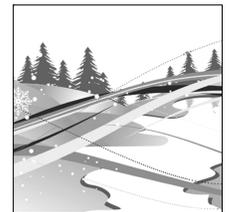


The Senior Scene



THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF
THE SENIORS of the GROVE

Vol. 16, No. 1

January, February, March 2015

Tick Tock

I'm writing this in a state of shock,
Watching the clock – tick tock, tick tock,
Advancing, approaching, relentlessly,
A brand new year; Oh, can it be?

The calendar says the same thing, too;
Time races, vanishes for me; Boo hoo!
No, wait! If time flies, I'm having fun!
A year of fun! It's gone! It's done!

I now embrace the blur of time,
Because it simply means that I'm
Too busy with pleasure, joy, delight
To mourn the passing days' swift flight.

So I'm wishing you fast, happy days,
Pleasuring you in myriad ways,
Filled with happiness and cheer,
Oh Happy, Happy Bright New Year!

By Joanna Fuchs

<http://www.poemsource.com/new-years-poems.html>

Happy New Year! As we work our way through the early snow and the approaching holidays it is time to set our sights on 2015. But before we can look forward, 2014 deserves a quick look back.

This year has been a quick flight, time has moved too quickly. I haven't yet tallied our numbers, but anticipate another solid year. We had over 5,000 people in for various classes/programs/trips in October alone. Our "regular" on-going programs continue strong, and in 2014 we added a few to the calendar. Nordic Walking was a tiny group in 2013, but blossomed in 2014, walking 3 times a week. Line dancing (read more about it in this issue) took off with both beginners and more advanced dancers. Pickleball-only courts were built, and plans for nine indoor gyms came about. We have gathered a list of names to start Cribbage. The writing group has a strong core of 12 people and the crafters group brings in 5-10 weekly.

Personally, my grandson continues to grow, learn and bring me great joy. My younger daughter got engaged so wedding bells will ring in 2015. I battled through tough times in grief, but seem to be emerging with a heart full of gratitude for all that life brings us.

Looking forward to 2015... Brenda, Chris and I strive to bring you many options to meet your various dimensions of wellness. A variety of fitness, intellect, art, and social events are available. Look for the opening of the new gyms at Maple Grove Junior High to give us added space for new exercise classes and more Pickleball. If you are a cribbage player join us as we kick off this game. Plan to attend the new American History class, with discussion topics on everything from prohibition to Apollo. Never hesitate to try something new, we'll introduce you to folks, and welcome you whenever you choose to join.

Along with what's new, continue to support the ongoing art, discussion, education, fitness, social and recreational programs. AND, if you have ideas for new presentations, new classes, special places to visit, please share them with us. We welcome your ideas and will work to see them through.

Here's hoping that at this time next year, you can look back and say, "It was a good year, time flew and I accomplished much." May you be filled with joy and energy as we look forward to the clock ticking by and all that can be in a years time.

Kris



Happenings

Line Dancing

Line Dancing is where fitness, fun and fellowship come together in a mix of country and contemporary line dancing. We play great music of all the genres like Country, Top 40, Hip Hop, Ballroom, Blues, Funky, Latin, Irish, Swing and more. You never need a partner but you can bring friends and have a lot of fun. You will get great exercise without realizing you are actually exercising.



Line dancing provides physical and mental exercise. It's a safe way to raise your heart rate and build stamina. A recent study found dancing to be the only regular physical activity

associated with a significant drop in the incidence of dementia, including Alzheimer's. Other studies have shown Line Dancing in particular helps in areas of memory, balance, cardiovascular and vertigo. At the same time you get to have lots of fun!

Line dancing is ageless, it's easy to learn, and it's fun for the entire family. All you need is a comfortable pair of shoes, a willing attitude and a smile. Come, join us and dance for the health of it! Everyone learns at a different pace. The Absolute Beginners class is for those who are brand new to line dancing or in need of a good review of the basic steps. The session features easier dances taught at a more leisurely pace. You should be able to walk off the street never having line danced before and find the Basics level achievable. You owe it to yourself to give it a try.

