

October 2009

GWU STUDENTS INVADE VINSON HALL!



On September 11, more than 60 freshman students from George Washington University, volunteering in a National Service Day, came to Vinson Hall, in cooperation with the University. A large bus deposited them at the front door and from there they scattered, some to The Sylvestery, some to Arleigh Burke but the largest group stayed at Vinson Hall.

The students who went to the other two facilities helped the residents with small tasks, played games, engaged them in conversations, etc. The students who stayed at Vinson Hall helped residents with such things as getting closets organized. Two, Joe from Staten Island and Lauren from Buffalo, got a large storage closet so well cleared out and organized that the resident was left with two large empty shelves! And that was a good thing because the shelves were too high for the resident to reach anyway!

Another group of students worked in the trunk and suitcase rooms, bringing much-needed order to those spaces.

At 3 pm in the front lobby at Vinson Hall, tea, lemon and cookies arrived and soon the lobby was swarming with young people and residents. The mix was great! The residents were charmed by the energy, easy grace and good manners of the young people and they in turn were amazed and delighted to learn of the places residents had been, places they'd seen and people they'd known.

The students have promised to return and the residents will heartily welcome them!

-Luella Morgan

**VINSON HALL
CORE VALUES
FRIENDSHIP**

“Some people come into our lives, leave footprints on our hearts, and we are never the same.”

DIGNITY

“A society that does not recognize that each individual has values of his own to which he is entitled to cannot really know freedom.”

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**TREASURE SHOP**

6246 Old Dominion Drive  
Chesterbrook Shopping Center  
McLean, Virginia

Hours: Monday thru Saturday, 10 AM – 5 PM. **Closed Sundays.** Consignment hours are scheduled for Monday thru Friday from 10 AM to 12 Noon. Consigners are requested to phone **703-536-7467** for an appointment. Ask for the manager, **Linda McNair**. (Mrs. McNair also comes to Vinson Hall on Wednesdays at 2 PM for consignments from residents. See her in the Fireplace Room.)

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DONATION ROOM

Our new location, room **D228**, is now accepting good, clean clothing, bed linens and small household items. **NO FURNITURE PLEASE.** Clothing and bedding in plastic bags should be closed or tied securely. All items are picked up by volunteers from the Treasure Trove Thrift Shop in McLean run by Fairfax Hospital Auxiliary. For further info contact Chairman **Peggy Tofalo, ext 7167.**

**LOW VISION
SUPPORT GROUP**

Now has a designated **LOW VISION** bulletin board in the Mail Room on the wall, just by the **CHAPEL** bulletin board. The group meets in the Conference Room on the 3rd Wednesday of each month.

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**www.vinsonhall.org**

If you have relatives or friends who would like to know what goes on at Vinson Hall or what Vinson Hall has to offer, the above website is where to go to check us out. As an added bonus, tell them to click on “Resident Newsletter” and they can read this very message! **News & Views** is there – in living color! You might want to check it out yourself. Particularly if your picture appears here. It does look great in color!

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In Remembrance

Oscar Buchanan

Hugh Gundry

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VINSON HALL NEWS & VIEWS

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Only **signed, original** articles will be accepted for News & Views,

Items should be left at the Front Desk for News & Views mail box. Thank you!

NEW RESIDENT**Charles Ciccone**

Charles Ciccone was born in 1925 in the Bronx in New York City, the youngest in a family of nine children. He attended high school during the depression years and despite some family pressure to drop out to go to work, since he was eager to graduate, he doubled up with classes and was able to earn his diploma at 15. When the United States entered World War II, he joined the Army Air Corps and became a bombardier, using the then highly secret Norden bombsight. His military service took him to the European theater and then to the Pacific theater during the years 1943 to 1946. After the war he was employed in New York City and continued his military service for the next twenty years as a member of a reserve wing, eventually attaining the rank of Major.

