



The Retreat Newsletter
November/December 2004
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FRANCES FUELS FRIENDSHIPS
September 4, 2004
By Hank Stasiewicz



As we sat and listened, from storm paneled concrete "bunkers," to the wind howling at unbelievable decibels, for what seemed an eternity, we could only wonder what unpredictable disasters Hurricane Frances had in store for the residents of The Retreat and Florida. Many residents chose to protect their homes and travel to a safer area, but for those who chose to stay within the confines of their homes, an unexpected blessing would enter many of their lives.

In the time preceding Frances, in a period filled with anxious preparations, an unusual, but not unheard of, series of events unfolded. In older communities where established friendships have endured for years, this would come as no surprise, but to a young community such as ours, it stood out proud and

tall, a symbol of community pride and unity.

What developed in those days preceding Frances was a feeling of camaraderie between neighbors, some of which had never met each other formally. A feeling of need and a feeling of giving permeated the air. We found ourselves working side by side, hungry, tired and sweaty, to help our neighbors, to protect our lives, homes and assets. Residents, informally assembled into loose groups, traversed our tranquil streets within The Retreat for days rendering aid. They gave assistance to those who could not secure their homes by themselves, to residences that were vacant, to the elderly and the sick and

along their way, they created new friendships, some of which will last and, unfortunately, some will not.

If you asked them, "Why do you do this?" I am sure the reply would be a resounding "Because we care!"

"What developed in those days preceding Frances was a feeling of camaraderie between neighbors, some of which had never met each other formally."

Items in need were readily shared with those who required them. Those of us that are seasoned storm survivors guided the novices. Our prior hurricane knowledge was freely given, and gratefully accepted, by those who had never experienced a hurricane before.

It was then time to patch the wounds that Frances had inflicted. It was a

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REFLECTIONS FROM CONNECTICUT
By Bea Kozlowski

As Hilary and I sat safe and sound in our Connecticut home, we thought constantly of our dear Florida neighbors and prayed that Hurricane Frances heading for the East Coast would veer off into the Atlantic and spare Florida. Unfortunately, that was not the way it would be.

As Hurricane Frances ripped thru Palm Beach and Martin Counties destroying mobile homes, trailers, boats, homes,

trees and power lines, we sat watching this devastation being televised on Fox, CNN and The Weather Channel. It was heart wrenching. Jack, our house sitter, called two days before Hurricane Frances hit and advised he was installing the hurricane shutters at our Retreat home as well as at the homes of our next door neighbors. How grateful we are to Jack.

Even though we knew it could be days before hearing from Florida friends, we weren't prepared for the agonizing wait due to lack of power and phone service. "Networking" began to take hold. I e-mailed Maurie and Janet at the Cape and asked them to let us know when

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RETREAT RESIDENTS TALK ABOUT FRANCES AND JEANNE

Geri Morgan: When we heard she was really coming, the first thought was adventurous -- after all, wouldn't this be a day or two without power and then back to normal?? That feeling very rapidly diminished and was replaced with fear of the unknown and finally panic -- did we have everything we would need? We'd never experienced a hurricane before. My parents lived in Boynton Beach, Florida for 25 years and never saw more than a tropical storm! As the time drew nearer, we began to fear that the man we contracted to put up the shutters would not show. He did. Hopefully, we will get the "accordion shutters" installed before the next storm. However, we survived and being without power was horrible, but perhaps the worst of all was being without a telephone and a cell phone. Knowing that all our family would be worrying and not being able to communicate for several days was probably the worst thing we experienced. The best thing about the whole "experience" was to realize how blessed we are to have so many true friends. We had so many hurricane parties, we had to get in line to host one ourselves!!

CHARLES ESCHENBURG: OUR DAUGHTER, HER HUSBAND AND THEIR FIVE DOGS JOINED US AS OUR HOME WAS SHUTTERED AND THEIRS WAS NOT. SO WE ENDURED WITH EIGHT CANINES. IT WAS LIKE LIVING IN A KENNEL. FORTUNATELY, THE LITTLE GARAGE DOOR WAS OUT OF THE WIND AT FIRST, SO WE WERE ABLE TO TAKE THEM OUT IN SHIFTS ON LEADS. BUT AFTER THE EYE WALL PASSED, WE WERE NOT ABLE TO TAKE THEM OUT, SO THE "PUPPY PADS" WERE IN CONSTANT USE. IT WAS NICE TO GET A LITTLE FRESH AIR WHEN THINGS CALMED DOWN. WE ARE ALL GRATEFUL FOR A STURDY HOUSE.