The Beginner Plus class is for those who can already perform several basic dances and are looking for more complexity in their dances. The class offers more challenge, attention to styling, and more intense mind/body workout. Focus will be on dances currently performed out and about at various dance venues. Steps included in this level of line dance are pivot quarter and half turns, turns that turn against the general direction of the dance, half turn triple steps, backward toe struts and a forward shuffle, among others.

...Pamela Ann Reinert

Players in the Groove

Players in the Groove is a group of 7-10 seniors who perform comedic one act plays. The troupe began in the spring of 2010 as an acting class, Age on Stage, which met at the Community Center. Harriette Krasnoff, who had previously directed various drama groups, developed the idea of having the actors entertain senior audiences in the metro area.

Since then the troupe has traveled to community and senior centers, residences, religious groups, organizations, and business groups for a total of 70 performances doing seven different plays. Five performances have been staged at the Community Center. The group writes its own scripts. Their current repertoire includes four plays, including a murder mystery. Players in the Groove receives an honorarium for each performance which is paid to Maple Grove Parks and Recreation to fund the Seniors of the Grove programs. The actors are volunteers.

For more information about booking a performance, please contact Allen Silver, Marketing Manager (also an actor) at :

952-500-9480 (home) or e-mail:

Allensilver10521@comcast.net.

...Natalie Brostrom



To Your Health

In-Home Health Care

Most of us want to stay in our home as we age, so one day we'll go in search of in-home care services for ourselves, or a loved one. These services range from skilled care provided by nurses or therapists, to household support, such as cleaning, cooking, running errands or hiring a personal home health aide. Finding the right fit for you or a loved one can be sudden as in recovering from an accident or surgery. Or creep up, as in a chronic illness. Living in Minnesota and, in a city chosen as the second best small city in the US this year, we have many resources. Choosing the right caregivers for your situation can be daunting and likely *stressful*. We've all heard horror stories about senior care; fortunately they are rare. However, they make it **NECESSARY** for you, or someone you trust, to do thorough checks, and get references. It should trigger the same questions you had when you chose childcare for your child or when that child introduced you to the person they intend to marry.

Mayo Clinic's Healthy Aging report lists some questions for you to ask In-Home Care agencies. Your doctor, medical experts, other professionals, people who have used these types of services are of great help in letting you know what to look for. As are relatives, friends, neighbors, those who've experienced in-home care services. Also your hospital discharge planners, Lutheran Social Services, the internet, probably your insurance company will have lists of qualified home care agencies.

More questions: Is the agency certified by Medicare to meet federal requirements for health and safety? If not, why not? What type of employee screening is done? How does the agency train, supervise and monitor caregivers? Do they provide continuing education? If you don't like the people who are providing care, can you ask to change caregivers? Ask for a written care plan before service begins which includes details about medical equipment, specific care needs, input from your doctors. Care plans must be updated every time there's a change in condition or a visit from an RN.

Does the agency work directly with you or your loved one, family members and health care providers? What procedures are in place for emergencies? How does the agency or, home health aide, deliver services in the event of a power failure or natural disaster? How are problems addressed and resolved? How do you, or family members, contact them with requests, questions, complaints?

Costs vary tremendously, be sure you understand the charges. Does Medicare, or your insurance, help with costs? Ask for several references. When finding a home health aide, what are their credentials? If they claim to be licensed, check with the licensing body. Ask for references from at least two employers. Check them thoroughly.

After finding companies that will fit your needs, check out their credentials. Minnesota highly regulates In Home Care agencies. **Minnesota requires they have a license**. Is it basic or comprehensive, (Class A)? Licensure can be verified at: www.health.state.mn or the Health Department at 651-201-5273

After you've found your home care service provider, monitor the situation. If you're concerned about the care or services provided, discuss it promptly with the agency or home health aide. If necessary, involve your doctor or your loved one's doctor.

Resources: Google Home Health **Care** gives an overwhelming number of sites. Directly related to our area: healthcareagencies.com/directory/mn. At home care MN, Home Care Services MN, Senior linkage. Mayo Clinic Website.