While working as a police detective in New York he decided to continue his college education which had been interrupted by the war, and was accepted by Columbia University where he majored in economics. He was still working as a detective, but was fortunate to be able to attend most of his classes by continually juggling his work shifts. Referring to his class work at Columbia, Mr. Ciccone is proud to say "I showed up; paid attention----and paid cash" alluding to the fact that as a war veteran he was entitled to the GI bill. He had decided not to accept the benefits and work for his tuition, feeling that he would take his studies more seriously. His time at Columbia was highlighted when he was awarded a National Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for exceptional academic achievement. He used it to study for his Masters at Harvard, graduating in the first class of the newly formed Kennedy School of Government.

In 1947 he had met Theresa Iamascia, who also lived in the Bronx. She was a graduate of Ladycliff College in Upstate New York and worked as a sportswear buyer for a large clothing firm in Manhattan. After two years of courtship they were married in 1949.

As a repite and as a gift to Theresa for her patience and support during his school years, in 1967 they traveled throughout Europe, a trip highlighted by visiting his Mother's childhood residence in Naples.

In 1976 while employed by a New York Executive Consulting firm, he was assigned to projects to help the government of Puerto Rico in its economic development programs. When he and Theresa returned to New York, he ran into an old friend who had just been elected to Congress and this led to his appointment as Chief of Staff to the Congressman for the next two years. Ultimately he was recruited by the Congressional Research Service and served there for 24 years as a Senior Economist and Division Chief, advising Congressional committees and members on various economic issues and trends.

In 1973 Charles and Therese built a house in McLean which was their home for 31 years. When Theresa died in 2004, Charles decided to sell his house and he finally moved to Vinson Hall this past spring. In his more active days he enjoyed refinishing furniture and has some lovely examples in his apartment. He also plays the piano, but is quick to say he plays just for his own enjoyment. In addition he loved flying his own plane and is still a licensed pilot. For many years, playing golf of Washington Golf and Country Club was his passion. They had no children, but he has many nieces and nephews, two of whom live in the area. He is also close to two of his Godchildren who live in McLean. His fun motto is: "Always have young children around you----have others bear them!"

-Ann Dietrich

New Resident



Shirley Camp

Shirley Walton was born and grew up in the country in Sumner County, Kansas. She says "she was over 21 before she saw a body of water across which you could not see the opposite shore." At Asbury College she graduated as a music major. She taught music briefly, but then moved to San Diego and taught sixth grade which was the beginning of her specialty in elementary education.

There she met a young naval officer, John Russell Camp (USNA 55). They were married in a Navy wedding in the San Diego Navy Chapel, followed by a reception at the Admiral Kidd Club. John was a Surface Warfare officer and an Intelligence officer as well. When they moved to Prince George's County in Maryland, Shirley taught school and earned a master's degree in elementary education at the University of Maryland.

Next came a tour in Bahrain, which Shirley found to be extremely interesting. This was followed by two and a half years in London. Their son, John Roger, was born there at Ruislip Air Force Base. Amazingly, Shirley discovered that she had known his pediatrician in her college days. It is, after all, a small world! Standing at her window one day in London, she saw a little plane fly over the Thames and then disappear briefly, only to come into view again a few moments later. It became a well publicized event, as it was an RAF pilot who had flown between the upper and lower levels of the Tower Bridge!

John was assigned to Vietnam for a year, so Shirley took Roger home to Kansas. There started a lifelong interest in her family history, especially relating to the events of the times in which her ancestors had lived.

She remembers her Father as a marvelous story teller, and she wrote down much of what she heard. She also learned and recorded family history from two aunts, writing by long hand, feeling that if she used a tape recorder they would be shy about speaking to her. Her great grandfather had homesteaded in Kansas and her brother still lives on the property. She has later discovered antecedents in the Shenandoah Valley

When Navy duty brought them back to the Washington area, they settled in Northern Virginia.

Shirley's interest in history carried over into the local area. A particular favorite has been Cherry Hill Farm, a perfectly preserved farm house dating from 1845, where she has much enjoyed leading tours and taking part in Civil War reenactments. She holds an Honorary Life Membership in the Falls Church Historical Commission.

Another organization special to her has been the PEO (Philanthropic Education Organization) which, founded in 1869, has provided educational opportunities to women who would not otherwise have been able to afford college. She also sang in her Church choir and enjoyed gardening.

