

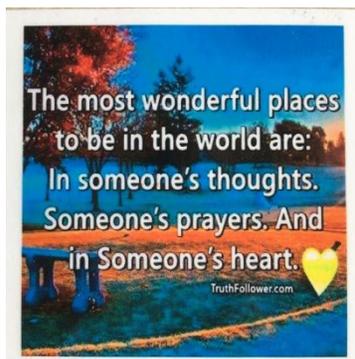


*Nancy, with a display of her ceramics*

Nancy McKinnon, our beloved Activities Director, retired at the end of July. A dedicated worker for 12 years at Christopher Heights, Nancy has endeared herself to all both in her work and the kind things she does over and above her job description.

She and her husband, Steve, will be returning to their home on the Cape where they had lived for over 39 years. She is finally going to put her passion for ceramics to good use. She is planning to open a shop at the Cape to continue her hobby..

*This refrigerator magnet was Nancy's sweet gift to us.*



## Nancy's Retirement Party

Christopher Heights' Staff and Residents gathered in the Pub on Wednesday, July 28th to celebrate Nancy McKinnon's years here. The Pub was decorated with balloons, festive tablecloths, napkins, etc. Shirley, our Sous-Chef, made two luscious cakes, one chocolate, and one sugar-free vanilla, both of which could take blue ribbons and a delicious punch.

Our director, Valerie Dennehy, presented Nancy with a beautiful watch along with gifts from the staff and residents. She also reminisced about the many exciting events that have happened over Nancy's 12 years. Some funny, some unbelievable!

Although we are happy for Nancy and wish her well in her new endeavor, we will sincerely miss her.

## Fun Night — A Rousing Success

July 7<sup>th</sup> was a hugely successful night of poetry, stories, music and Jingles. The Writing Group put together the program and Nancy hired two banjo players who knew all the jingles and old songs.

We put flyers in the elevators, promising: "Fun, with poetry, music, hors d'oeuvres and punch." We also requested a sign-up sheet to ensure ample space and nibbles. Not knowing how many would come, it was so refreshing to see those elevator doors **open and open and open!**

Nancy and Kelly, our activity team assembled the tables and table settings. It was wonderful! Thank you to all who both came and helped!

*There are good ships, wood ships,  
And ships that sail the sea.  
But the best ships are friendships  
And may they always be.*

*Promise me you'll always remember: You're braver than you believe, stronger than you seem and smarter than you think! Christopher Robin to Winnie the Pooh*

## Our Incredible Workers (cont.)

*Our hard-working staff make our daily lives as comfortable as they can, even through a pandemic! And the Aides are always there if we need something, even if it's not part of their job. We owe a huge debt of thanks to all!*

### On This Page —Our Kitchen Staff

By Bill Healey

#### Executive Chef Larry Brunell



Here's Chef Larry turning out our delicious cookout fare every Wednesday Noon in the summer months. The rest of the year he is responsible for breakfast and dinner. Thank you!!

#### Sous Chef Steve Champagne



Steve has worked at Christopher Heights for a year and a half. He is single and loves to read and hike. He always has a wave and a smile for us!

#### LIVE A GOOD LIFE

And, in the end, it's not the years in a life—  
It's the life in the years. *Abe Lincoln*

#### Sous Chef Shirley Nolin



Shirley has worked as a cook at Christopher Heights for three years. Her dedication to plating is to “make people smile” which she certainly does. Her presentations are picture perfect. She is also an accomplished pastry chef. One of her hobbies is making chocolate which she sells commercially (and shares with us!).

#### Night Chef Jeff Heroux



Jeff is our soup and sandwich guy! His soups and chowders are delicious! Jeff has worked at Christopher Heights for **17 ½ years** and is single. His hobbies are books and music.

## Irma's Retiring! CNA



*Irma Recinos* has worked at Christopher Heights for **15 years!** Sadly for us, Irma is leaving at the end of August to return to family and real estate that she owns in Guatemala. Since she has a daughter who lives in Guatemala, a second daughter in Miami, a son and 5 grandchildren, and many relatives here, she will retain dual citizenship.

