



The Senior Scene

THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF
THE SENIORS of the GROVE



Vol. 19 No. 4

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER 2014

A NOTE FROM KRIS

As we start layering on our long sleeves and sweaters and watch as the fall leaves start fluttering down, it is so hard for me to believe how quickly this year has flown by! It seems like just yesterday I was digging out from all the snow and cold of last winter, and here I am bracing for it again! I remember hearing over and over as a kid, "the older you get the faster time goes." I don't know if you find this true, but let me tell you it sure is the way my life feels right now for me!

I think one of the reasons that time flies for me is because I am working full time, and in the past I just had my small family of four to worry about; I now have three families. That is, with both of my children grown and out of the house, one with her own family and the other in the process of moving and planning a wedding, and my husband and me still active and engaged in life. No, I'm not cooking and cleaning for all three, but I am engaged in their lives, and happy to help as I'm able. (I'll always find time to babysit my grandson!) My family is what I choose to give my time to, willingly and wholeheartedly.

We also have taken over the lake place that my parents retired to. Tom and I are now part of the weekend escape up north. It is wonderful and fun, and a great gathering spot for family, but now it seems that I need a day or two to recover from all that the weekend out of town requires.

Time: I seem to measure it by either the past (what did I accomplish/do?) or by the present (what's on my to-do list)? (will I have enough time?) But, I think I need to give it a more "free" definition, and ask myself if what I'm doing, where I am, who I'm with, and how I feel are what I want to do/be. Now, I know we all have to do some things that we don't like or don't want to do. However, can I minimize those times and put my focus and my joy

into spending time doing what I love, what will help others, what expands the good in the world, at least my part of the world. I want to realize and fully comprehend that time continues. How can I make life "better"? What will my story be as time continues?

How about you? Are you finding time just passing by? Is there a way you can engage time differently in your life? Does it help to think of it as continuing? Where do you find joy? Can you incorporate more of what brings you joy into your minutes/hours/days? Where is your story taking you?

All interesting, and sometimes hard, questions. Let me encourage you to reach out here at the Community Center with the variety of programming that happens, or at your church, local school, or even the coffee shop. Find a way to connect to others, learn something new, challenge your thought process, get moving, and change how you look at time spent, time passing, time continuing. Find, and do that which makes everything brighter. It's out there, you are never too old, and usually all it takes is the first step!

Go have fun and watch time fly!

Kris



*"Time does not pass,
it continues"*

— Marty Rubin

What's Happening in Maple Grove

Maple Grove Celebrates National Night Out

We often hear that suburbs are not friendly places, that people don't know their neighbors, and they have no community spirit.



Well, if that's the case, Maple Grove didn't get the message. This year – and it's typical of every year – there were well over 150 Maple Grove neighborhood

celebrations registered for National Night Out. Our elected and appointed officials had a very busy night visiting the celebrations and getting to know folks. They were joined by the Police and Fire Departments, whose members also toured the city showing off their equipment, much to the delight of the kids, who were invited to climb aboard. Of course, McGruff was there to help out.



These pictures are from just one of those many celebrations. If you haven't joined in the fun in the past, remember National Night Out happens the second week in August every year.



Humor Happening Here

Really??

Unusual Notices

- Toilet out of order. Please use floor below.
- Automatic Washing Machines. Please remove all your clothes when the light goes out.
- After tea break, staff should empty the teapot and stand upside down on the draining board.
- We exchange anything – bicycles, washing machines, etc. Why not bring your spouse along and get a wonderful bargain?
- We can repair anything. Please knock on the door – the bell doesn't work.

