

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF SLIDELL

Slidell magazine

Vol. 108 July 2019



★Finalist★
2018
Best
Magazine
Press Club of
New Orleans

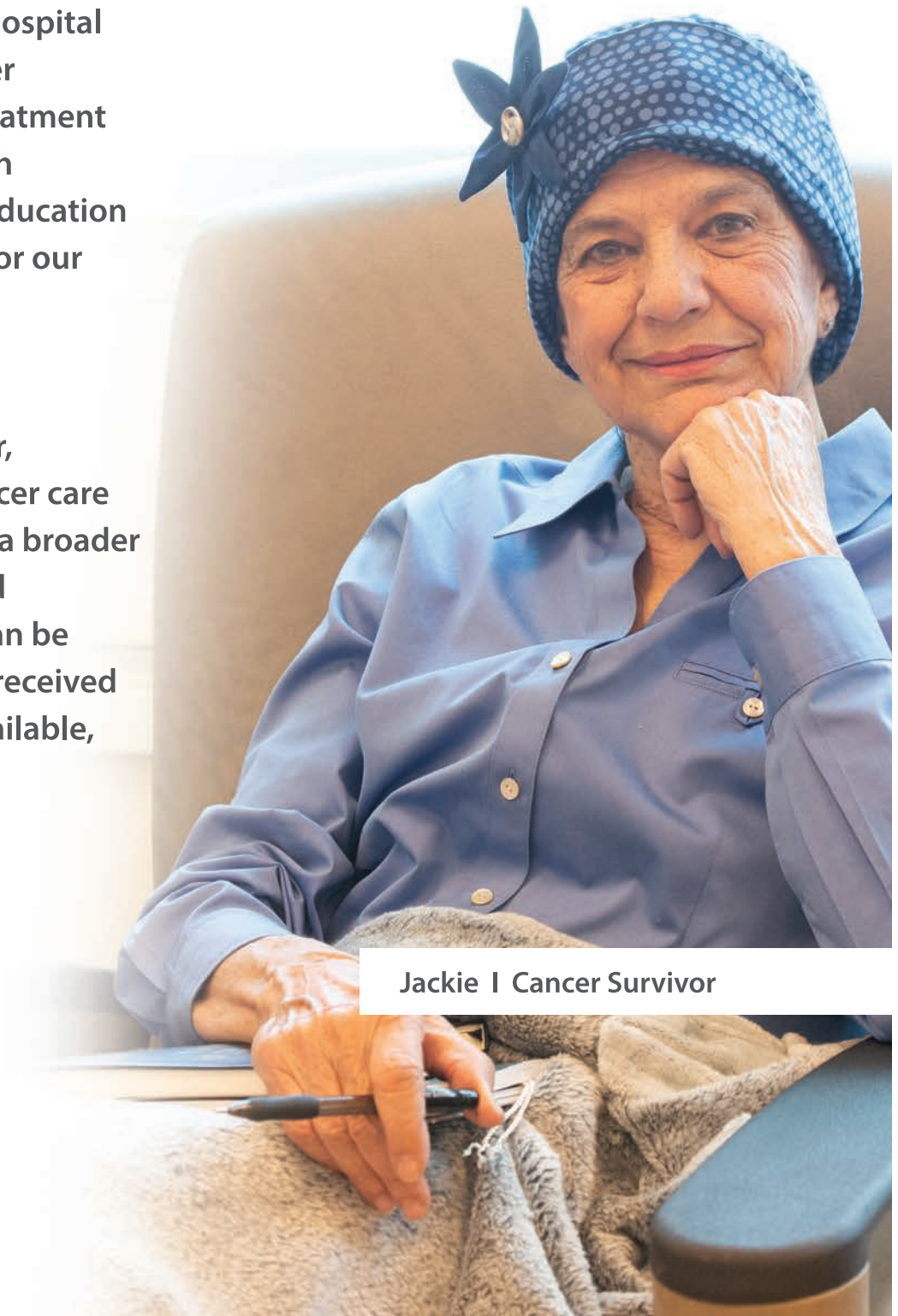
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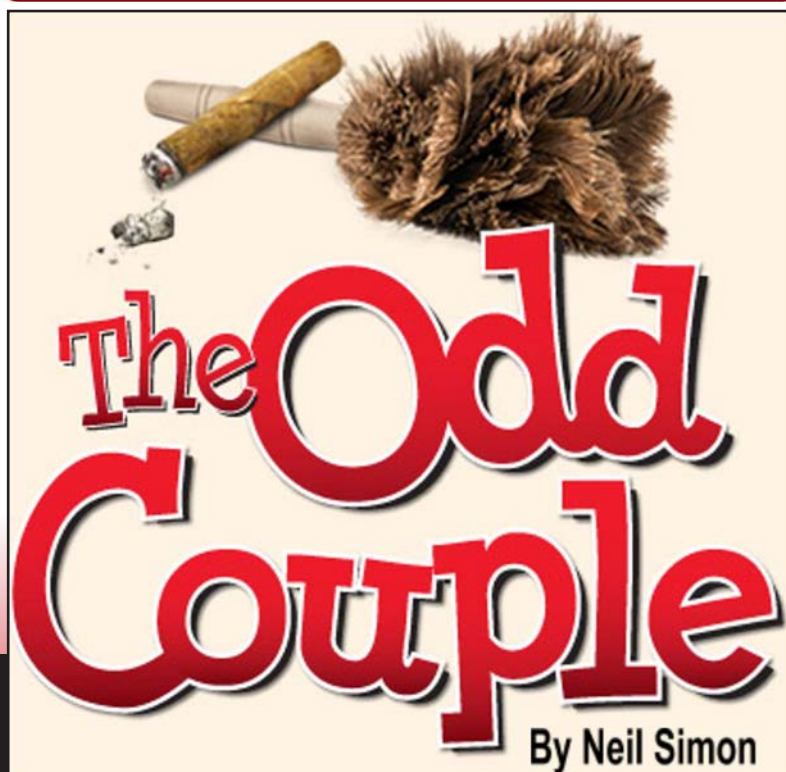
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EDITOR'S LETTER

KENDRA MANESS EDITOR/PUBLISHER SLIDELL MAGAZINE



Kendra & Donna celebrate their nominations at the Press Club of New Orleans 2019 announcements

Slidell Magazine is a proud member of the Press Club of New Orleans (PCNO), and I don't say that nonchalantly. For years, I watched from afar as award-winning publishers and authors were recognized by this highly esteemed and historic organization, never imagining that my publication was worthy to be a member, much less chosen for an award.

Two years ago, artist Kim Bergeron submitted her *Slidell Magazine* cover, *The Peacemaker*, for Best Cover and received the nomination. Before the PCNO Awards ceremony, I sheepishly joined the Press Club, knowing what an honor it was to be nominated but still feeling way out of my league. And then WE WON.

Last year, my confidence a bit stronger, I submitted entries in two categories. Only one entry received a nomination - John Case, "The Storyteller," for Best Column. And then WE WON.

This year, we submitted four entries. Quite frankly, we didn't think we had a snowball's chance in hell for two of the categories, but you never know unless you try, right? Well, thank goodness the Press Club didn't feel the same way. WE ARE FINALISTS IN TWO CATEGORIES!

I am so proud of Donna Bush for receiving a nomination for Best Continuing Coverage. And I'm so so proud of the entire *Slidell Magazine* family, every single one of them, for receiving a nomination for BEST MAGAZINE! Congratulations!

The Annual PCNO Awards ceremony is July 27. We hope to make *Slidell* proud!

Slidell magazine

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The Storyteller, John Case

Pet Points, Jeff Perret, DVM

The Mystery of Monarch Butterflies,
Story & Photos by Donna Bush

Crimmi-Mommly Insane, Leslie Gates

Legal-Ease, Ronda M. Gabb

Making Cents of Your Money, Mike Rich

The Dish Ran Away with the Spoon,
Katie Clark

Cover: "Summer Lovin'"
by Joshua Wichterich



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COVER ARTIST

JOSHUA WICHTERICH



The moment Joshua's mom told him, "God's got a plan for you," he believed it.

Ever since Joshua was a child, he knew he had a talent. He knew he was an artist. Growing up, he would check out books from the library and begged his parents for comic books just to look at the pictures. Joshua also used to admire books about master artists and their work like John William Waterhouse, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Jean-Honore' Fragonard, and spent most of his time imitating them in his sketch books.

Continuing in the Talented Arts Program throughout junior high and high school, Joshua ultimately received many grants to top art colleges; but deciding to stay home, he continued his art in local colleges. Switching his major, Joshua studied Culinary Arts at Delgado in New Orleans, but decided to continue back in Fine Art where he knew he prospered.

He created his own unique art and illustration style with watercolor and ink. Enjoying creating stories and art that speaks, Joshua wrote and published his trilogy, *The Last Legend*, and has illustrated over 20 children's picture books within the last few years.

Joshua continues creating art, developing his art series, *Art From The Soul* and *The Red-Haired Girl*. He won 1st place in *Slidell's* 2018 Mixed Media Exhibit for his piece *Second Death*. Joshua has donated art to charities and establishments around Slidell, contributing pieces to Speak Hope ministries at the Crisis Pregnancy Help Center, East St. Tammany Habitat for Humanity, and Slidell Little Theatre. He also exhibits at Prophetics Gallery and Notting Hill in Olde Towne. Joshua has created commissioned prophetic pieces for clients and authors alike, creating art for the pro-life community and for Dr. Alveda King. You can see more of Joshua's amazing artwork by visiting:

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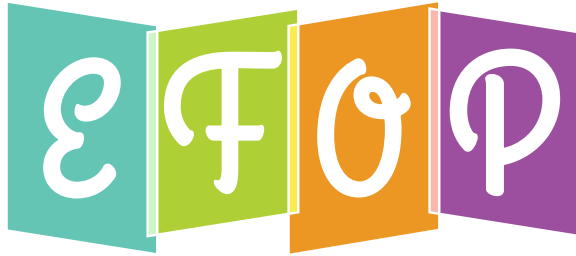
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JULY 2019

Story by Charlotte Collins



Extraordinary
Fascinating
Ordinary
People

St. Tammany High School Class of 1969 - 50th Reunion



"If I had eight hours to cut down a tree, I would spend six hours sharpening the ax."

~ Abraham Lincoln

This astute quote was sent to the "Class of 1969" by their graduation sponsor and teacher, Mrs. Arcola Meadors Haney. If you read last month's prelude to the reunion, you can accurately surmise that she meant for the words to be a motivational reminder about arduous preparation for life. And yes, this group was a class act in every sense of the word. For those of you whom were born in the 70's or later, I wonder how unbelievable these days of yore must seem to you.

