

ELEANOR'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

Ginni Condo

Eleanor Parsons turned 100 on July 5 and given the current pandemic and its restrictions, how was she to celebrate? A traditional family party was out of the question. Fortunately, her family was creative and organized what has become a new way of celebrating important events – a drive-by. With Eleanor seated on a bench in front of Dunwoody's main entrance, one by one her family members drove their cars into the circle and stopped in front of her. They got out, put their gift bags on the bench, and had brief chats with her. Her children, grandchildren, and adorable little great-grandchildren all



Photo: Luz Diaz

participated. The cars were colorfully decorated with flowers, balloons, banners and signs.

Adding to the celebration, a number of residents and staff members were also there to cheer for Eleanor and her family and, of course, to sing "Happy Birthday." Since everyone wore masks, they signed a large birthday poster for Eleanor so she would know who was there. What could have been a rather bleak day for Eleanor ended up being a special one, not only for her, but also for everyone who helped celebrate this amazing lady. Congratulations, Eleanor!



MAKING THE DUNWOODY DECISION

Jan Smink

It all began for us about four years ago, when our financial advisor told us that we had to be making plans for the future. In other words, we were "old." What? Not us! By the end of the meeting we agreed to think about it and even investigate "life cares" and "aging in place" possibilities. Geez! We were still a little shocked.

But we looked and finally called Elaine Kaiser for a tour. We actually liked what we saw and heard. It was not much over a year when Elaine called. She had a great place for us—come and take a look. OK, we did.

On the way home that day we developed a plan. "Let's come back on our own and really look at the whole place." The next day, we made our way back to Dunwoody, took the elevator down, and ended up in Country Houses East. Oh, no! We wanted Country Houses West. Just then this very nice man came along in the hall and said, "You look lost." We definitely

were. So he volunteered to walk us to CH-13. On the way, just to make conversation, I asked him what he did in real life. He said he was a physician. Since I was a nurse, I was interested and asked where he worked. He said "CHOP."

I was impressed and asked, "Do you know Bill Potsic?"

"I am Bill Potsic. Did I see your children?"

I answered, "Oh, maybe 15 or 20 of them."

Puzzled, he stopped walking.

I then explained that I had been a Radnor school nurse for 30 years, had talked to him on the phone and referred a number of children to him.

"By the way," I said, "What helped you decide about coming to Dunwoody?"

"The medical care. Have you noticed how many doctors are residents here?"

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That settled it for us. We pondered no longer and thereafter moved into CH-13, a country house with a wonderful view.

So, I guess we really are old, but thanks to our new friends—residents and staff—life is still good here at Dunwoody.



ODE TO HARDWARE

Jack Smith

Ask most men what they plan to do once they're retired, and they'll talk of writing or painting or simply working on their golf game. Hardly anybody says he plans to spend more time at the hardware store. But this is what we do. It's partly because we now have the time to putter, to fix, and to otherwise do all those things we once hired others to do. Also, it just feels uncomfortable to sit there reading the paper while a handyman is doing a chore you know you could handle if you simply put your mind to it.

Your hired man may act as if you're not there, though he may not secretly be questioning your manhood. On the other hand, he might be. It's just a matter of time before you set aside your memoirs or your five iron and, with a sigh of resignation, toddle on over to the local hardware store. Mind you, this is nothing like a visit to the software store. Yes, technology is a wonderful thing. But too often, the sales clerks who populate these places make little distinction between the old and the obsolete. To tell one of them you're using a previous-generation computer is tantamount to admitting you came to the store astride a burro. Likewise, the classic hardware store is nothing like those mammoth home centers—cavernous places vaulting six stories high, where the help wear orange vests and customers emerge carrying sheets of drywall, industrial cable and rented jackhammers on forklifts.



We refer instead to the more intimate mom-and-pop store, where neighbors move along clogged aisles hung with tools and materials evoking a simpler, more innocent age. Here, you'll find standbys like wood planes, for transforming raw lumber into shelves worthy of Versailles. Overhead, an array of glues for repairing everything from a child's doll to antique furniture to cement statuary. And down another aisle: gutter spikes like spearheads, for attaching drains to siding. Ultimately, unlike software, hardware bespeaks permanency. On some level, tools are heirlooms to be handed down. Thus apprised, you might wander through your home looking for one more stuck window, rusty bolt, busted hinge, or bricks that need pointing. Your heart pounds as you pick up your keys and head for the car. What lies ahead isn't a chore, but an adventure.



A POW STORY

Susan Moore

Way back in the 1980's I went to a morning seminar on WWII. There I met an acquaintance who happened to be Dutch. I asked her why she was there since the Nazis occupied Holland during WWII. She explained that her father worked for an oil company in the Dutch East Indies, that she was born and raised there and knew very little about the war. She then told me that from the ages of 9 to 13 she lived in a Japanese prison camp. Gone is my memory of the seminar, but the impact of her statement and the few details she shared about the survival of her family of six never left me.

Eventually I lost track of her until I moved to Dunwoody last October and found her book in the library, entitled *Tempo Dulu*, (Indonesian for the good old days.) It was published in 2012. Sadly, I missed the opportunity of meeting Annick M. Doeff again, but have read the memoir about her childhood twice and have it on my Kindle in a permanent place. She died on March 8, 2013 at the age of 80. I was happy to know that she had lived a long, full life, and spent her last years in the comfort of being cared for, a sharp contrast to her struggle to survive in deplorable conditions.

Today we all live in the fear of Covid-19. We hope for a vaccine, and we wonder what a new normal will entail.

