



The Senior Scene



THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF
THE SENIORS of the GROVE

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July, August, September 2014

Message From Kris

"I keep six honest serving-men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who."

Rudyard Kipling

My grandson Joel is 14 months old, and when I recently read this quote, I began to wonder at what



stage of our life the curiosity and questioning diminish.

When does the everyday desire to discover and learn and try new things get tapped down in us? As many of you know, at 14 months the world is all

discovery. Opening a cupboard door brings oohs and wows, watching a car drive by, or going to the park and discovering wood chips, let alone a swing or slide are all wonderful events. Every moment, every movement is based on discovery, learning and questioning.

Do routines, like school or schedules to keep, start the declining process? Or does it wait until later in life when work, friends, laundry and bills consume our time? Or is it even later, when we spend more time alone, or in front of a screen? Does the fear of failure paralyze us? OR...Do we ever really stop learning, and questioning? Maybe it has become a part of us that is just there, we never really notice it?

Tough questions, and I don't have the answers, I just see the joy of discovery in Joel's face and wonder when the last time that I felt that excited at seeing or learning something was. I think I need to pay more attention to my life, and quit being so busy that I don't notice the discoveries that are possible every day.

It might be being grateful for the beauty that exists all around, that I rarely notice – like the flowerbeds in islands on Weaver Lake Road. I drive by them everyday, and until Joel and I took a walk in his neighborhood and he oooohhhed at the flowers on the boulevard did I notice them. Maybe it is questioning the status quo. Why do we do it that way? How did that policy come about? Or maybe it is really general. What can I do to make the world a little brighter today?

How about you? Have you invited the "six honest serving-men" into your life lately? I think that when we open our world to them, we will welcome new knowledge, appreciate all we know, share our gifts with others, and maybe change the world in unknown ways.

So I encourage you to bring that 14 – month-old spirit back into your life. Open your eyes to the joys of discovery, and learning; say oooohhhh to the beauty that surrounds you everyday. Find it, it's there! Clap your hands and celebrate because learning, experiencing, gratitude and joy are part of what makes each day special.



Stop and smell the roses this summer! I'm going to!

Kris

In the Winter 2014 issue of *The Senior Scene*, we asked readers to proofread an article entitled "Rightn' Well." Dolly Bentson and two others, who wish to remain anonymous, found the nine misspellings we deliberately put in the article. Since there is a tree-way tie, all will receive a lifetime subscription to *The Senior Scene*. Congratulations, you sharp shooters, you are the ones we worry about.

Celebrate Summer



Maple Grove Days Are Coming

Community celebrations are more than just carnival rides, games, races, parades, burgers, pizza, ice cream, fireworks, etc., etc. Their importance is that they also bring neighbors – after all, Maple Grove residents are neighbors – together to enjoy what is really one big party. This year, mark your calendar for July 9-13.

It's no surprise that many, many volunteers are needed to staff all the events. In 2013, volunteers gave approximately 1,200 hours to the event. You can safely bet that seniors are a good part of that army of volunteers.

Each year, for instance, 25, or so, of our Maple Grove seniors volunteer right here in the Community Center. You will meet some of them if you stop at the Pie Shoppe for a treat. They cut and serve the pie (maybe with a scoop of ice cream if you are not counting calories that day). They actually are working for all of us, because the Pie Shoppe is a fund raiser for the Senior Program.

Or perhaps you want to spend some time exploring the Business Expo which takes up much of the main floor of the Community Center and all of the gym downstairs as well. Whether you are interested in medical clinics, schools, banks, crafts, etc., etc., you will find much to capture your attention.

Our senior greeters stationed at the Welcome Desk inside the main door can tell you exactly where the particular Expo booths you want to visit are located. They might even remind you to pick up the freebies being handed out as you browse. They may even know which booth is giving out a particularly popular free item.