... Judy Granahan

Consulted for this article: Mayo Clinic's Healthy Aging report,
Mike O-Connor, mike@givingtreehomecare.com
Mary Machado at homecaremn.com

Maple Grove History

EAGLE LAKE SCHOOL

Until the mid-1950s, children living on and around Eagle Lake had their own “one room” schoolhouse. The Eagle Lake School House is still there, located at 10052 73rd Avenue, not far from where Magda Drive and 73rd Avenue merge. It is the small square brick building on the north side of the road backing up to Highway 694.



Of course, back then there was no Highway 694. The schoolhouse backed up to a farm field that ran to the gravel pit adjacent to Arbor Lakes Shopping Center. None of the houses that are now on the lakeside of Magda Drive and 73rd Avenue or north of Shingle Creek, were there. The lake swamp ran right up to the road and the area opposite the school was home to the Minnesota state flower, the quite rare and protected Lady Slipper.

The school was a mile from our home and there was no bus service. We walked or, if our parents had the means, time and inclination, we might get a ride. In the fall and spring, and much of the winter, most of us preferred to walk and meet up with our friends along the way. It was great because there were a lot of distractions. The first was the ruins of an old icehouse on the lake side of North Eagle Lake Drive. Prior to rural electrification, ice was harvested from the lake with saws and tongs, pulled by sled to the ice house and stored there until delivered to homeowners over the summer. All that remained of the ice house in the early 1950s was the foundation and some thick pilings, but it made for a great fort.

Further along was Shingle Creek. Many school days began with a squishing sound as we marched to our desks. During the colder months if our clothes got wet building snow forts, or jumping on spongy ice, we were not sent home, but rather to the basement. A steep staircase led to a large room with one corner partitioned off, housing a huge furnace. We’d slip off wet outer garments and hang them up to dry. It was a boys’

thing, as I never recall girls being sent to the basement. The large room was also used to rehearse for our various holiday pageants.

In 1950 there were 22 students, four in the second grade, everyone was seated with their age group. The teacher, Mrs. Grey, set our assignments with the expectation that we would “buckle” down to business without any fuss, once we had all recited in unison the pledge of allegiance. We usually complied because the penalty, forfeiture of recess, was something we didn’t want to bear.

We focused on the three R’s, reading, writing and arithmetic. The textbooks were simple and straightforward. We got very familiar with Dick and Jane and their dog Spot. One skill given a great deal of attention was penmanship with specially lined paper to help us create properly sized capital letters and their lower case equivalents. Printing and cursive examples were provided on large charts. We were graded on how clearly we could reproduce them at our desk.

Not all the learning went on in the classroom. At recess we often played “organized” games without the teacher’s supervision. Indeed, Mrs. Grey and the other teachers we had over the years seldom came outside during recess unless there was an altercation, which I must say, rarely occurred.

One of our favorite games, was “Red Rover Red Rover, send (*name of student*) right over.” Two opposing lines were formed with members of each line holding hands. The person requested to be sent over tried to break through the opposing line. If successful they’d take back to their line someone of their choosing from the line broken. The object was to acquire the most players and hence have the longest line. Today, if you drive by the Eagle Lake School House, you won’t see the old merry-go-round, the swings, or the old outhouse. But the small square brick structure is still there and you can populate it with your own experience and imagination. For those who attended there, it still holds a multitude of magical memories.

Contributed by: Cathy Fyten Johnson, Pat Rogich Porter,
George Wm. Bergquist

Time for Humor

4 Husbands

An 80-year-old lady, marrying for the fourth time, was asked by a news reporter, "Am I right, you are marrying a funeral director?"

She said, "Yes."

"What did your three other husbands do in their careers?"

She answered proudly. "In my 20's I married a banker, in my 40's, a circus ringmaster, in my 60's, a preacher, and now in my 80's, a funeral director."

The interviewer was quite astonished, "Why marry men with such diverse careers?"

She thought for a minute, then smiled, "I married one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go."

Isn't she great?

Advanced Biology

Students in an advanced biology class were taking their mid-term exam. The last question was, "Name seven advantages of Mother's Milk." The question was worth seventy points or none at all. One student in particular was hard pressed to think of seven advantages.

However, he wrote:

- 1) It is a perfect formula for the child.
- 2) It provides immunity against several diseases.
- 3) It is always the right temperature.
- 4) It is free.
- 5) It bonds the child to the mother & vice versa.
- 6) It's always available as needed.

