



CRONE CONNECTION

Fall 2023, Issue No. 4

Theme in Yellow

by Carl Sandburg

I spot the hills
With yellow balls in autumn.
I light the prairie cornfields
Orange and tawny gold clusters
And I am called pumpkins.
On the last of October
When dusk is fallen
Children join hands
And circle round me
Singing ghost songs
And love to the harvest moon
I am a jack-o'-lantern
With terrible teeth
And the children know
I am fooling.



FROM THE BOARD

by Anne Boher

At our annual March Membership Meeting this year, we brainstormed how to increase our dwindling membership. Former administrative assistant, Nancy Hom, suggested we use social media to attract younger members. So we joined Meetup this month under three headings to attract members to our organization. We held two Zoom "Getting to Know You" events, which netted us four persons

interested in joining Cronos. We plan to host more events, as about 75 people responded to our site. We need help in monitoring this site.

Additionally, we have hired a professional to upgrade our Facebook site. We will be posting material onto the site several times a week to increase traffic. When the site is completed, about the middle of Nov., we will ask those of you that have Facebook to "like" our pages and make comments. Also, please ask all your friends and relatives to find our page and do the same. They can live anywhere. The likes and comments will increase our visibility. The site will be, **Crone of Puget Sound Organization**, and it will be linked to our website and to Meetup. If our wonderful Crone organization is to survive, we must all do our bit to increase our visibility.

We held another fun event in Sept. - an auction to benefit our Scholarship Fund which netted \$585. Mary Cowger and Helga Forhan did a wonderful job of organizing this event, while the Board provided a bountiful and beautiful table of treats. We thank Ellen Duernberger for her generous donation of \$50.00 of Starbucks cards. *We weren't a large group but had fun looking at the donated items and winning our bids.*



Checked tablecloth made by Mary Cowger

The Seattle colleges have reorganized the funding to make it easier for the students to access the scholarships available and Mary is going to put posters about our scholarship in all three college locations for winter quarter.

Our volunteer treasurer, Geri Kennedy, will have the third quarter financials ready in Oct. at which time we will also post our budget for the year. I am happy to be able to report that, with the elimination of a paid administrative assistant, the free use of Barbara Stilson's condo meeting room, and the use of free programs, we are close to balancing our budget.

We hope to see you at our next two events: the potluck and interactive performance by the Wrinkle in Time troupe on Oct, 21st and a talk on Artificial Intelligence on Nov.18th. Please support us by coming to our great programs.



Best wishes for an enjoyable Fall.



"Anyone who thinks fallen leaves are dead. . .has never watched them dancing on a windy day."

from the Readers' Digest

CURRENT SCAMS TO WATCH FOR

There is a three-part scam going around recently that has resulted in \$542 million taken from over 19,000 people. The perpetrators are working very hard at their craft to alarm you, to get your trust, and to offer to help you out of the mess they say your computer and/or your financial accounts are in.

DO NOT BELIEVE ANY OF THIS.

If you get a notice on your computer, or a phone call, telling you that your computer is at risk, DO NOT RESPOND, DO NOT CLICK ON ANY LINKS, DO NOT CALL ANY OF THE NUMBERS LEFT ON YOUR PHONE OR YOUR COMPUTER.

The three schemes that the scammers have been using are posing as a

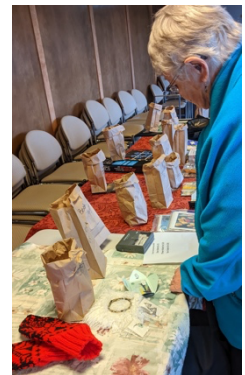
- * Technical Support Imposter
- * Financial Institution Imposter
- * U.S. Government Imposter

There is a resource to use for any questions you may have or if you've been a victim. It's the AARP Fraud Watch Network Helpline, run by trained volunteers. Call 877-908-3360.

Review of Sept. Tea

The Crone September meeting was a Scholarship Benefit Tea generously hosted in Barbara Stilson's condominium on September 23rd. Many people contributed items to raffle and, so far this year, we are close to our goal to give to a mature woman attending college. It's nice to know that we give to others while having fun as a group drawing for – and winning - interesting and useful gifts.