Helen Larcom: Hurricane Frances was the first hurricane we ever experienced. We did not know what to expect, but our neighbors were very helpful and full of advice. We discovered that we did not have enough panels to cover our back sliders. One of our neighbors had extras and gave us three more, it did not quite cover but was a great help. That evening our porch took a beating, five of our screens blew out and four of our support beams fell down, but we felt very fortunate that was all the damage done. Actually, we felt very safe living in a DiVosta home. I think the thing that impressed us the most were the friends we have made in the Retreat. Before the hurricane, friends and neighbors helped us put up shutters and carry heavy things into the garage. Paul in turn helped another neighbor with his shutters. They stopped in to see how we made out after the hurricane and asked if they could help with anything. We were very grateful for their help and advice.



PRE-FRANCES PARTY AT THE SHUTTERED RETREAT CLUBHOUSE



Diane Giordano: Anxiety and stress ran high among most residents of the Retreat as Hurricane Frances narrowed in on the Treasure Coast. After storm shutters went up, bath tubs topped with water, gas tanks filled, and supplies of food and drinking water were stocked in our homes, then came the "calm before the storm," an impenetrable period when one could sit and wait it out or... "Have a pre-hurricane party." Well, several residents got together and did just that. It was a good time for all even though much improvising was needed. We had to bring chairs and an empty bladder as the pool furniture, Clubhouse, and bathroom facilities were all shuttered up. It was amazing to see how ingenious we could be by using two small tables to host everyone's hors d'oeuvres, plates and napkins. The appetizers were varied and tasteful while many libations were drunk from unique Floridian poolside glasses. One kind soul even provided a fan for everyone's comfort while another remembered trash bags. All in all, it was a "very good thing" as Martha would put it. Everyone agreed this impromptu get-together allayed some stress and the timing was appropriate as our electric and phone service went off the very next morning!

Ann Condon: Two days before Frances hit our area, six of our neighbors on Hawks Nest Court arrived at our front door to put up our shutters—Catherine and Ron Klinger, Brenda and Jennifer Hicks, John Kelly, and Chris Burke. With their help, the shutters were all up in a short time.

Now for the recipes. I'm afraid they were not too exciting. I had baked some salmon I had in the freezer before we lost our electricity so the salmon in a salad was what we ate for two nights until the salmon went bad. Then we were able to get the grill out of the garage so we had franks and beans for the next two nights. The fun really started with the very long lines at the only open gas station in Hobe Sound, the Hess Station on Bridge Road. Then off to Publix—another treat. The shelves were empty—no milk, eggs, bread, ice or water.

After the hurricane, our neighbor, Bill Boyle, who only comes up here from Miami on the weekends arrived with his SUV loaded with chests filled with ice. A welcome sight as our food was going bad rapidly. The next day another neighbor, Chris Burke, waited two hours to get more ice at Cassidy's to share with us, also. We have wonderful and caring neighbors here on Hawks Nest Court. Thank you everyone.

Shelby Conrad (age 9): When Hurricane Frances hit, I experienced what it was like without power. We all had to sit in the dark with candles and flash lights and played board games. We cooked with a camping stove on the front porch in the middle of the hurricane. It was so much fun. Afterwards, we walked down the street to my friend's house, and I slept over. I slept very well. I could hear the wind blowing, and it helped me sleep. This was my first hurricane and I was not scared because I knew I had a sturdy house, and I knew my parents were there.

Muriel Barry: It was a night of horrors. We had food, water, and ice stocked, shutters up, refrigerators and A/C turned to lowest setting. When the lights went out, we listened to a small portable radio and used flashlights to navigate. The wind was horrendous, and it sounded as if a train was coming thru the house. We have been in Florida over 20 years and have never experienced anything like this... and then the second storm came. Enough is ENOUGH. Everyone felt stressed out. No damage to the house--lost a few trees and bushes.



Photo by Wally Malinowski

After Frances and Jeanne, Retreat residents did not know if they were coming or going. Many of the street signs were twisted by the hurricanes. It appears that Retreat Drive and Seabranh Boulevard run parallel to each other!

From the diary of Beausie Freedman: A 7-year old, 100-pound Yellow Labrador Retriever, writing with the explanation to possible skeptic readers: Pets may not receive appropriate respect for innate intelligence and understanding.