They can also direct you to the closest spot to catch the shuttle bus, or maybe just invite you to sit

down and chat a bit about the weather while you cool off in the comfort of the air-conditioned Community Center.

If you are a Maple Grove Days volunteer yourself, you are already familiar with the Hospitality Room for volunteers where food, drinks, and a chance to sit down and cool off are available all day and into early evening. It's a busy place, serving more than 300 volunteers on the Saturday of Maple Grove Days. It's also popular with the Police Reserve officers who are on duty keeping an eye on things around the grounds. It, too, is staffed by our seniors.

The Maple Grove Days celebration is possible only because so many people are willing to give their time and effort. We owe them all a thank you, and a very special salute to our seniors who, by their volunteer efforts, show those young'uns that we are not over the hill yet.

For questions or to volunteer, call Kris at 763-494-6514



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A nine-year-old recently asked his mother about puberty. She explained that it occurs when children's bodies begin to change. "Boys," she said, "grow taller and develop muscles. Their voices deepen, and they start to grow hair, like facial hair." She paused. "Do you understand?" "Yes," he replied, "I just hope it happens on a Saturday, when I'm not in school."

# One Australian's View of America

## To Kill An American

On the 4th of July, we celebrate the birth of our country, and it seems a good time to stop and think about who we are and what we are, something we rarely do.

The following editorial was written, not by an American, but by an Australian dentist who had seen an ad in a newspaper offering a reward to anyone who killed an American, any American. He wrote it to let everyone know what an American is.

An American is English, or French, or Italian, Irish, German, Spanish, Polish, Russian, or Greek. An American may also be Mexican, Canadian, African, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Australian, Iranian, Asian, Arab, Pakistani, or Afghan. An American may also be Comanche, Cherokee, Dakota, Osage, Blackfoot, Ojibwe, Navaho, Apache, Seminole, or any of the many other tribes known as Native Americans.

An American is Christian, or he could be Jewish or Buddhist or Muslim. An American is also free to believe in no religion. For that he will not have to answer to the government or to armed thugs claiming to speak for the government.

An American lives in the most prosperous land in the history of the world. The root of that prosperity can be found in the Declaration of Independence, which recognized the God-given right of each person to the pursuit of happiness.

An American is generous. Americans have helped out just about every other nation in the world in their times of need, never asking a thing in return.

The National symbol of America, the Statue of Liberty, welcomes "your tired and your poor, the wretched refuse of your teeming shores, the homeless, the tempest tossed."

These, in fact, are the people who built America. Some of them were working in the Twin Towers the



morning of September 11, 2001, earning a better life for their families. It's been told that the World Trade Center victims were from at least 30 different countries, cultures, and first languages, including those countries that aided and abetted the terrorists.

So you can try to kill an American if you must. Hitler did. So did General Tojo, and Stalin, and Mao-Tse-Tung, and other tyrants in the world. But, in doing so, you would just be killing one of your own, because Americans are not a particular people from a particular place. They are the embodiment of the human spirit of freedom. Everyone who holds to that spirit everywhere is an American.

*Celebrate Independence  
Day*

*Have A Picnic*



*Watch a  
Parade*

*Don't  
forget the  
Fireworks*



*Happy 4th of July*

# Are You A First Cousin Twice Removed?

## Family Connections

When the month of June begins to wind down and my little container garden is growing well, I start to think about family reunions. My own family (on my mom's side) had an annual reunion about this time of year throughout my childhood and my children's childhoods. Three to four generations of us would all gather at a state park for a giant pot-luck dinner and many of those who attended were people that I only saw once a year.

Inevitably, a few of us would get into a conversation about the complexities of how we were all related to each other and how the newest baby in the group was related to each of us. We were pretty comfortable in our understanding of uncles and aunts, nieces, and nephews, and even great-great grandmas. After that, my aunt Evelyn was the go-to person for relational information. Here is what I learned:

**First cousins** are pretty easy to figure out. They are the children of your parent's brothers and sisters; in other words the children of your aunts and uncles: you and your first cousins share the same grandmother and grandfather.

