ADMINISTRATOR’S CORNER
With fall arriving, it is the start of another fun season at Linus Oakes. So please check the weekly and monthly calendars to ensure you don’t miss out on all the activities. In addition I would like to thank everyone for attending our quarterly residents meeting. It is always a lot of fun to get together, share some news, and listen to comments and concerns. The enthusiasm from everyone is just one of the many reasons that Linus Oakes is such a fantastic place for all our residents and staff. In case you were unable to attend our resident’s meeting, I would like to extend a welcome and congratulations to some of our staff. Welcome to Robert Johnson our newest maintenance technician. Robert has years of experience in facilities and maintenance and is off to a great start learning our facility and getting to know all our residents. Congratulations to Colby Simmons for becoming our “Lead Wait” person in the dining room. Colby does a fantastic job already and with his new duties we can enjoy his easy going personality even more. Also, congratulations to Cristina Delatorre for becoming our newest housekeeper. Cristina has been doing an excellent job in the dining room as well as helping cover in housekeeping and will be a great addition to our housekeeping staff. I wish everyone an enjoyable October.

~ Mike Ryan, Administrator

Trudyism: Each day is a chance to create new memories.
Trudy and Sally roam the aisles at Goodwill. “Look at this red blouse,” Trudy exclaims. “It would look great on you.”

“Not for me,” Sally replies. “Where would I wear it?”

“You do need to get out more. Ever since Elwood died, you’ve let yourself go.” She drapes the blouse over the rim of their cart. “Stop it Trudy. I came to shop, not a lecture.”

“I’m just concerned about you. You spend too much time in that big old house with your memories.”

“But that’s all I have left now, Trudy.” Sally pulls a gray sweater off the rack and then moves on down the aisle. Trudy catches up with Sally who is looking at workout pants. “Hey, you could visit our exercise class at Linus Oakes.” A bright yellow pair catches Trudy’s eye. “I’ve got to have these for Yoga,” she says.

Sally holds up a baggy gray pair of sweatpants, hesitates and then places them in the cart. “I wish you could move to Linus Oakes,” Trudy says. “There are new memories to make and never a bored moment.”

“Not for me, though. I’m not sure I’d like it there. Besides, there’s nothing wrong with the memories I have.” Sally retrieves the pants from the cart and inspects the elastic.

Trudy takes another plunge. “We’re all going on the bus tomorrow up to Eugene. To the mall and out to lunch. Want to come?”

“You forget I’m on a diet.” Sally tosses the pants back in the cart. “Ok then. There’s a trip to Crater Lake next week. We’ll have lots of fun.”

“Well maybe . . .”

“Or the musical next month in Medford . . .”

“Whoa! So many choices! What was the first one again?”

“Shopping in Eugene. They have Macy’s there. You said you love Macy’s.”

“Well, I guess so,” Sally says, and retrieving the pants a second time puts them back on the rack. “Do you think their having a sale on coats? I’ll need a warm one if I’m going to Crater Lake.”

~ Submitted by Arvilla Newsom and Bonnie Hunker

In Memory

Ralph Cavens
March 16, 1930
~
September 20, 2016
When I Row Old, I will not become Invisible

When I was at church several years ago, an older friend said that she had become invisible. I didn’t understand what she meant. She had become invisible?

She said that since she let her hair go gray, she was invisible. I remember her as a beautiful young woman with coal-black hair. She was a head-turner.

But now, all these years later, I finally get it. I was in the drug store recently and as a young clerk approached me, I asked if he knew where a certain item was. He walked right past me and began talking with a young lady behind me. I was invisible and apparently mute as well.

It happened again a few weeks later, when I was in a church meeting. We were all in our chairs, and I had a question for our leader. I raised my hand, asked my question, and it was as if I did not even exist. Invisible once again.

So, what is it that we lose? How do we become invisible, and mute? I’m not sure how or why this happens, but I do remember Dr. Phil saying on his TV show that people treat you the way you teach them to treat you. So, I am now on a mission to be seen and heard. I will not be invisible.