Linda Ellis-Adams described her preparation for life as perfect. "I remember our teachers to this day! When we did something wrong at school, we got paddled in those days. And when you got home, you got another paddling. But we knew it was for our own good." Clyde Farve had expressed previously that teachers lost control of the classroom when they took away the paddles. It was a different time, with different expectations. We all agreed that parents respected their children's teachers in those days, as well as their disciplinary efforts. Linda continued, "I respected and loved my teachers. My nickname was 'Race' because I was always jogging. I became very close to my PE teacher, Mrs. Sylvia Brown, and still am to this

day. I am just so glad Mrs. Brown was able to be here tonight to share in our accomplishments. I remember I wanted to do three things after high school: get married, have kids, and become an IBM computer operator. I did all three, and I credit STHS and my teachers for that. Altogether, I worked in aerospace for 30 plus years. I call that blessed!"

High school reunions are as different as the students and the planners. But you have to admit, a 50th year reunion is pretty amazing. And, to have some of the teachers there is even more so!

It is great when the reunion activities can be similar to the things the participants did when they were in high school. And this class reunion was authentic.

Last month, I was able to watch behind the scenes, as the organizers prepared for the 50th reunion of the last graduating class from St. Tammany High School (STHS). Those representatives of the class of 1969 described themselves as a very close-knit group. They were full of anticipation, hoping to see past classmates and teachers, many of whom they had not seen in decades.

If you did not read last month's EFOP article, you will find it worth your while to place the context of this thread of history within the framework of our nation in the 60's and 70's.

These alum were the last segregated class to graduate from the last historically segregated high school for students of color in St. Tammany Parish. As they exclaimed frequently, "It was a big deal!"

Brenda Abram wrote me her lasting impression, "The Class of 1969 was the last graduating class of St. Tammany as a high school with an African-American student body of 100%, and almost 100% African-American faculty and staff. The education, care and positivity from teachers and staff of the school were a great start to receiving a higher education, and eventually having a successful career. Collectively, they cared so much and prepared us for life. We were schooled in the arts and sciences, and ordinary everyday things like home economics for the girls and shop for the boys, check-writing, health and fitness, and 'Wildcat' spirit! A heartfelt thanks to Principal Brooks and all who made us feel confident in the fact that, to them, our success was of utmost importance. I am proud to be a graduate of the 'End of an Era' Class of 1969!"

I have to remind you briefly of the significance of this school. Lawsuits, community donations, and a whole lot of effort was required before the first and, mind you, only high school was built for students of color in our parish. Students were bused on "The White Cloud" from as far away as Madisonville. Through their descriptions, I can sense the feeling of the parents as they watched the wooden bus, belching and kicking up a white cloud, as it carried their prodigy to classrooms where children would finally be able to prepare for careers, college, and a brighter future.

The reunion organizers met several times throughout the preceding months to ensure that the ceremonies would be a slice of nostalgia. The Friday night "Meet and Greet" was held at their old gym, where their Friday night socials used to be. Thankfully, it is now air conditioned; schools in St. Tammany Parish had no air conditioning in 1969. There were gift bags for each classmate, a class booklet, and a copy of their 25th reunion booklet for each attendee. Looking at the 50th reunion booklet, I read the class motto they selected in 1969, "Honor, Truth, & Loyalty." There were also notes from classmates who could not attend.

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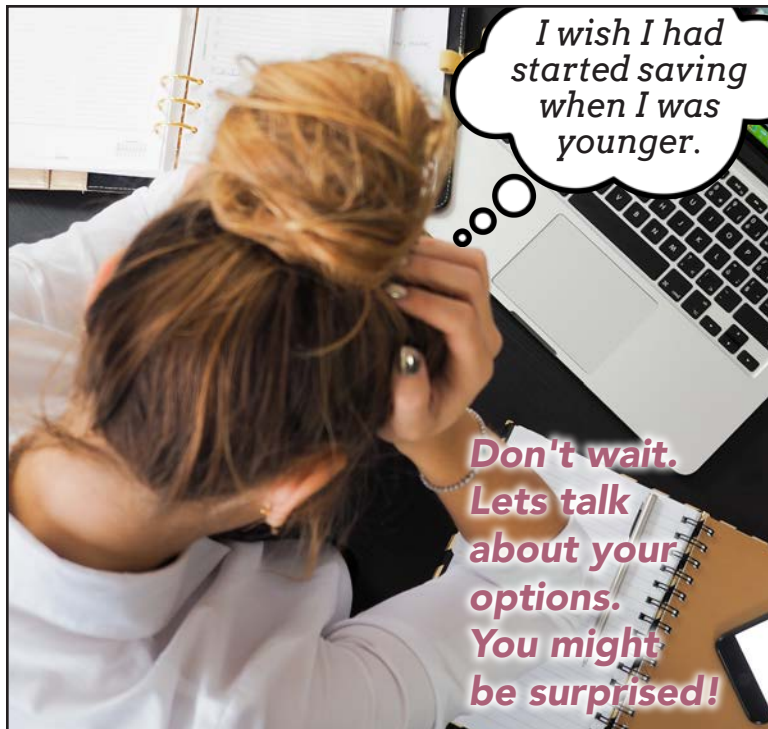
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Their class Salutatorian, Janice Hart Wyatt, sent a note with her attendance regret, "It seems like yesterday since we walked the halls... dressed out for gym... and went to socials in the gym." And it was here that many of them met back in the beloved gym again. There were blue and gold balloons, tablecloths and decorations, and a catered feast for all.

After Lois Parker Adams offered the invocation, Gwen Torregano Jones honored those who were "no longer with us" in prayer and through personal memories. Their class is now nearing their seventies, which made them all the more grateful for this opportunity to see each other again. As they noted, this could be the last time for any of them. Then the mood brightened, and she honored classmates who now lived in Louisiana, Arizona, California, Michigan, Minnesota, Texas, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Ohio, and Georgia. She paid homage to Mr. R. C. Brooks, asking for a moment of silence, "For a great man, a humanitarian, our principal, Mr. Robert Charles Brooks Jr., who fused teachers, students and staff together to provide an education that was unwavering, and all inclusive. We had it all at STHS. We had the people, the institution, and the memories. Our journey here began with many of us learning to play an instrument, where many of us learned to carry a note in choir, where many of us learned to play sports via PE, and where many of us learned to sew via Home Economics. This is also where many of us learned the basics of English, History, and Math. In 1969, we weren't thinking of our lives 50 years later. Our young minds were focused on which college or school we would attend, or which job we were trying to get. We were listening to the Temptations, Aretha, and the Supremes. We drove classic cars with cheap gas (35 cents/gallon). We wrote letters to one another. Life was so simple back then. We were not yet mothers and fathers. We didn't have a profession nor a career yet. We were young, healthy and vibrant. This is what STHS represents to us. It was our beginning. It is our alumni. It is our legacy. As a graduate of the last graduating class from STHS, we must understand where we came from and the shoulders upon which we stand. We joined a distinguished group of graduates who have made a historical impact on this school, our community, and the world. So, to all STHS Wildcats, let us remember our motto: 'Honor, Truth, and Loyalty' forever."

As in their youth, the teachers played a big role in the program. Linda Cousin Wade gave the Recognition of Teachers, and thanked them for the huge impact they had made on the class. She read out their names with heartfelt honor and respect: "Mrs. Elsie Burkhalter, Mr. Lionel and Mrs. Rebecca Washington, Mr. Anthony Alfred, Mrs. Sylvia Brown, Mr. Simmie Fairley, Mr. Russell Crawford, Mr. Robert Porter, Mrs. Florel Harrison, Mrs.

Phyllis Eden, Mrs. Arcola Meadors Haney, Mr. Leo and Mrs. Anjoe Casanave, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Duckworth, and Mrs. Delcina Page-Roberts, just to name a few.” When she stated that they felt the teachers and administrators were in large part responsible for who they had become, and what they were able to achieve, a undulating “Amen” rippled through the congregation of old friends.

I listened as they reminded each other of their humble beginnings, and parents who insisted on a good education for their children. Most of those same parents didn’t have the opportunity to stay in school in their youth, because they had to work to support their extended families. Now these offspring were adamant about tutoring their struggling classmates. They wanted to graduate together, all 72 of them. It was like a ripple effect, in that the students who embraced their mentor’s challenge were, in turn, motivating classmates who might have otherwise given up.

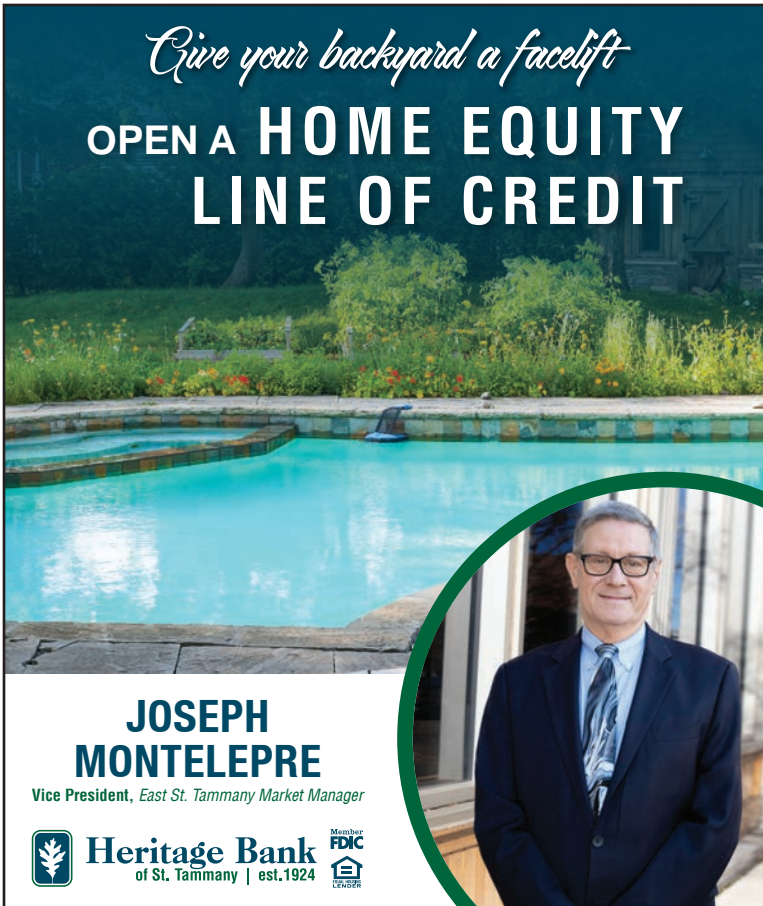
The teachers that were able to attend had a table placed directly in the front, and each spoke highly of this group of classmates and what they had achieved.

