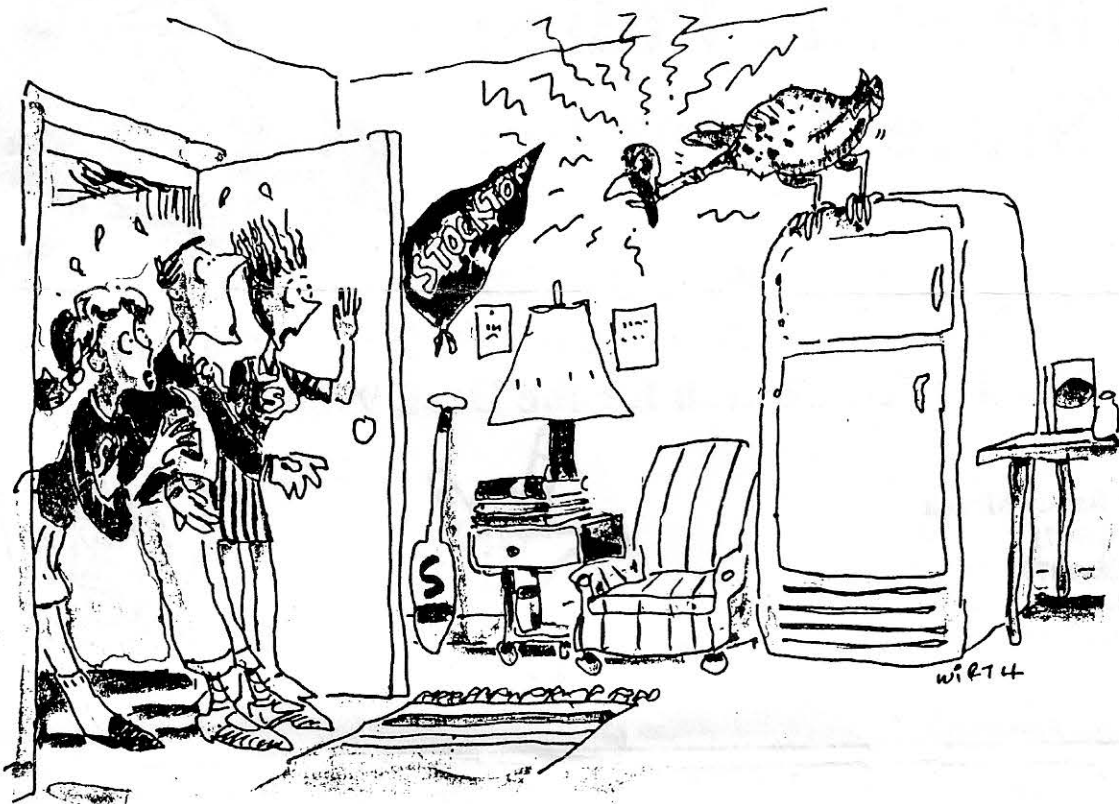


NEWSLETTER

Senior
Citizen
Program



And You Thought Cats Had 9 Lives!

In 1955, this turkey proved himself to be one plucky bird.

I WAS PROUD of my farm upbringing and often bragged of my pioneer heritage while attending Stockton (California) College in 1955. But, as usually happens, pride came before a fall.

Around Thanksgiving that year, I won a live turkey at a student raffle. Soon I realized I hadn't paid enough attention to how Grandma, a real farm woman, had started with a live bird and ended up with a magnificent meal.

Swallowing my pride, I called Grandma in Kansas for help. My roommate, Joanne Reilly, and I tried our best to follow her instructions.

First, Grandma advised, we'd have to chop off the turkey's head. Joanne and I quickly decided we couldn't do that. A friend had some chloroform from her chemistry class and suggested we use it to dispatch the bird humanely.

We held a large wad of chloroform-soaked cotton over his beak until we were sure he was dead. Then we plucked his feathers.

Our next chore was to "clean" him, but we decided we didn't have a knife sharp enough. Admitting we needed help,

*By Yvonda Applegate Allen
Tucson, Arizona*

we left the turkey in the sink, walked up the block to Gene O'Conner's place and asked him to come to our rescue.

