“A consensus means that everyone agrees to say collectively what no one believes individually.”

-Abba Eban (1915-2002)
FROM THE EDITOR

In the last ManorGraph, I suggested we ask residents where they were born. Below are the compiled results from those who responded. The states listed are in order of number of CM residents identifying their state of origin.

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<th>Residents’ States of Origin</th>
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In addition to the CM residents born in the U.S., the following countries are represented by our residents: Canada - 2, France - 1, Iran - 1, Iraq - 1, India - 2, Netherlands - 1. I think the survey shows that the population of the US is a mobile society, but that our residents are primarily from three western states: Oregon, California and Washington. However, I suspect that many of us have worked and lived in other states before settling here.

Another survey that I think might be of interest would be to find out the number of different states and countries we’ve both worked and lived in for a year. Thanks to all of you who participated in our survey.
BOOK REVIEWS
by Joan Graves

Visit the newly renovated library on the tenth floor of the Tower. Listed below are some of the recently acquired books to be found on the shelves. Enjoy!!

MIDDLE NAME by Lee Child – For Jack Reacher fans, a complete collection of his stories, a new novella and eleven previously published stories.

HAPPINESS IS A CHOICE YOU MAKE by John Leland – The author follows six older seniors for one year. Each has problems but many conclude that they live in the present, focusing on good things. Non-fiction

EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON & OTHER LIES by Kate Bowler - A divinity school professor examines her beliefs when she learns she has stage IV colon cancer. Her irreverent and hard-won observations on dying are expressed. Non-fiction

WARLIGHT by Michael Ondaatje – Two children, left in London when parents move to Singapore, are cared for by a mysterious figure known as The Moth. Later the boy seeks to learn more about his life and discovers more about unspecified persons serving during the war.

TRUMPOCRACY by David Frum – How Trump could push America toward illiberalism, what consequences would be, and what we can do to prevent it. Non-fiction

EDUCATED: A MEMOIR by Tara Westover – A daughter of survivalists in Idaho educates herself and goes to university – is there still a way home? Non-fiction

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW by A. J. Finn – A 38 year old woman in New York City, a shut-in who self-medicates, believes she sees a crime committed in a townhouse across the park.

THE GREAT QUAKE by Henry Fountain – The author explains both the 1964 Alaska earthquake’s science and human toll. Non-fiction

IT HAPPENED AT TWO IN THE MORNING by Alan Hruska – This fast-paced legal thriller tells how a brash young New York lawyer happens to witness a 2 a.m. murder of a business tycoon and finds himself held captive.
What the Manor Means to Me

By Marilyn Grenz

Resident Board member Marilyn Grenz gave the following speech at the May 3rd groundbreaking event for the Capital Manor expansion project.

My name is Marilyn Grenz, I am a second-generation Salemite and I am also a second-generation Capital Manor resident. As such, it gives me a unique prospective as to what the Manor means to our city.

When this community was first opened in 1963 with 250 apartments and ten health-care beds, it was like an oasis in the heart of our city. It has grown since those first days and is today preparing to once again expand, making it truly special.

What does this community have to offer? Let me name just a few things: peace of mind, security, friendship, advanced education, entertainment, interesting speakers and volunteer opportunities (both on campus and within the city). It offers transportation to events and appointments, two libraries, exercise classes, swimming, woodworking, pottery classes, fiber arts and painting just to name a few. We have interchanges with Western Oregon and Willamette Universities and Chemeketa Community College, as well as our public schools. We have the opportunity to meet new people with like interests.

Considering we have all of this in our daily lives, you may wonder what this new expansion brings to our current residents. First of all, we will have enlarged health care and memory care facilities with additional staff. We will also receive expanded health care options, expanded dining options and hours, and a revitalized mall area. Our entertainment programs, already top notch with such programs as the Salem Pops, professional acts from Portland and St. Paul Bell Ringers, will be expanding. We will also have opportunities to travel to more outside venues and restaurants. So, this small oasis in the heart of Salem will become an even bigger and more important part of the Salem community.

