



VETERANS VILLAGE JULY NEWSLETTER

Summer is a busy time at the village. Tourists escaping the heat like to shop. And even though there are many thrift stores in the White Mountains, we've been told by shoppers that we have the best prices so there is constant turnover. And that means, unloading donations, sorting, stocking shelves, working the cash register, help on the floor to answer customers queries and security which unfortunately is necessary. The thrift store is our main source of income, so all this is extremely important.

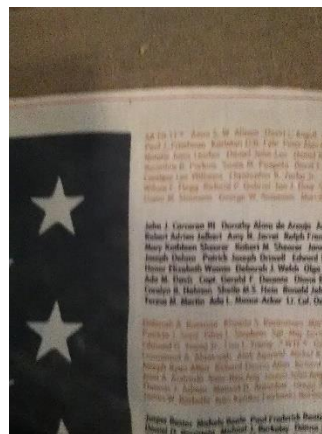


Volunteer stocking shelves



Manning the cash register cha-ching

There are some amazing finds in the store. First Edition books which research has discovered are quite valuable. (More on the researcher later.) Antique furniture, tools, glassware which relatives consider clutter just want to be rid of. One day while working in the store, I happened to see something stuffed behind a bookcase. Upon unraveling I discovered a faded commemorative flag from 9/11. Inscribed in the stripes are the names of all the victims. It is now displayed in the main room lest we never forget.



“You have a choice in life. You can either put your stuff in your pockets and take it to your grave, or you can help someone” Hoda Kotb

Last month there was an article from the viewpoint of a volunteer and another about a

resident. This next is about a success story. A veteran who stayed with us and transitioned. To date there have been 81 such stories, this is but one.



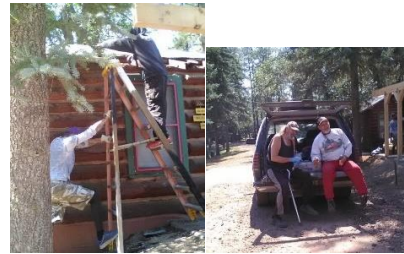
Scott Mayberry – 64
A 5th generation AZ native. His mother was a war bride from Scotland. His dad was in the Navy and he had 3 brothers - all state wrestling champions. One brother went to Annapolis and another in the Air Force Academy, the third in the Coast Guard. Scott served 5 months in Vietnam was then sent to West Point where he played football for Army – long snapper. He was a wrestling state champ and power lifter 132 lbs. He is still in the record books today.

He was married for 10 yrs and has a daughter who graduated from Harvard Medical School. Wound up living in his van before coming to the Veterans Village where he stayed for 5 months. His dog was hit by a car which everyone thought was fatal. But he drove her to the vet where she survived. He has his own home and is a success.

“My debts are all paid and woes are behind me” Regarding Veterans Village, He told Maggie, “If you can hit one I in 100 you are successful”. Scott is one in 100 and one of her favorites.

A WORK IN PROGRESS

A major project that has been in process for quite awhile is building porch roofs for the cabins for two reasons. First to shade the cabin entrance, and second to prevent the snow from accumulating by the doors.



What would OSHA say! Stupidvisors (their term not mine)

To date we have transitions 80+ veterans. When a veteran moves on, he can take the furnishing with him to help him get started in his new life. The need for cleaning and resupplying the residences to make them ready for new occupants is continual. Our volunteers are awesome in making the cabins welcoming and ready.



Readying cabin for new occupant

There are additions to village life.

Tai Chi on Wednesday mornings at 8 am. This is good for Arthritis and Fall Prevention/balance but most important it’s enjoyable and overall it just makes them feel better.



Tai Chi

On Thursday a group of volunteers from Juniper Ridge and Venture Inn come to help. They help with the roofs, cabin repair etc. We provide lunch for all workers that day. They sit on the shaded

patio and kabbitz. (I'll bet that word gives away my age)



Volunteers enjoying a meal.

**Welcome back to Volunteers from:
Juniper Ridge - Venture Inn**

Sunday Morning at 10 am we have a veteran's church service. This is not a traditional service. The message is brief but poignant. Parishioners donate food and there is coffee. An interesting coincidence someone donated to the thrift store set of communion cups and trays just when we began having services.



Rocky leading our Church Service



FREEDOM IS NOT FREE, ASK OUR HEROES!!

This month's featured veteran.



Dale - 62 is one of our newest residents. He is disabled, but not by the war. He sits by the computer, researching books, movies for far more than the 20 hrs required. He has discovered a wealth of potential income for the village. He cooks for himself but not TV dinners. German dishes, stews etc. Living alone in the forest for some time, he became knowledgeable about herbs, Indians, and wildlife and uses this experience for healing himself rather than relying on traditional medicine. He has some uninvited roommates, 2 mice, a black snake, a spider, and cricket. Knowing this combination are mortal enemies I asked if he names them wouldn't he be upset if one gets eaten. Typical of Dale, his reply, "It's nature's way".

