



# 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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MAY 2016



### *The Special Box for Mother's Day*

By Anna Bibens

I think that I will always remember the day when my little girl, Bonnie, came home from school and said to me, "Happy Mother's Day." She handed me a special card that she had made for me. It was their school project. She forgot that this was to be held until Sunday. The look on her little face will be something I will always remember.

The card said "I love you" and there was her name in big letters. I would put it on the refrigerator door for all to see! After a few days I took my card and put it into my Special Box that held all the other things that Bonnie made to be remembered.

As the children went to school they would each bring home the "mothers Day Card." They would have the same loving look on their face. Again I would put it on the refrigerator door and then into the same Special Box.

As the children grew older, I would take the box and go through each and every card. I would remember that day as if it had just happened.

We moved several times and somehow the box was lost. I can remember the cards one by one and which child made it for me.

When I was a child I did the same thing. I brought cards home for Mother's Day. I had a special mother. She was my stepmother and I loved her very much. She also had a Special Box with things that I made for her.

Mother's Day is a special time for all of us. Please have a wonderful day with your family.

*Happy Mother's Day!!*

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

"If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed;  
if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed."

Mark Twain

## Another Letter



By Karen Moore

As he had done every morning since Julia passed, John woke with a sense of emptiness. Something is wrong was his first thought. Then slowly the realization swept over him. Of course, Julia is not here.

He lay back on his pillow and began, as he often did, a journey back in time. Memories seem to be the only place he could find comfort these days.

And the memories flooded in, one right after the other. Then he settled on one particular moment in time that made him smile. Relief, deep and sweet rolled over him. Slowly, he got up from the bed and went to his writing desk.

My Dearest Julia,

This morning I was remembering. . .he paused, pen poised above the paper. . .reliving is a better description I guess, the moment when you first told me that you were going to have a baby.

We had decided to wait until

things were more settled after I returned from the war. I needed a better job and we needed to wait till we could save enough money to buy one of those new houses that were springing up everywhere. You had gotten a job at Leggetts as a seamstress and were bringing in enough money to help us save. We had everything planned out so perfectly.

Then, one evening you were sitting at the table waiting for me when I got home from work. It had been a really hard day, and I was discouraged. But you, Julia, you looked like a ray of sunshine, sitting there with the evening light filtering in over your face. I asked you how your day had been, and you just kept smiling at me. I remember walking over and kissing you lightly on the forehead. I was stroking your hair and asking you if you had gotten a raise, or if this had just been a really good day. Usually I could hardly get a word in edgewise when I got home. You were always so bubbly and full of details about your day.

Then you slowly got out of the chair, put your arms around my neck and told me you had been to the doctor on your lunch break. I remember feeling so afraid that something was wrong. But your smile seemed so peaceful and serene it

belied bad news.

Softy, you spoke into my ear, "You are going to be a wonderful father."

What did she say? My mind was awl with a thousand thoughts, a father? I took you in my arms and held you close. Nothing else mattered. Our love had been made complete with those words. We two were now going to be one flesh, one new life that would be the proof to all the world that our love was going to last a lifetime.

A lifetime. . .the pen faltered in John's hand. Then he continued to write.

Yes, Julia our love lasted. You were the best mother to our precious Elaine. I saw you mature with the birth of our daughter. You found ways to express your love to the baby and me so tenderly that it drew us closer to one another and the Lord.

(Then suddenly the realization swept over him. Today was Mother's Day.)

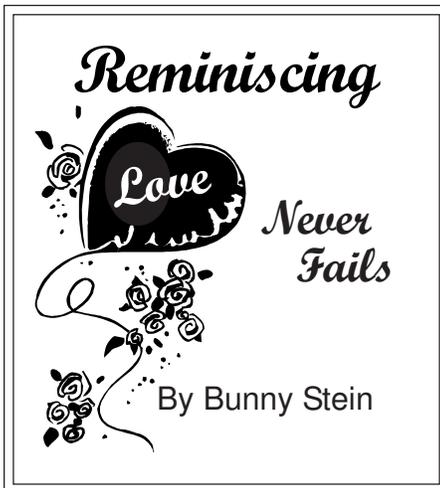
My dearest Julia, I will end this letter now. I need to make a phone call to our daughter. I will share this memory with her; perhaps it will help her too.

