



VILLAGE NEWS

STUARTS DRAFT RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

Stuarts Draft, Virginia

"Keeping active in mind, body, and spirit for the time of your life."

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JANUARY 2016

2016

Promises for the New Year

2016

By Betty Luzadder

A new year!

What will it bring?

Resolutions that can be broken;

Challenges of daily living.

A promise that says-

"And I will pray the Father,
and He shall give you another Comforter,
that He may abide with you forever."

God filling all space, ever present;

Meeting every need.

Think not on the mistakes
of the past year.

Another promise-

"Old things are passed away;
behold, all things are become new."

What a gift for the new year.

John 14:16

II Cor. 5:17

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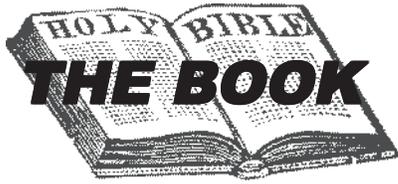
WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE

"If you want to touch the past, touch a rock. If you want to touch the present, touch a flower.

If you want to touch the future, touch a life."

From the New Day Foster Home, China. Contributed by Anna Brenneman.

Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey

“Beautiful Sunsets”

The beautiful sunsets we see here at SDRC are some of the most awesome sights I have ever seen.

One December evening, I looked to the west, and I just had to marvel at the most beautiful sight.

As I stood there gazing, I had to agree with the Psalmist’s words in Psalm 19: 1-8 where he said: “The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of His hands. Day after day they pour forth speech; night after night they display knowledge. There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their voice goes out into ALL the earth, their words to the ends of the world. In the heavens He has pitched a tent for the sun, which is like a bridegroom coming forth from his pavilion, like a champion rejoicing to run his course. It rises at one end of the heavens and makes its circuit to the other; nothing is hidden from its heat. The law of the Lord is perfect, reviving the soul. The statutes of the Lord are trustworthy, making wise the simple. The precepts of the Lord are right, giving joy to the heart. The commands of the Lord are radiant, giving light to the eyes.” (NIV)

Every breathtaking sight reminds us that God is still creating magnificent masterpieces.

May the glory of His creation remind us that He is still creating a glorious life within each of us.

As we enter the New Year may we not forget, GOD IS IN CONTROL and He will “never” fail!

Reminiscing

Dusty Old Journals



By Bunny Stein

Here it is! The starting of a brand new year. Where does the time go? I thought when we get older, time would pass slower. With so many timesaving appliances and things to make our work easier, it seems we should have loads of time on our hands. But not so for many, like myself, when there just doesn't seem to be enough hours in the day to get everything done. Am I too busy? Yes! I am too busy and it's hard to break old habits. Time going too fast? Of course not. I'm just slowing down. All I need to do is get this fact into my brain!

There are so many things I can't do today that I could do a decade ago, and I realize this is natural at my age. But I'm so thankful for the things I can do, and I know for me, staying busy is what keeps me going. One of my favorite activities is writing. I can't do many things today that require strength and a lot of energy. I simply don't possess these things anymore. But I can still write!

In reflecting on this subject, I recall an article I wrote a few years ago. I would like to start the new year of the Village News Reminiscing column by sharing this story.

Continued on Page 3

VILLAGE NEWS

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Reminiscing

Continued from Page 2

DUSTY OLD JOURNALS

The last three decades of my life were sitting in the bottom of my trash can. After hauling my journals around for many years, they ended up ragged and torn, but never forgotten. Many times I thought about getting rid of them, but for some reason I couldn't. I wondered why I hung on to them like rare antiques. As I stared at the ragged notebooks, I was inclined to pick up one and start reading. It was filled with words from my inner being. . . my soul. As I poured over the pages, I began reliving my life all over again. Some entries reminded me of the sweetness of adolescence and teen years. As I ventured further into my adult life, I began to think of all the memories I still have but didn't write.

There was something within me that felt joy when I wrote in my journal each day. Some days I wrote things that were mysterious, tragic, blessed, even miraculous. It was a tension releaser for frayed nerves, joy in remembrance of good times, a way of expression that was impossible to do orally. It was like talking to an old friend. As I sat in my garage, thumbing through the journals, I was reminded of how much I love to write.