THE DUNWOODY PUTTING GREEN

Bill Musto

“You drive for show and you putt for dough” is one of the old adages of the game of golf. The challenge in golf is to get that little 1.68-inch diameter ball from the tee box into that 4.25-inch diameter cup on a green hundreds of yards away using the fewest number of strokes. If you have ever watched a PGA Tour professional golfer three-putt (editor’s note: three strokes) from four feet away from the cup, and it happens more often than you might imagine, you can understand why this old saw has been around for ages. For those pro golfers at the top of the leader board late on a Sunday afternoon, an easily makeable but missed putt could reduce that golfer’s prize money by six figures

As a youngster, I caddied regularly at Fox Hill Country Club in northeastern Pennsylvania. The club frequently hosted tournaments that featured well-known pros like Art Wall, Mike Souchak, the Turnesa brothers and others. A major fringe benefit allowed caddies to play the course for free on Mondays. With borrowed clubs and techniques learned from watching my “man” play, I became a golfer. Of sorts. Much later I would take a few lessons.

When Helen and I first met over two decades ago, Helen had never played golf. She borrowed my spare set of clubs, took lessons and soon became as avid a golfer as I am. She played regularly in a ladies league at Northampton Valley Country Club and with me at various other local clubs. We also played in Canada and in Mexico.

In more recent years Helen and I cut our ski seasons short to spend March in Florida where we played golf three times a week. We had plans to return to Florida when Dunwoody called in December to let us know that a Penrose carriage house was becoming available.

Before moving in, Helen and I had seen the Dunwoody putting green below the windows of the Lincoln Dining Room and were anxious to give it a try. We found that the putting green was artificial turf with the front nine and back nine on different levels. The green slickness (stimpmeter reading) varies from hole to hole, and the numbered cup locations are changed periodically. Some wrinkles in the putting surface and a few jutting cups add to the challenge.

During the shutdown we are visiting the putting green regularly, combining a nice walk from our carriage house and back with an 18-hole round of putting. We will be sorry to see the putting green disappear when the expansion construction starts and hope a replacement putting green follows soon thereafter.



Photo: Warren Lieberman



GETTING ANNIE

Connie Stuckert

Disaster struck on April 18. My beloved FlatCat, furry companion of 14 years, passed over the Rainbow Bridge, leaving me catless for the first time in 50 years, and during a pandemic no less. The following two weeks were horrible.

“Get another cat,” my son said. “You need it and I want the best for you, but I can’t take care of the cat if anything happens to you. We’re dog people.”

“Get another cat,” my friends said, “and we’ll take it if something happens to you.” Thus reassured—I would never strand an animal—I set off in search of a new feline roommate.

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Photo: Connie Stuckert

Usually the steps are simple; you check rescue websites, see cats you might like, and arrange visits. Or you visit the facilities at places such as the SPCA. It's a little different during a pandemic. I went through a "no contact" adoption.

I started on the website of the Animal Coalition of Delaware County (ACDC), a rescue organization I volunteered with for about six years when I first retired, so I still knew some of the volunteers there. I wanted an older cat, at least two and preferably closer to five. Sex didn't matter, but the cat had to be friendly, healthy, well socialized, and not a runner for open doors. ACDC had several cats that filled the bill.

I talked by phone with the adoption coordinator and submitted the application form on line. Then Zoom visits were arranged with two delightful cats; Buddy, a five year-old brown tabby male, and Leigh Ann, a seven year old black and white female. I talked with their foster families on Zoom while I watched the cats playing and interacting with their people. It was a hard choice, especially since I couldn't see how the cats would react to me. I agonized over it for a couple of days, and then chose Leigh Ann, who quickly became Annie. A vet check followed. By that I mean they checked with my vet to make sure I would be a responsible cat parent. Since ACDC uses the same vet I do, that was a piece of cake.

But how to actually get the cat? I couldn't go to the foster home, and they couldn't come here. We finally decided to meet in the parking lot at PetSmart in Broomall. I brought my empty cat carrier, got out of my car, set it down in the middle of the parking lot and returned to my car. The foster mom got out of her pickup, retrieved the carrier, took it to her vehicle, put Annie in it, and returned the carrier to the parking lot. When she was back in the truck I got out of my car and picked up my new cat. I never saw the foster mom and she never saw me. We were both masked and socially distanced with a vengeance.

Annie is home now, and we are both adjusting. Since there was no initial contact, bonding is slower than it might have been otherwise, but I have my little family and the apartment is full again in spite of the corona virus.



ORIGIN OF A PAINTING

Arline Lieberman

Where does inspiration come from? When I saw Dunwoody's 2020 calendar featuring favorite destinations of residents and staff, my attention was drawn to a photo of a sunset in Aruba, a favorite vacation memory for Kathy Barton, Director of Operations. The gnarly tree had so much personality that I wanted to reach out and touch it. One of the roots so resembled a woman's leg that I almost wanted to paint a stocking on it. The golden globe hovering over the water spoke to my romantic self. I ripped the page out of the calendar and placed it in a folder with my painting supplies.

The other day, when pondering what subject to subject my meager skills to, I discovered the picture again. I pulled out my paints, sketched a version of the scene, and worked on my interpretation. I got as far as I could and knew that I needed some expert help. As Mary Kreek related in a previous article,

our painting teacher Bonnie Mettler has made herself available to us remotely via technology. I took advantage of her offer and in three brief exchanges she made suggestions that not only helped me improve my work, but taught me some principles that would inform my future efforts.

When I look at the finished picture I am almost sitting on the sand, hearing the waves lap gently on the shore, and recalling beach sunsets on other islands, at other times.



Photo: Warren Lieberman