

SMC VOLUNTEER NEWSLETTER



May there always be work for your hands to do. May your purse always hold a coin or two. May the sun always shine upon your window pane. May a rainbow always be over your right shoulder.



Frist Award Winners Honored



Lee Kirven and Debbie Lawrence

Summerville Medical Center (SMC) staff members joined with friends and family on February 6th to honor the 2007 Frist Humanitarian Award winners, Deborah Lawrence and Lee Kirven. The award is



March 2008

presented annually to two individuals for their humanitarian and volunteer activities.

Ms. Lawrence has been a Patient Care Coordinator on the third floor since 2000. She was one of the original staff members at SMC when the facility opened. In her nomination, Ms. Lawrence was commended for bringing a “strong sense of community” to SMC, and for her many activities outside and inside SMC. These include membership in the Summerville Chamber of Commerce, working with Habitat for Humanity, and volunteering for many SMC projects, such as the ARC and the Azalea Festival. In her nomination, she is described as “the employee you would want by your side to comfort you in a time of need. She has a caring heart, and she is often the department’s designee to console those in a time of grief. She is a generous and caring professional.”

Ms. Kirven has been an SMC volunteer since 1999. During the week she works shifts at the Outpatient/Emergency Entrance Desk, and then on Saturdays at the Inpatient Desk. She is also a member of the hospital’s Health Ministry/Parish Nursing Program and has completed certification training that focuses on healing ministries of body, mind, and spirit. She is described as a person who “grasps the true meaning of spiritual hospitality.” At her church, Ms. Kirven, who was a teacher in Korea, helps with the children’s school and supports missionary orphanage programs. She also makes clothing for the needy, is involved in church disaster planning programs, and is active in ongoing efforts to share ideas for healthy living and wellness. Ms. Kirven was nominated

for “being an example to all of courage, grace, friendship, humility, warmth, and generosity.”



Ann Clack, Lee Kirven, Jenny Smith, Debbie Lawrence, Deborah Mueller, Barbara McCoy

Also nominated for the Frist Award were employees Deborah Morales, 3rd floor Med/surg; Jenny Smith, Respiratory services; Brenda Marle, Mammography; Dennis Sweat, Environmental Services; Barbara McCoy, Laboratory; and volunteers Ann Clack and Debbie Mueller.

The Frist Humanitarian Award was created in 1971, named in honor of Dr. Thomas F. Frist, Sr., a founder of HCA. The award recognizes individuals whose daily dedication and care giving “epitomize the highest standards of quality and personal commitment.” One of the two awards presented annually honors the employee who goes beyond day-to-day responsibilities in his or her overall service to the community. The other award recognizes an HCA volunteer who gives unselfishly in his or her service to patients.



From the desk of Glen Camp:
***Money will buy a fine dog but only kindness will make him wag his tail.**

***Why is it that at class reunions you feel younger than everyone else looks?**

***There are no new sins: the old ones just get more publicity.**

***The trouble with bucket seats is that not everybody has the same size bucket.**

***Money can't buy happiness – but somehow it's more comfortable to cry in a Corvette than in a Yugo.**



LIZARDS AND GRITS

- by Linda Gray

Ever since I moved from Arizona to South Carolina a year and a half ago people have been asking me which place I like better. They want to know why I moved, and whether Arizona is really *that* hot, whether I missed all the East Coast greenery while living in the desert, and whether I now miss the desert.

The answers to those questions are “I don't know”, “yes”, “sometimes”, and “sometimes”. But the questions aren't really fair. Arizona is to South Carolina as lizards are to grits. Both have their redeeming features, if you like that sort of thing. It's strictly a matter of taste (literal and figurative).

But despite their obvious radical differences, Arizona and South Carolina do have one thing in common: imports from the North and Midwest. People from Frostbite Falls, Minnesota, or Illinois, or Pennsylvania, or New York, or Ohio flock to the welcoming warmth of the Carolina beaches and the Southern Arizona mountain foothills by the thousands during the winter. The population in Tucson, where I lived, doubled, maybe even tripled, between October and April. The local sport was to make fun of the “snowbirds” with their funny accents, monster American cars (usually Buicks), golf

paraphernalia, and touristy attire that announced they were just stopping by for the season. In South Carolina, judging by my neighbors, the Northern and Midwestern immigrants are more a mix of seasonal visitors and permanent exports who want no more of iced roads, snow shovels, and arctic wind chills. They simply come and settle in. I should mention that both states have another feature that draws these “outsiders” like a magnet: they are virtually *littered* with golf courses (can you tell I’m not a golfer?). Golf carts outnumber Toyotas and think they are tractor trailers.

Since going from desert to Lowcountry, I’ve spent a lot of time wondering how I could find two such dramatically different cultures equally appealing. It’s funny how insistent some people are that you must have a geographic preference, that you have to declare your allegiance either to craggy mountains or sandy beaches. I’m going on the record to state they are wrong, at least in my case. Both environments, wildly different as they are, speak to my soul. It’s like having a split personality.