Until tomorrow, my love,  
John

## VILLAGE NEWS

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The following story is true, dredged up from my journal — though I will never forget the sweetness of the experience. I had temporarily forgotten how it impacted my life and forced me to reach deep into my innermost faith. I've had to use that taproot of faith many times to get me through hard times and loneliness.

This one experience showed me that I had energies, determination, and other qualities that I didn't know I had. I learned that "life is not over. . . 'till it's over," and friends are the most precious gifts we have. What my friends and relatives did for me was a lesson in love and humility. . .the very essence of it. I will never forget that lesson because it changed my life and deepened my faith.

One blustery cold day in January 1990, I trudged knee deep in snow to our dog boarding kennel to do chores. My gloved hands nearly froze to the door locks and I had to break the ice to get in. I hauled frozen water buckets to thaw and refill and shovel snow and frozen dog poop from the runs while excited dogs romped around me. Puffing along with frozen tears on my face, I realized the kennel was too much for me to handle alone, and at that moment, a new venture took root in my mind.

A widow for four years, having

been thrown into a world of change, I was still grappling with unanswered questions about life, dealing with raw emotions and struggling to make ends meet financially.

Thinking of doing a new work gave me a nugget of hope for my future. Wanting to continue working for myself, I considered all my assets, which added up to a cozy home in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, a log cabin craft shop that I ran seasonally, and a twenty-one-run dog-boarding kennel. To supplement my much-needed income, I decided to combine these assets and build on to my home a one-room Bed & Breakfast. I had the ideal setting, location, and I loved to cook! I prayed for guidance, and I believe the events that took place in the months that followed were nothing short of a miracle, and set the course for my future.

With my plans for a new addition and minor remodeling organized on paper, I approached my bank for a loan. They turned me down flat, saying my tax forms didn't reflect enough income. They wouldn't consider the B & B projection I introduced. My ego was so deflated that I sulked for a week! The dream wouldn't go away; it felt so right. Not to be outdone, I took advice from a friend and tried another bank. I couldn't believe it when they gave me the details and said to call them when I was ready to sign. The next hurdle was wading through the zoning office and obtaining permits and licenses. In the midst of all the red tape, I was tempted to abort the project, but sheer determination and a lot of prayer kept me going.

I missed the hearing date for zoning and had to wait another month. This left the builders on hold, the Highway Department waiting for a work date, and the bank waiting to hear from me.

Waiting for the zoning office to determine my fate turned out to be

a blessing in disguise, because the builder I had chosen backed out, putting a crimp in my plans. But God would have His way. Joe, a friend from church, saw my dilemma and offered to help. He is a building contractor and luckily had a time slot for my project. His son, Joe Jr., and his wife, missionaries from Haiti, were home on furlough and needed work. Jerry another man from church agreed to help. The three of them teamed up and because they all agreed to work for a low hourly wage, the estimate was lower than the other builder. I thanked God for this miraculous turn of events. The zoning office approved the B & B and wished me luck. I wanted to tell them that luck had nothing to do with it, but I didn't. All that was left now was to sign for the loan.

As I sat in the lawyer's office listening to him explain the ramifications of the loan, my heart pounded wildly. As I signed each paper — all seven documents — my stomach churned and I had a big lump in my throat. I felt like I was signing my life away.

As I drove home, every negative thought imaginable entered my mind. Something didn't feel right! I cried uncontrollably with the fear of uncertainty. In the time it took me to drive home, I decided not to accept the loan. I was going to take advantage of the bank document that stated I had three days to change my mind. The alternative? It meant taking every cent I had in my savings to pay for the project! It took all the faith I had to move in that direction, but somehow I found relief in my decision.

Having Joe's and Jerry's affirmation made me feel like I had made the right choice, yet I was deeply concerned about how I was going to pay my bills until the B & B was complete and operative. I knew I would start drawing social secu-

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## Reminiscing Love Never Fails

Continued from Page 3

rity in the spring, but for now, the only income I had was the kennel and I was struggling to keep it going.

I had to find a temporary job to tide me over. Hearing of a job in a bakery in Waynesboro, I inquired. One call got me an interview and the next week I was "rolling in dough." I enjoyed the job, but with the home project progressing, it left me with a myriad of things to do in connection with it, and I was juggling my job schedule to coincide with important work dates. It was also nearing time to open the craft shop. Something had to give! I prayed again for guidance and direction, and once again, events took on an odd twist. "Can't you see God working in all this?"

I gave the bakery due notice, then put plan B into action. This necessitated booking more dog boarders.