In her interview, she said that although her duties were many, she wants everyone to know that she loved what she was doing and sees the residents as her family. She also misses everyone when she is off..

When she isn't working, she loves shopping, jewelry, cooking, church, cleaning her house and manicures. (If our clothes are perfectly folded, it probably was Irma who did them.)

Thank you, Irma, for your kindness and affection to all of us during your many years of service. We wish you well in your new venture and hope you will have the happiness you deserve. We will certainly miss you.

May your troubles be less  
Your blessings be more  
And nothing but happiness  
Come through your door!

## Weekend and Holiday RECEPTIONIST



*Mary Georg* is the sweet face that greets visitors and friends on weekends and holidays. She has been with us for 1 year. A widow, she has one stepson, 2 step grandsons, and 5 step great grandchildren. She loves to read.

## CNA SUPERVISOR

*Gerda Levesque* has worked at Christopher Heights for **20 ½ years!** Born in Gelnhausen,

Germany, outside of Frankfurt, she chose nursing as her adult career.

In 1976 she married an American GI, Richard Levesque, and in 1977

moved to America. Gerda and Richard have two adult children, Karen and Mark, one grandchild, Ada, 5, and 3 dogs, Anna, Bella and Skippy!

With her R.N. background, Gerda is one of our best sources for minor health questions, which she cheerfully answers. She is well-loved and respected.



## CNA



*Stella Agbaje* has worked at Christopher Heights for 1 year, is married and has two beautiful daughters. Her duties are similar to CNA's.

Her hobbies are cooking, dancing, making hand-made Christmas ornaments, and jigsaw puzzles.

## CNA



*Metude Eliassaint* has worked at C.H. for 8 months. She is married and provides basic care to the residents and helps them with their daily activities, such as bathing and getting dressed. She loves music, TV, reading, learning, traveling, and dining out with her husband.

## CNA/HHA



*Stacy Washburn* has also been with us for one year. She is single, and a mother to Matthew Smith, Sara Washburn and Devin Washburn. She also has two grandchildren, Ava and Nya. She enjoys her duties caring for the elderly. Her hobbies are bowling, Special Olympics, roller skating, and playing with her grandchildren.

## CNA



*Dendie Michel* has worked at Christopher Heights for 3 years. She is single and greets us all with a big smile when she's on duty.

She helps with daily care, meals, and assists residents as needed. She likes listening to music and going for long walks.

### *Welcome New Residents!*

*Betty Gimler, A. 405*

*Bette Hathaway, A. 223*

*Nancy Perino, A. 406*

*Alice Rounds, A. 302*

*Sr. Nancy Stiles, SUSC, A. 413*

## CNA



*Laurie Marvel* is married, has 1 child, 4 grandchildren and has worked at Christopher Heights for 13 years. She does everything a CNA does: serving supper, showers, etc. and having fun with the residents. She loves animals, gardening, reading, shopping, jewelry, and boating at the Westport Yacht Club.

## CNA



*Jennifer Cameron* joined us in July of this year. She is a widow and the mother of two children, Genevieve, 15, and Jacob, 13. As with the other CNA;s, her duties are to assist residents when they need a little help with everyday tasks. And also make residents feel they are safe and at home. She loves sailing out of East Greenwich, RI, and traveling.



## Watermelon Facts

By Jean Salisbury

Did you know that August is watermelon month and that August 3 is watermelon day? The month is named after Augustus Caesar, the first Roman emperor (63 BC – AD4).

Our writer friend Mark Twain said, “When one has tasted watermelon, he knows what the angels eat.” I wouldn’t go so far as that, but it is refreshing. There are tricks to tell if the melon is ripe:

- The green color becomes dull
- On striped melons, the color between the stripes gets darker
- The rind will get hard
- The blossom end will get softer
- They will stop growing
- The part on the ground, will turn yellow
- The end of the main side nearest to the frit may start to crack or turn brown
- The curly tendril turns brown

But old-timers say they know when it is ripe by rapping it with a knuckle. If the sound is low pitched, hollow, and deep like a drum, it is ready. No matter how you test it – enjoy this juicy, delicious treat.