Saturday, September 4, 2004

Humans are strange. Now here I am trying to enjoy a sunny, summer day...napping by my pool, after a brisk walk...early-up to beat the heat of the day, as my mom chortles a nice breakfast, and I'm settled in for a good nap...but, noooooo. My mom, usually content for a snooze with her favourite animal...proclaims that she's "getting ready for Frances!" Who's Frances??? I know I won't like her...she's going to be strange...unused to my rituals of extra company treats and walks...and I'm RIGHT...Frances is already claiming everyone's attention...and she's not even arrived. Hmph! I see through my heavy, nappy eyes...vast preparations are underway...complex...to rival Christmas. Mom roasting a turkey that she's saying we'll eat for a week (Uhoh! Very few scraps leftover for you know who) and homemade soup, and banana bread. I see coolers and huge frozen water jugs...and now my poor papa...struggling with some huge, clanking contraptions that he seems to be drilling to my house...my new, perfect house! I'd better get a lot of rest while I can...'cause someone is sure to need me to snuggle down real close with them later on...to calm the frenzy." (Many hours pass)

It's dark and hot and noisy...company's never been this bad...they say Frances is here, but don't go by me...I can't see a thing...I just woke up on my bed, between my mom and dad...trying my best to be there for them, but it's HOT...my eyes feel heavy and I can't breath right...thank God, my mom's awake, to soothe her hyperventilating puppy, leading me to the still-cool tiles I love so... ahhhh peaceful rest.

Uhoh....I've overslept my chance for potty trip during the eye...I'm not sure what that means...but it doesn't sound good, but, I trust my mom so out we go...WOW!!! It's a good thing I'm a waterdog...not easy to keep your mind on your business, being buffeted around like this...mission accomplished...back inside...still dark?? All I can say...it's a good thing I have my life figured out... eat, sleep, play. I do my best to keep my humans on task. But who's this Jeanne who's coming now? More company? I'm pretty tired....

time of heat, humidity and darkness. It was a time of candlelight meals, and if you were fortunate enough to own a portable LP stove, your food was hot. The oppressive heat, the confinement and the lack of interaction with others, tested our patience to the limits as never before.

Our days of toil and preparations rewarded us with no known personal injuries to Retreat residents and a minimal amount of damage to our homes, enforcing that we indeed live in "built-solid" homes. Our landscaping, however, was not so fortunate. A majority of the newly planted trees and several of the first plantings were toppled; numerous small bushes were blown onto their sides and uprooted. Most are repairable and our landscape contractor was soon in full gear restoring our shrubbery to its original condition.

"...no known personal injuries to Retreat residents and a minimal amount of damage to our homes, enforcing that we indeed live in "built-solid" homes."

As a result of losing power, many barbecues were quickly pressed into action. The aroma of steaks, chickens, ribs and other assorted roasts wafted across yards on strong post-hurricane breezes. All driveway chefs were energetic in sharing copious amounts of succulent meats, which had to be consumed before they spoiled. If you were fortunate enough, on that first day after the hurricane, you might have even found a batch of ice cream, which also had to be eaten before it melted into a thick, sour, liquid mass. A true silver lining in the turmoil. Refrigerators were purged of tainted goods, which posed potential health risks, and the saying of the day was, "When in doubt, throw it out!" Needless to say, the vultures at the Martin County Landfill ate well for many days. Phone service was sporadic at best, but mostly non-existent. Even cell coverage was challenging. The loud raucous sound of generators was music to many residents' ears, for it meant power. Power to fuel lights, fans, freezers, refrigerators, room air conditioners and for many of us, the coffee pot!

Those of us that had limited power in the source of battery or LP powered devices, used it wisely and conserved those valuable resources, not knowing when power would be restored. Battery powered televisions and radios were used sparingly to conserve energy, and only as frequently, as needed, to be currently updated on the hurricane's position and projected path.

Many occupied their confined time by resorting to reading, board and card games and conversation. Movement was restricted by multiple countywide curfews, one of which was for 24 hours (the first day after the storm) but most were enforced for the evening and night hours. This harsh but needed restriction was not accepted gracefully by many but in the long run proved to meet its need.