Needing furniture and other equipment for the B & B, I decided to take out a small loan to sustain me until spring. I concluded it would take about \$4500 to make it until then. I went to another bank for the loan, taking the forms home with me to complete. I planned to drop them in the night deposit box, so they could process them the next working day.

Two of my cousins from Maryland, came for a weekend visit, arriving that day round 1:30. I excitedly showed them the new addition, exalting in their enthusiasm and encouragement.

After dinner that evening, we lingered around the table, chatting over tea. My cousin left the room and returned with a large bag which she set at my feet, explaining it was

a special gift from the two of them. They asked to be anonymous. I opened the bag and inside was a beautiful woven coverlet with the words: LOVE BEARETH ALL THINGS, BELIEVETH ALL THINGS, ENDURETH ALL THINGS, LOVE NEVER FAILS, woven into the fabric. Attached to the coverlet was an envelope. Before opening this, one cousin began telling me how they had seen me struggling to get this project going, and they knew how stubborn I was about asking for help. They wanted to help out in some way. The other cousin broke in and said laughingly, "Just let her open it!" So I opened it and was astonished to find a check in the amount of five thousand dollars!

I cried for ten minutes, trying in between sobs to find words meaningful enough to express my gratitude to them for their loving gift. Another miracle was wrought in this patchwork of events.

That night I joyfully tossed the loan papers into the trash. I thanked God again for directing each event in this project to my best interest despite my ungainly plans.

It seemed ironic that I was back kenneling again, doing the very thing I was trying to get away from, but I was under a Divine plan now. With this new money from my relatives for a new bank account, a B & B nearly completed and paid for, my future looked brighter. I was reminded of the quote, "No one is a failure who has friends" . . . and God.

My venture was a monumental success. The Bed & Breakfast enhanced sales in the craft shop, and I phased out of the kennel business except to board a few dogs for my guests.

I have thanked God every day for His divine guidance, many blessings, and miracles, for giving me confidence in myself, courage, perseverance, and for the blessed love of friends. . . and relatives.

## Innocence

By Betty Luzadder

She sits in silence  
observing more than taking part.  
Pretending to read or write,  
as she can do neither.

Small of stature,  
she looks young,  
until the faint wrinkles,  
and toothless grin belies her age.

She is childlike in action-  
At times meekness is the game;  
Trying to please and failing.  
Tilting her head to one side-  
Her blue eyes questioning.

Trying to understand-  
begging for acceptance.

Some days you will find her

holding a little dog  
close to her chest,  
keeping it from harm,  
whispering in its ear,  
as a mother croons to a child.

Even with her limitations,  
love is her expression.

## Note From Eleanor Mininger

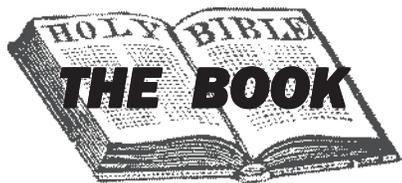
There is a lot of waste going on around here if you haven't been looking into the past issues of The Village News from 2004 to the present.

There are great articles written by writers of today and by those who have written in the past and are still with us.

Find the white notebook binders on the table to your left as you leave the elevator in the library on the third floor of Skyline and enjoy for hours.

**Editors' Note:** *Past issues of The Village News are also kept in binders in the Meadows. They are kept on the floor level of the cabinet on the right as one approaches the kitchen from the main entrance.*

## Thinking Inside



By Clair Hershey

### “A Wonderful Promise”

Psalm 24:1 tells us that “The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.” This says that everything belongs to God.

This is such a comforting feeling, when it seems everything is spinning out of control.

When the world around us seems to be falling apart, it is so reassuring to meditate on the bigness of our God.

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*“God is sovereign.  
... He will always  
be in control.”*

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Simply put, God is sovereign. He is on the throne and all of the earth and everything in it belongs to Him.

The devil may be called the “prince of the power of the air.” (Eph. 2:2) BUT he will NEVER be Lord over heaven and earth. Our God and Father reigns over ALL and our savior Jesus will be forever known as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

So, no matter who wins the election, or what happens to the economy, or how many tragic things happen, God knows, and He will always be in control.

## CHOICES

By Dub Beynon

We make choices in our lives, some times good, some times bad. Good choices make us happy; bad choices make us sad.

Three choices that I’ve made, I’ll share them now with you, Accepting Jesus as my Savior and here is number two.