Ruby Wilson Dunklin introduced their speaker, Mr. Anthony Alfred, as follows: “This man has always been a STHS supporter, having been raised in ‘The Village,’ or Indian Village as some say. He graduated from our school when it was named St. Tammany Training School under the tutelage of Mr. R. C. Brooks. He taught me history and influenced all of us students directly. I remember hearing that his nickname was ‘Pete’ from his basketball skills. Later, he became assistant coach and coach at STHS. Then he became our assistant principal. In the summer of 1971, he was selectively chosen as principal of Alton Elementary. He was to later join the St. Tammany Parish School Board. I can personally say that, because of his teaching style and my love of history, I too pursued history and social studies. He made it so interesting that he shaped my future. He also helped shape the achievements for all of us here today.” Mr. Alfred was met with thunderous applause. He spoke of the school, and the 1969 graduating class, very highly. He ended his speech with, “You have made your school, you’re parents and community proud of you.”

Then everyone stood as the alma mater was sung, followed by the pledge of allegiance, and a very grateful prayer. In closing, the class thanked their administrators and teachers again for a first class education; but, more importantly, for taking an interest in their lives and for believing in them, even when they may not have believed in themselves. Smiles, hugs and handshakes abounded. After the ceremony, “out of towners” stood to reintroduce themselves, and tell of their endeavors. Each of them reiterated how happy they were to reconnect. It brought a lump to my

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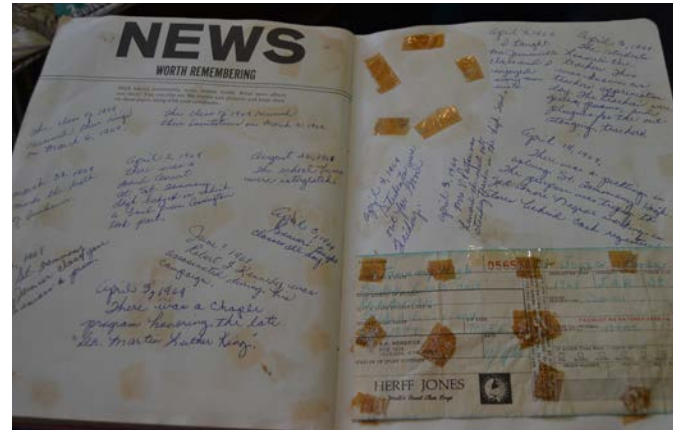
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Left: Class of 1969 graduate, Claudia Pichon Campbell, as an STHS cheerleader, circa 1969. Middle: The 50th Reunion book given to all of the returning alumni. Right: A glimpse at the memory book from 1969 kept by Joyce Parker Smith throughout her senior year. Entries include: "August 26, 1968: The school buses were integrated." "April 14, 1969: There was picketing involving St. Tammany High. The purpose was trying to get more Negroes working in stores behing cash registers." "June, 1968: Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated during his campaign."

throat as I watched them, many holding hands, sing their class song, "A Place in the Sun" by Stevie Wonder, particularly at the words, "Where there's hope for everyone..."

As the announcement was made with instructions for boarding the bus to the Natchez Dinner Cruise on Saturday, I slipped out wishing I could be there with them the following day. I missed that trip, due to graduation for the seniors I now teach. Driving home, I thought of the class members I had met and how, through consistent prodding, the majority of this class defied the odds and made their teachers proud. But it took a village. Most of their class went to college, a technical school or community college, thanks to the encouragement they received. And they achieved goals that may not have been dreamed of in the previous generation. Certainly if given an option or an out on continuing their education, some of them may have taken it. Their parents, teachers and fellow classmates made a difference.

++++++

Thankfully, I was able to be there for their Sunday picnic after church. Once again, they chose one of their nostalgic hangouts, Possum Hollow Park. Classmates brought their families and children were swinging and sliding on the giant slip-n-slide rented with them

in mind. Meanwhile, the class members danced while a DJ played some oldies but goodies.

The smell of barbecue wafted through the air. Lester "Boleg" Ducre was the chef, and he had ribs, grilled and fried chicken, jambalaya, sausage, hot dogs and hamburgers, and all the fixings you can imagine ready as they arrived. And he continued cooking throughout the picnic. No one went hungry! Friends and families sat down and relaxed together. One thing that stood out was that this class seemed like old buddies together again, even those that hadn't been back for decades.

Another thing stood out about this class, their commitment to their spouses. Two couples came over to tell me that their 50th wedding anniversary would soon follow the reunion. Countless more came up to tell their stories, and most included their pride in their marriage to childhood sweethearts, and how dearly they loved them. These were different times, I was acutely aware.

While speaking with Gary Tillison, he proclaimed how grateful he was for this summer, as it was both his 50th reunion and his 50th anniversary to his wife, Fanny. Smiling, he put his hand over his heart and beamed, "I thank God for my wife, and I love her to death. I hope he sees fit to give us another 50

years." He also explained first hand that the STHS Band was an important part of the school. Gary was the first ninth grader to be honored as the First Lead Drum Major.

He reflected, "I learned to play anything with three valves, a sousaphone, a trumpet, a cornet, and a trombone. I pulled people in because I loved to put on a show. I had a band named the Juice Band for 10 years, and music was a big part of my life. You see, my mom and dad were Cherokee Indians from Bayou Bonfouca, off Mainegra Road. We all knew each other, and had family across the area. I knew everybody, and they knew me. Even the little kids."

That point hit home when Charles Parker joined us. He introduced himself as Lois and Joyce's cousin, who was also in the band with Gary. He added that the school choir was another important part of school activities. He laughed and said, "My wife, Olivia, and I originally picked that same date to get married as the Tillison's. But because everybody would want to go to both weddings, we decided to push ours back. Back then, we all knew each other. You had the 'across the bayou' crew near Mainegra Road, the 'down the bayou' crew was Bayou Liberty, 'The Village' for Indian Village, and the crew along the track on Front Street. They didn't have a

nickname. And many of us were related. My dad's first language was Creole. English was actually his second language. They passed on a lot to us kids, but I regret that they didn't pass the language on. Family and friends were everything growing up."

Many of the participants have spent most of their lives in Slidell. Then, there are those whose parents moved away and they came back to Slidell for the first time this year. And there are those that, while establishing a life far away, come back frequently. Bruce Cousin falls into that category. Many of his siblings are still here. His family is steeped in the educational system. Bruce spoke of the generation that raised them. "My mother was very active in the black community here in Slidell. She explained to me that she had it so good, she wanted to pass it on to us just as good, or even better, than she had experienced. I think our community has grown even stronger because of what our parents went through. All eight of my siblings and I graduated from Southern University. Mother insisted that we behave ourselves as first class people, and to strive to become accomplished in our professions. She also instilled that education was the key to everything. One of my brothers, Dennis, was a teacher, and is now on the school board. My sister, Melba Vander, was the principal of Brock Elementary." We laughed and exchanged stories about her, as she was my principal when I taught there. They were also taught the value of work ethics. Their parents owned Cousin's Grocery and Service Station off of Highway 190. Bruce continued, "I'm the baby. My family lives in Michigan now. I've been married for 42 years. But my extended family still makes sure we stick together, and communicate regularly. I remember Mama's words and made sure all three of my kids graduated from college. One of my daughters went on to get her Masters from New York University, and teaches there. So the lessons from STHS continue on through us. A good education can carry you far!"

So their story began and ended with education, effort, and a strong sense of character. This reunion was similar to all reunions in many ways. Good food, music, and memories were shared. Stories were told, and laughter trilled across the park. They shared a sense of nostalgia, and talked about what a great place their hometown was for a kid. But it was that sense of character that made this reunion different. It was undeniably present at every moment. I feel certain that their offspring will have a better future because of what their parents learned about life and how to live it. If the next generation listens to the stories from their elders, and carries their lives with the same motto, Truth, Honor, and Loyalty, the world will continue to be a better place for all.

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7 Frozen Jr • Cutting Edge Theater • 2pm	8	9 Olde Towne Arts Center Summer Exhibit Opening Reception Friday, 7/12 6-9PM Exhibit Hours: Wed & Fri: 12-4PM Thurs: 12-6PM Show runs thru August 16, 2019	10	11	12 Public Policy Meeting Chamber • 8AM	13 Slidell Gun & Knife Show Harbor Center Slidell Movie Night Heritage Park 8:30PM
14	15	16 "The Storyteller" John S. Case Free Greenwood Cemetery Tours Tuesdays - Thursdays • 12-1pm • By appointment • 985-707-8727	17	18 Lobby Lounge Concert Kristin Diable Harbor Center 7-9 PM	19	20 H.E.R.P. Reptile and Exotic Pet Show Harbor Center
21 H.E.R.P. Reptile and Exotic Pet Show Harbor Center	22 Education Committee Chamber • 8:30AM Ambassador Meeting Saltgrass • 12NOON	23 Dine & Discover Chris Masingill St. Tammany Corp. "Thrive 2023" Chamber • 11:30AM	24 Chamber Luncheon Senator Sharon Hewitt Harbor Center 11:30AM	25 Lions Bingo Slidell Noon Lions Club Every Thursday • 3 PM	26	27 Family Fun Day Harbor Center Slidell Movie Night Heritage Park • 8:30PM
28	29	30 Grand Opening Montessori Academy of Slidell 3:30 PM - 4:30 PM	31 EYP Meeting The Wine Garden • 11:30AM IGNITE Ladies Nite F.I.T.S. Indoor Range Every Last Wed. of Month 5-8 PM	1 August Lions Bingo Slidell Noon Lions Club Every Thursday • 3 PM	2 Beach Bar Blowout Live Music Series Silver Slipper Every Friday 6-9 PM	3 Camellia City Farmer's Market EVERY SATURDAY Chamber • 8AM-NOON

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The Storyteller

HOMEMADE ICE CREAM

Editor's Note:

This month, I am proud to present a reprint of one of my favorite works from The Storyteller, *Homemade Ice Cream*. The original story was run in *Slidell Magazine's* July 2012 edition. This story, like many of John's, brings back memories of my childhood and I'm sure you'll feel the same. Happy summer!

In the south, we have lots of "old sayings." For example, "Rain before seven, fair before eleven." Farmers and laborers would plan their day's work based on this bit of wisdom. There was also one that said, "Southern ladies don't sweat, they just perspire." I know this was not true because my grandmother was definitely a southern lady and she did sweat. Numerous times during the day I would see her wipe the perspiration from her face with her apron. She wore an apron almost all day. It had been spotless white when she started her day a 5:30 AM; but, by mid-morning, it was stained with the bits of the good things happening in her kitchen.

For years she sweated in the kitchen of her home in south Mississippi over a wood stove. The temperature in her kitchen in that pre air-conditioning era and a breezeless summer day must have been well over 100 degrees. She cooked three meals a day for a large family, various homeless relatives, field hands and, more often than not, at least one traveling evangelist. After cooking a large breakfast, she would start lunch; dinner as she called it. Typically, she would have at least three meats. Fried chicken was always one of those, four

fresh vegetables, two kinds of cornbread and toast. The grandchildren called her MaMa.

