



While We're Waiting

A Dunwoody Village publication by residents, for residents.

Issue 1 June 1, 2020

FROM MY PERSPECTIVE

Arline Lieberman

While sitting out this new world disorder, we are experimenting with a small Dunwoody newsletter to inform, hopefully inspire and help residents cope with the craziness that has entered our lives. It is important to note that this is the first offering of a temporary publication, written by our neighbors that may help us to join in a group reflection on how to make the best of a hard time.

I can imagine my as yet unborn great granddaughter asking me, in 6 years, "What was the pandemic of 2020 like, GG?"

"Well, " I might answer, "we all wore masks and had to stay 6 feet away from the whole family and all our friends and we stayed home."

"You mean, you couldn't hug?" my little angel would ask me, her eyes brimming with tears. Already I don't like this conversation.

Lots of things have changed for all of us. I have become more frugal, not knowing when my supply could be replenished. I use the backs of documents before I eventually recycle them. Right now I'm writing on the back of a receipt from the Arden Theater recording a refund for my payment to the last show in their season, canceled due to the corona virus. (sigh—lots of things are changing.)

Also, I'm baking more. I made bread a couple of weeks ago. It made great toast. I found that kneading the bread dough helped me get some of that energy

out that builds up when you can't go any place. See me for a recipe for Aggression Cookies. And I made a soup from a recipe book I bought years ago in Arizona that I had never used. It called for starting with dry beans the day before you cook the soup. It was a two-day soup. I made it in about an hour using canned black beans, a can of diced chilis, tamari sauce and orange juice among other ingredients. It turns out that creating a soup out of just what I had on hand was a really fun thing for me.

I know lots of folks at Dunwoody are avid gardeners and their landscaping is so colorful and fragrant that I admire it on my walks. It lifts my spirits just to see the daffodils and irises displaying their unique colors. It's good to find joy wherever you can. My garden has statues.

Routines have a lot of virtues. My day usually has a plan that includes all the predictable activities plus at least one kind of exercise. It helps me feel like I accomplished something when I can mentally check items off that list. Of course, the plan is often interrupted by an unexpected occurrence such as a shattered glass on the kitchen floor or a phone call offering me a good deal to pay off my college loan.

Routines, finding joy in new activities, engaging in exercise and adapting to the new situation—these are great—but I would like to add one more. I like to reach out to others by phone or email so I can make connections I can't ordinarily make. If I can make each day count, count me in.

No one can whistle a symphony. It takes a whole orchestra to play it.
H.E. Luccock

This sentiment certainly rings true as residents, staff, and families have come together to make life better for one another. Sewing face masks, crafting hearts and rainbows, contributing to the food pantry, and placing one another's well-being at the forefront of our thoughts and actions are a mere sampling of the many kindnesses that have been demonstrated in the midst of challenges and adversity. EVERYONE IS "INSTRUMENTAL!"

BRING YOUR FONDEST MEMORIES TO LIFE

Grandpa Moses AKA Duane Malm

You can bring your fondest memories to life and have a wonderful time in the process, just like I did. When the quarantine started I thought to myself, "I've got to do something besides read and watch television." I said, "Maybe I'll try to paint." I chose acrylics because they dry quickly and you can paint over them as many times as you want. I need that.

But, what to paint? Being in a nostalgic mood, I began to think of the wonderful summers at my grandmother's farm. I went there from ages 4 to 14. I loved every minute of it.

I remember Grandma's little red house. And right in front of it were two small apple trees that I used to climb. I recalled hiding in those branches. It was fun. Right near those trees was the path from Grandma's kitchen to the water pump. I remember how proud I was when I was big enough to be able to operate the pump and bring Grandma a pail of water. Big stuff!

And then, there was my wonderful Grandma. I can envision her now out in the yard feeding the chickens. I'll never forget the time she cut off the head of one of the chickens. It ran around with its head cut off. What a sight!