Marriage to my high school sweetheart lasted 57 years. Together we shared laughter and together we shed tears. She went to be with Jesus far too soon for me, Which brings me to my third choice, my move to SDRC.

Now when I get out of bed in the morning after I awake I’ll see some friends I’ve made and maybe a new one I’ll make. I’ll shoot some pool in the room that’s just across the hall With guys who will join me in playing the game called eight ball.

The stove and I are strangers since I never learned how to cook So I really enjoy the dinners here (Don’t know if the cooks use a book). “Saturday Night Live” is an hour we all enjoy. Especially when the violin is played by that young boy.

So choose to have a wonderful day as soon as you open your eyes. Have pleasant thoughts always as you look up toward the skies And ask the Lord to guide you and give you peace of mind And the day will pass and not a problem did you find.

## Do You Have a Tea Party Cup?

By Nancy Phillips

At the monthly tea party in March Karen Moore reminded us we’re supposed to bring our own cups to the tea party. When we use the ones in the dining room we are causing our workers to clean them quickly before dinner time and that is not their responsibility.

We have a good time looking at all the eclectic tea cups members bring to the afternoon affair. Most of us have some kind of cup in our apartments. My husband decided he wanted some real “tea” cups and visited the antique shop in Stuarts Draft. He’s made several trips there and we even have Christmas cups for the December’s party.

Then, since there were six in our family he found one at Cracker Barrel that used the Phillips 66 logo but it is way too large to fill with tea.

We can make this an enjoyable topic of conversation and help out the dining room crew at the same time. Remember to bring your own cup to the next tea party the last Wednesday in May.



## The Maasai People

By Ruth Y. Martin

After dinner on our second evening at the Mara Serena Lodge, a group of men came into the lobby making a drumming sound with their voices. They wore red blankets and wore hair pieces with long braided hair, and each carried a carved stick. After making a circle, the men took turns entering the center and jumping from a standing position. It was amazing how high they could jump, 18 inches or higher. They invited any interested spectator to come into the circle and try. A number did try, jumping maybe six inches from the floor. After parading around the lobby with guests of the hotel several times, the men went out into the night.

The next day on the drive back to Nairobi, our group stopped at a Maasai village. As we sat on benches under some trees, a young man told us about the customs and culture of his people. The Maasai are livestock people. The men herd cows, goats, and sheep. On the drive to and from the Lodge we passed the livestock along the road, at times in the road, or crossing the road. Their wealth is in livestock. As I read somewhere, a man may not know how many children he has, but he knows how many cows he owns. In the past they were a nomadic people traveling with their herds wherever grazing areas were to be found.

When a Maasai young man reaches the age of 15, he is circumcised and lives apart from his village for 5 to 10 years. During this time he is trained to be a warrior. To attain status as a warrior he is expected to kill a leopard. At the end of his training he returns to his village where his parents provide a first wife for him. If he wants a sec-

ond, third, or fourth wife, he must build a herd of livestock of his own. A wife may cost him 10 cows.

When a man obtains a wife, she builds the house for them which is a frame work dabbled with clay mixed with cattle dung. As more wives are added, each builds her house with the previous wife or wives' assistance. There is no favoritism among the wives. (At least that is what the young man claimed.)

The houses are built in a circle around a center corral where livestock is kept at night to keep them safe from lions. It reminded me of having one's house next to the barnyard. A fence of thorn bushes surrounds the houses. The houses are small, a few rooms with low ceilings and one small window in the cooking area. Keeping the house dark discourages insects.

When churches and schools came to the area, the Maasai were not interested in education. "We do not need that," they said. Later they allowed the "difficult" children to attend school and found education was a good thing. More and more were educated.

When the Maasai were nomadic their diet was mostly milk and meat from their animals. For celebrations they drew blood from a cow, not killing it, just cutting enough to get blood, then cauterizing the wound. Today the Maasai own land where they plant corn and other vegetables. We saw large fields of corn at various stages of growth. Tractors were being used in the fields together with women using hoes.

There are parts of the culture they want to discontinue such as warriors going to war against other tribes and the circumcision of girls. Other traditions they wish to keep. When young men go away to be educated, families keep land for them, anticipating their return.

## The Weather Report

### *A Look Back to March*

By Bill Phillips

Last month I noted March had come in like a lion. Now I can report it also went out like a lion. So much for old sayings of lions and lambs. March 1 and 2 had winds of 41 to 40 mph. The last days of March registered 27 and 23 mph. Overall, winds were 20 mph or more 17 of the 31 days in March.