The following is Dale's story of his very unconventional life. He claims his story should never be told. He grew up in the military life. I asked about his parents. His dad has passed, and as far as his mother, "Heaven don't want her, and the devil don't want the competition".

He told the story about when he was a toddler, seeing his mother push his 5 yr old sister down the stairs. His father made Dale take self-defense training in case he needed to defend himself.

At age 15 his mother kicked him out of the house, so he joined a carnival. At 17 he talked his father into signing so Dale could join the Navy. His father told him with his skills (NRA marksman and diver) they

would stick him in some “shithole, blackhole”. His crew did some questionable things in Panama, he did not elaborate but said “That’s war”.

Three months after the military he was building a cabin for his family in WA when Mt St. Helens erupted and wiped out his efforts. So, he packed up and drove to Hanes AK where they spent 1 year. The 2nd year the governor gave the evacuees land to homestead. It was 97 miles from a road. He built a log cabin and barn, for his family which consisted of three children. He always gets along well with animals. Had 2 mules that no one else could handle but he had no problems. He also had 10 goats, 50 chickens, 20 sled dogs. He built his cabin on the side of a hill, so the main door was on ground level, but at the back of the house was above ground leaving room for the animals to shelter.

After his wife left him and took the three children, he paddled a 25’ canoe filled with survival gear from AK to Seattle. He rode the inland passage where there is a 27’ tidal surge. It was impossible to paddle against such a tide, so he just had to wait until the tide was going the way he wanted. When disembarking at the dock in Seattle an Australian man spied his belongings and gave him \$1000. Dale told him there was a map that indicated all the camping spots he had stayed. He had the appearance and aura of a mountain man so the people on the street gave him a wide berth.

He bought a touring bike with the money the Australian man paid him and made like Forest Gump on two wheels and headed south. Once he reached Mexico he kept going through Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, and Panama on the Pacific side. Then he took a goat trail 92 miles to the Atlantic and the Yucatan Peninsula and reentered the US at Brownsville, TX. It was spring and Mardi Gras time so for the heck of it, he road another 100 miles to New Orleans.

Six years ago in 2014 – His life became more difficult. His 2nd wife left, and he began to try to drink the pain away. One night as he was leaving a bar when four young punks jumped him. One Dale threw into a brick wall another over a vending machine. The third ran away. Unfortunately, the 4th was behind him holding a brick with which he hit Dale in the head. After 4 days he woke in the ICU with a sub hematoma. The sheriff came in laughing. Dale said, “You think this is funny?” the sheriff exclaimed, “You should see what the others look like”. Dale had no recollection of what he had done.

The first 4 years after his injuries there were no symptoms. He worked doing home repairs and remodeling in Utah and NM. Built a gazebo, tiled a bathroom, custom woodwork. He found the Gila wilderness where he lived for awhile. Then he decided

he wanted more wilderness so got on his touring bike and rode from NM to ID.

He found work on a ranch where he was foreman, builder, and mechanic, but after 3 years, the symptoms from his injury began to surface. Falling, slurred speech caused the owner of the ranch to worry about his condition and he was let go. He moved to Sandpoint, Idaho. He began supplementing his income by photographing his favorite subject, wild animals, and nature.

One night in Sand Point he fell on some concrete steps and broke his teeth then in the morning he could not breathe. He managed to ride his bike 25 miles on a dirt road, when he came to the asphalt, he met up with a sheriff using a radar gun. The sheriff realized he needed help, took him to the hospital. He was back in the ICU again.

A scuba diver friend in NM was also an Occupational Therapist who offered to take care of Dale. His sons were drug addicts, so Dale was hesitant to live there, but the friend lied and assured Dale they did not live there. Dale spent the last of his money to get to NM. Not only did his kids live there but partied hard every night while their father was away in Nevada. The sheriff lived next door to no avail. He told their father about the kids, activities, but they claimed Dale was just trying to get them in trouble. Out of money, gas, and an unregistered car, he retreated to the woods staying in Black Canyon, but his physical limitations prevented him from being able to bend to get water. He wound up one mile from the highway and happened to see some lights. It was the Salvation Army Summer Camp where he met Neil LaBarge who helped him get to Veterans Village. Forever grateful to him, he is the first person Dale will call, when he gets a phone this month.

Other ways to help our veterans:

Ask about joining our 575 Club – you can Sponsor a cabin – shop in our Thrift Store.

How to contact us:

Location:

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Donate through Paypal Gofundme