

Old Growth

As Jeanne 'Muffy' Paradise wrote in the essay that accompanied her exhibit, it was in her "early Nature Journals where I learned to draw by closely observing birds, plants, and events around me... the coming of spring, a heron landing or poised for a catch, a weather-beaten tree in the old growth forest on Mt Wachusett or Acadia National Park in Maine."





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An archive of *Villagers* from past years is located in the Carleton-Willard Village library.

Editor's Corner



With December comes the realization that another year has passed, and whether or not we have been successful at making progress in whatever goals we set last January, we will soon be able to resolve to try again.

In adopting a theme of Endings and Beginnings the *Villager* Board hoped to elicit apt stories from residents' lives. We did receive some, and these have told of bittersweet endings or dramatic forced beginnings or less traumatic transitions. You will also read here of other memorable events that even years later bear retelling to a new audience.

I see around me in nature how the fruits of one season hold in them the promise of the next. The viburnum beside the front door has fully developed buds that will be the fully fragrant flowers next May. Empty acorn cups mean that the acorns may have been buried where they may sprout. And, in my own case, the ending of my five years as editor of the *Villager* means that I can turn my attention to some new areas of activity. I have found being editor very fulfilling. Thank you for your support.

As old folks, or 'perennials', as we are sometimes called, we face many weakenings – in our strength, our mental acuity, and the energy needed to rehabilitate after any setback. With the ultimate end in sight, at this stage, it takes grace and courage to carry on day-to-day. But, we have each other and the support of a community staffed by caring people.

We can begin each day with renewed determination to find the beautiful and the good in our own world, and to try hard to find joy!

Anne Schmalz Anne Schmalz, Editor





From the President and CEO



Endings and beginnings are essential to the human experience. Recently, I had the privilege to attend a meeting of a resident group called the "Mighty 90's". In that group the discussion revolved around the topic of Endings and Beginnings. Many attendees spoke about their careers, education, or family.

Beginnings are infused with potential and opportunity. They represent the start of something new, whether it's a new job, fresh academic pursuit, or the start of a personal project. Beginnings are often accompanied by excitement and optimism, driven by the prospect of new experiences and growth. They challenge us to harness our creativity and adaptability, leveraging the lessons from past endings to approach new ventures with greater wisdom and enthusiasm.

Endings, on the other hand, signify closure, marking the conclusion of a chapter or phase. They often bring a sense of finality and, sometimes, loss. However, endings are not merely conclusions; they also create space for reflection and growth. In literature, an ending provides resolution, allowing readers to glean insights and learn from the narrative's resolution. Similarly, in personal life, endings—such as graduating from school, moving to a new city, or ending a relationship—serve as markers of transformation. These moments compel us to evaluate our experiences, appreciate the lessons learned, and prepare ourselves for what comes next.

The interplay between endings and beginnings can be seen in natural cycles, such as the changing of seasons. Each season's end prompts the start of a new one, illustrating how transitions are a fundamental part of the environment. This cyclical pattern underscores a broader truth: change is a constant, and every ending paves the way for a new beginning.

In the realm of personal development, embracing the fluidity between endings and beginnings allows individuals to navigate life's transitions with resilience. Acknowledging that endings are not final, but rather precursors to new opportunities, helps mitigate the fear and uncertainty that often accompany change. By focusing on the potential of new beginnings, individuals can approach transitions with a mindset of growth and possibility.

In summary, endings and beginnings are more than mere transitions; they are pivotal elements of the human experience that foster growth and transformation. Recognizing and embracing this cyclical nature of change enables us to move forward with a sense of continuity and purpose, leveraging the lessons of the past to shape a more fulfilling future. This encapsulates my transition to Carleton-Willard Village, where I have leveraged all of my past beginnings and endings, successes and failures, to hopefully make this transition the best it could be.

Christopher J. Golen President and CEO



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Inside Back Cover – Nature Page – Endings and Beginnings: the Life of a Monarch Butterfly Virginia Steel

Back Cover – **Early Winter** • Jeanne Paradise



Closure

Tust two weeks before her scheduled cancer surgery, when I was home for a visit, my mother and I took daily two to three-hour drives into the Hampden and Berkshire Counties countryside. I drove; she talked. She had said, "I won't be coming home from the hospital." We didn't talk about that. Some days the conversation was free-flowing and random. Other days she had a specific theme, such as growing up in a dysfunctional family and the challenge of being the "caboose" in a family of two brothers, musical prodigies, ten and eleven years her senior. At times there were tears, more often there was unbridled laughter as the countryside passed by our windshield. On one of those long drives, she laughed and said the theme would be, "the angriest I've ever been at you." This led to several stories from the time I was eleven and twelve years old. I report two of them here.

Frog Legs. We summered at our Vermont lake cottage. One of her rules was unusual but very clear, "Do not harm the frogs." I was catching lots of vellow perch and rainbow trout which we ate for breakfast. Why not frog legs for dinner? One weekend when my mother was away, I was only with my father. I had the bright idea of catching this enormous bull frog that I had observed throughout the summer and preparing it for my evening dinner. Bon Appetit. That I did, while my father ate a casserole that my mother had left for us during her absence. He made no reference to my mother's cardinal rule. Following a delightful dinner of frog legs, I deposited the meatless legs into the trash. So far so good, except I failed to empty the trash early the next morning before my mother returned. Seeing the partial frog skeleton, all my mother said to me in a solemn voice, "I am very disappointed with you. How could you eat a friend!" That was a severe enough consequence. I had disappointed my mother. The look on her face stayed with me for a long time. However, as she delivered the tale of my amateur French cooking, she laughed hilariously.