In closing, let me say this: If you see someone today with a smile on their face, a spring in their step, a welcoming greeting and you believe that they are a resident of Capital Manor, you will probably be right.
NEW RESIDENTS

GARY AND DONNA HERBER

Let me introduce you to our new residents Gary and Donna Herber from Clatskanie, Oregon who moved into their villa March 17, 2018.

Donna was born in Marshfield, Oregon and went through all twelve years of school there. She went to college for one year, then taught and trained students on office machines at OHSU. Gary grew up in Maplewood, a suburb of Portland and is a third generation Oregonian. He attended Tigard High School, Portland State College, and Dartmouth College of Credit and Finance. Gary was drafted into the US Army and was stationed in Boebhigeu, Germany with the 160th Signal Group.

Donna and Gary traveled throughout the United States and Canada with their son and daughter. Their son was married in Ireland and after the ceremony, they traveled for three extra weeks in Ireland and Scotland with their daughter. Donna’s ancestors came from Finland and Gary’s from Norway, so they spent time exploring both countries. They also stayed a week in Puerto Vallarta with their son and his family. Europe was another place they traveled extensively both for business and pleasure.

Gary spent twenty-seven years in corporate finance, mainly in credit and finance. He took early retirement and, by chance, became a saddle maker. He had his own shop in Hillsboro where he made saddles, tack, pack gear, etc. On the weekends when she wasn’t working, Donna would do all the tool work on each saddle. Gary says, “Saddle making was easily the most satisfying work I have ever done.” He sold the shop in 1998 and returned to their farm in Clatskanie.

Donna was a board member for five years at the Clatskanie Senior Center and was on the advisory board for eight years. She was also on the Water Board for fifteen years. Donna was also International President of Delta Chi Sigma sorority. Gary volunteered in Scouting and both he and his son are Eagle Scouts. I hope you will get to know this kind and interesting couple.

Interview by Diane Jackson
Capital Manor Welcomes
Audrey Kagey

Audrey is Capital Manor’s new Wellness Coordinator. We asked her to tell us about herself and how she landed at CM.

I was born in Houston, Texas and lived there until I was eight. Then my parents moved us up to Puyallup, Washington, where I spent my time until coming to college in Salem. I attended all four years at Corban University and played college soccer. After I graduated, I began working at Nike and then pursued my passion for health and fitness by becoming the Assistant Women’s Soccer and Strength Coach at Corban University for three years. During that time I also worked at 24-Hour Fitness, as a Personal Trainer. It was there I met fellow trainer, Niko, who was also employed at Capital Manor. He suggested I apply for his job as Wellness Coordinator at CM, as he was about to leave. I did and was very excited to be offered the position.

I met my husband, Tim, at Corban during my senior year. We both played soccer for the university and coached. He is currently a soccer coach for Corban as well as for the Portland Timbers U-23 team. We got married on January 16, 2016 and adopted our dog Maverick, an Australian Kelpie, about three months later. We recently purchased a house in Salem and plan to either adopt a rescue dog or foster a dog once we are moved into our new home.

Some fun things my husband, my dog, and I like to do are hike, barbecue, play board games (Maverick supervises), and watch a good Netflix series!

My own hobbies include biking, playing with my dog, singing loudly in the car (even though I am not good at it), and being a coach’s wife. I love competition and get involved in it as much as possible. I play in many leagues around Salem including a volleyball league at The Hoop, an indoor soccer league, and a softball league.

I am so excited to be working at Capital Manor. Everyone here is so friendly and inviting.
Cleve Knabe joined Capital Manor 18 years ago, in February 2000. Cleve started as the Maintenance Supervisor. In April 2005, Cleve was promoted to Director of Facilities and became responsible for all the property and facilities operations including building and grounds, security, maintenance, construction and remodeling. When Cleve retires at the end of August, Joe Burks will become the Director of Facilities having been mentored and trained by Cleve for the past 13 years.

