

Plantation Oaks Press

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THE OAKS ROCK
PAINTEERS

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HODGE PODGE

By Betty Vandermyn



I found this article very accurate, entertaining, and brought back so many memories, so I wanted to share: To the kids who survived the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s: First we survived being born to mothers who may have smoked and/or drank while they were

pregnant. They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can which many of us still do, and didn't get tested for diabetes. Then after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bight colored lead-based paint. We had no child proof lids on medicine bottles, locks on doors or cabinets, and when we road our bikes we had baseball caps, not helmets on our heads. As infants and children, we road in cars with no car seats, no seat belts, (the only seat belt we had was dad throwing his arm in front of you for a sudden stop). no air bags, bald tires and sometimes no brakes. Riding in the back of a pick-up truck on a warm day was always a special treat. We drank water from a garden hose and not a bottle. You had to let the water run for a minute or two because the water was hot from the sun. We shared one soft drink in a glass bottle, and no one died from this. We ate cupcakes, white bread, real butter, and bacon. We drank Kool-Aid made with white sugar and weren't overweight. Why? Because we were always outside playing, that's why! We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as-long as we were home before the streetlights came on. We would spend hours building our go-carts with scrap and then ride them down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes, after running into the bushes a few times. We learned to solve that problem. We did not have Play Stations, Nintendo's, and X-boxes. There were no video games, no 150 channels on cable. We had about three channels using rabbit ears. No video movies or DVD's, no surround sounds or CD's, no cellphones, no personal computers, no internet, and no chat rooms. We had friends and we went outside and found them.

The man that invented the Ferris Wheel never met the man that invented the Merry-Go-Round. They travelled in different circles. My bed is a magical place where I suddenly remember everything I forgot to do. You always see children fighting over inheritance, but you never see them fighting to take care of their sick parents. Remember back when we used to eat birthday cake after

someone blew all over it? Man were we wild! The good news is we've made it to our Golden years. The sad news is there isn't any gold!

(By an anonymous author)

WE ASKED, SHE ANSWERED

By Dana Matlock

We are so pleased to introduce our new photographer for The POP. Grace Mason answered the call from our



January issue and hit the ground running. Two days after volunteering, she came to the New Year's Eve party at the clubhouse and produced her first set of impressive pictures. Some are on the front cover and throughout this issue. Join us in thanking Grace for stepping up to capture our

residents enjoying the good life in Plantation Oaks and greatly enhancing our newsletter. If you were thinking of volunteering also, Grace could use a backup. Just let us know, we would be happy to have you.

WANTED - POP CONTRIBUTORS

Please join our elite group of article contributors who share their stories with us. We would love to hear yours. No writing experience necessary.

Email your article to both editors, Dana:

dbmatlock@live.com & Betty: elzbthvnd@att.net

FEBRUARY BRAIN TEASER



Your parents have six sons including you and each son has one sister. How many people are in the family?

Answer will be in the March 2022 issue of The POP

Answer to January 2022 BRAIN TEASER



A man stands on one side of a river, his dog on the other. The man calls his dog, who immediately crosses the river without getting wet and without

using a bridge or a boat. How did the dog do it?

Answer: the river was frozen

LAMBAKIN

By Joe Cortese



During the holidays I often get visited by the "Ghost of Christmas Past" and this year was no different. I found myself remembering my Italian Grandfather and an old children's story from Italy that he would tell the children around the holidays "Lambakin." The story had a catchy

rhyme and similarities to "Little Red Riding Hood" but mostly I liked the way Grandpa told the story in his gentle, soft Italian/American accent. It has been over a half century since I heard the story, so I make no claims on accuracy so enough with the disclaimer, let's get to it. This version is a Reader's Digest overview but enough to get the general idea.

Once upon a time there was a family of lambs who lived next to a forest and the mother lamb wanted her daughter (Lambakin) to visit her Grandmother. The Grandmother lived on the other side of the forest which of course was filled with nasty beast and so the mother sewed Lambakin up in a drum and rolled it down the forest path so as to fool the nasty beast and thus arrive safely at Grandma's. Lambakin met several of the nasty beast who all asked "Drumakin, Drumakin have you seen Lambakin" and she (from inside the rolling drum) would answer "nay, nay she fell into the fire and so will you, rum-a-tum-tum rum-a-tum-to." Now this seemed to confuse the nasty beast (who were obviously a bit slow) and Lambakin rolled on until she met the wolf (who was probably first cousin to the Big Bad Wolf and thus pretty sharp). The wolf didn't buy Drumakin's rhyme, and he stopped the drum and began tearing into it and was about to eat our poor Lambakin when (trumpets blaring) the fearless kind woodsman ran from the forest and chopped up the wolf. Lambakin then went on to Grandma's house where she probably ate too much, and everybody lived happily ever-after (except of course the wolf).