When their son went away to college John and Shirley felt free to travel, and ventured to Alaska and through the Panama Canal, and to Egypt and also to Australia and New Zealand.

The Camps had long planned to come to Vinson Hall. So when John died last year, Shirley decided that now was the time to sell their house and move here. Her son Roger and his wife and Shirley's three grand daughters 5, 3 and 2 live nearby in Alexandria.

-Ann Dietrich

New Residents



Bob and Mary Dussault

Mary Moher and Bob Dussault were both born and spent their childhood in Manchester, New Hampshire, but didn't meet until many years later, as Bob's family moved to Portsmouth when he was nine. Mary spent all of her school years in Manchester, and studied nursing there as well, at Sacred Heart Hospital

Bob joined the Navy in 1943 at 17 and served in a destroyer escort on convoy duty in the Atlantic until VE Day. His ship then sailed through the Panama Canal to the Pacific theater. When he had completed his enlistment at the end of the war he signed on in the reserves, and went home to study at the University of New Hampshire. He was called up to serve in the Korean War, but was allowed to finish school, and upon graduation was commissioned an ensign. He often went to Manchester to visit, as his family had moved back, and during his junior year he and Mary met at a dance. Mary, one of ten children and Bob, an only child, were married in 1951.

His first tour was Deep Sea Diving School at the naval Gun Factory here in Washington, D.C. This worked out very well for Mary as she went into nursing at George Washington Hospital and with her job came a small apartment. Not only did that save them money, but also made it very convenient for them to see all the sights of Washington. Bob was not able to graduate from the program as it was discovered that he could not physically tolerate the pressure of great depth.

Next came a tour on a minesweeper in Norfolk, then Line School in Monterey and Special Weapons at Sandia in New Mexico. When he left active duty in 1962, Bob earned a master's degree at GWU and worked first at the Department of Labor and then in BuShips.

Mary says she loved nursing, specializing in medicine and surgery, and was always able to get a job when they moved with Navy assignments. As their children were born, she took shifts on week-ends and nights..

They became enthusiastic and frequent "cruisers" and have been on more than twenty! Their first cruise was in the waters around Greece as daughter Kathy, then an ensign, was stationed there. Some of their other memorable ones were in the Baltic, on the Coast of China, and around the Horn of South America.

They are both avid readers and are happy with our library. They also listen to CD's, sometimes together, published by The Teaching Company and titled The Great Courses. Some of the subjects have been cosmology, mathematics, physics and Einstein.

Bob and Mary had seven children. Sadly they have lost two. The surviving five live nearby, four in this immediate area and one in Pennsylvania. They are proud of them all, but particularly pleased that Kathy carried on the naval tradition, serving in the Supply Corps, and has just put on her second star. They are the happy grandparents of three.

-Ann Dietrich

*WELCOME
NEW RESIDENTS*

*Agnes Ball
Shirley Fasanna
Evelyn Simpson*

Poet's Corner

To Lorraine

*Sister! Sister! tall and shy
Quiet, deep, can I descry
Heart so innocent of guile
Sudden, fleeting, luminous smile?*

*Self possessed girl child, she plays
Bach, and glory trumps our days
Baroque music, modest child
Inner steel with mien so mild*

*Martha, never idle hands
Deeds as love transform wastelands
Teach a blind child how to play
Christ's Beatitudes hold sway*

*Serious scholar, summa laud
Esoteric Lorraine Maud
Childhood's bond with joy bears all
Innocence before the Fall*

*Life will assay and refine
Dross discard, leave gold to shine
Self's true being innate born
Mantle that is ever worn*

*Sister! Sister! tall and shy
Quiet, deep, need I descry
Heart so innocent of guile
Sudden, fleeting, luminous smile?*

Mary Thomas Miller
Elected member Federal Poets

Chasing History

Paul and I recently boarded a train and attended a week-long "intensive guided research" program at The New England Historic Genealogical Society in Boston. Each day of the program, called "Come Home to New England," began with a lecture by a different staff member, after which we and our twenty genealogy classmates worked from 10am—9pm or later, with short breaks for lunch and Back Bay exploration and even shorter breaks for supper. The Society library contains thousands of published genealogies and local histories, and thousands more of unpublished letters and manuscripts—plus a helpful staff who generously shared their time and knowledge, making it an ideal place for hobby genealogists to spend a week.

