



The Peace of Christmas

by Larry Harris, CEO

*I heard the bells on Christmas day;
their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
of peace on earth, good-will to men!*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
1807-1882

Old Spaceship Earth has raced around its well-worn orbit and once again caught up with Christmas. A whole year has passed; it's time for a yuletide celebration. We're still here, you and I, with our families and friends, and our billions of sojourners the world over, all huddled together on our little planet in a hopeful affirmation of life.

Yet this Season of Joy finds many with little joy and even less cause for celebration. Our nation, along with most nations of the world, is slipping into a deep financial morass. Many of our fellow Americans have lost jobs and retirement savings; families have been evicted from homes they no longer can afford. The stories on CNN these wintry evenings tell me that there is much economic suffering out there.

Years back as I was growing up, my family didn't have much. I suppose you could say we were suffering economically, even though it felt at the time like the way things were supposed to be. We weren't poor *per se*. My brother and

continued on page 2





sister and I never missed a meal, but we knew the stigma of knee patches and hand-me downs. Navy beans were a staple at the Harris table. I am grateful for those lean days of my youth, for I know

firsthand that a short bank account doesn't kill you. You find a way. Dad and Mom always did. And I know that if I ever have to live like that again, I can.

Still, my heart breaks when I hear of a family losing its home, especially when I see Wall Street CEOs, with pockets fat from taxpayer cash, waltzing away from the smoldering ruins of the firms they piloted straight into the ground in their wild pursuit of lucre.

No one ever said the world was just. (But I confess to you the need to voice a most *un*-Christmas wish... It would do my heart good to come across one of those greedy CEOs living in a refrigerator box. There, I said it. Forgive my humanity, dear reader.)

And our troubles extend well beyond the personal tragedies of bankruptcy and eviction. This season of Christmas 2008 finds our Spaceship Earth clanking and lurching and belching smoke like an old Studebaker. We have proved to be reckless custodians of this lush, green garden that was entrusted to us. We have tramped and looted, ravaged, sacked and polluted our one and only home to the point that its water is toxic and the air is fouled almost beyond reclamation. The wild, gluttonous, drunken party of



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If the Christmas carols and sermons teach anything, it is that our happiness is not to be found in treasures.

excess we have been throwing ourselves now for several generations is driving an incalculable number of plant and animal species to extinction.

And this isn't even the worst of our sins. That dishonor I assign to our wars. Given our newfound ability to annihilate ourselves, logic would suggest that humankind should have conquered its ruinous habit of warfare, and figured out ways to suppress our collective tendencies toward vain ambition and international larceny. Yet here we are, 63 years post Hiroshima, still bombing and burning and strafing and shooting each other with gusto.

The ugly truth is that much of what ails us this Christmas – the financial collapse, the planet's environmental predicament, our interminable wars – is self-inflicted. We have met the enemy on all fronts, and the enemy is us.

We need to mend our ways. We can start with a quiet contemplation of the Christmas message, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Christmas offers a portal to a state beyond human shortcomings and the troubles of the day. If the Christmas carols and sermons teach anything, it is that our happiness is not to be found in treasures. After all, how poor do you have to be to have given birth in a stable? The Son of Man "had not a place to lay his head." It is wealth, or the pursuit of wealth, that delivers to us many of the world's infirmities.

I am helpless, as are you, to effect the sweeping changes necessary to adjust the big picture. But I can control my own attitudes and behaviors, and I can exercise a measure of influence over the tiny plot of real estate where I cast a shadow. So I pledge that I will put forth my best effort to see that "peace on earth" begins with me.

Come join me. Let your heart be filled with warmth and goodness, and may you come to see that a new day starts with you and me.

May the peace of Christmas be upon you.



Andersen Drawings a *Reflections* Tradition

Willow Brook Christian Village’s director of resident life activities learned how to draw perspective when she was seven years old – and she was taught by her brother.

No wonder she says she has loved drawing since she was a child. “I just have a feeling for it – it is my world,” she states matter-of-factly.