Rain totals were only 1.08 inches. Temperatures were generally mild for the month but the wind made the wind chill lower.

April is already starting off windy. At press time as I write this, winds for the first six days have all been over 23 mph with a recorded 46 mph on April 2-3. Batten down the hatches! Remember also the last frost date is mid-May.

## *Happy Mother's Day*

*When you're a child she walks before you.....*

*.....to set an example.*

*When you're a teenager she walks behind you.....*

*.....to catch you should you fall.*

*When you're an adult she walks beside you.....*

*.....so that as two friends you can enjoy life together!*

# Bangor, Maine's "Super Snowstorm"

By Joe Savoy

My wife, Beverlee, and I, while growing up in Bangor were accustomed to big snowstorms. However, when we heard that Bangor was having a humongous storm, we began to worry about our parents who were in their early sixties and still lived in Bangor. After many attempts to reach them by phone, we finally connected and found out that they were all fine. What a relief!

The storm started out as a secondary low pressure area off the coast of the Carolinas. It proceeded up the coast to Bangor where it snowed heavily Wednesday and Thursday. It snowed moderately Friday and until Saturday noon. Then it started snowing heavily again. This low was in the process of moving into the Atlantic Ocean when it encountered a large high pressure system which had decided to move west instead of its normal east direction. Meanwhile, to complicate things, a very cold high pressure system moved into Maine. Now the two high pressure systems captured the low pressure system between them, resulting in intensification of the storm.

The storm finally ended on Monday night, New Year's Day, 1962. After snowing for six days with winds reaching ninety miles per hour and temperatures thirty-nine degrees below zero, the snow reached a depth of fifty-five inches. This storm was unique to the Bangor area because Bev's sister, who lived twenty miles away,

got only twelve inches of snow.

Four days later we got a call around 10:00 p.m. from Bev's father wanting us to come down to the bus stop and pick him up. I inquired how the bus could get around with all of that snow. No problem; the city had removed all of the snow in the downtown area including four main highways in and out of the city — a total of about four square miles. He had the local newspaper to prove his point.

When we got to the house, he got the newspaper out to show us how Bangor looked before and after the cleanup started. There were two pictures across the page. One was taken Tuesday morning, looking down one of the main streets showing fifty-five inches of snow across the street, store window to store window. The other picture was taken Thursday afternoon from the same spot showing that the snow had all been hauled away, cars were parked on both sides of the street, and people were walking up and down the sidewalks. The headline in large letters read "Who said we had snow!"

Bangor used about forty large dump trucks, three or four inclined bucket elevators, earth moving equipment, and contractor equipment to accomplish this feat. As fast as one truck was filled, another would take its place — a twenty-four hour operation.

Residential streets were another thing. The city didn't get them all cleared for a week or so. Fortunately, there was very little disruption of electricity and heat. Snowmobiles were used for medical emergencies. Bev's youngest sister was marooned for five days at home with a five month old baby, and her husband was

marooned six miles away at a store where he was in a manager training program for Kress (now K-Mart).

We had told our folks that we would come up and see them at Easter (which was at the end of March). We left at noon on Good Friday, stayed overnight in the Boston area since it was about an eight hour drive from Wilmington, Delaware. We left early Saturday and arrived in Bangor mid-afternoon. The temperature was sixty-five degrees, which was a surprise, since Friday morning it had been thirty-nine degree below zero (again). There was about forty inches of snow on the ground and they were still hauling snow away.

The snow that remained on the ground was probably a mixture of snow from the original storm and snow from storms throughout the three months from January to March. In cold climates snow can't melt; therefore the depth decreases by sublimation (the process of going from a solid to a vapor without passing through a liquid phase). Consequently, sublimation and new snows are in a constant battle until the weather warms sometime in mid-April.

Winter has passed and when it returns next year, many will have forgotten the problems the area endured during our "Big Snow" in 2016. We didn't have any problems in our community. Everything was cleaned up by day's end. . . They must have taken their lessons from Bangor. . . Just kidding!

When you are watching the weather channel and the weatherman says a low pressure system will be forming off the coast of the Carolinas. BEWARE!