Now there is no particular moral to this story, but it did get me wondering if there were other interesting stories from different lands or cultures that you may know, that you could share. So, send them to The POP, it's the right thing to do, I know I would love to hear them and others would too. Happy New Year, Joe.

A HEARTFELT MESSAGE

By Mary Ann Rabuazzo



Every year at Christmastime we hear from old friends whom we haven't seen in years. One friend always encloses a lovely letter informing of the past year's events. They always end their letter the same way. I want to share the last sentence of their letter

and their ending thoughts.

Through these many months we certainly have come to a new appreciation for the indispensability of community and the importance of the interconnectedness of family and friends.

Which is why I end my letter every single year with these same words, because they always remain true.

You're more to me than a name on a Christmas card. Each name represents someone whose path has touched my own.

Each name has made a difference in my life.

Each name brings to mind unique memories which we share.

The greatest gift life can bring is the love of family and friends.

So, whether it has been a year or 50 years, you are a blessing.

And you are loved.

Being a little older, I am very fortunate to have someone call and check on me everyday. He is from India and is very concerned about my car warranty.



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A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BLESSING!

By Carol Pursley



This Christmas holiday was very different for me! Because of a torn rotary cuff I had to forgo decorating the way I like. I really missed all our decorations but the thought of trying to decorate was overwhelming! Christmas Eve was lots of fun with some great

friends and Christmas Day was a nice quiet day with my husband. I cooked us a nice dinner and felt quite satisfied!

I was missing seeing my grandchildren but happily one of my daughters' made plans for us to meet at a local home assisted living facility a few days after Christmas and have dinner with them and my son-in-law's grandfather, Pops. We have seen Pops several times throughout the years. Such a sweet man! Pops is now 97 years old! I hadn't seen Pops in years. When I walked in the room, he looked like the happiest man alive! And he was! He was surrounded by the love of his grandson, Jason, my daughter Tara, great grandchildren, Jacob and Katie and James and I. Tara brought a delicious dinner for all of us, and Pops was so happy!

On my way to see Pops we stopped at a store so I could buy him something. I had no idea what to get him. At 97, living in a beautiful facility that has the theme of Italy, I figured he has everything he needs. So I filled a bag up with candy and treats! Boy was he happy! You would have thought I gave him a million dollars! I was so happy to see him gleaming!



I realized it doesn't take much to make someone so happy! A visit from family, a little bag of treats, a smile, a hug. Those beautiful blue eyes of his were just gleaming. My heart is still so happy today. I was so blessed! This visit topped off my Christmas celebration!

I hope if I live to be that elderly, I will be surrounded with the love we all had for Pops that day. I hope if Pops is still with us next year, we can do it again. The joy I felt was so rewarding. They say it's better to give than to receive. Well, I received so much from that sweet man. The joy and love in his face will stay with me forever! Even though we here in Plantation Oaks are considered elderly, there are those older, or maybe with illnesses not able to live active lives like many of us. Let us not forget!

SPOTLIGHT ON SPECIAL

By Dana Matlock

Cathleen Niedhammer and her husband George left Waterboro, Maine and purchased their beautiful home on Tobias Lane in June of 2021. My husband Bob and I were so impressed with the way they both jumped right in helping at clubhouse events, assisting neighbors, and serving our community in so many ways.



And, to top that off, in December, Cathleen went a step further and provided a service to our residents that we never thought of before – free delivery of holiday cards within our community. The process that Cathleen set up had residents drop their cards into a special container in the clubhouse for her to pick up. She delivered countless cards through December 22. This was a wonderful service for us, and our residents' days were brightened by finding a special card or two on their doorsteps. We are so fortunate to have such special residents. From all of us to you, Cathleen & George, **Thank you!** We are so happy you chose Plantation Oaks for your home.

