

Elysian Fields

July 2023

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Magazine

Volume 26, Issue 7



Thoughts on the Fourth of July

I dream of an America
Where we still recognize
That we're part of a community
Which includes all of us.

I dream of an America
Where the flag represents
Our commitment to the freedoms
That we fought and died for.

I dream of an America
Where we respect one another,
Perhaps not agree but be willing to listen.
Where we will continue to reach for
That more perfect union.

—Alice Brill



Wall of Remembrance Sampling

There are many excellent reasons to visit the PVE Club, but this story will focus on the Club's Wall of Remembrance. Over the ten years we have been here, we've seen the wall undergo a number of subtle changes: new items added, some replaced, and some rotated to other locations. That makes it worthwhile to revisit the Club, scan the wall, reminisce with others, and enjoy a beverage on a recurring basis. Atop the bar, there is a large notebook, the "Wall of Remembrance Docent and Bar Guidebook."

Based on interest residents and visitors showed during the recent hallway photo display of our military residents at the Community Center, we're expecting to see a growing interest in the Wall of Remembrance. Here's a sampling of the displays.

Many will remember the hall photo of ruggedly handsome young naval aviator Tad Riley. Now you can see the story of Tad's vital but risky low-level overflight over Cuba during the Soviet Missile Crisis and his interception by Cuban MIGs by going to exhibit 79. You'll find an artist's rendition of the Navy RF-8A Crusader and a brief description of the flight. Talk to Tad and learn more about the flight!

Our resident former military women are well represented on the Wall of Remembrance. Several photos of them are displayed on the wall, but rather than include small cameos here, we are focusing on one of the wonderful plaques many of us brought home from Asia. This one commemorates Operation Homecoming when 591 prisoners of war

Remembering...

**Col. Frederick (Fred) Montanye,
USA (Ret)**

Loving husband

Arrived: February 2003

Departed: May 28, 2023



were evacuated from prisons in Southeast Asia. Two of our own residents were among the 591 and other former residents were aboard the aircraft as nurses and flight crew. Our military women performed a wide variety of roles, and while nursing is heavily represented, it is only one of many crucial roles they performed. Exhibits 10, 33, and 99 are some of the examples.

One of the many aircraft John Knebel flew as a test pilot for Convair for 15 years was the XFY Pogo, an experimental vertical takeoff and landing tail-sitter. The Pogo had delta wings and three-bladed contra-rotating propellers powered by a turboprop engine. It was intended to be a high-performance fighter aircraft capable of operating from small U.S. Navy warships. It was particularly challenging to land and never entered full production. Although not yet on the wall, this story is one of the notebook's newest additions.

Drop by the Club, pick up the notebook, and check out some of the wall's displays!

—Ken Lyon

Move-Ins since the Last Issue

Tom and Linda Jaynes

6401 United Circle
From Concord, California

Kathleen Owen

5614 Military Court
From Los Gatos Hills, California

Joan Pareas

5812 Constitution Avenue
From Petaluma, California

Correction

Please excuse our "faux paw." In the June *Elysian Fields*, we misidentified the new Pet Vice Mayor of PVE.

The honor goes to Kiwi Huerter, of Pomeranian-Dachshund heritage, whose qualifications, according to Jerry Huerter, were "patrolling Constitution three times daily and chasing squirrels, turkeys, and skunks."

Juneteenth Festivities Highlight Diversity

On June 19, 1865, about two months after the Civil War ended, Gordon Granger, a Union general, arrived in Galveston, Texas, to inform enslaved African Americans of their freedom. His announcement put into effect the Emancipation Proclamation, which had been issued more than two years earlier. Juneteenth, a combination of June and 19th, is an annual commemoration of the end of slavery in the

United States. The holiday, also called Juneteenth Independence Day and Emancipation Day, has been celebrated in many states over the years and became a national holiday in 2021.

PVE residents observed Juneteenth last month, with speeches, musical entertainment, and food. After singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* a cappella, Courtney Ellington, the first African American chair of San Francisco's Veterans Affairs Commission, gave the keynote speech, emphasizing that leadership has no color and that unity creates strength.



Left to right, singer Fely Tchaco of the African Arts Academy; Christina Gamble, PVE Wellness supervisor; Courtney Ellington, San Francisco's Veterans Affairs commissioner; and Carrie Reese, PVE resident.

Fely Tchaco then sang and danced to percussive music performed by the African Arts Academy. The audience echoed her chants of *Freedom!* and joined in dancing. She also gave impromptu lessons on the djembe drum, described as an instrument of the soul that brings peace, understanding, and love throughout the world.

Presented by Wellness and Dining Services, this Lunch and Learn event concluded with a buffet

of appetizers and beverages in the Community Center lobby.

This event was one of many Diversity, Equity, Inclusion, and Belonging initiatives at PVE to nurture an inclusive environment by engaging the diverse talents of residents and team members.

—Christina Gamble

Greetings from Laurel Creek

As we welcome the month of July, we will celebrate Independence Day with family and friends with an Ice Cream Social. We will also have a Wine and Cheese Happy Hour with music and visits on our beautiful patios with residents and friends.

