

The Acorn run



Linus Oakes Retirement Village

ADMINISTRATOR'S CORNER

I hope everyone had a wonderful Independence Day and enjoyed the Graffiti Day festivities.



Myself and the entire Linus Oakes staff have been busy learning new tasks as part of our transition to CHI Living Communities. So look for my full article next month as well as the full Acorn.

Thanks to our staff for all their dedication during this change, and as always it is our pleasure to be of service to all of our wonderful residents.

Sincerely,
Mike Ryan

Dear Linus Oakes

Hello new Home. Me and my first wife, Arlene, been together for mor'n sixty years; during which time we never saw the wolf panting loudly at our door but we could feel his presence from time to time.



Just a few months ago, we to up residence here at home, good buy wolf. Back home friends said, "Hey, you guys ain't that old!" Well Pilgrim at what age should it be when you say to your sweetheart, Babe lets actually do something on purpose for a change though fate has been kind to us.

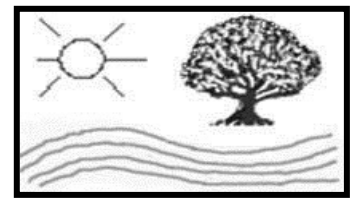
The day after our son also said, "folks you are not that old," he put a flyer on the table from and "Adult Living" place called Linus Oakes. A couple years ago, three months ago, we knocked on the door here and found ourselves. People like us welcoming us to a security we'd never known. Most all the occupants are grandparents like us. Most all feel safe and secure like us with smiles of welcome.

Mixing has been so easy! The other night at dinner, we were expounding on the intelligence of the inmates and staff. We had just mentioned how many BA's, MA's and PhD's we'd met here when mm, Arlene, comes up with, "I have a picture of Sam standing n the pasture with his PHD, yeah, his Post Hole Digger!"



We're home neighbors, thank you!

Sincerely, Sam and Arlene



July 2017



Tender Tribute

Sometimes there's a nice surprise for those who overlook Mercy's parking lot.

One Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago, a man in a newsboy cap sat under an open hatchback in the shade of a tree, blowing sweet-somber tunes on a shiny trumpet. The clear, strong sounds floating in through an open back window drew me for a closer look.

Following the sweet liltng tones of "Danny Boy", the trumpeter reached slowly up and wiped an eye. He shook some moisture out of the horn and played some more slow tunes. After each, he wiped his eyes again.

Though he was in the hospital's busy parking lot, no one disturbed him as he continued his sad sere-nade.

A definite lifting of sadness attend-ed the trumpet's lively rendition of "When The Saints Go Marching In" followed by a gentle mellowing into a sweet, colorful "Somewhere Over The Rainbow".

Then it got quiet.

His weren't the only eyes with tears.

----Linda Warncke



**Linus Oakes
Upcoming Events**

July:

13th Lunch at Sizzler
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Resident Meeting

20th Elkton Butterfly Pavilion and lunch at Tomaselli's

27th Lunch at Lighthouse Bakery

August

3rd Bowman's Pond

10th Medford Shopping

24th Lunch at Diamond Lake

31st Seven Feathers



Facts, Fiction & The Kitchen

Joleen has started a telephone poll, calling residents to get their input on their dining experience. Her goal is to call a small number each week. Thank you, Joleen for your concerns.

Waiting

by John Burroughs

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder
height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor
high,

Can keep my own away from me.



We need more articles for the Acorn.

If you have a story, a joke, a poem, or something you would like to share, please bring it by the front desk before the 25th of each month. Your participation is greatly

How Children Perceive Their Grandparents

After putting her grandchildren to bed, a grandmother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. Finally, she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard the three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"

A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"



When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in.



Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use Grandpa. Now the mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."

A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep her cool. "That's interesting," she said... "How do you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

A grandfather was delivering his grandchildren to their home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the fire truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children started discussing the dog's duties. "They use him to keep crowds back," said one child. "No," said another. "He's just for good luck." A third child brought the argument to a close. "They use the dogs," she said firmly, "to find the fire hydrants."

Submitted by Lloyd King

Lost and Found

We have a profusion of lost items in the mail room waiting to go home. If you are missing an earring, a cane, or something in Between, please come down to the office and look on the bulletin board or Lost and Found Box. Unclaimed items will be removed at the end of the month.