By the early 1950's, nothing had changed except the children were gone. They were replaced by grandchildren and the wood stove was replaced with a butane range. Not much improvement. In my lifetime, she would rest in the swing on the front porch after lunch until time to start supper, the evening meal. This had not always been the case, as in her earlier years, the afternoon was filled with canning, gardening, and heavy housework. I suppose the swing rest was her reward for getting older.

One of the few breaks she got from this routine was on the Fourth of July. On this day, all the relatives were expected to come back home as requested by my grandfather, PaPa. Each of his children responded as if it were a Command Performance summoned by royalty. Relatives came from Jackson, Brookhaven and farther out in the county, if you can get farther out than where they lived. They also came from Texas. We called those cousins the Texas Bunch.



If the truth be known, MaMa worked just as hard on the Fourth of July as any other day, but she was assisted by her daughters and daughters-in-law. This made the day for her a joy rather than a burden and she looked forward to this as much, if not more, than any other holiday. Celebrating the Fourth of July was not a big occasion for many southerners as that day marked the fall of Vicksburg. Even in the 50's, the war was not over for some; but, at Route 2, Box 8, it was a time for celebration.

It was also the day that PaPa brought from his garden his first watermelons. He had planted and cared for them just for this occasion. He was aging too, and there were not as many as in years past; but plenty to provide a summer treat for his family and an occasional friend of the family that just might stop by. It was also the only day of the year that we made homemade ice cream. This was a ceremony that took place under a large magnolia tree on the south side of the house.

I think the Texas Bunch was responsible for the ice cream, or at least they were in my childhood. The patriarch of the Texas Bunch was my uncle, Big Pop. He was accompanied by his wife and four children ranging in age from about seventeen to nine years old. I was five or six at the time. Big Pop was a favorite uncle to his nieces and nephews. He could have been a favorite because he only came once a year and always had wild stories about armadillos, and other things happening in that foreign country of Texas. He also was in charge of the ice cream making. After dinner, he would load us kids in the car and go to the store to buy a block of ice. It was kept in a small building just outside Pistol Sasser's store. Just going in there was an experience. Pistol and the store were also an experience, but that is another story.

We would return to my grandparent's home and Big Pop would put the ice in a burlap sack and crush it with the flat side of a single blade axe. It would explode inside the bag into pieces of various sizes and shapes and some would be very sharp, so sharp they would occasionally cut through the sack.

While this was taking place, MaMa would return to the kitchen and prepare the mixture which, in addition to fresh cream from the only cow they now owned, would have a large number of eggs that had been gathered just that morning. Again in the hot kitchen, she would stir and watch the

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mixture until it was just the right consistency and then set it aside to cool. No one helped her with this, as no one knew what the perfect consistency was. That was her secret.

In the meantime, PaPa was instructing all the kids on how to tell the best ripe melon by thumping it. All the thumps sounded the same to the children, but we would agree with PaPa when he said that a certain melon was a perfect ripeness.

When the appropriate number of melons was selected, he would then use some of the ice to cool them down. The anticipation of the ice cream and the watermelon mounted in the minds of us children.

Back to the ice cream making...

Finally the mixture was placed in the ice cream maker and the mechanical part placed in the wooden tub and latched down for hand turning. Next, only Big Pop was allowed to pack the ice in the maker. First an inch of ice, and then a layer of rock salt, and a repeat of this procedure until the tub was filled to the top with ice and salt.

Now the fun part.

The older boys would take turns turning the crank. On the side of the tub there was a hole to allow the salt water to drain off as it melted. I was too small to turn the crank, so my job was to put my finger in the whole from time to time, to make sure it was not clogged and the salt water would drain off and not rise to the top and get into the ice cream tumbler. Salt intrusion was a sure way to ruin the ice cream.

The first casualty of the day was my finger. I took the job seriously and held my finger in the hole with the same determination as the Dutch boy who put his finger in the dike. The cold water made it numb and I did not realize a sharp sliver of ice had cut my finger nail off until someone shouted that the water in the ice cream maker was turning red.

While I was being bandaged, my cousins kept turning the crank till Big Pop declared it was ready to set. He was the only one qualified to do this and he carefully raked the salt from the top of the machine, removed the dasher and repacked the tub with ice all the way to the top. His final job was to remind us to not touch the ice cream for one hour and only with his supervision. Again, any salt in the cream would be disastrous.

Well, I believe it was Michael, the youngest of the Texas Bunch, but as soon as the adults were out of

site helping PaPa with the watermelons, Michael removed the ice and took the cover off, just to get a taste. Big mistake; the salt water flowed into the freshly made soft ice cream. He hurriedly covered it up and disappeared to some other part of the yard.

At the appointed time, Big Pop announced that the ice cream should be ready. We should get our bowls and follow him. Michael stood in the background. As soon as the lid was removed, Big Pop saw what had happened. He did not attempt to identify the culprit, but the ice cream was ruined.

There was no point in trying to salvage it, and not enough time to make another batch, so he poured the cream, ice and salt onto the grass. Old Snyder was the family dog. He immediately attacked the concoction as if it were made for him. I suppose the salt was too much for

him and he went into convulsions and then into what PaPa called a "running fit." This was the funniest thing us kids had ever seen. Around the house, under the house, onto the porch, and out to the barn he ran, finally collapsing near what was left of the ice cream.

That Fourth of July, we only had watermelon and the fun of seeing Old Snyder going crazy. Soon, all the grandchildren were loaded into their respective family cars and headed home. I stayed, as I lived just across the road.

I remember that late afternoon almost 60 years ago as if it were yesterday. Me and MaMa in the porch swing, my head in her lap, where the smell of the sour dough biscuits from breakfast and that southern lady perspiration still lingered on her apron.

Now, with time having passed, that house, the large magnolia tree and the

swing are all gone. It is now more or less just a vacant plot of land, much as it was before the laughter of children and grandchildren filled the air. There is little resemblance to the place where a hard living was eked out to support the large family and lots of hangers-on. MaMa and PaPa are gone. Most of the uncles and some of the grandchildren are gone. Even cousin Michael has passed. Occasionally, however, when I go back home, I will pass by the old home place and remember each of them, that Fourth of July, the watermelons, the homemade ice cream, and Old Snyder and the running fit.



John S. Case
July 2019

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MAKING CENTS OF YOUR MONEY

By Mike Rich, CFP® Pontchartrain Investment Management

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

In May, Mary and I had the wonderful privilege of travelling to England for two weeks, touring the towns and villages of that country's southern coast. It was a spectacular trip. As a not-so-seasoned traveler, we saw and did things that I had only read about. We stayed on the grounds of Canterbury Cathedral, toured the White Cliffs of Dover, ate fish and chips on a pier jutting out into the English Channel, saw the Atlantic Ocean from Land's End, and a lot more. One of the highlights of our trip was our early morning visit to Stonehenge. As you can see from the picture I took, it was a beautiful day. Once we got away from the tourists and their ubiquitous selfie-sticks, Mary and I stood in awe of the monument's stark beauty, and we marveled at how those ancient people managed to build it without the



big equipment we have today. What an experience!

We met a lot of nice people, too. The staff members at our hotels were especially gracious and helpful. It took me a little while, however, to get used to their ways of speech. For example, when I walked up to the reception desk to ask for something, they would say, "Are you all right?" Initially, I was a little concerned. "What, does she think I look

sick or something?" I eventually caught on that it's their way of saying, "May I help you?" Big difference! It didn't take long for me to enjoy their other delightful English sayings, and it was fun to hear "cheerio" as we left our hotel each morning, on to some new adventure.

As you know, here on the other side of the pond, when we ask "Are you all right?" we mean something entirely different than our English cousins. That started me thinking about all the ways I want my clients to be all right about their financial lives. While there is always risk inherent in investing towards a goal, it's important that your pursuit of that goal is "all right," meaning that your strategies fit your objectives and individual financial situation. Here are some of the questions I might ask when meeting with someone for the first time:

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2. Are you all right with knowing how to turn your life's savings into income for the future?

If you don't have a pension, but are looking for guaranteed income during your retirement years, a fixed annuity might be just the ticket. It provides income² that can be used to supplement

your Social Security benefit. Don't let the ill-informed naysayers out there poison your thinking about annuities. They are powerful retirement tools. To learn more about how one might work for you, let's meet.

3. Are you all right with managing your money on your own, or would some help from a pro make life easier for you?

The time and money you spend with your advisor can be more than made up by knowing that you have an experienced professional, a personal Chief Financial Officer, to help you sort through the ever-increasing amount of financial information that bombards us every day. To sort through the fluff and get to something that's meaningful for you, let me be your guide.

When Mary and I began travelling to foreign countries three years ago, she told me that it would change my life, and she was right. Mainly, I've found that many people, no matter where they live, face the same financial concerns that my clients do: raising a family, educating their children, saving for a confident retirement, and seeking to preserve their hard-earned wealth. We're all in the same financial boat, and the only big difference, it seems to me, is that we count our money in euros, pounds, dollars, or whatever.

You don't have to travel to England to find out if you are all right about working toward achieving your own financial goals. We can do it right here in Slidell. Just give me a call, and we'll talk.

Cheers!

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¹This is a hypothetical example and is not representative of any specific situation. Your results will vary. The hypothetical rate of return used does not reflect the deduction of fees and charges inherent to investing. Investments are subject to fluctuating returns, and there is no assurance that an investment will double in value. Investing involves risk, including loss of principal. ²Fixed annuities are long-term investment vehicles designed for retirement purposes. Gains from tax-deferred investments are taxable as ordinary income upon withdrawal. Guarantees are based on the claims paying ability of the issuing company. Withdrawals made prior to age 59½ are subject to a 10% IRS penalty. Surrender charges might apply.