As the pockets of comfort returned to our neighborhood, life began to return to some degree of normality, with residents emerging from their homes. Homes that were now filled with bright sunlight after having their storm panels removed. They emerged to smell the sweet morning air and to enjoy the sun on their faces once more. To enjoy a mild breeze with no fear of being struck by flying debris. To stand on the driveway and talk with your neighbor or newly found friend or to stroll the sidewalks with man's best friend. These are some of the things we enjoy daily but hardly realize the paramount part they have on our lives.

It is now a time of rebuilding and for many, a long road to recovery. It is also a time we should evaluate our own preparedness for our next incident. Hopefully, we all wish, these preparations will never be needed, but in light of where we live, preparation is our best defense against Mother Nature.

I am sure that the residents of The Retreat are proud to live in a development that has proven to be a place where, with little or no time for preparations, we can band together, in unity, to preserve a way of life that we all enjoy.

Reflections from Connecticut (Continued from page 1)

they hear from neighbors at Lost Lake. They e-mailed others as did I, Lill Malinowski, and Jan Kasuboske. Before long a relative of Gene Gillis sent an e-mail saying she talked with Gene via cell just briefly though because of a bad connection. Gene reported residents were safe, minimal damage to shrubs, trees and lanai screens, no flooding which meant the lakes held and no damage to the Retreat homes that he could see thus far. Relief swept over us. Thank You, God. And, thank you to Gene

Gillis' relative for sharing the good news.

"...we weren't prepared for the agonizing wait due to lack of power and phone serve."

Our good friends and neighbors, Diane and Joe Giordano and Hank and Joann Stasiewicz, have been in constant touch with updates on the impact of Frances on Retreat residents. Diane and Joe checked on our property and even arranged to have our damaged patio screens replaced. Hank and Joann said that many new friendships and bonds were formed during this uncertain time. Hilary and I are so very thankful our friends and neighbors survived. Although we only met these lovely people a year or so ago, it feels as if we've known them a lifetime.

Neighbors Helping Neighbors

Normally, the Neighborhood Watch Program provides a way for neighbors to help one another by keeping an eye on each other's homes and property. Two days before the anticipated arrival of Hurricane Frances, we saw neighbors use muscle and skill to protect each others homes and property. You could see the concern and kindness as panels were installed and property prepared.

One of our section leaders and Community Emergency Response Team (CERT) members asked for a list of residents needing care and assistance. We activated our telephone screen those elderly, home alone or with infirmities. Each area listed those to be contacted before and after the storm to ascertain their condition and safety. We need to expand this service.

*"And then
Jeanne blew in!
She was stronger;
and so were
we!"*

And then Jeanne blew in! She was stronger; and so were we!

We invite all new residents to attend our monthly Neighborhood Watch meetings. Be Involved! Learn about the Sheriff's Office reports concerning criminal activity.

Tom Palmer, Neighborhood Watch Coordinator

Susan Hemmer: Now that the actual anguish and hard work of preparing for and cleaning up after the hurricanes Frances and Jeanne has past, the experiences, in retrospect illuminate what is, in my opinion, a remarkable community.

Before the storm the strong and able eagerly moved among us putting up shutters and moving outside furniture in for the less able. They made room in garages to secure autos. They knocked on doors and made phone calls, "Do you need help?," "Do you have enough wing-nuts?," "I have an electric drill for you," "Let me help you move that." Preparation was a most welcome and appreciated team effort.

The storms themselves were scary. Two friends who had been evacuated from barrier islands stayed with me. We ate well, played scrabble by candlelight and listened to the radio. During the 'eye', in that brief calm, we ventured out into the dark, dark to see beams of flashlights up and down the street and people hollering, "You okay?" "You need anything?" -- hurriedly walking dogs, raking out the storm drains, assessing damage, before the other wall came in.

And then the aftermath: We became a front-porch community. Garage doors opened and everyone was out. Driveways filled with lawn chairs and grills and coolers and the mood was festive and everyone so eager to share what they had, food, ice. We sang the praises of our little DiVosta homes that had closed up like clamshells and kept us safe.

Services are restored and we have closed our garage doors and moved back inside, but you have to know, I really appreciate and love my neighbors!

RETREAT FITNESS CENTER

The Retreat Fitness Center was re-opened in August, 2004 after undergoing an expansion from 300 to 760 square feet with the addition of 8 new pieces of state-of-the-art equipment. The expansion was funded by our builder, DiVosta. See you in the Fitness Center!!!



