



## The Cottages at Martin Lake July Newsletter

We are having beautiful weather! June is National Picnic Month. Pack a picnic and share it with your loved one outside, by the water, or on the screened in porch!

We have the air conditioning on so please keep the doors and windows shut. We are able to adjust each suite as desired. Please let us know if you feel that your loved one may be too cold

### *Family Picnic*

**Saturday, July 2<sup>nd</sup> 3:00- 6:00**

**Yard Games – Boat Rides – Fishing  
Picnic Fare**

**Live Entertainment**

Bring Yard Chairs, Hats, Your Competitive Spirit, and Your Appetite! Family and Friends invited! We will be set up on the lakeside of Building 1. Donations accepted.

*RSVP: 231-305-4567 by June 30th.*

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### *Staff Highlight*

We have new staff! Welcome Adrianna, Erica, Jessica, and Kelsey!

This month our spotlight is on *Heather!*

Heather has been part of the team for over a year. She works primarily in Building 1 and is “On-Call” when needed. Heather has a background in Physical Therapy which is **very helpful** in helping to keep both residents and staff safe with transfers. She also helps with scheduling, ordering medications, and organizing. Her favorite color is purple, favorite candy is Reese’s Peanut Butter Cup, favorite character is any of the Peanuts’ Gang, and favorite flower is the Sunflower. When Heather isn’t working, she enjoys reading, scrapbooking, collecting Nativity Scenes, and spending time with her two daughters and grand-dog Moose. Heather is soft spoken, dependable, helpful, and an excellent caregiver!

### **The Sands of Time**

By Stephanie M Lawrence

I look in the mirror and see  
A stranger looking back at me.  
Who’s that person standing there  
With wrinkled skin and such gray hair?  
Could it be me?

Yesterday my hair was brown.  
My skin was smooth, tan all around.  
My shoulders straight, my posture proud.  
My voice had strength to call out loud  
My name.

I could dance all through the night  
Until I saw the morning light,  
And then I’d nap a short time and  
I’d take my morning walk again.

Head for work, eyes all aglow  
Nothing ‘bout me then was slow.  
Was that yesterday?

Today I wake up when I can.  
I try to stretch and cramps set in.  
I stand up tall, at least I try,  
But my arthritis makes me sigh.

My butt, it sags, my waist is gone  
I shuffle now across the lawn.  
My walker keeps me on my feet,  
But sometimes my butt hits the street  
Anyway.

Today is here, I thank the Lord.  
I have no tumors, I’m just bored.  
The sword of life cuts quickly through  
The hours and days for me and you.

I had dreams yesterday  
When life was grand and I could say  
Someday when I’m old...  
But that was yesterday.

And then I find today is here.  
And I am looking in that mirror.  
I see me, and suddenly  
I am my mother, don’t you see?

The hourglass of life begins  
At birth, and one day it will end,  
And through the sands of time are born  
New generations that will form.

And one day looking in that mirror  
A girl will see a stranger there  
And wonder where she’s seen somewhere  
That person with wrinkles and such gray hair.