One thing I’ve learned, though. It’s true that geography comes to define you. Imagine yourself as a Lowcountry native suddenly plopped down among the sahuaros (those pronged cactuses that co-star in John Wayne movies) and confronted by a javelina (large, hairy, pig-like creatures that roam the desert). Then imagine yourself as a “desert rat” (the human kind) plunked down on a horse drawn buggy in Old Charleston. Would such a culture shock change your perspective? Well, it would at least shake you up a bit. And it may even make you feel like an alien being.

The fact of the matter is that Arizonans don’t *look* like South Carolinians, and vice versa, even if they are originally from Massachusetts. And it all has to do with mindset. When you live in Southern Arizona, you feel like a pioneer, and sometimes a survivor. Trust me, there’s something liberating about the blazing heat, the exotic (for Americanos) food, and the desert sky

that wraps you up in a startling beauty unlike any other. You even find yourself unconsciously picking up some Spanish, if for no other reason than to translate the street names (*La* this, and *Los* that). If you don’t hate the desert you are in love with it – there is no middle ground - and you are relentlessly charmed by the environmental drama all around you.

But my new home in South Carolina has a charm all its own, and when you live here, you are literally absorbed into the natural wonder of the place. Here, it’s a different kind of liberation. You are in touch with history, captivated by the ocean and abundant wildlife, and plunge greedily into the lush and aromatic springs. It’s cosmopolitan without being pretentious. And it’s comfortable without being boring. I realized when I came back East after years of being away just how much I did miss the green and the water. Standing on the beach, watching the waves roll in, I was several worlds apart from the desert, and I didn’t miss it.

I want it all – interesting, exotic Arizona, and lovely, lush South Carolina. But only my mind can exist in two places at once. In case you’re wondering, I can answer the question of why I moved here. But that’s not important. This is home, and it’ll do just fine.

Now, pass the grits.



The Truth About Bunnies and Eggs

Did you ever wonder who came up with the Easter Bunny? Or with dyed eggs as a tradition of the season? You may be surprised to learn that neither the bunny nor the egg dying are modern inventions.

The symbol of the Easter Bunny originated with the ancient festival of Eastre, who was a goddess worshipped by the Anglo-Saxons through her earthly symbol, the rabbit. The Germans brought the symbol of the Easter rabbit to America, where it was generally ignored until after the Civil War when Easter celebrations became more widespread.

Like the bunny, the Easter egg predates the religious Easter holiday. The exchange of eggs in the springtime is a centuries old custom. In those early times, the egg was a symbol of rebirth in most cultures. Among the wealthy, eggs were often wrapped in gold leaf and given as gifts. Poorer classes colored eggs brightly by boiling them with the leaves or petals of certain flowers.

The secular traditions of gift-giving and feasts that have become associated with the religious holiday of Easter have their origins in ancient celebrations of the return of spring. Just think how much more the ancients would have enjoyed their spring celebrations if their bunnies and eggs had come in chocolate!

WE HAVE BABIES, BABIES , AND MORE BABIES!



Nancy and Bob Brown with Mia and her proud parents.

Meeting Mia

- by Nancy Brown

Bob and I just returned from our visit to meet our newest grandchild, Mia. Mia was born on Dec.10, 2007, in Lima, Peru. She and her Mom and Grandmother from Lima arrived here in the States in late January.

I've been showing pictures of Mia to anyone I can stop. But nothing is the same as holding her in my arms. I know she liked meeting me because she smiled. She has lots of black hair and dark eyes. She looks a lot like her Mom, and, yes, she is beautiful. She has big feet like her Dad, so we think we might have another soccer player, like her Dad. Time will tell

We stayed in French Lick, Indiana, at a timeshare. The weather was bitter cold and we had snow and ice. Living here in South Carolina for so many years, we do not like that kind of weather.

I took my daughter-in-law Lilia's Mom, Marlene, out shopping one day. Since we don't speak the same language we did a lot of hand signs. When I was in Lima, Marlene took me shopping in a grocery store. So I took her to Michael's - where else? I only had to call Lilia twice to interpret what her Mom was saying. That's not bad!

Up in French Lick there is a casino where we spent some time. And, yes, we left them some money. They have a wonderful buffet, too.

One day we had lunch at a winery, but left right after to get home before the next snow storm. We also took Mia for her first lunch in the USA at the Olive Garden. She almost slept thru the meal!

It's 14 years between grandchildren, so yes, I'm excited.

A Great! Great Grandson



Shirley and Chase

Chase David Williams, great grandson of volunteer Shirley Brown, was born on February

1 at 8pm at SMC. He weighed 5 lbs. and is 19 inches long. Chase should have been born in Columbia, but decided on an early arrival while his mom was visiting here in Summerville.