FEBRUARY HOLIDAYS

Groundhog Day February 2 Valentine's Day February 14 Presidents' Day February 21

WELCOME COMMITTEE

By Bob Matlock



Last year, 2021, people moved to Plantation Oaks from very near, not so near, not so far and very far away. More people moved here from their communities in Florida than from any other state. Fifteen other states and

Canada. The states with the next most multiple moves to Plantation Oaks, starting with the most were NY, then PA, then NJ, GA, CA and CN. Canada, DE, IN, ME, MO, NM, NV, OH, SC and TX all had single household moves here. I have been told that an average of over one thousand people move to Florida every day. A favorite saying here has become "close the gates!" People come here not just from the U.S. states but from countries all over the world. When I ask new people where they are from, or where were they born or raised, the answer depends on which person (in a couple if there is one) answers the question. For example, I will tell you I was born and raised in NY. Dana will tell you she was born in VA and raised there and in NC. We met and were married in Rochester, NY but each of our children was born in a different state. Only one now lives in NY and he met and married a gal from NY. The others met and married spouses from different states. When I am asked the "where" questions – born, raised, met, career took me, moved from/to, was I when something significant happened, was I when I lost/found something/someone significant – on and on, I must pause with great reflection. The introduction of "who" into our path through life can generate some very provoking thoughts. Was their entrance well planned, accidental or by karma? While you are thinking about all the "where's" and the "who's" in your life, think about all our new neighbors and think about how you might become a positive "who" and impact their peace and blessings while they settle into their new journey here in Plantation Oaks. Thank you for doing that.



NEW NEIGHBORS



Messina, Frank & Raylene, 28 Galemont Dr. From Palm Coast, Long Island. Large family in FL





Williams, Jeff J., 18 Winthrop Ln. From St. Louis, Missouri with his 4-legged friend, Bogart. Has family in Jacksonville, FL

HOLIDAY GOLF CART PARADE





GARDEN CLUB DIRT

By Judy Kelly



I have a very good website to share with you. Melissa, Empress of Dirt. About two years ago I subscribe to her newsletter and have yet to be disappointed with her weekly offering. This past week she had an article on

making homemade suet cakes for the birds and the

reasons for not buying store bought. I headed out to get my ingredients to make a batch. Here's her method - all-natural peanut butter and a good quality bird seed. Adding nuts and fruits are optional. This mixture is spread on a board and place a suet feeder over the mixture, so the birds have access without getting their feet in it. Aldi's chunky peanut butter is what I



like to use; it's even a bit dry to spread. This mixture attracts nuthatches, woodpeckers, chickadees, titmice, and wrens. Spread it sparingly and replenish as needed. Oh yes, try to find a spot squirrels can't get at it. Good luck with that! The birds are so much fun to watch, and it sure makes our outdoors this time of the year a real treat. Maybe a new bird will show up and surprise you! Do try this very informative website - lots of very interesting subjects from making yard ornaments to seed starting, houseplant care, propagation... you name it I bet she'll have an answer. Truly one of my favorite sites hope you enjoy it. See you around.

FUNNIES FROM YOUR EDITORS

I see people about my age mountain climbing; I feel good getting my leg through my underwear without losing my balance.

So if a cow doesn't produce milk, is it a milk dud or an udder failure?

Coronacoaster: noun; the ups and downs of a pandemic. One day you're loving your bubble, doing work outs, baking banana bread and going for long walks and the next you're crying, drinking gin for breakfast and missing people you don't even like.

A thief broke into my house last night. He started searching for money so I got up and searched with him.

VISITING THE CASEMENTS

By Terry Johnson



The Casements is a mansion in Ormond Beach famous for being the winter residence of the American oil magnate John D. Rockefeller. It is currently owned by the city of Ormond Beach and is used as a cultural center and park.

The social committee sponsored a trip and tour during the Christmas season and the displays were breathtaking. Our guide was very informative telling us the history and answered any questions we may have asked.

If you have a chance to visit, I strongly suggest doing so. The admission is a donation. You can visit their website for various activities and call ahead for a guided tour.



BEAUTY TIPS

By Terry Johnson

Volumize flat hair for free! Dry winter air causes the scalp to produce more oils that weigh the hair down. Instead of shampoo-ing grease away with hard detergents, gently massage the scalp with just water while showering. Doing so on occasion breaks up grime so it can be rinsed away without stripping moisture for fresh, full strands.

