



Fun Times in Assisted Living

April 23, 2021 Edition

COVID STATUS

We're hanging in there with no residents or staff COVID positive. Case rates in the valley are going up, so please be careful!

Please check our website for the most up-to-date information: www.oddfello



*“One day you will tell your story of how you overcame what you went through and it will be someone else’s survival guide.”
~ Brene Brown*

SPIRALING SPIDER WEBS

Sometimes I get tunnel visioned. I get so locked into all that is going wrong and how hard life is that I literally cannot see anything positive or good. I have these great kids (who are also brave kids). They tap me on the shoulder and say, “Mom, you’re spinning again, stop it!” Nope, I’m not taking a spinning class when they say that, I’m spinning in a spiral of negativity.

When I was in college, I worked as an electrician’s apprentice for four years to help pay for tuition and expenses. I HATE crawl spaces of houses!! As an adult, the only way you’re getting me under a house is if someone is dying and I am literally the only human alive who can save them. I used to not mind them, but as the apprentice, you get the “grunt” work. So, I spent 4 years fishing wire around in spider web covered crawl spaces.

Now, I kinda admire spiders and all that they accomplish. And when the dew sparkles on their webs at daybreak, well, that is one of the most awe-inspiring sights ever. But when you’re belly crawling through a 24” crawl space into a sea of NEVER-ENDING cob webs, wwwweeelll, that’s when my love of spiders wanes a bit.

My spiral of negativity is just like that crawl space full of cobwebs. Cobwebs get everywhere, in your hair, your ears, up your nose, stuck to your shirt, your shoes, you get the idea. That’s what those spirals of negativity are like. On really long days, sometimes I feel like that’s what this past year has been like. A never-ending spiral of negativity. And then, the sun comes up and the dew glistens on the spiderwebs.

I saw today’s quote and it made me catch my breath. What we have all been through this past year, the past 10 years, even the past 5 minutes, that’s our story. We are and will continue to overcome. We will right the wrongs, fix the problems and make whatever change we can in this world. The fact that we wiggle out of the crawl space and into the sun means we survived the journey, cobwebs and all. The changes we make, those are our legacy. The survival guide for those who come after us. Let’s dust off the cob webs and make sure we write a really good survival guide!

Blessings,
Kari Randall, MSW
Assisted Living Director





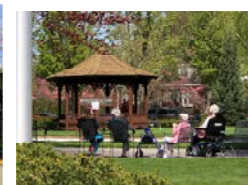
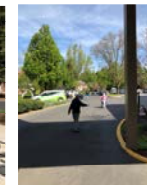
PALINO KISSES!!

Seriously folks, I don't know who is cuter or more fun to watch, they players or the spectators. To your left is the reaction of someone after watching their very first bocce game ever. Oh ya! You can bet she's watching again next week 😊 There is something about this sport, it catches a hold of you and makes you love it! That's Bocce Baby!!



TAKE A HIKE!

That's just what they did folks! They took a hike 😊 We had some fourth-floor ladies and caregiver itching for a little sunshine this week so off they went on a little campus wide adventure. Checking out the sights along the way. Smelling a few roses. Sharing a little story or two. Ending with a heart-warming moment sharing tales in the sun. These moments right there, where we stopped for a moment and "set a bit", getting to know our neighbors. These are the moments that all of the gold in the world could never buy. These moments are just too precious for a price tag!



JUST GOOD 😊

We cooked a little, played a game or two, built a tower, solved a puzzle, sang a little painted something and a few more fun things. Do you ever set back on a Friday evening and reflect on the week? This newsletter has given me that gift. I close every single week with a happy heart. No matter how crazy the week was. There was so much good in it. These random pictures of this and that, they're my favorite every week. Because they tell our story. The quite little moments that we don't think a thing about at the time, that in the end mean everything. That's these moments . . .

