



PRESBYTERIAN  
VILLAGE NORTH

# THE VILLAGE BUGLE

A NEWSLETTER BY & FOR THE RESIDENTS OF PRESBYTERIAN VILLAGE NORTH

December 2017

Number 432

## THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

In the book, *Shepherds Abiding*, by Jan Karon we meet Father Timothy Kavanaugh and his wife Cynthia. We began with Father Tim finding a Nativity set in disrepair. It contained an angel with a missing wing, a camel with a single ear, two sheep minus tails, a donkey painted black, one shepherd with two missing fingers on one hand, and the three Kings, one of whom had lost his nose and another missing part of his crown. The Virgin Mary's bright red robe with orange undergarments was a definite redo. Because the vivid images of the Nativity stayed with him, he finally came to the conclusion that he must repair it. The Nativity scene would make a wonderful gift for Cynthia. He knew how much she would love it. As the first few days passed, a couple of friends of Father Tim's came to help. They began by scrubbing clean all of the animals, shepherds, angels, and wise men. Another friend brought sandpaper and began taking off the old paint. One day Father Tim and his friends were preparing to eat lunch when Father Tim accidentally knocked the angel onto the floor. The angel was shattered. The decision was to sweep up the pieces and put them out for the trash. Several days later Father Tim passed by his wife's art studio and found the door locked. She was working on his Christmas gift. Finally, Christmas Eve arrived. When Father Tim presented the Nativity to Cynthia she opened her eyes and gasped with surprise. Cynthia inquired if there was not an angel in the set. "There was one," he said, "but I dropped it and it shattered into a million pieces. There was no way for me to fix the broken angel." A few minutes passed as Cynthia went into the other room. Upon returning she asked, "Would this be your shattered angel? Your broken angel is made whole," she said. "I wanted to do this for you, Timothy, because it represents that Christ was born to make us whole."

Friends, we are all broken angels in need of repair. We are broken by our busyness, our self-absorption, our idols of money and success, our fears and our doubts. We are God's children in need of restoration. The birth of the baby Jesus is the event that changes the old into the new. Our old lives can be changed to new lives, lives that focus on centering ourselves in God, new lives that care for people and serve them, new lives that can offer love and reconciliation to others. Thank goodness God does not sweep us up and put us in the trash. We can be scrubbed clean with soap and refined with sandpaper to remove the remnants of our old life. We can be restored.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life. Indeed, God did not send the Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him. (John 3: 16-17)"

Merry Christmas, broken angels, Alleluia! Amen.

*Rev. Carolyn Mitchell*



*Employee Appreciation gifts continue through December*

### PRECIOUS DAYS

"I wish I had known you sooner." My guess is that's a common thought around here. I think that about many of you. I wish I had known you earlier when our backs were straight, our gaits smoother, our steps longer, our memories better. We'd have had a longer time for our friendships.

We live in a community of interesting and gracious people. I see so many of you laughing with each other and caring for each other. That makes these days so much better.

The song says, "Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December, but the days grow short when you reach September." I want you to know that I treasure our friendships in this autumn of our years. It's a privilege to spend these precious days with you.

Our 2017 journey is nearly complete. Thank you for your kindnesses to me and for your support as I have attempted to represent you in my duties for the Village Council.

Have a merry Christmas and a joyous New Year.

*David Lodwick*

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### **THE VILLAGE BUGLE**

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### SERENDIPITY

By the time many of us have qualified for PVN residence, both our expectations and our emotions have become calloused, with little expectation of those "eureka" unexpected experiences that bring tears to our eyes from the depths of our basic beliefs.

This morning, **Frank Goode, Cullen Rogers, Ed Edgren**, and I, representing all U.S. Veterans from PVN, went to The Stults Road Elementary School to receive the honors given for Veteran's Day. I was expecting a dullness of routines with little meaning in this day of NFL players "taking a knee" when our National Anthem is played.

What we found was a mass of nearly 800 children and teachers respectfully walking in straight lines, gathering around their flagpole while two of the older girls unfolded and raised Old Glory to the top. All held their hands over their hearts, and I thought I heard an extra emphasis as we said the Pledge of Allegiance when "under God" was quoted. These kids were of many races and family backgrounds, including some Syrian refugees.

The children were then directed in songs that were sung beautifully. They were led in rousing cheers of "Thank You." Afterwards, each came by, giving us handmade cards, fans, and other honoraria as they shook our hands and repeated their "Thank you" individually...all those little hands that would soon be owning our world. I felt more confidence that it could still be a good world.

Nurturing teachers did their underrated jobs with caring smiles and dedication. I began to fantasize this same event's happening at schools all over Dallas, all over Texas, even all over America. Much of my crusty cynicism melted in teary eyes, thinking maybe the America I loved is still here.

