



# 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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### *Who's My Neighbor?*

By Anna Brenneman



The question was asked by a seeker, who is my neighbor, or what is a neighbor?

It is helping someone in need and loving your neighbor as yourself.

One incident that often comes to mind was the year my mother passed away on Mother's Day in May, my mother-in-law in June and my father in July. They all lived in Iowa. We made each trip to Iowa, driving. Our daughter left her job in Washington D.C. to help with the driving. On one of those trips, a friend from church brought cassette tapes over for us to listen to while we drove the 900-1000 miles to Iowa. Noticing our rushing around, she asked us if there was something she could help us with. I said, "Oh no, we'll make it." She stood at the doorway a moment and then walked over to the sink and washed up my sink full of dirty dishes. Bless her, she saw what she could do and then did it. That was being a neighbor.

### **WORDS OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE**

For a special friend: *"I am thankful that in God's design,  
He planned it so your path crossed mine."*

Anonymous

## HOTELS Traveling in Africa

By Ruth Martin

“This room hasn’t been cleaned,” were the first words out of my mouth as we walked into the room at the Executive Hotel in Nazareth. After a busy day, we always looked forward to our stops in the evening. As we walked further into the room, I noticed the beds weren’t made and there were towels on the settee across the room. Moving further, I saw luggage and clothing in the cupboard.

“Lydia, someone already has this room!” and we stepped back out of the room with our luggage. There were still personnel in the hall outside the room. “Is there a problem with the room?” they asked.

Well, yes, there was. Our room was already taken. The staff members were very apologetic and were off to the office for keys for another room. The new room opened out onto the patio and the nearby pool. Nice, we thought and moved our luggage in. While Lydia used the bathroom, I looked around. There were no lamps at the bed. Lydia and I liked to read/work on our journals in bed at night. We needed some kind of lamp. There was a floor lamp in a corner at the table, but it had the wrong type of plug for their outlets. And there were no outlets to be seen. The only lighting for the room was a bare light bulb in the center of the ceiling, a very dim light

bulb when I flicked on the switch.

Lydia came from the bathroom, and I pointed out the lack of lamps. We tried to look for outlets behind the beds. If there were, we would ask for lamps. The headboard proved to be a bit unsteady. We let that alone. We would make a trip back to the office. As so often happened on this trip, there was only one bath towel in the bathroom. Back to the office to ask for lamps and a second towel.

The office was in another building back across the patio and the parking lot; back we trotted to the office. Lydia explained our desires, our lacks. The two at the desk, listened, thought a bit, then “We will just give you another room in this building.” So back across the parking lot, the patio area, to our second room to get our luggage. Seems like a staff person went along.

Coming into the hall of the second building, he punched for the elevator. When the doors opened it was occupied by another person, but our helper got on with our luggage. Unfortunately, the small elevator was full by that time and the door closed without Lydia and myself. We were left standing in the hall. By that time, we were hilarious with laughter with our adventure. Gishu, a representative from a college we visited and who was traveling with us, came by and wondered what was going on. We just laughed more. (Now I am not so sure what was so funny.)

The elevator returned with our luggage and the young man, and we all went up to the third room of the day. It was a very nice room. There was a lamp above each bed with a row of switches on the night stand. There was also a floor lamp at a table across the room. The young man showed us how to use the switches. One lamp came on, the other one needed a light bulb. The floor lamp also needed a bulb. Away the young man went for light bulbs and a second bath towel! He was soon back, and we had lights. He also wanted to be sure we could use the TV. We weren’t interested. He was. The floor lamp needed to be plugged in and each time, it gave out sparks that made us a bit leery. But we had lamps and two bath towels.

What was interesting was that the second evening we were there, using the switches at the bed stand did not produce the same results as the first night. We had one lamp; we made do.

Light switches were a bit of a mystery at various hotels. They did not always produce the same results. Bathrooms could be a novelty, too. Showers often consisted of a drain in a corner with a shower curtain around and our ending up with a wet floor and no floor mat. Since the floors were tile, we were very cautious. Neither one of us wanted to slip and fall. At times I just put a hand towel on the floor, if one was available.

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### VILLAGE NEWS

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## HOTELS Traveling in Africa

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The hotel in Addis where we stayed four nights was one of the few hotels with tubs. However, the tub was installed backwards. The drain was not at the shower but at the foot end. No big deal. It was nice having a tub. An interesting side note about that hotel was that we went through security every time we came in.

