

CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



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This photo was chosen to represent the duality of Lost and Found, something all of us face during our lifetimes, reflecting the sadness of loss alongside the hope of the future. The photo has a distinct foreground, middle ground and distant ground. The foreground is in a derelict farmhouse, shown in cracked walls with holes. Let's face it, it is like us: old and wearing out. The middle ground is the window in the derelict room, a modern dressing gown hung on the side of the window. In my mind, this represents the memories that we keep with us. I look at this, and remember days when the wind blew my skirt, or a lazy afternoon lounging in a spectacular robe. The memories sustain us. In the distance is a sunlit field, seen through the dereliction and the memories. It is hope in the future: making new friends, learning new things, traveling to new places. It is the journey between that represents our lives now.

*Jean Schnell*



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER

Published quarterly by and for the residents and administration of Carleton-Willard Village, a continuing care retirement community at 100 Old Billerica Road, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.

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

## The Editors' Corner



In this issue of the Villager we are looking at the theme of Lost and Found. Every day I am faced with the problem of losing something: my phone, my glasses, my keys. And then they are found, usually without too much trauma. But sometimes we find something we never knew we had lost or at least never knew was there.

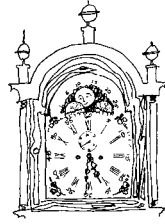
When I first came to Carleton-Willard, I found that I loved to act. It was pure chance. Theater had always been one of the great pleasures in my life – seeing plays, being a part of a play-reading group. At college, I was always backstage, designing sets or sewing costumes. But it never occurred to me to think of trying out for an acting role. Speaking in public was always a fearful experience. Then one day, the Thespians group was in rehearsal and one of the actors was unavailable. I was asked to read her lines until they got a replacement and then I became that replacement. That was how it began. I found that I loved being on stage, being a different person and finding another voice.

Carleton-Willard had given me an opportunity to find a talent I didn't know existed. Not that I had lost it. Just that I had never found it. Moving to Carleton-Willard is a challenging experience, a different world with many new experiences. It is a time when we can take on new roles as we enter a new stage in life.

*Elizabeth Flemings*  
*Artwork Editor*



## *From the President and CEO*



### Lost and Found: A Reflection on What We Lose and What We Gain

The phrase “lost and found” is commonly associated with physical items that go missing and are later recovered. A lost jacket, a misplaced phone, or a forgotten bag can all be reunited with their owners through a literal lost-and-found, just like the one we have here at Carleton-Willard Village. But beyond the physical realm, the concept of “loss and found” speaks to emotional and spiritual growth. When we lose a relationship, we may find independence. When we lose certainty, we often find resilience. In letting go of one part of our identity, we may uncover a new strength we never knew we had.

Loss is a universal human experience. At some point in life, everyone loses something – whether it’s an object, a person, a place, or even a part of themselves. These losses can be as simple as misplacing a childhood toy or as profound as losing a loved one.

I remember the day my grandfather passed away – the silence in the house, the weight in the air, and the disbelief that someone who had always been there was suddenly gone. It wasn’t just the absence of their physical presence that hurt; it was the loss of their wisdom, their warmth, and their way of making everything feel okay. I referred to my grandfather in the last Villager when I described how I was his co-pilot on our family trip to Florida. It is now a memory I hold on to dearly.

Losing a grandparent is a unique kind of heartbreak. It is often the first major loss a person experiences, and it carries with it both deep sorrow and profound gratitude. Grandparents hold a special place in our lives – they are often our storytellers, our protectors, and our quiet cheerleaders. When they pass, they leave behind a void that words can barely describe.

Loss forces reflection. It challenges us to confront what matters most. Loss can be a teacher, though its lessons are rarely easy. What we find in the wake of loss is not always what we expect, but it is often what we need to move forward.

Ultimately, the journey from loss to found is not about returning to what was, but about discovering what now is. It’s about learning to carry memories without being trapped by them, and to make space for something new. In this way, loss is not just an end, but a beginning chance to find meaning, purpose, and even hope.

Christopher J. Golen  
President and CEO



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## My Chapel

For my sixth birthday, I was given a little music box in the form of a country chapel. For a child's toy, it boasted plenty of detail: a pitched roof, bright yellow siding, green windows, a cherry-red door. If you tapped the left window, it opened to reveal a pew of hymn-singing Norman Rockwells in a full-throated *Old Hundredth*. Tapping the right window, you added a sacred decibel: women hanging wash by the apple grove. I loved how my talisman brought the congregation to its feet.



Music came into my life two years earlier when, on my birthday, I was surprised by a small phonograph, options ON and OFF. Added were 78-rpm records from a newly widowed friend freed of her late husband's musical

taste. Lastly, we got a used upright piano. Every kid had to have a piano. On Friday, mothers could spy Ms. Reese orbiting the neighborhood before touching down on each roof for lessons. My musical triumvirate – phonograph, chapel, piano – was complete.

As we age, things fall away. My phonograph was traded up. The piano sank under angry waves of practicing. But mother, dear heart, coveted my chapel, bequeathing it pride of place beside Dickens and two Sandwich Glass egg cups.

