

June 2011

Resident Birthdays

4th-Mildred Peters

9th-Garnet Rice

13th-Clive Haswell

19th-Elfrida Simmons

Employee Birthdays

1st-Cy Bowman

5th-Jody White

7th-Kelly Hewitt

**10th-Randi Knapp &
Ruth Zeller**

12th-Carrie Parker

26th-Tamra Cardwell

**Your Birthday Month
is June:**

You are peaceful and
harmonious; you seek the
gentle side of life. Your
warmth and consideration
touch many.

Your birthstone is:

Pearl



Your flower is:

Rose



Your colors are:

Light blue, white & cream



Special Days & Celebrations in June

Special Days in June

June 5th-Cancer Survivor's Day

June 8th-Best Friend's Day

June 14th-Flag Day

June 19th-Father's Day

June 20th-Ice Cream Soda Day

June 21st-First Day of Summer

June 11-18 Nursing Assistants' Week

Adopt-A-Shelter-Cat Month

National Dairy Month

National Fruit and Vegetable Month

National Perennial Gardening Month

National Rose Month



National Cancer Survivor's Day[®] is an annual, worldwide Celebration of Life that is held in hundreds of communities throughout the United States, Canada, and other participating countries. Participants unite in a symbolic event to show the world that life after a cancer diagnosis can be meaningful and productive. Celebrations can include parades, carnivals, art exhibits, contests and testimonies to honor local cancer survivors. The annual American Cancer Society's Relay for Life Fundraiser for Benzie County will be on Saturday, August 13, at the Homestead Township Recreational Park in Honor.

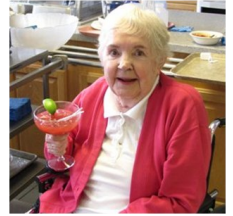


Special Celebrations



Thursday, May 5, found the residents and staff celebrating **Cinco de Mayo**.

There were sombreros on the wall, decorations throughout the dining room, brightly colored streamers, and special treats which our dietary staff prepared.



National Nursing Home Week was celebrated the week of May 8-14 and found special events taking place each day. Saturday, the residents celebrated a Mother's Day Tea with musical entertainment by Lisa Packard. Monday, the residents attended a Resident Council Meeting in the Activity Room. Tuesday, the residents went to the Gathering Place in the morning and enjoyed teatime with the FHS ceramics class in the afternoon. There was also an Employee



Appreciation Barbeque which found Rose Coleman, Margot Peshek, and Diane Mallory grilling up hamburgers for the employees. French fries, baked beans, broccoli



salad, soft drinks, and ice cream sundaes were also served. On Wednesday, the residents enjoyed an indoor picnic with the residents from Paul Oliver Long Term Care. On Thursday, there was a salad and

dessert fundraiser for the Lupus Foundation with a wonderful selection of salads and desserts provided by staff and family members. May 14 found the Sew, Grow, and Show 4-H Club and The Gleaners making a visit to present shirt protectors to the residents. Shelly and Melissa, the 4-H Club leaders, and their group of eight girls cut and sewed the shirt protectors while members of The Gleaners donated all the fabric. Everyone stayed and played BINGO with the residents and a great time was had by all.

Nursing Home Week was focused on intergenerational community interaction.



Resident Reflections - Bob Rayner

Robert Roy Rayner was born in Muskegon in 1924, the only child of Albert & Alice. Bob's mother died when he was one year old. He and his father moved to Honor to the family farm where his father raised him. Bob was 15 when his father re-married. Bob has two half-brothers, Floyd & Earl, & three half-sisters, Karlin, Ethel, & Betty. Bob's father helped to start the Honor Congregational Church. Bob graduated from Muskegon High School. He worked as a tool & die specialist in Lansing until 1942 when Uncle Sam called him into the Army.



Bob married Lois Jacobs, whom he met through her sister, who was a nurse at the local hospital, & has one son Richard (Rick) who was delivered by emergency c-section by Dr. Trautman & Dr. Thacker. The doctors had asked Bob if they should save his wife or the baby, & he said, "Both if possible!" His wife died a month later at Munson due to complications from the pregnancy & surgery. Bob never re-married; he & his son continued to live on the family farm.

Bob had several interesting jobs throughout the years. In the earlier years he worked for the Frankfort Joslin Chevrolet dealership, which later became Layman Chevrolet where he was supervisor of the service department. Then Bob worked for ten years at the Benzie County Government Center as building & grounds supervisor. He also worked for 20 years as a courier for the Honor State Bank.

Bob was very athletic & especially loved baseball. He played many games over the years at Lockhart Field here in Frankfort & around Michigan. He was always sought after because of his ability as 3rd baseman & played for any team that asked him. Bob was offered a \$10,000 contract with the Pittsburg Pirates to play as 3rd baseman, but he turned that down because being on the farm, working locally, & raising his son, with the help of family, were high priorities for him. He said that when he was working at the Government Center, "It was a good job with good benefits & a steady paycheck. That was hard to come by in those days. I could keep the taxes & other farm expenses paid." The family farm was originally 640 acres, one square-mile; the land was purchased by his great, great-grandfather & has been handed down to each generation.