Sophia is Sunshine



Sophia Elaine Conn

Sophia Elaine Conn was born February 13 at 5:20am to Steve and Jennifer Conn. She is the granddaughter of volunteer Linda Grande. Sophie made her “grande” entrance weighing 8 lbs., 5 oz., and was 20.5 inches long. Sophie is Linda’s first grandchild.

MIDLIFE CRISIS – GOT ONE?

After being married for 44 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said, "Honey, 44 years ago we had a cheap apartment, a cheap car, slept on a sofa bed and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with a hot 25-year-old gal.

Now I have a \$500,000 house, \$45,000 car, nice big bed and plasma screen TV, but I'm sleeping with a 65-year-old woman. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 25-year-old gal, and she would make sure that I would once again be living in a cheap apartment, driving a cheap car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching a 10-inch black and white TV.

Aren't older women great? They really know how to solve your mid-life crisis.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Glenease Camp	3-02
Gayle Clodfelter	3-20
Carolyn Deal	3-19
Wilhemina Hearne	3-11
Dot Malley	3-13
Mary Mathisen	3-13
Dale Mautz	3-25
Judie Rundstrom	3-19
Kim Smack	3-17
Stephanie Stone	3-02
Larry Tappen	3-27



Everyone Wants to be Irish...

Every year on March 17, celebrants in Buenos Aires, Argentina, take to the streets, dancing and drinking beer at the local Celtic pubs through the night. At the same time, in Birmingham, UK, a massive parade winds its way over a two-mile route through the city’s center. And in Moscow, local Irish bars contribute their own floats, and citizens bring their Irish Wolfhounds, to the Russian version of what has become an international celebration of the wearin’ o’ the green.

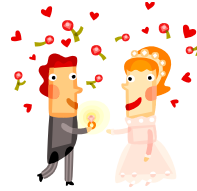
Of course no country on the planet, with the possible exception of Ireland, outshines the United States in this annual honoring of St. Patrick, one of the patron saints of Ireland who lived 385-461 A.D. In the U.S., it all began back in 1737 in Boston, Massachusetts, when The Charitable Irish Society of Boston organized the first St. Patrick’s Day parade in the colonies. The first such parade in New York City was in

1762, organized by Irish soldiers in the British Army. In 1780, General George Washington, who commanded soldiers of Irish descent in the Continental Army, allowed his troops a holiday on March 17, and this became known officially as St. Patrick's Day.

In modern times, St. Patrick's Day festivities in cities and towns across the country sometimes span several days, and often include parades, exhibitions, and food and drink themed around all things Irish and green. In Savannah, GA, for example, one tradition that has developed is the official "dyeing of the fountains", which then run green for several days before a parade attended by hundreds of thousands of people. In Seattle, the annual Irish Week Festival brings thousands together to dance, eat, and even take Gaelic lessons. And in New York City, home of the largest St. Patrick's Day parade in the world, marchers number more than 150,000, including bands, firefighters, military and police groups, various civic associations, and social and cultural clubs. In 2006, the parade was viewed by more than 2 million spectators lining the streets.

As for food, corned beef and cabbage is the most commonly eaten meal in the U.S. on St. Patrick's Day, though this is an American, rather than a traditionally Irish, dish. In recent years, more creative cuisine has reportedly been offered that gives new meaning to the term "going green". Some dinner parties have featured all green food, with menu items including chicken and rice enhanced with green food coloring, lima beans, sliced green maraschino cherries with green coconut, green salad with avocados, sliced green apples, split pea soup, key lime pie, and lime sherbet. And, of course, green beer.

In Ireland, the biggest celebrations outside Dublin are in Downpatrick, Northern Ireland, where Saint Patrick was buried after his death on March 17, 461 A.D. The Irish government, in promoting its annual St. Patrick's Day celebration, acknowledges that the day is not only one for people of Irish descent, but also for those "who sometimes wish they were Irish."



RED SKELTON'S RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

Two times a week, we go to a nice restaurant, have a little beverage, good food and companionship. She goes on Tuesdays, I go on Fridays. We also sleep in separate beds. Hers is in California and mine is in Texas. We always hold hands. If I let go, she shops. I asked my wife where she wanted to go for our anniversary. "Somewhere I haven't been in a long time." So I suggested the kitchen. Remember: Marriage is the number one cause of divorce.

Summerville "CARES" Opportunity



Leasonia McAuley, Lenny Singer, Jill Jones, David Jones, Florence Driggers, BJ Jones, Arturo Acevado, Betty Hobeika

Recently SMC employees, volunteers, and family members spent two days working on the new Dorchester Habitat for Humanity Restore. The building is three times larger than the current Habitat store and will be air conditioned and heated. Staff will be able to test and repair large appliances – something they cannot do now. The new store is scheduled to open in mid summer of 2008 and will house not only the store but also Habitat offices.