Other activities include classical music by Nick, travel videos, and morning walks when it's not too hot. Residents can attend various arts and crafts sessions, morning coffee on the patio, Bingo with Laurel Creek and Willow Creek residents, and one-on-one activities of their choice.

Wishing you all a Happy Fourth of July and stay cool!

—Sharon Johnson

Monterey Strolling

Sunday afternoon
Waves caressing the shore.
Dogs frolicking on the beach.
Lovers walking hand in hand.

Ocean green to bluer than blue.
Seagulls crying at the breeze.
Black cormorants on white stained rocks.
Otter on her back with today's catch.

Bright yellow buds
Cascade down the cliff,
Turn their faces to the sun.
Enjoy the view.

—Sharon Goldman

Dining Services

Which meal is your favorite? Among residents overall, the overwhelming answer is Sunday Brunch, the result of a person-on-the-street non-scientific random survey conducted by a member of the Dining Committee. Why is Sunday Brunch so popular? The answers ranged from delicious omelets and terrific cooks who remember residents' favorites to the crab legs and fresh oysters. The buffets received very high ratings. Kudos to every member of the Dining staff from the director to the dishwashers. The staff working Sunday Brunch consists of one sous chef, six cooks, eight servers, one floor supervisor, one host, and four dishwashers. They serve about 160 diners and prepare 15 take-out orders.

Speaking of kudos, our Servers of the Month for May are Alexander Pleasantbey and Jasmine Rose Gloria. They are part of an outstanding group of servers. Alexander is also a recent high school graduate.

Another reminder about the dress code at PVE for the Oak Room and Dining Room. These are lovely restaurants. Residents have asked the Dining Committee to please remind everyone of our dress code as resident attire can elevate or diminish the experience of others. We consider hats, gym clothes, tee shirts, and worn jeans too casual for those settings. Our residents and staff take pride in their appearance, and we ask all residents and guests to respect the attire guidelines, which are available in each dining venue and on Pulse.

Concerning dinner seating, if you and your companion do not wish to have anyone join you for dinner and there is space available for two at a table for four, PLEASE make your wishes known when you make a reservation and again when you check in. The hosts checking the seating diagram are happy to honor your wishes, but it is up to you to make those wishes known. Also, if you are happy to have others join you at a table, please indicate that preference when you make a reservation and when you check in.

Soon, we will be celebrating our nation's birthday with another fantastic barbecue. Are you ready? As in the past, the hours will be 11:30 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Remember to make reservations. Flags will be flying, and many of us will celebrate and think of all the different countries and places in which we have celebrated this special time. Cheers to all!

—Sally Gripman

Summer Days at Willow Creek

Happy Fourth of July! This month, Willow Creek residents will be focusing on empowerment and independence. Did you know that our residents are given an opportunity to contribute to the planning, preparation, conducting, clean-up, and critique of our programs? They play a significant role when it comes to suggestions for successful exercise routines, music programs, games, trivia, movies to watch, and the variety of the programs. Willow Creek residents' active involvement in decision-making and in our Wellness program empowers residents and gives them independence, and because of that, the Wellness staff and care providers focus more on what residents can do than on what they cannot do.

Join us July 12 for Wine and Cheese Happy Hour along with a live music concert by Nick Martens

at 2:00 p.m. in the Laurel Creek dining room. And on July 14, we will celebrate Bastille Day. Non-alcoholic mixers (curacao, grenadine, and pineapple juice) will be served along with tasty appetizers and great selections of music for the occasion. On July 18, we will explore the town of Winters during a backroad scenic drive.

Lastly, Willow Creek's residents thank the Weed Brigade for keeping our courtyards nice and clean.

Happy Independence Day and thank you for supporting Willow Creek residents.

—Adrian Quinones

Colliding Tides

Monster waves
Walls of energy
Soaring, pulsing, pounding
Rearing high, colliding

Churning foam
Swamping boulders
Racing forward
Readying to attack

Suddenly, shattered
Drifting into shore
Lapping the sand
Seagull watching

—Sharon Goldman

Golf News

PVE Moaners and Groaners (M&Gs) head pro, Kimmie McCann, sadly announced that Paradise Valley Golf Course had double-booked the June M&G tournament and another big tournament at the same time. Unfortunately, with 144 players in the other tournament, there was no doubt which one would have to give, resulting in cancellation of the M&G tournament and the follow-on dinner.

On a happier note, roving reporter Norbert Luke reported that the PVE putting tournament was played on a beautiful day with every putting contestant in top form. Newcomers Harriet Orlove and Jim Lunn were welcomed and brought new challenges to veteran putters. Even residents waiting for their booster shots noticed the excitement on the green.

Fourteen putters played in the first round. In the second round, Verna Dow sweated it out against Young Lee and then had to come up with two one-putts against Shirley Arnold to go to the semi-final round to meet Andy Anderson.