Dancing School. I attended Rider's Dancing School, which was held in the ballroom at our local community center. Unbeknownst to me, on this day, my mother and her three best friends were set to observe the class from the balcony. Classes started with the boys on one side of the hall, and the girls sitting on the opposite side. On cue from Mr. Rider, the boys walked to the girls, bowed, and asked to dance with them. On this day I was ceremoniously suspended from the class for rushing (speed walking) to reach Nancy Riley. I was in a great hurry because there was an older boy who also had designs on her. As I exited the ballroom, I hatched a plan to remain in the lobby until the class was finished and then walk home with my pals. My mother had no need to know about my ballroom mis-etiquette. As I entered the lobby, my mother was standing by the door, both hands on her hips, her face and posture indicated she wasn't happy. She ordered me to get into her car, even though I protested that I wanted to walk home. As I meekly got in and continued my plea to walk home, my mother started the car with a huge roar and "peeled" out onto the roadway. At breakneck speed, we approached a stop sign before entering busy Route 5. I was certain we were going to zoom past the stop sign and crash and die. Now, Nancy Riley didn't seem so important, given that my life was going to end at age twelve. She slammed on the brakes at the intersection. What I didn't know at the time was my mother staged the drama and was in full control of the car. My mother told this story in absolute stitches, laughing as she described the look on my face as we sped toward the stop sign and "avoided" death.

My mother was right, she didn't come home. I know, in general, first impressions are important, but so are last impressions. I am most grateful for the week of "windshield time" with my mother as we traversed the western Massachusetts countryside and I listened to her summarize her life and the times we had shared. A wonderful gift for both of us.

Will Wright



Remember When?

"You don't remember? I invited you over to my apartment for dinner."

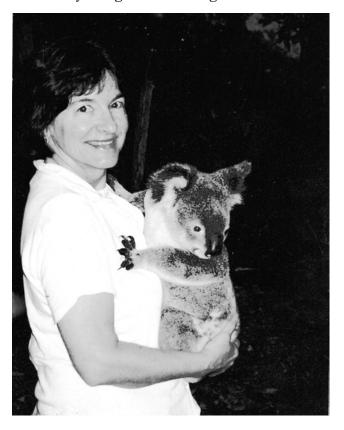
Apparently you had been hoping I'd ask you out, but when I invited you to dinner at my apartment, you got nervous and called your sister, Claire, to get her opinion on the situation. Twenty-two years older than you, Claire was the source of all wisdom and experience. "What if he tries something?" you asked her. "What's he going to try?" she said. "He's going to face you on Monday morning." A good point.

You and I had been talking during third periods, when we both had duty monitoring students in the cafeteria at Somerville High School. There wasn't a lot of studying taking place, but it was a good chance for us to talk around the edges, and over time, the range of what we talked about grew: family, faith, our teaching experience, your years in Catholic school and mine in boarding school, sports, and other things. I was so impressed with all you knew about football. Your father had taught you well!

I wasn't a cook, but I produced an edible meal of lamb chops, wild rice, and peas – the sort of Sunday lunch Yankee fare I had grown up with. You appreciated the effort. We capped the evening off with a long walk through the neighborhood I had grown up in.

Three months later we were married in the living room of Ersel Byrd, Justice of the Peace, in Seabrook, NH. You refused to get married until the TV repairman had finished fixing her set. She was in the middle of a busy day – renewing hunting and fishing licenses. Everyone except for me had on heavy woolen shirts. I was wearing a blue blazer and a white carnation. You were radiant in a simple, but stylish, white dress. That's when I learned I was marrying a classy woman.

Now I know it is hard for you to remember those heady days, or even sometimes that we are husband and wife forty-eight years later, but sometimes you do remember, and if you don't, I do. And there is always the fridge there to remind us: the photo of the TV repairman poking his nose around the living room door. There are so many photos of other memories, including a personal favorite: Fitzroy, the koala, at the Lone Pine Koala Reserve in Brisbane, Australia, whom you got to pet and hold. There were strict limits on fraternization between koalas and humans – fifteen minutes every two weeks. Judging by Fitzroy's passionate hold on your chest, he was not about to waste any of his allotted time. One of so many things we have laughed about.



Now we are here at Carleton-Willard, where there are no koalas, but there are woods to walk in, inhabited by a fair share of wildlife and friendly humans. It's such a nice place to be. January second will be our forty-ninth anniversary. I hope your sister has a minute to look down on us, and see what her contribution to our story helped us to begin.

Rick Belin



Fire

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

January 12, 2021; four alarms. A unit at the opposite end of our building caught on fire, causing evacuation of the entire building. We couldn't hear the alarm from our bedroom, so the hall was filled with smoke when we tried to exit. Firemen climbed a ladder to get to our eighth floor balcony (that's our balcony in the picture). They told us we were safe on the balcony until enough smoke cleared for us to use the stairwell. A good thing, as I was as scared of going down the ladder as I was of the fire.

With a Little Help From My Friends

We spent ten days in a hotel, eight of them in strict quarantine. It turned out that one of our rescuers tested positive for Covid, which meant we were confined to our hotel room. The first Covid vaccines were still months away, so it was a great relief when we were released after eight days and two negative tests. We continue to be grateful to friends and family who brought us meals and necessities, cared for our parakeet, and generally supported us during those tough first weeks.