Gene let us know in no uncertain terms that he liked being our hero. All the way back, he teased about how women would starve without men around. We almost wished we hadn't caved in so quickly.

The Turkey Was Gone!

When we got back home, the turkey was gone! At first we thought he'd been stolen...then we heard a *gobble, gobble, gobble*.

There, glaring down from atop the refrigerator, was the ugliest, angriest, naked bird imaginable.

Gene wanted to finish him off, but we couldn't bear to "kill" him twice. Joanne said he had "Such an enormous will to live."

We wrapped the turkey in a blanket so he wouldn't catch cold and babied him through the night. We named him "Eugene", to Gene's gratifying displeasure.

For the rest of the school year, Eugene lived in a big box on the back porch. Most of his feathers grew back, but he was never quite the same after his Thanksgiving experience. And for some reason, Eugene attacked his namesake at every opportunity. Even so, we loved him unconditionally.

Even though we had no turkey dinner that Thanksgiving, the spirit of the season was never more heartfelt.

Over 40 Thanksgivings have passed since then, all with considerably more dignity and elegance. But the holiday of 1955 will always be my favorite.

BIRD BUDDIES. "Here I am with friend and turkey co-conspirator Gene O'Conner during the 1955-56 school year," notes the author. "He and my roommate, Joanne, married that year. I've since lost touch and would love to hear from them if they see this."





DEAF & HARD OF HEARING "PP" MEETING

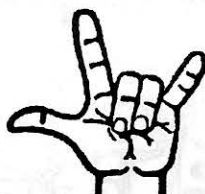
The State Police (State Trooper)



Thursday, November 5th, 1998 7:00 p.m.
Woodhaven Church for the Deaf, 9920 Long Point

From Officer Randy Melton
 TDD (713) 308-9071
 Voice (713) 308-9079
 Fax (713) 308-9073

For emergency dial 911 Then tap your space bar.



November 11, 1998 -Second Wednesday is the day for Senior Citizens to meet at M.M.S.C. from 9:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. There will be a regular meeting. Come on and meet your friends and enjoy yourself.

HAVE A GOOD DAY!!

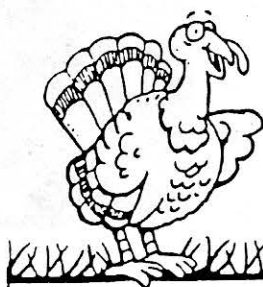
November 19, 1998-Third Thursday for Senior Citizens with HAPPY FACE to meet at Woodhaven Deaf Church for Senior Citizens Social fellowship and lunch. Please let Maurice Ford at 713-455-3507 with Elnora Morgan know what you plan to bring. Hope to see many of you at Woodhaven.

COME ON AND HAVE FUN!!

November 25, 1998—There will be no meeting at M.M.S.C. It is a day before Thanksgiving. You all have very happy Thanksgiving. We will see you at M.M.S.C. December 9, 1998.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR RENEWALS!!

Marie Shropshire, St. Dominic's Center for the Deaf, Fred Loring, Blanche Keith, Sign Shares, Agnes Smith, John Stone, Inez Pierce, and Don Adkins



*Gobble Gobble ... it's turkey time saying
Happy Thanksgiving to you all!*



September 23, 1998 The Houston Deaf Senior Citizen Group celebrated their 15th year together. There were about 65 people. A spaghetti luncheon was served. The group was so generous with all the food that was brought. We had a surprised visitor, Everet Puckett from Nightingale joined us. He brought a beautiful basket filled with coffee mugs, coffee and candy. That was given away. Martha Quinn won the basket from the drawing we had.

Z. X. Curry was honored with a beautiful plaque from the Senior Citizen Group at the 15 year celebration. This plaque was given to him in love and thanks for all of his hard work and efforts to get the Houston Group started. He was very happy to get this plaque because all the things hat he had received through the years had burned in the fire that they had. The Houston Deaf Senior Citizen Group is proud to have Dot and Z. X. Curry as part of our group.

After our anniversary party for our Senior Citizen Group, Opal Piercy had a very mild stroke. Her daughter, Polly Walton drove from Beaumont to take Opal to the doctor. Opal is still having many test run. The results of the test are not all in. Opal is at home resting just like the doctors have told her to do.