The nicest hotel was in the game preserve in Kenya. The hotel there and bathroom would have met building codes here. The bathroom looked very posh and we did not need to ask for a second bath towel. As one of our tour members said, it was the first time on the tour that he could see to shave. Usually when there was a light above the sink, it was not in working order.

There was mosquito netting in that room. Each evening the netting would be put down for us. Staying there was a bit like the Arabian Nights. Since the generator producing electricity was shut down from 12 to 4, we used our flashlights for trips to the bathroom. Netting around the beds and flashlights created an aura of mystery.

It was there, too, after being shown the great view from our balcony, that we were told to be sure and lock the doors to the balcony because of the baboons. Baboons could create havoc in a room. We kept the doors locked when away.

The important thing was that each night it was just great to get into bed. There was no complaint about the beds. We had a marvelous tour traveling in Ethiopia



By Karen Moore

Scratch, Scratch, Scratch. . . This was the only sound in the room. John looked up at the dimly lit room and was thankful for even the sound of his pen upon the paper. It's better than nothing he thought. This room had always been filled, like every other room in the house, with the essence of her, Julia. . .He leaned his head back upon the worn leather recliner and inhaled the familiar scent. This had been his favorite place to find solace for as long as he could remember. It held many memories, some wonderful, some painful, all a part of who they were.

He remembered the day that his wife, Julia, had surprised him with the chair. The look of anticipation on her face as she watched him walk into the den and set eyes on it for the first time. He would never be able to figure out just how she had squirreled away enough money to buy it. Times were so hard back then during the depression, but somehow she had found a way to do it. That was Julia for you he thought, always finding a way to make life surprising and wonderful for him.

He looked down at the stationery on his desk. It was pale blue, the same stationery he had used for personal correspondence most of his life. It was the beginning of a letter. One that some would think came from the mind of a man who was perhaps approaching senility. Who writes letters to a person who has passed away? Well, John thought, I don't care what anyone thinks. I just cannot let her go. I need her. I need to tell her how I feel. I

need to finish all the unfinished words I didn't have time to speak. I just need her. . .

Julia. . .He looked down at the paper in front of him. Beautiful vellum paper, slightly yellowed with age, and the memories. . .Oh the memories that flooded his soul as he reread the words written so long ago.

*John,*

*I miss you. No that is not enough; it cannot describe the longing I feel deep within. I ache for the scent of you. When I walk into our room I think you will be there. I cannot bear the thought that you are so far away. Why, oh why did this awful war have to erupt when our lives together were just beginning? When I wake and when I sleep I reach for you. I hold your pillow close and I can still catch the scent of you. Do you feel the same? Of course you do, we have always felt things deeply.*

*I never knew that love could inspire such pain. At times I feel my heart will break. Am I making things harder for you by telling you this? If I am, I am sorry, but my dearest John, because our souls are so knit together I know that you must be feeling this, too. We are one even when we are apart. I know you are hurting as deeply as I am by this awful separation.*

*When this war is over my dearest love, we will never be apart again. Promise me that.*

*Forever yours,  
Julia*

He folded the letter carefully. It still carried the faint scent of her perfume, even after all these years. He held it to his heart. Julia, he sobbed, my dear Julia, you have left me. You broke the promise. After sixty-five years together, you are

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## Letters to Julia

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gone from me. Now it is my heart that is breaking, aching for you. What am I going to do?

He took up the pen and began to write.

Julia,

*I need you. I cannot find the words to express it the way I want to. You were always the one who knew just what to say, how to write your feelings in a way that would speak what I felt but could not. No one understood our connection. I remember how they said we were too young to know what true love was. How if we married it would never last. But we knew, didn't we, my darling. We knew that what we had was real love. We knew that from the first moment we looked into each other's eyes it was forever.*

*Now you are not here with me. I take that back, your body is no longer with me, but you are all around me. Everywhere I look, everywhere, you are there. You were the best part of me, really we, as the Lord said "the two who became one flesh, one soul". Now I feel broken. I will never be complete again.*

*Today I thought of a way to keep you close, Julia. I am going to write you a letter every day, just as you wrote to me when I was away in the war. Then, until we meet again I can bear the separation. In my heart you will be just out of sight, waiting for me by the gate the same way you were the day I came home.*

*So, my darling, until tomorrow. I'll be loving you always,*  
John

He carefully folded the letter and placed it in the envelope and held it to his heart for a moment. Then he opened the wooden box on his desk and placed it inside.

## Reminiscing Hurricane Hazel

By Bunny Stein

The year was 1954; Buddy, my young son and I were crouched in the upstairs bedroom looking out the window from our farm home in Winterpock, Virginia. Raindrops started hitting the windows. The storm was coming.