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*A special thank you to Ellie Kayata and Ginny Tucker for the delicious “breads” we have with coffee after Communion service on Sunday mornings.*

*Also . . . The writing group welcomes new member Sister Nancy to their roster!*

## September's Special Events!

|                                |                     |  |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|--|
| <b>Sun, 12<sup>th</sup></b>    | 1—2:30              | Candy Store w/<br>Colonial Experience                      |
| <b>Mon. 13<sup>th</sup>:</b>   | 1:30—2:30 –<br>3:30 | Minute to Winit<br>Special Pub with<br>Warm hors d'oeuvres |
| <b>Tues. 14<sup>th</sup></b>   | 1:30—2:30           | Kathy Earabino<br>Plays guitar and<br>Sings                |
| <b>Wed. 15<sup>th</sup></b>    | 9:30-               | Duck Hunt with<br>Prizes                                   |
|                                | 1:30—2:30           | Palagi's Ice-Cream<br>Truck                                |
| <b>Thurs. 16<sup>th</sup>:</b> | 1:30—2:30           | Dave Cuddy sings<br>Root Beer Floats                       |
| <b>Fri: 17<sup>th</sup> –</b>  | 1:30 —2:30          | "Name That Tune"<br>With Prizes                            |
| <b>Sat. 18<sup>th</sup>: -</b> | 1:30                | Special Jackpot Bingo.                                     |

## Father's Day

Our guys were treated to roast beef subs and suds on their special day in June. The "pub food" was a big hit with all!



They're Lovin' It!



Linda on *Gizmo*

## My Life on a Sailboat

By Linda Bednarz

I lived in St. Thomas, part of the U.S. Virgin Islands for quite a few years. My ex worked at *Haulover Marine*, repairing boats and I worked in Marketing for a Russian group that ran Hydra Foil tours around the islands.

We bought a boat to live on but when it was still in dry dock, it was destroyed by the first of five hurricanes that hit the islands that year.

So we bought a second boat which was also flattened by the second hurricane that year. Finally, with the insurance money, we bought our dream boat – a 44ft two masted sailboat, GIZMO, that we sailed around the Virgin Islands for over a year.

When hurricane season was coming, we sailed it from St. Thomas to Venezuela, a latitude that was safe, to avoid the storms. In all, we lived and sailed on boats for about 3 or 4 years. It was magical, and I still miss sailing.



# Never Put all Your Eggs in One Basket

By Dot Dubuc

My brother Roland found a bicycle frame at the side of the road, and asked if I wanted to help him make a bike.

We went to Grady's junkyard to look for parts. The only thing we didn't buy were the wheels, brakes, and the pedals. Roland was responsible for them. I had to get the inner tubes and the pedals.

I asked the man whose children I tutored for, if he would buy them at Jack and Harris and I would pay him back. He said he would. Roland got his parts and I don't know where he got them because he forgot to get the bracket to attach to the Bendix brakes.

I borrowed Uncle Fat's tools while he was at work and Roland and I put it together. We found a wire to attach the brakes and "borrowed" it, and, believe it or not - it worked! We took turns riding it. He took it to Stone's Dairy in the morning and I used it for my paper route after school.

On Saturday, I delivered eggs for my mother. She sold eggs (for her pin money) to go to the Leroy Theater once a week. She also got free dishes at the theater, which we used at home. One Saturday morning she loaded the eggs in the bike basket and I took off.

As I started to pedal I put my foot on the brake and the wire snapped. I went flying off the bike and struck the foundation of my house. I went into the house bleeding. My mother took a band aid, and slapped it on the cut.

She was very angry that I had broken the eggs and not as concerned that I had gotten hurt. I still have the scar under my lip.

Also, I wasn't too happy that I had to pay for the eggs out of my paper route money.