Then the student was stuck. In desperation, just before the bell rang, he wrote: It comes in two attractive containers and it's high enough off the ground that the cat can't get it.

He got an "A."



Taking a Break

An older, tired-looking dog wandered into my yard. I could tell from his collar and his well-fed belly that he had a home and received good care. He calmly came over to me and I gave him a few pats on the head. Then he followed me into my house, slowly walked down the hall, curled up in the corner, and fell asleep. An hour later he went to the door and I let him out.



The next day he was back, greeted me in my yard, walked inside, resumed his spot in the hall, and again, slept for about an hour. This continued off and on for several weeks.

Curious, I pinned a note to his collar; *I would like to find out who the owner of this wonderful, sweet dog is and ask if you are aware that almost every afternoon your dog comes to my house for a nap.*

The next day the dog arrived for his nap with a different note pinned to his collar; *He lives in a home with 6 children, 2 under the age of 3 - he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?*

English is a Crazy Language

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth? One goose, two geese, so one moose, two meese?

If teachers taught, Why didn't preachers praught? If you have a bunch of odds and ends, and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

In what other language do people recite at a play and play at a recital, ship by truck and send cargo by ship, and have noses that run and feet that smell?

They were too close to the door to close it. He could lead if he would get the lead out.

The farm was used to produce produce.

Tootsie Rolls to the Rescue

A Winter Survival Suggestion

Each winter, Minnesotans are warned that in addition to the ice scraper, small shovel, cell phone, etc. in their cars, they should also have a survival pack in case they are stranded out on the highway. The pack should include the usual first aid kit, candle, water, some kind of food, blanket, hand warmers, etc., and perhaps an empty jar with a cover just in case...

Well, here we are at the start of another Minnesota winter – we hope it won't be like the last one – so it's time to think about what else your pack might contain, and we have a suggestion for you. It might be a good idea to consider putting in a handful of Tootsie Rolls.

Why? Because in 1950, during The Korean War, our military conducted a serious study on the value of Tootsie Rolls in cold weather. The site for the study was the Chosin Reservoir in the mountains of Korea. The 10,000+ Marines who were trapped there completely surrounded by the Chinese Army were the very involuntary subjects for the study.



The only way food, ammunition, etc. could be supplied to the troops was by airdrop – a gigantic task under deplorable conditions in the 35° below zero temperatures and deep snow in those mountains.

Someone charged with the task of resupplying the trapped Marines thought of including Tootsie



Rolls in the airdrops. Since Tootsie Rolls are primarily sugar, it was thought that they would provide much needed energy to hungry men. No need to do anything but unwrap them and

they're ready for eating.

Problems arose as the study proceeded. The Tootsie Rolls had to be loaded on sheets of plywood for the drop, so the Marines had to keep an eagle eye out to keep from being hit by a board as the

parachutes floated down. You have to wonder whether the military would consider someone being bonked on the head by Tootsie Rolls a war wound entitling him to a Purple Heart; maybe not.

It was impossible to keep the Tootsie Rolls from instantly freezing in those temperatures, but that wasn't really much of a problem for the Marines. They had been living on C-rations left over from World War II for weeks, and the C-rations were also solidly frozen. They had found that holding them in their mouths for twenty or so minutes made chewing them possible. So the Marines were already more or less used to self-defrosting their food.

Another little problem was that the troops used code in their radio messages calling for supplies such as ammunition, barbed wire, grenades, etc. The code name for 60MM mortar shells just happened to be "Tootsie Rolls."

One such transmission was translated verbatim by the radioman who received it at the airstrip and passed it on for handling. When the next airdrop was made, parachute packs floated down with actual Tootsie Rolls, much to the dismay of the frustrated gunners who desperately needed ammunition. Tootsie Rolls simply cannot double as mortar shells for obvious reasons.

BUT, the energy produced by those Tootsie Rolls actually helped save the lives of the men who fought their way out of that trap – something many thought was impossible. And, as a matter of fact, the Tootsie Roll study was so successful that the military also provided Tootsie Rolls to the troops in Operation Desert Storm years later.

And that's the story of why your survival pack should probably include a handful of Tootsie Rolls. Besides, the kids will really enjoy them.