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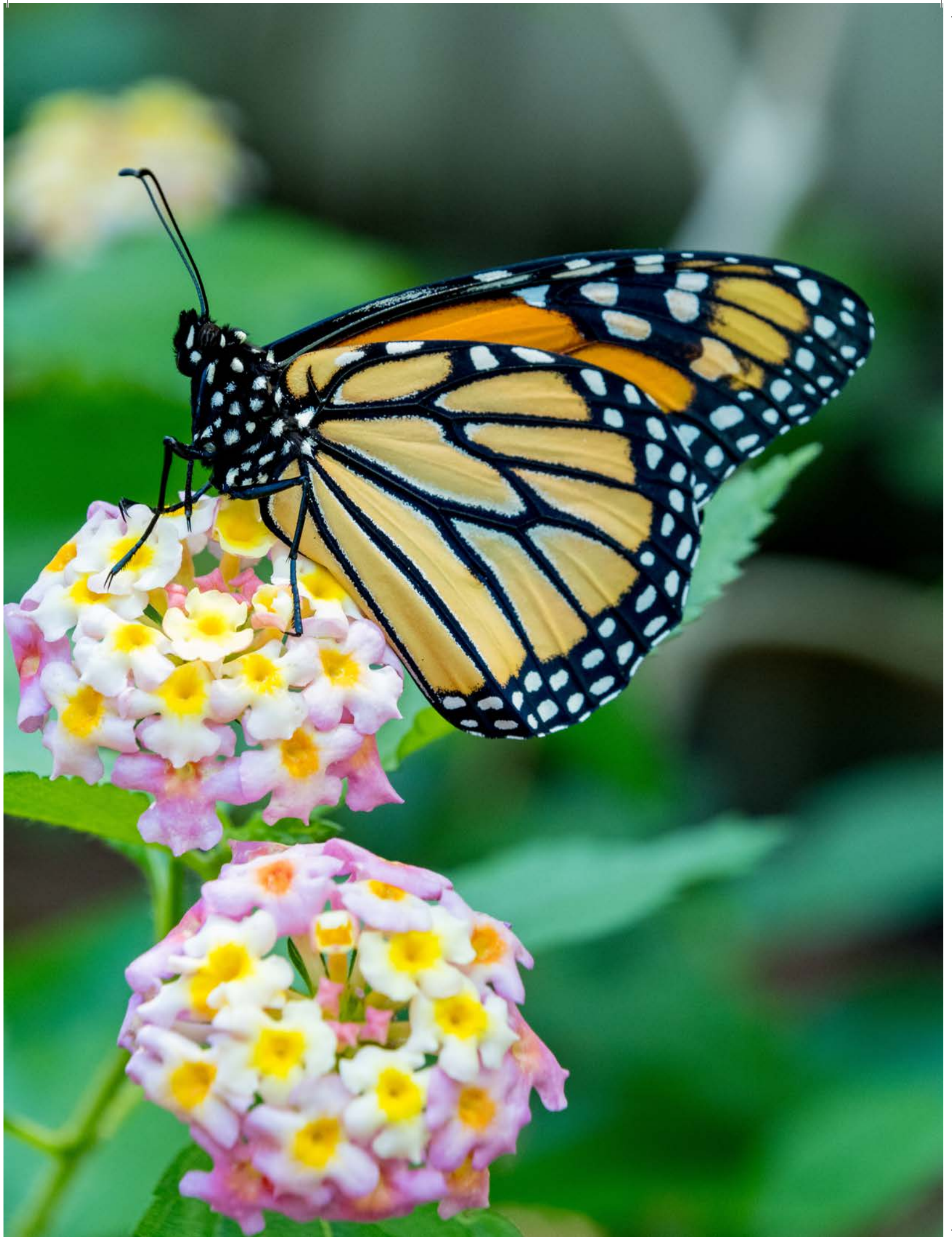
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Finalist - 2019 Press Club of New Orleans "Continuing Coverage"

The Mystery of Monarch Butterflies

Story and photos by Donna Bush

"Evolution is written on the wings of butterflies." ~ Charles Darwin

As most of you know, I'm very passionate about wildlife, pretty much all wildlife. Well, maybe not roaches, but that's about it. I even like snakes and insects. This month, I'm going to share about one of my favorite insects – monarch butterflies. Their vividly contrasting orange, black and white colors always catch my attention. I've seen photos and videos of their migration. It is amazing to see thousands of these lightweight creatures take to the sky at once! I'm truly fascinated by the fact that they start as one creature and become something else. I find this incredibly magical and mysterious!

Other than school biology classes, I learned about the life cycle of monarchs from my friend, Laura. She has a certified monarch waystation habitat and is super knowledgeable about everything monarch-related. A certified monarch way station is a managed garden providing food and habitat for the declining monarch population.

By the time you read this, a decision will have been made by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service on protecting the monarch species by adding them to the endangered species list. There's been a substantial decline in monarch

numbers for a few years, with several causes. One is habitat loss. Think of the massive wildfires in coastal California. In 2017, counts were at 148,000 monarchs. This number declined 86% in 2018 with only 20,000 counted. The cause is not only habitat loss to wildfire but also pesticides and more frequent droughts. Pesticides sprayed on their food sources, known as host plants, have drastically increased the demise.

An adult monarch butterfly does her part to maintain the species by laying her eggs on milkweed plants, the only plant that the caterpillar will eat! But if the host plant was recently treated with insecticide, the caterpillar dies shortly after consuming the leaves. Other threats come from parasites, wasps, ants and spiders who attack the larvae and even some birds, such as black-backed orioles and black-headed grosbeaks, that have developed a tolerance to the natural defense toxin in the monarch.

Most birds avoid monarch caterpillars and the butterflies due to the nasty taste of the chemicals they ingest from the milkweed leaves. This taste makes most birds and other animals sick. Therefore, they learn to associate illness with both the caterpillar and the butterfly.

Two years ago, after I expressed an interest to Laura about her monarch habitat, she generously provided me with a pop-up butterfly cage, eggs and milkweed. I immediately fell in love, watching the eggs hatch into caterpillars and quickly chomp up all the milkweed. A panicked phone call to Laura and she gave me more milkweed for my insanely hungry caterpillars. I've since learned that they all eat like that. One monarch caterpillar can easily consume 20+ large leaves. Lesson learned - you can never have too much milkweed!

This year, our yard was visited by a monarch who laid some eggs. Although I missed finding the eggs, I was delighted to find caterpillars munching away on my milkweed. I eagerly contacted Laura to find out where I could purchase my own butterfly cage. Once I had it, I carefully moved the milkweed plants into the cage. Just like their hungry relatives, they plowed through my milkweed in no time. Luckily, I was able to find additional plants to satisfy their appetite.

Migration of the monarchs is a multi-generational trip, starting high in the Sierra Madre mountains of Central Mexico. The unique oyamel fir forests provide the perfect habitat for the wintering monarch. These fir trees only grow at high altitudes between 7875 feet and 11,800 feet. Sadly, these trees have limited distribution with only 12 sites for the overwintering monarch. The oyamels need a cool and wet environment to survive. Monarchs have adapted to the same environment as the fir trees. Since they are overwintering during Mexico's dry season, the wetness of the forest provides the moisture the butterflies need to survive. The cool temperatures slow their metabolism, allowing them to conserve their fat reserves. Monarchs cluster together in the forest for warmth and protection.

As spring approaches, the hibernating monarchs awaken and search for a mate. After mating, they begin their journey north and east during the second week of March. As they

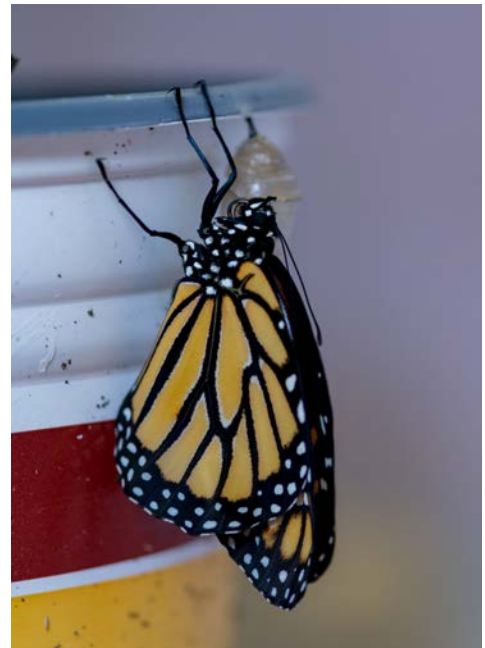


locate milkweed plants along the southern gulf coast, they lay their eggs. These eggs are the first generation of the wintering Mexico monarchs. About four days later, the caterpillar will hatch. First, it will snack on its egg casing and then proceed to feed off the leaves of the milkweed. At this time, their sole purpose in life is eating milkweed and growing.

Around two weeks, the caterpillar will be big enough to find a place to attach itself and begin the first metamorphosis. Finding a caterpillar hanging in a 'J' formation is a sure sign that it is moving to the next phase of its life cycle – forming the chrysalis. Some will form their chrysalis at the top of the butterfly habitat cage or from a leaf or, as I found, from the rim of a flower pot. Yes! As I added another pot of milkweed to my cage, I turned the pot and found a chrysalis!

From the exterior, it appears that nothing is going on after the chrysalis is formed, but that is far from the truth. Over the next 10-14 days, the old caterpillar body parts begin an amazing change, another metamorphosis. A specialized set of cells nourish new tissue growth. As oxygen feeds the cells, the brain, the heart, and digestive tract take form, flight muscles develop, compound eyes form, legs grow long, and sturdy wings progress. During this time, the stunningly vibrant green chrysalis with its gold ring will begin to turn black. This signals that the butterfly is





about to emerge. It's most amazing to observe this, as the now-clear casing around the butterfly begins to split and the monarch appears. Looking not quite ready to be a butterfly, the long legs grab the shell of the chrysalis. At this stage, the wings look a little crumpled and the abdomen appears huge. He/she will pump its wings, causing them to expand. The wings need to dry before flight. Depending on the weather, the monarch can be released a few hours after emerging. However, if a storm is brewing or temperatures are cold, I have kept them inside longer for their protection.

FYI – When they decide to emerge, they will often do this in the sneakiest manner possible. Maybe you take a five-minute bathroom break, come back, and you have a butterfly instead of a chrysalis. Or, watch them for hours, only to decide that nothing is going to happen, and you break for a quick lunch. Yep! You come back to two butterflies! I sat cross-legged on a yoga mat in our shed for hours awaiting the magical moment. My cat, Lucy, even hung out with me, just as mesmerized as myself. This year, I was rewarded by the flower pot rim monarch emerging before my eyes!

This first generation will feed on flowers, mate and move further north, looking for more milkweed to lay more eggs and continue this cycle. Our summer heat stunts the growth of our milkweed, encouraging the monarchs to keep moving. Our first generation monarch will only live two to six weeks, dying after laying eggs for the next generation.

This cycle continues until the final generation makes it all the way to the Northern United States and Southern Canada, which could take up to five generations! This last generation spawns a super butterfly! He/She will live up to eight times longer than its mother, grandmother, great-grandmother or great-great-grandmother and fly much further. This super butterfly will fly all the way from where it emerged, back to Mexico!

With the arrival of colder temperatures and shorter days, the monarch begins the epic journey south back to where her great- great-grandmother left nine months earlier. No one knows for sure how they find their way back to the same exact location. They must build up fat and conserve as much energy as possible to make the long trek, as far as 3000 miles. She won't mate during the trip

and tries to catch as much assistance as possible on thermal currents. Their multifunctional antennae constantly track the time and position of the sun and the tiny hairs on their heads help them gauge the wind. Supersensitive eyes see light waves and colors way beyond our human capabilities. It may take as much as two months to make their way to their final destination.