It was late afternoon and I noticed the sky was dark and ominous looking. The morning news warned of a possible hurricane hitting our area. Because I had never experienced a hurricane before, I wasn't overly concerned. . .until it happened!

The rain intensified, coming down in torrents and the wind was blowing harder with each moment. The rain now hitting the windows, sounded like balls of hail. With horror, I saw the roof of our barn peel off like a banana from its rafters, and flap its way down the north field. I saw buckets flying by our window, barn doors flapping open with hay rolling out and flying up in the air like so much chaff. Feathers were flying everywhere. I wondered if the chicken house had blown away. Feed bags, milk pails, and all kinds of debris began to fly through the air past our window. I was terrified. Buddy, sensing my fear, began to cry. I closed the curtains on the window and went downstairs to phone my husband, Sonny, but the current was off and the phone was dead. I thought of Sonny and his dad working in Richmond. I prayed silently that they would make it home safely. . .very soon.

I was getting a taste of God's awesome power through this storm. My prayers became more intense as I listened to the wind howling through the crevices of the house.

My fear grew as the wind continued to moan and blow, creating flying objects that crashed against the house and through the air. I felt so alone and longed for Sonny to come home and to feel his comforting arms around me. I entertained Buddy by showing him how to play pick up sticks on the floor. This seemed to calm his fears. My mind was still on Sonny and Poppa Stein driving home in torrential rain, in 50 MPH winds. My silent prayers became more vocal with each moment.

I worried about the safety of our farm animals, like the Black Angus in the fields, our horses, Daisy, our milk cow, and her calf, Domino, in a roofless barn, and the piglets. I worried especially about the ducks that roamed freely around the house and the guineas that always announced arriving visitors. I wondered again about the chickens. I heard nothing from them and surmised they knew enough to find shelter. Animals seem to know instinctively how to survive inclement weather.

Hours of intense wind howled as Buddy and I continued playing games. Talking with God seemed to calm my nerves.

Finally, I heard a car coming up the lane and made haste to see if it was my men coming home. It was, and a great weight was lifted from my shoulders. I thanked God immediately for their protection.

This storm did a lot of damage to some areas of our community, but except for our barn roof and one small shed roof that had flown to parts unknown, our property was spared.

We had many misfortunes on that farm the years we lived there, but none as frightening as the time we stood looking out the window on that dark, dreary day watching Hurricane Hazel claim a portion of our farm.

I learned a good many lessons that day, especially. . .and most importantly, learning to trust God for safety.

## Trust

By Betty Luzadder

Trust; such a little word;  
yet so difficult to put into action.

A situation arose to stand firm  
with a son rebelling as

I refused to continue to finance  
his journey into the way of the world.

A verse from the Bible explained my thoughts:

“Father, why hast thou forsaken me?”

Calls ceased and all connections severed.

An occasional call to his sisters  
kept me informed.

Time passed with progress.

I had to stand firm, wait,  
never doubting and trust,  
placing my son in God’s care.

Finally a breakthrough.

A place to stay; chance of a job.

He wanted to see us.

A reunion; God’s plan unfolding.

“Not my will, but thine be done.”

Matthew 27:46  
Luke 22:42

## Fun at the Lake

By Anna Bibens



The summer cottage is now a winter home. My Dad worked so hard to make it a year-round home. The house was in front of the lake and we had the most beautiful sunsets. Summer was the best time for all of us.

There were several areas for swimming close to home, but the best area was called “Crazy Rocks”. The rocks must have been part of the Ice Age. It was a very large group of smooth rocks. Parts were in the water and the rest were on shore. They were all connected in this one area on the lake. There was one rock that was in the water. We used it as our diving platform. We had so much fun. All the kids in the area spent the time at the lake. This was our special place in the summer.

In the fall the weather started to get very cold. We waited for the lake to freeze. By winter the ice was thick enough for us to go skating over the lake. My dad made the best ice boat. It was shaped like a letter “T”. He used 2 - 2X4 planks to form the “T”. There were 4 steel blades on the end of the planks and a sail that would let us go all over the lake.

We had the best of both worlds in the summer and the winter. I don’t remember when I learned to swim or skate. My dad and sisters made sure that I knew how to do both.

Thinking back to those times, I see how lucky we were. Our parents never had to worry about us or where we were. We were all safe and were watching out for each other. These were happy times in our life with wonderful memories.