We saved our final morning of the trip for sightseeing in Boston. We chose to take a DUCK sightseeing bus/boat. Our tour of historic Boston included a trip into the Charles River, which was loads of fun and a good way to wind up our week in Boston.

And while I'm on the topic of family, on our way to Boston Paul and I spent one night with my sister Jo, a Coast Guard widow who lives in New Haven. She had recently been in Germany to attend the wedding of her step-granddaughter to a German prince! The celebration lasted for days, and Jo was bubbling over with stories to tell and pictures to show us. The bride and groom now live in New York City, where the bride is a vice-president at Goldman Sachs and the groom is an official in the Deutsches Bank. They will eventually live in their castle in Bavaria.

-Jane Peak

Rethinking the Battle of Midway

This story begins in 1942 when a Japanese seaplane carrier, Mizuho, was fitted out to carry 10 midget submarines on her deck and ordered to deposit them in the Pacific Ocean water that surrounded Midway Island, an important U.S. Navy base. Five larger submarines were also being deployed to the same area to act as decoys before the Japanese Naval Forces launched a massive attack on the U.S. Forces on the island.

One night in May of that year an American submarine, Drum, patrolling the area, sank the Mizuho with one torpedo hit and sent her and her brood of 10 small submarines to the ocean bottom off the coast of Japan.

Only four of the five large enemy submarines made it safely to the target. One had been destroyed by Tautog, an American submarine, in an action just 200 miles west of Midway. Now only 4 instead of 15 submarines were available to the enemy.

During the ensuing Battle of Midway all four of Japan's carrier fleet were destroyed by planes from the American carriers Hornet, Yorktown and Enterprise. The last enemy carrier to sink managed to launch 32 planes before her demise. These planes located and attacked the Yorktown with a vengeance—perhaps because they had no carrier to return to.

The next day the Yorktown, badly damaged and having been the only carrier to succumb to enemy fire, was struck again by Japanese torpedoes. This was too much and the heroic giant capsized and sank. Altogether, the battle was a great victory for the U.S. Navy and is considered by most historians as the turning point of the war in the Pacific that had been going badly since Pearl Harbor.

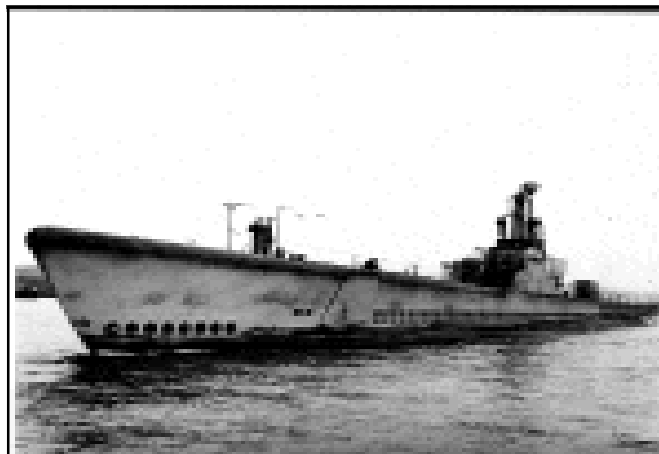
Commander Verner Utke-Ramsing, a Vinson Hall resident, who was a junior officer aboard Drum that fateful night in 1942, has looked back through the years and sees the irony of this story and wonders, along with others, "If there had been 15 enemy submarines instead of 4 defending the Japanese carrier fleet, might victory have gone to our enemy?"

Kudos to Drum and her sister ship Tautog that took out the large submarine heading for the battle. Vern's conclusion is that the pair made a difference without knowing it.

Good thinking, Vern!

-David Chewning

USS DRUM



Hazardous Golfing

Long before Tiger Woods appeared on the scene to dominate the world of golf I learned how tough it can be to compete with a tiger on a golf course. I first became an enthusiastic supporter of the gentleman's sport when I joined the SAE Fraternity Chapter at Emory University, which boasted Bobby Jones, the reigning "King of Golf", as its most recent celebrity alumnus.

