



Learning Institute for Elders

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www.life.ucf.edu



HOW WE MET



Harriet & Don Levine

57 years

57 years ago we were undergraduates in college. Harriet attended Hunter College and I attended CCNY. We met at a very young age at a young adult camp in upstate New York. Two years later, we were

married and have two lovely sons and three granddaughters.



Barbara & John Sager

50 years

We met when I (Barbara) moved to Slippery Rock after the war, when I was two years old. John was 3 years old and we attended the same church and some schools. We didn't actually begin dating until we were in college—John at Penn

State and I at Juninto College, about 40 miles away. I had my eye on him but he played hard to get. He always says I chased him until he caught me!



HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!





Anne & John Gardepe

47 years

In some cultures, marriages are arranged by families. To say John and I started out that way wouldn't be too much of a stretch. In December, 1965, John had finished college and, while waiting to go into the Navy, was living at home and working in a men's clothing shop in Huntsville, AL. I was home on winter break from Auburn University. As it happened, our mothers were friends and in a phone conversation shared that neither of us were currently dating anyone special. When my mother passed this information on to me, I decided to shop for my father's Christmas gift in the store where John worked. I had to turn down one offer of help before John came along. After some small talk, I settled on an umbrella for Dad, and we chatted (flirted?) some more as he giftwrapped it. A couple of days later, he called and asked me out. The rest, you might say, is history.



Patty & Ron Hearst

33 years

I had moved back to Arkansas and was living in an apartment with my two young children, ages 9 and 11. The apartments were owned by some people who had a franchise with Ramada Inn. Therefore, apartments and Ramada shared the swimming pool. Ron was on the IG (Inspector General) team with the Air Force and was staying there. My children were swimming and I was cutting out bulletin board letters (I'm a teacher.). Another Air Force man heard me talking with my children and said I sounded just like his boss from New York. He said when his boss arrived he would introduce us. The "boss" and I have now been married 33 years and people say we still sound alike!



HOW WE MET

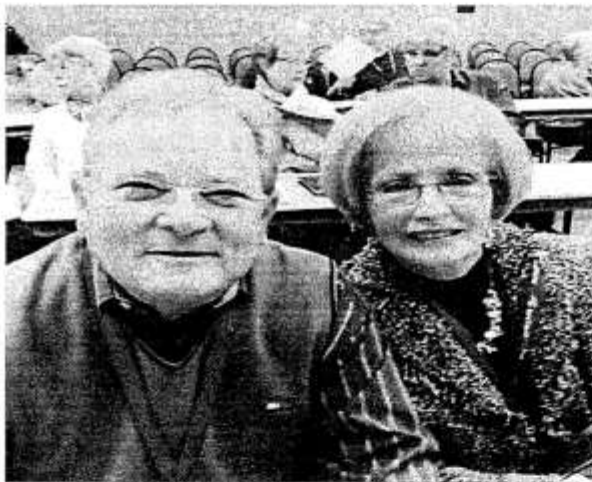


Sue & Dick Likon

52 years

In 1960, four of my (Sue's) high school graduate friends got together for a girls' night out and went to a Syracuse University hangout (bar) with a dance floor and juke box. Dick was a 2nd Lt. (USAF) stationed in Syracuse. He was there with a roommate who was an engineer with GE. Dick asked me to dance but I refused. My

two brothers worked for GE so when they asked me to go to a GE St. Patrick's Day party, I couldn't refuse. Dick was there and that was the start of a wonderful 54-year relationship.

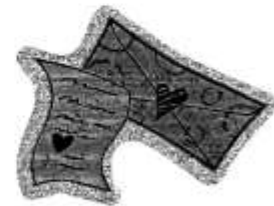


Jan & Steve Willis

46 years

My wife and I met in 1966. She was attending Southeast Missouri State to obtain her teaching degree and I was attending Missouri School of Mines & Metallurgy (known as University of Missouri @ Rolla) to obtain a degree in Civil Engineering. Having become tired of the dating game, I asked my sister—a

sorority sister of my wife—to fix me up with a date for one of our party weekends. She did, and it was love at first sight. We were married a year later and continue to enjoy our two daughters and five lovely grandchildren.





