

Culpepper Place of Jonesboro

A Premier Senior Address

The Culpepper Gazette

February 2011

Resident



Bob Lipscomb

Robert Arthur Lipscomb

Bob Lipscomb is celebrating his 95th birthday this month. He was born and reared in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Born Robert Arthur Lipscomb on February 23, 1916 to Benjamin Arthur Lipscomb and Mary Alma Abbott Lipscomb, he grew up with three rambunctious brothers and one patient and understanding sister.

Bob began his love for Southeast Missouri State University when he first attended kindergarten on the college campus. After kindergarten, he attended elementary school and Cape Central High School in Cape Girardeau, Missouri. He then graduated from Southeast Missouri State University with a double major in Music and Commerce and Business. Later, Bob pursued graduate studies in Music and Business from Northwestern University and the University of Colorado.

During World War II, he served in HQ Company and in the 140th Infantry Band, 35th Division.

Bob met his future wife, Alice Michie, while they were both attending Southeast Missouri State. After he graduated, they were married in 1941. Bob and Michie celebrated 64 years of marriage. They have three children, three grand children and one great grand child.

Bob is a retired orchestra conductor, band director, teacher, administrator and realtor. He taught both music and business in Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois. During his years as Blytheville High School Band Director, his band was selected as one of the Top 100 High School Bands in the United States. While band director he served on the guest faculty of Southeast Missouri State University summer band clinics. He was also guest speaker at the University of Southern California School of Music and the Arkansas auditions host for the New England Conservatory of Music.

While in Blytheville, he was active in his community. He was a member of First United Methodist Church and Path Finders Sunday School Class; the Rotary Club and a Paul Harris Fellow; the Chamber of Commerce; and the Blytheville Country Club.

Bob and his wife Michie loved to travel. Not only did they consider travel fun, but they also viewed it as "continuing education." Whether it was the United States, Europe, the Caribbean or the Bahamas - you could always find a suitcase packed and ready to go. (O.K., make that two suitcases for Michie.)

Bob is an expired tennis player, a past lawn and gardener, a.k.a. the yard boy, and an avid reader, large print please. Both he and Michie enjoyed playing bridge. Now, he enjoys seeing friends who look forward to coming to Culpepper Place for an afternoon of bridge. Although Bob was hesitant to leave his home in Blytheville, he now enjoys the hospitality of the residents and staff at Culpepper Place, where he says that "he gives the staff and accommodations a five star rating!"

Happy Birthday , Bob!



Seated: Bob Lipscomb. Bob Lipscomb's left: Linda Lipscomb Moore. Bob Lipscomb's right: Sarah Lipscomb Blanz. Standing: Robert Raymond Lipscomb.

Welcome to our New Residents..

*Wayman and Eula Perkins
&
Bertha Wiley*

*Please take a minute to get by these new residents and
give them a big Culpepper Welcome!!*



Employee Spotlight

Gloria Delagarza

Gloria Delegarza who came to work here in October of 2010 is the February Employee of the Month. She has 4 children and 1 grandchild. Gloria works extremely hard and is willing to do whatever is asked no matter how big the job. She has a permanent smile and an infectious laugh. Please congratulate Gloria on a job well done!

Welcome....

Give a nice welcome to two of our newest employees, Ronnie Tacker and his wife Kristie Tacker.

Ronnie will be doing Transportation and Kristie will be working on the weekends as Weekend Oversight Leader. Please congratulate them on joining our Culpepper Team.

Something to Ponder...

No act of kindness, no matter how small is ever wasted.

-Aesop, Greek Fabulist

Crazy Hat Bingo!!



This month will be House shoes Bingo. Wear your favorite house shoes on February 10 to Bingo and get a special prize!!



Activity Corner

February is an exciting month. It is considered "Love from the Heart Month". It's the month we take time on Valentine's day to celebrate that special someone in our lives. On Monday, February 14th we will be having our Valentines Day Party @ 2:30. If you would like to give someone a Valentine bring it to the party and each resident will have their very own Valentine Bag. Listed below are some of our upcoming events. Bring a neighbor and let's have some fun!