Our prayers are with Opal and her family.

Alexander and Ruby Pavalko of Denver, Colorado visited Jack and Hazel Richard. Hazel took the Pavalkos to the MMSC meeting on October 14. Everyone was surprised but glad to see them there.

Alexander, Jack and Hazel graduated from TSD in 1940.

Christine Arnold of Knoxville, Tenn. visited Ann and Raymond Edgley and attended the MMSC meeting on October 14. Christine enjoyed meeting new friends there.

Thank you note from Pat Ganer

Houston Deaf Senior Citizens

Thank you all so much for the absolutely gorgeous arrangement you sent to Dorothy James' funeral.

There is no way I can begin to tell you how much you meant to me and Dorothy. It was so good for her to get out with you and visit and I have confuse. I truly looked forward taking her and staying also. What a Great group of people are. Stay just as young and energetic and happy, as you were when we would come . I may just to come back and check on you all sometimes.

Thank you so much for Dorothy's time with us. That much more enjoyable.

I love you all,
Pat Ganer

Thank you note from Pat Ganer

Mary Redman

I can't thank you enough for interpreting Dorothy's funeral. Everyone there made commands on how beautiful it was. You and the deaf Senior Citizens meant a lot to both Dorothy and me and I thank you for everything.

Pat Ganer and Bruce

Fall Clean Up Saves Bills

Remember to inspect your gutters this fall. Clean out any leaves and sticks, which can cause ice dams, gutter failure due to ice build up, and roof damage this winter. Spend a few hours doing the inspection--or pay an older grandchild to do it--and you can avoid thousands of dollars in damages.



Austin News

The TSD Alumni Association held its meeting during the homecoming weekend of October 10, 1998. In the morning there was a ribbon-cutting ceremony for the grand opening of the new Heritage Center at TSD. The restored building used to be an old laundry structure. The entry was decorated with a "rainbow shape" horseshoe attached with blue and white balloons. At both ends were clusters of more balloons. When the ribbon was cut, the balloons were released upward. Then the spectators got into the new museum which was housed in the new Heritage Center. Everyone enjoyed looking at the antique items from the old days of TSD. The most popular ones were different kinds of uniforms that were worn by TSD students in 1890's, 1920's and 1930's.

Then the first "Hall of Fame" ceremony in the history of TSD was held by the TSD Alumni Association officers and boosters in the new middle School Gym. Iris Sandell, chairlady, and Ruth Seeger presented the names of six individuals who were being inducted into the "Hall of Fame". They were Education: Emily Lewis (the first girl student attending TSD in 1857 who later on became teacher and principal) and Roy Holcomb, TSD 1942, father of "Total Communication", Athletics: Ray Butler and Ruth Seeger, Community Service: Louis Orrill, TSD 1922, Carter Bearden, TSD 1946 and Jerry Hassell, TSD 1946.

The TSD Class of 1948 celebrated their 50th anniversary reunion and was presented with golden diplomas. They were James Fair, Melvin Hoffman, Emory P. Selz and Loyd Williams. Olon Lowrance was not able to attend and Billy Melton was deceased. The past homecoming queens were recrowned and introduced. There were Dorothy Krystianik 1948 (not present), Brenda Simpson Oates 1958, Martha Harvard 1968, Connie Sefcik Kennedy 1978 and Melissa Montoya 1988.

In the evening TSD played football against California School for the Deaf, Riverside, and won by the score of 47 to 0.

The officers of TSD Alumni Association started to talk about the possibility of starting an annual alumni event to be held at TSD in June. They felt that there were too many conflicts in the present schedule for the alumni organization to have its business meeting. They are in the process of discussing with the TSD administration to see if it is feasible to have that event being held in June from now on. If it is possible, that might mean the alumni will be able to lodge on the campus and have meals in the cafeteria. Even if it will be in June, the alumni will still be involved in the annual football homecoming event by participating in its carnival and also attending the football homecoming game.

The officers of TSD Alumni Association are Jerry Hassell, president; Denzil Fewell, vice-president; William Buchanan, secretary; Sandra Barnes-Smith, treasurer; Vernon Pate, editor; Joan Pate, fund-raising chairlady; and board members are Billy Buza, Joel Cook and John Mills.