I began writing when I had my second child, a daughter named Teri. I liked reading to my children and thought it would be fun to someday write children's books. Teri's little face was splattered with freckles. I had freckles when I was a child, and my Mom told me they would all go away when I got older. However, they simply turned into age spots! But like Teri, I didn't like freckles, and remembering my plight and hers, I wrote my first children's story entitled, FRECKLES. It told of Teri's sweet face splashed with freckles, and how beautiful freckles really are. Somehow that story disappeared over the years.

Though it took me thirty years to complete, I had gleaned enough material from these journals to write my memoir. I was pleased with the results of this book titled, The Road Of Life, and had copies made for all the members of my family. But to my dismay, my ego was deflated, when it wasn't accepted as I expected. I worked on it so intensely and for so long and I thought it was a decent work. But I was wrong! At least in the eyes of some readers. There were some who said they really enjoyed reading it and could actually relate to its content. This took out some of the sting of criticism.

However, I couldn't get over the feeling I had failed as a writer. I gave up writing for awhile and it was then I decided to do away with the journals.

I gathered up all the tattered notebooks, and threw them in the trash can. I can't explain the raw emotion I felt as I dumped the books in the trash. I felt like I was throwing a part of myself away.

I fretted all day trying to forget the journals, but I couldn't. I went out to the trash can and got them out and put them back on the shelf in the garage. Later that day, I remembered the stinging criticism of some readers, and I went out to the garage and put the journals back in the trash again. I determined I wasn't going to write any more. I was really angry at myself for feeling this way. "Why did I let a few harsh comments upset me so?" My lifeblood was written in the pages of these journals, and writing in this journal over many years, was therapy for me. Though the words written in this journal were very personal, it also held facts about the comings and goings of our family, friends, and daily news items about current and world events. It was history in the making. I felt leaving this information to my family and friends could be my legacy.

I had made up my mind. I had written what I thought was important in my memoir and the rest was of no interest to anyone but me, so off they went to the dump.

I saw them the next morning going down the road in the trash truck. I had mixed emotions, but had determined it was for the best; no big loss.

Later, I decided I had to write again. I knew I wasn't a good writer, by some standards, but my love and desire to write wouldn't go away. I decided I wouldn't let anything deter me from writing ever again. I started journaling again and I write something almost every day. I may never write the great American novel, or have anything published, but that has never been my goal anyway. Writing gives me joy and a way of expressing myself that I have never been able to do before.

I have had a few short stories published in magazines, and that fuels my desire to keep on keeping on. But sharing my stories with the SDRC Village News each month fills my need to share what I write. The positive comments I receive from my readers in the community are indeed enough merit for me and all I need to keep a pen in my hand.

Thank you readers, for your favorable comments, encouragement, and feedback.

Happy New Year!!!!

Memories

in the Life of **Anna Gillman Bibens**

By Anna Bibens

Several years ago my dad wrote his memoirs. Some of the information will be what I have read, or stories of the past.

The depression was a hard time for so many of the people in America. We were no exception. . . My dad had several businesses and his home was in Milton. He had a summer home in Weymouth at Whitman Pond. His main business was Liberty Marble Company in Dorchester, just outside of Boston. When the depression hit he lost most of the companies that he owned. The Liberty Marble Company lost most of the large machines that were used to cut the marble. He saw them destroyed one by one. With ones that were left he was able to keep the company going to do small jobs. All the large jobs were lost. He saw many of his friends give up and end their life. He could not do that because he had a wife and four children that needed him. They moved to the summer home in Weymouth because he lost the Milton home. He spent hours to fix the home to make it through the winters.

On March 16, 1932 Anna gave birth to their fifth child. It was a cold and bitter day when she went to Milton Hospital. Somehow she became very ill and she died of child birth and pneumonia. This was a shock to the whole family. I was that baby girl. I was named after my mother and grandmother (Anna

Josephine). I have been told that I stayed in the hospital for several weeks before the nuns at the hospital said that it was time for me to go home. My dad could not care for a newborn baby, and he asked my Aunt Sara to care for me. I lived with her and Uncle August for over two and one-half years.