Prior to working for Capital Manor, Cleve was the Environmental Services Manager at Hillside Communities in McMinnville. His prior experience included owning an Ace Hardware Store and over 23 years in maintenance, supervision and management at Oregon Freeze Dry in Albany.

Cleve has been a tremendous asset to the management team and residents of Capital Manor. He has provided outstanding leadership in managing the facility operations. Several key projects that occurred during his time at Capital Manor included the tower face lift in 2006 and the dining room remodel in 2012. Other key projects included asbestos removal, fire safety sprinkler system and elevator upgrades. Cleve has been actively involved in planning for our current expansion project. Cleve has been a key member of our team and will be missed in his retirement.

Cleve and his wife, Virginia (Gin), plan to camp, hike and do a “bit” of wine tasting in their retirement. They also will spend lots of time with their family which includes daughters Janie and Gina and two grandkids, Jory (11) and Clara (9).
HE BOUGHT THE FARM — AND A LIFESTYLE HE CAN’T GIVE UP

By Suzanne Hurt

John Schoon just isn’t the retiring type.

Early risers at Capital Manor might catch a glimpse of the white-haired fifth-floor resident working out at 5:30 or 6 a.m., then grabbing breakfast afterward. But he disappears from the West Salem retirement community each day by about 7:30 a.m.

The exercise regimen helps him stay in shape, so he can return each morning to his farm on Zena Road, where he puts in a full day’s work, seven days a week.

He may have retired from the Oregon state legislature and his job as a branch manager at First Interstate Bank.

But Schoon, 88, isn’t quite ready to give up his life on the farm.

“I like to work. It’s productive,” he said.

HISTORIC HOMESTEAD

Schoon, who turns 89 in July, actually owns and operates two historic farms totaling 65 acres in Plum Valley, along the western slope of Polk County’s Eola Hills.

The little valley – named for wild plums that grew there when surveyors created the original surveys and maps of Oregon in the 1800s – lies northwest of Salem near what was once the town of Bethel.

Schoon grows and sells hay from both properties. The cows, goats and bees he once raised are gone. But he still has sheep, chickens, a horse, a dog and a cat – and a recent addition, his second llama – at the family homestead where he and wife Carol partly raised their three children.

That 20-acre property, which he named Plum Valley Farm, features a two-story white Italianate home built in 1890, a striking barrel barn that captures the setting sun’s last golden rays, and several pastures filled with grass. Lots and lots of grass. Hence, the sheep.

“I bought the sheep to keep the grass down. And I’ve been a slave ever since,” he said, referring to the land’s hold on him.

Schoon shears the sheep and has assisted in complicated deliveries including breach births and oversized lambs. He’s fixed a baby goat’s broken leg, administered preventive medicine and shoed a horse — once.

“I tried that. I wasn’t very successful,” he smiled.

He recently sheared his new llama, which he bought from a neighbor along with 10 lambs and adult sheep. The roughly 250-pound, 6-foot-tall llama bucked, kicked and spat on him.

Schoon swims and runs or lifts weights most mornings to keep muscles and joints strong and flexible and avoid hurting himself while working at the farms, where he often lifts heavy things like hay bales, sheep and farm equipment. He still skis and runs in local 5k races – slower now, but still getting out there.

Since January 2017, he’s been eating breakfast and dinner at Capital Manor and sleeping there at night.

He lived for a few years on a farm while growing up in Indiana during the Depression but picked up most of his husbandry skills after he and his wife bought the 20-acre farm in 1971.

The Korean War veteran had retired as a major from the U.S. Marine Corps three years earlier. The family moved from Nebraska to Oregon, where he promised his only daughter she could have a horse.
Then First Interstate Bank transferred him from Lake Oswego to Salem, and Schoon had to find a property with room for the horse. “I didn’t want a farm. I had no intention of buying a farm. I needed an extra lot or acre for the horse and that was all,” he said.