Photos by Gene Gillis



**PLEASE VOTE on
Tuesday, November 2**

Anonymous: I called the AUTOMATED (ugh) Bell South repair on the cell phone to report our home phone outage. The computer did a test and instructed me to check for dial tone. With the power out, I laid my hearing aid on the night stand to listen to the phone and reply on the cell and that the phone was still dead. The computer then instructed me to disconnect any business machines which I did in another room. Still no luck. A couple of hours later, I missed the hearing aid and went to the night stand to retrieve it. It was nowhere in sight. The only conclusion was that the dog had eaten it. After four days of searching her stools, I found the hearing aid--next to the fax machine!

Ethan Conrad (age 7): Hurricane Frances was exciting because we cooked on the camp stove and we went out into the wind. We spent the hurricane with friends playing games, eating, and making paper fans. After the hurricane, we were happy to get power. At grandma's house, it got wet and moldy.

HURRICANE HUMOR

Top 10 Reasons Hurricane Season in Florida is Like Christmas

10. Decorating the house (boarding up windows)
9. Dragging out boxes that haven't been used since last season (camping gear, flashlights)
8. Last minute shopping in crowded stores
7. Regular TV shows pre-empted for "specials"
6. Family coming to stay with you
5. Family and friends from out-of-state calling
4. Buying food you don't normally buy and in large quantities
3. Days off from work
2. Candles

And the number one reason Hurricane Season is like Christmas:

1. At some point you know you're going to have a tree in your house!

Received from Joe and Diane Giordano

YOU MIGHT BE A FLORIDIAN IF...

- * You exhibit a slight twitch when introduced to anyone with the first names of Charley, Frances, Ivan or Jeanne
 - * Your freezer never has more than \$20 worth of food in it at any given time
 - * You're looking at paint swatches for the plywood on your windows to accent the house color
 - * You think of your hall closet/safe room as "cozy"
 - * Your pool is more accurately described as "framed in" than "screened in"
 - * Your freezer in the garage now only has homemade ice in it
 - * You no longer worry about relatives visiting during the summer months
 - * You, too, haven't heard back from the insurance adjuster
 - * You understand what that little "2% hurricane deductible" phrase really means
 - * You were once proud of your 16" electric chain saw
 - * Your street has more than 3 "NO WAKE" signs posted
 - * You now own 5 large ice chests
 - * Your parrot can now say "hammered," "pounded," and "hunker down"
 - * You stop what you're doing and clap and wave when you see a convoy of power company trucks come down your street
 - * You're depressed when they don't stop
 - * You have the personal cell phone numbers of the managers for: plywood, roofing supplies and generators at Home Depot on your speed dialer
 - * You've spent more than \$20 on "tall white kitchen bags" to make your own sand bags
 - * You're considering upgrading your 16" to a 20" chainsaw
 - * You know what "Bar chain oil" is
 - * You're thinking of getting your wife the hard hat with the ear protector and face shield for her birthday
 - * You now think the \$6,000 whole house generator seems reasonable
 - * You look forward to discussions about the merits of "cubed, block and dry ice"
 - * Your therapist refers to your condition as "generator envy"
- And finally, you might be a Floridian if:
- * You ask your sister up North to start saving the Sunday Real Estate classifieds!

Received from Jan Kasuboske

Lessons Learned While Living Through Hurricane Frances and Jeanne

- * Coffee and frozen pizzas can be made on a BBQ grill.
- * No matter how many times you flick the switch, lights don't work without electricity.
- * Kids can survive 4 days or longer without a video game controller in their hand.
- * Cats are really irritating without power.
- * He who has the biggest generator wins.
- * Women can actually survive without doing their hair -- you just wish they weren't around you.
- * A new method of non-lethal torture - showers without hot water.
- * There are a lot more stars in the sky than most people thought.
- * TV is an addiction and the withdrawal symptoms are painful.
- * A 7 lb. bag of ice will chill 6-12 oz. Budweisers to a drinkable temperature in 11 minutes and still keep a 14-pound turkey frozen for 8 more hours.
- * There are a lot of trees around here.
- * Flood plan drawings on some mortgage documents were seriously wrong.
- * Contrary to most Florida natives' beliefs, speed limit on roads without traffic lights does not increase.
- * Aluminum siding, while aesthetically pleasing, is definitely not required.
- * Just because you're over 21 doesn't mean you can stay out as late as you want. At least that's what the cops told me during a curfew stop.
- * Crickets can increase their volume to overcome the sound of 14 generators.
- * People will get into a line that has already formed without having any idea what the line is for.
- * When required, a Chrysler 300M will float--doesn't steer well, but floats just the same.
- * Some things do keep the mailman from his appointed rounds.
- * Tele-marketers function no matter what the weather is doing.
- * Cell phones work when land lines are down but only as long as the battery remains charged.
- * 27 of your neighbors are fed from a different transformer than you, and they are quick to point that out!
- * Laundry hampers were not made to contain such a volume.
- * If I had a store that sold only ice, chainsaws, gas, and generators, I'd be rich.
- * The price of a bag of ice rises 200% after a hurricane.
- * Your water front property can quickly become someone else's fishing hole.
- * Tree service companies are under appreciated.
- * I learned what happens when you make fun of another state's blackout.
- * MATH 101: 30 days in month, minus 6 days without power equals a 30% higher electric bill???
- * Drywall is a compound word, take away the "dry" part and it's worthless.
- * I can walk a lot farther than I thought.