Their children were like brothers and sisters to me. My dad would come to see me every Sunday. As I got older, I do remember going to the window in the dining room watching for him to come for a visit. Today that seems so unusual to me, that I remember at such a small age going to the window waiting for him. Another thing that I remember is the bananas and toast in the morning for breakfast. Aunt Sara would make toast and put a sliced banana on top. For years that's how I loved to have my toast fixed. I guess that these are the first things that I remembered.

When I came to Weymouth to live as an infant, I had a white iron crib in the bedroom that I shared with Kay and Estelle. As I got older my dad took the sides from the crib and made a new head and foot board and painted it light blue for me. I used that for several years before I went into the bunk beds. There were two pictures of infants that hung over the bed that I loved and when I went to Vermont, Mom gave me the two prints. One was called Awakening and the other was Sleeping. I had them in my children's bedroom and now my grandchildren enjoy the prints.

Dad remarried Carrie Blanding two and one-half years later. She was such a wonderful woman. We all loved her. For her to marry a man with five children is something that the average woman would have to think about a long time. She never

had any children of her own. One time she told me that she never wanted to let us feel that she loved hers more than us. Quite a woman. I remember that every afternoon she would take a short nap after I would get home from school. When she got up, she would put on a clean dress and fix her hair and makeup. She wanted to look her best for my dad when he came home from work. She would always have supper ready for him at 5:30 p.m.

The depression was something that we all went through. There wasn't much money for extra things. We would have to have hand-me-downs — Kay to Estelle and then me. Mom would make us three outfits for school for the year. One for church and two for school and the panties to match, school shoes and patent leather for Sunday. Sometime Mom would get a coat and take it apart and turn it over and make a new coat for me. During those depression days Dad still had the Liberty Marble Company. He would pay his employees for the week's work and he would bring home \$5.00 for the week for food. Sometime the priest would help us out with a few dollars. I remember large boxes of cookies in rows of chocolate and vanilla and then there was the large red pail of peanut butter. Mom would have to stir up the peanut butter to mix in the oil and then she would put it into smaller jars.

We got along with what we had and didn't ask questions. We would know what was for supper by what day it was. Like Sunday was always a roast, Monday was leftovers, Tuesday, spaghetti and Friday was always fish. On Saturday we always had beans and franks. Mom would start the beans on Thursday on the shelf of the coal furnace in the base-

Continued on Page 5

Memories

in the Life of
Anna Gillman Bibens

Continued from Page 4

ment. It would cook very slowly and she would add molasses, brown sugar and salt pork and it would be ready for Saturday night. I still can't find beans that are that good. We didn't have fancy meals, but they were always good and healthy. Mom did a great job. The only meal that I really hated was the night she would fix liver. I think that Skippy, our dog, had more than I did. Mom made sure that we stayed healthy in the winter months. She would have us stand at the kitchen sink for our daily dose of Cod Liver Oil. We would have a prune ready to take, to get the taste out of our mouth. I don't know how many times the taste would come up during the day. As I got older they finally made capsules for cod liver oil.

Today, as I get older, I look back at my life. I am finding myself reflecting on the past, wishing that we had asked my dad and our aunt questions about the family history. I guess that I thought that if I had asked questions it would bring back sad times for them. For years I thought that it was all my fault that our mother had died and I guess that is one reason I never asked questions.

Reading Dad's memoirs has helped me to understand him a little better. He went through such hard times and kept the family together through the years. I am the last one left in my family, and I want to let my children and my grandchildren know about life during the depression and then World War II.

Getting to Know Us Better

By Nancy Phillips

This month I'm going to introduce someone to our new residents and update the rest of you on the latest news concerning our SDRC honorary grandson, Jay Daniels. Jay is a young entertainer extraordinaire who comes to our location at least once a month. He plays the piano, sings and schmoozes with our residents. He knows many of us by name and sometimes participates in our Sunday night chapel services as well. You may not have heard, Jay is making a big life adjustment come the first of the year. Jay is leaving his post at the Christian radio station to attend Shenandoah University in Winchester, Virginia full time to pursue his degree in music education. What a great teacher he will be.

He will be able to keep his job at St. John's Episcopal Church as organist and choir director because they are working with him to do choir practice on Sundays so he just needs to come in for that day. We are lucky because he considers us as special folk and he has said he will continue to come to SDRC on the fourth Saturdays in the month for "Saturday Night Live." That means he will be traveling up and down I-81 quite frequently.