*Ken Rogers*



*PVN Veterans at Stults Elementary*



## VETERANS HONORED ON NOVEMBER 11, 2017

An exceptional celebration of Veterans Day and honoring of all PVN Veterans was held on November 11—exceptional in its enthusiastic spirit of patriotism; exceptional in the packed-house attendance; exceptional in the attendance of people from all parts of the campus, including assisted living and Arbor Place; exceptional in the high proportion of Veterans in the crowd. The entire program emphasized the thankfulness for the good life we all enjoy in this good Nation because some have protected us all in the past and today.

Highly decorated WWII pilot **John (Lucky) Luckadoo** gave the welcoming address to the group. **Arthur Wood**, who served under Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., gave the invocation. **Helen Schaefer**, USAF, led us in the pledge of allegiance, and Marketing Counselor **Heather Porch** led the singing of the *National Anthem*.

**Marine Sergeant Paul Brown**, a veteran of the Iraq war, presented the keynote address. He focused it on three points: (1) *Thankfulness* for all who have served and preserved our Nation, (2) *Humility* concerning our own service in consideration of the hardships suffered by our forebears in military service, and (3) *Responsibility* to set an example for younger generations and to teach the military history of our Nation to many of them who have no idea about it.

Other parts of the program were a video tribute to those who have gone before us, a medley of the songs of each branch of service, and singing by the Village Singers. **Rev. Dr. John Gremmels** of PC&S Foundation expressed words of recognition for all Veterans, and of his love for all the people of PVN. **Ken Rogers**, US Navy, read an anonymous poem to Veterans titled *The Last Inspection*; it depicted the time of the final judgment of the combat veteran before his God. Closing words were given by our Council President, **David Lodwick**, USAF, and a graduate of West Point.

The heart of everyone present was deeply touched by those ceremonies.

Gary Carson,  
US Army



*Arthur Wood and John Luckadoo speaking at the PVN Veterans Day Program*



*Veterans Day at PVN*



*PVN Veterans at Happy Warriors Meeting Oct 27*

## AN AFRICAN CHRISTMAS

My first Christmas as a Peace Corps volunteer in Ghana, West Africa, in 1971, revived the spiritual meaning of the season. I gained personal insight that would influence the remainder of my life. Nothing in forty years of living has had such a profound and lasting impact on my life as my African experience.

The early weeks of Peace Corps training opened the doors to a totally alien culture. It is the mission of Peace Corps volunteers to bring progress to their host countries, without interfering with the local culture. For ten weeks I learned about life in a developing nation. My assignment was to teach Business Skills – typing and shorthand – to high school students. The Olivetti typewriters didn't arrive for twelve months. I concentrated on shorthand and other skills during that period. Friendships developed among volunteers; we survived the training period.

In the months that followed, I learned patience, tolerance, diplomacy, and compassion. I developed resourcefulness and the art of substitution. I learned to live simply and felt happier and healthier for it.

My home for the next two years was a boarding school situated forty miles from the nearest town. The bleak compound stood just outside the tiny fishing village of Axim. On my first visit, I walked the dirt path leading to the headmaster's office, and I wondered "What have I let myself in for?" The campus had been vacated only weeks earlier for summer vacation, yet it looked as though it had been deserted for years.

I was assigned a furnished, three-bedroom bungalow with mosquito netting at the windows, terrazzo floors, piped-in water, and electricity—a veritable palace in that remote patch of rain forest. In the months that followed, I came to realize that it was a good posting.

For one hour each morning and four hours each night, I enjoyed the luxury of electricity by way of a noisy, smelly generator. When there was power, there was water pressure. Each morning and evening, I hastily refilled an odd assortment of plastic containers with precious water, to be used during the hours without electricity. I boiled and filtered the water. Fruits and vegetables were soaked in an exotic purple-colored, bacteria-killing solution with a Clorox flavor.

The open-air market was a spectacle of tropical colors, a mélange of sounds, images, and odors. Fast-food service abounded. The aroma was a mix of the pungent essence of plantain grilling over hot coals, and doughnut-like pastry dollops sizzling in hot oil. Food, clothing, and housewares begged to be examined and purchased.

One of my happiest discoveries in the market was peanut butter—called groundnut paste. It was displayed in small pyramid-shaped mounds on wooden tabletops in the open air. Peanuts, hand-ground into a paste with mortar and pestle, is not spread between slices of bread; rather the paste is a key ingredient of a popular "groundnut stew" recipe.