Received from Hank Stasiewicz

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE FRANCES

'Twas the night before Frances
When all through the state
Not a gas pump was pumping
Not a store open late

All the plywood was hung
On the windows with care
Knowing that a hurricane
Soon would be there

The children were ready
With flashlights in hand
While bands from the hurricane
Covered over the land

And mamma with her Mag-Lite
And I in my cap
Had just filled the bath tub
For flushing our crap

When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter
I sprang from the closet
To see what was the matter

The trees on the fence
And the neighbor's roof torn
Gave the fear of us dying
In this terrible storm

With a little wind gust
So lively and quick
I remembered quite clearly
Our walls weren't brick

More rapid than eagles
Her courses they came
And she whistled, and wafted
And surged all the same
Off shingles! Off sidings!
Off rooftops! Off power!
Down trees! Down fences!
Down trailers! Down towers!

In the center of Florida
She continued to maul
Screaming Blow Away!
Blow Away! Blow Away All!

As wind ripped and tossed
The debris through the sky
I peeked out the shutters
At cars floating by

So go to the safe-room
My family did do
With a portable radio
And batteries too

And then, in a twinkling
I heard on the set
The end was not coming
For a few hours yet!

As I calmed down the kids
And was turning around
Through the window it came
With a huge crashing sound

A tree branch it was
All covered in soot
The wind blew it smack-dab
On top of my foot

A bundle of twigs
Now lay in a stack
And my living room looks
Like it was under attack

The wind - how it howled!
The storm - very scary!
Myself and the family
Were all too unwary
The dangers of hurricanes
Are serious, you know
They are taken for granted
As Frances did show

With the winds dying down
And the danger beneath
I noticed my tool shed
Was missing its sheath

So I grabbed my last tarp
And nailed it on down
Then I got in my car
And I headed to town

The traffic was awful
And stores had no ice
My five gallon cooler
Would have to suffice

Generators were scarce
Not one left in town
There were trees on the roads
And power lines down

FEMA was ready
With people to work
Electrical companies
Came in from New York

And in the midst of
This peculiar routine
Another storm emerged
Named Hurricane Jeanne

I sprang to the car
And gave my family a whistle
Then away we all went
Like a Tomahawk missile

You could hear us exclaim
As we drove out of sight
"The heck with this place,
Iowa seems just right!"

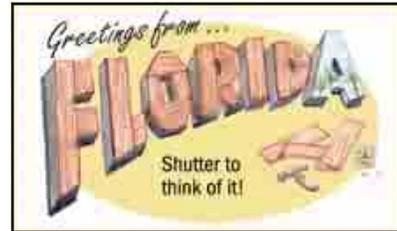
Received from Coni McGuinn



Received from Hank Stasiewicz

What Hurricanes Frances and Jeanne Have Taught Us!!

1. An oak tree on the ground looks four times bigger than it did standing up.
2. Even after all these years it is still nice to spend time with Col. Mustard in the ballroom with the lead pipe.
3. When house hunting, look for closets with lots of leg room.
4. AA, C and D are the only alphabet we need (batteries).
5. The four-way stop is still an ingenious reflection of civility.
6. Radio can be the best way to watch television.
7. Chain-saw wielding men are nothing to be afraid of.
8. You can use your washing machine as a cooler.
9. We shouldn't complain about "useless" tools in the garage-- we actually DO need a generator
10. You can't spell "priceless" without I-C-E.
11. Gasoline is a value at any price.
12. Cell phones: Breaking up isn't hard to do.
13. The life blood of any disaster recovery is COFFEE.
14. The need for your dog to go out and take care of business is inversely proportional to the severity of the storm.
15. Candlelight is better than Botox--- it takes years off your appearance.
16. Air conditioning: BEST INVENTION EVER.
17. Shadow animals on the wall---still fun.
18. No matter how hard the wind blows, roadside campaign signs will survive.
19. You should never admit to having power at your house in the presence of co-workers or neighbors who do not.
20. There's a plus to having NOTHING in the refrigerator.
21. Getting through the day should be an Olympic event.