The picture above shows Jay in his Phantom of the Opera costume he wore here on Halloween. Be sure to show up for his performance this month so he will know how much we appreciate his dedication to our community.



Jay Daniels



Did you miss
the visit of this
DUCK DYNASTY
star at our
Saturday Night Live
program?

An Update on My Fellow B-29 Crew Members of World War II

A Tribute to Donald V. Hunter, Jr. Aircraft Commander

By James Q. Salter

During World War II which ended in August of 1945, I flew on thirty-two combat missions as radio operator on the crew of a B-29. I have wondered what happened to the other ten men of our crew since that time. As of recent weeks I can now account for nine of our eleven crew members. I am the only one of the nine still living. This is a brief story about the gentleman who was my aircraft commander (pilot) for thirty of my thirty-two missions — Donald V. Hunter, Jr. Much of the material is taken from an article entitled “In Memory of a True Gentleman and Falconer, Donald V. Hunter, Jr.” by Vic Hardswick, Kent Christopher, and Tom Cade. The article was published by Hirschfeld Press, Denver, 1973. . .

Don was born on the family farm in rural Ulster, Pennsylvania on April 15, 1922. His school years were spent in Chevy Chase, Maryland where his father practiced law. During the summer he enjoyed roaming the outdoors at their Pennsylvania farm along the Susquehanna River. One evening his father took him to a lecture on falconry. This event changed the course of his life.

Don entered undergraduate school at Cornell University at the age of sixteen. He left his studies prior to the outbreak of World War II to join the Army Air Corps. He flew the B-17's, B-25's, and P-38's, but mainly the B-29 bomber as aircraft commander in the Pacific Theater where he served two tours of duty. During his first tour of duty on one of Don's missions when there were several planes involved, all of the planes except Don's were shot down. Over 2000 holes were counted in his plane. This is most likely the mission that earned Don's first DFC (Distinguished Flying Cross) of the two that he received.

Donald V. Hunter, Jr. received his second DFC when all of our crew received the award for our twelfth mission, a daylight formation incendiary raid against the city of Kobe, Japan on June 5, 1945. We had just dropped our bombs when the best fighter plane that the Japanese had — a Zero — took us head on. Tracers from the fighter were whizzing by within an arm's length when a cannon slug struck our left inboard engine a few feet from my position. The engine was really blazing when our pilots were able to extinguish the

fire with the on board controls. We flew all the way back to base (Tinian Island) on three engines.

Lt. Hunter demonstrated extraordinary skills and courage on numerous occasions. His previous experience flying smaller planes (notably the B-25, and the P-38) really showed in the Tokyo incendiary mission of May 25. This is officially listed as the roughest mission of the war for B-29s. Seventeen planes of the four groups participating were lost that night. With horrific enemy activity of searchlights, antiaircraft shells exploding, fighter planes, and Kamikazes (suicide planes) attacking the B-29s, Lt. Hunter put our plane into a steep dive and fishtailed down to the proper altitude for dropping the bombs. I remember holding on for dear life and hoping that the wings would not tear off. As we came out of a steep dive and bank, the bomb bay doors flew open. Then Lt. Hunter gave this order to our bombardier: “SALVO!!” That meant to release all of the bombs at the same time, instead of letting them trickle out as usual. Then Lt. Hunter said over the intercom to our flight engineer, “FULL POWER!!” We then climbed to about 20,000 feet for our return to Tinian. I've often wondered what that was like on the surface when our seven tons of magnesium bombs hit at the same time. Our navigator wrote on his log that Tokyo was still visible — burning — when we were over one hundred miles away.

Now, back to the story of Don's life after the war. On May 31, 1947 he married Eleanor Anne Mahoney in Rockville, Maryland. They moved to South Dakota in 1950.

Don finished his undergraduate degree at American University in Washington, D.C., and then attended George Washington Law School for two years. Don completed his J.D. in law at the University of South Dakota after moving his growing family to Vermillion, South Dakota to begin a lifelong career in agriculture and public service. A natural leader, he served as President of the Livestock Feeders Association at both the state and national levels, President of the National Cattlemen's Association, and Chairman of the South Dakota Livestock Sanitary Board.