Dawn Galloway, daughter of the former superintendent of TSD Dr. Victor Galloway passed away from a massive heart attack on October 7, 1998 at the age of 42. She was free lance interpreter for the deaf for the past 15 years. Her sister Shayne is full time interpreter for deaf employees at IRS. Dawn's parents came to the memorial service for her on October 11. Over 250 persons attended the service.

From Jo Ann Adkins

IN LOVING MEMORY
ALMA JEAN CAMPBELL
IT'S BEEN 4 YRS AGO ON NOVEMBER 12th

Death is a heartache no one can heal. My best friend of 13 yrs when she was alive. Since she passed away, she always been in my heart, mind and memories that will never fades. No one can replace my best friend as long as I live. I miss her smiles, tears, laughs, friendship and companionship. It is not the same without her. She is still my best friend forever. I am sure a lot her friends and families feels the same way.

Jo Ann Adkins

WITH OUR VERY DEEPEST SYMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING
THOUGHTS IN THE LOSS OF ONE VERY DEAR TO YOU.

HOUSTON DEAF SENIOR CITIZENS

Malcolm Hugh Pace III, 46, passed away of cancer on September 10, 1998 in Puyallup, Washington. He was born on April 18, 1952 in Houston, Texas. A resident of Pierce County for 25 years, he was also a member of the Carpenter Trust Union. He is survived by his sons, Malcolm H. Pace IV of Puyallup, and Mathew Pace of Tacoma; his daughters, Kathleen Pace of Houston, Texas, and Jennifer Pace of Tacoma; his parents, Hazel and Malcolm Pace of Dekalb, Texas; his sisters, Mary Downs and her husband, Bill of New Boston, Texas, and Nancy Montes of El Paso, Texas, and his brother, Jessie Pace of Colorado Springs, Colo. A memorial service was Sept. 14 at Powers Funeral Home in Puyallup.

Memorials may be made in his name to the American Cancer Society.

Re: Malcolm Pace, III

Memories of Mac

I have memories of Mac Pace all over this house. When I turn on the faucet in the kitchen, which he helped us put in, I'll think of him. When I turn on the faucet in the bathroom, I'll smile and remember calling him up to ask him to help my dad and I install it, and he didn't recognize my voice on the phone. He said I sounded so sweet, (well "sensuous" was his word), that he new I must have been in desperate need of his help. And of course, he came.

When I look out the kitchen window at the fort in the Cherry Tree, I'll remember him. He also helped us with the fence for our yard. I'll always remember him showing Sean how to use the special scope thing he had to make sure all the fence posts were placed just right.

When I look out of the upstairs door to the backyard, I will remember some terrific water fights we would all have. I would pour buckets on him from up there! And he would squirt the hose right through the doors, it was sure a mess, but loads of fun!

When we Bar B Q, I'll think of Mac. What a great cook! We had some awesome meals in this neighborhood, with him!

I'll look out the front window and remember all the kids (Mac included!) playing guns and running all around his house for hours. I know that is a special memory for the kids, too.

When I see kids playing soccer, I'll remember the first team that Mac helped coach for Macky and Sean. It was the first in a long line of teams that he coached for his kids.

When I sit on the front porch, I'll remember the many "discussions" we had, covering all topics. He always challenged me to think and to intelligently argue my position on whatever the subject.

I will remember a man who was dedicated to Macky and Jenny. I will remember a man who was always willing to lend a helping hand.

And as much as Mac would tease me about my beliefs, I know that the Lord captured his heart, and that I will see him again, Happy and Healthy! But until then, my memories of him will keep him close. And when I think of him, I'll smile.

*Sincerely,
Sherry Honey*

A Turkey Tale (A True Story)

(as told by Senior Citizen Glynn Whitemore)

The way we prepare our Thanksgiving Dinners certainly has changed through the years since the Pilgrims had their first spread in the 1600's.

But it had not changed much at the time of this story which took place during Thanksgiving week in 1950 (give or take a year). Most of Senior Citizen readers may remember how some of us got a turkey during these days. Very few of us owned freezers or electric refrigerators, and we had to keep the poor turkeys alive till just before dinnertime.