## From The Editors

We have recently had several articles submitted to us that were taken from the internet. Many folks do not realize that much of that material is protected by the copyright laws. Following are several applicable statements pertaining to that situation. These sentences are copied verbatim from a brochure entitled “A Quick Summary of Copyright Issues” received from the U.S. Copyright Office, Library of Congress:

“Copyright protects any original work of authorship that is in tangible form, regardless of whether or not a notice of copyright exists on the work.

The original expression be-

comes protected by copyright as soon as it is in tangible form. So, once an original expression exists in a tangible form, that expression is protected by copyright.

Tangible form may include anything written on paper, saved to disk (web pages, graphics on web, electronic mail messages or computer programs), or saved on any audio/video device.

To obtain permission to copy from a copyrighted work, simply contact the owner of the copyright and obtain written permission.”

The U.S. Copyright Act #107 specifies conditions in which it is OK to infringe on copyright protection. The discussion is rather lengthy, but they generally refer to the purpose and character of the use, the nature of the copyrighted work, the

amount and substantiality of the portion used in relation to the copyrighted work as a whole, and the effect of the use upon the potential market for or value of the copyrighted work. If anyone would like to read the full text, let us know.

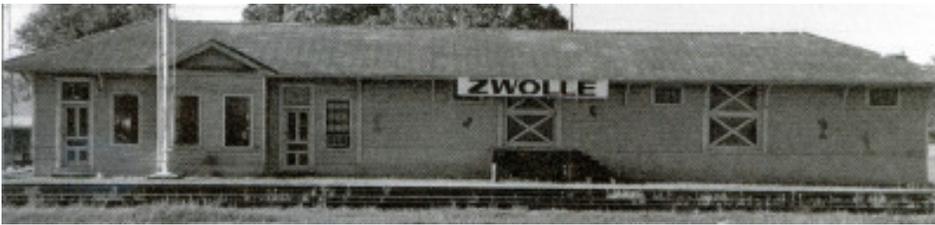
In summary, it is permissible to write a review of an internet article and quote brief passages from it if credit is given to the original author. This is protected by the Fair Use Act of the Copyright laws. However, it is not permissible to copy an entire article and simply state: “Taken from the Internet.”

**Under no circumstance do any of us want to jeopardize The Stuarts Draft Retirement Community in any copyright squabble. In general, we are better off to stick with original text.**

# My Louisiana Home Town

By James Q. Salter

## Part Two: The History of the Kansas City Southern Railroad and How We Got Our Name



**Kansas City Southern Railroad Depot — Zwolle, Louisiana**

One thing about Zwolle's colorful heritage is its unusual name. With such a heavy early Native-American and Spanish-American influence, many would think that the name "Zwolle" fits one of those categories. Not so; the name "Zwolle" is Dutch. There are two municipalities in the world by that name: a seaport city of about 40,000 inhabitants in Holland and the small town of about 1,800 — according to the U.S. Census — in Northwest Louisiana. The town in Louisiana is named after the city in Holland. Following is the story of how that came about.

The history of Zwolle, Louisiana, as well as about forty other municipalities in Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana, is closely intertwined with the history of the Kansas City Southern Railroad constructed by Arthur Edward Stilwell, financier, philanthropist, author.

Stilwell was born in Rochester, New York in 1859. He left home at the age of fourteen to seek his fortune. As a young man he joined the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut. He was extremely successful while there and

developed a coupon annuity system which has been used by every life insurance company in the United States (according to information on the internet). After an extremely successful career in insurance, Stilwell suddenly resigned from the business. When he was asked what he intended to do, he said, "I am going west to build a railroad."

Stilwell first went to St. Louis where he founded the million dollar Guardian Trust Company. He then went to Kansas City, Missouri where he founded a trust company which prospered because of an ingenious plan to build low cost homes on the installment plan, with the provision that the entire debt should be cancelled upon the death of the buyer. The first Kansas Citian to subscribe for stock in the company was Edward L. Martin, a former mayor of Kansas City, Missouri. One day late in 1880 he informed Stilwell of an option he held for the construction of a belt line railroad in Kansas City. Stilwell subscribed the necessary money to start construction. This was actually the birth of the Kansas City Southern Railroad.

Stilwell recounted that while he was in the insurance business in Hartford, Connecticut he saw from a map that it was 1,400 miles from Kansas City to the Atlantic Coast, but that a railroad running directly southward from Kansas City to the Gulf of Mexico on the coast of Texas would be only 800 miles long. He thought about what great savings in shipping costs this would be for

the grain and other products of the Midwest. That is when he handed in his resignation to the insurance company. Stilwell kept to himself for a long time his intentions of reaching the Gulf with a railroad.

