

Ground broken for assisted living facility

The Lodge In Sisters, with an anticipated opening of Fall 2018, will bring 62 resident assisted units to Sisters. Groundbreaking on the project occurred last week.

"This is exciting for us and the community. It is a long-shared dream to help our senior neighbors seeking a local assisted-living option to remain close to their families, friends, and connections in Sisters," said Peter Hoover, manager of Thrivify LLC.

Thrivify LLC, newly formed and based in Central Oregon, recently purchased seven acres on Carpenter Lane and secured rights to use the building design and plans for The Lodge In Sisters.

"We felt we could bring this much-needed asset to Sisters, and are elated that our negotiations were successful," said Hoover.

The Lodge's design by local architect Mayes Architecture and Planning Inc. of Sisters, is warm and welcoming. In addition to studio, one-, and two-bedroom accommodations, residents will enjoy a grand room, on-site library, theater, dining room, chapel, fitness center, massage room, beauty salon, activities area, café, walking path, and courtyards with gardens.

The location near the Post Office is close to shopping, restaurants, and medical services.

"We look forward to partnering with the community and local businesses to ensure our residents' needs and desires are amply fulfilled, and their experiences enriched by the breadth of everything Sisters offers," said Hoover. "Living in Sisters gives an unmatched quality of life, and The Lodge will reflect that quality."

Commentary... Of a certain age...

By Sue Stafford
Columnist

I distinctly remember a particular present from my father the Christmas of my freshman year in high school. It sat tantalizingly under the tree, in the recognizable red dress box from Charles F. Berg's Dark Horse clothing store in Beaverton, with the gift tag indicating it was To Susie From Daddy.

The Dark Horse was one of those places I loved to peruse, lusting after the Lanz dresses located on a raised level in the rear of the store. They were beautifully made in Austria, with charming Tyrolean prints and crisp white collars and cuffs. They were generally beyond our budget, and I was fortunate to inherit a few from my cousin when she tired of them.

The red box, rich with promise, was a bit of a puzzle, as my dad generally left the gift-buying to my mother. But my hopes were as high as my impatience for Christmas morning. Without hesitation, I ripped into the mysterious red box and its anticipated contents. As the lid came off, tissue paper concealed what I was certain was a spanking new Lanz creation.

On top of the tissue paper was a single sheet of white paper covered with my dad's familiar script. How sweet, he had written a note to accompany the dress. By

the end of the second or third line, my hopes of feminine fashion were dashed. It was a poem, about my dog, Mr. Beagle, and his need for a new food bowl.

With his usual dry wit, my dad had crafted a humorous ditty as though written by the dog. It was clever and thoughtful and accompanied a really nice shiny new bowl for Mr. Beagle. As a self-centered 14-year-old, my dad's gesture was lost on me. No Lanz dress was all I could focus on. I am embarrassed to admit that today. I am sure the disappointment registered clearly on my face. These many years later I don't remember what I said or did but I'm sure it was less than gracious.

What I would give now to receive a handwritten note from my father — accompanied by nothing more than his presence. One more chance to tell him I loved him and how I appreciated his thoughtful originality.

My dad was a quiet man, in some ways a stoic, who went to work every day to a job I doubt he really enjoyed. What he loved was being in nature, with his hound dogs, building things from wood, free from the constraints of a suit and tie.




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He was a man born in the wrong century who spent a summer as a young single man in the wild interior of British Columbia hunting and fishing with native Indians. Another summer, he worked on a tramp steamer that took him to far ports in foreign lands.

I helped him plant a huge vegetable garden every summer, and together we built a fence that was meant to contain the horse I always wanted and never had.