Don's accomplishments in the sport of falconry for the next seventeen years are truly legendary. In 1963 falconry gained formal acceptance and recognition as a legitimate field sport in South Dakota as a result of Don's passion for the art. Don was a Founding and Honorary Member of the North American Falconers Association (NAFA).

During the 1960s and early 1970s the populations

Continued on Page 7

An Update on My Fellow B-29 Crew Members of World War II

Continued from Page 6

of Peregrine Falcons in North America were devastated by the effects of DDT. Don took the lead in helping to restore sufficient numbers for repopulation of the magnificent birds. He demonstrated his strong and persistent conservation ethic and his leadership ability.

The Raptor Research Foundation, Inc. was incorporated by Donald V. Hunter, Jr. and three other men in 1966. The organization publishes *The Journal of Raptor Research*.

The establishment of The Raptor Center (TRC) by Doctors Gary Duke and Pat Redig was another priority of Don's. The Director of TRC recently announced the establishment of the Don Hunter Endowment for Raptor Medicine and Surgery. Having an endowed fund supported by falconers in Don's name is a terrific legacy."

Don attended as an honored guest the August 1999 celebration for the Peregrine Falcon's removal from the Endangered Species List.

The following is quoted from the article in the Hirschfeld Press, Denver, 1973: *"Don's forte was working with people of divergent and often contradictory opinions. His mature and calming influence drew people together. He had the stature of a war hero, lawyer, civic leader, and statesman along with the common sense of one who had worked patiently with the soil as a farmer."*

Donald V. Hunter, Jr. died on June 14, 2002. Upon his passing, his son, Mike, expressed it well when he said, "He taught us how to live, and he taught us how to die."

His son, Van, closed the eulogy with the proverb, "Mourn not too long that he is gone, but rejoice forever that he was."

Conclusion

A personal note: I do not consider myself to be an overly emotional person, but I must admit that I shed a few tears as I typed this article and thought about this wonderful gentleman who got us through some really tight spots. I will never forget him. He was a true war hero who served our country with honor and valor.

I am indebted to Mr. David Engelking of New Haven, MI for information about my crew members. That is helping to bring closure to my World War II experience.

My World War II Army Dog Tags

By James Q. Salter

It is a rare event when one can get something that was lost seventy years ago. On Saturday, November 21, 2015, I received in the mail one of my two U.S. Army dog tags which I lost in 1945 right after World War II. When the war was over in August of 1945 I returned immediately from overseas and was granted a forty-five day leave before reporting for my discharge. During those forty-five days I enjoyed my favorite sport of quail hunting. On one of those trips I lost one of my dog tags in a rural area about twenty-five miles from home. The gentleman who lived down there found the tag. By coincidence, he was a distant cousin with the same last name as mine. When he died years ago my tag was found in his personal effects.

Many years later a gentleman who knows me got the tag. He put the tag in his billfold and kept it there for some time. He was attending a funeral service last November 9 and told a mutual friend that he would like to return the tag to me, but did not know how. That friend said, "I know how to get it to him."

Another friend (and relative) was attending the funeral and was told that a particular individual wanted to talk to her. She got the tag and mailed it to me.

In addition to the usual information on a dog tag, someone had stamped the name of my home town (Zwolle) on it. My other dog tag is in a shadow box on the wall of our apartment. The shadow box prepared by my wife and daughter contains my mementos of World War II such as insignias, pictures, and awards. I can place the newly found dog tag in a small, separate frame with a brief story about it beside the other one.

If the dog tags could talk, what stories they could tell!

Open My Eyes Lord

Start the New Year with Bible Study every Tuesday at 10:00 a.m. in the chapel.

Many of us are new to Bible Study: others are experienced. We learn from each other.

There are four leaders rotating each week. The group participates in discussion, questions, Scriptures and prayer.

It's an adventure in God's Living Word as we find it as relevant to today's world as when written.

We would love for you to join us, Tuesday, 10:00 a.m. in the chapel.



“SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus, RLM Athletics

“Winning With Character”

Our final “Sports Chat” meeting of 2015 was held December 10 before a sparse (but eager) audience of 8. Since we began meeting in February, our neophyte season attendance totaled 132 for an average of 12. Our high-water mark came in May with 20 on hand to greet former major league player, Denny Walling.

With the college football season wrapping up via bowl games (40, much too many) and the four-team national championship, there was spirited discussion as to which would emerge as Numero Uno.