After the success of the belt line railroad, Stilwell proceeded southward. Through the acquisition of existing railroads and the laying of new track, Stilwell reached Sulphur Springs, Arkansas in 1893. At this point Stilwell reached a crisis. He simply ran out of funds. This was during the time economists referred to as the Panic of 1893. Funds for capital investment were just not available. On a hunch he went to Europe and visited an old friend named Jan De Goeijen (pronounced John De Queen) in Zwolle, Holland. De Queen, a wealthy coffee merchant, promptly became an agent for Stilwell's railroad. De Queen visited his wealthy friends and sold the entire stock issue in short order. This foreign capital enabled Stilwell to build one-third of the total new railroad mileage in the United States in 1893.

As a token of his appreciation for his Dutch friends Stilwell named certain of these towns after them. De Goeijen became De Queen, Arkansas. Mena, Arkansas was named after De Queen's wife, Mena. Other towns named after prominent Dutch investors include De Quincy, De Ridder, and Hornbeck, Louisiana, and Vandervoort, Arkansas. Dutch named municipalities also include Bloomburg and Nederland, Texas, and Arthur Stilwell's namesake, Port Arthur, Texas.

The Dutch investors would board a stainless steel coach built especially for them and ride the rails southward to check on their investment. Jan De Queen and his wife got off the car and visited St.

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## *My Louisiana Home Town*

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Joseph's Catholic Church in a settlement in Northwest Louisiana. The couple fell in love with what they called the "little church set on a hill among the pines." Stilwell permitted Jan De Goeijen to name the settlement after his birthplace — Zwolle, Holland. This is how my hometown, Zwolle, Louisiana, got its name.

When Stilwell's railroad reached Shreveport, Louisiana, Stilwell made a momentous decision. His board of directors made the decision to buy the Shreveport, Houston, Galveston Railroad. Stilwell, overruled his board, however, and based on what he called his "weirdest decision of all," decided to go straight down through Louisiana to the Gulf. On the basis of a vision, dream, hunch, or as Stilwell said a "visit from the spirit world", Stilwell said that Galveston was destined to be destroyed by a tidal wave. Four years later Galveston was destroyed in one of the worst hurricanes in American history.

Stilwell constructed the Port Arthur Ship Canal and his name-sake — the City of Port Arthur. The last spike in the Kansas City Southern Railroad was driven on September 11, 1897.

In the final segment of this series next month I shall tell about my home town as it is today and the town's contribution to our nation's defense.



## Getting to Know Us Better . . . .

By Nancy Phillips

You've seen this month's featured resident walking past your window on many days. Ruth Martin walks two miles at least four times a week. Her path takes her down Patton Farm Road, past Little Debbie's, where she turns right on Wayne Avenue and walks over to Mount Vernon, and turns right in order to walk past her former home (brick house) there near the intersection of Mount Vernon and Hall School Road. She takes a right there and then is back at Patton Farm Road and will do a circuit of SDRC. Ruth moved here in 2011 but she is very near to the home where she and her husband, Roy Martin, raised their family.



**Ruth Martin**

Ruth was born Ruth Yoder in Wayne Co., Ohio. At 14 she arrived in Virginia to attend Eastern Mennonite High School. Her family moved to Virginia when she was 16. Ruth left high school to marry Roy when she was 17. Roy was both a minister and a farmer and he pastored at Greenmont Mennonite Church where Ruth still attends. They had three children: Kirk who is currently living in Singapore, Eric who is in Oregon and a chaplain at a retirement community, and Marcia who lives in Stuarts Draft and works at Hollister. Her seven grandchildren are scattered all over the country. Two live in San Francisco, two in Harrisonburg, one in New York City, one in Washington, D.C. and one in Stuarts Draft. The first great grandson, a boy, is expected this coming June.

At age 36 Ruth resumed her education and graduated with teaching credentials and taught first and second graders for the next 18 years at Wenona Elementary School in Waynesboro. She was very involved in supporting her husband's ministry. Roy died in 2011 and soon afterwards she moved to SDRC. Roy and Ruth loved to travel and made many trips abroad. She recently returned from a major jaunt across the ocean continuing that interest in traveling.

Ruth is very active in our community. She plays the piano for the Tuesday morning hymn sing at the Meadows and is a member of the TWIGS group contributing articles to the newsletter. If you like fast paced hymn singing please join us at 11:30 a.m. at the Meadows where Ruth's tempo on the piano keeps the joint a'jumping!