In early November, they arrive at their oyamel forest home, where they will cluster together for warmth and protection, living off their fat reserves until it is time for them to awaken and take their final trip north.

I vastly enjoyed both my experiences with raising monarchs and I look forward to future endeavors. You too can raise monarchs. It's really not that difficult. The website, monarchwatch.org will provide all the information you need. I will warn you that you might not get much else accomplished! They are fairly addictive! Another wonderful experience with monarchs can be enjoyed by watching the IMAX film, *Flight of the Butterflies*. It is available on Amazon Prime, YouTube, iTunes and at the Audubon Nature Center (see last month's *Slidell Magazine* story). Get out there and support your monarchs!



Facts about Monarch Butterflies

The average weight of an adult monarch is 0.5 gram.
Less than 1% of eggs and caterpillars survive to adulthood.

One female lays approximately 300-500 eggs.

Each egg is about the size of a pinhead and laid on the underside of the milkweed leaf.

Eggs are roundish and off-white.

Two weeks after birth, a monarch caterpillar will be 2000 times larger.

It is believed that the Eastern North American population return to Mexico, while some California monarch's may only migrate to Southern California.

Glider pilots have reported sightings of monarchs as high as 11,000 feet.

Monarch butterflies smell with their antennae and taste nectar with their feet.

North American monarch species differ from those found in South America, but both exist together in the Caribbean.

A black spot on an inside surface of its hind wing distinguishes the male monarch butterfly.

The monarch butterfly does not have lungs. Breathing is achieved through tiny vents in the thorax or abdomen, called spiracles. Oxygen is distributed through the body by an arrangement of tubes called trachea.

Their wingspan is 10cm.

Their wings flap slower than other butterflies, at about 300 - 720 times per minute.

Día de los Muertos (Day of the Dead)

The Day of the Dead Festival occurs every year November 1-2 and coincides with the arrival of the monarch butterflies from the Northern United States and Southern Canada. The festival honors the departed loved ones as a celebration of life, not death. It has been celebrated for approximately 3000 years. Many believe that the arriving monarchs are the spirits of the deceased.



Did you know....

Many monarch butterflies are tagged? Many citizen scientists tag monarchs each year as they pass through their yards, southbound to Mexico. This information provides the origin and point of recovery which aid scientists in determining the pathways of the monarch. Tagging is how scientists determined that migration was a multi-generational trip.

Want more info on monarchs?

Watch the IMAX film, *Flight of the Butterflies*, available at the Audubon Nature Center, Amazon Prime, YouTube or iTunes. Also, check out:

monarchwatch.org
journeynorth.org
monarchbutterflygarden.net



What Can You Do to Help?

Monarchs need more people to plant milkweed and nectar plants, such as lantana, pentas, and/or Mexican sunflowers.

Use caution handling milkweed plants as the sap can cause skin irritation. Wear gloves and eye protection. Avoid eye contact. Wash hands immediately.

You can certify your yard as a monarch waystation at monarchwatch.org. You can also report sightings of monarchs at journeynorth.org.



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JULY BLESSINGS

By Very Reverend W.C. Paysse, V.F.
Pastor, Our Lady of Lourdes Church

Dear Friends,

When I lived in Washington, D.C., I was surrounded with the spirit of our nation's democracy. Daily laying eyes on the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the Capitol and the White House, to name a few, spoke volumes to me. There was a sense of national sacrifice of long ago that had a presence like no other place in our nation. I am not speaking of the politics but of the greatness of men and women who sacrificed for what we know as the United States of America.

How often I visited Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, and watched repeatedly the film in the visitor's center about the young George who served His Majesty's government in the English Colony and then became a great leader in the fight of independence from England. This brave move on the part of the colonists who were being unfairly taxed by the English monarch would lead to the birth of the great nation we call home. I recall in the film General George Washington convened his War Council and laid out the plan to attack the British. One of his advisors spoke as if it would be impossible to accomplish the daunting task of defeating the British. The words of George Washington forever echo in my ear, "Gentlemen, there will be no defeat! This is our home. We know every river, valley and forest..." Such bravery, such confidence, such leadership! There was no one like George Washington in his day or perhaps today.

As we celebrate the Fourth of July, we are reminded of the many sacrifices of women and men not only in the past, but today, and also the efforts of all Americans who labor daily to secure freedom, stability of families, a strong economy, health care, and the right of liberty and justice for all people. It saddens me to see fellow Americans lacking the civility and human decency toward others no matter their race, religion or gender. We are one nation; and, although we all have our opinions, we should strive to show respect and an openness toward other people.

May the Fourth of July be a day of solidarity while we all enjoy our hot dogs, apple pie or other favorite food and a round or two of good old-fashioned horseshoes. Yes, maybe for some, this will be enjoyed from a computer or handheld device. After all, this is America, our home!

Happy Fourth of July,

Very Reverend W.C. Paysse, V.F.
Pastor

JULY EVENTS

CHURCH SCHEDULE

EVERY SUNDAY: Mass 7am, 8:30am, 10:30am, 5:30pm

EVERY MONDAY: Communion Service 8:30am

EVERY TUE-SAT: Mass 8:30am

EVERY SATURDAY: Confession 3:00pm. Vigil Mass 4:00pm

CHURCH EVENTS

EVERY THURSDAY: That Man Is You with Mass 6am, Parish Life Center

EVERY FRIDAY: Church office closed every Friday in July

7/06 First Saturday Devotions 8:30am Mass followed with Confession, Adoration and Benediction at 10am

7/09 Knights of Columbus Meeting; dinner 6pm; meeting 7pm, KC Hall

7/16 Knights of Columbus Fourth Degree Meeting; dinner 6pm; meeting 7pm, KC Hall

SCHOOL OFFICE HOURS FOR THE SUMMER

7/02-7/03 9am-2pm (closed 4th of July)

7/09-7/11 9am-2pm

7/16-7/18 9am-2pm

7/23-7/25 9am-2pm

7/30-8/01 8am-3:30pm

8/05-8/08 Teacher In-Service and Retreat

8/09 Opening Day of 2019-2020 School Year





Crimi-Mommy INSANE

"SIMPLER TIMES"

Editor's Note:

Author Leslie Gates and her family are having a busy summer, so we encouraged her to take some time off from her column. The following is a reprint of one of Leslie's best stories, originally run in *Slidell Magazine's* September 2014 edition. Enjoy!

I was teaching Sunday school to some 5th graders in my church a couple of years ago and, as I so often do, I had waited until the last minute to prepare the lesson. I mean, like Sunday morning.

The lesson required reading the book, "The Giving Tree" by Shel Silverstein, which worked out well because I already owned a copy of it.

Being one of my favorite childhood books, I was interested to see how it would fit into the lesson.

Well, in the hustle of trying to find matching shoes for my kids, a clean coffee cup, and my keys, I forgot the book at home.

I hurried to church, ran my three kids to their classes, then headed off to teach the lesson I had NOT prepared for, 10 minutes late, to 5 innocent faces eager to learn a positive message for the week.

I started reading the script that would eventually introduce the story, at which point I was supposed to pull out "The Giving Tree," read it, then read the moral pertaining to the book, say a prayer, and send them on their way.

I was just going to summarize from what I could remember, but the kids suggested pulling it up on my phone and reading it that way.

"Oh yeah! Duh!" I thought, as I quickly searched for it.

I don't know what it was that led me to pull it up on YouTube, but alas, I did. And I can NEVER take it back. EVER.

I found a digital video of the book, with narration, moving characters and everything! Woohoo! Man I love technology!

The 6 of us laid on our tummies, all cozy on the carpet, and huddled around my cell phone screen as I proudly displayed one of my favorite stories. I didn't even have to read it. It read itself! Things were really working out, even though I had procrastinated.

The story began just as I remembered, although the voice that was narrating

seemed a little off. I just went with it.

It is a very simple, beautiful story. But this version was cut short. Very abruptly. It went a little something like this...

When the boy wanted to play, the tree would let him climb its trunk and swing from its branches. When the boy was tired, the tree let him rest and sleep in its shade.

BUT, when the boy was hungry, APPARENTLY he said,

"GIVE ME A %&*@ING APPLE!"

I know.

I wasn't expecting it either.

Probably should have said the prayer FIRST.

The children were holding their ears tightly, even closing their eyes, afraid of what they might see next.

It was the NIGHTMARE Sunday school scenario, and leave it to me to live it!

After all was said and done, I began my walk of shame to tell their parents. Even GRANDPARENTS.

I felt HORRIBLE.

It's crazy, the things we have to

deal with in this technological age that could never have been imagined when we were kids.

For example, as I am writing this (old school, with a pencil and paper), my 6 year-old daughter is sitting across from me at the kitchen table. Left thumb in her mouth, right hand on her tablet, playing a game.

When I was 6 years old, I was making forts in the bushes, swimming in ditches after a big rain and nursing my mosquito bites by making an "X" in them with my fingernail.

Every generation seems tougher than the one after them, and feels they have every right to tell the younger generation all about how it was back in their day! And why not? They earned it!

So here we go. I will start...

Me: Born 1977

Back in MY day, times were simpler. Families seemed more tight-knit because not everyone had a screen in front of their face. And, if they did, it was the TV, after dinner, tuned into whatever your PARENTS wanted to watch. For us, it was "MASH" or "The Golden Girls." When you were disrespectful, there were punishments. And I don't mean your games were taken away. I'm talkin' if your Dad owned a belt, it resided in one of 3 places: the closet, his waist, or your backside. Those belts usually came with big buckles that sometimes got in the way. We still knew our parents loved us though. Spanking was just acceptable then. Even the schools had a right to paddle you. Trust me. I know.

At supper time, you couldn't get up until all of your food was gone, even if you had to sneak it into your napkin. In high school, our main concerns were if we should cruise Gause Blvd or hang out at our friend's house, listening to mix tapes while sneaking cigarettes. We never missed a football game. (Go Spartans!) And if we wanted to talk to our friends, we had to actually TALK to our friends, either at school or over the home phone, if no one else was on the line. We communicated more with the people that REALLY mattered, our lives were private, and we had more time to deal with disappointments. The world wasn't constantly flashing in front of our face in real time; it was on the 5 o'clock news. My chores were emptying the dishwasher, cleaning the bathroom, and sweeping the pine straw off the roof. And, if I didn't want a bald eagle imprinted on my butt, I did them.