The semifinalists for the national crown have been determined. In the Orange Bowl No. 1-ranked Clemson faces No. 4-ranked Oklahoma; in the Cotton Bowl, No. 2-ranked Alabama squares up against No. 3-ranked Michigan State. The winners then play each other for the national championship. Our unofficial “rating panel” was mixed on predicting the eventual winner. Michigan State’s Spartans garnered a bit more support, edging both Clemson and Alabama. Alas, nobody picked Oklahoma (poor ol’ Okies).

On the pro gridiron level, our “chatters” scattered diverse opinions on the state of the NFC’s Eastern Division. At the time of our discussion the Redskins, Eagles, and Giants all shared the top spot with unlikely 5-7 marks. And as poor as the Cowboys have played this year,

at 4-8 they were only a game out of the top spot. But our group was nearly unanimous in decrying the possibility of some team winning that division with a less than .500 mark. That’d be a prominent black eye for the NFL. Maybe it’s as Dub ‘Bomber’ Beynon suggested in lamenting the ‘Skins’ fortunes: “The players don’t get paid enough!”

In the NHL, the Washington Capitals have vaulted atop the Metropolitan Division and were very close to being)the top overall squad in the NHL. The Capitals are led by scoring ace Alex Ovechkin, whom Clair ‘Super Skate’ Hershey rated as being among the players of all time, comparing him favorably with the great Gordie Howe of Detroit Red Wings fame. The 30-year-old Russian is a 3-time winner of the Hart Trophy (MVP) and is one of 6 players with 50-goal seasons.

In local college hoops action, The Virginia Cavaliers were off to a quick 7-1 start, bowing only to George Washington and were rated 10th in the national polls. After destroying West Virginia (70-54) with an impressive second half surge in a December game at New York’s Madison Square Garden, Coach Tony Bennett’s forces seem (at this point) to once again be legitimate contenders for both the ACC and NCAA championship crowns.

For our 2016 inaugural session, **Chris Graham of the Augusta Free Press** will be our special guest. Chris covers Cavaliers’ sports and will give us his scoop on the team’s hoop potential as the season progresses.

C’mon out and join us for our next “Sports Chat” confab — **Thursday, January 14** — as we assemble in the SDRC Friendship Room from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. Be a part of the “Biggest Hit in Augusta County.”



Another Veteran Moves into SDRC

E/6
Mel Redmond

After four years active service and sixteen years in the U.S. Naval Reserve, E/6 Mel Redmond retired from the U.S. Navy. Mel’s work in the Navy was always that of a radio man.

Mel and his wife, Marilou, moved from Waynesboro into the Shenandoah Terrace on December 15.

FAUX STAINED GLASS

*“Join us, it’s fun
and easy.”*

*A new instruction class
will be held each
Thursday, January 7th
through the 21st
from 3:00 to 4:30 p.m.,
in the activities room.*

*Only 8 to a class,
so please call before
January 7th to
register your name.*

Nominal fee for supplies.

Call Bunny at 953-7203

And remember: Don’t BE a character — SHOW some!!!



By Marge Piatt

More than 30 years ago, while attending a Mary Kay Cosmetic party, I was served these delicious raisin bran muffins at the home of Judy Craycraft. She was kind enough to share the recipe with me. I haven't been in touch with Judy all these years, but her name has become a household name in the homes of my daughters and granddaughters. We all bake these muffins regularly, especially when we have company. Hope you enjoy!!!!

Judy Craycraft's Raisin Bran Muffins

- 1 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
(may use butter if you like)
- 2 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 1 cup "General Mills"
Fiber One cereal
- 2 cups "Kellogg's" All Bran
ready to eat cereal



1. Thoroughly cream together sugar and shortening.
2. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition.
3. Add flour, baking soda, salt and buttermilk. Mix until smooth.
4. Meanwhile, pour boiling water over "Fiber One" cereal; let stand until cereal has absorbed the water and has slightly cooled. Add to mixture.
5. Add raisins and "All-Bran" cereal; mix thoroughly.
6. May refrigerate batter, covered, up to 5 weeks. When ready to use, dip batter from container, without stirring, into greased muffin tins or paper baking cups.
7. Bake in preheated oven at 400 degrees for 15 to 17 minutes or until done.
8. Recipe may be doubled.

