

TO THE POINTE

A monthly newsletter for a community of condos where people of diverse backgrounds and ages live in close proximity to one another and share common elements with their neighbors.

NEIGHBOR NEWS



Meet our new neighbor... Snickers Hausmann! She's 7 years old, a Japanese bobbail and loves to cuddle and sit in the window!

Harry (64 C) fell and broke his ankle. He will be in a cast for a while. He suggests night lights, especially in our kitchens. Feel better soon Harry.



The next HOA meeting is Wednesday, March 21 at 5:00 PM in the Riverside Room. Everyone is welcome!

AHHHHHHHHHH

That's the sound of neighbors enjoying the Oswego Pointe Village Spa, Opening April 1st!

One caveat, we need 6 people, per week, to check the chemicals. You only record the numbers... you don't add anything. Very simple. It takes about seven minutes!

We have some volunteers so far. If you plan on using the Spa this Spring please help us keep it safe by checking Chems.

Plan on checking one day per week till we open the rest of the pool area for Summer.
Call JB Lockhart if you will help!
503-341-8326





New edging and River rock around Gazebo!
Nice job, Landscape Committee.

LANDSCAPE COMMITTEE

It is time to replace our lovely but aging Trellises. They define all major walkways in our complex and look beautiful in the Spring/Summer months...but they are thirty years old.



Pictured above with 4x4 Trim Kit (trim kit sold separately)

The Landscape Committee has been busy gathering ideas and bids from various trellis and fencing companies. Harry and I have considered many kinds, from iron to cedar to plastic and everything in-between. We would like to mimic the originals.

Fresh, clean, white brings the "WOW" factor I think our community needs!
Stay tuned and thanks.

*Sandy Marentette,
Landscape Chair
503-657-6648*

PENNY PINCHERS

Downward Dog, Step...Touch, Reach. Oh ya....
BREATHE!!!!

What do all of these thing have in common?
They are terms you will hear in the gym! And if you are 65 years old and above many gyms are now FREE for you.

Check your health insurance policy for this fantastic perk!

This program is frequently called, Silver Sneakers or Silver Fit.

My policy (Providence Advantage) gave me four gyms or Curves to join. I visited all of them and chose Providence at Mercantile. Sandy M. (Keizer Perm.) and JB (Providence Advantage) also joined with their Silver Sneakers perk. Another neighbor is enjoying Curves for free!

I take a three day a week Cardio class.. plus a few evening relaxation yoga classes. All of the 25 participants are "Silver Sneaker" folks and we love it.

Nobody needs fancy gym outfits... just supportive sneakers and a desire to stay healthy! We work at our own pace... groan a bit and laugh a lot. My favorite days are the days they play Beatles music all class long! And yes...I "Twist And Shout!" Try it... you'll like it! And the price is great...FREE!!!
(Most Silver Sneaker supported gyms have a week long trial program!)



FLANNEL BLANKETS



We just wanted you to know that we donated 10 blankets that Lauri and I made, from the flannel fabric Lauri's son's mother-in-law gave us, to the LINUS PROJECT. This organization donates blankets to local hospitals, shelters and children's organizations. We drop them off at the Montavilla Sewing Center in Beaverton and were welcomed with open arms as their inventory was temporarily down to zero. Our blankets passed their standard and we were asked to make more, which we will. We are now called "Blanketeers". How cool is that.

Judy Rossner

LIBRARY LOWDOWN

We have a small brown wooden table and four chairs that we no longer need. (IKEA, I think) It was formerly used for doing puzzles but with so many more people interested in working on puzzles, we put in an 8 foot table! First one to bring \$100 (for our summer BBQ) gets it!



Early Spring!

well hello,
march



CANCER SURVIVOR

Both of my parents died of cancer before they were the age I am now, 76, so I figured I had won the old-age disease lottery. I had been remarkably healthy my entire life, nothing more serious than a basal cell carcinoma 10 years ago, no recurrences, and more recently, cataract surgery.

Then, on June 1, doctors told me I had pancreatic cancer. Oooph! My father had died of that 35 years ago and the non-fake news is that the majority of people handed this diagnosis are dead in under a year.