As you may recall, Houston Association of the Deaf, Inc. raffled off several turkeys or hams during the Saturday night before Thanksgiving. That is how we were able to have a turkey on our own dinner table during the early years of our marriage. But first, we had to overcome almost insurmountable problems in preparing the big guy for the oven.

But, I am ahead of my story; Alma had decided to stay home with our little daughter, Jo, who had a sore throat, and bravely, I ventured out to the clubrooms of Houston Association of the Deaf to "hunt" for our food. I was lucky enough to "hit" a huge gobbler of unknown weight (probably 30-35 pounds).

If my memory is correct, our friends, Murphy and Helen Bourque, helped transport the turkey and me to our apartment at almost midnight. Alma and Jo were fast asleep, and having no other place, I left the turkey in the kitchen with his (or her) legs tied together.

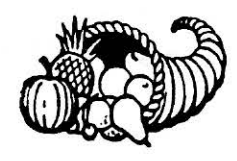
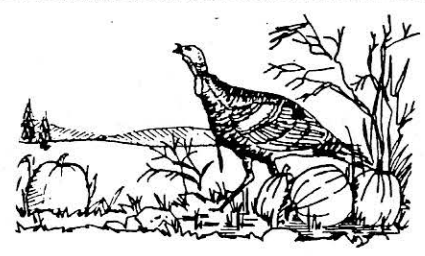
Poor Alma, unaware of my catch of the previous evening, almost fainted when she entered the kitchen and saw this big beast sitting atop the kitchen stove flapping (his or her) wings. Alma woke me up, demanding to know what had happened!

After trying many different ways to get the animal to play dead, we finally succeeded and had to pull out all of the feathers and clean it up. We didn't have very good carving knives and stuff, and we felt like the Pilgrims of old who must have had to prepare their Thanksgiving Dinners the very same way.

OBITUARIES

Kenneth Morgan Gunn, 64, of Aransas, Texas passed away September 8, 1998. He was a graduate of Texas School for the Deaf in Austin, Texas. While attending school he played football, baseball and bowling. He was a member of Corpus Christi Silver Silent Seniors. He was Vice-President of T.M. Gunn Conscription. He was preceded in death by his father, Tilman Gunn and sister, Judy Karen Gunn. He is survived by his wife of 33 years Alma Gunn of Aransas Pass, Texas, daughter, Kim M. Driggers; three grandchildren; his mother, Orna Gunn, one sister and one brother. Funeral services was held Friday, September 11, 1998.

Maruerite Matthies Larsen passed away in September 18, 1998. No detail Her father was Adlop Matthies who was TSD tailor instructor for 20 years while his wife Ola worked as seamstress for TSD for about 10 or 15 years.



The Chair

7

By Edna Baker Pecha

I bow with reverence the chair
Each time I see it sitting there.
It's used so often and it's not fair
"Cause no one says, "I love you, chair."

We sit in it to read the news
And sit in it to tie our shoes.
And sit in it each time to eat.
And even just to rest our feet.

When we need to rest, what would we say
if we would have to stand all day?
We push it aside without a care
and no one says, "I thank you, chair."

The dog jumps up to take a rest;
The cat knows just what place is best;
The baby goes, when he can crawl.
And climbs in it, wet pants and all.

Grandma sits in it to take her nap
Or with a baby in her lap.
She finds a lot of comfort there
But never says, "I thank you, chair?"

We sit in it to use the phone,
We sit and think when we're alone.
What would we do without a chair
Out on the lawn to get some air?

Now that it's old and this we know,
Out on the trash pile it will go.
Its cushions sag, its back is weak,
Its arms are wobbly; its legs, they creak.

And I can see it laying there
And no one says, "Farewell, old chair,
You've served us well, you've served us good,
And now you're just a pile of wood."

You gave your life, into our care
And now I say, "I thank you, chair."

HOT DOG

"Hot dogs were originally known as frankfurters, which got their name from Frankfurt, Germany," comments Elaine Sabacky of Litchfield, Minnesota. About 1900, an American vendor selling supposedly called them 'hot dachshund sausage' because they resembled the long-bodied dog. Later, the term hot dog came to used. Elaine writes.