Newspaper Headlines:

- Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant. *(See if that works better than a fair trial!)*
- War Dims Hope For Peace. *(We can see where the war might have that effect!)*
- Cold Wave Linked To Temperatures. *(You think?)*
- Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges. *(You mean there's something stronger than duct tape?)*
- Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery: Hundreds Dead. *(Really?)*
- Man Kills Self Before Shooting Wife And Daughter. *(How did he do that?)*
- Police Begin Campaign To Run Down Jay-Walkers. *(Now that's taking things a bit far.)*
- Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over. *(What a guy!)*
- Miners Refuse To Work After Death. *(good for-nothing' lazy so-and so's!)*

Family Ties

Susie Lee done fell in love,
She planned to marry Joe.
She was so happy 'bout it all,
She told her pappy so.

Pappy told her, "Susie Gal,
You'll have to find another.
I'd just as soon yo' Ma don't know
But Joe is yo' half brother."

So Susie put aside her Joe
And planned to marry Will.
But after telling pappy this,
He said, "There's trouble still."

"You can't marry Will, my gal
And please don't tell yo' mother,
But Will and Joe, and several mo'
I know is yo' half brothers,"

But Mama knew and said, "My child,
Just do what makes yo' happy.
Marry Will or marry Joe;
You ain't no kin to pappy."



*If you tell the truth, you
don't have to remember
anything.*

A One-Year Update on Nordic Walking



Last Fall we featured a story about the new Maple Grove Nordic Walking Walkers (MGNWW) program in *The Senior Scene*. Now, it's time for an update and we asked Sher Monfore to provide one, which follows.

Nordic Walking is becoming more and more popular here. And, why not? Nordic Walking with its specialty poles can increase your heart rate 12-15 beats per minute over a normal walk, increase calorie burn 20-40%, use 30% more of your body's muscles, add to your stability and balance—just to name a few of the many health benefits it provides.

I was introduced to Nordic Walking at a time when I was experiencing back issues and could not walk even a half block due to pain. When I tried walking with the Nordic poles for the first time, I walked over an hour without any difficulty, and I never turned back. In fact, I went on to become a Nordic Walking instructor myself in 2012, and then I started our program here last year.

Our group meets on Wednesdays from 9:00 to 10:00 a.m. in different local parks each week. A mini-instruction lesson is provided before each walk, so you need not worry about joining us even if you are inexperienced. There are several levels of walkers on each walk, so you are sure to find others who walk at your pace. The group decides the length of time and distance we will walk, what fork in the path to take, when to stop, etc.,

and those who want to turn back can do so at any time.

The focus for the group is: #1. Having fun! #2. Getting out in nature! #3. Meeting and socializing with like-minded people!

An email is sent out each week to remind all members of when and where the walk will take place. If the weather is not right for a walk, it will be canceled until the next meeting time.

On Saturdays we have a "make-up" walk at 8 am for those who couldn't make it on Wednesday or who just want an extra walk that week. This too, will be cancelled if the weather does not cooperate.

This year, we are looking at trying some new adventures: One possible goal is to be a participant in the Maple Grove Days Parade, another thought is to make a video for YouTube, or perhaps start an MGNWW Face Book group, or maybe go to the Arboretum on our own or to join with another group. We are also looking at continuing the walks this winter at Ridgedale Mall when it's too cold or icy outdoors.



Remember, if you are a member of LifeTime Fitness, you can use your poles on their walking track. You can also do your Nordic Walking at the Community Center (early morning is best). Loaner poles can be signed out at Kris' office if you do not have your own. We are happy to welcome everyone who wants to join us, whether you are an old hand or are just thinking of trying it out no

(Continued on page 5)

Book Club News

Book Reviews

The book club this quarter read:

The Latehomecomer: A Hmong Family Memoir by Kao Kalia Yang
Cutting For Stone by Abraham Verghese,

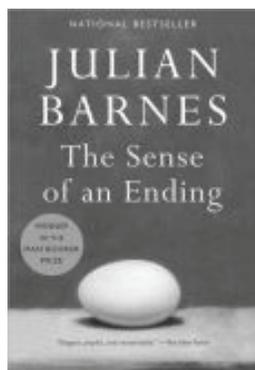


In November we'll read *House of Sand & Fog* by **Andre Dubus**. Opportunity knocks for an Iranian immigrant in California when the county offers for sale a seized house at a bargain price. It will serve as a launching pad for his real-estate business. When the county discovers it made an error, the drug-addicted woman who owned the house demands its return, but the new owner and his family refuse to leave.

