

Valley View Voice

Valley View Retirement Village • Rock of Ages Mennonite Home • M.A.I.D.S. • McMinnville, Oregon • Winter 2019

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Valley View Voice

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DOROTHY OBER

By Victoria Wilbanks

Dorothy Ober was born in Dufur, Oregon on November 17, 1918, the very week that WWI ended. What a wonderful time to enter the world! Dorothy is 100 years old! What an achievement!!

Dorothy's parents were Dick and Lucy Neal, and she was the youngest of three children—herself, and two brothers. Dorothy is proud to say that her great grandfather Peter Neal was an early pioneer who traveled to Oregon by wagon train, and settled in the Hood River Valley. Dorothy's family lived on a farm in Dufur while she was growing up, and her grandfather lived with them. This is how Dorothy became so familiar with her family history—she had lots of time to visit with her grandfather, and as she noted to me, in those days it seemed people helped each other more, because there were no retirement facilities or television sets. Dorothy also recalls how her father helped a lady move to McMinnville on one occasion, and she drove the Model A truck all the way, along the old Columbia River Highway.

Dorothy attended school in Dufur, grades 1-5, before going to a one room school house in Endersby for grades 6, 7 and 8. She then came back to Dufur for grade 9, completed grade 10 in The Dalles, and finally returned to Dufur to complete grades 11 and 12. In spite of all this moving around, Dorothy was a very active student who enjoyed acting, and appeared in many plays. She was a good student, and was President of the senior class. After high school Dorothy met her husband George when she was 20 years old. George was hired by her father to do farm work, and they soon fell in love and married. They moved away from the family farm to Eight-Mile Creek. She recalls that they moved around quite a bit, and in those early years of marriage, she counted that they moved 20 times, finally settling in The Dalles. George drove a school bus and farmed. He later became a truck driver and delivered essential fuel to farmers during WWII. Eventually, George worked for Pacific Power and Light, where he remained for 40 years before retiring. The couple had two children; Ken born in 1940 and Bob born 1941. We all know Ken, as he lives in the Lodge near his mother Dorothy. Ken recalls that when they were growing up with their parents Dorothy and George, they had great fun

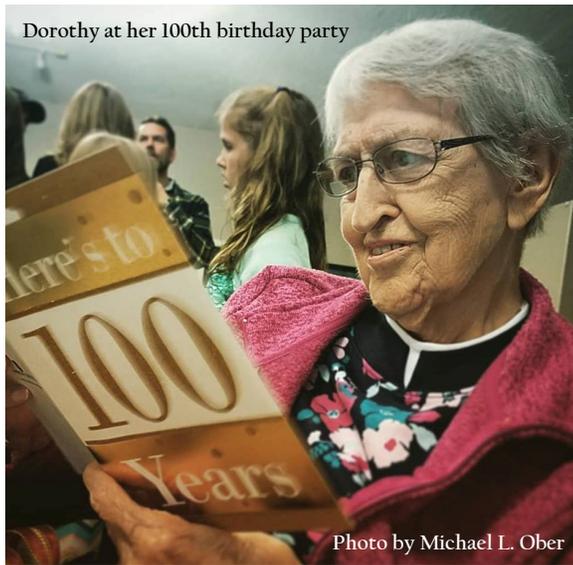
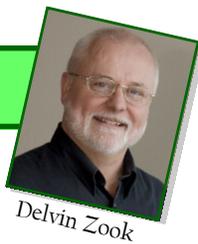


Photo by Michael L. Ober

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From Delvin's Desk



Delvin Zook

We have entered a new year—2019! When I was in middle school in the early '70's I distinctly remember thinking that 2020 was so very far away that I actually wondered if I would ever see that date, now less than a year away. We watched a "futuristic" film in school about somebody's concept of what 2020 would bring. One thing I remember from that film was how it portrayed homes with backyard decks and fences with no front porch, indicating less social interaction with our neighbors, no waving as neighbors passed by. This in many ways has come to pass. I just had a conversation with a staff member who after several years living in her home said she doesn't have a clue about the names of her neighbors. Other factors have added to the phenomenon of less socializing such as internet and technology that allows communication without actually talking to someone.

CNBC ran a story indicating 87% of "Millennials" (younger generation) admitted missing

out on many conversations because they are distracted by their cell phones. On the other hand 54% actually have a fear of missing out if they don't have their phone to check social media. In general we are becoming a disconnected people because of technology. Amazing how a phone invented to help us stay connected has made us disconnected! From a new born baby to the 101 year old grandmother, we love to hear voices from loved ones, touch, hugs, and other forms of compassion that can never be replaced by Facebook and other forms of social media.

If I had my say, I'd vote for *face-to-face!* I truly love our coffee hours, "socials" (a term younger generations don't know the meaning of), meal times, and true face-to-face conversation. I love Rock of Ages which is a place to live where you know your neighbors, and not only wave, but stop to visit, encouraging one another face-to-face, with a hug, in a way that can't be done through social media. Thank you for your "in-body" friendships! Blessings in 2019!