**Double first cousins** are created when a pair of brothers marries a pair of sisters and both couples have children. The children are not only first cousins, they are double first cousins because they have both sets of grandparents in common.

**First cousins once removed** are a little more complicated. The words "once removed" mean that the two relatives are in different generations. For example, your mother's first cousin is your first cousin, once removed. The child of your first cousin is also your first cousin once removed. It's a common misconception that a first cousin once removed is the same as a second cousin, but

according to Aunt Evelyn, that's not correct.

Now it really gets interesting.

Your **second cousin** is the child of your first cousin once removed. They are the people in your family who share at least one great-grandparent with you, but not the same grandparents. Your third cousins have the same great-great-grandparents, fourth cousins have the same great-great-great-grandparents, and so on. Your child and your cousin's child are also second cousins

**Twice removed** means that there is a two-generation difference. You are two generations younger than a first cousin of your grandmother, so you and your grandmother's first cousin are first cousins, twice removed. You can carry this out to three times removed, four times removed – however far you want to go.

When a marriage is the only connection between two individuals, then there is no cousinship in the true sense of the word. The most you can claim with this person is a **shirt tail cousin**. The cousinship is riding on the shirt tails of someone else.

So now you know all about connections with your relatives. Bring this along to your next family gathering and you can sound as smart as my aunt Evelyn.

... Virginia Hanson



# A Little Humor

## The Tomato Garden

An old Italian gentleman lived alone in New Jersey. He wanted to plant his annual tomato garden, but it was very difficult work, as the ground was hard. His only son, Vincent, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament.

"Dear Vincent, I am feeling pretty sad because it looks like I won't be digging up a garden plot. I know if you were here, my troubles would be over. I know you would be happy to dig the plot for me like in the old days. Love, Papa."

A few days later he received a letter from his son.

"Dear Papa, Don't dig up that garden. That's where the bodies are buried. Love, Vinnie"

At 4 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire area without finding any bodies. They apologized to the old man and left. That same day, the old man received another letter from his son.

"Dear Papa, Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I could do under the circumstances. Love you, Vinnie"



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A teacher told one of her students to make a sentence starting with "I."

The student started, "I is..."

"No, dear," the teacher interrupted, "always say, 'I am.'"

"Oh. I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

A little girl in the first grade went with her daddy to see a litter of kittens. When they returned home, she told her mommy that there were two girl kitties and two boy kitties.

Her mom asked how she could tell, and the little girl responded, "Daddy held them up and looked. I think it was printed on their bottoms."



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A man walked into a bar and ordered a drink. While the bartender mixed his beverage, the man heard a quiet voice say, "Nice suit."

He looked around, but no one was there. Then he heard another voice say, "I really like that tie." The man wheeled all the way around but still didn't see anyone.

Just then the bartender returned with his drink, and the man exclaimed, "I keep hearing voices,"

"Saying nice things about you?" the bartender asked? The man nodded.

"Those are our peanuts," the bartender said, pointing at the bar. "They're complimentary."



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The barometric pressures and the wind's precise velocity, along with atmospheric change are given with precocity.

To details of occluded fronts,

I listen to my sorrow,

what I'm desperate now to know is

Will it rain tomorrow?

A Minnesotan in the spring of 2014



Time and Time Again...and Again...

Eating Out Over the Years

A group of 15-year-old boys discussed where they should meet for dinner. It was agreed they would meet at the McDonald's next to Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because they only had six dollars among them, they could ride their bikes there, and Jennie Webster – that cute girl in Social Studies lives on the same street and they might see her.



Ten years later. The group of now 25-year-old guys discussed where they should meet for dinner. Because they now had money, it was agreed they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because the beer was cheap, the bar had free snacks, the house band was good, there was no cover charge, and there were lots of good looking women.