**FAMILY FARM**

Schoon met a Salem store owner who was selling the property, with an Italianate farmhouse built by the Sears family on a foundation made with fossil rock quarried nearby. Schoon paid $24,000 for the first farm. He later used credit cards to buy a 45-acre farm next door with an even older house where another branch of the Sears family once lived.

Since that time, Schoon has become friends with someone born in the 1890 house. Charles Sears of Medford has shared so many stories about the home and the land that Schoon now feels linked to the family who once lived in his house during an era when the nearby town of Lincoln, which sits at Zena and Wallace roads, was one of the busiest ports on the Willamette River.

Schoon isn’t sure when the first farm was originally homesteaded. But even before 1890, a doctor, Dr. Warner, lived higher up on the property near an existing well and made house calls throughout the area.

The Sears family grew apples, walnuts, prunes and hazelnuts on trees that continue to bear fruit and nuts. But dairy farming provided their main income when milking was still done by hand.

The property next door was also a dairy farm. Ernest Sears, who grew up on that farm, was just 19 when he was shanghaied in San Francisco -- taken captive to sail on a British Royal Navy man-of-war. His tombstone at a nearby cemetery says “lost at sea.”

The property has been captured in watercolors by artist Stev Ominski, who lived in the house next door for almost 20 years after overseeing its renovation.

Remnants from the Sears family and Bethel community still remain at Schoon’s farm. A metal horse-drawn hay rake sits in the yard. Two original wells and a milk house still exist. A 1920s-era copper drum washing machine stands next to the dog kennel. In the mid-1970s, Schoon converted an old Bethel school outhouse into a chicken coop.

A rusted iron toy horse, which Schoon discovered while digging in a paddock next to the house, seems to match Mary Lou Sears’ signed and dated “1937 July” drawing of a toy horse on a doorjamb. She was Charles Sears’ sister.

The Sears family lost the farm during the Depression. When the Schoons moved there, the fields were overgrazed and full of hawthorns and blackberries. Schoon didn’t even own farm equipment.

“These places were wrecks. So why would a fool buy a place like that, right?” he said.

Winters were colder in the 1970s, and the Schoon family still remembers freezing in a house with no insulation and poor heating. Schoon had furnaces installed. They all learned to cut and split wood for the fireplace. The house still has its old electrical wiring. Hoses and fire extinguishers on each floor show his biggest worry at the house is fire.

He now uses repair skills learned as a helicopter mechanic in the Korean War on farm equipment used to cut and bale hay, mow the seemingly unending grass and till the garden at the main farm.

Schoon is growing potatoes, onions, garlic, tomatoes, squash, broccoli, corn, pinto beans, asparagus, rhubarb, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries and grapes.

*All photos in this story furnished by Suzanne Hurt*
A HAPPY SLAVE

Like the grass, there seems to be a steady stream of work that needs to be done at the two farms – cutting grass, weeding, mending fences, making repairs, feeding animals, and cleaning paddocks and the chicken coop.

At times, the unending work makes him feel like a slave. Yet he also says it’s been a wonderful life. Schoon said he might not have become a state representative if he’d lived in town, because he got involved in politics to help fix a local school system that was abandoning vocational education.

“My life would have been entirely different,” he said.

He’d like to sell the second farm, so he can focus on the family homestead.

“At 88, I need to start slowing down. People tell me that all the time,” he said.

While he plans to eventually sell the family homestead, too, Schoon now feels so connected to the land and farm that it’s a part of him and he’s a part of it.

“You can be a happy slave,” he said.

Suzanne Hurt is a journalist who’s worked for a wire service, City News Bureau of Chicago, and newspapers including The Register-Guard, The Modesto Bee and The Press-Enterprise. She has a bachelor’s degree in news/editorial journalism from Northern Illinois University and a master’s in literary nonfiction from the University of Oregon. She is also John Schoon’s niece. Check out more of her work at WildJournalism.com.
Some of Darlene Boday's happiest childhood memories are playing and tending to the many animals on her family's central Washington farm. There were cows, horses, dogs, rabbits and chickens. She loved to make up stories about them. Darlene was born in South Dakota, but grew up in Washington, one of six children. After graduating from Grand View High School, she started college in Spokane. But a blind date led to marriage and four children, which put her education on hold. Finishing college in Seattle, Darlene began her career working as a Medical Record Administrator in several area hospitals. She later joined the University of Washington's School of Public Heath, retiring in 2001.