HAMBURGER

"Hamburger was named after the city of Hamburg, Germany and not from the animal it came from", responds Laura Nethaway of Johnstown, New York. "My husband is a meat cutter, and he says Hamburg is where the first meat grinders were made".

Julie Baker of Vernal, Utah adds: "The people in Hamburg, Germany used to eat called the Hamburg steak. Eventually, the Hamburg steak made its way to U.S., where people shortened its name to hamburger".

Other readers jokingly say those theories are full to baloney!

Orrin Mesch of Angola, New York claims America's favorite sandwich was actually invented in Hamburg, New York in 1885. "Each July, the village of Hamburg holds a burgerfest to honor the birth of the hamburger", he reports.

Ruth Taylor of Cedar Rapids, Iowa claims the first burger was flipped in the Hawkeye State. "According to a book of Iowa trivia, the hamburger was devised by Clarinda restaurant owner Bert Gray and was named by his chef, who was homesick for his native Hamburg, Germany". She explains.

Texas stakes its claim on the hamburger, too. "Folks in Athens, Texas are confident the hamburger received its name in the fair city'. writes Don Garrison of Bullard. "A restaurant on the square started making the sandwich in a few years before my time. The town celebrate the occasion."

My time at SYMPO 98

This is Officer Randy Melton with the Houston Police Department. I would like to tell you what I did at the Deaf and Hard of Hearing SYMPO 98 this year in Austin, Texas. I have gone to sympos in past years but have not been in several years.

I am so very glad I went this year, I saw many deaf friends and interpreters that I had not seen in years. I saw Jack Clifton, Rosie and her husband, Toni Dunn, Paul Fincher and many more. I went to many of the meetings and made new friends.

On the final day of SYMPO all the people that had made resolutions had to stand up and tell everyone about their resolution so it could be voted on. I stood up in front of everyone and told them that I thought it should be made mandatory that all law enforcement agencies in the state of Texas give their officers sensitivity training on the deaf and hard of hearing cultures. When all the resolutions had been presented, the voting started. Only the top six resolutions would be accepted so I was very nervous about my resolution be one of the six. When the votes were counted my resolution passed and was voted number four of the six that were accepted for legislative agenda.

When I was driving home from the SYMPO I felt very good that my proposal had passed. I am very proud of the Houston Police Department because my department has let me give sensitivity training to our cadets for years and now I give sensitivity training to veteran officers. It will take a long time to train all the officers of the HPD but it is a good start.

Your friend.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR GENEROUS DONATIONS TO LOVE FUND



Mary Jo Stevens, Miriam Thumann, Audrey Wright, Zelma Curbello, Arlene Benham, Frank Shaw, Geneva Reagan, Betty Telfer, Jerry and Mary Dartez, Lynwood Davis, Dinah and Walt Anderson, Nadine and James Moore

Anyone of you wish to donate \$\$\$ to Love Fund.

Please make the check or money order to Houston Deaf Senior Citizen Fund.

Please mail to Mrs. Zelma Curbello, 9623 Tiltree, Houston, TX 77075-4042.

FELINE CROSSING. "I snapped this photo of my mother, Romaine, and an unusual sign we spotted (below) near her home in Southbury, Connecticut," writes John Smith of Morris. "It roused our curiosity, but the poor cat was nowhere to be seen."



On Sunday morning, October 4th. Murphy Bourque was worried about Helen being in the bathroom too long and decided to get up to go check on her. Murphy walked to the closet to open the door and get his cane then walked to go to Helen, lost his balance and he fell down on the floor near the hallway. Helen came from her bathroom to find Murphy laying on the floor in the hallway and called her son, Bobby. Bobby rushed to their house from Katy and helped Murphy get up and sat him in his chair. He was not hurt too bad, just sore.

Then on Tuesday, October 6th. Murphy was sitting in his chair and thought he saw a cob web and stood up to swipe at the web and fell. Bobby and Velma, his private sitter, both arrived about the same time to find him on the floor. This time he hurt himself bad. We called 911 and the ambulance took him to Memorial NW hospital emergency room. After seeing the x-rays, we found out that he broke his hip.

He was admitted into the hospital. On Thursday, October 8th. he had surgery on the broken hip. They placed a steel plate and pins around the broken hip.