Ten years later, at 35 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. It was decided they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because the booze was good, it was near their gym and, if they went late enough, there wouldn't be too many whiny little kids.

Ten years later, at 45, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. It was agreed they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because the martinis were big and the waitresses wore tight pants.

Ten years later, now 55, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. It was agreed they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because the prices were reasonable, they have a nice wine list, and fish is good for your cholesterol.

Ten years later, at 65 years of age, the group again discussed where they should meet for dinner. It

was agreed they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because the lighting was good, and they have an early bird special.



Ten years later, at 75 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. It was agreed they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because the food was not too spicy and the restaurant was handicapped accessible.

Ten years later, at 85 years of age, the group once again discussed where they should meet for dinner. It was agreed they would meet at Captain Jack's Seafood Grille because they had never been there before.



Signs and Headlines

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers.

Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says.

We can repair anything. (Please knock hard on the door – the bell doesn't work)

After tea break, staff should empty the teapot and stand upside down on the draining board.

Bargain Basement Upstairs.

Would the person who took the step ladder yesterday please bring it back or further steps will be taken.

If you cannot read, this leaflet will tell you how to get lessons.

Automatic washing machines: please remove all your clothes when the light goes out.

Toilet out of order. Please use the floor below.

Bank Customers Unite!

Press This

The following is an actual letter that was sent to a bank by an 86-year-old woman. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in the New York Times.

Dear sir: I am writing to thank you for bouncing my check with which I endeavored to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three nano seconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honor it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire pension – an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years.

You are to be commended for seeing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account \$30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways.

I noticed that whereas I personally answer your telephone calls and letters, but when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become.

So from now on, like you, I choose to deal only with a flesh and blood person. My mortgage and loan payments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate. Be aware that it is an offense under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope.

Please find attached an Application Contract which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order for me to know as much about him as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of medical history must be countersigned by a Notary Public, and the de-

tails of, income, debts, assets and liabilities must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course, at MY convenience, I will issue your employee a PIN number which must be used in any dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modeled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows: **Press the Star*** button for English.

Press 1 to make an appointment to see me.

Press 2 to query a missing payment.

Press 3 to transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.

Press 4 to transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.

Press 5 to transfer the call to the bathroom in case I am attending to nature.

Press 6 to transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home.

Press 7 to leave a message on my computer. A password is required for the computer; password to be communicated to you at a later date.

Press 8 to return to the main menu and listen to 1-7 again.

May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous, New Year?

Your Humble Client.

And remember this: Don't make old people mad. We don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to set us off.



Summertime Cautions

I'm Not Trying To Scare You...

Wait, Yes I Am

Lyme Disease is an infection caused by the bite of an infected blacklegged deer tick. It can involve all organs of the human body; the brain, central nervous system, skin, muscles, and joints are most frequently targeted. If left untreated or, undertreated, it can progress to late stage Lyme disease which can look like, or lead to, ALS, MS, Parkinson's Disease, Fibromyalgia, Rheumatoid Arthritis, mental disturbances, stroke, impaired immune system and other ailments.

Deer ticks are in most of Minnesota's 87 counties and our state consistently ranks in the top 10 states for reported cases of Lyme Disease. The Center for Disease Control estimates actual cases are 10 times higher than official reports. In Minnesota, that equates to roughly 12,000 cases per year.

Deer ticks obtain the bacterium by feeding on infected animals such as deer, mice, squirrels, rabbits, chipmunks, ground-feeding birds which means wilderness areas are not the only places ticks live. They are in fields, golf courses, city parks, campsites, leaf litter, long grasses, fallen logs, and woodpiles and in the yards where our grandchildren play.

A deer tick in the nymph stage is the size of a poppy seed and their bite is painless, making them hard to see, or feel. The longer the tick stays on the body the greater the likelihood it will inject Lyme and other diseases, called co-infections, into your body. If they stay on you, or a loved one, for the 3 to 4 days of their feeding period, the chance you will be infected is greater than 90%.