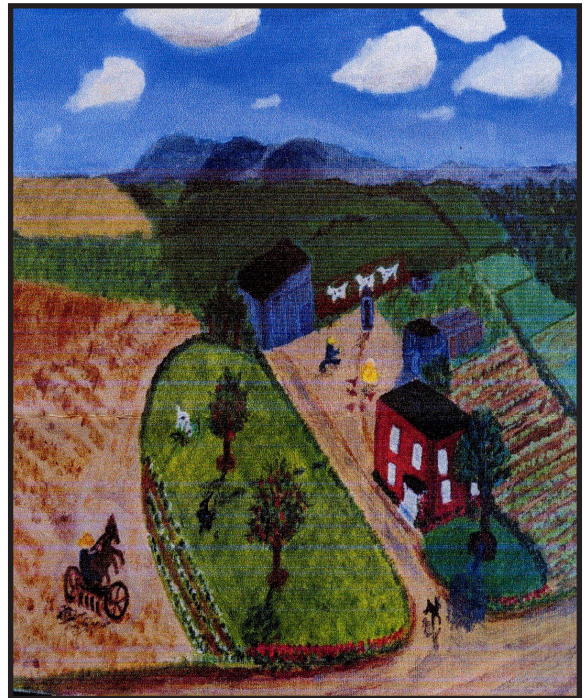
And then there was my good friend Gus, the hired man. I can visualize Gus going out to the barn to milk the cows. And of course I won't forget the time Gus tried to teach me how to milk. I thought I was doing pretty well when Gus laughed. He said, "You are squeezing the wrong way and the milk is going up the udder and not down into the pail." How embarrassing.

Of course there were many other things I thought about. I remember when I grew big enough that I was able to harness Sam, the horse, and operate the hay rake. It was fun, but that was the last summer I went to the farm.

I had to leave my little dog Skippy. Grandma said, when I left in the summer, Skippy, a black Cocker Spaniel, would lie in the driveway for several days waiting for me to return. And yes, in many ways I wish I could return.

I think you will identify these memories in the painting I did. And, if you wonder about the path, it goes to the outhouse. I'll never forget the outhouse.

I'm sure your memories will be different from mine but I'm sure they will be as much fun and as enlightening to you as mine were to me.



THIS AND THAT

On May 15 Eloise Smyrl was spotted kneeling by the road down East Country Way. A masked passerby, maintaining appropriate social distance, stopped to satisfy her curiosity. She soon understood that Eloise was grappling with a slim black snake that had gotten entangled in the mesh holding down hay covering new grass seed. She patiently cut a small section of the mesh to help the creature extricate itself.

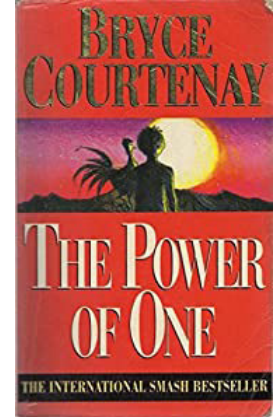
The ungrateful snake ignored the help and headed back to the danger zone, promptly getting stuck again. Patiently, our heroine gently held the squirming reptile behind its head and lifted it out of the mesh. Undaunted, she relocated it across the road where it slithered away, without a word of thanks. Brava Eloise! The passerby, duly impressed, continued on her way.



BOOK REVIEW: The Power of One

Sandy McMullin

This is a wonderful book to read during a Pandemic - Or anytime! The story takes place in South Africa prior to WW II when Nazi encroachment is evident and Apartheid class divisions are everywhere. It's an odd scene. The main character is a young white boy (age 5!) who calls himself "Peekay." Temporarily orphaned, he is set adrift in the world. He boards the Trans Africa Railroad and goes off to a distant white boarding school...to fend for himself. He is likable and spunky and the adventures begin.



He seems to attract interesting characters along the way:

- Hoppie, a professional boxer who introduces him to the sport;
- Doc, the retired professor/musician who collects specimen native plants;
- Feel Piet, a colored prison inmate who mentors his boxing skills;
- Morrie, Jewish school roommate and financial partner;
- And many more....

At the end of the story he has become an adult. All his success is due to the power of one, that core strength of self-reliance within us all. His strategy is "first with the head, then with the heart." A life strategy for anytime.

