

**The Connection Center
309 South Main
Bowling Green OH 43402**



This is my rendition of Robert Jordan's White Bridge, as described in his book, *The Eye of the World*, the first book of his bestseller *Wheel of Time* series. I painted this in the early to mid-nineties, and entered in the annual juried show at the Toledo Art Museum in 1997, where it got accepted and sold. It is how I pictured the bridge, river, and town on the east bank, as I read the book. I think it's true to form as described.

—Richard D

the Chatterbox

*Announcements and Entertainment from
The Connection Center*

October 2025

The Connection Center
309 South Main Suite B, Bowling Green
Phone: 419-354-4200
Facebook.com/ConnectionCenterBGOH

For submissions or questions:
The.Chatterbox.Newsletter@gmail.com

For transportation in Bowling Green,
Call between 9-9:30 AM on weekdays
and 11-1130 AM on Saturdays

Upcoming Events

Celebration of Life: Member Memorial-Fri 3rd @11	Art-in-a-Bag-Tue 14th @4-7
NAMI AfterBurn-Fri 3rd @ 430	Free Community Church Lunch-Sat 18th @11-4
Heritage Farm Festival Trip-Sat 4th @11-4	Fleitz Farm Trip-Mon 20th @11
Pumpkin Farm Trip-Mon 6th @11	Pumpkin Carving-Tue 21st @4-7
Fall Table Décor-Tue 7th @4-7	Fall Tea Party-Wed 22nd @2
Online Safety: Romance & Financial Scams Presentation-Wed 8th @11	Wintergarden Park Trip-Sat 25th @11-4
MacQueen's Trip-Fri 10th @11	Scary Movie Night-Tue 28th @4-7
Game Day/Movie-Sat 11th @11-4	Halloween Bash & Birthday Party-Fri 31st @11-3

Newsletter Returns

Good news! The Chatterbox is back! This is our first newsletter being sent out since our technical outage. Our mailing list is going to require updating. If you, or someone you know did not receive this Newsletter in the mail, please contact us so we can update our mailing list.

Halloween Party

Another October another Halloween bash! Join us for our biggest party of the year! Bring your best Halloween costume and you might just win a prize! Food is \$3 but friends and vibes are free!

PTSD Support Group

Mondays at 11 (excluding days that have other events, please see calendar) we will be holding a support group for people with PTSD. If you or someone you know needs help or would like to learn more, feel free to come by!

Hours: Mon-Fri 9-4, Tues open until 7, Sat 11-4

Patrick Faces the Vampire

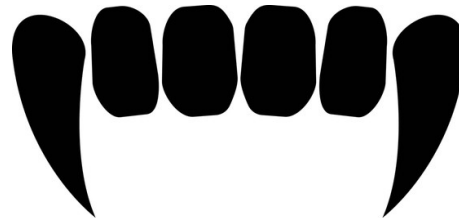
By Jerry Meiring

Patrick and Patsy were out walking Dudley on Halloween night. They passed merry Trick-or-Treaters. They joined in each other's merry delight. They both pulled out their cell phones and looked up a Haunted House. They found one-Darklife.

Together they all went to this Darklife. They stood in line, paid their money, and went in. Igor greeted them. He would take them through.

First was the witch's cauldron. A lone witch brewed with boiling water, then she boiled the tissue right off her hand. Next a man entered the next room with a sword. He looked in the mirror to view himself and disappeared. After this they entered a dark room. When the lights came on there were bugs all over the wall.

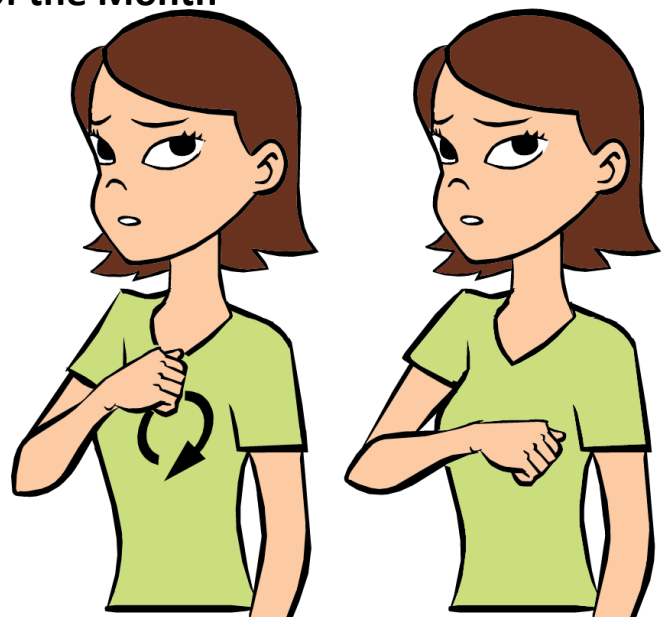
Then a scream rang out. Igor fell over dead—except he was really dead. Patrick saw two holes in his neck, from a vampire. Darklife cooperated with Patrick as he solved the murder. He searched the entire house and found only one possible culprit— a vampire was hiding in a coffin in the basement. One more case was solved.