I have a new understanding of that famous poem by Jenny Joseph. “Warning. When I Am An Old Woman I Shall Wear Purple.” She says, “When I am an old woman, I shall wear purple with a red that doesn’t go, and doesn’t suit me… I shall sit down on the pavement when I am tired and gobble up samples in shops…and run my stick along the public railings... and make up for the sobriety of my youth.”

The next time I feel invisible like my friend felt all those years ago, I will read that poem, and make myself obvious. My children may say many things about me when I am gone, but I promise they will never say that their mom allowed herself to be invisible.

~Submitted by Grace Stinnett

BRAIN TEASER

One snowy night, Sherlock Holmes was in his house sitting by a fire. All of a sudden a snowball came crashing through his window, breaking it. Holmes got up and looked out the window just in time to see three neighborhood kids who were brothers run around a corner.

Their names were John Crimson, Mark Crimson and Paul Crimson.

The next day Holmes got a note on his door that read ‘? Crimson. He broke you window.’ Which of the three Crimson brothers should Sherlock Holmes question about the incident?

Solution on pg. 4

Quotable Quotes

Take time to work... It is the price of success.
Take time to think... It is the source of power.
Take time to play... it is the secret of perpetual youth.
Take time to read... it is the foundation of wisdom.
Take time to be friendly... it is the road to happiness.
Take time to dream it... it is the hitching your to a star.
Take time to love and be loved...it is the privilege of the gods.
Take time to look around... it is too short a day to be selfish.
Take time to laugh... it is the music of the soul.

A friend is someone who knows the song in your heart and can sing it back to you when you have forgotten the words.
~Author Unknown
If the Book of Genesis Were Written Today

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. He was immediately slapped with a class-action suit for failing to file an environmental impact statement. God was granted a temporary permit for the project but was stymied by the cease-and-desist order for the earthly part.

At the hearing, God said, “Let there be light.” Immediately, the officials demanded to know how the light would be made. Would there be strip mining? What about thermal pollution?

God explained that the light would come from a huge ball of fire. He was granted provisional permission to make light, assuming that no smoke would result from the ball of fire, that he would obtain a building permit and that, to conserve energy, He would turn the light off half the time.

God agreed and said He would call the light “day” and the darkness “night”. Officials replied that they were not interested in semantics.

God said, “Let the earth bring forth green herb and bear much seed.” The Earthly Protection Agency agreed provisionally, provided native seeds were used. Then God said, “Let the waters bring forth creeping creatures begetting, and the fowl that may fly over the earth.” Officials pointed out this would require approval from the Department of Game coordinated with the Heavenly Wildlife federation and the Audubongelic Society.

Everything went smoothly until God said He wanted to complete the project in six days. Officials said it would take at least 200 days to review the application and impact statement, after which there would be a public hearing. Then there would be 10 to 12 month period before….

At this point God created hell.

Source: The Oregonian, Edge Column

Inner Peace

I'm passing this on because it worked for me today.

A doctor on TV said that in order to have inner peace in our lives during this political campaign, we should always finish things that we start. Since we all could use more calm in our lives, I looked around my home to find things I’d started & hadn't finished.

I finished a bottle of Merlot, a bottle of Chardonnay, a bottle of Bayleys, a butle of wum, tha mainder of Waluminun scriptins, an a bxo a choclutz. Yuz haz kno idr how fablus I feeel rite now. Sned this to all ur frenz who need inner piss. An telum u luvum.

~ Submitted by Lloyd King

Grandma’s Pearls of Wisdom

I’ve traveled paths you’ve yet to walk
Learned lessons old and new
And now this wisdom of my life
I’m blessed to share with you

Let kindness spread like sunshine
Embrace those who are sad
Respect their dignity, give them joy
And leave them feeling glad

Forgive those who might hurt you
And though you have your pride
Listen closely to their viewpoint
Try to see the other side

Walk softly when you’re angry
Try not to take offence
Invoke your sense of humor
Laughter’s power is immense!