The moral of the story is: **"Never put all your eggs in one basket!"**

# My Yankee Doodle Boy

By Marion Brousseau



**Christopher J. Brousseau**

On Sunday, July 3, 1983 at 8:15 AM, Christopher Joseph Brousseau came into the world at Sturdy Memorial Hospital in Attleboro, MA, by C-section right on his due date. He weighed in at 7 ½ lbs. My husband and I both said: "It's Christopher Joseph."

That evening as I was feeding him, fireworks were going off. I tell him all the time that he is special – every birthday, there are fireworks for him.

We came home from the hospital on Friday, afternoon, nine days later, to our first home in North Attleboro. That first night was a little difficult because we had never heard him cry at the hospital.

Time marched on and I went to work, part-time. He had wonderful child-care and soon it was his first birthday, complete with a fun party for our little firecracker.

My Yankee Doodle boy went to nursery school, then kindergarten at five years old. He was a great student and loved school. He started piano lessons in the second grade. He played for five years and appeared in annual recitals. He loved jazz the best!

(Cont. on page 12)

# V-J Day

By Jean Salisbury



*General Umezu signs the instrument of surrender to General Douglas MacArthur on Sept. 2, 1945  
Aboard the USS Missouri anchored in Tokyo Bay*

We went from war in Europe to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941 and subsequent Japanese-held islands in the Pacific before total victory – Germany, May 8, 1945 and Japan, September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1945. Those of us who were alive that Sunday morning in 1941 remember what it felt like when we heard that our nation had been attacked by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor.

A massive “Call to Arms” was issued and young men (some women, too) left their families all over the country to join the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, Merchant Marines or Coast Guard. and the Medical Corp. There were also Clergy, Journalists, Red Cross and other relief organizations who answered the call. Sadly, thousands of these courageous young people never returned home..

Fighting on two fronts – Europe and the Pacific Theater showed the tenacity and strength of the Allies to overcome Hitler and Hirohito. May 8<sup>th</sup>, 1945 was the end of the war with Germany.

The Potsdam Declaration, issued by Allied leaders on July 26, 1945, called on Japan to surrender. They refused, and the first bomb was dropped, with the second, three days later. The following day, Japan surrendered.

Superior scientists and technology gave us the Atomic bomb that was dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The 100,000 tons of explosives were dropped over more than +60 Japanese cities and towns between March and July, 1945.

August, 14<sup>th</sup>, 1945 was established as a national holiday, “Victory over Japan” day – or V-J Day. Rhode Island is the only state that still celebrates this momentous victory. Many thought that this celebration could now be offensive to a country which is now one of our allies.

# Sweet and Savory

By Shirley Nolin

## The Pleasure of Tea

*From brewing the perfect cup of a fragrant blend to planning a gracious gathering.*

The essentials for preparation and service .elevate singular moments of beauty to a cherished ceremony worth observing with friends. Perhaps no invitation opens the door to such lovely moments as this simple appeal:

### Join us for Tea

#### Cranberry Orange Spice Cooler

This is fresher and less sweet than the commercial Black Tea drinks

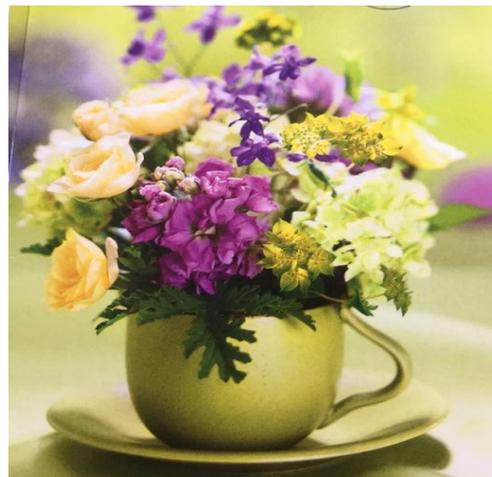
4 bags of orange spice tea      1/3 cup dried cranberries  
2 cups of water                      4 strips of orange zest  
2 Tablespoons of sugar          Juice of 1 orange  
Cold, sparkling water

Combine tea bags and water in saucepan. Boil down to about 1 ½ cups. Discard tea bags. Stir in sugar. Add cranberries and orange zest. Chill.