The Fire Next Time

As time dragged on, it became clear that work on the building would take a long while. Although the worst damage was limited to the west end of the building, smoke permeated everything. What the smoke didn't damage, water did. Seventeen out of forty-eight units on the west end required some demolition; half were fully demolished. Most units, including ours, required cleaning, air filtration, and disposal of mattresses and upholstered furniture. The building would remain a construction site for years to come, although we did not anticipate that at the time. After ten days, we left the hotel for an AirBnB, and two weeks later, a five month rental. As the lease term approached, it was clear that we would not be back in our condo any time soon.

Not wanting to move twice, and being nervous about moving back to our eighth-floor apartment with no sprinklers, we started thinking about our options.



Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey

It started with a flyer. We had been on the waiting list at CWV for a few years, and, one day, the mail brought us information about a new court with new homes. We made an appointment. The entire court was enclosed by a chain link fence, but we gained entry and Kathy Crosby showed us an end unit. As Kathy walked away, we agreed this was a terrific backup plan. When we made the decision to change our long-term plan to our short-term plan and take the plunge, I wept with relief.

We moved in on July 12, six months to the day after the fire. We never looked back.

Renel Fredriksen

Beginnings

Isaw a clock. I thought: it's like a Bergman movie. They're trying to tell me something about time. Then I faded out. Someone was washing me. A large dark-skinned woman; she looked at me with distaste. Then I faded out. I awoke. It was Mount Sinai Hospital, March 18, 1960; my son had just been born. When I regained full consciousness, I jumped out of bed to see where the babies were, where my baby was. I think someone apprehended me and got me back to bed.

That was the birth of my first child. I remember very little of it. I had gone to the hospital with my husband, maybe by subway, who knows. They put me in a room by myself. I remember that when the contractions came, I would roll off the bed and run around the room.



Some doctors or other personnel, young men in masks, were peering through the glass in the door and laughing. In the end, that was probably as good a thing to do as anything else. I certainly hadn't studied Lamaze. In those days I was a dancer and in pretty good shape, so the running was likely good for me. I don't remember much else, except for some strange flash, where I was telling two nurses who were holding me down that I had to go to the bathroom and one of them said, contemptuously, I thought, "She doesn't even know she's having a baby."

In those days they gave women some sort of drugs that obliterated the memory of the experience, all but that one flash that comes back so disturbingly. I was twenty-two. Not really in charge. There were some advantages. I felt great, full of energy. My second birth was quite different. Passavant Hospital in Chicago, July 27, 1967. I was twenty-nine and thoroughly awake. The labor had progressed more quickly than the doctors had supposed. They barely got me moved into the delivery room. It was like an earthquake inside me. I had the extraordinary experience again of not being in charge, but in a different way. I felt that I was the instrument of a larger force, just a vehicle. It was overwhelming. Extraordinary. When my daughter was born, I said to the doctor, "That was amazing. I'd like to do that again." He said, "Not right away."

And I didn't, not right away, not ever. But I always felt I'd been deprived of the experience of that first birth. What was that clock trying to tell me? A passage of time and experience was excised, obliterated. A piece of my life was taken away that morning in March, as I tried to recalibrate where I was, who I was, why I was there, what had happened, but I was too young to resent it until later.

Marjorie Roemer

The Mysterious VIP

When I returned to the Imperial Hotel in Delhi, I asked for an *Eliza Room*—"for single lady travelers." That was the same comfortable room type I had stayed in at the begin-

ning of my trip to India. Now, for my last night in that country, I wanted the same kind of room. "But Madam," said the desk clerk, "I see here that you have been upgraded to a suite."

"How kind; thank you." And I thought to myself, *suites are nice*. Until I was shown into the *Royal Imperial Suite*. I saw before me acres of marble flooring, sparkling in the light of Murano glass chandeliers. In the distance stood a life-sized bronze statue of a Greek god. White lilies were massed in crystal vases. After the bellman left, I explored my suite, hardly believing what I saw. I had ten rooms, each furnished in luxury. The room with the statue was a glassedin gallery. Its upholstered sofa and arm chairs were solid silver. I took lots of pictures, saying to myself, *nobody is going to believe this!*



Eventually I realized I had no plans for dinner that evening. I called the concierge to ask for a reservation at the *Bukhara*, a well-known Delhi restaurant. "But the *Bukhara* has to be booked weeks in advance," he told me. "On the other hand, for you, Madam, perhaps something can be arranged." Five minutes later, I had a table for eight o'clock.

When I arrived at the restaurant, the manager welcomed me effusively and showed me to my table. I proceeded to order and eat my dinner. When I asked for the check, the manager came rushing over. "No, no. Of course you mustn't pay! It's just such an honor to have you here dining with us!" I was completely bewildered.

Judging from my treatment at the hotel and the restaurant, I must have been a Very Important Person. But to this day, I have no idea who I was supposed to be.

Mary Ella Feinleib





VE Day: OnThe Balcony

Zahle, Lebanon - May 8, 1945

I turned six in April of 1945 so I remember clearly the events of that day: May 8, 1945. It started in an ordinary way, but as the day progressed, the events that followed would change the direction of my life forever.

It was mid-afternoon when the sound of animated voices and rapid footsteps awakened me from my nap. The urgent calls of my governess, Mademoiselle Violet, shattered my sleep.

"Mouna, wake up! Wake up! Your mother wants you to come outside; right now!" The urgent, high pitch of Mademoiselle's voice frightened me.

I ran outside, under the shade of the grape arbor, its vines showing the bright green of tender new leaves. I ran past the apricot trees and the almond trees, whose white blossoms formed lacy bridal veils against the deep blue sky.