The sketch on the front cover and the dove on page two are examples of ten plus years of illustrations in the Christmas edition of Willow Brook *Reflections*.

Marlene had her own art business as a young adult in New Jersey, creating mostly wildlife art as a freelancer.

“I have an outlet at Willow Brook, since Larry invites me to draw the illustrations for his Christmas essay every year,” she continues.

While she did receive formal training as an artist, her work at Willow Brook is “more of a calling for me. It’s much more enriching. Art’s nice, but having an impact on other’s lives is far more important.”



Sculptor and incoming resident Ebb Haycock works on the art piece he is creating for the lobby of Willow Brook’s corporate offices and the Village Square at Delaware Run. He reluctantly allowed us to photograph him, but only a small portion of his creation, as a “teaser” for what is to come.

Art Piece for Delaware Run Lobby under way

Dance: To move in rhythm, usually in time with music. Sculptor Ebb Haycock, retired professor of art at Ohio Wesleyan University, named the art piece he is creating for Willow Brook “Dance” because of the rhythmical movements it embodies. “I wanted to have the opened and closed forms express the qualities of people in a dance attitude,” he explains.

The seven-foot sculpture will be placed in a specially-designed area of the lobby in Willow Brook’s Village Square and corporate offices at Delaware Run.

A Talent for Sharing



Activities coordinator Bev Russell and resident Ruth Deitch begin to turn the hallway at Willow Brook Christian Home's assisted living center into a festive celebration of the season.



Folk Art Brings Award

Mike Dzatko, a resident of Willow Brook Christian Home's assisted living center in Worthington, took first prize honors in a state-wide competition this fall. Mr. Dzatko won in three-dimensional art category of the Association of Ohio Philanthropic Homes and Services for the Aged's art and writing exposition. Bebe Conant, of Delaware's Willow Brook Christian Village came in second in the highly-competitive large quilted objects category for her intricately appliqued floral quilt. Several other residents won on the regional level of the contest.



Mike Dzatko

Pysanky, the ancient Ukrainian art of egg decorating, uses a stylus (called a *kistka*) to write with wax on an eggshell. The eggs in this photo were created by resident Mike Dzatko.



Joyce Stambaugh, who is both a resident of Willow Brook Christian Village and a wellness nurse for the Village Commons apartments, has gifts that go beyond her professional skill and caring nature. She is an artist who shares her gifts in many ways.

Joyce was born in Ethiopia, daughter of missionary parents. She calls one room in her twin-single home her "Africa room" because it is filled with photos, art objects, and pieces of everyday life from across the continent. She loves to share stories about the spear that is now serving as a curtain rod and the watercolors painted by her mother.

From the back deck of her twin-single home she feeds the birds and woodland animals: raccoons, woodchucks, ground squirrels, and several generations of deer families. Birds of all colors and sizes jockey for positions at the feeders and tree stumps, yet have developed their own little community on the wooded hillside.

Before coming to Willow Brook Joyce raised three groups of children, nine of whom she considers her own. Three are birth children, three were adopted, and three were long-term foster children. At times her household contained even more, as she was a foster mother to many children who needed her special warmth, acceptance and comfort for a short time along the way. All grown and living across the country, they seem to have taken on some of nurse Joyce's talents or interests: one is a physician, one a naturalist, one a farmer, and many are artists.

An accomplished photographer, Joyce displays many photos on the bulletin board outside her nursing office, and in this issue of Reflections she shares some of the pictures she has taken within steps of her home. Just look at the next page to get a feel for her special eye.

We thank her for sharing yet another gift with us.



Joyce Stambaugh snapped these images around her home at Willow Brook Christian Village.