To serve: pour into 4 tall iced glasses. Add orange zest and cranberries. Top with sparkling water.

Serves 4

#### Wonderful with scones



#### Useful Facts about Tea

- |            |  |
|------------|--|
| Black Tea  | May improve heart health<br>May help steady blood sugar                                      |
| Peppermint | May calm upset stomach<br>Naturally caffeine free  |
| Ginger Tea | May relieve aches and pains<br>Naturally caffeine free                                       |
| Chamomile  | May ease anxiety<br>Naturally caffeine free  |
| Green Tea  | May provide a glowing skin<br>Contains caffeine, but you can<br>find caffeine-free varieties |

# Poetry

## My Mother's Garden

Submitted by Resident Helen Shanley

My mother kept a garden,  
a garden of the heart.  
She planted all the good things  
that gave my life Its start.  
She turned me to the sunshine and encouraged me  
to dream.  
Fostering and nurturing  
the seeds of .self-esteem.  
And when the winds and rain came  
She protected me enough But not too much —  
She knew I'd need to  
stand up strong and tough.  
Her constant good example always taught me right  
from wrong  
Markers for my pathway that will last  
a lifetime long.  
I am my mother's garden  
I am her legacy —  
And I hope today she feels the love  
Reflected back from me.

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## If You Could, Would You?

By Diane Ferreira (Staff)

*If you could—Would you . . .*

Ride your bike down a steep hill—  
Just for the thrill

Skate across thin ice—Twice  
Jump from a plane, into a cloud

Sing a song— Right out loud  
Eat Dessert —Before your meal

Live every day—With laughter and zeal

***If I could, I surely would!***



## The Tree and Me

By P. J. Lockwood

(Husband of Resident, Claire Lockwood)

Today I saw a tree I'd like to be.  
A giant—strong and beautiful to see.  
To see it now that it has grown so big  
It's hard to think that it was once a twig.  
How long it took to grow, I do not know.  
I guess it started many years ago  
I bet its roots go deep into the ground'  
So deep no wind on earth could blow it down.  
It happens when you feed a tiny seed  
And give it everything that it will need  
Like nourishment and lots of room to grow,  
The summer sun and rain, the winter snow.  
And as the years went by, it grew so high  
Until it looks like it could touch the sky  
Now birds live in its branches, squirrels, run  
All up and down its body just for fun.  
Then as I looked in awe at what I saw  
I thought a thought I never thought before  
While I stood wishing that I were the tree  
Maybe the tree was wishing it was me  
For I can do a lot a tree cannot.

## Fun Stuff

### A Tairyfale of Prinderella and the Cince

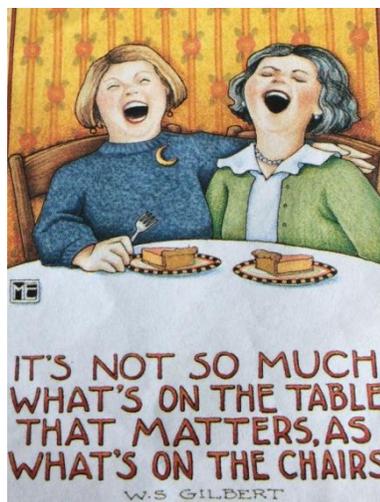
Once upon a time there was a goor rittle pirl named Prinderella. She lived with her micked step-wrother and her two sisty step-uglers. They were very mean to Prinderella. They nade her flub the scoors and pine the shots and shans and do all the other wirty dirk. Now wasn't that a shirty dame?