FIRST DATE

[As recounted on the Jay Leno Show by a member of the studio audience with regard to who had the funniest or most embarrassing dating story.]

She said it was midwinter, snowing and quite cold. The guy had taken her skiing in the mountains outside Salt Lake City, Utah. It was a day trip (no overnight). They were strangers, after all, and had never met before.

The outing was fun but relatively uneventful until they were headed home late that afternoon. They were driving back down the mountain when she realized that she should not have had that extra latte.

They were an hour away from anywhere with a restroom, out in the middle of nowhere. Her companion suggested she try to "hold it," which she did for awhile. Unfortunately, because of the heavy snow and slow going, there came a point where she told him that he had better stop and let her go beside the road or it would be on the front seat of his car.

They stopped and she quickly crawled out beside the car, yanked her pants down and started peeing. In the deep snow she didn't have good footing so she let her butt rest against the rear fender to steady herself. Her companion stood on the side of the car watching for traffic and, being a

real gentleman, refrained from even a peek.

All she could think about was the relief she felt despite the embarrassing nature of the situation. Upon finishing, however, she became aware of another problem. As she bent to pull up her pants, she discovered her buttocks were stuck to the car's fender. Thoughts of tongues frozen to flagpoles immediately came to mind as she attempted to disengage her exposed flesh from the icy metal.

Horrified by her plight and yet aware of the humor of the moment, she answered her date's concerns about "what was taking so long" with the truth—she was "freezing her butt off!" He came around the car as she tried to cover herself with her sweater. He burst out laughing. Then she got the giggles. Managing to compose themselves, they assessed her situation. Obviously, as hysterical as the situation was, they also were faced with a real problem. Both agreed it would take something hot to free her chilly cheeks from the grip of the icy metal.

There was only one way to get her free. So, as she looked the other way, her first-time date proceeded to unzip his pants and pee on her butt. Jay's comment: "This gives a whole new meaning to being pissed off."

And how did it all turn out? She married the guy and he was sitting right beside her!



THE JOURNEY BACK . . .

It was a Sunday morning in November, just before Thanksgiving, when Paul Enchelmayer woke up with a terrible headache. He felt like he had something in his eye; he was having trouble seeing. But he got up and took a shower to get ready for the day. However, he could tell something was wrong. He could see the clock but he couldn't read the numbers. Indeed, something was wrong.

Paul had had a stroke, as they quickly ascertained at the hospital by asking him certain questions: What month is it? *Not sure; I think Thanksgiving is coming up so it must be November.* What city are you in? *Orlando, I think.* What year is it? *2010? 2011?* [Paul started guessing . . . and was wrong each time.] Who's the President? *Well, I know it's a black man and he just got re-elected, but I can't tell you his name.* In other words, he was very confused.

And so began Paul's journey 14 months ago, his journey back from an event that left him unable to read or write. Or remember names. He has spent the past year trying to relearn



the names of his sisters and brothers, cousins, nieces and nephews as well as friends and neighbors. Names of streets and cities, people and places are gone. Slowly, he is recovering this kind of information.

Word recall is difficult as well. He must constantly search for a word to replace a familiar one that is evading him. For example, Paul has been interested in genealogy for over 20 years but sometimes when he goes to use that word, it's simply not there and he must substitute "family history." I can understand

everything that is said, but I can't always find the right words myself, he said.

Another frustrating result is loss of comprehension when trying to read, a difficult task at best right now. Even if he can identify all the words, he has trouble understanding what they mean. Paul has used the newspaper as a tool to improve in this area—he tries to read at least one column a day, using word puzzles and word games for further improvement.

When first stricken, context was an issue. He remembered that Thanksgiving was a time when you ate turkey and spent time with family, but what was the reason for the holiday? And, yes, he knew it was Christmas but what were Christmas cards? "My brain was scrambled," Paul said.