On my forays into the market, I never lost my wonderment at the sight of a mother with an infant secured to her back by a length of cloth, and a child at each hand, gliding barefoot back to her village—a picture of superb posture and grace. On her head, she balanced a colorful, oversized bundle of provisions newly purchased in the market. How far would she have to carry her burden?

And then, there was my first Christmas in Africa. No holiday shopping crush at a local mall, no Scotch pine tree, turkey, or cranberry sauce from the local supermarket.

On Christmas Eve, a church choral group visited the school compound and strolled the dusty paths of the campus in pitch-black darkness, with only kerosene lanterns to light their way as they sang unfamiliar carols and hymns. With no street lamps or signboards to blind the eye, the ebony sky lowered overhead and stars multiplied by the millions. It was a silent night, holy night.

No gaily wrapped gifts under a glowing and bedecked Douglas fir on Christmas day. No scent of roasting turkey and dressing, of pumpkin and spices. But there was singing and feasting and fellowship. It was a religious experience—the meaning of Christmas re-discovered.

*Loretta Dunbar*

### PICTURE FROM THE PAST



A little  
Wisconsin  
girl



## TOM SAWYER SUMMER

I am no art aficionado. I once saw the original painting of the Mona Lisa and asked myself, "What is that all about?" But there are times when I feel that I have heard what the artist is trying to say. If you haven't seen it yet, you might want to take that short walk around our pond. Near the Pavilion you will see our new, beautiful, bronze sculpture, *Tom Sawyer Summer*, by the well-known sculptor, Walt Horton.



Tom is, I guess, the first fisherman at our pond. He sits, life-sized, on a log with one leg tucked near his chin, the way only young boys can do. He wears "hand-me-down" baggy overalls and sagging hat, holds a short sapling fishing pole, and has a slingshot in his hip pocket. His bare feet

remind me of our summers when the only time we wore shoes was to go to church. He wears the satisfied smile he must have worn when he got his friends to whitewash Aunt Polly's fence. To me, Horton captured the essence of Mark Twain's view of life in his day. I think it was a time when we felt much nearer to both God and nature, when most of us were reared unaware that we were poor, long before life was about cell phones, insurance, and retirement plans.

The piece, in bronze, will inform residents for many, many years on the skill at irony and innuendo of both Walt Horton and Mark Twain. How can a boy of so meager means be so content with life as Tom is? (It has always amazed me how such large detailed pieces can be cast and finished in heavy metals and then patinas added to make them almost lifelike.) This is something you are going to want to see and find your own life in. I think you will be glad you did.

There is another even more important dimension to the value of this piece. It was donated to PVN by our residents **Ivan** and **Nell Alspaw**. The Alspaws came here in 2015. I called Ivan when I planned to write this, and he implied that it was no Big Deal. It is a *very* big deal, and the Alspaws will have the gratitude of all of us for a long time. It is another example of the persistent benevolence that permeates PVN.

*Ken Rogers*

## GATEWAY SOCIETY BANQUET

The Gateway Society is composed of PVN Residents who have made, or pledged to make, a significant gift to the *Presbyterian Village North Foundation*. The Seventeenth Annual Banquet of the Society was held on November 2 at the Park City Club. Sixty-five people attended, of whom nineteen were recognized as new members:

<b>Joan Bovard</b>	<b>David Lodwick</b>
<b>Marlene and Gary Carson</b>	<b>Kathy Rotto</b>
<b>Barbara Coleman</b>	<b>Marilee and Bill Russell</b>
<b>Pamela Davidson</b>	<b>Warren Rutherford</b>
<b>Dale Eichenberger</b>	<b>Jim Spell</b>
<b>Doris Fehr</b>	<b>Christi Thompson</b>
<b>Roger Green</b>	<b>Gene Thompson</b>
<b>Jerry and Leo Lee</b>	<b>Carolyn Walton</b>

A pleasant bus ride from PVN to the Club was followed by a period of socializing over drinks and hors d'oeuvres. The "tickling of the taste buds" did not stop here; next was a fabulous four-course meal.

The group was entertained throughout the evening by the talented musician Dave Tanner. His program was concluded with a series of sing-along songs from the 1940's and 50's, interspersed with humorous comments on how many famous tunes resulted by accident from far-less-than-brilliant moves by the big brains in Hollywood. All were in agreement that it was a wonderful evening.

It was such a wonderful evening, in fact, that the Foundation is running a holiday special allowing a couple one last opportunity to join the Gateway Society for \$5,000 through the end of December. Being mindful of end-of-year giving, remember that your gift is tax-deductible subject to IRS regulations. If you are interested, please see **Margaret Zagurski** or **Karen Gooding** at the Foundation office.