Express what you are feeling
Your beliefs you should uphold
Don’t shy away from what is right
Be courageous and be bold

Keep hope right in your pocket
It will guide you day by day
Take it out when it is needed
When it’s near, you’ll find a way

Remember Friends and family
Of which you are a precious part
Love deeply and love truly
Give freely from your heart

The world is far from perfect
There’s conflict and there’s strife
But you still can make a difference
By how you live you life

And so I’m very blessed to know
The wonders you will do
Because you are my grandchild
And I believe in you

Nana was here again while I was sleeping.

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~ Submitted by Lloyd King
Potato

Well, a Girl Potato and a Boy Potato had eyes for each other. They finally, got married and had little a sweet potato they called ‘Yam’. Of course they wanted the best for Yam. So when it was time, they told her about the facts of life. They warned her about going out and getting ‘half-baked’ so she wouldn’t accidentally get mashed and get a bad name like ‘Hot Potato’ and end up with a bunch of tater tots. 

Yam said not to worry; no spud would get her in the sack and make a rotten potato out of her! But, on the other hand, she wouldn’t stay home and become a Couch Potato either.

She would get plenty of exercise as not to be skinny like her shoestring cousins. When she went off to Europe, Mr. & Mrs. Potato told Yam to watch out for the hard-boiled guys from Ireland and the greasy guys from France called the French Fries. And when she went out west to watch out for the Indians so she wouldn’t get scalloped.

Yam said she would stay on the straight and narrow and would not associate with those high-class Yukon Golds, or the ones from the other side of the tracks who advertise their trade on all the trucks that say ‘Frito Lay.’

Mr. & Mrs. Potato sent Yam to Idaho P.U. (that’s Potato University) so that when she graduated she’d really be in the chips.

But in spite of all they did for her, one day Yam came home and announced she was going to marry Tom Brokaw. Tom Brokaw! Mr. and Mrs. Potato were very upset. They told Yam she couldn’t possibly marry Tom Brokaw because he’s just …

A COMMON TATER
~ Submitted by Jeannie Forrest

CURTAIN RODS… PRICELESS

She spent the first day packing her belongings into crates and suitcases.

On the second day, she had the movers come and collect her things.

On the third day, she sat down for the last time at their beautiful dining room table by candle-light, put on some soft background music, and feasted on a pound of shrimp, a jar of caviar, and a bottle of spring water. When she had finished, she went into each and every room and deposited a few half-eaten shrimp shells dipped in caviar into the hollow of the curtain rods.

She then cleaned up the kitchen and left. When the husband returned with his new girlfriend, all was bliss for the first few days. Then slowly, the house began to smell.

They tried everything; cleaning, mopping and airing out the place out.

Vents were checked for dead rodents and carpets were steam cleaned.

Air fresheners were hung everywhere. Exterminators were brought in to set off gas canisters, during which they had to move out for a few days and in the end they even paid to replace the expensive wool carpeting. Nothing worked.

People stopped coming over to visit. Repairmen refused to work in the house. The maid quit. Finally, they could not take the stench any longer and decided to move.

A month later, even though they had cut their price in half, they could not find a buyer for their stinky house.

Word got out and eventually even the local realtors refused to return their calls.

Finally, they had to borrow a huge sum of money from the bank to purchase a new place. The ex-wife called the man to asked how things were going… He told her the saga of the rotting house. She listened politely and said that she missed her old home terrible and would be willing to reduce her divorce settlement in exchange for getting the house back.

Knowing his ex-wife had no idea how bad the smell was, he agreed on a price that was about 1/10th of what the house had been worth, but only if she were to sign the papers that very day.

She agreed and within the hour his lawyers delivered the paperwork.

A week later the man and his girlfriend stood smiling as they watched the moving company pack everything and take to their new home…. And to spite the ex-wife, they even took the curtain rods!!!!

I LOVE A HAPPY ENDING, DON’T YOU???
~Submitted by Ila Mae Howard

BRAIN TEASER SOLUTION

Mark Crimson

“?” = question MARK, so the note on the door reads: “Question Mark Crimson. He broke your window.”