## *A Hidden Gem*

By Nancy Phillips

Many of you may not be familiar with one of the real hidden gems in the Shenandoah Valley. The Waynesboro Symphony Orchestra has just been recognized as the third best nonprofit community orchestra in the nation by The American Prize. The American Prize is a series of nonprofit, national competitions designed to recognize and reward the very best in the performing arts in the United States. This is judged by recorded performance. Competitors complete the application and submit CD, DVD or VHS video of performances by a deadline date. Waynesboro Symphony's entry was their performance last year of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5.



This organization will celebrate its twentieth year at its next concert on April 23-24 with a program featuring Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 with Schola Cantorum and soloists Penelope Shumate, Sonya Gabrielle Baker and Brian Nedvin. This is sure to be one of its best attended performances since this is a very familiar and popular program.

The orchestra is directed by Peter Wilson who commands the string section for "The President's Own" United States Marine Band. He has performed at the White House for over a quarter century. He has guest conducted the National Symphony, and is also Director of the Richmond Philharmonic Orchestra. He is an adjunct professor of the violin at James Madison University and George Mason University. He holds a music degree from Northwestern University and a Doctorate in Musical Arts from Catholic University. His personality beams when he is conducting adding to the audience's enjoyment.

The performance on the 23rd will be at First Presbyterian Church in Staunton at 7:30 p.m. and on the 24th there will be a 3:00 p.m. matinee performance at the First Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro. There is no admission charge but donations are accepted.

If you have interest in attending mention it to the staff and if enough people show interest we can get the bus to transport us all to one of these concerts.



By Marge Piatt

*I don't remember where I got this recipe but I know I have made it dozens of times. You may have tasted one of these cinnamon rolls at the Community Breakfast since I brought them more than once. They are great because you can prepare them the night before and pop them in the oven in the morning. So easy! Enjoy!*

### ***Cinnamon Pecan Rolls***

- 1 pkg. (6 oz.) pecan halves
- 1 pkg. bread dough rolls (frozen)  
(I use 18 in a 9 x 13 inch pan)
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 pkg. (3 oz.) butterscotch pudding mix, (cook and serve, not instant)
- 1 stick butter



Spread  
pecan halves in a 9 x 13 inch pan.

Place frozen rolls on top.

Combine cinnamon, brown sugar, and pudding mix. Sprinkle over top.

Melt butter and pour over top.

Cover with towel or saran wrap and let set at room temperature overnight.

Bake at 350 degrees for about 20-25 minutes.

Invert pan onto aluminum foil and let stand for 5 minutes before removing pan.

## Update on Zambia

By Marjorie Piatt

On Tuesday, February 23, 2016, our weekly Bible study in the Chapel was honored by a special guest from Zambia, Africa. He is an attractive black man with an English-African accent by the name of Cosmos Zimba. He has a beautiful wife and two daughters, ages six and four, who were unable to be with us that day. His work in the village of Zambia is overseeing the mission projects that we and many others are supporting with our monetary contributions. The size of the village is about the size of a small town with approximately 1500 people. Their lives are being changed.

One of the mission projects is the Mango Grove Community School where over 400 children attend. The children, ages 6 to 17, (grades 1 to 7) attend classes from 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., Monday through Friday. The children are desperate for school. Last year the second school was built. In 2011, a feeding program started with 380 lunches provided daily. They love corn. They will eat it three times a day. They also love greens.

The teachers get paid about 250 dollars per month. Right now they have 8 teachers. Many other jobs available pay only two dollars per day.

Children may attend five years of high school but it is not free. They have to pay. Scholarships are offered after grade 7; they must pass an exam. Last year 120 scholarships were awarded from donations given by churches, friends and groups like ours.

Youth groups meet every Sunday, as it helps to keep them out of trouble. They talk about God and share life experiences. They perform voluntary labor and service projects to give back and help others.

Another program is a sewing project. Sewing machines may be bought with the money donated. They learn to sew in school and then are able to make a living, sewing in their homes. They also have the opportunity to learn to make furniture.

Health programs are available. Local clinics from another town visit once a month to conduct weighing, oversee and provide medications and immunizations. A pediatrician, with a mobile clinic, will come once a year, subsidized by a small amount of money for the cost of transportation.