*Gary Carson and Margaret Zagurski*



*Halloween fun at PVN*

## SPOTLIGHT ON MOLLY STEWART

We have read and heard about “Women of Courage” and “Women as Changemakers.” We live among such women here at PVN, **Molly Stewart** being one of them.

Mary Elaine (Molly) Stewart was born in Colon, Republic of Panama. Why? Her parents actually were from England. Her father was a shipping agent at the Panama Canal. Molly said they were very scared during WWII when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor; they feared the Panama Canal would be next.



Her family lived in both Colon and Panama City in the Republic. Molly and her brother attended schools in Cristobal and Balboa in the Canal Zone. Molly’s parents gave her a choice to attend a college in Florida, California, or Texas. Molly chose SMU. She attended SMU on a foreign student scholarship, majored in journalism and social studies, and graduated with honors in 1952. She met her husband **Robb** at SMU. Later, she earned her Master’s Degree at UT Dallas.

Molly’s courage shines through in developing, creating, implementing, instituting, and organizing programs with community involvement: Dallas County Adult Literacy Council, Boys and Girls Club of Greater Dallas, YWCA Community Services Branch, Women’s Council of Dallas County, VNA Meals on Wheels Volunteer Coordinator, and Founder of Casa de Vida, an outreach ministry of NorthPark Presbyterian church. Molly speaks fluent Spanish, and volunteering has always been a part of her life.

Robb and Molly moved to PVN in 2012. Molly, being one who “blooms where she is planted” has served as chairwoman of the Social Activities Committee for two years; currently, she

chairs the Communications Committee. The most recent task for her Committee has been to redo the *Handbook* for Independent Living residents.

Molly was a woman who embraced the women’s liberation movement and never looked back.

*Kathy Rotto*

## THE BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE GIRL

“All doth not function as it ought....”

Here at the Village we live on a cruise ship without the ocean. Scrumptious meals are available in two equally inviting venues. Physical fitness and recreation are at our fingertips at the pool, the fitness gym, and the fitness classroom. A library with any book, magazine, or newspaper to suit our interests is available all day, seven days a week. Free musical entertainment and lectures are available several times a week. “Field Trips” to museums and places of cultural interest leave the Village several days a week. An interdenominational Chapel service is held every Sunday, complete with singing of favorite hymns. Friends to play games with and to talk or sip wine with are always available. So, what’s not to like?

Well, here goes. We’re still here on earth. Sometimes the sidewalk or the rug may rise up to meet us, and we fall. Sometimes electrical conveniences malfunction: the elevator doesn’t run; the fire alarms pick up false signals and sound at uneven intervals for a good part of the night, interrupting our blessed sleep; pests in the form of rats or mice or bugs may find a way into our domestic spaces; neighbors may have a home improvement project going on or a barking dog in their home; we may get a disturbing report from a physician or dentist.

How do we square this and keep from becoming overwhelmed and gripey? Yes, life can be sad, and bad, and inconvenient, but here, I would like to put in a good word about another great resource here in the Village—the bi-monthly Meditation group led by professional, Roz Katz. In this group we do not solve all our problems or eliminate our trials. What we do is practice silence, gratitude, and gaining perspective as a group. There is strength in numbers—more than in being a “lone meditator.” No experience necessary. You can arrive in an emotional “knot.” I have. However, I notice that I don’t leave that way. Two Mondays a month at 1:00 PM in the Chapel. Check it out.

*Judy Morris*

## A LEGACY FOR YOUR FAMILY



*Carol Burrow*

Finding out that I had cancer forced me to focus on what memories and information I want to leave my family. Some families have ancestry charts going back many generations and picture albums arranged chronologically. I have neither. Yet that diagnosis helped me

realize that there is family information about me that might give my children and grandchildren insight and encouragement as to why they are the way they are.

I wondered how to go about getting that information. An advisor suggested three ways to approach this. He said I should visit my college grandchildren to give them each a day with Gram that they had planned, write each family member a letter citing specifically what I value about him or her, and answer questions I think they might have liked to ask me before I die. I could do the first two, but found the third suggestion would be a challenge.

Research led me to multiple websites with many self-interview questions. I used [www.legacyproject.org/guides/lifeintquestions.pdf](http://www.legacyproject.org/guides/lifeintquestions.pdf). At a recent Martins Landing gathering, I posed some of the questions from it about childhood, adulthood, the present and the future to residents around the room. Did your parents tell you anything about the day you were born? (One resident replied she was told that on the way to the hospital her dad stopped for a shave and a haircut!) Who do you trust and depend on now? What's the best compliment you ever received? How and when did you get engaged? How old were you when you got married? What things are most important to you and why? Not only did we learn more about our neighbors, but we also began to ask ourselves, "Would my family like to know that about me?"