VOLUNTEERS

By Tom Bailey



We are truly blessed to live in Plantation Oaks. Those who have been here, and many new residents appreciate their friendly neighbors as well as the multitude of activities available to us here. It seems like there is something

going on every day: Card games; Bingo; Billiards; Dance classes; Dance parties; Lunches; Monthly Coffee with different speakers; Golf Cart parades; Dinners; Monthly Breakfast; Tennis; Horseshoes; Painting Groups; Stitchers and Hookers group; Yoga; Pickle Ball; and the list goes on.

If you look behind these activities, you will find somebody or a group of people who volunteered to lead or help in these events. Nothing happens unless someone has spent hours, days, or even weeks of preparation to make these events meaningful to those who attend. There is planning; financing; purchasing; cooking; decorating; and clean up. Sometimes it is as simple as getting the horseshoes out of the storage room and bringing them to the horseshoe pits. As simple as that seems, if it doesn't happen, we don't play horseshoes. So, when you attend an activity whether it is Bingo or a Clubhouse dance, remember the time that was spent to make living in Plantation Oaks more enjoyable and the volunteers who gave that time to me and you. Thank one of these whenever you can. That is the only pay they receive.

We have many people who help their neighbors who cannot do those things that they did in days gone by. We might be there one day ourselves, so if you can join those who help others you will find it is spiritually healing. That is why I love living here. We have so many who are willing to give, that it turns Plantation Oaks from a bunch of people living in close proximity to each other into a Compassionate Community. If you haven't been

part of any of this, start this week, you will love it.

When I was young, I was poor. But after years of hard work, I am no longer young.

WINDY WOODS SING-A-LONG



LED BY BETTY LOU CRANSTON











THE OAKS ROCK PAINTERS

By JoAnn Larkin

A new year is beginning with all the holidays that come along to brighten the rock garden starting with Valentine's Day. Visit the rock garden to choose a Valentine rock for a loved one or a friend this year.

Many Christmas rocks came and went during the holiday season as well as going into the secret Santa stockings. My great grandson Michael just about jumped out of his mother's arms when he saw the colorful rocks. My daughter in law, Sharon, took a rock with a pelican back to Maryland. She said it was a great souvenir from Florida.













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CERT TEAM LEADER MESSAGE

By George Byrne



Hello neighbors, On behalf of the team; wishing everyone a very happy and healthy (hopefully COVID FREE) New Year!

Our last meeting on December 17. We had planned to conduct a drill after the

meeting, however, too few members were able to make the meeting so we conducted an abbreviated drill and will schedule another at a later date. That being said, we need your help! Your CERT is here to help you, the residents of Plantation Oaks. We cannot do that without members. Members that attend meetings and drills and participate in scheduled training. Anyone can join our team as a volunteer and if you want, take the training offered by our county, and become a certified CERT volunteer. Those of you who are members please consider coming back. We need you! Join us at the meetings, participate in the monthly radio checks, and help us with the drills. Plantation Oaks CERT is only as good as its members. Members who practice their skills, are familiar with our equipment, and know what to do in an emergency.

Our next meeting and radio check is Friday, February 25, at 11am in the clubhouse. We will discuss upcoming drill scheduling and training. I hope to see a lot of old and new faces at this meeting. CERT members please bring your charged radios. Thank you, God bless and as always; stay safe,

THE LITTLE WHITE BALL

By Gary Watkins



The game of golf, chase the little white ball (or pink or yellow). Do not forget to put your own mark on the ball so you know it is yours. Dress up to the golf code of a collared shirt and nice shorts. Tee the ball up and hit it, then hit it again (if you can find the ball) and hit

it again, keep hitting the damn ball until you get it in the little hole in the ground that has a flag in it. Of course, stay clear of the sand traps (or the beach as I call them), someone always put them right in the way. If it is not a sand trap in your way, it is a tree. Why not just put a windmill in front of the hole. While chasing the little white ball (or pink or yellow) ride the golf cart making sure you do not run over your ball as your look for it or better yet someone else's. Always keep an honest score, I never can find anything about mulligans on the scorecard, but they exist (thank the Lord).