Mother, Father, and a group of their friends were gathered by the ornate concrete wall that traced the edge of our large, sun-drenched balcony. Our house, home to our family for generations, was situated at the highest point in Zahle, our hometown. The part of the balcony where the assembled company stood presented a spectacular, unobstructed view of the city.

Loud, excited shouts of "VICTORY!" surrounded me as I ran towards my parents. "Mama, Baba, what is happening?" I asked. "The war is finally over," Father said. He lifted me up, his strong arms pulling me into a tight hug. Then he set me down on the broad, level surface atop the balcony wall, which formed a barrier between us and a twenty-foot drop to the terrace below.

I looked down to see that people were dancing and shouting joyfully in the narrow streets.

Mother showed me how to make the victory sign by holding up my index and middle fingers to form a "V". Both parents told me to say "Victory!" Some of those in attendance shouted, "Victory! Victory!" Others shouted "The war has ended!" The excitement was palpable. All of Zahle was celebrating. Later that evening, there would be fireworks.

On May 8, 1945, Germany had surrendered to the allied forces in Europe. Of course, World War II did not end on that day. The world had to wait another three months for Japan to surrender on August 14.

Little did I realize, as I stood on that balcony, shouting "Victory," that the end of World War II would bring about a profound change for my family. It would mark the beginning of preparations for our long-awaited return to Father's adopted country, the United States of America.

Mouna Anderson



Flying

On golden wings I soar
A cascade of brilliant stars ahead
The lightness of me
With the birds
Rising over the clouds
Plunging into the ravines

A hawk glances at me and I stare back Startled, the hawk dives away Wind sweeps through my hair and across my body I'll fly forever and ever

Invisible to the earth-bound people below.

John Schmitz



New Morning in Bedford

At dawn on my fourth birthday I tip-toed out into the living room. My parents and twin sisters were still asleep. On the dining table was a note in Mom's handwriting, "Happy Birthday!" Behind the note were two objects that would define my life.

How could I know that these objects, a little blue phonograph and a small stack of shellac, 78-rpm records, would be the progenitors, the symbolic building blocks, of my life? Morning light now flooded the awakening house. In these objects rested my future.

I danced through school and college, no cliché too shameful to limn my flight. Algebra and girls, soccer and acne, were normal in my sunlit, pimply adolescence. Wrote music for our class shows and glee club. Took advanced piano lessons. Composed our class songs. Graduated with high honors in music. Captured the prestigious DeCordova Medal of Excellence at a prepubescent age fourteen. (I can't find it. A mouse ate it or something.)

Off to grad school. Where else but Harvard? Ivy-clad, top-of-the-line, a ten-mile drive from home. In the anticipated thick envelope accepting me was Writing On The Wall: Thou Shalt Prepare. In other words, Paddle before Swim. This only reinforced my vision of Harvard's investment in me as a Young Genius in the Making. A year of writing musical notes on a staff behind me, I walked into Harvard's Paine Hall, the apogee of my self-centered dreams, in a vibrant autumn. The sun was shining. I was firmly off and running.

Nine months later, I slid home under sullen skies. Overwhelmed by Harvard's stringent academicism over creative pursuits, I found myself in an uncharted intermission in my young life. I looked over my shoulder at the menace of the draft and fled to Army Language School to learn Russian. It was the cold war, propitious for translators and interpreters. I cheated by listening to records after dark on my official Russian practice machine. This lasted no further than it deserved. Five months in, I was out on a medical excuse: a speech impediment.

It was a good-faith ending. I was given my choice of reassignment. Why would anybody not choose Europe?

Paris and Berlin, Rome and London, each capital bursting with art and music, and just a Volkswagen away. I did so well at my admin job that the Pentagon begrudged me an unprecedented six years in Europe. Great music, great travel, great wine. But my duties also involved working with early-sixties computers, so that when I returned home, I was hired as a civilian computer technician in our organization's central office in Washington, DC. After twenty-nine years I finally retired from government service. The long intermission was over. I headed for home.

Oh, but it was a rough landing in Lincoln! I fought through 'fetid smoke' lying heavy over a gasping battlefield, littered with proponents and opponents of Modern Architecture. Over time, a divided Lincoln would continue to either replenish or drain its reservoir of modern homes. I was fighting for my life and for the integrity of my father's architectural legacy. I was now living in Lincoln's first modern house, which he'd built for his family before designing thirty more in Lincoln alone. These houses were threatened with either demolition or uncaring redesign. I marshaled a 350-person nonprofit to defend modernism against its adversaries. Our organization helped create new town bylaws to end a Sisyphean fight. Feisty David leveled hungry Goliath. I needed to rest.

I walked into my new Carleton-Willard home. I quietly shut the door. Turned into the room. Stood still. Drew a deep breath. Held it. Then it all came out: I AM FREE! Free after all these starts and stops. Then the little blue phonograph and its records flew off the long-ago table to celebrate my Beginning.

Harry Hoover

Haiku

Falling in darkness, I heal my bones and spirit To rejoice in light.

Harry Hoover



Canoeing East of the Allagash



Sometimes a wilderness experience is so special it begs to be shared with others. My husband Jim and I had such an experience one summer, canoeing on Fish River, east of the Allagash, in northern Maine.

Our day dawned bright and clear, with a brisk wind blowing down the lake. As we paddled along the shore toward the river that feeds into the lake, we saw two loons feeding quietly. Common terns and cedar waxwings darted above the water, and an osprey dropped suddenly fron the sky with a splash and came up with a large fish.