# My Louisiana Home Town

## Part Three:

### Zwolle's Contribution to Our Nation's Defense and Zwolle Today

#### Zwolle's Contribution to Our Nation's Defense

By James Q. Salter

Over the years the folks of Zwolle have certainly done our part in defending the freedoms that all of us enjoy. In Zwolle, Louisiana: Our Story (Town of Zwolle, 2000) I entitled Chapter Eight "Those Terrible War Years." In that chapter I named thirty-six Zwolle area men who sacrificed their lives fighting for our country since the town charter was signed in 1898. I told some of their stories and included some of their pictures.

One of the most memorable Zwolle stories to come out of World War II was that of the Torres Brothers. The town received national attention when the bodies of the three brothers who were killed in action about the same time in separate battles arrived on the same train for burial in a local church cemetery.

Writing the closing part of Chapter eight was an emotional experience for me. I dedicated the chapter to the memory of those who gave their lives for our country. The ones killed in World War II were my school mates. Some of them were good friends. I taught some of the ones killed in Vietnam and Korea.

I closed the chapter by quoting the very moving Citation of Honor sent by H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Force, World War II, to the nearest of kin to those who were killed. Following is a brief portion of that letter of citation exactly as it appears in the letter: ". . .AND WE WHO PAY HIM

*HOMAGE AND REVERE HIS MEMORY, IN SOLEMN PRIDE REDEDICATE OURSELVES TO A COMPLETE FULFILLMENT OF THE TASK FOR WHICH HE SO GALLANTLY HAS PLACED HIS LIFE UPON THE ALTAR OF MAN'S FREEDOM."*

#### Zwolle Today

Zwolle's town charter was granted on June 12, 1898. The completion of the Kansas City Southern Railroad in 1897 opened vast acreage of virgin pine timber. Zwolle, as well as other municipalities along the railroad, became a sawmill town. By 1900 Zwolle had three of the early sawmills. Through the years various phases of the logging and timber industry have continued to be the major industry in the town. Logging, lumber, pulpwood, poles, plywood, and piling continue to be the driving force of Zwolle's industry.

Zwolle's oil boom of the late 1920s and the 1930s has been well documented. According to the Louisiana Department of Natural Resources the field reached its peak in 1933 when 2.9 million barrels of oil were produced. A few of those old wells are still producing as "stripper" wells, but at a much lower rate.

A "bi-product" of those oil boom days in Zwolle was the town's reputation as a rough town. In fact, at one time it was described as the "roughest town between Arkansas and the Gulf." Fortunately, that is no longer the case. In this respect, Zwolle can be described as a typical small town.

The tremendous natural gas production of the Haynesville Shale in Northwest Louisiana has been mostly in the neighboring De Soto Parish area. There has been some limited production in the fringes just north of Zwolle. The low natural gas price has had a devastating effect

on the production of natural gas from the Haynesville Shale.

Zwolle is one of the few small towns that can boast of two major community festivals each year: the Zwolle Loggers and Forestry festival held on the second weekend of May and the Zwolle Tamale Fiesta held on the second weekend of October each year. The Loggers and Forestry Festival celebrates the tremendous contributions of all phases of the timber industry to the economy of the town.

The Zwolle Tamale Fiesta, begun in 1976, has developed into one of the best attended community festivals in the state. Following is a quote from one of the Fiesta programs: "A Carnival Air will prevail again for two days during the annual Zwolle Tamale Fiesta when the townspeople of Zwolle extend their hospitality to the thousands of visitors again. The star of the festivities will be the hot, spicy, delectable tamale made from corn and meat wrapped in corn shucks.

Perhaps the best aspect of the celebrations is the fact that they bring together diverse elements of the town for a common purpose — promoting a better understanding of Zwolle's rich heritage. The three entities — the Town of Zwolle, the Boards of Directors of the Zwolle Tamale Fiesta and the Zwolle Loggers and Forestry Festival — came together and purchased and developed the Zwolle Festival Grounds.

The number one tourist attraction of Zwolle is the 185,000 acre, 1,250 mile shoreline of Toledo Bend Lake. The lake is the largest man-made lake in the South and the fifth largest in the country. Thousands of visitors are drawn to the area each year to enjoy the recreational opportunities of fishing, camping, and water sports. Since its completion in 1968, the lake has grown in

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## *My Louisiana Home Town* Continued from Page 8

popularity and was recently named by Bassmasters Magazine as the top bass fishing lake in the United States.



*San Miguel State Park on beautiful Toledo Bend Lake near Zwolle, Louisiana*



Ample opportunity for worship is provided by the twelve churches of Zwolle.