Andy was the last man standing against Chris Moore, Verna, and, finally, Dick Crocker. Andy mercilessly overcame each putter in his path to



Andy Anderson and Dick Crocker

Father's Day Gift

For Father's Day I received a tie,
Though, I really don't know why!
It's just another deposit,
In the old necktie closet,
Where they are stacked five feet high!

—Bill Rawlinson

The Denver Nuggets

The Nuggets came and beat the best,
And every player is pounding his chest,
Their star is not from suburbia,
But from the nation of Serbia,
Nikola Jokic has finally gained his quest.

—Bill Rawlinson

victory. With this win, he is no longer a surprise underdog. He has graduated to be the putter to beat. Congratulations, Andy!

Thought for the month: Residents of PVE who own at least a nine iron and a putter are eligible to play in M&G golf tournaments. We know there are more of you out there. Why not join in the fun?

—Estelle Holway

Bocce at PVE

By the time you read this, the first half of the bocce season will be in the books. But as I write, there are still a few days to go in June. The leaders at this point are the Six Shooters captained by Tom DiMartino in first place. Tied for second place are the Wild Turkeys and the Amigos Habaneros half a game behind the leaders. So, you can see it is still “up for grabs” at the moment. We’ll report the final standings for the first half of the season next month.

On June 30, we hosted two teams from the Fairfield Bocce League for continental breakfast and some bocce games. Several PVE residents play in the Fairfield league. Since these were just exhibition games between the two leagues, we are not reporting the scores. PVE has been invited to a similar match with the Fairfield league later in the summer at their courts in downtown Fairfield.

The second half of the bocce season will get underway Thursday, July 6, after a break for the Fourth of July holiday. It is not too late to sign up for bocce. There are sign-up forms in the in-house mailroom on the right as you enter. We look forward to seeing you, and we hope all our residents will come to the courts to play or to watch bocce at PVE.

—The Bocce Committee

A Visit to the FamilySearch Library

Recently, I was fortunate to be invited by Bob Epperson to attend a week-long immersion in genealogy research at the FamilySearch Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. Bob is a member of the Orange County California Genealogical Society, which schedules annual visits to the library. The trip is a boon for both new and experienced genealogists.

The FamilySearch Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is one of the largest genealogical libraries in the world. FamilySearch is a nonprofit genealogical organization owned by the church and dedicated to connecting families across generations. The library is free to use and open to the public. Its roots were planted in 1894 when the Genealogical Society of Utah was created to share information and educate the public about genealogy.

On this trip, Bob and I (mostly Bob) drove to Salt Lake City. Our hotel was next door to the library. The library opened at 9 a.m. every day and closed at 6 p.m. or 8 p.m. depending on the day. The building covers 142,000 square feet over five floors and contains several million digitized records and files, more than 300,000 books, nearly 20,000 maps from around the world, and 125,000 periodicals.

As a first-time visitor, I was overawed. There were dozens of workstations with access to the library's computer. Each workstation had a computer monitor, electrical outlets, charging ports for iPads and iPhones, a connection for flash drives to download files and documents, and an adjustable table.

I was impressed with the availability of expert research consultants and trained volunteers from around the world who were ready to help anyone needing assistance. There were also free online

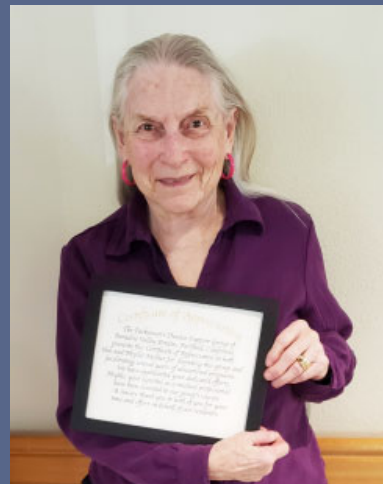
Independence Day

Once we hollered, "Aha! No more king!"
Lived as though we feared not a thing.
But now it seems, nobody relaxes,
Always at war and paying more taxes.
Yet, "Land of Liberty" of thee I still sing!

—Bill Rawlinson

Moshers Honored

At a recent meeting, the Parkinson's Disease Support Group here at Paradise Valley Estates presented a Certificate of Appreciation to Hal and Phyllis Mosher. That's Phyllis holding the certificate in the photo. The



Moshers founded the group several years ago and have been responsible for the educational activities offered to residents. As a medical professional, Phyllis has detailed knowledge of this disease and the challenges it presents to those diagnosed and to their caregivers. She previously received PVE's *Resident of the Year* award for her efforts.

classes and workshops. In addition to my family, I was researching my wife's Polish ancestors. Given the language barrier, I requested assistance. In about five minutes, an extremely friendly and competent lady sat with me for about two hours. She located, translated, and helped me download and print records from Poland. She then escorted me to another section of the library to obtain assistance with naturalization records. She returned later to see how I was doing and whether I was getting the help I needed.

With more than 100 years of investment in the library, it is positively amazing that there is no charge for using the extraordinary research resources there. I encourage anyone with a genealogical bent to find a way to visit the library.