I actually met the great man occasionally at a fraternity function, caught golfing fever, and began to take lessons at a public links close to the campus. Then along came World War II, and my attention and energy had to be focused on more pressing things.

It wasn't until 1957 when I moved to Rangoon Burma in the heart of tropical Southeast Asia that I was able to resume my participation in the game I loved.

Rangoon's once beautiful 18 hole golf course still stood in its jungle setting as a sad reminder of the long-ago days when Rangoon had been a gem in the crown of Britain's Colonial Empire. Now, after years of war and mis-government, it was just a shadow of the once lovely landmark it had been. Still, it was better than nothing. In fact, it posed as an enormous challenge to all who dared face its unique hazards.

Where else on this earth would you have to cope with rumors of a tiger snooping around in the tangled jungle that wrapped its arms around a golf course! Cobras inhabited much of the high grass of the roughs that bordered the fairways, and crocodiles were not unknown to inhabit the water hazards.

These wildly exaggerated tales had just enough truth blended in with fiction to cause me to wonder if I should risk life and limbs every time I ventured to set foot on this unique golf course. Once that fear had been overcome, it was possible to enjoy Rangoon's country club facilities in spite of its shortcomings.

Another hazard that had to be reckoned with was the blazing hot sun that made physical exertion out of doors dangerous and unbearable by mid-day. My remedy was to arrive at the first tee by 5am.

A golf professional and caddies were available at reasonable rates. This led to one comic little incident that I recall with a laugh every time it comes to mind. The wife of a colleague joined an early morning foursome some of us had put together. Politely speaking, she had a very assertive and impatient personality. At this particular dawn session, she was the first player off the tee. After carefully placing her ball on the tee, she proceeded to take a mighty swing. The ball remained untouched, and in a loud and angry tone she shouted a very obscene word. She took another mighty swing with the same results, and out came that same obscene word. At that point the caddy withdrew a 6 iron from her bag and delivered it to the frustrated woman, who had a confused look on her face. Then the Pro intervened and proceeded to explain that the offensive word she had shouted out twice, when translated into Burmese, became the word "six."

That same day, just as our foursome was taking leave of the country club house, we had to step aside while a small convoy of military vehicles deposited General Ne'Win (Chief of the Burmese Defense Forces), and his numerous bodyguards arrived on the scene.

As he reached the top of the stone steps that led to the entrance of the building, he was jostled by a young soldier awaiting his arrival. Infuriated by this seeming assault on his dignity, the great man threw the young man headlong down the rough stairs and left him there without any help.

A short time later a junta of military leaders, commanded by General Ne'Win, seized control of the only Democratically-elected government in the history of the country. Thus began one of the most brutal and corrupt regimes in world history. It's descendants still rule Burma (now called Myanmar), in defiance of the opposition and contempt of most of the world. As for me, I was soon to be expelled from the country.

David Chewing

THE SCOOP

Here's news that came too late for the last issue of the newsletter: **Ann Mulloy's** grandson, Patrick Allen, who graduated from The College of William & Mary with a double major – physics and psychology – is now involved in top secret work for the Army. Ver-r-r-ry interesting. But wait there's more. Ann's granddaughter, Lauren, finished at Tampa Prep and is now a freshman at Stonehill College in Easton, Mass. Then there's Kyle Mulloy who graduated from Gaithersburg H.S. in MD and is enrolled at George Mason U. One more: Tyler Mulloy graduated from the Iolania School in Hawaii and now attends Mercersberg College in PA.

And this must be a record: Grandmother Ann attended ALL four of those graduations! Has to have been quite a schedule for her!

Several residents traveled to cooler climates over the summer. **Margaret Nelson** had a wonderful time visiting with her sister in Maine.

Ann Dietrich was in Vermont where she visited her son Will and his wife.

Tinky Ostermann has finally returned from a long summer in Saratoga Sprigs, NY, where she's being spending summers for more years than she will admit to now!! But she always enjoys them. Her friend from Saratoga, Edie Cosgrove, accompanied her on her return and will spend a couple of weeks with Tinky.