I did not start chasing the little white ball (or pink or yellow) until late in life always thinking what a stupid game, hit the ball and keep hitting it until it goes in the hole. Once I played it, I got hooked. I am not a good golfer if fact I am thrilled if I end up with the same ball I started with or someone else's. If I could play more, I would become a better white ball chaser. But I look forward to playing golf especially with friends. To me it is time outside, especially on a beautiful day with friends who do not care how far you hit the ball or how many

times you must hit the ball to get it into the hole. They do not care about the slip of a curse word or the urge of throwing the stupid club that does not work right.



Once you get to course and hop in the

golf cart with a friend it does not get any better. During your eighteen holes you will get frustrated, curse a little and want to throw a club or two but you don't' but you have that friendship. Sometimes you get to make a new friendship. Then you hit that one good shot and boy you are a professional and all your bad shots are forgotten. Now you cannot wait until next week to chase that little white ball (or pink or yellow).

FEDERATION OF MANUFACTURED HOME OWNERS (FMO)

By James Pursley, Plantation Oaks FMO Rep



Hello, it's me again and a New Year came along with me at no extra charge. Hoping everyone had a great holiday season. My wife and I had a very nice quiet Christmas, then we went to the great New Year's Eve Program that we had here in Plantation Oaks. I know

last month I spoke highly of our volunteers, cooks, coordinators, planners and anyone else I might have missed. Needless to say the entertainment was great also. My wife and I had never been to one of Mike Kohn's shows, but we thoroughly enjoyed him, he put on a great show. Think about this one, especially on a holiday night when you go out for entertainment or any other occasion, so nice to take your golf cart or even your car and not have to get out on the big roads with all the crazy drivers. At least if you see a crazy driver in Plantation Oaks it's probably your neighbor. Looking at events coming up looks like it's going to be another good year for entertainment right here at home. Not to mention the price you pay to get to one of these events, a heck of a lot cheaper than going outside the gates to a restaurant or bar. Of course, they don't serve alcohol here, but you can bring your own. I have been told what you pay for a cocktail at a restaurant you can buy a whole bottle. I was told this, but I like bringing you things I have experienced so being the front-line reporter I am I will experience this topic and give you an in-depth report.

Another thing you don't have to experience because they have already experienced everything that would ever come up with us homeowners living on leased land is, betcha can't guess. Give up? It's the FMO. Yes, you are reading this right. They offer so much for just. \$25.00 per year or \$65.00 for 3 years. Plus, for \$35.00 per year you can join Elite Cross County Premium Roadside Service. From personal experience they are top-notch. Only thing they do not cover is golf carts.

To join FMO you can use a credit card, by going to the website, FMO.org, or you can contact me, your friendly FMO Park Representative. Call or text to 386-986-9632 or email jpinvest129@gmail.com. For these low prices (do I sound like I'm on T.V. with that statement?) you get so much, such as Legislative Consultant in Tallahassee watching for bills that could be harmful to us

and a bi-monthly newsletter to keep you updated. Your membership will make a difference. You are the FMO. So, let's add joining or renewing your membership a New Year's Resolution that we keep, not like some of the others we don't keep, that might be next month's topic. Well neighbors I'm going to put this one to rest. Until next time, stay safe.

A GREAT LOVE

By Tom Bailey



A great love is worthy of the care and attention that it is given, it sees the world as both good and bad and works to maintain a level far beyond those simple emotions. This love is not for showing to others as a form

of competition but as a precious stone that is taken out daily, polished and admired but not displayed to others to show its greatness. This love is shared between those who see the stone for what it is. A thing of beauty that cannot be explained because others may not understand it. It may be a diamond or a smooth river rock, but it is cherished by the ones who recognize it for what it is.

Those who have this love, don't do favors for the other to get back a favor. Rewards are not considered a part of this love. They do for each other because daily their bond grows stronger. So, the thinking goes from "what can I do for my love so they will respond properly to me" to "what can I do for my love that brings happiness to their life?" For their joy is my joy. We are one.



A VALENTINE DAY MEMORY

By Jean Scionti



Valentine's Day...1969, and I was still in love with my husband (small joke).

That year, on February 14th, after a long day at the office, I went to Macy's to buy a Valentine Day gift for my

hubby. Naturally, I went to the lingerie department. I got there and began my search for the perfect gift among the many possibilities. Finally, after thirty minutes I came upon something, very bright and very red. Satisfied, I headed for the checkout desk.