After retiring, Darlene sold her house and moved to her dream state, Arizona, where she happily lived for almost eighteen years. Last year, deciding it was time to start looking into independent living retirement communities, Darlene began investigating places near her. However, her sister-in-law, Betty Hohbach, was planning a move into Capital Manor about the same time, and Darlene decided to check CM out as well. After spending a week in Salem getting to know Capital Manor, Darlene returned to Arizona to mull things over. Being closer to family members who live in the Pacific Northwest was a big plus and, within a week, Darlene had decided to sign up for a Villa. Selling her Arizona home turned out to be a breeze, but downsizing was not as easy. One thing that made the cut was her collection of newspaper articles reporting major historical events dating back as far as 1941. She hopes to eventually put them on display at CM.

Darlene moved into Capital Manor on April 26. When asked what she liked the most about it so far, without hesitation she said, “It's an easy lifestyle and there is plenty to do.” What has surprised her since moving here? “The traffic—not living in Salem until now, the traffic is a challenge to get used to.”

Darlene likes to keep busy and to give back. She has always volunteered in hospitals, churches and the Chamber of Commerce in her communities. She is looking forward to continuing to volunteer at CM.

What advice would Darlene like to have given to her younger self at age 20, knowing what she knows now? “Go without, now, to save for later. Plan for a life with fewer responsibilities during retirement.”

Darlene has a joyful attitude about life and enjoys being with people and getting to know them. She is looking forward to new friends and new adventures while living at Capital Manor.

Interview by Martha Russell

Movie-in date April 25, 2018
Sergeant Reckless
A War Horse Story
By Chuck Crump

Many of my fellow Korean War veterans had never heard about this amazing horse, nor had I. She was brought to my attention by Evelyn Lorence. The following information is from the Kentucky Horse Park Magazine Fall/Winter 2017 edition.

Reckless was a three-year-old filly when she was “purchased for $250 from a Korean racetrack by members of the United States Marine Corps.” The terrain was mountainous and the shells for the Marines’ rifles were heavy and had to be dragged up the hills. Reckless was “trained to be a pack horse. She quickly became part of the unit and was allowed to roam freely through camp, entering the Marines’ tents, where she would sleep on cold nights and was known for her willingness to eat nearly everything.” She was also trained to head to her bunker if there was incoming fire.

Reckless “served in numerous combat actions during the Korean War, carrying supplies and ammunition and was also used to evacuate the wounded. Learning each supply route after only a couple of trips, she often traveled to deliver supplies to the troops on her own, without a handler. The highlight of her nine-month military career came in late March 1953 during the Battle for Outpost Vegas when, in a single day, she made 51 solo trips to resupply multiple front-line units. Sergeant Reckless was wounded, earning two Purple Hearts.”
She earned sergeant’s stripes, sewn onto her blanket, and she was the only horse to be commissioned an officer. ‘She wasn’t a horse—she was a Marine,’ goes a saying made popular in a biography by Robin Hutton, titled “Sgt. Reckless: America’s War Horse.”

Reckless spent her last years at Camp Pendleton where she enjoyed her pampered retirement and was visited by many families who wanted to pay their respects to this amazing and much-loved Marine.
Give your mind free rein! Imagine that you are in the in the State House of the Pennsylvania Provincial Assembly in 1751, about twenty-five years before the Declaration of Independence was signed. The Assembly is in session and the leaders have decided that a large bell should be hanging in the belfry of the State House. The members believe it would enhance and give an impressive voice to what was then the most imposing building in Colonial America. The Superintendents of the Assembly, Isaac Norris, Thomas Leech and Edward Warner, were authorized by the members to acquire a bell at a cost of about one hundred pounds. They asked an agent in London to “…procure a good bell of about two thousand pounds weight. Let it be cast by the best workmen” they said, “and examined carefully before it is shipped.” The bell was ordered from the Whitechapel Foundry in London, one of the noted bell founders of the era and, notably, a company that is still busily casting bells today. The Statehouse Bell arrived in 1752 amid great fanfare and was hung in the belfry. Unfortunately, Mr. Norris wrote, “It was cracked by the first stroke of the clapper without any other violence as it was rung to try the sound.” Negotiations with John Lester of Whitechapel regarding return of the cracked bell to England and casting of a replacement came to naught.