In addition to their academic achievements, Zwolle High School recorded thirteen high school state basketball championships in its class. That is close to a state record in that category.

### **Conclusion**

I hope that the residents of our retirement community enjoyed living in their home towns as much as I did living in mine. As I look back over my seventy-eight years of residence in Zwolle, Louisiana. I conclude that I don't believe I could have been happier living anywhere else. If this has rekindled fond memories of the readers' home towns — mission accomplished.

## *Meet Erin Clifton*

By Nancy Phillips

This delightful young woman, a recent June graduate of Stuarts Draft High School, visited the Tuesday morning Bible study group and gave a presentation on her "gap year" time spent in Zambia.

Four years ago she visited the village of Grippis Farm in Zambia with her father for two weeks and it had been her dream to return and spend more time among the people there. When she graduated last June she pondered whether to go directly to college or to take a "gap" year experience before she settled into the grind of college life. She decided on the trip to Zambia and left October 1st enroute to Lusaka, the capital city of Zambia. She had contacted Cosmos Zimba (an earlier visitor to the Bible study group) and received an invitation to live with his family during her five month visit.



**Erin Clifton**

She spoke to our group about the varied experiences she had while in that country and at all times her faith in God radiated as she spoke. One of her first experiences was being assigned as a tutor for biology and English to some twelfth graders. She thought that sounded easy enough until she realized that tutors were actually teachers who had to do lesson plans and actually teach those students. No books of course to help her out, so she had to find out what was on the exams the students took in progress to college and then to gather materials to help.

The second group she helped were those who had failed the exams and were out of funds for further schooling. Unless they could manage to retake and pass those exams they would be relegated to menial careers such as gardening for food. Another time she worked with a group of eighty students "squished" into a very small space.

She explained these were all students who had been served by the Mango Grove Community School which has grown from several students meeting under the mango tree to a school for 1-7th graders now serving 400 students. Many of the SDRC residents support the work of this school through the Grassroots program set up by Tanya and Leland Brenneman.

She appreciated particularly her relationship with two sisters whose single mother had recently died and they had to take care of the family garden before classes. She helped them work the primitive garden plot and experienced a great deal with them. The diet was based primarily on maize (corn) ground into meal and cooked with vegetables. Very often pumpkin leaves (fruit was cut off in the early stages) were the vegetable used. One day one of these girls asked Erin if she could wash her boots and Erin said she had to humble herself to let Jesus reach her through the girl's actions.

Erin returned home March 5th and is busy making plans to attend college next year. Her proud grandmother is Eleanor Mininger, a resident here at SDRC.

## Alpha and Omega

A Devotion Submitted by Eleanor Mininger

*This devotion by Bruce Stambaugh is reprinted with permission from the Spring issue of Rejoice: Daily Devotional Readings, c. 2016 by Kindred Productions and Menns Media.*



### Alpha and Omega

*"I am the Alpha and the Omega," says the Lord God, Who is and Who was and Who is to come, the Almighty.  
-Revelation 1:8*

**READ:** Revelations 1:4-8

**REFLECT:** *After I retired as an educator, I began my second career in marketing for a local retirement community. The average age of the residents was 87. They had seen a lot in their lifetime, and most were looking forward to what some of them called "going home." They were not afraid to die. The ones who had that spirit were inviting, inclusive, and confidently accepting.*

*Part of my job was to publish the facility's quarterly newsletter. Each issue featured stories of residents from every level of the retirement community. Life had been hard in their early years. Most lived through the Great Depression, learning to live frugally and enjoy whatever employment they had or could find. Several had experienced hunger and want.*

*At this late point in their lives, these senior citizens understood life's big picture. There was a beginning and an end. In between was the life they had lived. But it was the end, the omega, they now gracefully anticipated.*

*For some residents the end came quickly. Others lingered on, no longer the people they once were. Others were still of sound mind and able to do things such as read and watch television. One man even wrote Christian word puzzle books while he awaited his final calling.*

*Each one of us has a beginning and an end, and the Alpha and the Omega is with us start to finish.*

**RESPOND:** *Lord, you are the beginning and the end. Thank you for walking with us every step in between.*

## Another Veteran Moves into SDRC

### Captain John Anderson

Captain John Anderson served for three years in the United States Army Air Force. His area of service was a Radar Communications Officer.

Captain Anderson's overseas duty included more than two years in the South Pacific. His commendations include eight Battle Stars and a Presidential Unit Citation.