Not really looking where I was going as I was inspecting my eminent purchase, I slammed into another being. I looked up and there was this fellow smiling back at me. I was a little embarrassed but then went from embarrassment to shock. Without turning away from me, he elbowed someone behind him who now turned and smiled. That guy elbowed the male in front of him and so on and so forth. It appeared to be a domino effect. By the time the elbowing was over, I was as red as the lingerie I was holding. There, in front of me, was a line...a very long line, of many men of different ages, but with one thing in common, they were all wearing dark colored suits and standing patiently in line clutching various lingerie items. Nine men and I was the only woman in the line. The worst or maybe the best part of this story is that they all turned around to look at me and then all smiles, they stepped aside in unison as if they were the "New York Radio City Hall Rockets!"

As for myself...at first, I was tempted to drop the red satin lingerie and run for the exit, but instead, I slowly walked by all of them, red faced but smiling and at the same time trying to hide my purchase. From being last, I became the first in line to buy that special "Happy Valentine's Day" gift for my man. As I walked away, these same nine men applauded me!

If I had only had my camera, I could have sold some great photographs to the local newspaper from that night. To this day, I often think back and wonder if any of these men told their lovers about the strange woman in Macy's buying lingerie for her husband on a day set aside for men to do the honors.

I just read my essay to my husband who smiled and then said, "How come I don't remember you ever buying that so-called red lingerie?" I replied, "Because dear, I threw it out! I wanted to erase that evening from my mind

forever." His reply, "Well, I guess that didn't work out so well." Happy Valentine's Day Everyone!



DRIVING TIP OF THE MONTH

From the National Institute on Aging Submitted by John Mercurio

Trouble Seeing

Your eyesight can change as you get older. It might be harder to see people, things, and movement outside your direct line of sight. It may take longer to read street or traffic signs or even recognize familiar places. At night, you may have trouble seeing things clearly. Glare from oncoming headlights or streetlights can be a problem. Depending on the time of the day, the sun might be blinding.

Eye diseases, such as glaucoma, cataracts, and macular degeneration, as well as some medicines, can also cause vision problems.

Safe driving tips:

- ✓ If you are 65 or older, see your eye doctor every year. Ask if there are ways to improve your eyesight.
- ✓ If you need glasses or contact lenses to see far away while driving, make sure your prescription is up-to-date and correct. Always wear them when you are driving.
- ✓ Cut back on or stop driving at night if you have trouble seeing in the dark. Try to avoid driving during sunrise and sunset, when the sun can be directly in your line of vision.



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SOCIAL COMMITTEE

By Patti Watkins- social chair



As the new Social Committee Chair, I and my Co-chair Jo Ann Bailey would like to thank everyone that helped us with finishing up 2021 events.

December 18, Diane Williams and her 6 Elves and Mr. and Mrs. Santa Clause (Bill & Maude Streett) went

around our community and gave gifts and stockings to all our shut-in's. What a wonderful activity it was. All 20 shut-ins were so appreciative. After that we had our annual Christmas Golf Cart Parade and then back to our clubhouse for hot chocolate and cookies made by our neighbors in our community. Joan Haught and the Windy Woods Clarinet Ensemble performed with our favorite Christmas songs led by Betty Lou Cranston. It was a fun evening for all.

We ended the year of 2021 with a New Year's Eve "Happy New Year 2022" party. Our wonderful entertainer was Michael Kohn. Everyone rang in the new year having a great time and enjoying the appetizers and refreshments.

Remember:

- Ice Cream Social is the last Sunday of every month, and free for all residents.
- Breakfast is first Saturday of every month beginning February 5, 2022, from 8:30AM- 9:30AM. Lunches at the Oaks will also begin in February every third Wednesday of the month 12:00PM-1:00PM.

Upcoming Events:

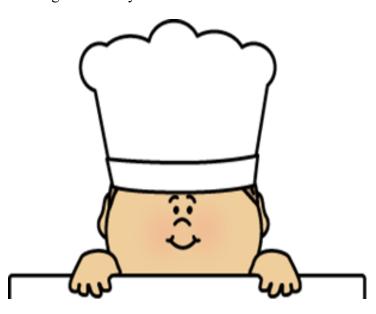
- Friday, February 4, trip to Washington Oaks Park. We will meet there at 10:00AM. If you need a ride, please meet at the clubhouse at 9:00AM. We will be leaving for those needing a carpool at 9:15AM.
- February 12, Valentine's Day Dinner Dance 6:00PM-10:00PM. Entertainer: Carl Monte Ticket Sales:

Monday Jan 31 12:00PM-1:00PM
 Wednesday Feb 2 10:00AM-11:AM
 Thursday Feb 3 6:00PM-7:00PM

■ **February 13,** NFL Championship Party at the Clubhouse. Hosted by Kim Frye. Bring your own drinks and snacks to share. Pre-Game 5:30PM /Kick Off 6:30PM.