A new bell was ordered from a foundry in Philadelphia operated by two “…ingenious craftsmen,” John Stow and John Pass, using the metal from the Whitechapel bell. The local foundrymen apparently did not know that the experienced bell founders at Whitechapel had used a bronze alloy of copper and tin that was brittle but produced the clear, resonant tone highly desired in bells. They attempted to eliminate the cracking tendency, according to one account, by adding one-and-one-half ounces of copper as well as small amounts of silver, zinc, lead, gold and arsenic to each pound of the molten bronze alloy of the scrapped Whitechapel bell. The new bell did not crack when it was rung but Mr. Norris, apparently blessed with a discriminating ear, was not pleased with what he called its “…dull and uninspiring sound.” Another bell was then cast by the same craftsmen using a bronze alloy similar to the material used in the Whitechapel bell. According to Mr. Norris, it produced a better but not completely satisfactory tone.

After more than two years of effort and expense, all that the Pennsylvania Assembly now had was a pair of bells of uninspiring tone, according to Mr. Norris. The second locally cast bell with its “Proclaim Liberty Throughout all The Land Unto all The Inhabitants Thereof” inscription from Leviticus remained in the State House steeple. From that vantage point it very likely called the Assembly to meetings at which laws such as the Sugar Act, the Stamp Act and the Townshend Act were discussed along with events that helped to initiate the American Revolution. While the somewhat less than perfect bell served admirably in our nation’s very early history, there were some who did not appreciate its apparently extensive use by the Assembly.

After the bell was first hung, people living near the State House were “…much incommoded and distressed by the too frequent ringing of the great bell in the steeple” and they vigorously petitioned the Assembly to “…do something about it.” Relief was soon at hand when the structure of the steeple was deemed to be in poor condition and the bell was removed. This prevented it from helping to announce historic events in 1774 and 1775 such as the convening of the first and second Continental Congresses, the battles at Concord and Lexington and George Washington’s departure to take command of the Continental Army. It is surprising that the Statehouse Bell—along with other bells in the city—did not ring on July 4, 1776. Because the Congress had met in a closed session, the public did not know of Richard Henry Lee’s resolution calling for independence or of
Thomas Jefferson’s draft declaration. Only on July 8 did Philadelphia’s bells ring out all day and well into the night.

Because of the possibility that the British might occupy Philadelphia in 1777, the State House Bell and other bells were removed from their mounts, loaded onto wagons and transported to Allentown, Pennsylvania where they were hidden in the Zion Reformed Church. This action was taken to prevent the bells’ capture by the British who very likely would have broken them up and used the metal for casting cannon barrels. They were returned to Philadelphia in 1778 when the British withdrew from the city.

Stories about how our Liberty Bell, a national icon, was cracked are many and varied. By one account it cracked when it was rung during the visit of Revolutionary War hero Marquis de Lafayette in 1824. Yet another story tells us that it cracked when tolled for the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall in 1835 and a third legend would have us believe that it cracked in late 1824 while being rung as a fire alarm. Over the years, efforts to repair it were not successful and the crack progressed beyond the site of the attempted repair. For the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence in 1976 it was moved to a pavilion near Independence Hall. Its next move—and very likely its last—was to the Liberty Bell Center in Independence National Historic Park where millions view it each year.