There are also many "field office" FamilySearch Centers around the world that provide access to much of the information at the Salt Lake City library. Fairfield's FamilySearch Center is located at 2700 Camrose Avenue, a short distance from PVE.

—Bill Fernow

What Makes an Ordinary Day?

A day when we wake up, grab a cup of coffee, check the weather on our phones or by looking outside, consider what's pressing. We'll struggle to remember this day three weeks from now, but we can change that. We can decide to go and see a friend or neighbor with whom we haven't talked for a while, visit a garden through a window or together. But that would take planning and traveling, always a challenge.

Not so! It's far easier than we first imagine. With a brief phone call, you can visit one of the Creeks. Sit together in your friend's room or go together to their adjacent garden. Another cup of coffee. Every room in Laurel Creek looks onto an opening where plants grow, some sparingly but many surrounded by truly lovely spaces.

It was not always so. Four years ago when my husband and I moved here, Kay Green took me to the gardens at Laurel Creek and lamented their condition: weeds, areas with overgrown or dead plants, large bare spots. Kay wanted to change that, but persistent back pain made it impossible for her to do. We closed the doors and went away.

But those spaces remained firmly fixed in my mind. I'd think about them, about what they must have looked like when they were originally planted, what rejuvenation could mean for those residents whose windows looked out onto them. And I dreamed about how to make it happen.

I love the Chinese proverb that a trip of a thousand miles begins with a single step. That first step was replanting the huge pots outside the Laurel Creek entrance, which were replete with overgrown and dead plants. That led to

an amazing gift: \$500 donated by a friend who remains anonymous to renovate the beautiful blue pots inside Laurel Creek's Hamilton Garden. Just one group of lovely plantings inside a still-neglected garden. But as those plants grew, so did the possibilities. PVE's Weed Brigade came and swept those gardens clean, eliminating weeds and trimming the ground cover and shrubs. Another anonymous \$500 donation. New chair cushions replaced tattered and torn seats. The irrigation system was repaired. Kevin added a donation. More new plants, more dead plants removed, more major pruning by True North. How I wish that Kay could see the transformation that has taken place.

So come and sit in one of those gardens with your friends and neighbors. Listen to a frog; watch a hummingbird sip nectar; laugh at a lizard scooting across the patio. I guarantee you will remember your ordinary day! And that you will decide to do it again – to create another day you'll remember.

George and I get lots of them . . . the days when we're just watering pots and residents and friends come to enjoy the sunshine, flowers, and fresh air. They frequently ask us how we got started gardening there. We are grateful for Kay and her vision, long ago, and you will be too.

—Caroline Keller

July Days at Quail Creek

Can you believe it? July is here, which means we are halfway through the year.

What's happening in July, you ask? We are excited to have some members of the management team back to cook for the residents of Quail Creek. We will also enjoy peppermint milkshakes made by Monique and Stephanie, and Dick Feaster will be here to share some of his amazing travels with us. Who doesn't love hearing about travels? Last and certainly not least, our very own Cesar hit it out of the park with his awesome singing talents that impressed our residents so Karaoke with Cesar returns in July.

—Monique Rogers



The Skinny Kid from New York

Throughout my high school years, I dreamed of becoming an architect. I sketched my dream houses and really believed that I could become successful in that career. At the time, I was dating a girl who also dreamed of becoming an architect. But, as they say, that's another story.

In high school, I was a middle and cross-country runner. My twin brother, who outweighed me by more than 50 pounds, was a very good tackle on our football team. Ron was named All State Tackle by the media and the New York State High School Athletic Association. He was flooded with recruiting brochures from all over the country, and one of them was from the Coast Guard Academy. He gave it to me as he was not interested in going to sea.

My lifelong hobby was maritime history so I found it interesting. I even entertained going to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Anyway, the next June, I entered the Coast Guard Academy. The first summer was challenging with swab hazing, classes, and adjusting to military life. During the summer, we had military orientation, marching, seamanship training, marching, classes, marching, more classes, and more marching. In August, we departed on a short cruise aboard the three-masted barque *Eagle* and two regular cutters.

After the cruise, we returned to the academy and the fall semester began. There were classes, marching, and sports. For me, the cross-country team was a great choice, and I joined it. About three weeks into the season, I was told to report to the athletic director's office.

With great trepidation, I knocked on the office door. I was told to enter and announced as "Cadet Campbell, reporting as ordered." Captain Otto Graham (former great pro-football quarterback) looked at me and paused for a very long time. Finally, he said, "You're Campbell from Binghamton, New York?"

I said, "Yes, sir." He was a little at a loss for words. He asked me if I played football in high school. At the time, I weighed 132 pounds. I said, "No sir, I didn't play, but my twin brother did." He asked where my brother was, and I

told him that he was playing football at the University of Buffalo in New York. Captain Graham started to laugh and asked me if I would gain about 50 pounds and come out for football. I politely said "No thank you, sir" and returned to the cadet barracks.