We wind up the year with everyone reading their own book, in a potpourri of titles in December. Chose an old favorite, a seasonal story, or discover a new release, all will be shared and discussed after the holidays at the January meeting.

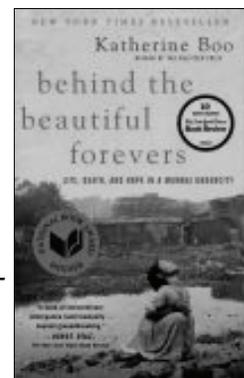
In January, *A Choice of Weapons* by Gordon Parks (1912–2006) – At the age of sixteen, Parks moved from Kansas to St. Paul, after his mother's death. Homeless and hungry, he began his fight to survive, educate himself, and fulfill his dreams. Escaping the poverty and bigotry around him he launched his distinguished career by choosing the weapons given him by "a mother who placed love, dignity, and hard work over hatred." Parks, the first African American to work at *Life* magazine and the first to write, direct, and score a Hollywood film, told an interviewer, "I saw that the camera could be a weapon against poverty, against racism, against all sorts of social wrongs. I knew at that point I had to have a camera."

In February, *The Sense of an Ending* by Julian Barnes. 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. Tony thought he'd



left this all behind as he built a life for himself. His career provided him with a secure retirement and an amicable relationship with his ex-wife and daughter, who now has a family of her own. When he is presented with a mysterious legacy, he is forced to revise his estimation of his own nature and place in the world.

In March, *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* by Katherine Boo. 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, a makeshift settlement in the shadow of luxury hotels near the Mumbai airport. India starts to prosper, the residents are electric with hope. Abdul, an enterprising teenager, sees "a fortune beyond counting" in the recyclable garbage richer people throw away. Annawadi's "most-everything girl," might become its first female college graduate. Even the young thief Kalu, is inching closer to his dreams. When Abdul is falsely accused in a shocking tragedy; terror and global recession rock the city; and suppressed tensions over religion, caste, sex, power, and economic envy turn brutal.



Book Club meets the first Wednesday at 9:30

(Continued from page 4)

Nordic Walkers

matter what your limitations.

If you are interested in buying poles or other equipment, the MGNWW group does get a 10% discount at Hoigaard's at their store in St. Louis Park. All you need to do is tell them you are a member of the club.

If you would like more information, you can contact me at : smonfore@comcast.net . . .

. . . Sher Monfore

Three Scoops

Life is Short

One day I had lunch with some friends. Jim a tall, balding golfer-type about 50 years old, came along with them – all in all, a pleasant bunch.

When the menus were presented, we ordered salads, sandwiches, and soups, except for Jim who said, "Ice cream, please, three scoops, chocolate."

I wasn't sure my ears heard right, and the others were aghast. "Along with heated apple pie," Jim added. We tried to act quite nonchalant as if people did this all the time. But when our orders were brought out, I didn't enjoy mine. I couldn't take my eyes off Jim as his pie *alamode* went down. The other guys couldn't believe it either. They ate their lunches silently and grinned.

The next time I went out to eat, I called and invited Jim. I lunched on white meat tuna. He ordered a parfait. I smiled. He asked if he amused me. I answered, "Yes, you do, but you also confuse me. How come you order rich desserts while I feel I must be sensible?" He laughed, and said, "I'm tasting all that is possible. I try to eat the food I need and do the things I should. But life's so short, my friend, I hate missing out on something good.

"This year I realized how old I was." (He grinned.) "I haven't been this old before. So before I die, I've got to try those things that for years I have ignored. I haven't smelled all the flowers yet. There are too many trout streams I haven't fished. There's more fudge sundaes to wolf down and kites to be flown overhead.