From The Palm Beach Post Received from Joe Giordano

WOMEN'S CLUB NEWS

By Coni McGuinn

Since the last issue, we survived two hurricanes and for many of us, Frances was a first. Our September luncheon was cancelled because the Dolphin restaurant was damaged. Our October luncheon at Manero's was attended by 20 ladies. The November lunch will be held on the 11th at the Dockside Restaurant. For more information, contact either Inez Poppe on 545.3398 or Lois Beutlich on 545.3384.

The Women's Club sponsored a bus trip to the Hard Rock Casino in August in Dania and 22 women and spouses were present. We shared a bus with another group, and we had the back of the bus. We had some winners and some losers. Bottles of wine and snacks were consumed on the way home, and everyone had a great time. Thanks to Audrey for a great day!

In August, Audrey Ruggier, Marguerite Badcock, and Barbara Farley delivered another set of "Bags of Love" to the Hibiscus House, a shelter for abused and abandoned children. We will be painting and filling the last group of "Bags" in the next few weeks.

The annual Labor Day Italian Night was postponed due to the hurricane and quickly rescheduled for the 18th. The Clubhouse was transformed into an Italian bistro by Joy and her committee. Carol Stone won the 50-50 raffle. The food was catered by Giorgio and a great time was had by all.

Octoberfest was attended by 65 Retreat residents. The food, the music, and the atmosphere was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Since Mary Regan was out of town, who was Bob Regan with at Octoberfest!?!?!?

On the weekend of November 6 and 7, the Women's Club is sponsoring an Arts and Crafts Festival with a Bake Sale at the Clubhouse. A Trim-The-Tree Party will be held at the Clubhouse on November 28th starting at 5:00 PM. A cookie exchange is planned and details will be announced at the November meeting.

Mark your calendars for the Holiday Dinner Dance on December 4th at Lost Lake Country Club. Tickets will be sold for \$40 per person with a cash bar. Due to limited seating, tickets will be sold on a first come, first serve basis. Tickets will be sold on Saturday, November 6, from 9 to 11 AM—**CASH ONLY**. Dinner choices are yellow-tailed snapper stuffed with crabmeat *or* prime rib. Select your dinner choice at the time of the ticket sales.

Welcome Bags from the Women's Club for the new sections of the Retreat are all filled and street captains are in the process of delivering the bags for Retreat Drive, La Creek Court, and Maryhill Place. If anyone on these streets has not received their Welcome Bag, please

Artists & Artisans of the Retreat Arts and Crafts Fair and Bake Sale

Proceeds from Bake Sale go to Hibiscus House

DATE: NOVEMBER 6 and 7

TIME: 9 AM to 3 PM

PLACE: RETREAT CLUBHOUSE

Sponsored by

The Women's Club of The Retreat



Interested in joining a singles' group? Come to the first **Retreat Singles' Social Group Meeting** on Friday, November 19, at 7 PM in the Retreat Clubhouse. RSVP to Joanne at 545.7547.

CRANBERRY WINE SALAD

This is a great alternative to plain cranberry sauce for holiday meals.

- 1 - 6 OZ. OR 2 - 3 OZ. raspberry or cranberry Jell-O
- 1 - 16 oz. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1 - 8 3/4 oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 c. any red wine (or substitute cranberry juice)
- 1/3 c. chopped nuts (optional)

Dissolve Jell-O in 2 cups boiling water (use ONLY 2 cups). Stir in cranberry sauce, un-drained crushed pineapple, wine and chill until partially set, then stir in nuts.

Recipe received from Helen Larcom

CORN CRAB SOUP

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 lb. crab | 3 cans creamed corn |
| 3 Tbsp. butter | 2 cups milk |
| 3 Tbsp. flour | 2 cups half-and-half |
| 1 onion, chopped | 2 chicken bouillon cubes |
| | 1 cup sherry, optional |

Combine all ingredients except sherry into a pot. Simmer over medium heat for 10 minutes—do not boil. Serve with sherry on the side.