- *Puppet Show 2/3 @ 6:00*
- *Facials by Estee Lauder 2/4 @ 1:30*
- *Music with Jimmy Edwards 2/6 @ 2:30*
 - *House Shoes Bingo 2/10@ 2:00*
 - *Nettleton Pen Pals Visit 2/14 @ 1:15*
 - *Valentines Party 2/14 @ 2:30*
- *Resident Birthday Party 2/25 @ 2:00*



Reminders From the Health and Wellness Director

"You've Touched My Heart"

*You've given me a reason
For smiling once again,
You've filled my life with peaceful dreams
And you've become my closet friend.*

*You've shared your heartfelt secrets
And your trust you've given me,
You showed me how to cry
To laugh, and love, and see.*

*If life should end tomorrow
And from this world I should part,
I shall be forever young
For you have touched my heart.*

*Vikkie Greenway, LPN
Health & Wellness Director*

February Birthdays

Robert Kilfoyle 2/6

Loren Merritt 2/11

Wanda Johnson 2/14

Friedrich Stoll 2/15

Charles Smith 2/16

Robert Lipscomb 2/23

Walter Brunkhorst /28



Letter from The Director

"Ugly"

Everyone in the apartment complex I lived in knew who Ugly was. Ugly was the resident tomcat. Ugly loved three things in this world: fighting, eating garbage, and shall we say, love.

The combination of these things combined with a life spent outside had their effect on Ugly. To start with, he had only one eye, and where the other should have been was a gaping hole. He was also missing his ear on the same side, his left foot has appeared to have been badly broken at one time, and had healed at an unnatural angle, making him look like he was always turning the corner.

His tail has long ago been lost, leaving only the smallest stub, which he would constantly jerk and twitch. Ugly would have been a dark gray tabby striped-type, except for the sores covering his head, neck, and even his shoulders with thick, yellowing scabs. Every time someone saw Ugly there was the same reaction. "That's one UGLY cat!!"

All the children were warned not to touch him, the adults threw rocks at him, hosed him down, squirted him when he tried to come in their homes, or shut his paws in the door when he would not leave. Ugly always had the same reaction. If you turned the hose on him, he would stand there, getting soaked until you gave up and quit. If you threw things at him, he would curl his lanky body around feet in forgiveness.

Whenever he spied children, he would come running meowing frantically and bump his head against their hands, begging for their love. If ever someone picked him up he would immediately begin suckling on your shirt, earrings, whatever he could find.

One day Ugly shared his love with the neighbor's huskies. They did not respond kindly, and Ugly was badly mauled. From my apartment I could hear his screams, and I tried to rush to his aid. By the time I got to where he was laying, it was apparent Ugly's sad life was almost at an end.

Ugly lay in a wet circle, his back legs and lower back twisted grossly out of shape, a gaping tear in the white strip of fur that ran down his front. As I picked him up and tried to carry him home I could hear him wheezing and gasping, and could feel him struggling. "I must be hurting him terribly," I thought. Then I felt a familiar tugging, sucking sensation on my ear.

Ugly, in so much pain, suffering and obviously dying was trying to suckle my ear. I pulled him closer to me, and he bumped the palm of my hand with his head, then he turned his one golden eye towards me, and I could hear the distinct sound of purring. Even in the greatest pain, that ugly battled scarred cat was asking only for a little affection, perhaps some compassion.

At that moment I thought Ugly was the most beautiful, loving creature I had ever seen. Never once did he try to bite or scratch me, or even try to get away from me, or struggle in any way. Ugly just looked up at me completely trusting in me to relieve his pain.

Ugly died in my arms before I could get inside, but I sat and held him for a long time afterwards, thinking about how one scarred, deformed little stray could so alter my opinion about what it means to have true pureness of spirit, to love so totally and truly.

Ugly taught me more about giving and compassion than a thousand books, lectures, or talk show specials ever could, and for that I will always be thankful. He had been scarred on the outside, but I was scarred on the inside, and it was time for me to move on and learn to love truly and deeply.

It was time to give my all to those I cared for. Many people want to be richer, more successful, well liked, beautiful, but for me, I will always try to be like Ugly.