If you are curious, go to the internet and Google "Life Interview Questions." Download the set you like. Then begin to write a legacy for your family.

*Submitted by Carol Burrow*

## CHAUTAUQUA MAGIC

As I listened and watched the well-chosen performance of the Brookhaven Handbell Ensemble, I was reminded of something said to me by my composition teacher in college. We were discussing the great power of music when he said, "Music is God's most beautiful gift to man".

Indeed. Here was a group of thirteen from many walks of life who gather to rehearse for two hours weekly to have the pleasure of contributing a note here and a beat there to a number of old favorites we all cherish. None get paid. They gather as a team simply because of the sheer joy of making music together and bringing it to others. The fact that there were a few instances when the precision was slightly lacking mattered not at all. What mattered was the smiles on their faces and their obvious pleasure as they played. I felt they succeeded in bringing us closer together as we all joined them in singing *Over The Rainbow* to their accompaniment.

Director Bonnie Riddle added much to our enjoyment with her running commentary and humorous explanations of what we were hearing. One had to marvel at the teamwork. Great focus is required to know just when to ring or to strike with a mallet, or switch to a chime for a beat, while negotiating several bells. Then there is the challenge of ringing in a manner to achieve maximum resonance. I tested the weight of the larger bells after the performance and was surprised at just how heavy they are.

These Chautauqua programs, sponsored by the PVN Foundation, allow us to experience a togetherness as we share this common interest—a love of music. It is almost magical.

*Frank LaCava*

## ANSWER TO PICTURE FROM THE PAST



**Lee  
Schilling**



## PVN TRADITIONS AND CONTRIBUTORS

To preserve the culture so carefully nurtured through the thirty-seven years of the existence of PVN, it's important that the many newcomers who have arrived during the last eighteen months learn how it developed. It began with a vision of some exceptional people who either planned, resided here, or donated their time and treasure to celebrate the life of someone connected to PVN. The Presbyterian Medical Center owned and managed the Village at its inception and used money from its budget to enhance the programs and services of PVN. Later, PVN was sold to Presbyterian Communities and Services (PC&S), the present sole member. The philanthropic community at large, solicited by community board members of the hospital and later PVN, has supported PVN since day one.

The Resident Council, *The Village Bugle*, Library, Canfield Rose Garden, *PVN Foundation* (*PVNF*), Bark Park, golfing facilities (before this last expansion), greenhouses, and The Pantry were all established by early residents. It was largely the great generosity and *can do* spirit of these early pioneers that enabled the lifestyle we enjoy. You may have seen the plaques that are strategically placed around the campus to acknowledge the contributions of former residents, their families, and other Dallas entities connected indirectly to PVN. For example, the plaque in the entrance to the Corrigan Building tells us that this center of all PVN activities was made possible by a lead gift from the *Leo F. and Clara R. Corrigan Foundation*. *PVNF* contributed more than \$3 million toward the Corrigan Building expansion, with Texas Health Resources also providing funds.

In 1997, when the Alzheimer's Care Center was constructed, residents were asked to join in contributing toward the facility, with a goal of raising two hundred thousand dollars. They raised three hundred and seventy-seven thousand. *PVNF* then contributed another two hundred thousand toward the \$5.1 million cost of the facility. Plaques at the entrance of each of the Rehabilitation Units inform us of the major donations made by **John Harbin**, **Doris Dealey**, the *Hoblitzelle Foundation*, and the *Hillcrest Foundation*. The Day Care Center (since discontinued) was made possible by a \$750,000 gift from **Lillian Sowell**, a resident of PVN. In addition to these lead gifts, there were more than twenty donors who gave more than ten thousand

dollars each through the *Presbyterian Healthcare Foundation* to help fund the project.

This spirit of generosity is further exemplified by a gift of more than ten million dollars to *PVNF* in 1989, by **C. Marita Joyce**, a resident for whom Joyce Hall is named. The spirit continues to this day. For example, there are currently eighty-three members in the *Gateway Society* of *PVNF*, nineteen of whom joined in the past twelve months. These are people who have contributed a minimum of five thousand dollars each to our village and its residents.

Of course, it is impossible to acknowledge all the gifts in memoriam, both large and small, that have been made through the years. The attitude of caring for one another and looking after each other took root early and now characterizes our community. It is important that we not lose our institutional memory and forget those who began the culture that makes PVN special.

Next month, I will explain the many options for leaving a legacy at PVN.

*Thanks to **Dee Forrest**, **Connie Scott**, and **Carol Burrow** who provided material for my research.*

*Frank LaCava*

### DUTIES OF STANDING COMMITTEES

The **Social Activities Committee** advises the PVN Independent Living Life Enrichment Manager **Lisa Englander** and her team of **Elena Jeffus** and **Letty Valdez** on social and educational activities to plan for the Independent Living community. In each monthly meeting Committee members suggest activities such as museum and restaurant visits, stage plays, and lectures, as well as movies to be shown on Saturday afternoons.

