

Laughter is the best medicine

By Jo McCormick

Madrid Resident

This was a skit called, "The GOCH Dog Show." This took place after Shirley Knudsen had moved from Ogallala to Lexington so was no longer available to help us. It was a sad day when that happened.

Residents entered the chapel, filled to the brim with spectators, from the hallway to each present their depiction of a "breed" of dog. Margaret DeLancey, resident, was the narrator/emcee who asked each resident who came to the front of the chapel, "What kind of a dog do you have?"

Zelda Cramer propelled her wheelchair to the front of the chapel, stood up, turned around her backside to the audience with a bit of a shimmy shake and said, "I have a setter."

Next LouVene Erlewine, on foot, entered carrying and brandishing a long stick as she pointed toward the crowd, "I have a pointer."

Mable Estabrook entered carrying a box on her lap and answered Margaret's query, "I have a boxer."

Mae Hiatt entered the chapel carrying a slinky. She turned her wheelchair around and waving the slinky, proudly proclaimed, "I have a springer."

Florence Lungrin came in next, turned to face the audience, held up her arm to expose an oversized watch made from a butter dish and said, "I have a watch dog."

Esther Boehmer entered, turned to face all in the chapel and proudly held up an actual brass spittoon she had carried in on her lap. She said, "I have a spitz."

The last two skitsters entered the chapel afoot as neither needed to use a wheel chair.

Raymond Lashley came in carrying a pail. When Margaret asked him about his dog he got a noticeable glimmer in his eyes as he said "I have a water spaniel," as he reached into his pail and proceeded to throw water (confetti) on everyone and everything within his reach. The chapel exploded with laughter as many were shaking off the "water" or picking it out of their hair.

When sanity and calm returned here came Mildred Policky into the chapel. She was carrying a mop—mopping as she entered, and she just kept on mopping. Margaret asked the now fateful question, "What kind of a dog do you have Mildred?" She answered in a frustrated, almost breathless manner, "I have a puppy!" More hilarious laughter in the chapel.

I saw many "tears" of laughter. All participants were asked to return for a curtain call. If laughter is indeed good medicine, we may have come close to OD-ing. Cleaning up the water (confetti) went on for weeks, as at this time the chapel still had the old theater seats bolted in place to the floor. Those little "droplets" hid in every nook and crevice.

This presentation just proved—give a resident an idea then turn them loose to put on a spectacular program.

Next month—back to my maybe boring life when compared to the activity scenarios.
See you then if it be God's will. Jo