Over the last few weeks 90th birthdays have been celebrated as though this were the most fashionable thing to do! Among them: **Ensor "Bill" Cole, Dorothy Smith and Verner Utke-Ramsing.** They were all surrounded by family and friends, including many, many friends from right here at Vinson Hall. And just wonderful celebrations they were.

Verner had a grand feast for everyone, all courtesy of his family, but he did a couple of things a bit different. Maybe more than a bit different! First, he greeted guests wearing a derby hat and, over his own white mustache he wore a fake black one that made him look like Charlie Chaplin. Only our own, dear Verner would dare do something like that! And he kept that "disguise" on throughout the party.

But the really nice thing he did was to ask, on his invitation, for no gifts but a donation for Doctors Without Borders. A box was provided at the party for donations and now Verner is happy to report that a total of \$ 2,210.00 has been given to that wonderful organization.

- **Luella Morgan**

A FAMILY REUNION

It takes awhile to recover from a celebration. Especially your 95th birthday celebration. Visitors from Hawaii and Arizona, and Winston-Salem about to arrive. Mary Ann, my daughter-in-law, sat down at her computer and rented a cottage with five bedrooms, two baths, a kitchen in a Great Room with a balcony, a deck and a fireplace.

When we celebrated five years ago and I ended up in the hospital at Lake Tahoe, my grandson assured me that henceforth it would be nearer home. This cottage was 10 miles from Dulles Airport – thirty minutes from here (not during rush hour).

The deck was 20 feet from the Potomac and a little further from The Algonkian Championship Golf Course. Some like forest trails and canoeing better than golf but all of us liked to eat.

The kitchen was off the Great Room and was supplied with most of the required utensils and all my children can cook. Mary Ann was a great supervisor and supplier of extra things like ice, extra towels and bug spray. Mary ordered a cake from Costco (ten minutes away) while she was still in Winston-Salem and she departed from Dulles on Sunday before the rest of us left – handy airport.

A grill is just outside the door of the deck and smaller cottages are close by if more than 10 people are involved.

- **Dorothy Martin**

[Note: If you'd liked to learn more, Dorothy supplied the email and street addresses for the Algonkian Regional Park: algonkian@nvrpa.org...47001

47001 Fairway Drive, Sterling, VA 20165

Vinson Hall Sponsorship Program

by *Martha Poling*

My husband and I were reluctant to make the tremendous changes involved in moving from our comfortable and spacious home in McLean to an apartment here at Vinson Hall. We had made our down payment but procrastinated. Thoughts of disposing of furniture, books and “treasures” we had accumulated during years of travel (they call it “downsizing”), of leaving our familiar friendly neighborhood and our garden all militated against change.

But after the trauma of the move was behind us, and as we were unpacking, we were greeted at our door by two friendly persons who announced, “Hi, we are your sponsors and we are here to welcome you and help you feel at home here in Vinson Hall.

Their visit was followed shortly by a grand Guided Tour! As we stepped off the elevator on the Garden Level, we were shown the Woodworking and Electrical shops—it was explained to us that several residents use the shop to make and fix items for other residents of Vinson Hall. We were also shown the Picture Framing and Water Color Shops, and admired work done by residents in both rooms. We met George and admired his Fitness Center, with its exercise equipment and the lovely pool (which we now use regularly). On the left we saw the Café, where good food and snacks are available throughout the day. Further on we passed the Health and Wellness Center and saw Heather Whyte, who had tested us earlier. Down the hall we found the room where our Vinson Hall Chaplain has his office. He is more often to be found out doing good things here and/or at Arleigh Burke Pavilion or the Sylvestery.

On the Main Floor our Sponsors pointed out the Mail Room with its little side room housing carts for groceries, etc. There are golf putters and balls which can be borrowed and used by wistful former golfers on the outdoor putting green near the flag-pole. Many announcements are posted in the Mail Room and there is a board for residents to post messages as well.