One day there came a croclamation from the cince that all lelligible lung yadies were invited to a drancy fes ball, but Prindirella couldn't go. She didn't have a drancy fess. All she had was a wirty drag. So she cat down and scried. Poor Prinderella. But along came her mairy fairgothor who said: "Son't dry, Prinderella, I will change your wirty drag into a drancy fess and your cumpkin into a poach.- but one wote of narning . . if you don't leave on the moke of stridnight, your drancy fess will trun into a wirty drag and your poach into a cumpkin.

So Prinderella bent to the wall and she pranced ith the cince. They pranced and pranced and pranced. And at the moke of stridnight, Prinderella ran down the stalace peps and on the bottom pep of the stalace peps, she slopped her dripper!

The cince picked up the dripper that Prinderella slopped and issued another croclamation: that all lelligible lung yadies were to sly on the dripper that Prinderella slopped. The sisty step-uglers slided on the dripper, but it find't dit. Prinderella said: "Let me sly on the dripper." They said: Oh, Prinderella, son't be dilly! But she did sly it on and it fit dit.!

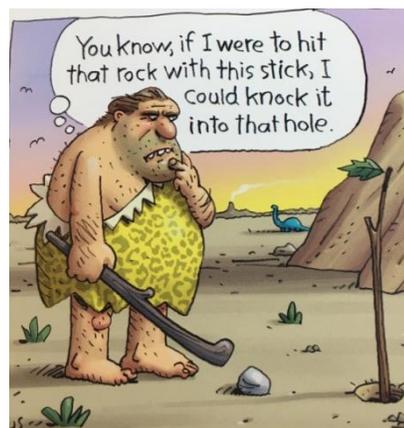
Prinderella and the cince hived lappily ever fater.



### Words of Advice

*Be who you are  
And say what you feel  
Because those who mind  
Don't matter  
And those who matter  
Don't mind*

### How Men Learned to Swear



Be the kind of  
**WOMAN**  
That when your  
Feet hit  
The floor each morning  
The devil says:  
"Oh, crap, she's up."

# Dear Marion

by Marion Brousseau

*Dear Marion,*

I have two girlfriends who always talk politics. They have strong feelings for their sides. I don't jump in because I have mixed feelings of my own which I don't want to discuss with them. What can I do?

*Upset in Massachusetts*

*Dear Upset in Massachusetts,*

I wouldn't discuss politics with either of them. I would suggest that politics is a private matter and you don't wish to participate.

Suggest that if they want to talk politics, then feel free to discuss the subject when you are not with them. Hopefully they will respect your wishes.

*Marion*

MEDDLE NOT IN THE  
AFFAIR OF DRAGONS—  
FOR YOU ARE CRUNCHY  
AND GOOD WITH KETCHUP!

# My Yankee Doodle Boy

(Cont. from page 7)

In the fifth grade he learned to play the clarinet. In elementary school he was in two bands and won many awards. In his Freshman year of High School, he switched to the saxophone. Later, his band and chorus performed at Walt Disney World. In the chorus, he won "rookie of the year."

Chris took up golf in the eighth grade. He was on the golf team all through High School, and captain in his senior year. Another of his loves is science. In his Sophomore year he won a Science Fair award with his exhibit which he displayed at M.I.T.. He also went to church every year and was a Senior Acolyte.

In his senior year in college in New York, he was one of six students to go to Trinidad with his Ecology Professor to study fish. He spent three weeks there in primitive conditions, culminating in presentations to professors from his and other colleges when he returned..

Today he works in the science field. My Yankee Doodle Boy is 38 now, married to a lovely woman and the father of two beautiful girls. Regardless of age, my loving son will always be my Yankee Doodle Boy!

## Christopher Heights of Attleboro Resident Writing Group

Jean Salisbury (219)                      Dot Dubuc (301)  
Marion Brousseau (312)                      Bill Healey (212)  
Loretta Lapierre (417) Comp. and Editing:                      Sister Eileen Davey, SUSC (416) Photos

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Housekeeper: Diane Ferreira *. . Poetry*  
Resident: Helen Shanley (315) *Poetry*                      Resident: Linda Bednarz (402) *"Boat"*  
Resident Judy McKnight (401) *Prinderella and the Cince*