Chaplain's Corner



Mark Nissley

Several weeks ago, I was asked by a fellow staff member about the meaning of part of our name *Rock of Ages*. I'd like to take a moment to explore the significance of this term.

Sometimes we jokingly refer to how some of us seniors rock back and forth to get momentum to stand up from a chair as the "rock of ages." While I enjoy this pun, I doubt that it was the inspiration for choosing *Rock of Ages* as part of our name.

Although I was not part of the group when *Rock of Ages* was chosen to identify this village, I believe I can accurately assume that those who were, first heard the term *Rock of Ages* from the Hymn about which it was said, "is to-day in more church hymnals than is any other English hymn."

The hymn *Rock of Ages*, was written by Augustus M. Toplady. This very personal hymn uses pronouns such as I and me, rather than we and our, focusing on individual salvation.

Legend says that Toplady wrote the hymn during a stormy incident in England. While traveling along

the gorge in Burrington Combe, he was caught in a fierce storm and took shelter in a gap in the gorge, where he wrote the original lyrics. Some disagree on whether the event actually occurred; nevertheless, the rock is now marked with a plaque that reads: *Rock of Ages: This rock derives its name from the well-known hymn written about 1762 by the Rev A M Toplady who was inspired whilst sheltering in this cleft during a storm.*

Regardless of where and how Toplady got his inspiration, the hymn is a blessing. For generations it has remained a solid testimony to the powerful sacrifice of our Savior and a great encouragement to saints around the world. *Rock of Ages* refers to Jesus. Jesus is indeed our sure cleft or as the Psalmist puts it, our Hiding Place; preserving us from trouble. (Psa 32:7)

You will often hear the term "the Compassion of Jesus" used to describe the type of care our CEO Delvin Zook, the Board, and Staff want each resident to experience.

(Chaplain continued on pg 4)

Honoring our Employees

Employees of the Month



Isabel Alum was named Employee of the Month for September. She worked mainly in the TLC building. Isabel has since left Rock of Ages for other employment.



Nakinja Mahinga (L) and **Bertha Vega (R)** were named co-employees of the month for October.



Eileen Lehman was named Employee of the Month for November. Eileen works mainly as a cook in the kitchen, but she does many other tasks around the campus as well.



Truman Byler was named the Employee of the Year for 2018. Truman is the Administrator for the Memory Care Unit.

The Lighter Side

From the Cloverdale Farms reader board:

- Diamonds are only lumps of coal that stuck to their jobs.
- The beginning of a new year and the ending of another is the opportunity for improvement.

(Ober continued from pg one)

camping, and going on road trips. George loved to take the family clam digging at Gearhart. These wonderful times influenced Ken and his wife to retire to the beach. Ken also recalls that his mother loved to do crossword puzzles, read many books, and loved to sew. The couple also loved to entertain friends and play cards. Television did not arrive in The Dalles until 1954. There is a beautiful picture hanging in Dorothy's apartment of Celilo Falls. Dorothy remembers buying fish from the Indians at Celilo Falls where they fished from their platforms over the falls. The picture reminds us how beautiful and natural the falls were before they succumbed to the dam in 1958, and how skilled the Indians were at fishing over the precarious boiling waters below the falls.

Dorothy moved to McMinnville with her husband in 1999. During this time, George died of cancer, and Dorothy moved to Rock of Ages in 2005. She first lived in a duplex, but later moved to the lodge. She recalls that she became the first resident to move into the lodge after it was completed. Dorothy still enjoys an active life of reading, socializing and doing puzzles. She is so fortunate to live close to her son Ken in the lodge.

(Obercontinued page 4)

Life in the Village

By
Gordon Martin



Kudos to Mitch Mason who constructed an addition to our employees picture board. The new section is on the left of the original display. Thanks to Mitch we now have room to show pictures of all our employees. In fact, the pictures are now arranged by departments, so you can find your favorite employee picture more quickly.

Bible Mennonite Fellowship, Inc. dba

Rock of Ages

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Label

(Chaplain continued from pg one)

The reality of Jesus being our place of protection, of rest, our *Rock of Ages* as sung about in the hymn, is special. It is our goal to offer the same love and protection, mentally, spiritually and emotionally, that Jesus gives, to all who reside here at Rock of Ages/Valley View.

(Ober continued from pg 3)

Dorothy feels so very blessed to call Rock of Ages her home, and is living life to the fullest. Her recent 100th birthday party was a testament to her long and rich life. There were many guests, and her cake was made as a replica of an antique car! While everybody enjoyed the festivities inside, children were being treated to rides around the campus in another beautiful antique car! Dorothy's big event will be remembered by her family and friends for years to come, and memories of the day will probably remain with the children who rode in the car, as they grow older.

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your estate planning!
Your gift will keep giving and
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**Rock of Ages provide loving
care for those we serve.**

**Call 1-800-280-CARE(2273)
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(Rock of Ages is a 501-C-3 organization)