Our escort as we paddled up the river was, as always, a kingfisher. He swooped from tree to tree, his chattering cry preceding us for a mile or so, seeming to lead us to the next lovely scene: a doe browsing at river's edge. She watched us warily as we glided silently closer, then tumed with a gentle snort, and bounded up over the bank into the dense forest.

Not another boat was on the river; only the sounds of the wilderness reached our ears. Quietly we overtook a female common goldeneye with three large ducklings, swimming vigorously to keep ahead of us. The next bend in the river revealed yet another family: this time a doe and two fawns feeding on grasses at the river's edge. Eventually the mother became aware of our presence and began to move quietly into the shrubbery. One fawn lingered to give us a long curious gaze, before following his mother.

The current of the river was stronger now, and we pulled our canoe up on a gravel bar near

an old hay meadow from lumbering days. Drifts of swamp milkweed, with rosy-crimson flowers, bloomed here, along with Canada Lilies with handsome candelabras of yellow blooms and buds.

Too soon, it was time to start for home. As we drifted downstream, more wildlife appeared. as if on cue: a red squirrel, a sandpiper, a great blue heron, a muskrat. Gliding around Big Pine Bend, we approached a backwater that has always seemed a perfect place for wildlife. The water is shallow; water plants and sheltering trees abound. As we peered into the nook, there, about fifty feet from us, stood a huge bull moose! Quickly alert, his head held high, he seemed magnified by his large rack of antlers. The current of the river soon carried us into full view, and the moose (thankfully) decided to retreat. He moved rapidly across the muddy bog and up the bank, where he was swallowed up by the alders. We sat speechless in mid-river!

Still excited from this encounter, we nearly missed seeing the goldeneye family now feeding near shore. As we watched them, suddenly, from around the next bend, a large motor boat zoomed into sight. The mother duck fled, straight over our heads. The ducklings scooted frantically to the underbrush, and we paddled vigorously to turn our canoe, so as to avoid a watery dunking. The man and boy in the boat waved a cheery greeting as they rushed past.

When the last of the big waves receded, the mother goldeneye returned to her brood and called them together. Soon all was quiet once again, but the spell was broken. No more wildlife appeared as we paddled downstream.

We were sad for the boaters who, most likely, were not even aware of the wildlife treasures they had missed. Out on the lake, the wind bore us homeward, and there was time to reflect on a very special day.

Barbara Munkres

(painting by Barbara Munkres)



Our Posting In Taiwan

During my years in the US Navy, we had many postings. Each meant beginning anew in many ways. The most significant of those was my Navy assignment to Taiwan. Our two years were full of the most unusual and adventurous events.

First of all, we shipped our white, two-door Ford Falcon over there. However, upon leaving Taiwan, we wanted to sell our car, and found out that the Taiwanese desired four-door black cars, since drivers usually had someone else driving their cars. Taiwan laws involving driving accidents with people meant being responsible for the injured person's health for the rest of their lives.

Taiwan was near Vietnam, and, at that time President Kennedy had authorized our military to secretly train the South Vietnamese soldiers in Taiwan. Our neighbor was one of those soldiers.

However, the South Vietnamese leaders were killing some important Buddhist leaders and, I learned much later, that the President had sent two of his cabinet members to Taiwan to investigate the actions of the South Vietnamese leaders.

We were in Taiwan when President Kennedy was killed. We Americans in Taiwan, as well as most of the Taiwanese, were devastated. In fact we were at the Memorial Service for President Kennedy. Madam Chiang Kai-shek attended.

Happy moments were in the numerous trips throughout the island to see and interact with the Taiwanese people. At the top of the mountain range down the island, there is a base for coldweather training, where a frozen waterfall was being enjoyed by a group of Taiwanese soldiers. They were greatly interested in our eight year-old son's blond hair, since all the Chinese had black hair. They all wanted to touch his hair.

Our children started school in Taiwan, and Harriet was a teacher in the American International School. I participated in the Boy Scout activities, which included a trip to one of the two Taiwanese Islands, a few miles off the coast of mainland China. This was a day neither country was shooting at each other. When the

Scout leaders were seated for lunch, we were surprised when they served wine to all of us, including the young folks.

Halfway through our stay, a very strong typhoon struck Taiwan. The winds were strong enough to block the Tam Sui river and flood the capital, Taipei, where we lived. Our rental housing was very low to the river, and we had three feet of water in our simple house. We had to leave the house and eat and sleep on the desks in the Officer's Club across the street. It also was flooded, but we were served hamburgers despite the water level being just over our chair seats!

When we left Taiwan several of our Taiwanese friends came to see us off at the airport. It was the ending of a most interesting two years' posting.

David Hathaway



Seasonal Change

Maples burst with red and gold Flowers wilt and drop quietly from their stalks Pumpkins ripen eager to become pies

Take down the screen door Turn up the thermostat Change shorts and tees to jeans and sweats Taste the approaching Thanksgiving feast

Back to school
The rhythm of the season changes
Bright yellow buses, crossing guards and
Full parking lots at school

A new year approaches What have I accomplished? The season has changed. Have I? Have you?

John Schmitz





Cruising to Essex Meadows

It was a cool, windy day on September 6, when 24 residents took to the Essex River on an off-site trip. We cruised up the Essex River towards Ipswich Bay, enjoying the egrets in the salt marsh. We learned from our guide that this tidal estuary was formed 15,000 years ago from melting glaciers. As we got closer to the dunes of Crane's Beach, we were greeted by a lone seal. Our guide told stories about the fishermen, boat builders, clammers, and Agawam natives who lived in this area years ago. After departing the boat, we gathered at the waterfront restaurant, C K Pearl, for our lunch.