The history of bells is long and varied. In one form or another, bells have been part of any ancient civilization that had developed the capability to melt and cast metals. The sound of a bell is used for diverse purposes and can evoke very different human responses. Writer Friedrich von Schiller, upon hearing the rich, resonating sound of a four and one-half ton bell cast in Basel, Switzerland in 1486, wrote his Ode to the Bell—“Vivos voco, mortuous plango, fulgura frango. (I call the living, I mourn the dead, I tame the lightning.) The third segment of the ode may be surprising, but in many civilizations, bells were rung in times of stress—and distress—as a plea to a greater power. The sound of the bell has helped to celebrate human life through its heights and depths, with joyous ringing in announcing a military victory or possibly the birth of a royal heir and the slow tolling that carries the unmistakable message of defeat, death, or disaster.
“Ma’am, I’ve never met a lady Chaplain.”

“That’s funny, I’ve never met a pregnant Marine.” With that exchange, I knew I’d made the correct decision on how to spend the summer of my “Middler” year of seminary: as a Navy Chaplain Candidate Program Officer (CCPO) assigned to Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego. Yes, MCRD. A Marine Boot Camp. And in case you wondered, yes, there was a lot of yelling there. I was the only woman in the Chaplain’s office in 1994; it was still unusual to see a woman in an officer’s uniform bearing the Chaplain Corps insignia.

Being a “lady Chaplain” came in handy for direct, on-the-ground ministry. Assigned to “real” ordained Chaplains, we CCPOs—newly minted Ensigns—basically interned with Chaplains. We shadowed them and, still seminarians, assisted the Chaplains in their work when we were not in training or in the Officer’s Club having long theological conversations over very good beer. More about the Navy and beer in a moment.

Navy Chaplains minister to the Navy, Coast Guard and Marines. So, between learning how to march and attending classroom lectures, we CCPOs would have field time with the Chaplains. Housed in the BOQ at NTC (don’t you just love government acronyms?), we CCPOs lived in the Bachelor’s Officers’ Quarters at Naval Training Center in San Diego. I wasn’t a bachelor, but the quarters were fantastic: a single room, palm trees swaying outside my window and a swimming pool in the sparkling San Diego sun. Maid service visited daily. Vending machines even contained beer, an oddity to me at the time, as I had never seen this in civilian life. Thank you, taxpayers!

During a Chaplains’ staff meeting, the task of deciding which CCPO they would supervise was on the docket. We CCPOs were off marching somewhere, I believe. But this meeting would determine with whom we would spend a large part of our summer training, under their care, guidance and supervision.

Brown...Cox...Malak...Mosher...

The list was read and the names divvied up. I was assigned to Lutheran Chaplain Timothy Sims, a Marine combat veteran, and the only one, I later learned, who was willing to work with a woman. Well, Sims and I became quite a team as God, Jesus and a pack of angels had a wonderful ministry in store for two former atheists at a Marine boot camp. We did hospital calls, visited Marines and recruits on base, made our rounds in an “out and about ministry.”

What else did I do on my summer vacation in 1994? I preached at a rifle range at Camp Pendleton, learned how to march by carefully watching the moves of CCPO Malak, right in front of me, the first Muslim Navy Chaplain and someone I was privileged to serve with. I dangled on a cable beneath a Chinook helicopter training for the “Holy Helo.” It was the Navy’s ingenious way of transporting the Chaplain Sunday mornings to conduct services: strap ear protection on them, place them in a cage attached to a cable, and helicopter them from ship to ship. Holy Helo. I swam, water up to my neck, on the “USS Never Sail.”
This, a training exercise for all hands on deck maneuvers for a sinking ship, took place on a phony, mock and quickly sinking ship. As the water filled higher and higher, we CCPOs were instructed to dive in, in an attempt to patch a hole in the hull. We tried three times—failed every time. Our trainers probably had a good laugh at us that day, believing we CCPOs would have been more useful if we’d stayed on the deck and prayed instead.