Stacie's Sign of the Month

SORRY

To sign *sorry*, make your hand into a fist and rub it in a circular motion across your chest. It is like you are rubbing around your heart because you are truly sorry.



“Creepy, isn't it?”

A snippet from Richard Davis ongoing Novel

Barli nodded imperceptibly, as she and Josh eyed the crumbling ochre facade of the closed St Theodosius Russian Orthodox Church. Creepy was an understatement; the church reminded her of the architectural embodiment of Charles Dickens' aged character Miss Havisham more than anything. Once grand, now disheveled, but still standing upright, the oldest of the town's Slavic churches seemed to want to talk to her in an ancient dowager's creaking voice, not unlike finger nails on chalkboard, or a hardened steel screw scratching across coarse sandpaper. It had lost any essence of being sacred eons ago. She shivered in spite of the SUV's heater insulating them from the morning's cloudless January sky and 12 degree temperature. She could almost hear the tolling of the massive half-ton bell hanging sans clapper behind the faded blue shutters of a guano caked belfry looming menacingly above. She was both drawn to and repulsed by the church. It gave her a diseased, uncomfortable feeling. Diseased, yes; that was a good word to describe the decrepit building that resembled a dried, hard-shelled bug turning to dust in a long abandoned spiderweb. The web of a brown recluse would be more than appropriate. But then maybe the de-sanctified church could find redemption in some sort of architectural afterlife. It was unique enough.

Of course it must have been a gorgeous icon at one point many hard fraught decades ago, before the bell had finally cracked and the clapper disappeared to wherever estranged clappers vanished to. A dead insect in a brown recluses' web? That was a weird thought, but it rang true, that was the church alright. Maybe her second sight talking. She shivered again, and couldn't decide if she wanted to yell at Josh if he was done gawking so they could just leave, or if she wanted to continue staring waiting for something insidious to occur. For once, Josh had none of his equipment in the car, so if something did happen, they would have no proof to show people they weren't crazy. She found herself glaring up at the belfry, willing something to happen in spite of herself. Of course, nothing did.

Two and a half years ago when she and Josh were still a couple and had begun ghost hunting, they had broken through a poorly sealed basement window by bending warped boards and squeezing through. It had been a moonless August night of the kind Lovecraft would write about, and they were only armed with flashlights. The kind that had a tendency to give out at awkward times. Neither of them heard, saw or smelled anything abnormal the whole time they were there. But did they ever feel it. She shivered again.

Nor were they accustomed to exploring supposedly haunted and decrepit buildings in such questionable fashion, and all these things had their emotions feeding off each other. The entire hour they were inside they were constantly bumping into each other and brushing the sticky cobwebs out of their eyes, while expecting to see glowing red eyes and hovering ectoplasm directly in front of them. Except for anticipating something demonic around every corner and constantly “cussing” each other out, nothing happened. Except that for August, it was too damn cold inside! What she first thought was something otherworldly in front of her turned out to only be her breath. Breath?!

Barli woke up still staring up at the belfry. She had no idea how long she had been asleep, if sleep it had been. Glancing over at Josh, he was eyeing her with trepidation.

As she turned to look at the shuttered building again, he asked quietly, “Do you know what you said?”

“Did I say something?”

“Yes, you did. You asked me where I left my pickax, and if I couldn't keep track of my tools, you would break my fingers and turn me to dust. You wouldn't indulge me with your beauty anymore.” With a heavy sigh, still studying her, he added, “You said that very clearly. Haughtily.”

“Huh?”

For once Josh was looking directly into her eyes. She opened her mouth, then shut it again. Haughtily? She was at a loss for words.

He turned to look out the windshield, and mumbled, “Time to leave.”

As he maneuvered his Toyota back out into the street, she couldn't agree more. She fought back the overwhelming urge to give the church one final stare, being afraid of seeing something she was in no mood to deal with. It wasn't just fear this time, she actually knew something demonic would be there. And what was this sickly, pale green haze that enveloped everything in sight?

Vaughn

U were a friend
To all
For many years

U were a valued
Person & member
At the center

U loved to go on trips
& u especially liked
Going for ice cream

U loved baseball
& College football
& attended a few games

You're first love was
Your wife Wanda
& your two sons

U also had grandchildren
U adored & you loved
Getting together

U & Wanda welcomed me
Thirty years ago
When I moved here

I'm sad you're not with us
& at the same time
Happy as I know
You're in heaven

Until we meet again
I will sing heavenly songs
When I think of you

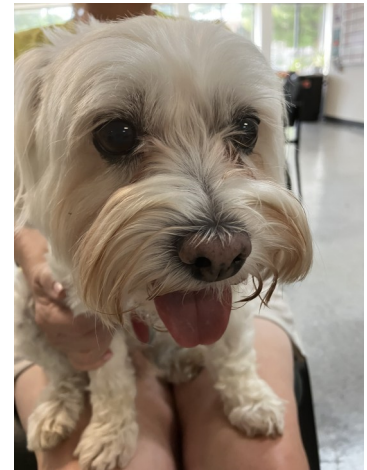
By Missy Strange

Visit from Casper

The friendly little white dog enters the room
bouncing with joy. He curiously sniffs his way
around the room stopping just long enough for a
scratch or a gentle rub. Our moods are lifted.
Everyone is joyful when Casper visits.