... Dorothy Stevenson



The Snow Keeps Coming and Coming . . .

Diary of a Snow Shoveler

My wife and I moved from Arizona to Minnesota because we were tired of the blistering heat and we wanted to enjoy living in a climate with four seasons. This is a diary of our first winter.

December 15: 5:00 PM. It started to snow. The first real snow of the season and the wife and I took our cocktails and sat for hours by the window watching the huge soft flakes drift down from heaven. It looked like a Grandma Moses print. So romantic we felt like newlyweds again. I love snow! We waved at Bob when he came home from work. Bob is such a nice and helpful neighbor.

December 25: Merry Christmas and more snow, lovely snow! We got another 8 inches last night. The cold makes everything sparkle so. The wind took my breath away, but I warmed up by shoveling the driveway and sidewalks. It's wonderful to have a white Christmas. This is the life!

December 26: The snowplow came by this afternoon and left a ridge of hard snow at the end of my sidewalk and driveway. So I went out again to clean it up. At this rate, I'll certainly get back in shape in a hurry!

January 4: Another 20 inches in the forecast. Bought snow tires for the wife's car and 2 extra shovels. Stocked the freezer. The wife wants a wood stove in case the electricity goes out. I think that's silly. We aren't in Alaska, after all.

January 10: Ice storm this morning. Fell on the ice in the driveway putting down salt. The wife laughed for an hour, which I think was very cruel.

January 18: The snow is really piling up and the temperature is falling. Sold my van and bought a 4x4 Blazer, but the roads are getting too icy to go anywhere. Electricity has been off for 5 hours. Guess I should've bought a wood stove, but won't admit it to HER. I hate it when she's right. She gets a smug look.

January 19: Electricity's back on, but had another 14" of snow last night. Shoveling took all day – snowplow came by twice. Tried to find a neighbor

kid to shovel, but they said they're too busy playing hockey. I think they're lying. Called the hardware store to see about buying a snowblower and they're out. Might have another shipment in March. I think they're lying. Bob says I have to keep shoveling or the city will have it done and bill me. I think he's lying.

January 22: We got 13 more inches of the white stuff today, and then it got so cold that it probably won't melt till August. Took me 45 minutes to get all dressed up to go out to shovel. Tried to hire Bob who has a plow on his truck for the rest of the winter; but he says he's too busy. I think he's lying. I never liked him much.

January 25: Another 6 inches. Snow packed so hard by snowplow, I broke the shovel. If I ever catch the guy who drives that plow, he'll be sorry. I know he hides around the corner and waits for me to finish shoveling and then he comes down the street at 100 miles an hour and throws snow all over where I've just been!

February 4: Yet another 20 inches of the slop tonight. I hate the snow! Then the snowplow driver came by asking for a donation! I hit him with my shovel. The wife says I have a bad attitude.

February 10: Snowed in again. Why did I ever move here? It was all HER idea. She's really getting on my nerves.

February 15: Temperature dropped to -30 and the pipes froze. THE WIFE is driving me crazy!!!!

February 28: Temperature came back up and we got 10 more inches. Bob called to say I have to shovel the roof or it could cave in. That's the silliest thing I ever heard. How dumb does he think I am?

March 2: Roof caved in. The snow plow driver is suing me for a million dollars. The wife left me. The radio says 9 inches predicted.

March 5: Set fire to what's left of the house. No more shoveling!

March 8: I feel so good! I just love those little white pills they keep giving me. Why am I tied to this bed?

Heart Warmers

Heart to Heart

Recently, the Scott Pelly Evening News featured a Steve Hartman segment. Two sixty-eight year olds, Ester and Danny, had both had recent heart transplant surgery at Strong University in Rochester, NY. They weren't doing so well. They felt depressed, listless, didn't want to exercise. Ester had given up on gardening and Danny on rehab. This puzzled their doctors because their surgeries were successful. When Ester and Danny suddenly started to improve it puzzled their doctors even more. Were they on something? Steve Hartman's answer was, "Well, yes they were."

Ester, twice-divorced, and Danny, a life long bachelor, had been bumping into each other as they went to their appointments. Then they started dating each other. Danny got involved in his care again, they went bike riding, dancing, and then they got married. They'd gotten new hearts so they could live, but it took love to bring them back to life.