In Honor of:

Cherith Residents
Clark & Carrie Green
Evelyn M. Culler
Geraldine Ridgeway
Gladys Damron
William L. Damron
Cindy Moore
Laurabelle Miller
Carol Sheets
Laurabelle Miller
Harold H. West
Gordon & Barbara Rood

Gifts of Love

August 9, 2008 – November 9, 2008

In Memory of:

Bessie Bates
John & Karen Hayes
Carl M. Brofft
Austin & Alma Coriell
Estelle M. Coriell
Ray Shaulis
Woodrow Buchanan
Mary Waugh
Margaret Burks
Dan & Elizabeth Conant
Davie Esau
Jean Flahive
Harry & Mary Jo Humes
Helen McLin
David & Rosalie Miller
Raymond & Helen Nally
Mary Reed
Helen J. Reppart
Residents Advisory Council
Len & Lavon Russell
Lois K. Smith
Phyllis Wood
Robert & Ethel Zimmer
Hermine M. Burns
Helen J. Reppart
Len & Lavon Russell
Blossom J. Childs
Paul & Lynn Zizzo
Bernice L. Conrad
Jane Osborn
Melissa L. Pearson

Rose P. Coville
Claudia J. Wells
Norma Damron
William L. Damron
Freida Janet Davies
Marcus W. Kissel
April L. Rausch
H. Earl
John & Karen Hayes
Lois Engel
Tiffany C. Wilson
Ed Flahive
Jean Flahive
Roland Gribble
Wesley & Bonnie Jordan
Audrey & Alberta Harris
Larry & Janet Harris
Gerald Hayes
John & Karen Hayes
Robert Herold
Davie Esau
Jim & Shirley Jackson
Helen J. Reppart
Len & Lavon Russell
Lois K. Smith
Phyllis Wood
Katherine K. Hilborn
James & Sharon Edwards
Robert & Bette Meyer
James E. Jackson
Mitchell & Dyana Welch
Doris Jessie
Marcus W. Kissel
April L. Rausch
Vivian C. Jones
Joseph & Rosemary Canavan
Kathleen Fisher
Mary Jordan
Wesley & Bonnie Jordan

Evelyn Kerr
Martha Sprout
Jean W. Kohan
Andrew J. Kohan
Walt Krider
Thomas & Rena Brown
Audrey Letson
Nicole Ketron
Dorothy "Dot" Lyons
Josephine M. Montgomery
Helen Martini
Damon & Audrey Dohar
Roy & K. L. Donnerberg
Harry & Mary Jo Humes
Jayne W. MacKay
John & Judith Mattinson
David & Rosalie Miller
John & Paula Pruitt
Lucille Reinhard
Helen J. Reppart
Residents Advisory Council
Roger & Jane Sagar
Lois K. Smith
Helen R. Lunney May
Gordon & Sharon Christman
Don & Mary Lou Dieck
Lee & Erma Harvill
John & Joan Hennessey
Harry & Cherre House
Mary Keathley
Ron & Bo Lohec
James & Ann O'Malley
Onofrio & Laura Re
Herbert & Sharon Wolf
Olivia M. Moses
Marcus W. Kissel
Virginia M. Oxley
Walt & Judith Furnas

continued on next page

A Difference you can See and Touch

Winter is coming. Raindrops are turning into snowflakes, filling the sky and gently drifting through the trees to blanket the ground with a coverlet of white.

Willow Brook is beautiful when wrapped in snow. The dead leaves of autumn are covered, flames crackle in fireplaces, and our residents snuggle into the warmth, joy and love of Christmas. We like to think of Willow Brook as a haven for our elders who are sick and need our enveloping arms and skilled hands. We are proud of the care we provide regardless of a person's ability to pay.

We can supply the skillful nursing care, the therapists who rehabilitate and restore, the tasty and nutritious food that aids healing and provides sustenance, and we can provide a healing environment. But like a lonely snowflake, we need you to help us create a protective blanket around those who need care.