Spirits are glowing.

Thanks to Carol for bringing Casper in.



Nancy Oberhaus

July 24, 2025

A Lightning bug flashed last night
Several flashed through the yard
They rose from the grass quickly—
Greeting me with magical light—
Firefly; grant my wish tonight.

Nancy Oberhaus

July 23, 2025



Turkish Pasta

Thanks Lisa for the recipe

Ingredients

- 1 Cup plain whole milk Greek yogurt
- 2 to 3 cloves garlic finely grated
- 2 teaspoons kosher salt divided
- 4 tablespoons unsalted butter
- 1 Tablespoon tomato paste
- 1 teaspoon red pepper flakes
- 1 lbs 80% lean ground beef
- 1/2 cup finely chopped white or yellow onion
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1 lbs dried pasta preferably conchiglie, mezze Rigatoni or cavatappi
- 1/2 cup roughly chopped fresh parsley



Directions

1. Make the garlic yogurt sauce in a small bowl. Stir together the yogurt, grated garlic and 1/2 teaspoon salt until well combined. Set aside
2. Make the tomato butter. Heat butter in a large frying pan over medium heat. Once melted add the tomato paste and red pepper flakes and stir well. Cook stirring often until the tomato paste starts to stick to the bottom of the pan and the butter has taken on a red color. About 2 minutes. Transfer the tomato butter to a small bowl. Carefully wipe out the pan with a paper towel to remove the residual butter and tomato paste. There is no need for it to be perfectly clean.
3. Brown the beef. Set the wiped out frying pan to medium high heat and add the ground beef and onion. Season with 1 1/2 teaspoon salt and the pepper and cook breaking the meat with a spatula. Stir it often until the beef is no longer pink and becoming crispy. About 10 minutes.
4. Meanwhile, cook the pasta. While the beef is cooking, bring a large, covered pot of water to a boil over high heat. Once the water is boiling, season with plenty of salt and cook the pasta to al dente according to the package instruction. Drain well in a colander or sieve.
5. Assemble and serve. Portion the pasta onto serving plates. Top each portion equally with the yogurt sauce, beef, and a generous drizzle of the tomato butter. Sprinkle with plenty of chopped parsley and serve immediately. If you have leftovers, store the components individually in airtight container in the refrigerator for up to 4 days. Warm the beef and tomato butter before serving over freshly cooked pasta.

WORLDWIDE CHEESE

T S B H A U J C D D S D H X U N G K X D H N Q S B
 Y W I W G T H I W S L J N U Z G F Z C R A I O U F
 P I N L I Q T C A U Z U T M R C W L O H R F E Y L
 G S T C S X M N G H A T H F V X S Q W R C Z Q V I
 Q S A O Q B I R M M Z G K D G B G R U Y E R E X F
 B H U P F I R G P A F W J C J L R B P E P N Q M J
 A N E S O W H D I N G N F X Y T P Q Y O G P Q O K
 L P H B I X Q W D C O D E W I L A L O J R B D N N
 K E F U G A G T U H A Z H X U H N N V W R I N T G
 I J D P S D H Q B E T O D E X E E I G T M N H E X
 E P W R N M J L W G O K V K Z D E I B F J W J R T
 S G X Z I K O M V O Z D B C L A R V B J N O Z E E
 S V O F W C O Z A G U N I C H M K W R L F I H Y J
 E D I U N H O V Z M O U S C W E I E C Y O V J J Y
 P J S F D H T T N A G R U G A J D Q V Z N E V A B
 G W A A L A W N T I R Q G B Q J A D L M T A W C D
 Q V B S A E G P C A Z E V O C U I Q A U I I G K T
 Q R C D I N N R P J E I L P N S T X X R N F F M T
 H B J Z U A Q O R A C R F L I Z C H L W A L I D T
 Y Y H B J N G V Z H R M T V A Y O I A I X Q O E F
 I R Q X Y L T O H F Y M A K J T C L J V K F E O V
 B R K V B G J L B B V Z E O I L Z A A A A D F Z J
 R S R S C B M O T P K T F S B U R R A T A R R N Z
 I X H J I V D N H N F B X B A F E T A O Z I T C V
 E D V M F I D E Q X X T K C R N F K Q J Q E K I E

Monterey Jack

Gouda

Fontina

Asiago

Provolone

Gorgonzola

Edam

Swiss

Havarti

Manchego

Mozzarella

Feta

Gruyere

Cheddar

Parmesan

Goat

Paneer

Burrata

Ricotta

Brie