However. . .

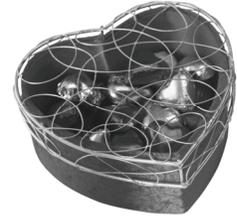
Valentine's Day is NOT Just for Couples!

On Valentine's Day buy some Godiva Chocolate—for yourself! Who says that this special day must be restricted only to romantic love between couples? What if we changed our perspective a little to go beyond romantic love to include many different kinds of love? What if we decide that Valentine's Day is for everybody?

Consider the people in your world that you love, and that love you back. Think about some special treat for your children, grandchildren, neighbors, or friends. Think about people with whom you have already established positive, loving relationships. Invite your single friends over for dinner or take cookies to your neighbor who is always there

for you. Give some cookies to your mail carrier or bring some Valentine treats to your local fire fighters.

Do something for people that you don't even know. Random acts of kindness can bring a surprisingly wonderful sense of well-being. If you like, perform an act of kindness with the stipulation that nobody can know you did it. Be a secret Valentine!



Valentines Day offers us a unique opportunity to acknowledge and to celebrate the entire spectrum of love. The traditional approach with flowers, cards, and romance works for some. For others, a display of love towards children, grandchildren, or friends can be equally rewarding. And in the midst of all the ways we can think of to show love for others, let's remember to look after our own well-being. This Valentine's Day, offer yourself the same considerate care that you give to the loved ones in your life. Create a new tradition. Buy yourself chocolates!



The secret of enjoying a good wine

1. Open the bottle to allow it to breath.
2. If it does not look like it's breathing, give it mouth- to- mouth



Readin' and Runnin'

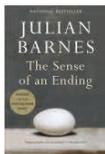
Book Club

The Senior Book Club meets the first Wednesday of each month at 9:30. Books can be picked up in Kris's office or at the public library.



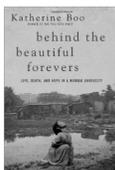
In **January** we will read *A Choice of Weapons* by Gordon Parks. (discuss in February)
At the age of sixteen, Parks moved from Kansas to St. Paul after his mother's death. Homeless and hungry, he began his fight to survive, educate himself, and fulfill his dreams.

In **February** we will read *The Sense of an Ending* by Julian Barnes. (discuss in March)



This intense novel follows Tony Webster, a middle-aged man, as he contends with his past—until his closest childhood friends return with a vengeance: one from the grave, another maddeningly present.

In **March** we will read *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* by Katherine Boo. (discuss in April) Boo carries the reader headlong into one of the twenty-first century's hidden worlds. A bewildering age of global change and inequality is made human through the dramatic story of families striving toward a better life in Annawadi, India.



Did You See?

The Oct 1 issue of the *Star Tribune* included an announcement that Maple Grove has been ranked No. 2 in the nation on Money Magazine's national "Best Places to Live" list for cities with a population of 50,000 to 300,000,