Lack of recall made communication difficult at first. "I'd be trying to talk to someone and, because I was searching for the right word, it made conversation frustrating," he allowed. Following the thread of an exchange and then remembering what was said also caused problems. Likewise,

watching TV or movies, especially if he hadn't seen them before, was very confusing.

One thing that has helped, however, is talk radio. His doctor suggested that listening to people talk might be useful so he began tuning into NPR. It seemed to help, he said.

Interestingly, about 3 or 4 months after the stroke, he got his invite to join LIFE. He wondered at the time if he'd be able to do it, but he decided to give it a try and discovered it was good for him. "I take notes and try to see if I can read them back later. I enjoy the people and the lectures," he said, "and I believe it's been a beneficial activity."

Paul has not let the stroke slow him down. He was very busy before it happened and he continues to be busy as he works on his rehabilitation, filling his days with memory exercises, attending LIFE weekly and engaging in the programs offered at University Club of Winter Park. (He is a past president of UCWP.)

He finds his long-term memory has remained fairly intact. He remembers that he majored in

broadcasting radio and television in college. He can describe his work at the University of Miami where he put together lectures and managed the Conference Center downtown. He can tell you about leaving Miami after one too many hurricanes and relocating in Orlando where he worked at City Hall managing computer programmers.

And, while he sometimes can't remember the word "genealogy," he can tell you exciting tales about tracing his family back to the 1600's and meeting some of the Enchelmayer kin in Germany a few years ago.

Paul's story is inspirational. He's not dwelling on what he may have lost; he's too busy rediscovering what's out there, old and new. "The index is damaged," he said, "but the stuff is still there. I just can't find it."

But I suspect he will. Each day is a new challenge that he looks forward to. Another word learned. A name remembered. A thought untangled.

"It's not easy," Paul admits, "but it's getting easier.

--Vonnie Bradbury

AN EXPERIMENT

LIFE member, Nancy Winter, challenged her five grandchildren to be her "guinea pigs" or "lab rats," as she kiddingly called them. On a segment of "The Dr. Oz Show," he made an interesting claim. According to Winter, Dr. Oz said that using your non-dominant hand in a different way has been shown to develop new parts of the brain. All we need to do is brush our teeth twice a day using that hand.

Offer to Grandchildren: In exchange for your promise to do it from January 1-31, I promise to give you each a \$20 reward (bribe?) to try this chore as "Grandma's experiment."

Challenge to LIFE members: Try this. Let me know how YOU feel after 1 month of brushing with your non-dominant hand. Sorry, I cannot offer you a cash reward; however, if it really works, that should be reward enough. Tell me your results or feelings at nanc22@earthlink.net.

Thanks for indulging this fellow LIFE student. (My children think I'm off my rocker, but the grandkids seem to think it's fun.)

I wonder what Dr. Oz would think?

--Nancy Winter



ARE WE MISSING ANYONE?

If your name is not on the list and should be, please contact Carol Parker at carolb6@embarque.com

20-year Members

Melvin Oyler

Ursula Oyler

10-year Members

Roger Belles

Hartman Canon

Karin Crosby

Grace Hampton

Phil Hampton

Barbie Heller

Howard Herr

Jim Horne

Margaret Horne

Gerri Jamieson

Howard Kichler

Dianne Leeds

William Leeds

Sue Likon

Trudy Mader

Bob Osborne

Virginia Osborne

CarFit Quotes

Martha Hitt – Fabulous! Would love to see everyone take advantage of it. I needed a mirror and seat adjustment.

Dick Tucker – Great! Learned a few things. Now I have to convey to my wife.

Marty Wiener – Very thorough. Everything you should know. Very good.

Alvin Wong – Glad I came. Wonderful weather. Great people. Good advice.

Carolyn Fost/Carol Reagles – Nice idea. Driving for 66 years. Never had an accident. They found nothing wrong.

Chuck Fritz – Interesting to know that what I have been doing for 64 years is okay. Very worthwhile.