Symptoms: Anywhere from two to thirty days after the bite, 35% to 59% of people bitten will develop a red rash around the site of the tick bite, often becoming a solid red oval. On dark skin it can look like a bruise. Other symptoms: flu-like illness, extreme fatigue, stiff aching neck, muscle pain, dizziness, the list goes on and on.

Avoiding Lyme Disease. Before going where ticks might be, spray clothing, footwear, camping and hunting gear with a spray containing *Permethrin* for clothes. For your skin use 30% DEET or 20% picaridin. Always follow the manufacture's directions.

Inspect your body, and any pets with you, head to toe for ticks immediately, and for several days after leaving a tick invested area. Remove all ticks.

Lyme tests don't always show you have the disease for several weeks, which is one reason Lyme disease is difficult to diagnose and even more difficult to treat. If you develop the red rash, it's wise to immediately start the search for doctors who are well versed in the disease.

This article was put together in collaboration with Lori Link, Director of the Maple Grove Art Center. Lori has battled Lyme Disease for many years and understands the frustrations of getting the correct diagnosis, followed by the most effective treatment. She can't say it strongly enough; if you believe you have a deer tick bite, or may have Lyme Disease, immediately seek a doctor experienced and educated in the disease. To do that, contact The Minnesota Lyme Association for a list of doctors who are Lyme literate. Lyme Disease is a complex illness that needs you to take the initiative to find your most effective care.

For more information, go to:

- www.mnlyme.com/patients
- www.mnlyme.org
- [email lyme@mnlyme.org](mailto:lyme@mnlyme.org)

Heat Stroke

Symptoms: Body temperature of over 105, fainting, throbbing headache, dizziness, lack of sweating despite the heat. Other symptoms include red, hot, dry skin, muscle weakness or cramps, nausea, rapid heart beat, confusion, disorientation, and seizures. **First Aid:** Any delay in seeking medical help can be fatal. If you suspect that someone has

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This & That

(Continued from page 8)

Heat Stroke



heat stroke, call 911 or transport person to the hospital. While waiting for help to arrive, move person to an air-conditioned environment or a cool, shady area. To reduce body temperature, remove unnecessary clothing, fan air over the patient, wet their skin, armpits, neck, and back with cool wet sponges or cloths.

.. .Judy Granahan

Just Some Tidbits

Americans purchase 700 million pounds of peanut butter annually, enough to cover the floor of the Grand Canyon.

Greet each day with your eyes open to beauty, your mind open to change, and your heart open to love.

Humor is to life what shock absorbers are to cars.

There has always been a food processor in the kitchen, but once upon a time, she was called Mom.

Household hints: dark wool suits and skirts are ideal for removing dog and cat hair from furniture.

The second day on a diet is easier than the first because, by the second day, you're off it.

The nice thing about teamwork is that you always have others on your side.

The family tree is worth bragging about if it produces good timber and not just a bunch of nuts.

A smile is as contagious as a yawn and remembered more fondly when it's gone.

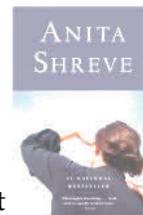
The slight curve of a smile straightens out many problems

Book Club Discussion Topics

In August

The Pilots Wife by Anita Shreve

When Kathryn Lyons receives word that a plane flown by her husband, Jack, exploded near the coast of Ireland, she confronts one startling revelation at a time. Drawn into a maelstrom of publicity fueled by rumors he led a secret life, Kathryn sets out to learn who her husband really was. Her search propels this taut, impassioned novel as it movingly explores the question, How well can we ever really know another person?



In September

Lake Wobegon by Garrison Keillor

If you loved the radio program, you'll like this. I'm a huge fan of Keillor's Wobegon radio stuff, and the stories here were mostly as good as the ones on the radio. His story-telling is so engaging the book loses a little by not being read by him, but, being familiar with his voice, I could almost "hear" him reading it.

