



Stellar Care Chronicle

Stellar Care * 4518 54th Street * San Diego, CA 92115 * p 619-287-2920 * f 619-286-8534*



Celebrating July

Cell Phone Courtesy Month

Independence Day (U.S.)

July 4

Ventriloquism Week

July 13-16

Tell an Old Joke Day

July 24

Paperback Book Day

July 30

Linda Cho

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Chris Moore

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Laundry Director

“My Life, As I See it.”

Bob Hatcher

“Come in, come on in!” Bob told me, as I asked for a moment of his time. He guided me into his warmly decorated room and gestured me toward his soft leather recliner, opting to sit on his bed. I had to insist that I preferred using his harder desk chair for the sake of taking notes to get him to gently concede and move over to his recliner. Once he was comfortable, he fixed me with a toothy grin, and we began.

Bob was born in 1932 and grew up in the small country town of Osgood, Missouri, population 200, with a childhood typical of farm boys. He spent his days helping to raise cattle, sheep, and hogs, and plowing up land to plant the next season of crops. Before his teenage years Bob earned pocket money by hunting and selling field rabbits with a .22 rifle and in his early youth he attended a country one-room schoolhouse. As a boy Bob's family enjoyed listening to the early radio programs together, including the Jack Benny program, on a Montgomery Ward 12 volt battery-operated radio. Several years later they were happy to add electricity to their home when the Rural Electric Association, REA, brought electricity to their farming community. As busy as he was, Bob didn't participate in school sports, although he did play baseball for the American Legion in the Ben Johnson League. He was a catcher for his team, “because I had good eyes. I need glasses to read now, but my eyes are still sharp”. His eyes were sharp for more than just baseballs, as he met his wife Jackie through a teammate of his. Bob and Jackie were so smitten they were married less than a year after they had started dating.

As soon as he turned 18, Bob left home to join the U.S. Army, and served from 1950-53, serving in the Korean Conflict, including 11 months overseas, before his honorable discharge. After his military service he joined Morrison-Knudsen, one of the world's largest construction companies at that time. Morrison-Knudsen's projects included the construction of Hoover Dam and a large part of our Country's interstate highway system. Bob worked with them in a variety of occupations and projects including the construction of Interstate 40, a major freeway running all the way from Barstow, California to Wilmington, North Carolina. In the early 1960s Bob and Jackie settled their family of six, including two boys and two girls, in the Salt Lake City, Utah area. After their children graduated from school, Bob and Jackie relocated to San Diego.

Continued inside...

Miscellaneous Announcements

** Family Support Group meetings are held on the first and third Tuesday of every month. Families are invited to join us in the Conference room on the first floor.

** When possible, please give the front desk a couple of hours notice when you plan to take your loved one out of the facility. This will give staff time to have medication and your loved one ready to go out.

** Do you have a family member, friend, or neighbor who would like to receive this newsletter? Please leave a note or email Barbara (barbaram@stellarcared.com) with their name and address.

Stellar Care's Employee of the Quarter

Karen Salileng

Assisted Living Department/NOC Shift Supervisor

Thank you, Karen, we appreciate you!

July Birthdays

In astrology, those born between July 1st and 22nd are Crabs of Cancer. Kind and protective, Crabs love to nurture others. While they may be emotional, they are never soft. Cancers are tenacious in their pursuit of domestic harmony.

Those born between July 23rd and 31st are Leo's Lions. Mixing strength, ambition, creativity, and a flair for the dramatic, it is no wonder that the king of the jungle is a Leo's mascot. Whether it's in Hollywood or in the home, Leos accomplish their goals.

Dana H	Jul. 2nd
Domingo L	Jul. 3rd
Carol B	Jul. 4th
LaVerne C	Jul. 8th
Judy B	Jul. 10th
Alba S	Jul. 13th
Linda S	Jul. 15th
Deborah B	Jul. 19th
Frances P	Jul. 21st
Aileen S	Jul. 22nd
Itoko N	Jul. 25th
Florence M	Jul. 26th
Dean K	Jul. 28th
Morton P	Jul. 28th
Dorene S	Jul. 29th



A few days after I finished last month's newsletter article about celebrating my mother's 85th birthday at her home in Florida, I got the dreaded "text" from her. She was in the emergency department after falling in the parking lot of the local grocery store. The foot injury was severe enough that passersby had to call 911. Hospital emergency staff had given her morphine and the x-rays showed the need for surgery; she was being admitted. But the universe does not always give us simple. Within twenty-four hours my mother suffered a cardiac episode, she developed fluid in her lungs and her oxygen levels fell. She was no longer a candidate for surgery and my sister and I were flying back to Florida. Ten hours later, suitcase in tow, I found myself in CCU, staring at my independent, feisty mother, hooked up and plugged in to machines, IVs dripping into her arms, confused, cranky and frightened. The headlining diagnosis at this point was atrial fibrillation. How did we get here from a foot fracture? Forty eight hours earlier, she was driving, shopping and planning dinner with her friends. I looked to my sister, who is an RN in a Connecticut hospital, for answers. But at that moment, she was a daughter, too.