Active Aging Week

How better to observe this national observance than to get active? Our fitness staff more than met the challenge! They organized ping pong matches, seated volleyball games, and walks for residents and staff. For exercising the brain, the Fitness Studio was set up to host challenges that included riddles, memory games, twenty questions, and Word Find. The culminating event was the Wellness Fair in the Auditorium. The clinic and fitness staffs took blood pressure readings, measured hand strengths and reaction times, and gave relaxation and stress reduction advice, meditative readings, and diet news. Spa staff gave hand massages and explained massage options. Some residents were shown techniques to make moving easier. Participants were entered into a raffle for an overflowing basket of treats. A good time was had by all.

Jeanne Paradise's Retrospective Exhibit

A lifelong love of nature and the images and crafts that have flowed from that are what make up a recent exhibit in the CWV art gallery. 'Muffy' Paradise's joy in plein-air painting and drawing is evident in the works that she has chosen to show as well as the journals displayed, both as single framed pages and in the cabinet. Her fascination with lichens led to detailed depictions and served as inspiration for studies in patterns. Dyeing wool yarns, some of which she spun herself, led to weaving on simple looms. Small bags of this work are also shown. 'Muffy' provided write-ups to allow the viewer to see it all with her eyes.

A Walk at Great Brook Farm

As part of Active Aging Week, about twenty residents took advantage of a beautiful fall day to walk at Great Brook Farm State Park in Carlisle. The walkers enjoyed not only the scenic trail through woods and meadows, but also the farm animals, which included dairy cows (many), two llamas, several goats and sheep, ducks and chickens. Only the strongest among the group were able to resist the ice cream confections at the dairy, which is a popular final destination for visitors to the park.

Going to Harvard

An offsite trip to the Harvard Museums on the edge of Harvard Yard treated the CWV visitors to what is now a collection comprising what was formerly the collection of the Fogg Art Museum, the German and East European Collection from the Busch-Reisinger Museum, and the Asian Collection of the Sackler Museum of Asian Art. The fourth floor exhibits were particularly interesting, as they are mounted to be used by students in certain courses: Asian Studies (Rajput 17th century miniatures), a freshman seminar (effects of poverty on women) and Classics (Byzantine ivories and icons of the role of women at that time.) Along with the current exhibition, "Made in Germany," this led to three hours of fascinating and thoughtful viewing.



Happenings

Immigration 101

The Annual Barbara Doyle Endowed Lecture Series focused this year on immigration. Part I was the June appearance by Heidi Porter, Director of Health and Human Services for Bedford. She described the tremendous effort made by the town in 2023 not only to accomodate, but to welcome 300 refugees whom the State housed at the Bedford Plaza Hotel. Part II was a lecture by Peter Schmalz of the US Citizenship and Immigration Service. He outlined the functioning of the 22,000-employee Department of Homeland Security and some of the overall immigration picture. The final session was Suitcase Stories, a visit by a client of the International Institute of New England. This organization welcomes refugees from many countries and serves to settle them into our country. We have a long history of support for IINE by the Residents' Association. In an election year in which immigration has been a major topic of discussion, we are now better informed.

Taking Flight

Once a month we are treated to a talk with power point by Ginny Steel on some aspect of nature. This time it was all about living things that take to the air. Along with flying squirrels, flying fish, and many insects, the flight capabilities of birds were particularly explained. Who knew that wings are basically arms like ours, but adapted to move in ways to propel forward and up, or backward and down? What we may take for granted in the birds we see around here are skills and strengths that rely on unique muscles and those lovely feathers. While migration has lured some of our feathered friends south, we will watch those that remain with a new appreciation.



Meeting House Portraits

The walls of the Village Center were hung with Jean Schnell's framed photographs of the Friends Meeting Houses in New England. They are portraits, rather than mere photographs, in that they seem to reveal the values of their occupants as beautifully as the austere but riveting simplicity of their structures. Whether in use now or reminding us of days when the Friends were a large spiritual group in the region, we respond to their unique beauty. She has provided three volumes of these photographs in which she wrote about what was pertinent to each. As a lifelong Quaker, Jean shows a special reverence for her subject matter which we are privileged to share.

Crossword Puzzling in Caswell

On a recent gray fall afternoon, residents of the Health Center sat in the Activity Room and were challenged by puzzles on the large screen. Some were crosswords, with the clues called out by the staff leader. Others were fill-in-the-blank questions such as what is the capital of Germany? Berlin. Whether loudly or quietly, residents there knew the answers and some called them out. Along with a daily packet of activities that many residents receive, the Activities Team affords opportunities to remain mentally and artistically engaged, even while physically limited.



The Woodworking Shop

Nestled in the lower level of Winthrop is our Woodworking Shop. It is really far more than that, with grinders, metal lathes, and drill presses complementing a wood lathe, router, compound miter saw, sanders, buffers, scroll saw, band saw, and more. The shop is exclusively for CWV residents and you'll often find the "regulars" there, pursuing projects large and small.

During the past year, those regular users have renovated the shop, by eliminating storage cabinets that held many tools donated by users through the years, but which were often hard to find. A more open layout now puts tools where they can be more easily found. So even if you are an infrequent user and need to repair something, the tool needed is likely there. Shop members are happy to help residents who need a chair or table glued or a lamp fixed. There are lots of supplies such as glue, paints, stains, wood, wire, brushes, lubricants... the list is endless. If you need help, you will find the name of the coordinator for the Woodworking Shop in the monthly Bulletin.