 February chili cookoff to be rescheduled for a later date due to scheduling conflicts.

Social Committee Meetings are the first Monday of every month at 1:00PM. All are welcome! Next scheduled meeting is February 7th.



PLANTATION OAKS COOKS Effective Feb 1, 2022

Every first Saturday of the month, Breakfast will be served between 8:30 & 9:30 AM. Cost \$7.00

Every third Wednesday of the month, Lunch will be served between 12:30 & 1:30 PM. Cost \$8:00

A sign-up sheet, with a menu, for these meals will be posted in the clubhouse ten days before each scheduled meal.

Valentine's Day Dinner Dance

February 12. Dinner served promptly at 6 PM. Menu: Antipasto Salad, Chicken Parmesan, Bread Sticks, Decadent Chocolate Cake, Drinks (BYOB)

Dinner will be served by a competent and willing, almost professional, wait staff composed of six valiant husbands here in the community!

St. Patrick's Day Dinner March 19. Served 5 PM Sharp. Menu: Corned Beef and Cabbage, Irish Soda Bread, Desert. (BYOB)

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FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

- 1 Vicki Hendrick
- 2 Don Ledrich
- 2 David Nestor
- 2 Paul Goeller
- 2 Francis Carl
- 3 Jon Campbell
- 3 Joan Haught
- 4 Carmen Seidel
- 4 Betsy Jennison
- 5 Margot Small
- 6 Johanna Maiorano
- 7 Lynn Tull
- 7 Jeanie Thorne
- 8 Eileen Lemelin
- 10 Lydia Paterno
- 12 Brenda Souza
- 14 Michael McCray
- 15 Patricia Dooley
- 16 James McMahon
- 16 Andrea Duris
- 17 Carole Robinson
- 18 Judy Dungan
- 19 Shirley Avery
- 21 Linda Capuano
- 21 Barbara Graneri
- 21 Patricia Shields
- 21 Pat Ladoux
- 22 Cynthia Bowen
- 23 Malcolm Fraser
- 23 Jan Bancroft
- 23 Carole Miller
- 23 Linda Theriault
- 25 Maureen O'Connor
- 27 Gary Paterno



We try hard to get it right. However, if we have missed your birthday or anniversary, or have the dates or name spelled wrong, please contact Betty Vandermyn at elzbthvnd@att.net or Dana Matlock at dbmatlock@live.com so we can correct our information for the newsletter. Thank you

FEBRUARY ANNIVERSARIES

- 1 Fred & Barbara Jacobs
- 1 Wayne & Vicki Hedrick
- 2 Steve & Pat Hamer
- 9 Joe & Joan Harris
- 10 Joe & Noreen Bartolotta
- 14 Kevin & Kathy Gallagher
- 14 Jerry & Carole Miller
- 14 Herb & Connie Schneider
- 18 Mike & Martha Duncan
- 24 Bill & Maude Streett
- 28 Mike & Pat Smith























WINTER RISOTTO

by Chef Kevin Gallagher, MS, CEC



Classic risotto is made with Arborio rice which has a high starch content making it creamier than regular rice when cooked. Stirring the Arborio rice releases the starches that contribute to the beautiful textures of the dish. You don't always have to use Arborio rice

for risotto. Particularly in winter, barley, farro, sweet brown rice, or wheat berries work well. These grains do take longer to cook, so prepared for a longer cook time and more broth or water than usual. It is worth it.

This particular recipe calls for roasted tomatoes, which are a breeze to make. Roast some one night or weekend afternoon and stick them in the fridge. They last a week and you can use them on just about anything.

This dish can be served as the main meal or as a really nice side to go with grilled steak, chicken or pork. Give it a try and then begin to experiment with all kinds of twists and ingredients. You won't be sorry!