—Don Campbell

Patriotic Americans

How is this possible? In 2013 according to Gallup polling, 57% of the adult U.S. population was extremely proud to be American. In 2022, that number had dropped to 38%. My immediate response to this survey was disbelief and great sorrow for the 62% who did not love America. And my sorrow was multiplied by the realization that we were approaching the 247th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (July 4). Why do these people not love what is arguably the greatest and most charitable nation to exist on planet earth?

If one reframes American history as perceived by Nikole Hannah-Jones and the *New York Times*, our flaws are monumental. Including the lynching of Black Americans in our lifetime. The same Black Americans who fought to protect us in the Battle of the Bulge and at Guadalcanal. What about the Trail of Tears? The forced removal of Native Americans from their homes to the plains of Oklahoma.

This is the same nation that was the primary defender of the world from Nazi Germany. The nation that then financed the reconstruction of Europe, including former enemies Germany and Italy. The nation that financed rebuilding of Japan after its forces attacked America and killed and maimed many of our fighting heroes. The nation that brought millions of Chinese and Africans out of poverty by investing in and creating jobs in those countries.

So, is there anything that we all love about America? Yes. We can all agree that thousands of Americans of every race, creed, color, and nationality have died to preserve our right to freely disagree. Happy Fourth of July.

—Jerry Mulenburg

Heroes Honored on Memorial Day

On Memorial Day at PVE with all our retired military officers and former POWs, we reaffirm our gratitude for the ultimate sacrifice made by comrades in arms to secure our lives and way of living. Steve Vancil, chairman of the Patriotic Committee, told an overflow crowd at Rawlinson Hall how the holiday was established after the Civil War. Families from both sides placed flowers on the graves of the fallen, a sharing of grief that helped to reunify the country.



At PVE's ceremony, the Chorale, led by Carla Grokenberger, sang the national anthem, the Armed Services medley, and a memorial song, *They Are All Gone into the World of Light*, with Nick Martens as accompanist. The ceremonial wreath was presented by Gary Voellger, Major General USAF (Ret), and Bill McNamara, Lt. Colonel USA (Ret).

Bob McCoy, Major USAF (Ret), gave the tribute to POWs and MIAs by telling of the significance of the various items on the table set in their honor. Robert Stirm, Colonel USAF (Ret), one of two former POWs at PVE, attended the ceremony. LaGrande "Andy" Anderson, Major USA (Ret), recited the names of the 38 Paradise Valley residents who had passed away since May 2022 as Phyllis Mosher chimed for each one. The PVE Chimes choir then performed *Amazing Grace*.

Up next was a video presentation that began with former President Ronald Reagan advising those who think America does not have heroes anymore to look at the endless markers at national cemeteries across the country and abroad.

At closing, members of Fairfield High School's ROTC formed an arch of uplifted swords at the exit from Rawlinson Hall, presented the colors, and conducted a formal flag ceremony at Bergerot Circle, where bugler Bob Irwin played *Taps* and *Reveille*.

—Carol Moore

Photo of the Month



Maria's Flower Mart at springtime in the beautiful village of Cannobio along the shores of Lake Maggiore in the Piedmont region of Italy. Arrived there by a delightful water taxi ride from the resort town of Stresa, one of my favorite places in the northern Italian lake region.

Photo by Lorie Mazaroppi.

The Creeks at PVE

In response to many inquiries from residents, the Health Services Committee will publish four articles over the next few months describing the areas at Paradise Valley Estates where residents receive advanced levels of care. Many of you have come to PVE as independent living residents because it offers a model of continuing care to allow you to age within PVE by progressing through the levels of care. And now, you are questioning what The Creeks are like.

We all have access to Laurel Creek for skilled nursing, Quail Creek for a social model of assisted living, Willow Creek for enhanced and advanced levels of assisted living, and Deer Creek assisted living for memory care.

This month, we focus on Laurel Creek Skilled Nursing, a 60-bed unit located at 2800 Estates Drive within the Health Center that provides advanced nursing care.

Laurel Creek is Medicare-certified and thus provides high-quality nursing care in a comfortable environment. Physicians direct the care. The majority of Laurel Creek's rooms are private and have private baths. Meals can be taken in residents' rooms and in the community dining room. Outside, well-maintained gardens are available for residents' enjoyment. Visitors are always welcome! We receive visits from many residents and from family members who catch up with their friends at Laurel Creek.

Laurel Creek is staffed with registered nurses (RNs), licensed vocational nurses (LVNs), certified nursing assistants (CNAs), and Wellness coordinators, including a music therapy specialist. The Wellness staff provides a full range of activities for residents.

Rehabilitation services consisting of physical, occupational, and speech therapy are provided on-site. The services are available for residents receiving care in The Creeks and for those living independently. Laurel Creek is often used by residents returning from hospital stays. It gives them a chance to recuperate before returning to their independent homes. While there, they can take advantage of the therapy available. The photos, from top to bottom, show a Laurel Creek room, the physical therapy room, the activities room, and one of the outside gardens.

All residents are encouraged to attend the Health Care Town Hall held by the Health Care team quarterly to better understand the health care system at PVE. The information provided and opportunities to ask questions at these meetings are incredibly worthwhile. The next Town Hall is scheduled for Tuesday, August 1.