All this time Helen has been home by herself and misses Murphy very much. Bobby and Velma take Helen to see Murphy and also see that she is doing OK and prepare her meals for her and make her as comfortable as possible. This has been a large strain on her as well as Bobby and Velma as someone has to stay with Murphy overnight.

Murphy is now in rehabilitation at the hospital and is improving each day. We hope to bring him home very soon.

Helen L. Bourque

On Friday, October 16 Murphy was transferred from Northwest Hospital to Heights Hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Editor's Note: The Cartoon below was taken from the National Enquirer. We believe our readers will find it a real laugh.

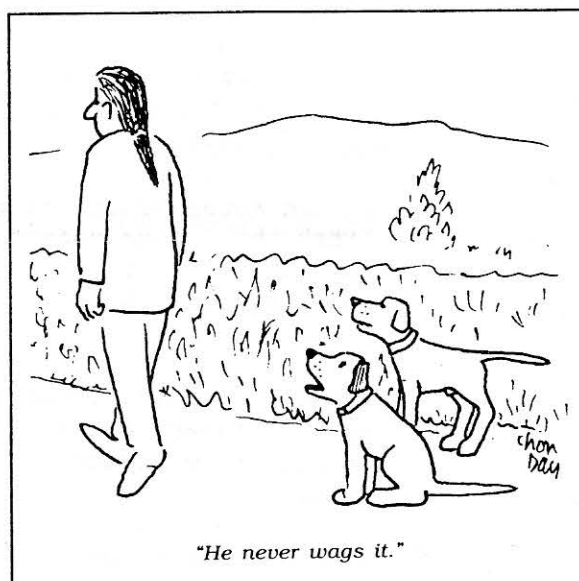


Mark

VOTE

"Are you sure this guy's just translating into sign language?"

NATIONAL ENQUIRER



"He never wags it."



Dip the base of a candle in hot water before putting it in a candle holder. This will help it stick.

GOOD OLD DAYS

By Thelma and Norman Rader

Monday 11/17/97

Dearest Grandchildren.....

Peggy, Amy and Emily came over Sat. and the heater did not work in their van, and since it was rainy, windy, cold and 40 degrees, it was really cold to them. Reminded Papa and I of our first car, so I want to tell you about it.

When we had been back in San Antonio, after having been in the Navy several years, after marriage, we finally bought our first car, a Model A. We had been married over two years, and it was our first car. When we were in Corpus, I worked in the shoe dept. of Pennys, and my salary was \$18.00 per week. Papa got about \$50.00 per month, and then I got a small amount as his wife, from the government. Anyway, on that little money, we bought lots of War Bonds, and when we bought the trailer house and car for \$500.60 that we had saved. How about that?

Anyway, the floor boards had rusted out long before we got it, so someone had put boards in the floor (that did not fit real snug). Boy it was so cold in that during the winter, wind just came right through. We would wrap up in quilts. When we drove through a water puddle, our feet and legs would get splashed from the water coming in. But that car was our pride and joy. During the winter, we would take the back seat out, and go down to the creek and get fallen limbs and take them home for firewood. Often it was too cold to saw the wood outside, so we would bring the saw horses in the house, and using a saw with handles on both ends, we would saw it into heater length, for our wood heater. When we first got out of the Navy, we lived in this tiny 19' trailer house, but when we were going to have Linda, we bought a "Pre-Fab" house, about 16' x 20' and our brothers helped us put it up, that was next to the trailer, with a walk-way between and connecting them. Not much by today's standards, but we were very proud of them.

We had to drain the water out of the car every night during the winter, but still the motor would freeze up, so Papa would have to pour boiling water in radiator and even sometimes build a small fire under car to warm

up the motor before it would start. In the house, would have to break the ice on water bucket in the cold mornings. We did not think anything about it, that was just our way of life, and everyone was in about the same boat.

The winter after Linda was born, it was not uncommon for me to hang up her diapers outside (after washing them by hand in the house) to have them freeze solid before I could shake the wrinkles out of them.

Ahhhhh the "good old days"

Well hope this was not boring, just had it on my mind and thought I would share with you what part of our life was like then.