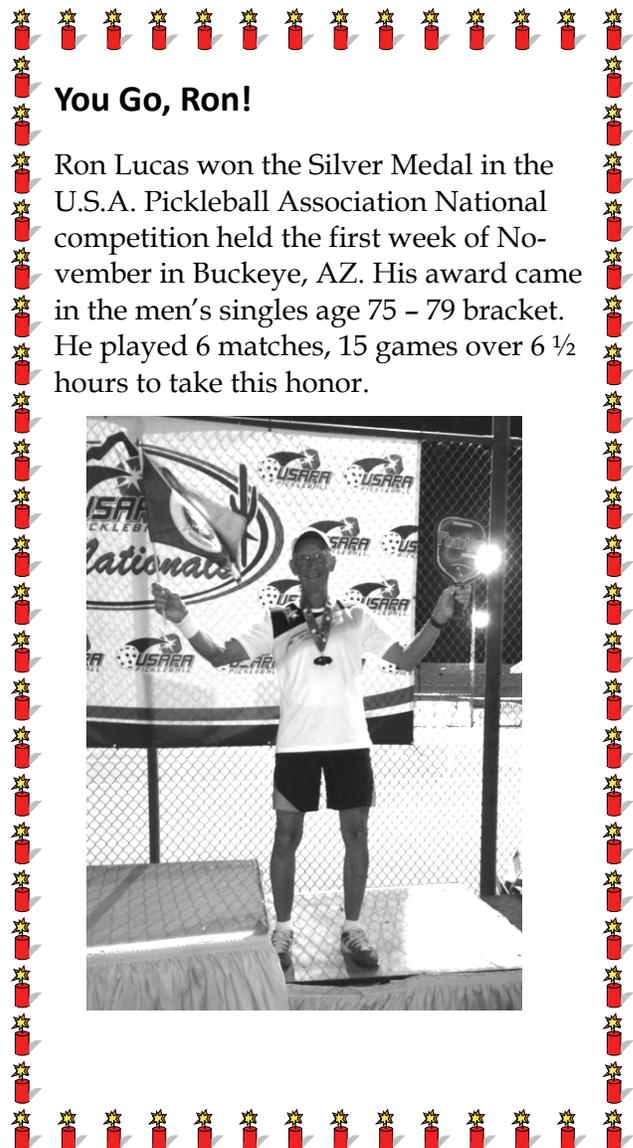
Among the reasons for Maple Grove's high ranking were Town Green with all its opportunities for community entertainment, the nearby library and community center, housing prices, bike paths, jobs, plenty of space for outdoor recreation, and general quality of life.

The article did mention our lack of a classic downtown, but they seemed to accept that the shopping areas of Main Street and Arbor Lakes have a good mix of restaurants, local and chain stores and does pretty much take care of that problem.

The award is a "feather in the cap" not only for City government, but also for the Maple Grove residents who really make it all possible.

You Go, Ron!

Ron Lucas won the Silver Medal in the U.S.A. Pickleball Association National competition held the first week of November in Buckeye, AZ. His award came in the men's singles age 75 - 79 bracket. He played 6 matches, 15 games over 6 1/2 hours to take this honor.



Stories to Warm the Heart

It's what You Scatter

Once in a while, you hear a story that really tugs at your heartstrings. The following is a true story of compassion expressed in such a way that the recipients didn't realize at the time what actually was going on.

Many years ago, the owner of a corner grocery store was overheard saying to a young boy, "Hello Barry, How's your Ma?" The boy answered, "Gettin' stronger alla time."

"Good, Anything I can help you with?" "No sir, Jus' admiring them peas." "Would you like to take some home?" "No sir" got nothing' to pay for 'em with."



"Well, what have you got to trade me for some of those peas?" "All I got's my prize marble here, and she's a dandy." "Can I see that? Only thing is, It's blue, and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one at home?" "Not zackley, but almost."

"Then take this sack of peas home with you. Next trip bring your red marble." "Sure will."

When the boy came back in with the almost red marble, the owner refused it because now he needed another color.

There were two other boys just like Barry, and the owner sold them vegetables in the same way. This kept happening for the boys growing-up years.

When the owner died, three young men came to his funeral. One was in an army uniform, the other two wore dark suits and white shirts. All looked very professional. Each young man hugged the owner's wife, kissed her on the cheek, and spoke briefly. Moving to the casket, each placed his warm hand over the cold, pale hand in the casket, and left awkwardly wiping his eyes.

The widow looked into the casket. There, next to his hand, were three exquisitely shined red marbles. "Now, at last, when my husband can't change his mind about the color or size of the marble, they came to pay their debt. We've never

had a great deal of wealth of this world, but right now my husband would have considered himself the richest man in Idaho."

The moral of this story: We will not be remembered for our words, but for our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath.

Do Something Useful

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me again asking why I didn't do something useful with my time. Like sitting around the pool and drinking wine is not a good thing, I said.

Talking about my "doing something useful" seems to be her favorite topic of conversation. She was "only thinking of me" she said, and suggested I go down to the senior center and hang out with the guys.

I did this and when I got home last night I decided to teach her a lesson about staying out of my business. I e-mailed her and told her that I had joined a parachute club. She replied, "Are you nuts? You're 73 years old, and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"



I told her that I even got a membership card and e-mailed a copy to her.

She immediately telephoned me, "Good grief, where are your glasses! This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"Oh man, I'm in trouble again; I really don't know what to do... I signed up for five jumps a week."