In Memory

The Promise of Eternity

***Cherished members
of our community have passed
on to their heavenly home:***

Larry Ayres

Elizabeth Crickenberger
passed away December 3rd, 2015.

Betty Layne

Ed Vana

*We will always treasure
their friendship and memory.*

The Weather Report A Look Back at November

By Bill Phillips

Last month I mentioned my unproven theory that it often rained at the end and/or beginning of a month. When Bunny Stain delivered my Village News on November 30, it had been raining for two days and has continued into December. My theory is looking stronger.

November was generally mild, but the wind returned in mid-month with readings on November 13-14 of 35 mph and 37 mph. Most days had winds over 15 mph.

My oldest rain gauge stopped working but the other gauge recorded 2.02 inches. As usual, we could use more rain but may have the white stuff instead. For the record, a year ago, on November 28, 2014, we had 7 inches of snow!

Reminders

Please check the bulletin board at Skyline for details about any changes in these announcements.

WORSHIP SERVICES

Sunday Morning Services:

Meadows (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th & 5th) 9:30 a.m.
The Cottage 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services:

The Cottage 6:30 p.m.
The Meadows 7:00 p.m.
Shenandoah Terrace 7:00 p.m.

Holy Communion:

Shenandoah Terrace 3rd Sunday
The Meadows 4th Sunday

Sunday Services Speakers: 1st Sunday - Karen Moore, 2nd Sunday - Carol Byrd, 3rd Sunday - Rev. Don LaRue, 4th Sunday - Pastor Howard Miller, 5th Sunday - Rev. Kim Webster
Our ministers come from Mennonite, Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Brethren, Methodist and non denominational traditions. Come share with us.

CHAPLAIN'S SERVICES

Our chaplain, Mrs. Karen Moore, is available at 540-490-2492.

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE JANUARY SCHEDULE

January 1 **Natasha and Friends**
January 9 **Audrey Jenkins and Friends**
January 23 **Jay Daniels**

BIBLE STUDY

... Bible Study will be held every **Tuesday** morning at **10:00 a.m.** in the Chapel.

HYMN SING

... Hymn Sing follows **Bible Study** Tuesdays at 11:30 a.m. at The Meadows. Ruth Martin, Pianist.

CROQUET

Croquet will be discontinued until spring.

SDRC COMMUNITY COFFEE HOUR

will take place the **first Monday** of each month at **9:30 a.m., Skyline Terrace, second floor.** Bring your favorite breakfast snack, join your neighbors in fellowship and hear all the latest Village news.

ROMEO CLUB (For the guys)

Breakfast out every **third Friday** of each month. The van will pick you up at **8:00 a.m.** to go to a restaurant of choice.

AEROBICS CLASS

The **first Monday** of the month only, there will be **no exercise class.** Every other **Monday, Wednesday and Friday** there will be exercise class at **9:45 a.m., third floor, Skyline Terrace.**

RECYCLING PROGRAM

Newspapers, junk mail and magazines may be placed in the usual containers in the storage area, first floor Skyline Terrace, and also in covered containers at the maintenance garage on Mountain Vista Drive. Look for them outside at the left corner of the entry side of the building.

T.W.I.G.S.

The **Writers Interest Group for Seniors** will meet the **first Wednesday of each month** in the **Chapel at 1:00 p.m., first floor.** T.W.I.G.S. is for everyone who likes to write poetry, memoirs, short stories, fiction, reminiscences. Or, come if you simply want to listen to interesting work created by T.W.I.G.S. members.

PRAYER TIME

Our **Prayer Group** meets **Wednesday evenings** from **7:00 to 8:00 p.m.** in the **Chapel.**

2016
A Happy New Year For All

www.stuartsdraftretirement.com

Please Send Articles or Inquiries to Editor:

James Q. Salter — 540-946-8066
Marjorie Piatt, Co-Editor — ampiatt53@gmail.com
571-296-5996 or contact one of the regular feature writers:
Clair Hershey, Bunny Stein, and Nancy Phillips.

All material must be turned into Kathy Marshall's office by the 12th of each month for publication. If material is turned in after the 12th, it will be included in the next month's issue. Use and editing of all submissions are the prerogative of the editorial staff.