve your health and wellbeing. The scent molecules travel from the olfactory nerves directly to the brain and especially impact the brain’s emotional center. If you are curious, plan to stop in for a total relaxation and stretching experience . . . And learn how to stress less.

—Jan Olson

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