Recipe received from Joyce Bryant

contact Coni McGuinn at 545.3465. Also, advise Coni of any re-sales in your neighborhood.

Luminaries will be sold again this year. A set of 15 luminaries is \$5 and will be sold on December 4 and 6 at the Clubhouse. Watch for the flyer in the mail room.

The Women's Club will be selling **Enjoy 2005** books (formerly known as "Entertainment Books") for \$35. Proceeds will go to the Hope Rural School in Indiantown. Contact Mary Paukstys for more information at 546.8054.

Ke'e Grill

Looking for ambience, attentive service and spectacular cuisine? The Ke'e Grill is definitely a prime choice! It is located on US 1 and Donald Ross Road in Juno Beach (561.776.1176).

Walking into this Caribbean vacation atmosphere, one immediately senses a wise decision and an impending enjoyable evening. No reservations are taken. However, you may call ahead (one-half hour to one hour) to place your party on a wait list. There is a full service bar/lounge with a varied selection of brand name liquors and wines.

Our brief wait to be seated was fifteen minutes. Table space was ample; however the cane chairs did not offer the support of the padded booths. The wait staff was courteous, efficient, and well briefed on the menu and the evening specials. Appetizers were \$8.95 and \$9.95 and included specialties such as sesame seared tuna with wasabi, clams rustica, crab cakes and crispy calamari. Entrée's ranged from \$17.95 for chicken to \$24.95 for aged filet mignon. Their signature dishes boasted culinary delights of Cioppino with pearl pasta, crab and shitake sautéed yellow tail snapper, and grouper with crab and béarnaise sauce. Also offered were veal chops, Angus beef, lamb, and South African lobster tails. Two side dishes are included with most entrées.

Coffee and assorted desserts were available. However, we were disappointed that cappuccino and espresso were not.

In review, we found this to be a most delightful evening for those with a discriminating taste. AND... Good News—Ke'e Grill is coming to Stuart in 2005.

Restaurant reviewed by Diane Giordano

NOTE FROM THE ARCHITECTURAL AND LANDSCAPE COMMITTEE

It has been brought to our attention that a number of homeowners are failing to comply with the Architectural Control Rules and Regulations set forth on Pages 31 through 43 in the Green Binder each homeowner received at the time of closing. All changes to property exteriors (such as landscaping, yard ornaments, satellite dishes, front doors, pools, water softeners) at The Retreat must receive the approval of the Architectural Control Committee; forms requesting permission to do so can be obtained from Bristol Management. The above noted rules will be enforced for the benefit of the entire community at The Retreat.



**Happy
Holidays!**



Blue Blood by Edward Conlon

Riverhead Books, www.riverheadbooks.com

If you have ever wanted to know the inside, street level aspect of police work, this is the book to read. I have read many books with similar themes but to date, none has come as close to depicting an officer's life on the street as this one does. If I knew absolutely nothing regarding the author, after reading the first few chapters, I could tell you that this book was written by a 110% "WORKING COP."

Conlon depicts the life of the every day officer rising through the ranks, the hardships, the danger, the battles fought on the streets of everyday America, battles won and lost, never to be totally won and dreams that will never be fulfilled. The stench of the inner city is as real to the reader as the scent of the flowers growing in summer. You actually feel the pain of the needy and the joy of the triumphant! This is the America that most of us do not know, and never will, unless you wear the "Blues." We live in a country where we take for granted that when you go to work every day, you will return. This is not so when you wear the "Blues." Many do not come home...ever. For them and their families, we will always pray.

Once I started to read this book, it was a task to set it down. It awoke deep desires from within me, to rejoin my brothers in blue. To be a part of something that, in one moment, could bring you to tears as you try to save a life and in the next instant, take *your* life. This can all happen as subtly as a summer breeze blowing across an emerald meadow or as violently as a class five hurricane ravaging a small town. The exhilaration from moment to moment, the constant surges of adrenalin and at times, the boredom, cannot be paralleled in any other occupation on a daily basis. The existence of real danger only intensified the feeling that we all lived for. Conlon conveys these feelings and many more in a well-written book based on his life and ongoing career in the NYPD. It is honest, it is graphic...it is LIFE!

Book reviewed by Hank Stasiewicz

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