This time I stayed a week and Eleanor was with our mom for almost two weeks. We spent every day waiting for doctors, nurses, medications, changes in medications, new doctors and the hated bed pan. We were diligent in advocating for our mother, but more often than not, found ourselves questioning medical choices, leaving the care providers defensive and resenting having to explain orders to us. We were dubbed, "The Daughters," by the primary care physician, who reminded us continually that our mother could make her own decisions. And we reminded him that we knew that very well, but she was overwhelmed, medicated and asking for our help. In the evenings my sister and I would go back to our mother's home and clear things out. We started with the "stuff" in the garage. It was hard to do, at first. Whether she came home or not, we knew it had to be done. As we moved into the interior rooms, we would often come across a photo album or knickknack that would take us on a journey to a memory conceived sixty years ago. We cried a little but mostly we laughed, because that's what we do in these situations. Laughing is what we have always done, it's how we get through.

It is now four weeks since our mother fell. She has been admitted three times to two acute hospitals and twice to a skilled nursing facility. She has had two major surgeries. One gave her a heart stent and one a foot cast leaving her non-weight bearing for the next two months. She is now dependent on opioids again after my sister helped to detox her last year. She will be discharged to her home by the 4th of July. Once again, Eleanor, will be there for mom to navigate the home health visits, fill the refrigerator, organize the prescriptions and interview a caregiver. I've learned a lot from the month of June, 2016. My sister is my best friend and I love her with all my heart. She is my mother's champion and no harm will come to her on my sister's watch.

I've learned that the existing health care network is designed to treat what's broken in our physical bodies. It's about balancing the chemistry and repairing the damage to biological systems through a series of sophisticated specialties. It is up to the family

and friends and advocates to remember the whole person approach to healing. Out of all the educated and well trained staff who interacted with my mother and made her well, the person who stands out to me is the older volunteer who visited her in the evenings. He lightened her spirit and helped with her healing.

I've learned there is no right or wrong way to do this. I will never pass judgment on any individual for choosing how they want to handle their end of life decisions. I think of you all as you are asked to take charge and speak for someone whom you love.

Susan O'Shaughnessy

Father's Day BBQ



Mad About the Fair



...Bob Hatcher continued

After retiring in San Diego Bob volunteered with Meals-on-Wheels for several years and then volunteered with the SDPD for more than 20 years.

Unlike many people of his generation, Bob did not define his life by his career and accomplishments, but instead shifted the conversation over to a large binder he pulled out, full of pictures. Through it, he led me through some of his favorite memories, from meeting celebrities such as Rob Lowe, to posing with NASA's astronauts and showing off his pristine 1932 Buick. He was an avid traveler, and we perused through his pictures of the Berlin Wall, Paris, Austria, and Alaska before he once again pulled out his picture of his Buick to show it off one more time. When he wasn't traveling or making new friends, Bob enjoyed flying as a recreational private pilot. As we wrapped up our session and I asked if he had anything else to add, he simply ended with "That's all of it. I've traveled pretty far, got four good children, a good wife. The good Lord's been pretty good to me, put it that way." At the threshold of his door, he gave me a solid handshake, and with a grin told me in Korean, "Gamsa-hamnida, and Ahnyunghae-gahseyo". Thank you, and goodbye.



Interviewed and written by
Brandon Cho

We are Grateful...

...to our partners and suppliers, vendors and friends who help us to do what we do.

Fun, Love and Care

Robert Maxin provides private transportation services for our residents for doctor's appointments, special events, and other transportation needs. His special talent for engaging and reassuring each resident under his care, and staying through the appointment with them, makes him a driver extraordinaire.

Thank you, Robert!

EMPLOYEE SPOTLIGHT

Miroslav Vlasic

Miroslav, or Micha, is a man of duty and compassion. He is doting to our residents and focused on his job, but if you pull him aside when he isn't busy and ask him about his life, he lights up and regales you with stories.

Micha was born in the former Yugoslavia, in the northern agricultural region that is now Serbia. After high school he attended Agricultural University and graduated with a specialization in grape and fruit production. While at university, Micha met his wife who was studying law (and later went on to serve as a judge for over ten years). Soon after he began working for the government, managing over 2000 acres of vineyard production and orchards. After twelve years of this work, he decided to branch off on his own, and opened up his own company. Unfortunately, this was right around the time that the Yugoslav Wars began, and the economic collapse of the country forced him to close his company just five years after starting. Luckily, when an American company came by to take advantage of the nearly free agricultural acreages, Micha was able to get hired and assist them in producing essential oils from plants in Serbia.

When the company split, Micha was invited to shift his work to San Diego, and moved his family to the United States. Unfortunately, the company failed shortly after his move, but Micha's daughters did not want to return to Serbia. To support his family, Micha began working a variety of jobs because although his wife spoke much better English, Micha was the only one with a work permit. He worked long and hard hours on the production line for Sony and then moved on to working at a light fixture warehouse. He said that life was difficult in the United States as he struggled to improve his English, but he found his escape when he discovered a table tennis club and began playing and coaching. He joked that, "for the first time, finally I was better than other people at something". His continued love and support for his children paid off, as his two daughters both went on to graduate from UCSD. One now works as a chemical engineer for Hewlett Packard and the other for the government. Micha has worked hard to give his family the American Dream, and we are thrilled to have him sharing his happiness with our residents.

His special, matter-of-fact, but loving way of working with our residents has endeared him to many who consider him their friend. One resident gave Micha her own name for him and simply called him "Joe".

Micha, Joe or Miroslav, we are happy that you're here with us.



IT'S NOT TOO LATE....

Get your tickets to join us for

San Diego Padres v. Philadelphia Phillies

Sunday, Aug. 7th @ 1:40pm

\$28.00/ticket (\$40.25 value)

email rachelr@stellarcared.com