My Mom: Born 1945

"Back in my day, because of the polio epidemic, we had to rest every day so as not to weaken our

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bodies. I read a lot during those times, usually Nancy Drew mysteries. We had a neighborhood full of kids of all ages, so there was plenty to do. We even had bon fires in the field across the street, cooking potatoes in foil and hot dogs. I rode my bike several blocks away, to friends' houses, stores, and even to the theater on Saturday mornings; didn't have to worry about predators. My neighborhood girlfriends and I would play school a lot. We rode a privately owned school bus to school because it was not supplied by the school system.

We had a patio outside where we would hold teenage neighborhood dances, playing the cool music of the 50's. We would also perform plays with honest-to-goodness costumes and singing, and charge a slight fee. And, yes - we had a bell on the front porch that Mother would ring when it was time to come home, or we had to watch for the front porch light demanding us to return.

My chores were to make my bed every day and keep my room clean - I shared a room with one of my sisters. Kitchen duties were rotated each week among my siblings - setting the table (for nine people!), washing dishes (by hand!), drying and putting them away, along with rotation of packing school lunches. Once in a while, I'd have to dust. We didn't have a clothes dryer, so I'd have to hang clothes on the outside line - including the icky, sticky, starched petticoats.

Treats were popsicles, popcorn, and an occasional Coca-Cola or trip to the ice cream shop. We drank milk at every meal, including school lunches. All of our meals were home cooked."

My Grandmother: Born 1912

"Back in my day, there were no TVs. For fun, I would read. I even read encyclopedias! I climbed trees a lot, the big tree in the backyard was perfect - the limbs were wide and safe enough to be comfortable, so I would climb up and read my books, where I wouldn't be bothered. I played paper dolls with my sister, cutting them from my mother's magazines.

We walked to and from school. And after school, my mother was always there with a snack and time to listen. And my friends were always welcome, playing until it was time for homework.

I had 5 siblings and we didn't have a lot of chores. Cleaning the table was one, or setting it. I never felt I was being too busy.

In high school, the Depression cut down on a lot of things, so our boyfriends had no money. Because of this, we had parties on Friday or Saturday nights and danced. We had radios and all the big



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bands to listen to. Great music - not the noise of today. To go to the movies was really special, and we couldn't go very often. Money was needed in other places. We didn't have alcohol or cigarettes, but we did have cookies and lemonade.

My mother made most of my clothes and she was great at it. She could make anything you showed her!

I was very close to my brother. He was always determined I would be Valedictorian, so he would coach me, especially in Algebra. But he died when I was in the ninth grade. I was very sad. Because of it, I worked even harder. And, like he had known I would, I became Valedictorian of my high school. I always wanted to do my best for him."

When I read these, I become mindful of 4 basic values we were all taught, even though we lived in such different times.

Discipline. Hard work. Respect. Love.

All kids should be taught them. And the only way to do that is to LIVE them. Be the example. And for God's sake, DON'T teach them on YouTube.

Could you imagine me walking up to my grandmother back then, as she sits in her tree, quietly reading, and asking her to take a selfie with me? Or if she knows the WIFI password?

When life gets overwhelming and busy, look around you and see what things are hindering a peaceful life.

And, when it is even too hard to do that, do this...

Imagine that little girl sitting high up on the branch, reading her book quietly, the wind blowing gently, the sun breaking through the leaves - hiding from the world, in HER OWN giving tree. One without apples, of course.

We don't have to live "back in the day" to imagine that. Or to even DO that.

Sometimes, it just takes a gentle reminder from simpler times.

I continued teaching the same kids at church, although the first few Sundays after the YouTube incident were awkward. I'm pretty sure they got over it. At least they haven't turned into serial killers or anything. So that's good.

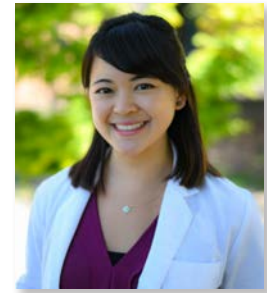
But, I'll tell you one thing... if I ever come face to face with that guy in the video... I am taking him out worse than a clothesline hit in a game of Red Rover!

Because, that's how we did it, BACK IN MY DAY.

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Medication is often the first-line therapy for enlarged prostate, but relief can be inadequate and temporary. Side effects of medication treatment can include sexual dysfunction, dizziness and headaches, prompting many patients to quit using the drugs. Others discontinue use for inefficacy. For these patients, the classic alternative is surgery that cuts, heats or removes prostate tissue to open the blocked urethra. While such surgical and procedural options can be very effective in relieving symptoms, they can also leave patients with permanent side effects such as urinary incontinence, erectile dysfunction and retrograde ejaculation.

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Differentiating symptoms of enlarged prostates from other urologic conditions is often complex, and a variety of in-office testing and diagnostic procedures can help your urologist diagnose and manage your BPH in efforts to control your urinary symptoms. It is important for men with any bothersome urinary symptoms to know they are not alone, as BPH affects a significant portion of men. Now there is a treatment option to fit your lifestyle, so you don't need medication or surgery. Find out if UroLift® is right for you!



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Dr. Pinsky earned his medical degree from Tulane University School of Medicine. He then went on to complete his Urology Residency at Tulane with a focus on Endourology and Minimally Invasive Urology. Dr. Pinsky has been practicing at the Ochsner Specialty Health Center in Slidell for almost three years. He was the first in the area to perform robotic urologic procedures and continues to bring innovative procedures to his practice in Slidell for management of many other urologic conditions.

He has most recently been designated as a UroLift® Center of Excellence. The designation recognizes that Dr. Pinsky has achieved a high level of training and experience with the UroLift® System and demonstrated a commitment to exemplary care for men suffering from BPH symptoms.

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"Your Estate Matters"

By Ronda M. Gabb, NP, JD, RFC

Legal-ease



2019 PROPERTY TAX ASSESSMENTS

Yes, it is already that time of year again! Pursuant to the St. Tammany Parish Assessor's website (www.STPAO.org), the assessor's tax rolls for 2019 will be open for inspection from August 15, 2019 until August 29, 2019. The assessor expects the online tax roll to be available for review on August 1st. While the deadline date for filing an appeal to the Board of Review with the Parish Council was not yet published as I write this, it will most probably be the following Friday, September 6, 2019. You must file your request for a review with the assessor BEFORE filing an appeal, and that deadline is August 29th. You can find those appeal forms on the assessor's website or visit either the Covington office in the Justice Center, or the Slidell office in the Towers Building.

Homestead Exemption – If you own (or under some circumstances enjoy a usufructuary interest) and occupy the home as your primary residence you (and your spouse) are allowed only one homestead exemption, even if the spouses live separately. Since August 1, 2016, it is now a crime (La. R.S. 14:71.4) to fraudulently claim a homestead exemption, or to claim more than one homestead exemption (even for a married couple) in this state. The homestead exemption means you do not pay any Parish property taxes (City taxes are still due) on the first \$75,000 of your home's fair market value (FMV). The "assessed" value is then 10% of the homestead's FMV which is why the homestead exemption appears on your tax bill as 7,500, not \$75,000. (Commercial properties are assessed differently and have no homestead exemption available.)

Double Homestead Exemption– On January 1, 2015, the Louisiana Constitution was changed to allow disabled veterans to double their homestead exemption amount when they have a service-connected disability rating of 100 percent unemployability or 100 percent total disability by the U. S. Department of Veterans Affairs (VA). The disability must be service-connected, not necessarily incurred as a result of combat. This means that the first \$150,000 FMV of your primary home is exempt from Parish property taxes. This "double" homestead exemption also applies to the surviving spouse of a 100% disabled veteran, even if the exemption was not in effect during the life of the deceased spouse veteran. There is no income requirement to be satisfied as with the special assessment levels (SALs) discussed below.

Special Assessment Levels (SALs) - The most popular SAL is known as the "Senior Freeze". This applies when an owner of the property is age 65 or older before December 31st of the year of application. This "freeze" also applies to disabled veterans of any age who have a service connected disability rating of 50 percent or greater (also POWs, IAs, and MIAs); and non-veterans (or disabled veterans with a 49 percent or less disability rating) who have been deemed permanently and totally disabled by a governmental agency (state or federal) or by the court.

In addition to the above requirements, you must also pass an income test. For 2019, the Adjusted Gross Income (AGI) limit is \$75,594, and



you will need to bring a copy of your tax return and proof of age to the assessor. If you are age 65 or older, you do not need to meet the income test every year, only once upon your initial qualification. However, as to all other SALs (except the 100 percent disabled veteran), you must meet the income requirement annually. Several assessors have asked the legislature to make this permanent, but that has not happened yet.

These "assessment freezes" assure that the assessed value of your primary home will never go up as long as you, or your spouse if age 55 or older, are alive, and have not made improvements to the home which increased its value by 25% or more. Your millage rate may change so your actual tax bill could go up or down slightly, but the assessed value is frozen. It is very important that you get your freeze in place now as next year, 2020, is a reassessment year (which occurs every four years). Unfortunately, these SALs are NOT transferable to a new home if you move.

I realize that many readers may not live in St. Tammany Parish, so I urge you to call or visit your own Parish's assessor's office to see when their rolls are open for inspection and their appeal deadline dates. All other information above is applicable for the entire state of Louisiana. Here are some Assessor's numbers: St. Tammany (985-809-8180), Jefferson (504-362-4100), Orleans (504-658-1300), Tangipahoa (985-748-7176), Washington (985-839-7815), St. Charles (985-783-6281), Lafourche (985-447-7242), Terrebonne (985-876-6620), Livingston (225-686-7278), East Baton Rouge (225-389-3920), and Ascension (225-473-9239).



See other articles and issues of interest!

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Ronda M. Gabb is a Board Certified Estate Planning and Administration Specialist certified by the Louisiana Board of Legal Specialization. She is a member of the American Academy of Estate Planning Attorneys, National Academy of Elder Law Attorneys and the Governor's Elder Law Task Force. Ronda grew up in New Orleans East and first moved to Slidell in 1988, and now resides in Clipper Estates.

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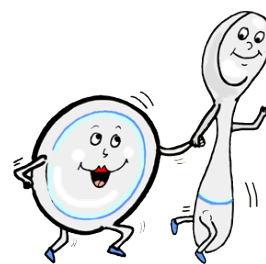
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The Dish ran away with the Spoon



Melting

By Katie Clark

Hello July! I was wondering where you were and then I walked outside and my sunglasses fogged up and I burned my hand on the steering wheel and, when I rolled down my window, I noticed my poor plants with parched leaves, the sad brown patches on my lawn and droopy tomato plants. I saw a Mockingbird fumble for change to buy lemonade from a child. A cactus was eating his own arm. A camel bargained one of his humps for a bottle of water and my children were lying on our tile floor to cool their faces. Yes, July. Hello. We see you, even though we may be hallucinating from heat exhaustion, we definitely see you.