The Committee also gives Lisa and her team feedback on Life Enrichment activities of the preceding month—which activities were very successful and which were less successful. The Committee also proofreads and makes suggestions about the activities calendar for next month.

Committee members welcome suggestions for new activities and comments about past activities. The members are **Betty Chan**, **Ed Edgren**, **Loretta Dunbar**, **Alice Jester**, **Jude Hammett**, **Bill Maina** (chair), **Kris Rose**, **Mark Schweinfurth**, **Audrey Slate**, and **Carolyn Walton**.

*Bill Maina*



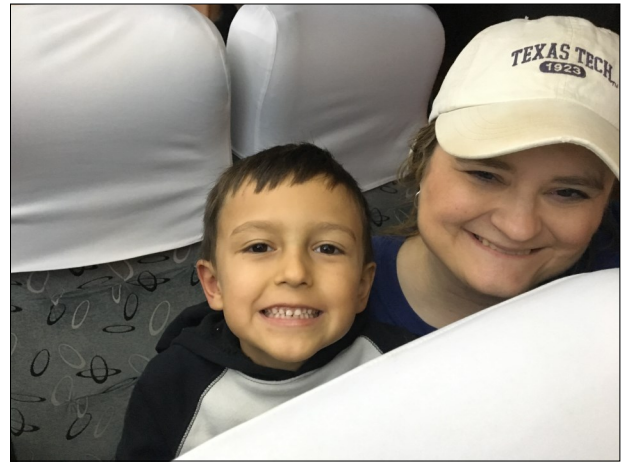
## PHYSICIAN ASSISTANTS IN ARBOR PLACE AND THE QUESTCARE WELLNESS CENTER

PVN is fortunate to have the services of two experienced Physician Assistants, **Chandra Davenport**, who has worked in the Arbor Place (Healthcare) unit for seven years, and **LeAnn Eisenbise**, who began her duties in the Questcare Wellness Center in September. A Physician Assistant keeps patients' charts, gives routine check-ups and immunizations, checks vital signs, and can prescribe most medications and prescription renewals. They are who patients see first-line in our Healthcare system. They are two very dedicated professionals who work closely with physicians to promote optimum health in patients in Independent Residences, Assisted Living, Memory Care, and Arbor Place.

Many residents know Chandra from her work in Arbor Place, Joyce Hall, and The Terrace. What they may not know is that she earned a Masters in Physician Assistant Studies from the U. of Texas Medical Branch, has worked as a PA for twelve years, worked in family practice in Ft. Worth and with infectious disease in Lubbock, and is a faculty member at UT Southwestern in the PA Department with first-year students. Her photo shows her with a patient in Peru, where she went on a medical mission last summer. She went to Peru with her spiritual and professional mentor; they saw fourteen hundred patients of all ages. She loves this work and has also been to India on a medical mission.

Chandra's primary assignment is in Arbor Place, Joyce Hall, The Terrace, and Rehab; however, she will be in the Questcare Wellness Clinic on Tuesdays and as needed.

LeAnn can be found at the Wellness Clinic on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. She is currently transferring patient records to the new computer system and seeing that shots and routine check-ups are up to date. She says Medicare covers one wellness exam a year and also covers monthly, quarterly, and biannual visits for managing various chronic conditions. She has previously worked with Dr. Stephen Bray in a nonprofit clinic, where their goal then as now was "managing chronic conditions with as few medications as possible and instead focusing on diet and lifestyle as the keys to wellness."



*Chandra with Child on Mission Trip*



*LeAnn Eisenbise*

When asked why she became a PA, LeAnn cited both the practicality of medicine and her interest in medical missions. She has been able to use her skills on a mercy ship in Africa.

Her credentials include a Master's Degree in Physician Assistant studies from Touro University in Northern California, and another Master's in Public Health. Before becoming a PA, she attended seminary and also has a Master's in Theology. She, her husband, her father, and three sons aged seven, nine, and eleven, moved to Dallas from California three and a half years ago and "love the culture here," finding it a good place to rear a family.

LeAnn is excited about her job at the Wellness Clinic and is especially impressed by how well residents at PVN take care of themselves and how responsible they are about good healthcare choices. Her love of health education and a responsive audience here at PVN give her enthusiasm and joy that are contagious.