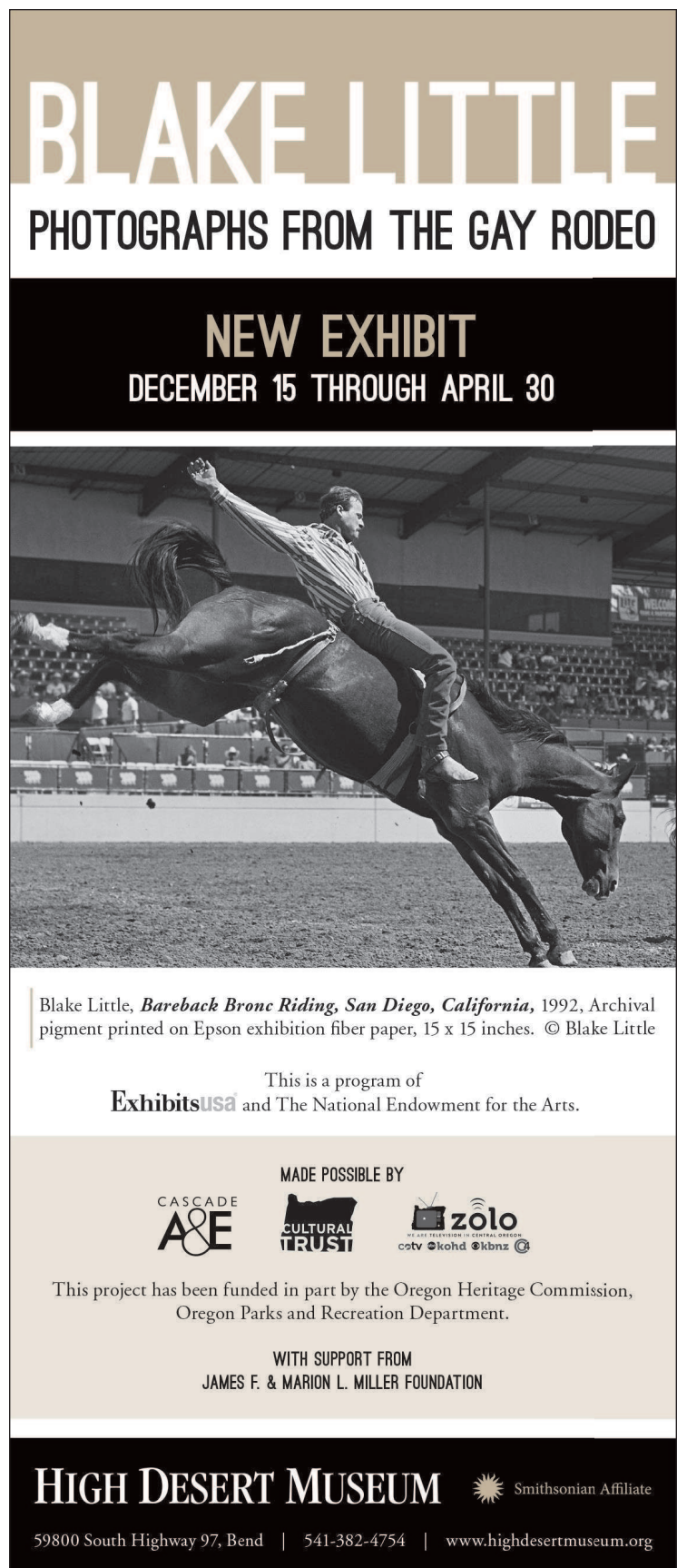
With two older brothers and no sister, he always referred to me as his favorite daughter. My special place as a little girl was on his lap in front of the crackling fires he so expertly built every winter evening. When I was little and growing rapidly, I experienced bad leg aches and he would rub my aching legs and tickle my feet.

I went on many excursions

into the woods with him and the dogs. On one such adventure, we returned with an orphaned baby raccoon wrapped in my sweatshirt, which I bottle-raised on Pablum and Similac. My love of nature and appreciation of the interconnectedness of all living things is perhaps the greatest gift my father gave me — one that has endured and colored my entire way of being in the world.


My father died of cancer at age 73 — the age I am this Christmas. His birthday was December 4. Since moving to Sisters 13 years ago, I have often wished he could visit me here. He loved Central Oregon and we used to camp along the Metolius River before the days of RVs and campers.

This Christmas I will recall, with great fondness, that shiny new dog bowl and my dad's handwritten poem.



BLAKE LITTLE
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Blake Little, *Bareback Bronc Riding, San Diego, California*, 1992, Archival pigment printed on Epson exhibition fiber paper, 15 x 15 inches. © Blake Little

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