The best advice he received from his family was to do whatever he could to keep & maintain the family farm. He is proudest of passing that heritage down to his son & seeing Rick continue that heritage. Bob says the farm is not as many acres now because small parcels have been sold, but it is still active & productive, including a public picnic area-a very big accomplishment that he knows his ancestors would also be proud of.

Bob says beating cancer, being a survivor, is both the happiest & most difficult time of his life. He is very proud of his certificate from the Biederman Cancer Treatment Center, which hangs on the wall in his room.

Bob says, "The Maples is a wonderful place, the best in the United States. We have good meals & good help, & I am well cared for." Bob is a big Detroit Tiger's fan. Black is his favorite color for 'dress'. Bob wants to be remembered as an easy-going, determined & courageous person.

Interview by Jeannie Knudsen

“Memory of Life” by Emily Swander

Emily Swander is a student at Frankfort High School who recently wrote one of this year's top three essays for the Bruce Catton Essay project. Her essay, "Memory of Life", is a tribute to her great-grandmother, Erna Swander, who was a resident here at The Maples.

The smell of the old drifted through the halls of The Maples in Frankfort, Michigan. We moved through the halls passing room after room. Glancing into rooms, I saw many different things: some people were watching TV, others eating an afternoon snack. The chatter of nurses helping the elderly with their daily lives surrounded me. We passed by a window; outside was gloomy but the trees were beautiful shades of red, brown, and yellow. The air was thick with October. I noticed my Mom had slowed down, I soon knew why; the room was approaching. My arms were very tired; I had been carrying this huge box for over ten minutes; it must have weighed thirty or forty pounds. On the wall next to the door was a colorful little plaque with the name of the resident residing in this room. My grandma sat on the bed while my aunt paced the room nervously, talking to herself. My great-grandma sat in her wheelchair in the middle of the room. She looked so unlike herself. In that instant, I barely recognized her. She seemed so different; her usual smirky smile wasn't there. Her hair was always curled and perfected by The Cricket Salon in Beulah. It now was just a fuzzy mess atop her head. Her eyes looked sad; she looked up and saw the box that I had been carrying. I sat it down and watched her face light up. Suddenly, in that instant, she wasn't just an old lady in a nursing home; she was Nana again.

I knelt down next to the box, and let the biggest, fattest cat I have ever seen out of its carrier. This cat's name is Tucker; he wears a little bell around his neck and has the most glaring eyes a person will ever see. He is a terror to other cats and to some people as well. Nana loved that cat though. When she moved to The Maples, we took him in for her.



I carefully picked up the cat and gently placed it on my Nana's lap the best I could. She pet the huge cat and held it close to her. She stared into his olive green eyes muttering, "Tucker boy, oh Tucker boy." Everyone in the room was trying to hold back their tears. My aunt left the room to find something. I can still picture the room right now, the curtains on the windows, a pasty yellow, and the blankets on her bed. I can remember the TV in the room and the picture my little sister drew for her on the wall. The room was almost silent. But what I remember most of all was the look on her face as she held her baby close to her. It was almost a magical feeling, it made me feel happy and sad at the same time. *(story continues on p. 5)*

“Memory of Life” continued

When it was time to leave, I was still trying not to cry. Not even realizing it, until I was told later, Nana had continued to stare at the cat until we left the room. I again carried the heavy box, but this time away from the little room. We walked back through the halls of The Maples. This time as I passed through the halls of the elderly people, I didn't think of the smell, or the sounds of the TV's playing, or the other machines beeping. I thought of the lives these people lived, the relationships they encountered, the lives they touched, the marriages and kids they had, the jobs they worked their hardest at, and the wars they laid down their lives for.



I left The Maples a changed person. I knew deep in my heart that I wouldn't be seeing my Nana again. This proved correct a few days later. This was a really sad memory for me, but it also changed me in a good way. I realized that she, and all the other elderly people at The Maples, had lived long, full lives. When most look at an older person, they see the gray hair, the hearing aid, or the dementia. I now try to look past this, at the real person.

Experiences like these really make you think. Life is short. People never know when they are seeing someone for the last time. This experience made me choose to live a full life. To live every moment to the fullest extent, whether my life stays in Benzie County or ends up in a far off country, I want to live a life my Nana would be proud of.