Fruit and cookies were plentiful, as well as delicious. And to cap it off, we sported quite an array of unique and creative hats. Everyone present had a happy time.



Chris Harmon examines raffle items

Advice from a Glacier

from a card by Your True Nature

Carve your own path

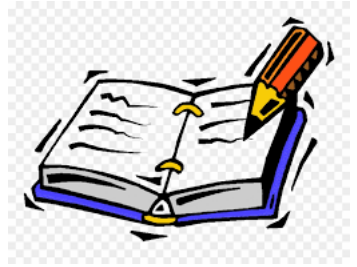
Go slow

Channel your strengths,

Keep moving forward

Avoid meltdowns, Be cool!

Writings by Cronos



KINDERGARTEN - 1943

by Valerie Degier

I turned six. Time to start school. I have few memories of that first day of kindergarten. What I do recall vividly is learning to correctly do the Nazi salute. We were little kids, and some of us got confused about raising the right arm, reciting the right words. We practiced until we got it down pat. After a few more days of classes, because of increasing frequency of air raids, and the lack of staff, schools closed indefinitely. Male teachers were drafted into the army, and young female teachers were forced to work in factories or other war-related industries.

My mom, and a few of her friends and neighbors, troubled that we children were now lacking any kind of academic instruction, somehow managed to round up, and hire Herr DeHaas, a retired teacher, way too old to be drafted. Barring air raids, he would come to our house once or twice a week to be our teacher.

And so our classes began. There were ten or twelve of us, ages six to twelve. When we met Herr DeHaas for the first time we stared at him, open-mouthed, eyes wide. He was extremely tall and very skinny. What was most fascinating, though, were his teeth. False and ill-fitting, they made a clicking noise every time he spoke. Once they almost fell out of his mouth. Quite a distraction until we became used to it. As a matter of fact, as a reward for having completed our assignments to his satisfaction, he would remove his false teeth and place them on the table. That was one of the best parts of the day. Seeing his teeth close-up, delighted and fascinated us. I now suspect he may have removed his false teeth not entirely for our amusement. They were probably quite uncomfortable, maybe even painful after having talked for hours.



He divided us by age. While the older kids worked on their assignments in the kitchen, we kindergartners, sat in the living room, learning the alphabet, struggling to write letters in cursive. No printing. Making attempts at reading.

What is carved in my memory, is not learning to write and read, but what often happened after academic instructions were over..

Herr D. would set up a crude puppet theater fashioned out of a large cardboard box, the center cut out, on the dining room table. We would sit on the floor while he crouched behind the box. With only three home-made puppets, he put on wonderful shows. Through the puppets, he taught us kindness, compassion, tolerance and the importance of working hard and trying our best, however difficult the task.



One day Herr DeHaas did not show up at our house. We never saw him again. I remember asking my mom why he did not return. Her answers were vague. I was only six years old, already traumatized about what was happening in my short life: Almost nightly air raids, not knowing

where my dad was (he was drafted into the army), the lack of food. Looking back to those extraordinary times, I now believe my mom, concerned about my mental health, did not want to burden me with thoughts of what could have happened to Mr. DeHaas.

Living to 100

by Bea Sweeney

Do I actually want to live to 100? I just watched a Netflix documentary with that title and was so impressed that I recommend it to all of you. Several places in the world have been identified as environments where it is common to have people living over 100 years and still functioning well. The video takes us to five of these places to see how they live, their secrets (if they have any) and to meet some of these people. I only watched the first one so far and these are my reactions.

First stop – Okinawa. Any of us who were alive during World War II remember it as an island in Japan. Many Okinawans living now survived WWII, which still affects their lives.

There are six elements they ascribe to their longevity. The first is the use of medicinal foods. These do not include McDonalds! Most are locally grown by the people who eat them and emphasize plants, including those from the sea. The goal is to include a wide range of good foods. The one food they class as most important is the purple sweet potato. Who knew! I didn't even know there was such a thing until recently when I have seen and wondered about them in the store. I am definitely going to try them.