—Sally McNichols





Chorale Presents Soundtrack of Our Lives

PVE's Chorale squeezed eight decades into one hour of music as they reminded us to make the most of every day *As Time Goes By*. Wearing pastel stoles for this spring concert, the singers presented hit songs from the 1920s through the 1990s chosen by director Carla Grokenberger, beginning with *Singin' in the Rain* and *Somewhere over the Rainbow*.

Upbeat staccato stylings from accompanist Nick Martens accentuated the songs from the 1940s: *Puttin' on the Ritz*, *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, and *Swinging on a Star*. American Bandstand standards such as *Sixteen Tons* and *Moon River* recalled the 1950s and 1960s.

Two "guest performances" highlighted the concert. Tenor Dick Feaster impersonated Elvis as he sang *Love Me Tender*. His hips did not gyrate as fast but, as narrator Jan Heise said, "If Elvis were alive, he would be 88 and fit right in with us." Then the Fab Four – Ann Bonar, Jerry Hedrick, Kimmie McCann, and Sueva Terry sporting brown wigs and fake guitars – sang the Beatles' *She Loves You*. The chorale followed with the more reflective lyrics of *Imagine*.

Enthusiastic coaching by Michele Rivard for the spelling gestures of *Y.M.C.A.* turned the 200 listeners in Rawlinson Hall into PVE's largest aerobics class. For a cooling down song, the chorale offered *Bridge over Troubled Water*.

The light-hearted rock 'n' roll style of Queen's *Crazy Little Thing Called Love* represented the 1980s while *My Heart Will Go On*, Celine Dion's love theme from the film *Titanic*, closed the show.

Other chorale members are sopranos Pat Benacquista, Joanie Cloughesy, Doris Eastman, Sandy Esposito, Ellen Fisher, Reynatta Hoberecht, Nancy Pastori, Phyllis Riley, Barbara Rockwell, Romy Sabelhaus, Marie Smith, Lyn Sorrelle, Sanae Vancil, Catherine Van Eyck, and Ruth Wong.

Lenie Brown, Jo Crocker, Marilyn Isherwood, and Caroline Keller sing alto. The tenors are David Barthelmess, Jan Hewitt, Bob Isherwood, Young Lee, Tim Tomko, Ann Waldman, and David Rausch. Jerry Hedrick, Jerry Mate, Tad Riley, Walt Suder, and Allan Fisher sing baritone.

Backstage credit goes to stage crew managers Irv Herman, Joshua Freytag, and Jesse Marquez and to Dick Grokenberger and Karel Hedrick, who handled props.

—Carol Moore



Carrie Reese Honored

On May 29, Carrie Reese was surprised by her 3000 Building friends at their annual Memorial Day brunch with presentation of a plaque and a lovely floral plant.

The plaque read:

With Our Greatest Appreciation We Hereby Honor Carrie Reese in Recognition for Your Passion and Commitment to PVE Holiday Décor. From Building 3000. Thank You!

Carrie was recognized by her fellow residents because she has donated her time, money, and talent to create approximately 300 unique handmade wreaths over the past six years. The wreaths were lovingly made for the enjoyment of residents who are more isolated and their dedicated staff caretakers. The wreaths are displayed at Laurel

Creek, Willow Creek, Quail Creek, Deer Creek, the Clinic, the Powerhouse, and Maintenance. Carrie also decorated all three floors of her building for each holiday. She spent many hours and her own dollars making the wreaths every year for Valentine's Day, Easter, July Fourth, Halloween, and Christmas and even some for summer.

Our heartfelt appreciation and thanks go to Carrie.

—Residents of Building 3000

If I Grow Up, I Want to Be Like Andy Rooney

Do you remember *60 Minutes* on TV every Sunday night? If so, you watched my favorite curmudgeon, Andy Rooney. I always thought it was so special that he could voice his complaints and make us laugh and love him. Our world has a lot to laugh about, but only he could use language so clearly that we could instantly relate.

Rooney had an interesting background. He was in the Army in World War II as a correspondent. Then he went to work for *60 Minutes*, where he often wrote essays for Harry Reasoner. He won many Emmys thanks to his clever wordings and thoughts.

He covered subjects too numerous to list but some come quickly to mind. He said, "Superlatives are overused. This is not just advertisers, but also family and friends who cannot say a restaurant was good, but rather that it was 'superb.'"

He liked some dogs, but the best were English bulldogs because they were the ones he had.

He thought we could improve our lives if we had a car wash in every garage and if kitchen tiles sloped to a drain so we could just hose off the floor.

I have a few thoughts of my own . . . Politics. I don't mean any party, but we need to re-learn how to negotiate. Otherwise, members of Congress just spend their time pointing fingers at each other.

Higher education is not for all. We need to respect and admire tradespeople; they improve each of our lives. Also in education, there are too many middle managers and too few well-paid teachers. It's simple. We should fix it.

Amazon versus small business entrepreneurs. America was built on the hard work of small businesspeople. I will drive a bit further and pay a bit more for that, which made our nation so special.