We welcome new shop members and hope, if you enjoy carpentry and mechanical projects, you may consider joining the Wood Shop. To join, you will need to take the Woodworking Shop physical exam, to assure safety in the shop. Then you will receive a key to the shop and will be free to work there between the hours of 8am and 5pm. There will be someone to help familiarize you with tool locations and supplies.

Vern Gaw, Shop Steward

My Pet Story: "You have got to be kidding!"

Lat the Larkin home we had three dogs, and many cats over the years. Our yard was filled with wild turkeys, squirrels, raccoons, and field mice, and our trees had every species of birds. After the demise of all our pets, either due to traffic accidents or old age, I made the decision

that we should no longer have pets.

I grew very attached to each one, with careful attention to their well-being, including vet visits, shots, good nutrition, exercise, and nurturing. And, after the death of each pet, I was very upset, and felt the loss for a long time. Tom and our three boys were also saddened by the loss of our pets, but they seemed to get over it rather quickly.

Well, one day, Tom took the boys out for their regular Saturday outing, so that Mom could get all the household chores done and relax for a while. Upon their arrival home they excitedly entered with an animal that, to this day, is very difficult to describe. "Mom," they shouted, "look what we brought home—isn't he great? And he was free." They told me that there was a sign outside of a house that read, <u>Free Dog. We are moving out of state and need someone to take him.</u>

Now, here is an accurate description of the poor creature that entered our home. He was a boxer, about 80 years old (in dog years), blind in one eye, had only three legs, and drooled constantly.

I could understand the children's innocence in all of this, but Tom! He never made eye contact with me, and probably felt I would be temporarily upset, but could not disappoint the boys. Wrong! No way was I going to take on this new challenge. I stared at each one of my sweet boys and my strange husband with dismay and disbelief.

Then, I slowly announced, "Boys, I truly feel bad for the dog, but I really feel that his family should have made other arrangements for him. The dog would not be comfortable in a strange home after living with the same family for many years." I added, "Mom cannot possibly handle a dog that would need so much care. I am sorry, but here is the deal. I am going out to do the food shopping. When I return, I want you to have returned the dog and explain that your mother could not deal with this kind of responsibility. Now, the bottom line is this, it's either me or the dog."

I left, and I watched their faces, not knowing how they would handle this situation. To be honest, on my way home from shopping, I thought, whom would they choose—the dog and not me? But then, who would do the cooking, cleaning, shopping, going to all their school events, helping with homework, etc.?



When I arrived, the house was quiet. The dog was gone, and the boys were not talking. I am sure that Tom tried to explain to them about the problems that we would all experience, especially Mom, taking on this kind of task.

The boys were rather cool towards me for a few days, and I was rather cool towards Tom. But, after a few days, things were back to normal. It's not easy being a mother.

Anne Larkin





Welcome New Residents

Bill and Sue Adams from Concord

Victor Dyer from Hamilton

Frances 'Lee' Montgomery from Cambridge

Louise Higginbotham from Lexington

John Cloninger and Pat Hilpert from Lincoln

Elizabeth (Ashley) Rooney from Lexington











In Memory

Mariwyn 'Wyn' Somers 9/10

Josephine Flammia 10/7

Samuel Shanahan 10/12

Martin Hirsch 10/12





"Libraries are the mainstays of democracy...So keep them, find them, embrace and cherish them." David Baldacci

Beginnings and Endings

Our lives have been full to the brim with beginnings and endings. In our youth it was birth, childhood, school, and college. Then it was new jobs, marriage and the birth of our children. New challenges met us all along the way and, as we look back, we met the challenges well and learned a lot. It was not always easy.

The years went by, and then it was time to end one segment of our lives and begin another. Our children moved on in their lives, we faced retirement, and then we made the decision to move to Carleton-Willard Village. A new life awaited us!

Many new beginnings have now occurred. Our families have grown, as we have welcomed new grandchildren and great-grandchildren. New housing, new activities, and many new friends have brought us comfort and happiness, as we face the challenges of getting older. Endings are approaching, but we can rest assured that we will be very well taken care of.

Now, how about the Carleton-Willard library? We are fortunate to be able to start every day with newspapers and puzzles, and the books that we read offer interesting beginnings and endings, as well as everything in between. Many residents claim that the library is the center of their lives here.

The library committee enjoys a new beginning each month, as we meet to select a variety of books in both regular and large print. We are always receptive to suggestions and we aim to please!

Katherine F. Graff Chair of the Library Committee







Among the Newest

Becoming Madam Secretary by Stephanie Dray An insightful and captivating work of historical fiction - a biography of Frances Perkins, the first female cabinet secretary of labor.

The God of the Woods by Liz Moore On an early morning in August, 1975, a camp counselor discovers an empty bunk. The thirteenyear-old daughter of the camp's owner has vanished.

Lovely One by Ketanji Brown Jackson A memoir full of inspiration and encouragement to dream big, tracing a line from her childhood to the Supreme Court.

Creation Lake by Rachel Kushner Sadie Smith, a 34-year-old American agent, is asked to infiltrate a subversive rural commune in France. Love gets in the way.

A Refiner's Fire by Donna Leon A tussle between two of Venice's "baby gangs" leads Commissario Guido Brunetti into a tangled mystery.

America's Deadliest Election by Dana Bash A fast paced story of the extraordinary election of 1872 that led to hundreds of murders, warfare in the streets of New Orleans, and two governors of Louisiana, changing the course of politics in the United States.

Tell Me Everything by Elizabeth Strout A return to the town of Crosby, ME, and to her beloved cast of characters, as they deal with a shocking crime in their midst, fall in love and yet choose to be apart.