The line went quiet and her friend picked up the phone and said that my daughter had fainted.

Life as a senior citizen is not getting any easier but sometimes it can be fun.

Tongue in Cheek

The Story of Minnesota

Minnesota became the 32nd state on May 11, 1858 and was originally settled by a lost tribe of Norwegians seeking refuge from the searing heat of Wisconsin and Michigan winters.

Minnesota gets its name from the Sioux Indian word, "Mah-nee-soo-tah" meaning "No, really... they eat fish soaked in lye.

Madison, MN is known as the lutefisk capital of the world. Avoid this city at all costs.

The state song of Minnesota is, "Someday the Vikings will... aw, never mind.

Frank C. Mars, founder of the Mars Candy Company, was born in Newport, Minnesota. His 3Muskateers candy bar originally contained three bars in one wrapper, each filled with a different flavor of nougat – chocolate, Spam, and lutefisk.

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## Punography

I tried to catch some fog. I mist.

When chemists die, they barium.

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went – then it dawned on me.

This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore.

When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I can't put it down.

England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

Velcro – what a rip-off!

How does Moses make his tea? Hebrews it.

A cross-eyed teacher lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils.

I used to be a banker, but then I lost interest.

I tried to be normal once – worst two minutes of my life.

Brain cells come and go but fat cells live forever.

## It's All in the Name

A pregnant Irish woman from Dublin got into a car accident and ended up in a deep coma. Asleep for nearly 6 months, she awakened to find that she was no longer pregnant and frantically asked the doctor about her baby.

The doctor replied, "Ma'am you had twins - a boy and a girl! Your brother from Cork came in and named them."

The woman thought to herself, *Oh No, not my brother, he's an idiot!*

She asked the doctor, "Well, what's the girl's name?" "Denise", he replied.

"Wow, that's not a bad name, I like it! What's the boy's name?" "Denephew."

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It was Paddy and Seamus giving the motorcycle a ride on a brisk autumn day. After a wee bit, Paddy who was sitt'n behind Seamus on the bike began to holler ...'Seamus ... Seamus ... the wind is cutt'n me chest!

"Well, Paddy my lad," said Seamus, "why don't you take your jacket off and turn it from front to back, that'll block the wind for you."

So Paddy took Seamus' advice and turned his jacket from front to back and got back on the bike. When Seamus turned to talk to Paddy, Paddy was not there! Seamus immediately turned the bike around and retraced their route. When after a short time he came to a turn and saw a bunch of farmers standing around Paddy who was sitting on the ground.

"T'anks be to heaven, is he alright?" Seamus hailed to the farmers.

"Well," said one of the farmers, "he was alright when we found him here, but since we turned his head back to front he hasn't said a word!"



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Bits 'n Pieces

Frostbite/Hypothermia

We live in Minnesota. We know how to live with winter.

Really? How many of us have gone on a short winter errand without wise clothing? Men are macho. Women don't like to mess up their hair. Too often we leave the warm winter jacket, hat, scarf, dry boots, mittens in the closet and invite trouble.

We sit, underdressed, on a cold bench watching a loved one skate and have no idea our body temperature is dropping. The first symptoms are shivering, cold feet and hands but we ignore them because we're tough.

The next symptoms are: drowsiness, weakness, loss of coordination, confusion, slow breathing, slowed heart rate. Call for immediate medical attention if you suspect someone is suffering from hypothermia. If no help is available, the victim should be warmed slowly with warm liquids along with dry clothing and blankets.

Falls, another winter danger.

Tempted to wear comfy tennis shoes outside in the winter? Think of Simon and Garfunkel lyrics Slip, sliding away and wear your boots.

So, dress right to fully enjoy this winter and all the winters to come.



Happy New Year

We wish you health, we wish you well, and happiness galore.

We wish you luck for you and friends; what could we wish you more?

May your joys be as deep as the oceans, your troubles as light as its foam.

And may you find, sweet peace of mind wherever you may roam.



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To receive this newsletter by mail, call Kris 763-494-6514.

Next Issue

The next Newsletter will be published in April. Please submit items for the next issue by February 1, 2015. Send or bring your stories, jokes, tidbits to Kris. Rough drafts are welcome.