Captain Anderson and his wife, Hilda, moved from Lenox, Massachusetts into SDRC in July, 2015.



## *In Memory*

### *The Promise of Eternity*

*A cherished member  
of our community has passed  
on to her heavenly home:*

*Cleo Tomlinson Denney  
April 6, 2016*

*We will always treasure  
her friendship and memory.*



## “SPORTS CHAT”

Ron Mentus, RLM Athletics

### “Winning With Character”

The recently-concluded NCAA basketball tournament did not yield a repeat winner. But our retirement community did.

While Duke, last year's defending champion was ousted in an earlier round, our own Dub Beynon successfully defended his laurels by notching his second consecutive Final Four contest. The former U.S. Army veteran bested several Sports Chat entrants by scoring 50 points overall and won a repeat subscription to Baseball The Magazine. Runner-up honors went to James Q. Salter and Neal Bidens with 30 points each.

Oddly, none of our Sports Chatters correctly tabbed Villanova's 77-74 victory over North Carolina to win the national crown. But Beynon's prognostication prowess saw him pick three of the final four teams plus he rightly predicted UNC's semifinal win to amass enough points to gain the top spot. Most of our prediction panel stumbled with picks for Michigan State and Virginia, neither of whom crashed the Final Four stage.

Local Cavalier fans were sorely disappointed when the UVa squad squandered a double-digit lead late in the second half and succumbed to Syracuse in an Elite Eight battle.

In a starting upset, Coach Tony Bennett's Cavs had been 68-0 in games in which they led by ten points or more after the first half. But — there's always a first time. And of course the ol' Brooklyn Dodgers (or Chicago Cubs) cry of “Wait Til Next Year” can now begin with renewed hope.

At press time the NHL Stanley Cup and NBA playoffs were about to begin. The Washington Capitals amassed the most points in the league and are heavy favorites to cop and Cup. The Beltway gang is bolstered by Alex Ovechkin, the league's top goal sniper (47) and goaltender Brad Holtby, who led in wins (47). Forward Eugeny Kuznetsov was among the top scorers, and was fourth in assists.

On the hardwood, the Golden State Warriors had tied the NBA mark for most wins (72) and appeared well-poised (a winning pct. near .900) to cop a repeat title. Alas, the poor Washington Wizards could find no magic potion and were eliminated from playoff contention. Looks like some early spring golf outings are on the Wizards' agenda.

The Masters gold tournament is history. With leader Jordan Spieth's classic meltdown in the last round (a 7 on No. 12). Englander Danny Willett walked away with the green jacket. His winning score of 283 was the highest for a Masters champion in nine years.

You're invited to join us for our next Sports Chat session, Thursday, May 12 in SDRC's Friendship Room, from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. Take advantage of our special spring discount and be a part of “The biggest hit in Augusta County!”



By Marge Piatt

*I found this recipe in a cookbook many years ago. The ingredients are those usually found in our cupboards. It is a great “go to” recipe when you have to make a dessert and can't get to the store. My daughters, granddaughters and I have relied on this recipe many times over the years. Hope you enjoy!*

### Best Brownies

1/2 cup butter, melted  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
2 eggs  
1/2 cup all-purpose flour  
1/3 cup Hershey cocoa  
1/4 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 9” square baking pan. In a medium bowl, stir together butter, sugar and vanilla. Add eggs; with spoon, beat well. In another bowl, stir together, flour cocoa, baking powder and salt; gradually add to egg mixture, beating until well blended. Stir in nuts, if desired. Spread batter evenly into greased pan. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until brownies began to pull away from side of pan. Cool completely in pan on wire rack. Frost with Creamy Brownie Frosting. Cut into squares. Yield: about 16 brownies.

### Creamy Brownie Frosting

3 tbsp. butter, softened  
3 tbsp. Hershey's cocoa  
1 tbsp. light corn syrup or honey  
1/2 tbsp. vanilla extract  
1 cup confectionery sugar  
1 to 2 tbsp. milk

In a small mixer bowl, beat together butter, cocoa, corn syrup and vanilla until well blended. Add confectionery sugar and milk; beat to spreading consistency. Yield: about 1 cup frosting.

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

# 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 - To Be Announced, 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 MAY SCHEDULE

May 7 ..... No Program Scheduled  
May 21 ..... Rose Marie Quintette  
May 28 ..... 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:

James Q. Salter — 540-946-8066

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.