Father's Day Word Scramble

- 1) dnyah _____
- 2) ngrsot _____
- 3) prudo _____
- 4) lcsepia _____
- 5) yaimfl _____
- 6) novlig _____
- 7) btes _____
- 8) pehl _____
- 9) eahtfr _____
- 10) nso _____
- 11) cgainr _____
- 12) thdgreau _____

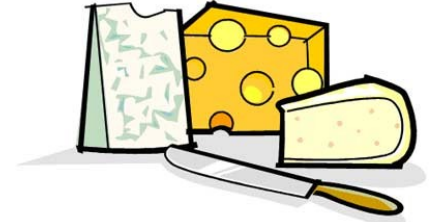


Answers: 1: handy; 2: strong; 3: proud; 4: special; 5: family; 6: loving; 7: best; 8: help; 9: father; 10: son; 11: caring; 12: daughter



“Say Cheese” Word Search

*Find the names of
various cheeses
hidden in the puzzle.*



R R O Q U E F O R T X Z Z V L C
 O P R O V O L O N E F E T A A B
 M N M A E R C U N N V H H N S F
 S A W N R O E D U T A Y E A C T
 G S V O A J I T O C I M X L I J
 R E O T D N J I G J B N A I A O
 U M G L D E A L A E P T A K J E
 Y R E I E J W C R O N X O D S J
 E A H T H K K T I E C M W R N E
 R P C S C C I P M R N B N O O G
 E C N B E I Y M O P E Q Q M H A
 E H A L V Z E B O T Z M X A D T
 D R M U O I I D R T R N A N X T
 A R J E P S U Q X I A D U O G O
 M Q B A T T O C I R E O O R C C
 X M O Z Z A R E L L A A G W U L

AMERICAN

COTTAGE

GOAT

OKA

BLUE

CREAM

GOUDA

PARMESAN

BRIE

EDAM

GRUYERE

PROVOLONE

CAMEMBERT

EMMENTAL

JACK

RICOTTA

CHEDDAR

FETA

MANCHEGO

ROMANO

COTIJA

FONTINA

MOZZARELLA

ROQUEFORT

STILTON

Grandpa's Hands

For ninety years those pair of hands were attached to an incredible man. A man who lived honestly and never spoke an unkind word of anyone. Hands that helped to give strength to his own mother after the loss of his father at a very young age. Those hands pulled grandma's braids and dipped them in ink wells! Hands that held grandma, promising till death do us part...hands that continued to love her for 69 years. Those hands raised and nurtured a son and a daughter...and whether they are aware of it...his hands continue to do so through the strength and kindness of their own hands.

Those hands held me when I was first born and they were the first thing I sought out when I saw him...always with a twinkle in his eye. Grandpa's girl! Hands that fed me gumdrops and jelly beans to keep me quiet in church services although later on in life I came to realize they were more for his enjoyment. Hands that gave me a cane fishing pole with a worm attached to the hook so I could go fishing from the banks of the Platte River, and those hands were there when I ran through the woods with a fish needing to be removed with pliers. Strong hands, loving hands...waiting to hold me and read a book when I was a child. Hands that tucked me into bed between grandma and him when we had sleepovers. Cool hands placed on my forehead when I was sick and running a fever...bringing orange sherbet to make things better and always holding my hand to cross the street to the bakery for donuts and pumpkin cookies.

Hands that held mine when I graduated from high school...walked down the aisle to get married... and hands that held his first grandchild with pride. I watched those hands change over the years...acquiring more wrinkles and becoming feeble with age. Their meaning was finally realized as I grew older and began to understand the things they were trying to teach me. His kindness and caring have become part of my everyday life. And I have learned to use my hands to comfort and care for my own family and friends and the young adults I come in contact with every day.

Those hands began to shake due to Parkinson's disease but for 90 years belonged to a man who had a tremendous impact on those he came in contact with. He didn't speak much towards the end of life and spent most of his time sleeping. The last time I saw him he was watching the kids and I dance to the Lawrence Welk show with grams. I know he would have loved to dance! And his hands...his hands...managed to touch my arm and he whispered I love you as I left him for the last time.

Finally grandpa...you dance to the Lawrence Welk show...jitterbug...do the Charleston... polka... and square dance. You deserve to dance on those two strong legs you have always had...and your hands will again someday touch your lifelong partner and you can waltz together across the heavens...singing and dancing forever. You will be missed...but the legacy you have left behind will continue to survive through the generations. And when we look at our own hands... we will remember yours.

Kimberly Putney 5/21/2011



June Church Schedule

Wednesday Services are at 10:45 a.m.

Sunday Services are at 2:45 p.m.

Every 3rd Wednesday: Catholic Mass at 10:00 a.m.

1st-St Philip's Episcopal Church

5th- Eden Bible Church

8th-St Andrew's Presbyterian Church

12th- Homestead Community Church

15th-St Ann's Catholic Church

19th-Frankfort First Congregational Church

22nd-Frankfort Elberta Methodist Church

26th-Community of Christ Church

29th-Benzonia Congregational Church

*This edition of The Maple Leaf is
dedicated to the memory of
Jane Barker, Fred Schimke,
Loyal Smedley, and Vincent Volpe.
Our thoughts are with their
families and friends.*



Welcome New Residents!

**Yvonne Daly, James Foster, Blanche Johnson,
David Kalosky, Opal Roosa,
and Norma Seymour**



*This edition of The Maple Leaf is brought to you through the efforts of
Rose Coleman, Kris Dykstra, Jennifer Flynn, Sharon Gilbert,
Katherine Johnson, Jeannie Knudsen, Kimberly Putney, Bob Rayner,
Art Schneider, Mary Soper, and Emily Swander.*