For History Buffs. (Not a Book Club Item)

The Hidden White House by Robert Klara

The story of the complete reconstruction of the White House during the Truman administration. Swaying chandeliers – some weighing nearly a ton – floors that moved under your feet, strange noises, falling plaster, etc. led to a complete inspection of the building, which was promptly declared unfit for human habitation.



The rumor of ghosts turned out to be a dying house calling for help. While the outer walls were standing firmly on footings, the inner walls had none and were sinking, as much as 18 inches in some spots. Klara tells the story of tearing down all but the outside walls and completely rebuilding an American icon. It reads like a novel.

Anybody Up for Matrimony?

Where Is That Man??

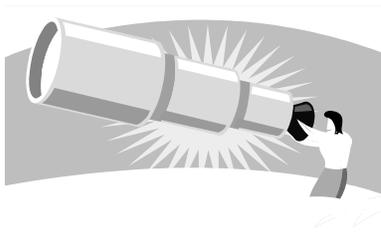
I'm single and looking. How many social events do I need to participate in to find him? I've thought of getting a job in a men's store, but do I have enough stamina? Why doesn't a man ever send me a cocktail while I'm sitting alone with a book in a restaurant? Approach me while I'm in a bookstore, or pushing a grocery cart? Have I missed a signal? Or should I wear a sign that sends a message saying I'm single and looking?

What if he does approach me and we actually start to date? Will I want to share my life? If he's well informed about worldly events, I'd have to buy and study the newspaper and the problems of the world.

He needs to have hobbies, not spend all day on my couch. He needs to look dashing in jeans and shine his shoes. He should be curious about my thoughts and actions, understand when I go to bed early and hibernate with my books, welcome me back if I pack a bag, get in my car or on a plane and cross the country.

Living solo does have advantages: I can cook, eat leftovers, order in or eat out when I want. I can clean every day or be messy, then clean when I'm in the mood. If I marry again, I'd have to buy an alarm clock, get up early in the mornings to make myself presentable, not sit around in my nightgown for hours with my coffee. As the King of Siam said to Anna, "It is a puzzlement."

...Lyn LaCoursiere



Where is that man? Maybe he's sitting around making lists just like I am.

Once You Find Him...

If you do meet "that special" man, you might have to plan a wedding which you will want to be perfect in every way. Just remember though, weddings don't always go exactly as planned. I speak from experience.

For instance, when Bob and I were married in February, 1952, it was below zero, and the snow was deep. I wore boots, mittens, and my winter coat over my wedding dress. Only a few people were invited to the actual ceremony – along with the priest of course. At the appointed time, all the expected guests were there. The priest was not.

We waited and waited, and finally sent someone to the rectory to check. Our priest had forgotten he had a wedding that day and was out soliciting prizes for an upcoming parish event. Our pastor just sighed and said to one of the other priests, "Marry these poor people; they've waited long enough." I was never quite sure how he meant that.

Our very embarrassed priest did call during our much-later-than-expected reception, and apologized profusely. We are still married after 62 years, so it all turned out okay. I do not recommend a February wedding.

Thus, we were happy that our daughter chose June when she was married in 1974. We were sure there would be no problems with a June wedding. June is THE wedding month. We were dead wrong.

The Sunday before her wedding, the priest who was to perform the ceremony asked me if I knew any other priests. He had decided to leave the priesthood and did not think he should witness their vows when he was going back on his own. I could understand that, but I certainly did not have a spare priest waiting in the wings. Fortunately, he did, and arranged for one to officiate. I sighed with relief. All was again in order.

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And After the Wedding

(Continued from page 10)

Once You Find Him

At least it seemed so until the middle of the week, when the bakery which was to provide the cake burned down and, of course, closed. Okay, no cake. But we did find an emergency bakery. We were surely home free – or so we thought.