There is no reason to turn on your oven during these oppressive few months. Buy an above-ground pool or even a sprinkler. Buy stock in charcoal and park it outside. My father-in-law is a member of the Big Green Egg cult. He is obsessed, and rightfully so. That grill does a wonderful job doing what grills do. He's also a marvelous cook, so he's no dummy around a grill. My husband prefers a classic Weber with its round, spaceship design - small, simple - everything he needs to make easy and delicious summertime meals. He and his dad go back and forth on why the BGE is far superior to the Weber - it cooks evenly, it retains juices, it's a status symbol! I actually prefer a little char on my bell pepper, a hot spot on my hot dog. It is proof that someone, a real person, was tending to my food. Someone was taking great care to cook and serve me a meal using an actual fire while the sky fire competed for their attention.

I like to think of summer as "Wooden Stick Season." This season includes popsicles (on a wooden stick), shish kabobs (on a wooden stick), fresh cold sushi (eaten with wooden sticks), and toothpicks (tiny wooden sticks used to get the grilled corn out of your teeth). While you are buying stock in charcoal, load up on those wooden sticks, too!

Our favorite "Supper on a Stick" is a recipe I found in Bon Appetit many years ago. Skewered shrimp and peaches, brushed with peanut butter and peach nectar, grilled and ready to eat in about 5 minutes. It's great because it is very easy to substitute ingredients and still maintain a satisfactory result.

Don't feel like firing up the grill? Make a "Salad on a Stick." Marinate balled watermelon, pearl mozzarella, fresh basil, cherry tomatoes in a blush wine vinaigrette, then alternate ingredients on a stick - voila! Salad on a stick. You will barely need forks and knives all summer long.

The no stove/oven rule should go for children, as well. No need to boil that macaroni water until fall. I recommend, for children 3 and above, "Supper on a Stick" as often as possible. In fact, the more things you can put on a stick, the more likely your kids will eat it/play with

it/be interested in it/give you a break from convincing them to do something, etc. Consider cubed cheese, a cubed piece of turkey or ham, one cherry tomato - sandwich on a stick! You can put separate ingredients in a bowl and have a "no-cook" fondue party! Invite friends to bring different skewer-ready ingredients...Who am I kidding? It's way too hot to do anything! Head to Olde Towne where there's a restaurant on every block. Finish your evening off at the Soda Shop. For \$1 they will let you put your head in the cooler. (It's not been confirmed, but it's worth asking.)

SHRIMP & PEACHES ON A WOODEN STICK

(Based on a recipe from Bon Appetit)

6 Tbs Smooth Natural Peanut Butter

1/3 C Brown Sugar

3 Tbs seasoned rice vinegar

2 Tbs Soy Sauce

2-3 tsp hot chili paste

9 Tbs Peach Nectar (Jelly/Jam)

3 Peaches cut into wedges

2 dozen shrimp (peeled & deveined)

6 Heads Baby Bok Choy

Light that grill. Whisk first 5 ingredients and 5 Tbs of peach nectar until smooth. Alternate shrimp and peaches on the wooden sticks. Season with salt and pepper. Place skewers and bok choy on grill and brush all with remaining peach nectar. Grill until bok choy is tender, peaches are slightly charred and shrimp are opaque. Serve with remaining sauce. Remember not to contaminate your dipping sauce with raw shrimp! Also, feel free to substitute asparagus for bok choy, or serve over a bed of rice noodles drizzled with sesame oil.



PET POINTS



by Jeff Perret, DVM

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Snakeesssss

I find snakes beautiful and fascinating. My wife, not so much. And that may be the understatement of the year. So, when she recently found a dead snake on her morning walk, about two blocks from our house, I was recruited to identify and dispose of it. This one turned out to be a nonvenomous water snake; but the whole experience has left me thinking a lot about snakes lately, venomous snakes in particular.

Snakebite cases in veterinary medicine usually follow a typical scenario: dog goes out and sniffs around the woodpile, then WHAM!, he gets hit, usually in the face or front paws. We see the odd cat snakebite, but much more often it's a curious dog, usually Labrador Retrievers,

or various terriers of the sort that have been bred to relentlessly go down holes after small prey.

Snakebites are painful; this is one way to differentiate them from garden-variety bee stings and allergic reactions. These patients are usually in excruciating pain, and touching them anywhere near the region of the bite is a one-way ticket to getting bitten yourself. Pain control is always one of the first priorities for these unfortunates.

There is a lot of lore, and not as much scientific data as there should be, regarding the veterinary medical therapy of snakebites. Articles on snakebite management list scores of potential therapeutic interventions; and, in online

discussion forums, such as the Veterinary Information Network, doctors trade tips and insights that seem to come in and out of favor from week to week. Antibiotics, antihistamines, steroids, anti-inflammatory drugs and antivenin all get tossed around as options. Unfortunately, few scientific papers exist to establish a consensus for treatment of venomous snakebites in pets.

Some of the problem comes from the many different types of snakes scattered all over the globe. In Louisiana, we are blessed with snakes of the scientific subfamily Crotalinae, also known as pit vipers. These guys strike hard and fast, and in Louisiana they include a handful of rattlesnake species, the copperhead,

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and the water moccasin, also known as the cottonmouth. Their venom digests tissues and causes red blood cells to die in a process called hemolysis. You can almost imagine the snake, waiting in ambush for its prey and thinking, "I'm about to inflict some sssseriousssss hemolysissssssssssss!"

We are also home to 2 species of coral snakes of the family Elapidae. These guys produce a witches' brew of neurotoxins that can paralyze the muscles of breathing, and the victim can end up on a ventilator in no time. At upwards of \$1000 a day for the ventilator alone, these cases require the highest level of intensive care that veterinarians can provide, and survival is not guaranteed.

Pain control and administration of the specific antivenin are the cornerstones of treatment for snakebites. Antivenin can cost hundreds of dollars per dose, so many pet owners unfortunately, but understandably, must opt out of this treatment. It's conventional wisdom that patients who receive antivenin recover faster and more frequently than those that don't. Human snakebite victims may require 8 to 10 vials of the stuff. The most I've ever given to a canine patient was two. This is another sad example of how finances can come between what is best for treating a pet and what is realistic for most pet owners.

There is nothing you can do at home or in the field to manage a venomous snake bite. Don't apply a tourniquet. And don't try to suck out the venom (yes, I've heard people who swear this is good advice). If your dog gets fangs in his flesh, make headway to the nearest veterinary hospital or ER and let them know you are coming. ID of the snake can be crucial, and there are many good resources online for that purpose. Unfortunately, there are also countless wives' tales used to ID venomous snakes. Even those that have a kernel of truth can be twisted, misinterpreted, and have exceptions, often with deadly consequences. It's also worth noting that many bites occur during an effort to retrieve a snake for ID, or while trying to kill a snake that wasn't posing an immediate threat. The best cure for a snakebite is to avoid it in the first place.

In some cases, the veterinary facility may have to scramble to get the antivenin from a human hospital, so as much heads-up as you can give them will help you out. Get medical care as soon as you can, and if you can spring for antivenin, I would recommend it in cases where the ID of the snake species is certain.

Since prevention is so much easier than treatment, keeping inquisitive dogs away from tried-and-true snake habitats, like woodpiles, is a wise move. If possible, get rid of the woodpile, and other similar debris. Not all dogs tend to exercise caution (which is living proof of the adage, "One dog, one brain; two dogs, no brains"), so some avoidance training may be helpful as well.

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OUT TAKES

Slidell Magazine was EVERYWHERE this month!
Here are just a few of our adventures!



Bayou Bonfouca summer fun!
Slidell Magazine's Dawn Rivera, Leslie Gates & Kendra Maness are joined by Dawn's son, Parker, on the Waverunner in search of adventure!



The Slidell Mag family celebrates atop the Hot Tin rooftop lounge on St. Charles Avenue after the Press Club of New Orleans nominations. We are finalists in 2 categories! The awards are July 27th. WISH US LUCK!!



Olde Towne Slidell Main Street celebrates 10 years!
Joining in the Wine Garden festivities were Gidget Ladner, Amy Thomas, Chief Randy Fandal, Troy Brackett, and Miranda Parker



Kendra joined her SWCC sisters, Miss Rosemary Clement and Nell Laporte, along with the talented Bobby Ohler at Lacombe Nursing Centre to entertain the residents for the grand opening of their new garden & picnic area



BODACIOUS BABES!
Kendra with Bella Style owner, Jen Baudier, are, like, totally rad at the 80's party held at Fatty's Seafood to benefit Lorrie Kauwe



Olde Towne Slidell Main Street Chairman of the Board, Laura Borchert, enjoys champagne & popcorn with husband, Councilman Bill Borchert, and Lt. Governor Billy Nungesser at the Wine Garden



Play practice for the cast of Steel Magnolias!
l-r: Suzanne Stymiest (M'Lynn), Krista Gregory (Annelle), Jennifer Gesvantner (Truvy), Ryan Darby (Shelby), Brittney Crayton (Ouiser) and Kendra Maness (Clairee)



Creative Dance Studio Recital



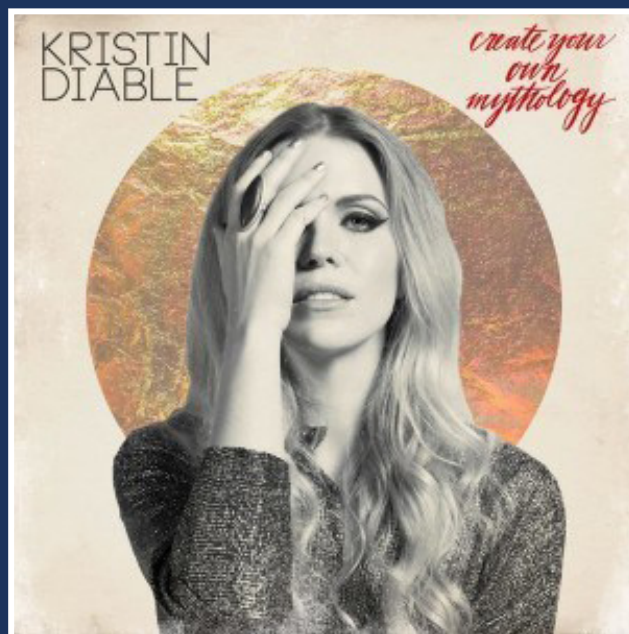
The Dance Project Recital



Galloway School of Dance Recital



Giacobbe Academy of Dance Recital



July 6 Showcase Comic-Con Event
 July 13 & 14 Slidell Gun & Knife Show
 July 15 - 18 Private Event
 July 18 Lobby Lounge presents Kristen Diable

July 20 & 21 H.E.R.P. Exotic Reptile and Pet Show
 July 22 Private Meeting
 July 24 EST Chamber Legislative Luncheon with Sen. Sharon Hewitt
 July 27 Northshore Family Fun Day - **Free Admission!**

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