That's because just ten percent are diagnosed early enough to be eligible for the only known treatment besides chemotherapy and radiation - the Whipple Procedure. Fortunately, I won that lottery.

The surgeon described the Whipple: he and his team would slice open my torso from top to bottom. They would remove the diseased portion of my pancreas, take out my gallbladder, duodenum, a small part of my stomach, a few other bits and pieces and then rearrange all the plumbing to fit the new configuration.

The surgery would take at least eight hours, said the surgeon, and recovery would take at least six months. It sounded so awful, I asked what would happen if I refused the surgery. "You'll be dead by the end of the year," he said.

That certainly focuses one's attention.

So, on 20 June 2017, I underwent the Whipple at OHSU (in my case, it took 12 hours) and remained in the hospital for 11 days, of which I have little memory. Then the hard part began.

For six to eight weeks, they directed, I could not bend over or twist my body. You (well, me anyway) have no idea how many times a day you need to pick up something off the floor or feed the cat or turn the top half of your body to reach a dish on a high cupboard shelf, etc.

Pain pills were my constant companion for the first five or six weeks and it wasn't much fun when I forgot one now and then. Plus, ordinarily, I am a side-sleeper but noooo. With 20 or 30 staples down the middle of your body, you sleep on your back.

Nonetheless, that scar is so long and impressive I took to telling friends that if I were 40 years younger I would have a zipper tattooed over it. In fact, if I had not given priority to the decision that no one ever again gets to come near my body with a sharp, pointy object, I would do it even at my age.

The surgeon had been right. The recovery was no fun at all – it was the hardest thing I have been through and even as I could see, during the ensuing months, definite improvement day-to-day, I was not back to my old self again until January.

IMPORTANT NUMBERS**BOARD of DIRECTORS**

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Guest Suite - Dianne Robbins
 503-699-5528
Landscape - Sandy Marentette
 503-348-5600
Library - JB Lockhart
 503-341-8326
Maintenance - Annie Arkebauer
 (503) 636-4347
Pool - OPEN

LIGHTS OUT?

Mary Beth Coffey, 503-740-6937

CANCER SURVIVOR cont'd

I have no family and it was friends and neighbors who got me through the first two months when I could do almost nothing for myself except sleep and personal care.

Many of you probably know Judy Rossner and Lauri Lindquist who live among us here.

Judy was at my house every day feeding the cat, cleaning the litter box, taking out the trash, grocery shopping and essentially being my companion. Lauri made a cat-feeding contraption for me from a three-foot cardboard tube with a plastic cup made into a funnel at the top through which I could pour dry food and not need to bend over - really useful and clever invention.

Cathi Lutz, who also lives here, drove me to and from doctor appointments and when I could walk around fairly well again but not drive yet, took me grocery shopping and helped get the bags into my house.

I am forever grateful to these wonderful people, our neighbors, who took so much time from their own lives to help care for me. Without them, I would have had to hire strangers.

It has been more than eight months since the surgery now and I am finally at close to full capacity again. The surgeon was right, it takes a long, long time to recover from a Whipple.

But now the news is even better than just a successful surgical recovery. Three weeks ago, after blood tests and a CT scan, the surgeon declared me to be cancer-free. As you might imagine, I wept more than a few tears of joy when he told me. Less than 10 percent of pancreatic cancer patients get to hear that.

I have no idea what I've done in my life to be so lucky: to have the cancer found early enough for the surgery, to have been treated by a world-class surgeon and cancer unit full of smart, dedicated, always helpful doctors, nurses, technicians and other health care workers at OHSU, and to have such wonderful neighbors.

And yes, this is not the end of it. Cancers do recur or turn up in a different organ so I will need regular blood tests and twice-yearly CT scans for the rest of my life.

But I will happily do it. I'm one of the few survivors of this terrible cancer and I am deliberately returning to my pre-cancer, pre-surgery life because no one should spend their days worrying about or preparing for future calamities. These days ordinary, everyday life feels like a miracle.

Ronni Bennett