*Judy Morris*

## I'LL BE ALL THERE WITH YOU

Accompanying a spouse or friend in distress to an emergency room is an unselfish act of love. From the moment you as the patient enter its doors there are formalities to be addressed: "Your name, please. What brings you here? Please fill out this form. Do you have an advanced directive? Who is your doctor? Turn that page over and fill out the questionnaire on the back. Here, you forgot to sign this page. Wait over there and a nurse will get your vital signs...." Having someone at your side as an advocate can be a blessing. Family members, a friend, or a chaplain can help: by asking questions you should ask but don't, remembering medical advice you hear, but soon forget, or touching your hand; finding you a warm blanket, and more.

If you are transporting the one in distress to a hospital ER or are meeting the patient who is traveling there by ambulance, it's good to know the most direct route beforehand. The ERs closest to PVN, and the most common ambulance destinations, are Medical City Dallas and Texas Health Presbyterian Dallas. Both are approximately 2.3 miles away. You may think your GPS will get you there, but as Billy Crystal in *Princess Bride* would say, "*Your GPS can get you mostly there, but not all there. There's a big difference between mostly there and all there.*" Here, then, are the routes to get you "*all there.*"

1. Medical City Dallas ER: Drive west on Forest Lane, under US 75, then **WATCH FOR THE HUGE SIGNS WITH ARROWS POINTING TO EMERGENCY** on your right. In following those signs, you will turn right on Park Central, then right on Merit Drive to the ER entrance.
2. Texas Health Presbyterian Dallas ER: Drive south on Greenville. As you cross Walnut Hill Lane, **WATCH FOR THE HUGE SIGNS WITH ARROWS POINTING TO EMERGENCY** on your right. In following those signs, you will turn right on Jackson to the ER entrance.

If an ambulance has taken you to the ER, but family or a friend cannot be "all there" to be with you right away and you are all alone, call PVN and ask for an advocate. PVN chaplains are on call 24/7 for that purpose and will come to be with you while you are being evaluated, treated, or until you are comfortable and family or friend has arrived.

Please Note: Family members, friends, and chaplains cannot make medical decisions for you. If you are in the ER, but unable to communicate,

your *Medical Power of Attorney* can make decisions on your behalf. Having prepared a *Directive to Physicians* document helps doctors follow your wishes as to the level of life support you prefer. An *Out-of-Hospital Do-Not-Resuscitate* document will tell them when to let you go if your condition becomes terminal. For further information about these documents call fellow PVN resident Dr. Bill Brown (214) 341-8866.

Tom Standlee, MD

### HIKE WITH THE BOY SCOUTS

Recently, several people commented on our column about the exerciser room, in which we mentioned that climbing a tall mountain is similar to using a treadmill. The question asked of me was, "What was your longest hike?" This was easy to answer as we have a son whose Eagle Scout Rank included a twenty-mile hike, which was one of the requirements of the Hiking Merit Badge. There is an easy choice in Colorado, as it is twenty miles from Bear Lake in the center of Rocky Mountain National Park to Grand Lake on the southern edge of the Park. Starting at Bear Lake, you climb uphill for five miles to the Continental Divide and then go down fifteen miles to Grand Lake. When you're on the Divide, you have a choice of two different trails to Grand Lake. We always carry a compass for direction; the area is all rock with no trees or growth of any kind. Starting down, there are a few areas of snow. We saw for our first time pink-colored snow, known as watermelon snow. It smells exactly like a watermelon but is a fungus that makes one sick if eaten.

We decided to take the Big Meadow route on my first trip. On the Divide, we headed west and the trail turned south when we figured we were about five miles from the Park's western boundary. We were in the Big Meadow for a long time and the view was not interesting at all.

On my second trip (years later), the trail headed straight south from the Divide. You start above tree line and enter the forest for a beautiful hike. As you get closer to Grand Lake, you pass fishermen on the way to several good fishing lakes off that trail.

Either trail gets you to Grand Lake, where someone has driven forty-seven miles from Estes Park to pick you up and take you home. The back seat really felt good and my wife said I had no comments about her driving us home on Trail Ridge Road.

Craig Millis

## THE READING CLUBS

How many of you have encountered **Joyce Fomey** and ended up with a volunteer duty? Though she has retired from reading weekly to a group in Arbor Place, she has lost none of her persuasive power—she convinced **Cullen Rogers** and **Betty Muse** to take the reins. They have enjoyed reading at Arbor Place so much that they contacted **Betty Brown** in The Terrace, along with **Ken Rogers**, another friend. These three are now reading to a group there on the first floor.

They begin by reviewing the previous week's reading and then read on, pausing to summarize and ask and answer questions. So page progress is slow but makes for interest and absorption.

The participants are flexible, depending on who is in residence, who feels like coming, and who really likes being read to. In Arbor Place, one participant asks his wife "Is it Tuesday yet?", on Sunday, again on Monday, and yet again on Tuesday before they arrive.