Roasted Tomato Risotto with Basil and Parmesan Servings: 4

Ingredients

3 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil

1 tablespoon tomato paste

2 pints cherry or grape tomatoes, halved

6 medium garlic cloves, chopped fine (about 1.5 tablespoons)

1/2 teaspoon red pepper flakes (or more to taste)

2 thyme sprigs

1 rosemary sprig

Kosher salt and ground black pepper

2 tablespoons salted butter

1 cup Arborio or carnaroli rice

1 small onion, minced

1/2 cup dry vermouth

4 cups boiling water

1/2 cup fresh basil, chopped

2 ounces Parmesan cheese, finely grated (1 cup), divided (half for garnish)

Instructions

1. Heat the oven to 400°F with a rack in the middle position. In a 9-by-9-inch baking pan, mix the oil and tomato paste until homogeneous. Add the tomatoes, garlic, pepper flakes, thyme, rosemary and 1/2 teaspoon

salt. Roast until the tomatoes have softened and begin to char, 35 to 40 minutes, stirring once about halfway through. Remove and discard the thyme and rosemary; set the tomatoes aside.

- 2. In a large saucepan over medium-high, melt the butter. Add the onion and 1/2 teaspoon salt, then cook, stirring constantly, until softens. Add the rice and cook until the rice grains are translucent at the edges, 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in the vermouth and cook until mostly evaporated, about 1 minute. Add 2.5 cups of boiling water and bring back to a boil, reduce heat to medium and cook, stirring often and briskly, until the grains are almost tender but still quite firm at the core, 8 to 10 minutes; adjust the heat as needed to maintain a vigorous simmer.
- **3.** When most of the liquid has been absorbed, add 1 cup of the remaining boiling water and cook, stirring often and briskly, until the rice is al dente, 6 to 8 minutes; the risotto should be loose but not soupy. If needed, add in additional boiling water 1 tablespoon at a time to achieve the proper consistency.
- **4.** Off heat, stir in the tomatoes with juices, the basil and half of the Parmesan. Taste and season with salt and black pepper. Serve immediately, garnished with the remaining Parmesan and drizzled with olive oil.

PLANTATION OAKS ELVES

By Diane Williams



A heartfelt thanks going out to all who helped in spreading joy to our shut ins here at Plantation Oaks. I had so many bags, boxes and money given that it was almost overwhelming. The love and generosity here in our community should

be applauded. Until next year elves





CHILDREN OF "THE GREATEST GENERATION"

Submitted by John Mercurio



A Short Memoir

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age cohort.

We are the Silent Generation. We are the smallest number of children born since the early 1900s. We are the "last ones."

We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.

We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans.

We hand mixed 'white stuff' with 'yellow stuff' to make fake butter.

We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available. We can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors.

We can also remember the parades on August 15, 1945; VJ Day.

We saw the 'boys' home from the war build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the cellar, tar papering over it, and living there until they could afford the time and money to build it out.

We are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead, we imagined what we heard on the radio.

As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the streetlights came on."

We did play outside, and we did play on our own.

There was no little league.

There was no city playground for kids.

More to come in future issues of THE POP.



BACKYARD MIRACLE

By Lynn Lauterbach



The beginning of December a miracle happened...

I moved to Winthrop Lane 2 years ago. Looking out my windows I noticed a patch of weedy tangled overgrowth behind a few neighbors' houses. As the

years passed the weeds and vines grew larger and larger. Kudzu vines (looked it up on the internet) are dangerous as they choke, smother, and kill shrubs, bushes, and trees. "The Mess" as I call it, was creeping towards my yard and 3 oak trees. It already had climbed a beautiful magnolia. I did not know who was responsible for addressing the problem. So, on June 6, I took many photos plus a video and emailed a letter and the photos to Donna Clawson in our management office. Donna responded immediately. She came over, inspected the situation, and put in a work order to clear "The Mess." It took a while. I kept checking. Then, suddenly on Dec. 1, Tim and six men came and started working on it. They pulled vines down from trees, dug up weeds, roots and dead trees (5 of them) for 5 days 8:30 am to 4:30 pm.

The transformation is incredible! It is beautiful out there. I can now see Magnolia trees; Palm plants and houses I've never seen before. Thank you Donna, Tim and the six gentleman who worked like Trojans to make this happen. Now I look out my windows and smile.





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