New technologies like ChatGPT and others are taking away our creativity. Perhaps some of the most dangerous things on the market.

Immigrants, a complicated subject. But we all need to remember that we were all immigrants once upon a time.

Well, I'm exhausted. It's time for a good nap.

—Claudette Brero-Gow

Peer Pressure

I was 12 years old and home from school with a bad cold. I was holding an air BB rifle for a friend when I decided to peek out of the rear upstairs bedroom window, looking for targets. The back yard of the house behind ours had some bottles lined up against the wall. I took aim and got off a few BBs.

Next thing I saw was some purple-looking liquid running all over the cement yard. I quickly shut the window, hid the gun, and went down the stairs. About ten minutes later, I heard a loud pounding on the back door. My older brother Ralph answered the door and tried to calm an elderly lady who was shouting something in Italian. When he called me, I had to admit what I had done.

I forgot to mention that my father made his own wine in the basement of our house. Ralph went down the cellar stairs and came back up with two gallons of wine to give to the lady. I was in real trouble now. However, Ralph went easy on me and didn't tell my father, who would have beaten me for what I had done. I was forever thankful for my brother's sympathy but had to give the BB gun back to the owner.

Save These July Dates

- 01 | First Saturday in the Club, 5 p.m.
- 04 | Independence Day Celebration, Rawlinson Hall 11 a.m.
| Ice Cream Social, Pavilion, 1 p.m.
- 07 | Welcome to the Fitness Center, Fitness Center, 2 p.m.
- 11 | UN National Population Day
- 13 | USS Potomac Outing, 8:30 a.m.
- 14 | Red Blues Band/Happy Hour, Rawlinson Hall, 3 p.m.
- 18 | UN Nelson Mandela Day
- 20 | Alzheimer's Association presentation, Rawlinson Hall, 10 a.m.
| MOAA Meeting, Rawlinson Hall, 11:30 a.m.
- 24 | Town Hall Meeting, Rawlinson Hall, 2:30 p.m.
- 27 | Korean War Armistice Day
- 28 | Coffee with Council, Learning Center, 10 a.m.
- 31 | Sacramento Tiko Drummers, Rawlinson Hall, 2 p.m.

About two years later, I was again a victim of peer pressure. My friends knew my father made wine and asked me to pass wine out the basement window to them. When they wanted some, I would just fill an empty mayonnaise jar with wine from the barrel tap.

One day, my brother Nick saw me doing this and warned me that Pop would really be upset if he caught me. Instead of telling on me, Nick said the next time they asked for wine to tell him and he would take care of it. When I heard the usual knock on the basement window, I called my brother. He went to the rear of the basement, poured some wine from a jug into the jar, and told me to give it to them. I handed the jar out to them through the small basement window. Turns out brother Nick had poured spoiled wine into the jar that was now vinegar. They never again asked me for wine.

—Tom DiGiorgio

Flying Colors

The Stars and Stripes above us
That we proudly hoist each day,
Remind us of our heroes
Who have long since passed away.

The flag o'er Fort McHenry
Inspired our national song
And the ones at Gettysburg
Proved we were united, strong.

Our flag flew for victories
From Normandy beach to Guam,
Iraq and Afghanistan,
Korea and Vietnam.

The flag marked our achievements
At Olympics, on the moon.
And rose above the rubble
That 9/11 afternoon.

Think for a moment; have you
Earned your stars and stripes today?
Striving for the unity
Beyond what our flags display.

Have you talked to a neighbor
Of a different race or creed?
Encouraged someone younger
Or helped a stranger in need?

Salute the grand old banner
That's so gallantly streaming.
It's an inspiration to
Keep generations dreaming.

—Carol Moore

Streets Now Smooth and Safe

If you were around here during the weeks of June 12 and 19, you were involved with the hopscotch of avoiding crews from American Asphalt who were resealing our streets. Management did a masterful job of keeping us informed about the location of the work so we could stay clear. They also delivered meals to keep us fed during the work.

Since being established in 1983, American Asphalt of Hayward has grown to be the leader in the pavement maintenance industry in the Bay Area. The company's work at PVE was



Paving in Progress

Potholes have been filled to smooth the ride
Along campus streets from side to side.
The slurry comes next
But don't become vexed.
Watch your step. Don't track the tar inside.

—Carol Moore

handled in two phases. The first phase involved repairing and repaving portions of our streets that had degraded badly since last being paved. That work was done in May. Phase two was sealing and painting

in June. That work was done in sections of streets at a time. It was a two-day event in which the company sealed the streets on the first day and did the striping (painting of lines for parking lots, etc.) the next day.

Now that you have had a chance to live with our newly repaired streets for a week or so, I'm sure you appreciate the paving company's work and agree that the small upsets in your daily plans were worth it. I know I enjoy driving on streets without bumps jarring me during my ride. And having new, painted lines, especially in the parking lots, is also great. Enjoy the smooth ride.

—Bruce Bartels



Bird Brains

A boisterous scolding rang out from our back yard. Upon investigation, I witnessed two scrub jays marching across the patio behind our old deaf dachshund Cindy. We were new in the neighborhood, and those two birds had laid claim to our property and were not going to tolerate any intruders!