"There are too many golf courses I haven't played. I've not laughed at all the jokes. I've missed a lot of sporting events and potato chips and cokes. I want to wade again in water and feel ocean spray on my face. I want to sit in a country church once more and thank God for His grace.

"I want peanut butter spread on my morning toast every day. I want un-timed long distance calls to the folks I love the most. I haven't cried at all the movies yet, or walked in the morning rain. I need

to feel wind on my face. I want to be in love again."

"So, if I choose to have dessert instead of having dinner, and then if I should die before nightfall, I'd say I died a winner because I missed out on nothing. I filled my heart's desire. I had that final chocolate mousse before my life expired."

With this, I called the waitress over. "I've changed my mind," I said. "I want what he is having, only add some more whipped cream."

So my gift to you is: Be mindful that happiness isn't based on possessions, power, or prestige, but on relationships with people we like and respect.

And remember that while money talks,



CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SINGS!

True Story

My friend, Harold has two cats that like to get into mischief. Merlin, the younger black one is especially curious. Whenever Harold opens it, Merlin will weave his way through Harold's legs, stick his head and front paws into the bottom of the open fridge and start snooping around. One day Harold was in a hurry and didn't notice that his cat actually sneaked all the way onto the bottom shelf of the refrigerator. Harold shut the door trapping Merlin inside. Fortunately, Harold opened the fridge door again a few minutes later. "Nothing", Harold says, "absolutely nothing that has happened in my life prepared me for opening the refrigerator and seeing something move."



Boo!

Looking Back

A Summer to Forget

This past summer has seen an extraordinary number of planes falling out of the sky for one reason or another. Minnesota has been fortunate. Its only loss has been a private plane that crashed into a house near Sauk Rapids. No one in the house was hurt. We were not always so fortunate in the past. Back in the 1950s and 1960s, plane crashes near MSP appeared to be pretty common.



Of course, things were very different back then. We called our airport plain old Wold Chamberlain Field, and in addition to the air-

lines, it had active duty Air Force and Navy bases. The passenger terminal was located on 34th Avenue. The terminal was nothing fancy, but it did have an observation deck where people could go to watch planes take off and land. It didn't take much to amuse us in those days. Today, security will not allow you to do that.

Those were the days of the Cold War and the *DEW LINE*, – the Distant Early Warning System in Alaska and Canada. It's purpose was to alert our Air Force unit of any unidentified plane entering that airspace. Our interceptor wing would scramble at all hours of the day or night whenever an alert came in.

Surprisingly, airport noise was not our big worry as it is today. Rather, we were concerned about all the military planes that insisted on landing in very unusual places. For instance, they seemed quite attracted to Mother Lake – just west of the airport – on takeoffs and landings. More than one headed straight for, and into, that water. Since they carried live ammunition, this was rather nerve-wracking for us and our neighbors.

For example, in June of 1956, an Air Force F-89 Scorpion fighter armed with live rockets struck a car parked next to the lake. The people in the car had stopped to watch planes land. Three people in the car were killed. The plane's crew survived.

Four days later, a Navy F9F Panther fighter crashed into a row of houses on 46th Ave. & 58th Street, near where the Crosstown Highway now runs. It was a sunny Saturday morning, and children were playing in their yards. A total of five people on the ground were



killed and twelve more were injured, many of them children. The pilot also died. Several houses were completely destroyed.

Later, another Navy jet crashed in the river bottoms nearby. The pilot had purposely aimed away from the houses when he knew he was going down. He died in the crash, but not before asking rescuers if he had missed the houses. He had.

Northwest got into the act in the 60s when one of its planes clipped a flag pole in the National Cemetery and went on to smash into a house on nearby Minnehaha Parkway, killing two people.

Somewhat later, a private plane crashed into Morris Park School, two blocks from the airport – one block from our house. The pilot was killed, and the building damaged. The children had been dismissed for the day just half an hour earlier.

That proved to be the last of the run of accidents. As time passed, both military facilities became training sites for reserve units and flew mostly C130s, which fortunately seemed to understand that they should land only on runways. The neighbors heartily approved.