- Carolyn has multiple sclerosis, which is causing hearing difficulties. She needs a special remote receiver.
- Dorothy doesn't have any family within hundreds of miles, and they visit only in summer, so nobody knows that she badly needs a winter coat so she can go with others on bus outings. One, to see the Christmas lights, is coming up very soon.

continued from previous page

Esther R. Pabst
Sharman Tisdale
Wilma Perry
Marcia Hanesworth
Eugene Prince
Larry & Janet Harris
Bessie Taylor
Lawrence & Alice Smith
Sam Taylor
Lawrence & Alice Smith
Virginia Thombs
Helen J. Reppart
Helen C. Weaver
Marcus W. Kissel
Max Wildermuth
Jayne W. MacKay
Philip Wilson
Janet T. Yoder
Paul Edward Young
Geneva Landefeld

- Kathryn needs new clothing, the basic stuff, and the dedicated aide who once bought it for her out of her own pocket can no longer afford to do so.
- You know, if you can forget the names of your grandchildren, it can't be that difficult to forget where you left your eyeglasses, and it happens all the time.
- More people than you can imagine have no family to buy them birthday or Christmas presents. Those special days are too important to let pass without a small remembrance.

None of these expenses are covered by Medicaid. Nurse aides and housekeepers routinely pull from their own shallow pockets to buy toiletries, clothing, and other personal items a resident needs.

That's why the Strigle and Smith funds are so very, very important. The Herb Strigle Memorial Fund is named for a 29-year-resident of Willow Brook Christian Home, and the Julia Smith Memorial Fund was named for a Willow Brook Christian Village resident by her generous husband. The funds provide financial assistance to residents who have limited financial resources or are Medicaid recipients whose service or need is not covered by Medicaid.

These funds work on the snowflake principle: One little snowflake may not be significant, but we all know what many, many snowflakes together can do!

Contributions to the funds help to pay for those little things we all take for granted: from outerwear to underwear, pants and shirts, shoes, socks, slippers and hats; tooth and dental care; replacement hearing aids and batteries, eyeglasses, special outings such as ballgames or movies, clocks, phones, calendars, and a myriad of other little expenses that add up for each person and for scores of people during the course of a year.

Can you think of a better place to direct your Christmas giving this year? Please join us this holiday season, at the beginning of winter, in making needy residents of Willow Brook the recipients of your holiday generosity. They don't want much, just the basics. And if caregivers who have the least reach into their pockets to help out, can't we who have many blessings do the same?



REFLECTIONS

Nonprofit organization
US postage paid
Permit #102
Delaware, Ohio

Return service requested

100 Willow Brook Way South
Delaware, Ohio 43015
Phone: (740) 369-0048
Fax: (740) 369-7034
www.willow-brook.org

Delaware, Ohio

Willow Brook Christian Village

100 Willow Brook Way South
Delaware, Ohio 43015
Phone: (740) 369-0048
Fax: (740) 369-7034

- Independent Homes & Apartments
- The Centrum Assisted Living
- Passages Alzheimer's Care
- Cherith Skilled Nursing Care & Rehabilitation Center
- Heritage Day Health Center Adult Day Care
- The Courtyard Restaurant

Willow Brook at Delaware Run

100 Delaware Crossing West
Delaware, Ohio 43015
Phone: (740) 201-5640
Fax: (740) 201-5740

- Twin-single Homes
and under construction for occupancy mid-2009:
- Apartments
- Healthcare Center

Worthington, Ohio

Willow Brook Christian Home

55 Lazelle Road
Columbus, Ohio 43235
Phone: (614) 885-3300
Fax: (614) 885-8476

- Skilled Nursing & Rehabilitation
- Assisted Living
- The Grapevine Grill

REFLECTIONS

Larry Harris, CEO
Teri Ryan, Director of Community Relations, editor & designer

We Pray

That peoples of all faiths, all races, all nations
 May have their great human needs satisfied;
 That those now denied opportunity
 Shall come to enjoy it to the full;
 That those who have freedom
 Will understand also its heavy responsibilities;
 That all who are insensitive to the needs of others
 Will learn charity;
 That the scourges of poverty, disease and ignorance
 Will be made to disappear from the earth;
 And that in the goodness of time
 All peoples will come to live together
 In a peace guaranteed by the binding force
 Of mutual respect and love.



Dwight D. Eisenhower
1890 – 1969