I was intrigued with their stance as they marched, not hopped, three feet behind Cindy, who was totally unaware of their presence. They seemed to honor her age and did not approach any closer. But they chattered and scolded until we took her into the house.

Those two were also seen perched on a limb of the tree that had been planted quite close to the house. From their vantage point, they could see us through the picture window. More scolding emanated from them!

We decided they had come with the purchase of the house and began to ply them with unshelled peanuts. Tom would take a handful and toss them on the patio, stand back, and watch the fun. First, they would eat their fill. Then they would begin hiding what was left. This took about 20 minutes. I would find peanuts in flowerpots, in the crotch of the magnolia tree, and in every little nook and cranny they could find.

Tom named them TJ (Timid Jay) and BJ (Bold Jay). BJ always led the way. One day, as Tom was on the patio absorbed in a book, he felt he was being watched. Well, sure enough, the jays were not two feet from him, waiting patiently for their goodies!

One morning, I watched one of them pound away at a peanut in the grass. He worked diligently until he managed to drive it into the sod. Then he stood back, surveying his surroundings. He left the peanut for just a minute and then came back with a leaf that he placed over the spot! This convinced me that our use of the term “bird brain” was incorrect.

As time went by, we shared our scrub jay experiences with other residents of Tustin and discovered we were not the only ones who had genius birds on our property. A friend kept peanuts in a decorative tin. One day, his screen

Our Flag – The Red, White, and Blue

Our flag is red and white and blue.
Why is our flag of such a hue?

They could have picked the color green.
It would have made a pretty sheen.

They could have chosen the color gray,
Or many other colors I could say.

But no, they chose the color red.
It stands for all the blood we'd shed,

To keep our country free and strong
For all those many years so long.

And then they chose the color white,
Because we're not afraid to fight

For all the things that we believe
And other things yet to conceive.

And finally, they chose the color blue.
It tells us how we must be true

To all who live within our land,
For all together we'll make our stand.

So now you know the reason why,
When we see our flag against the sky,

We know the colors we all choose,
Our flag with colors red, white, and blue.

—Bruce Bartels

door was open, and a jay went into his house, right into the kitchen where the tin was kept, and, without further ado, pointed the way to the tin!

Another local bird of interest was a flock of 20 or so parrots who occasionally flew into our neighborhood. They would stay an hour or so and then fly away, screeching and squawking, into the sunset. Once, the Rileys came to spend a weekend with us, and Tad parked under a tree where four or five were roosting. As he got out of the car, a splash of you-know-what greeted him, as though to say “Welcome to Tustin, Tad!” Was this act intentional by another bird brain?

—Mary Ann McKinney

The Termites and Deer Creek's Garden

A few weeks ago, nurses at Deer Creek approached the Landscape Committee about providing two raised self-watering planters for the Deer Creek courtyard. They felt that having a garden accessible to residents confined to wheelchairs would be beneficial to their well-being. In her book on therapeutic gardening, occupational therapist Caryl Surski noted that "Gardening can awaken someone by connecting to their emotional memory through senses like smell and touch." Insights from several studies illustrate that horticulture therapy can reduce stress and improve memory.

Several Termites, drawing on their recent experience building such a planter for the Oak Room, agreed to undertake the project. They offered to purchase the wood and hardware, and the Landscape Committee offered to purchase the soil, rocks, and plants. Plans were drawn up and wood was obtained from Lowe's. The planters were to rest on four 4x4s that would be 30 inches tall, and the planter sides would 24 inches tall, leaving six inches of space at the bottom to store tools and extra dirt. The 1x6-inch redwood boards were attached to legs for the sides and the bottom.



Then, 2x2-inch braces were screwed into the sides for extra support. A thick plastic pool liner was cut and stapled inside the planters and several three-inch black drainage pipes were laid on the bottom with one sticking up above the top to use to fill the water reservoir. A one-inch hole was drilled through one end of the planters, about 8 inches from the bottom. A piece of PVC pipe 12 inches long was inserted into the hole and through a slit in the pool liner. This drain will let gardeners know when the water reservoir is full. A 1/2x2-inch cap of redwood was nailed onto the top edge of the 1x6-inch sides, anchoring the pool liner down and providing a smooth top.

Self-watering planters are an irrigation technique that likely originated in China thousands of years ago when farmers buried clay terracotta pots filled with water. The water would slowly seep into the surrounding soil, effectively irrigating the plants around them. These types of planters use sub-irrigation to deliver water directly to plant roots without any guess work, and the water reservoir at the bottom of the planter allows the plants to drink at their own pace.

Each of the new planters weighs about 75 pounds empty. They were transported from the Termite shop to the Deer Creek courtyard and placed in position. They were then each filled with five bags of river rocks (eight inches deep), one bag of peat moss, and two bags of dirt. Maintenance installed a hose bib in the courtyard, and the planters were filled with water from the overflow pipe. The Landscape Committee planted the first few plants with several delighted residents.

—Bob Lunning

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