

It's A Small World

by
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It's amazing just how small this world really is and how The Villages is becoming a big part of it. My back door neighbor Don and I decided at the last moment to play a round of golf at the Cane Garden course yesterday afternoon and were going to play as a twosome. When we checked in early with the starter he said he could get us off two tee times earlier if we would agree to play with another twosome getting ready to tee off. Being the gregarious people we are we said sure and went directly to the tee box to meet Carey and his son Ryan. It wasn't hard to see where they were from since Carey's golf cart had a Wisconsin plate on it with "Big Ten" boldly blaring out their favorite football conference.

The cart was painted, garishly I might add, the University of Michigan's colors of yellow and blue and had every Big 10 school's name painted all over it. (Some people have no shame...) After introducing ourselves we let it be known that Don was from Wisconsin as well and they proceeded to zero in on everybody's origin. We came to find out that Carey had coached high school football and one of Don's sons had been on his team. Carey's son Ryan, who is 29 years old, works as a firefighter in Milwaukee and works with Don's cousin. Now don't tell me this was all just a coincidence... I don't believe in them. Carey and his wife have owned property here for over a year, but they only fly down every couple of months to spend two or more weeks at a time. Even though he's retired officially from high school football he continues to scout football players around the country for several Division III college football teams in Wisconsin. Carey and Ryan were nice people and we were glad to get to play with them. Oh, we found out that Ryan's wife is also a firefighter with the Racine, Wisconsin fire department.

Speaking of new people to the Villages I happened to meet two more fresh residents of Winifred Village while cooling off at the pool after playing golf. Pam and Lee K. from upstate New York were hovering in a corner of the pool by themselves while our weekly group of Winifred residents were making merry on the opposite side. We invited them over and discovered two really great guys who have been with us since September, 2005 and look way too young to be retired. Both Pam and Lee taught for over 33 years in the New York public schools and discovered The Villages while planning their retirement a couple of years ago.

Their daughter, who lives in Colorado, had a friend who said they should travel to Florida and check us out, and after The Villages "just happened" to come up in several casual conversations with people after that they came down to "just see the place" with no intention to buy. Well, you know the result of that trip... after 24 hours of riding around and talking with the people here they

signed a contract and became official Village residents. Lee's a priority golf member and plays as often as he can and has Pam convinced that if someone plays at least 1 ½ times a week the extra cost of priority membership is justified. Pam is learning the game as well and the two of them are also involved with Pickle Ball, Bocce Ball, Volley Ball and Ball Room dancing... one might say they're having a ball. (Sorry, couldn't let that one get away.) They are both vivacious new members of our community and have already gotten several of their New York friends interested in becoming Villages residents as well. Welcome to the party guys.

Judy and I were out of town, as you know, a couple of weeks ago and happened to ride through the small town of Paint Bank, VA located on Rt 311 between Sweet Springs and Salem, VA. We stopped for gas and took a look at the old timey General Store and restaurant where we purchased an arm load of goodies for our grandkids. We noticed they had buffalo burgers for sale and asked where they got their buffalo meat. The proprietor said just up the road at their farm. Folks, we thought we have a lot of buffalo here in The Villages... well, you ain't seen nothing yet. We drove up the road through a beautiful lush valley and on both sides of the road there were buffalo all over the place. We tried to count just how many but couldn't get an accurate count but it must be over 300 buffalo in that one narrow valley in the Shenandoah foothills of VA.

They also have a Bed and Breakfast located there by the name of the "Depot Inn." Paint Bank was the end of the line for a small railroad company and took the depot and transformed it into a lovely overnight lodge with a caboose sitting on a siding as one of their rooms. Very nice.

Well, time flies when you're having fun and my time is gone so come back and see us again next week. To turn this saying around a little bit... neighbor Don says a frog's version of the same phrase is... "Time's fun when you're having flies."

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