MEET CINDY DEVER

Connie Carino

Interviewing someone over the phone is a little like talking to your friend with a mask on. It lacks a bit of spontaneity and intimacy, but lately we need to be flexible, and I do want you to meet Cindy Dever. She is the Unit coordinator of the Fairlee and Pavillon Units in the Care Center. Any time I enter the Care Center, she greets me with a smile and has treats for Jock, the support dog I often bring to cheer up the residents. I always have a question. She always has an answer. Here are some questions I asked her.

Q. What are your job responsibilities?

A. Anything related to paperwork for a resident being admitted to and discharged from the care center. (Besides the data entry and report writing, Cindy has been known to rescue a resident's cat.)

Q. What do you like most about your job?

A. I like helping people and I can do it here. I also like hearing appreciation from staff, residents and family members. People are grateful here.

Q. You were diagnosed with COVID 19 and were home for more than a month. What were your symptoms?

A. Body aches and a feeling of balls inside my body. Each ball hurt. Additionally, upset stomach, congestion in my chest, hives, loss of taste and smell; a deep breath produced a cough.

Q. What was the hardest thing to cope with?

A. Not being able to come to work because I knew people were very sick and I couldn't be there to help. It never occurred to me that I could die. I am back to work but I tire easily.

Q. What is Dunwoody's greatest strength?

A. People who work here have the work ethic. People go out of their way to get it done. Residents from Independent Living are always visiting, showing appreciation. There are Rainbows everywhere. (There was a campaign to cheer up the folks at the care center by creating rainbows to decorate the walls.)

I think you can tell, from Cindy's answers to my questions that she is a dedicated staff member. We are so lucky to have her.



WILDFLOWERS BURST INTO BLOOM

Eloise Smyrl

As the days are finally warming, the berm behind the Penrose houses has begun to show some color! First to bloom were some very delicate (and very few) Spring Beauties. Gorgeous yellow Buttercups followed. Then the Common Fleabane stalks straightened up and opened their pretty blooms.



Growing out of devastation, the little forget-me-nots remind us that beauty and hope will prevail! They are growing along East Village Road near the wooden fence surrounding the generator.

Sadly, plans to show more flowers as they bloom have been set back. This past week the basin and rain garden were mowed at the direction of the Township, and plants will be recovering throughout the summer. However, plants are resilient, and we will be watching and waiting hopefully!

DOROTHY JOHNSON

Audrey Beck

When Dorothy Johnson moved into Apartment A-314 on February 12, 2020, social distancing, facemasks, and dinners alone were foreign concepts. Nevertheless, this spunky 99-year-old woman has adapted and joined the Dunwoody “family.”

An education centered around art and illustration was interrupted by WW II, and Dorothy became an occupational therapist, working at Friends’ Hospital for 10 years. Marriage and the birth of two daughters culminated in her opening JACK-IN-THE-BOX Antique Shop in Chestnut Hill, which she ran for 50 years. Today, with her extensive watercolor painting background, Dorothy is looking forward to joining the Dunwoody Arts and Crafts group.

I am looking forward to greeting Dorothy in person, without a mask, instead of a phone conversation. In the meantime, she can be reached at 610-356-2137.

RESILIENCY

Jeanie Fisk

My husband and I moved to Dunwoody from out of state two and a half years ago. We came because we wanted to move to a CCRC and also to be near our daughter and her family.

All was great until my husband’s health started to fail and I could no longer take care of him. He moved to the Care Center, and after our long life together, we found ourselves living separately. However, since he was so nearby, I was able to visit him any time: eating dinner together, going to the auditorium with him, participating in activities or just talking. Even though it was not the life I had hoped for, he was doing so well and had such good care I felt it was a great decision.

Then the unthinkable happened: the coronavirus pandemic. A few hours after having visited with him I received the phone call that the Care Center

was closed to visitors and I could not see him until it reopened. At first there was only an occasional phone call, then regular FaceTime visits and now a window visit every once in a while.

Our new dog, Violet, a cairn terrier (like Toto in the Wizard of Oz), came to Dunwoody when she was twelve weeks old. She has been a great comfort to us both.

If I had known what was going to happen I think I would have felt it was an untenable situation and I could not live like this, but live we do, and we are grateful for the care we both get, and live in the hope for better times! Even old dogs can adjust!