Tanya and Leland Brenneman got involved with this mission in 2007. Tanya visited a "squatter's village" with friends. She saw malnourished, poorly dressed people living in mud huts. Their drinking water came from "mud-holes" in the streets. There was no education. Her heart was touched deeply. Their home church got involved and a water well was dug. Backpacks, filled with supplies, were provided. Local charities provided food. The first school began under a mango tree, hence the name "Mango Grove Community School."

## The Weather Report A Look Back at February

By Bill Phillips

I was away for most of the month but do have a wind and moisture report. My instruments recorded a wind of 42 mph and moisture (rain and melted snow) of 3.55 inches. The snow at the end of January was reported in the paper as 22 inches but I only measured 15-16. Accurate measurements are difficult with our ace snow removal crew blowing snow off the road and me being unwilling to wade toward Little Debbie in knee deep snow for a measurement.

March came in like a lion with a wind of 41 mph during the night and 40 mph on the 2nd. Let's hope March goes out like a lamb! Get your kites out in the meantime. The groundhog said spring would come early. When you read this, you may know who was right.

## The "Dead" Deer that Ran Off A True Hunting Story

By James Q. Salter

Folks who spend a great deal of time in the outdoors hunting and fishing understand that once in a while something very unusual happens. Such an event happened a few years ago near my home in northwest Louisiana.

My hunting partner and I were hunting in his deer stand when a nice size legal doe walked out into the opening near the feeder. My partner prefers to video the deer rather than to shoot them, so he got the whole episode on camera. One shot with my 30-06 and the deer dropped to the ground. I could see that the deer was not dead, so I fired a short at her head and missed.

With my deer lying on the ground, I walked out of the woods and got my truck. I backed the truck right up to the deer for loading. As I got out of the truck, the deer stood up, shook a few times, and staggered off into the woods. My partner was standing there holding both of our guns. I yelled, "Shoot the deer, Don!" By the time that he could put one gun down, the deer was gone.

We walked out into the woods and looked for some time, but never found my "dead" deer. One thing is for certain: my partner has the event on video and I'll probably never hear the last of it.



## “SPORTS CHAT”

*Ron Mentus, RLM Athletics*

### “Winning With Character”

A spirited group of eleven joined our “March Madness” session of Sports Chat and provided lively discussion on the ultimate 2016 NCAA basketball championship.

Naturally, the UVA Cavaliers were accorded much attention — and support — as the conference playoffs got underway before the selection committee met to set the field for the tournament. Coach Tony Bennett’s squad began the ACC tourney ranked No. 4 nationally, and as runner-up to North Carolina in the regular season’s standings.

A solid core of our attendees felt that the Cavaliers are every bit the equal of last year’s team and have a legitimate shot at the Final Four and perhaps the national crown as well. The Cavs were led by Malcolm Brogdon, who was named the ACC’s top overall player as well as the best defensive player. Brogdon was recently selected to the Sporting News All-American team, the first Cavalier to gain such honors since Ralph Sampson in the 1980s.

In our Final Four contest, three attendees favored Michigan State to win the championship, while two votes each were cast for North Carolina and Virginia. The other lone ballot favored Kansas, which

finished the regular season ranked No. 1. The contest winner will be announced at our April meeting, and will receive a 1-year subscription to Baseball The Magazine.

With spring training underway and clamoring for a slice of attention, several felt that now Washington Nationals’ manager Dusty Baker will prove to be a wise upgrade over the former skipper, Matt Williams. Of course, Baker was one nearly indispensable player in his lineup, that being the National League MVP, Bryce Harper. (Even though Baker may not always remember Bryce’s first name at times.)

On the ice the Washington Capitals are romping to the NHL’s Metropolitan Division regular season title, winning nearly 3 of every 4 games, a torrid pace. Coach Barry Trotz has engineered an awesome group of talent, led by league-leading goal scorer, Alex Ovechkin (41), and goalie Brad Holtby, who had the most wins (41) at press time. But, once the playoffs begin — who knows?

Next month’s sports Chat session is slated for **Thursday, April 14, from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m.** in the SDRC Friendship Room. Our returning guest will be **Chris Graham** of the Augusta Free Press. He’ll offer his insights on the recently concluded national hoops scene, plus his take on the early-season baseball exploits of the defending NCAA champion Virginia Cavaliers.

There’s plenty of seating available. Come out and join us and take advantage of our spring double-discount specials. You’ll be glad to have been a part of the **Biggest Hit in Augusta County!**



## More Veteran Move into SDRC

**Lt. Colonel Paul R. Julian, Jr.**

Lt. Col. Paul Julian served in the United States Air Force for thirty-two years. His overseas duty included service as navigator on many different planes and as Director of Operations in the Southwest Pacific immediately after World War II in 1945.