Today's neighbors seem concerned only by the noise issue. The FAA, however, is more concerned about the number of near misses planes are having during landings and takeoffs. They are looking for ways to change the flight paths to improve safety. Those of us who still carry the sound of sirens and see the black smoke in our minds would side with the FAA.

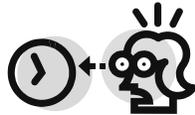
...Dorothy Stevenson

Holiday Stress

Holidays Can Cause Stress

A moderate amount of stress is good. It validates us, takes away boredom, stimulates our brain, opens up new worlds, teaches us things, and makes us reach beyond what we thought were our limits. Too much stress can cause depression, low energy, headaches, upset stomach, tense muscles, chest pain, rapid heartbeat, insomnia, frequent colds and infections etc.

On holidays, some say, Bah! Humbug! I'll be alone Others say, Hurrah! Friends and Family will gather. Still others pull their hair out over what they've committed to do, or are obligated to do.



Questions abound for any major holiday. Who's hosting? How many are coming? Do we invite all the relatives? Can they bring friends? What about the food? The cost? Time everything starts? Are there gifts? A cut-off age? Liquor? You know how so and so gets and we are responsible. If we let it, stress can become endless.

Some tips on managing stress: Spend time with a good friend or family member. Express your feelings instead of bottling them up. Go for a walk, spend time in nature, sweat out tension with a good workout, write in your journal, play with a pet, your own, or somebody else's.

The end of the year is full of holidays. This is a time of looking back, a time of looking forward. Whatever it is for you, take time for some deep breaths, sitting down with a cup of hot chocolate and planning your to-do list early in the season.

Generosity eases stress. No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted. We make a living by what we get, we make a life by what we give. Thinking of that: Can you help someone who is alone? Lost someone? Ill? Unemployed? Flat broke? Swamped?

The friends we meet on the highways of life make the trip worthwhile. If you want long friendships,

develop a short memory. Make the least of the worst and the most of the best. The difficulties of life are intended to make us better, not bitter. An apology is the superglue of life, it can repair just about anything.

On the lighter side:

A closed mouth gathers no foot.

Always remember that you are unique, just like everyone else.

A family gathering is an effective form of birth control.

And finally, a smile is a curve that sets everything straight.

... Judy Granahan



The next few months are full of many holidays. We at the Maple Grove Senior Scene wish you and yours a Safe and Happy Holiday Season.



Be thankful when you have a house full of people you love.

Road Scholar

On the Road with Deane

After Thanksgiving and Christmas, when the daylight hours are short and the temperatures tend to plummet, you might start to dream about getting away from the snow and the cold for a while. An interview with Deane Grandous helped me to see a way to do that without breaking the bank.

Deane told me about Road Scholar (formerly Elderhostel), a not-for-profit travel program for people who are 50 years of age or better. Road Scholar offers more than 500 different programs that cater to a wide variety of interests including national parks, signature cities, birding, the arts, film festivals, food and wine, history, culture, golf, and cruises. You can choose to travel across the United States and around the world, selecting your trips based on location, price, interests, and physical abilities.

You have to get to your destination under your own steam. Once there, Road Scholar takes care of everything including accommodations, transportation, local expert speakers, field trips, and almost all meals. Education is a key component in every trip and the learning is all fun because there are no academic requirements, tests, or grades! Deane's favorite trip so far was when she and her husband, Fred, went to Santa Fe, New Mexico to learn about the Pueblo Indians.

One of Deane's friends remarked, "As a solo woman, I felt safe and welcome traveling in the United States and internationally with Road Scholar." They also offer special excursions planned for grandparents and grandchildren.

So that you can get the "flavor" of Road Scholar trips, I'm including a partial itinerary for three days in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The actual trip is eight days and you can look up the rest of the itinerary on roadscholar.org under the trip title: On the Road: Four Corners Canyon Country.