Second, is the importance of food with lower caloric density. These foods fill our plates and our stomachs. Servings appear large in relation to their calories. For example a fast food hamburger is small in size with 700 calories, while a much larger stir fry with vegetables, tofu and noodles is about 350 calories.

Third, is what they call the 80/20 rule. Stop eating when you are about 80% full instead of completely full. You will fill satisfied without feeling stuffed.

Fourth is activity, which for them is a lifetime and life style of movement built into their daily activities. These are not workouts, marathons, or even daily runs, but gentle, low impact movement, like gardening, which they seem to do a lot of. These are included in basic tasks of living.



Fifth is balance. This amazed me to watch. They generally sit on the floor or low stools instead of chairs, couches and recliners as we do. They easily kneel and squat, can sit cross legged and get up from that position. Again, this is just part of their daily lifestyle, which gives them balance and lower body strength that most older Americans do not have.

Sixth, is something Okinawans call moai. This is a committed social circle, whose members pool money to help each other in times of hardship. What occurs naturally from this structure is lots of friendly socialization and a sense of purpose. I believe this strong social structure encourages and supports that. One man spoke of surviving the war, saying we can endure everything and survive anything. It's important to contribute to others and enjoy the present.



A 101 year old woman summed it up when the moderator asked for advice on living to 100. Her words, “Always have fun. Don’t get angry. Make everyone happy. Don’t catch a cold. Don’t fall down. Laugh and talk often.”

Mother Ocean

by Tricia Layden

I have just returned from two back-to-back retreats by the ocean, and it brings back memories. I recall as a child staying with my family at Neahkahnie Lodge in Oregon and playing on the beach there. I was an enchanted mermaid that would change back if the waves touched my toes, so I would approach and dance back over and over, teasing the ocean. Or maybe I missed being the mermaid I actually was, so I would stand in the shallows reveling in the feel of the water washing over my feet and the sand pulling away as the water receded.

I was fascinated by the rock pools and would stick a finger in the anemones to feel them close on it. I so loved watching the tiny fish and crabs going about their business in those little worlds. I think it may have been a different beach and I was even younger when my big brother and sister were with us. I remember Lonnie taking me out into the ocean on his shoulders, and once, when I went into the ocean a bit too far by myself, a wave knocked me down, and he rescued me, scooping me out of the sandy wave and comforting me.

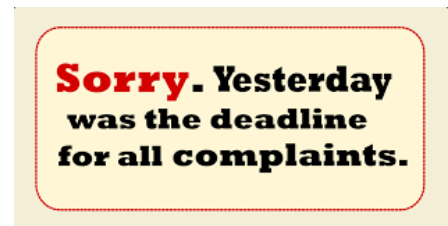
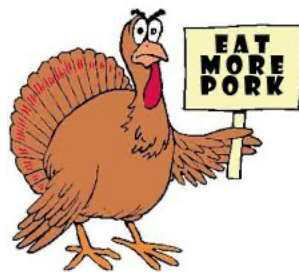
I really don't remember my parents being much there at the beach, just Lonnie a bit, and a lot of me by myself in my own world, imagining how it would be to belong there to the sea. Now I visit the ocean with friends, walking the beach in or out of the shallows, picking up rocks or shells. I used to collect them, but now I just admire them and put them back. This last time there was a fist-sized volcanic-looking rock riddled with quartz and a red starfish I loved. Often there are shells with wonderful colors or shapes. Instead, I now take pictures which I can use as inspiration for my recent experiment into watercolor. Sadly I can't walk as far or as long as I used to, but it is almost enough to just dip a bit into Mother Ocean, and offer a prayer of gratitude for the beauty she provides. Almost enough...



Tricia's watercolors of seaside findings



HUMOR CORNER



Coming Monthly Meetings

- Sat. Oct. 21 12:00 Potluck and Interactive Singing and Dancing with the Wrinkles in Time troupe
- Sat. Nov. 18 1:00 Program on Artificial Intelligence
- Sat. Dec. 16 12:00 Potluck Holiday Party

Connection Staff: Sonja Larson, Moreah Vestan

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