On the big day, I stayed behind to finish up a few things before I left for church. When I was ready to go, I discovered the only car left for me was our son's. This would have been fine had not someone tried to steal the car earlier by hotwiring it, damaging the ignition switch. The switch had been replaced, but I did not have the new key. I could not drive it.

I called the rectory in desperation and asked if someone would please, go over to the church and ask for a volunteer to come pick up the mother of the bride. A Good Samaritan arrived, and I did get there in time for the wedding. Although I'm now convinced that June is just as iffy for weddings as February is.

As far as I can see, May appears to be okay for weddings. Our grandson's recent wedding came off perfectly. We weren't involved in planning, so maybe the black cloud that seems to hover over us at weddings didn't think it worth interfering.

Everything went exactly as planned. The reception, held in the Metropolitan Club at Target Field, was lovely, though there was one rather unusual thing about it. Most members of the wedding party have been involved in Gopher athletics so Goldy Gopher – in his tux – was a surprise guest and temporarily sidelined the bride and groom. Everyone wanted a picture taken with Goldy – including the grandmother of the groom. And *then* we all joined in singing the Minnesota Rouser. I'm not sure what the out-of-state people



thought of that, but as a long-suffering Gopher football fan, I loved it.

I have come to believe our wedding jinx may be over – at least as long as we are only guests and not doing the planning. And that's the truth!

... Dorothy Stevenson

*Moonlight and roses are bound to fade
for every lover and every maid;
But the bond that holds in any weather
is learning how to laugh together.*

A Husband Goes Shopping

A man walks into the lingerie department of Macy's in Minneapolis. He tells the sales lady that he would like a Teenager bra for his wife in size 34B. Giving him a quizzical look, the sales lady asks, "What kind of bra?"

"A Teenager bra. My wife said to tell you that she wanted a Teenager bra and that you would know what she wanted."

"Oh yes, now I understand," says the sales lady. "We don't get as many requests for them as we used to."

Most of our customers lately want the Motherly bra, the School Teachers bra, or the Maiden Aunt bra."

Confused, and a little flustered, the man asks, "So what are the differences?"

The sales lady responds, "It's really quite simple. The Motherly bra supports the masses, the School teacher bra lifts up the fallen, and the Maiden Aunt bra keeps them staunch and upright."

He muses on that information for a minute and says, "Hmm. I know I'll regret asking, but what does the Teenager bra do?"

"Ah," she replied, "The Teenager bra makes mountains out of molehills."





Seniors of the Grove
Maple Grove Parks & Rec Dept
12951 Weaver Lake Road
Maple Grove, MN 55369

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A Little History

D-Day, June 6, 1944

June 6, 2014, marked the 70th anniversary of D-Day, the beginning of an invasion that changed the course of the WWII in Europe and ended in the defeat of Nazi Germany. Those of us old enough to remember that day will forever carry in our hearts the pictures of those brave men



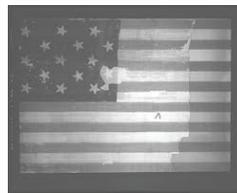
wading in water up to their waists under heavy fire from the cliffs above, and the thousands of American and Allied troops who died on those beaches and in the days that followed.



“Soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force....the eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you.”

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower

2014 is also the 200th anniversary of the British bombardment of Fort Henry during the War of 1812. It was there Francis Scott Key wrote the poem which was destined to become our National Anthem. His poem was set to the tune of the official song of a British Gentleman’s Club, and was made official for use by the Navy in 1869. It became the National Anthem on March 5, 1931 by vote of Congress. Prior to that, *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* had served as an unofficial Anthem.



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The Fort McHenry flag itself – with all the damage of the years – is on the display at the Smithsonian in Washington D.C.

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Next Issue

The next Newsletter will be published in September. Please submit items for the next issue by August 1, 2014. Please send or bring your stories, jokes, tidbits. . . to Kris. Rough drafts are welcome.