Day one includes check-in and orientation. On day two, a hot buffet breakfast is included at the motel. After breakfast, we depart for a day trip to Santa

Fe to enjoy a conducted walking tour around the famous Santa Fe Plaza. Lunch is included at a local restaurant on the Plaza and, after lunch, we continue explorations of Santa Fe's famous landmarks. Entrance to the Georgia O'Keefe Museum will be offered to our group. Dinner is included at the Church Street Café in the heart of charming and historic Old Town, built in the 1700's and claimed to be the oldest home in Albuquerque for authentic delicious New Mexican fare.

Day three starts with a hot breakfast buffet at the motel. After breakfast we load luggage and travel by bus through scenic New Mexico. Your guide will interpret these lands as we travel through them, giving some background on the cultural and natural history that makes the Four Corners a one-of-a-kind destination. We then travel to the Aztec Ruins National Monument where we will enjoy an included picnic lunch after which we will explore the Aztec ruins, including the Great Kiva. We continue on to the entrance of Mesa Verde National Park where we will travel to the top of the Mesa Verde and check in to the Far View Lodge. Dinner is included at the Fairview Terrace. After dinner, we will enjoy a presentation about the wonders of Mesa Verde.

Day four starts with a full breakfast at the Far View Terrace. Then, we will explore Mesa Verde, (often referred to as our country's greatest archaeological wonder). Our guide will lead the group on a tour of the prehistoric sites on Chapin Mesa. We then walk the paved trail to the Spruce Tree House cliff dwelling. After lunch at Spruce Tree Café, we'll travel to Cliff Palace, one of the best preserved cliff dwellings in North America. Enjoy an included dinner in Mesa Verde National Park at the famed and much acclaimed Far View Lodge Metate Room Restaurant.

For more information and detailed descriptions of hundreds different programs, go online to www.roadscholar.org and browse around. I should warn you that the site is rather addictive. I already put seven trips onto my "favorites" list.

...Virginia Hanson

Smile, Folks

A barber's client looked depressed, so the barber told him an uplifting story, "Cheer up. I knew a guy who owed \$5,000 he couldn't pay. He drove his vehicle to the edge of a cliff, where he sat for over an hour. A group of concerned citizens passed a hat around and gave it to the driver. Relieved, his money problem solved, the man pulled back from the cliff's edge."

"Incredible," said the client. "Who were these kind people?" The barber answered, "The passengers on his bus."

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A patient being wheeled into the delivery room told the nurse, "I remember you from the last time I gave birth." The nurse was thrilled to be remembered, especially since it had been a few years, and asked, "Do you really remember me?" "Oh, yes, I certainly do. You're the nurse who ate all my candy."

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As a 17-year-old girl prepared to go to school, she asked her mother if she could borrow a pair of shorts. Since she'd never asked to share her mother's clothes before, her mother happily got her a pair. "Why do you want them?" she asked. The response? "It's nerd day at school."

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When the power failed at an elementary school, the cook couldn't serve a hot meal in the cafeteria, so at the last minute she whipped up huge stacks of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. As one little boy filled his plate, he said, "It's about time. Finally we get a home-cooked meal."

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Some park rangers in California found a plot on which someone grew 400,000 pounds of marijuana. They assumed this pot was grown by humans, but I wouldn't rule out bears. After all, they sleep three months a year, all you ever see them doing is looking in the trash to find food, and their leader's name is "Smokey."



"Cash, check, or charge?" I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for her television set in her purse. "So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked. "No, she replied, "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally".



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A woman says to the bartender "Today's my birthday. I'll have a scotch and two drops of water." He makes her drink and hands it to her. The man a few stools away says, "Bartender, since it's her birthday give her another scotch." The woman says, "Thank you, but bartender, be sure you add two drops of water." A man at a table a few feet away joins in, "Bartender yes, since it's her birthday give her a scotch on me." The woman says, "Thank you, but be sure to add two drops of water." The bartender asks, "Why just two drops of water?" "I'm eighty years old. I can hold my scotch but, not my water."