I can tell you all about more adventures, thanks to the US Navy, another time. Maybe over a cup of very good hot coffee in the Sunroom or after one of my impromptu drum sessions. Just stop me. Let’s chat as I’d love to tell you more.

Here is one last story, alluded to in my opening words:

One day, as I sat in the waiting room of the Chaplains’ Offices waiting for a Marine to arrive for their counseling appointment while Chaplain Sims completed a call in his office, she entered—young, Native American, very pregnant and very troubled. Her eyes met mine and I saw just how far along she was—and wearing maternity cammies. It would have been funny, this “pregnant Marine,” had her situation not been so desperate and life-threatening. Then, Chaplain Sims, who as a young Marine survived the brutal siege of Khe San in 1968, found God and Jesus and peace only to die in a car accident in 2002, hung up the phone and exited his office. And his eyes met mine, knowingly, as I now sat chatting with that pregnant Marine on the waiting room couch. “Well, what are you ladies talking about?” Chaplain Sims inquired, grinning. “Oh, just girl talk,” I replied, sensing the power and momentum of the Holy beginning to fill the room. Indeed, one hour later, this too-pregnant-to-fly, soon-to-be-discharged and battered wife—she could defend her country, but not her body and mind from the rage of her husband—had a bus ticket back home. A safety net was waiting at the reservation. It was a privileged ministry for a second year seminarian, Ensign bars not yet smudged, and a Navy Chaplain bold enough to see how men and women could minister together in a military setting. I think God was served that day. And that room Holy, indeed.

Chaplain Denise Mosher would return the following summer to receive additional Naval Officer and Chaplain training, reuniting with friends in Providence, Rhode Island, where “we CCPOs, were always encouraged to be social, lest we one day serve as Chaplains at sea together and really have to get along. We ate more lobster and drank more New England beer than our starving seminarian chums back home could imagine. Thank you again, taxpayers.”

Mosher would go on to be ordained in the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A) in 1996 and serve, at that time, as one of the six women Chaplains in the Air National Guard. She is grateful for her five years of Reserve Chaplain service and the lifelong friends she has made.
EXERCISE FOR PEOPLE OVER 60

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side.

With a 5-pound potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there for as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute and then relax.

Each day you’ll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer.

After a couple of weeks, move up to 10-pound potato bags.

Then try 50-pound potato bags and eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100-pound potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute.

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each bag.

FOR THE RECORD

It concerns and distresses me greatly that Capital Manor is removing mature trees (evergreens especially) which have been serving us so admirably well as a protective buffer along our highway side. For many years these trees have dampened highway sounds, replaced highway fumes with oxygen and provided a beautiful visual scene that promoted serenity of mind and heart year-round. I am anguished that we could not find a better “win-win” solution to our parking issues. The loss of these trees is a huge price to pay for ourselves and for our future residents and staff. I and many, many others will miss them greatly for the rest of our lives no matter how short or long that will be.

Nina Hipperson (5-16-2018)
IN MEMORIAM

Verna Duncan          May 15, 2018
Charles Kingsland     June  6, 2018
Betty Pitman          June  7, 2018
Ferne “Peg” Talley    June 10, 2018
Marion Embick         June 12, 2018
Lorraine Evenson      June 15, 2018
Ellen Neal            June 22, 2018
Statistics at a Glance

NEW RESIDENTS

Darlene Boday  April  25, 2018
John and Betty King  May  9, 2018
Denise “Dennie” Brooks  May  29, 2018
Bob and Mary Bontrager  June  22, 2018

Moves within the Manor

Shirley Gunter from Unit # 2004 to Unit # 311
Phyllis Smith from unit # 720 to Manor Care
Alice Nelson from Unit # 2011 to Manor Care

CENSUS NUMBERS

Independent Living Residents  366 = 98%
Manor Care and Memory Care  80
Total Residents as of 6/20/2018  446
## July Birthdays

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<th>Name</th>
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<td>Helen McGauhey</td>
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CARTOONS

BY BILL ILLI

Ice cream cones, it must be summer!

Do you want mine?  Not giving mine away!