Grandma and Papa Rader

Happy Thanksgiving



NOVEMBER 1998

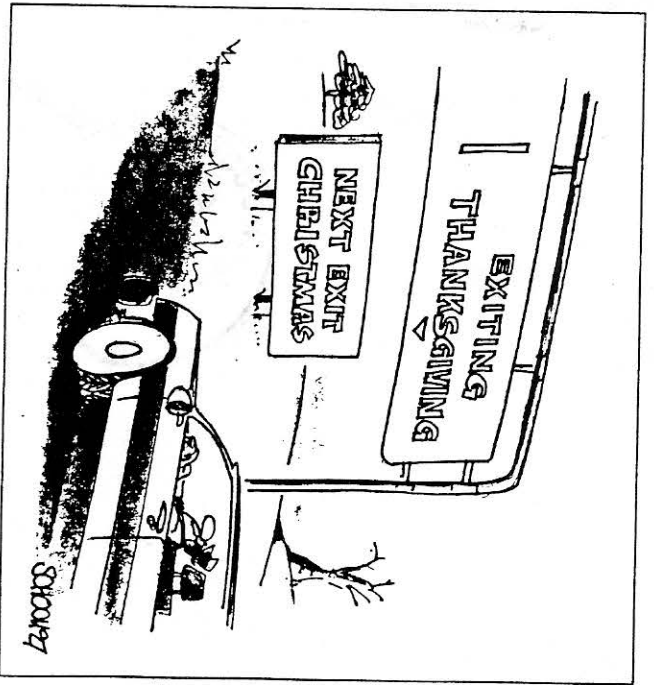
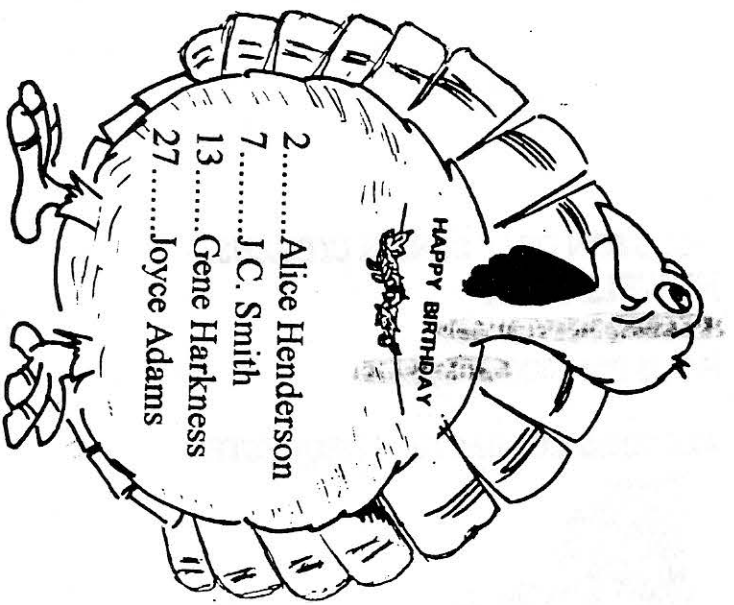


SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2	3 VOTE TODAY! Election Day	4 S.C. M.M.S.C.	5 P.I.P Meeting	6	7
8	9	10	11 S.C. M.M.S.C.	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19 S.C. Social Woodhaven	20	21
22	23	24	25 S.C. No meeting	27 Thanksgiving	28	
29	30					

A time to give thanks

DECEMBER 1998

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



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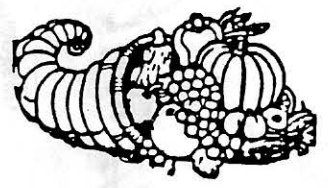
Thank you Have a nice day!



NIGHTINGALE ADULT DAY CENTER

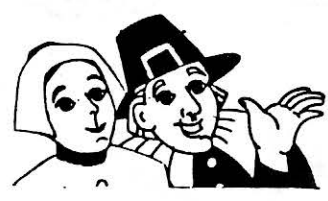
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You may call them by Relay Texas 1-800-735-2989

Funded in part by Texas Commission for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing



HAPPY THANKSGIVING!



HOUSTON DEAF SENIOR CITIZENS
 NEWSLETTER

~~1942 Lyman Dr.~~
 HOUSTON, TX 77055-2014

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