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Sally was driving home from a trip to Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly Navajo woman walking on the side of the road. She stopped and asked the woman if she would like a ride. With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the car. Resuming the journey, Sally tried to make small talk, but the woman was mostly silent. She was, however, looking intently at everything she saw until she noticed a brown bag on the seat next to Sally. "What in bag?" the old woman asked. Sally said, "It's a bottle of wine I got for my husband." The woman was silent for another moment or two. Then, speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, she said, "Good trade."

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What does a snail say when it takes a ride on a turtle's back? *Wheeee!*

# Reminiscing

## When Grandma's Wore Aprons

Today, our kids may have heard of aprons — though they've probably never seen their Grandmas actually wear one — and they certainly could never envision the all-purpose garment that all grandmothers wore way back when.

The principal use of Grandma's apron, of course, was to protect the dress underneath because she had only a few dresses — all women wore "house dresses" in those days, no jeans, no shorts — and it was much easier to wash aprons than dresses. They also used much less material. But aprons had far more virtues than that.



The apron could serve as a pot-holder for removing hot pans from the oven, and it was wonderful for drying children's tears. On occasion, it was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.

On the farm, the apron was used for carrying eggs and fussy chicks into the house, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be put in the warming oven to finish hatching. When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids. And when the weather was cold, Grandma could wrap it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow bent over the hot wood stove. The chips and fire wood for the stove were also brought into the kitchen in that apron.

From the garden, the apron carried all sorts of vegetables, and after the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls. In fall, the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees, and if unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma didn't need a dinner bell. She just walked out



onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men folk knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that "old-time apron" that served so many purposes.

Today — if people were to think of aprons at all — they would probably go crazy trying to figure out how many germs were on that apron and what you might catch from it. But I don't think I ever caught anything from an apron — except love.

*Author unknown*

*... Contributed by Sher Monfore*



## Some Old-Time Wisdom

*The irony of life is that by the time you're old enough to know your way around, you're not going anywhere.*

~~

*I was always taught to respect my elders, but it keeps getting harder to find one.*

~~

*Every morning is the dawn of a new error.*

~~

*Frustration is trying to find your glasses without your glasses on.*

*... contributed by Sher Monfore*



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

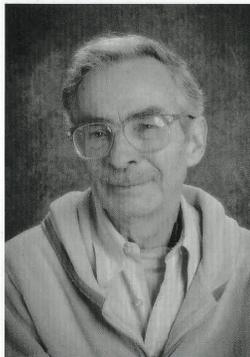
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*Bits 'n Pieces*

**In Memoriam**

For a good many of the years that our senior group has been in existence, Dick Sadler taught a Thursday morning history class. Our “students” quickly learned that American history, Minnesota history, the history of Christianity, that of Canada, London, etc. was not only interesting, but was a simply a heck of a lot of fun.



December 30, 1933 – July 23, 2014

Dick had a way of taking his classes back to the time period they were studying, by dressing as one of the inhabitants, and setting the stage for that era. We once arrived at class to find ourselves in a 14th century monastery being welcomed by one of the monks. We viewed it as the Sadler Time Machine.

We were saddened to learn of Dick’s sudden and unexpected death on July 23. He will be deeply missed. We join his family and friends, and his adult students in Robbinsdale, Hopkins and Minnetonka – where he also taught – in mourning his loss.

**Does English Make Cents?**

- The bandage was wound around the wound.
- The farm was used to produce produce.
- He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert..
- When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- I did not object to the object.
- The insurance was invalid for the invalid.

**Committee:** Kris Orluck, Judy Granahan, Virginia Hanson, Marilyn Schroeder, Dorothy Stevenson.  
**Contributors:** Sher Monfore, Ken Pengelly and all those who stop by with great advice as we work.

To be put on the mailing list, call Kris Orluck at:  
 763-494-6514

*Next Issue*

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