Everyone Knows but You by Thomas E. Ricks An FBI agent, who has recently suffered a family loss, is posted to a remote area on the Maine coast to solve the murder of an unpopular fisherman.

Origin Story by Howard Markel A fresh take on the publication of Charles Darwin's "On the Origin of Species", along with lively portraits of the naturalist himself and his allies, adversaries and a brilliant competitor.

By Any Other Name by Jodi Picoult What if a woman really wrote Shakespeare's plays? A vibrant tale based on a real and remarkable woman.

The Mighty Red by Louise Erdrich A captivating tale of a love triangle set against the backdrop of a beet farm in North Dakota during the economic meltdown of 2008-2009.

The Art of Power by Nancy Pelosi
The most powerful woman in American political
history tells the story of her transformation from
housewife to House Speaker – how she became a
master legislator, a key partner to presidents, and the
most visible leader of the Trump resistance.

Spirit Crossing by William Kent Krueger A Cork O'Connor mystery. A local politician's daughter goes missing and the shallow grave of a young Ojibwe woman is discovered.

The Demon of Unrest by Erik Larson The pivotal five months between the election of Abraham Lincoln and the start of the Civil War. A political horror story.

Katherine F. Graff





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir		Krueger, William	Spirit Crossing
Jackson, Ketanji	Lovely One	Kent	
Brown		Kushner, Rachel	Creation Lake
Jackson, Ketanji	Lovely One (*)	Leon, Donna	A Refiner's Fire
Brown		Lester, Natasha	The Disappearance of Astrid
McMaster, H. R.	At War with Ourselves (*)		Bricard (*)
Pelosi, Nancy	The Art of Power	Lloyd, Ellery Willoughby	The Final Act of Juliette
Biography		Luna, Louise	Tell Me Who You Are (*)
Bush, George W.	41: A Portrait of My Father	McFadden, Freida	The Teacher (*)
		Moore, Liz	The God of the Woods
Current Affairs		Nagendra, Harini	A Nest of Vipers (*)
Jones, Amanda	That Librarian (*)	Newman, Catherine	Sandwich
		Newman, Catherine	Sandwich (*)
Fiction		Nicholls, David	You Are Here
Anderson, M. T.	Nicked (*)	Osman, Richard	We Solve Murders
Atkinson, Kate	Death at the Sign of the Rook	Picoult, Jodi	By Any Other Name
Banville, John	The Drowned	Reichs, Kathy	Fire and Bones (*)
Banville, John	The Drowned (*)	Ricks, Thomas	Everyone Knows but You
Berry, Connie	A Dream of Death (*)	Robb, J. D.	Passions in Death (*)
Cleeves, Ann	The Dark Wives	Senna, Danzy	Colored Television
Cleeves, Ann	The Dark Wives (*)	Shaara, Jeff	The Shadow of War (*)
Dray, Stephanie	Becoming Madam Secretary	Strout, Elizabeth	Tell Me Everything
Erdrich, Louise	The Mighty Red	Todd, Ruby	Bright Objects
Francis, Felix	Syndicate	Tripp, Dawn	Jackie
Francis, Felix	Syndicate (*)		
Gaylin, Alison	Robert B. Parker's Buzz Kill (*)	History	
Godfrey, Rebecca	Peggy	Bash, Dana	America's Deadliest Election
Hazell, Lottie	Piglet	Bash, Dana	America's Deadliest Election (*)
Kellerman, Jonathan	The Lost Coast	Brands, H. W.	Dreams of El Dorado





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

History (cont.) **Nature**

Carr, Jack & Targeted: Beirut (*) Kimmerer, Robin **Gathering Moss** Scott, James Wall

Higginbotham, Adam Challenger (*) Larson, Erik The Demon of Unrest **Resident Authors**

Markel, Howard Origin Story Madjid, Hadi The Gallery of Hope

O'Reilly, Bill & Confronting the Presidents (*)

Dugard, Martin Science

Wineapple, Brenda Keeping the Faith Ingrassia, Lawrence A Fatal Inheritance

Miscellaneous (* indicates Large Print)

Duffy, Jean **Soccer Grannies** Katherine F. Graff

Chair, Library Committee

We read to know we are not alone. - CS Lewis

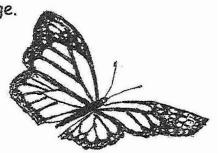
> Books are uniquely portable magic. - Stephen King

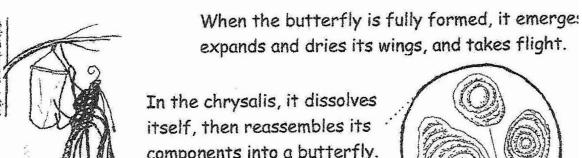
> > A book is a gift you can open again and again. - Garrison Keillor



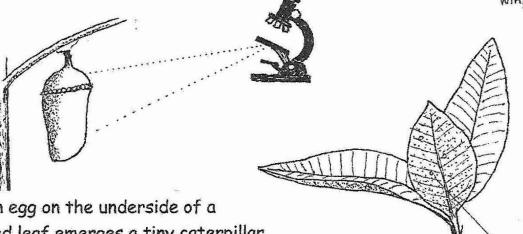
Endings and Beginnings in the life cycle of a Monarch Butterfly

Its story starts at the bottom of this page.









From an egg on the underside of a milkweed leaf emerges a tiny caterpillar.

The caterpillar eats milkweed leaves and grows, and eats and grows... ...until that phase ends and it forms a chrysalis.



Egg

Mouth