Taking the Library Elevator in the South Wing, we went up to the Penthouse Floor and visited the Library. Many of the books we saw were in large print, and a cart at the entrance has books on loan from the extensive Fairfax County Public Library system. Books may also be special-ordered by our Librarian. We walked on through the Auditorium, where large meetings and classes are held and weekly films are shown. Turning right, we entered the lovely little Chapel where religious services are held—Catholic on Saturday afternoon and Protestant on Sunday morning. Other services include Episcopal Communion Service, and Memorial Services. The Director of Ministerial Services is Chaplain Scott Harrison.

From the Chapel we walked through the Sylvester Lounge to the Dining Room, a large and sunny room which is the domain of our Dining Services Director Mike Solari. Here we dine at lunch and/or dinner, served graciously by his staff. Our Sponsors offered to answer questions we might have in the next few weeks. We knew of two right away—they were how to use the Vinson Hall Directory and what is so important about the monthly calendar which is delivered to the box outside our door each month. We learned to keep them handy and we use them to answer most questions we might have.

We have been greeted and “SPONSORED” at several foreign posts, but never as comprehensively as here! As retirees of “a certain age” we find it very worthwhile and much appreciated!

Director of Ministerial Services, Chaplain Scott Harrison, moderates an interesting and challenging study of the Bible two Mondays a month at 3pm in the Conference Room. Past topics, which are selected by the group, have included a study of the eight-day Jewish holiday Hanukkah, Women of the Bible, and more recently the Epistle of James, one of the eight short letters from lesser known apostles—not as familiar as Paul.

We are on a learning expedition and invite members of all faiths and denominations to join us. Much of our conversation includes experiences of our well-traveled members. We sometimes stray off topic, but Scott brings us back, and we enjoy a rewarding hour together.

-*Martha Poling*

THE LAST WORD

Resident Association Meeting Invocation—August 27th, 2009

“Friends, Romans, countrymen”—and Vinson Hallers. “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,”-and sisters- “gather together to ask the Lord’s blessing” as we get down to “business as usual.”

We have come “through many dangers, toils and snares,” yet we know that “the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.” We have been told that “mistakes were made,” but we know in our hearts that “to err is human, to forgive divine.”

We thank you, Lord, for your guidance today and always. Keep our families strong and loving. Remember those in danger: “protect them whereso’er they go.”

“The time has come to talk of many things” and “establish the work of our hands.” With pride in our service organizations, let us begin with “a clear call that may not be denied.”

Anchors aweigh!

Off we go!

Rolling along!

Always faithful!

Always ready!

“God bless us every one!”

NAVY MARINE COAST GUARD RESIDENCE FOUNDATION’S

*16th Annual Gala
& Silent Auction*

honoring

ADMIRAL THAD W. ALLEN

COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

Thursday, November 5th, 2009 6:00 P.M.

VINSON HALL

\$150 per guest Valet Parking Cocktail/Business Attire

CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Protestant Services

Sundays, 10:30 AM

Catholic Mass

Saturdays, 4:00 PM

Episcopal Communion Service

3rd Tuesday of the Month, 11:00 AM

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**Ecumenical Bible Discussion**

Conference Room

**1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Mondays, 3:00 PM**

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OASIS

Activité Centre

(Resource Room)

LAST Monday of the month, 4:00 PM

For info call **Chaplain Scott Harrison (x 2122)**

COFFEE WITH MIKE

Dining Room

4th Wednesday, 2 PM

Mike Solari, Dining Room/Food Services Manager, is looking for ideas to bring a crowd of people to the dining room other than on special days. If you have an idea, call Mike (**x2976**) or write it in the book just outside the Dining Room door.

*The Dining Room serves a Continental Breakfast on Saturdays and Sundays **8 – 9 AM**.

*Tea is served in the Sylvester Lounge on Tuesdays and in the Lobby on Fridays, **3 – 4 PM**.

*Coffee for Residents is available in the Lobby
7:30 – 10:00 AM.

CAFÉ de Solari

Activité Centre

Weekday Hours, 7:30 AM – 6:00 PM

Saturday & Sunday, 9:00 AM – 3:00 PM

To place an order for pickup call **Ext. 2984**

***Full breakfast M-F only 7:30 – 9:00 AM**

For Daily Specials see menu, delivered weekly.



Vinson Hall Corporation
6251 Old Dominion Drive
McLean, Virginia 22101