Lt. Col. Julian’s commendations include the Air Force Meritorious Medal and the Air Medal.

He and his wife, Nelma, moved from Tappahannock, Virginia into the Shenandoah Terrace in March, 2016.

## Seaman 1st Class Alfred L. Layne

Seaman 1st Class Alfred L. Layne served for two years in the United States Navy. He states that his main work was with ammunition — particularly with ammunition dumps.

His overseas duty right at the end of World War II was in Samar and Leyte in the Philippine Islands.

Seaman Layne moved into the Shenandoah Terrace from Greenwood, Virginia in December, 2015.

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

## The Insight of a Senior Citizen

By Catherine Roozman  
Weigensberg

*Editor's Note: The following article is reprinted with permission from The Sabine Index, Many, Louisiana. Daniel Jones, Editor — as it appeared in the Wednesday, February 10, 2016 edition.*

Let me talk about the past; I may not always remember what happened yesterday but treasured moments of years gone by bring a smile to my face.

Don't treat me like a baby; the only time I need to feel like a child is when I receive much needed cuddles and hugs.

Please don't laugh at the way I look; one day, if you're lucky, you too will have white hair, many earned wrinkles and a pouch where your toned muscles used to be.

Be proud of me as we walk arm in arm down the street.

I would appreciate it if you wouldn't rush me; I hurried all my life and need to slow down now.

If we're going on an outing, please allow me lots of time to get ready.

Yes, ingestion and elimination are important issues to me at this time in my life; so if you take me somewhere, it would be so nice if you brought along a snack and ensure that a bathroom is nearby.

I enjoy being at the table with you for a meal; if I don't talk much, don't worry about it as I'm benefiting just by not being alone.

Ask me for advice or my opinion once in a while; I still enjoy feeling needed.

I know I am in the twilight of my life; I don't wish to be constantly reminded.

My world, like my height is shrinking, I have lost many of my peers and now need as much human contact as possible.

Laugh with me now and then; humor is a remarkable elixir.

To my children:

I may repeat myself often, but I cherish the times I listened to your stories about school or friends over and over again; please be patient with me.

Take me with you once in a while on an errand; I realize that it is a big effort for you but seeing people is good for me.

Please don't be embarrassed by my appearance; now, more than ever, my clothes need to be functional and comfortable. Be proud of me as we walk down the street.

Try to forgive the mistakes I made as a parent; remember that we are all imperfect and in case I forget to tell you — please know that I will love you forever, my precious child.

My journey has often been marked by sharp, uneven pebbles, other times lined with blooming flowers; the wisdom I have acquired along the way may be useful to some of you.

Our outside covering simply shelters what is within; take a moment to look at me, really look at me and see the beauty inside my soul.

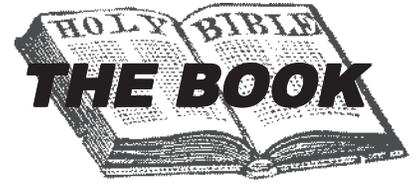
I can still enjoy life.

My heart sings when I am surrounded by friends and loved ones.

And, by the way, dignity is never overrated.



## Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey

### “God is in Control”

While praying and agonizing over which candidate I should vote for on “Super Tuesday”, the Lord brought to my attention a wonderful daily devotion that very morning.

Taken from Psalm 45:6 — The word of God tells us, that no matter what happens, God's throne will stand forever, and justice will reign in His kingdom.

While evidence of chaos and injustice is all around us in this world today, justice reigns in The Kingdom of God.

This means that all the foolishness going on in the world today is only temporary.

In 2 Corinthians 4:18, the Apostle Paul encourages us to “Fix our eyes on the unseen, not on that which is seen.”

In other words, focus on eternal things, not on the things around us that are only temporary.

Isn't it great to be reminded of the things that will last forever?

Our great God and loving Father is on His throne, and what a comfort it is to know that His justice will reign in His kingdom forever.



## 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

#### APRIL SCHEDULE

April 2 ..... High on the Mountain Boys  
April 9 ..... Audrey Jenkins and Friends  
April 16 ..... The Burkholder Family  
April 23 ..... Roger Daggy on the Piano  
April 30 ..... 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**.



[www.stuartsdraftretirement.com](http://www.stuartsdraftretirement.com)

### Please Send Articles or Inquiries to Editor:

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Marjorie Piatt, Co-Editor — [ampiatt53@gmail.com](mailto: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.