Joyce handed over *Smokey the Cowhorse* about a horse that encountered a different threat in every chapter (rattlesnake, coyote, bear, etc.). After so many stories set in the Wild West, Cullen and Betty decided to head east for their next selection, and Ken agreed to do the same when he joined.

So, now they're reading *Eleven*, a story about "the journey of a boy turning eleven on 9/11" as a vehicle to teach middle-school children about the event from a factual (not political or religious) perspective. Each chapter is short, giving the readers lots of places to pause. The participants can relate to the primary characters—a brother and sister, a dog, a mother and father, and a grandfatherly old man. *Eleven* was written by Tom Rogers, Cullen's son, and is carried at the *9/11 Museum* store. That family tie has connected with some in the audience.

Fun for the readers can break out at any point. At one point in *Eleven* the sister wants to be sung what she calls the "No Deer" song. One Arbor Place resident immediately recognized the meaning and began singing, "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You'll never know, dear, how much I love you."

Who knows where the next book will take them?

If you'd like to start a reading club of your own somewhere at PVN, Cullen, Betty, or Ken would be happy to share a few tips from their experience.

*Dolores Rogers*

## COME TO THE JOYCE HALL PARTY

On Thursday, December 7, 2017, from 2 till 4 PM, once again, Joyce Hall will open its doors for the annual Joyce Hall Tea and Reception. Many of you might think that the Joyce Hall "tea" is just for ladies with hats sitting around drinking tea, but it is not!

For more than 25 years, the residents of Joyce Hall have invited the entire community to come and celebrate the holiday season with them. We have wonderful food and entertainment, too. The residents of Joyce Hall also are participating in the annual Door Decorating contest, so please head down each hall to see what they have dreamed up this year! During the Tea we offer tours of different apartments as well. Please don't miss this wonderful annual event.

*Contributed by Heather Ashby*

## THE VILLAS OKTOBERFEST AT THE GRUCHALLA PAVILION ON OCTOBER 26





## FROM OLIVES TO OIL

More than five thousand years ago in Palestine, olives were pressed for their oil—considered to be an important item of commerce and wealth. Actual remains of olive oil have been found in jugs over four thousand years old in a tomb on the island of Naxos in the Aegean Sea.

Olive oil was essential to people in Biblical times—it was food, medicine, ointment, and fuel for lamps. It is closely associated with Gethsemane, where Jesus was betrayed and arrested. Gethsemane literally means "oil press." Even today, the citizens of Crete prepare olive oil in the ancient manner—by covering the olives with hot water and then crushing them. Stored in large vats with a bottom drain, the oil floats to the top and the water is drained away from the bottom.

In the hot Mediterranean climate, olive oil served several purposes—as a suntan lotion, a salve to soften wounds, a preservative for fabrics, and massage oil for Greek athletes. But its primary use was for cooking.

Olive oil has everything going for it, leading the way as the perfect food in a society that grows more aware of the need to adopt healthier eating habits and take responsibility for its own well-being. Dipping a piece of crusty fresh bread in a saucer of olive oil, lightly seasoned with an herb or fresh-ground pepper, beats butter every time. Oil also enhances lightly steamed fresh vegetables: just a small amount drizzled over vegetables in a serving bowl just before serving.

Olive oil actually helps reduce cholesterol. Although it contains the same calories as other edible oils, it is cholesterol-free and is the most easily absorbed monounsaturated fat. The best place to store olive oil is in a cool, dry, dark place. It does not improve with age. It is at its best when used within a year of pressing.

*Loretta Dunbar*

## Happy Birthday!

`Gloria Box	12/01
`Robert Sukenik	12/02
`Ruth Millis	12/03
`Molly Stewart	12/04
`Olive Reeve	12/04
`Betty Chan	12/04
`Martha Binion	12/06
`Peggy Fromm	12/07
`Diane Thomson	12/08
`Doris Wilson	12/08
`Betty Coker	12/10
~June Johnston	12/11
`Dolores Rogers	12/14
`David Lodwick	12/16
`Kay Montgomery	12/17
`Kay Crawford	12/18
`Joseph Snopko	12/19
`Joan Bovard	12/20
`Carol Zoller	12/21
`Don Langford	12/23
`Shelby Chase	12/23
`Marlene Carson	12/23
~Phyllis Wentworth	12/26
`Elena Lowry	12/28
`Mary Helen Gravley	12/29
~Lida Brown	12/30

-Arbor Place

~Assisted Living

`Independent Living

## HAVE YOU SEEN THIS TREE AT PVN?



*PVN Residents at the Dallas Zoo*