Mom's letter floated from my hand and settled on the floor. Stunned, I read where the cleaning lady had knocked the chapel from the shelf. Mom soon called. Windows were shattered. Hymns silenced. But it was whole. She gently urged me to agree that something could be saved. She promised to wrap it carefully and send it to me.

I opened the package. The chapel bounced onto the table and found my hand. The hymn books flew open, while music filled the sky.

*Harry Hoover*

## Losing and Finding

As someone said, "I've never been old before; I don't know how to do it." I guess, at 87, I feel that way too. What is it to grow old? What to expect? How to cope? For each of us it's different, but here's my account from this new vantage point.

It is certainly about flexibility, adjusting. I don't drive at night anymore. That leaves out a lot of things, no late dinners out, or plays, or concerts at night. A loss for sure. I'm more tired. I move more slowly and take longer to get anything done. Of course, I've lost a husband and now more and more friends. My cohort isn't doing that well. News of the passing of my generation comes frequently: my classmates, the famous performers of my generation, the people in the news during my lifetime.

And, of course, the world has changed. The dial telephone of my youth has given way to any number of perplexing forms of communication. What people wear, how they conduct their lives, so much is different and bewildering.

Still, amidst all the loss, there are gains, new things found. I find myself suddenly doing things I've not done before. Most of all, I have time to savor things, that first cup of coffee, the way the light comes into my living room in the morning. The feel of the air these early fall days. None of that seemed possible in those rushed mornings when I was racing to get out of the house and to send the children off into their day.

I've now directed plays, been part of the team that leads Third Act, made new friends, planned demonstrations, tackled any number of new things. So, amidst loss there are gains. I cherish that. How wonderful to grow old knowing that growth doesn't always stop, that new discoveries are still available. While much is lost, it is also possible to find what is new.

*Marjorie Roemer*



## Lost Clothing, Found Friends

While driving down the coastal highway in Veracruz, Mexico years ago, Pat and I stopped at a designated archeological site named Quiahuitzlan. It is from this indigenous fortified town that Hernan Cortes launched his invasion to overthrow Moctezuma in 1519.

The very small settlement around the site consisted of various concrete, wood, and stick houses set back in the jungle off the main road. When we walked into the village we were greeted, as usual, by ever-curious Mexican kids. We told them we wanted to visit the archeological site, so they promptly fetched a man employed by the government as the caretaker. This elderly hombre agreed to take us up the steep hill to the original site, accompanied by his great-grandson.

It was a modest but interesting site. When we returned to the village, we saw that there were eight to ten kids running around, all wearing well-worn clothing. Clearly they could use a wardrobe upgrade.

Pat and I had gotten into the habit of bringing unclaimed lost and found clothing from the summer day camps I owned in Massachusetts to Mexico each year. I explained to our guide that I had a free T-shirt to give to each kid if they would follow me to our van.

I must have looked like a Gringo piper strolling down the dusty path to our cargo van with ten kids in tow. The number of urchins following me swelled, seemingly out of nowhere. By the time we got to our vehicle, there must have been two dozen boys and girls of all ages eagerly looking at me. More accurately they were swarming me like giant mosquitoes trying to get first dibs on whatever I was going to hand out.

In order to bring order out of chaos, I put on my metaphorical camp director's hat and organized this exuberant mob. I picked up a stick and literally drew a line in the sand. I had the kids line up behind the line in order of their height, arranged from shortest to tallest so that I could take a T-shirt out of the lost and found bag from the van and walk along the lineup while holding

the shirt open from shoulder to shoulder in front of the children as I passed by. By doing so I could see how each particular shirt matched up with the shoulder width of the child in front of me. If the shirt looked one size too big, I gave it to that lucky recipient so he/she could grow into it. Once I had given every child a shirt, Pat and I began to say adios.

Not so fast, amigos. Some of the parents who were observing this scene decided to extend their Mexican hospitality to us by inviting us back up to their village so they could provide us with something to eat. "Mi casa es su casa," as the saying goes in Mexico. Not wanting to be rude, we accepted their invitation, little knowing that we were about to be treated to a shrimp feast with the emphasis on the word "shrimp."

We followed our hosts to one of the huts where we were given wood stumps to sit on outside the hut. This enabled twenty or more locals and several dogs to observe us eating the shrimp meal that was being prepared for us.

The shrimp we were served in a bowl were shrimpy shrimp. They were way too small to peel. I pantomimed trying to peel one and someone in our audience mimed back that I should eat the whole thing: head, tail, shell, antennae, whatever. The shrimp had been cooked in some sort of chili oil and were as greasy as they were spicy hot. And they were crawling with teeny tiny ants. We politely followed their example and ate as many as we could (ants and all), while holding back the tears caused by the burning sensation of hot, hot chili in our throats. At least the chili sanitized the dish. No refrigeration in this little town.

When we finished eating, we got up to leave and had to politely decline an invitation to spend the night in the village. It took us quite a while to embrace and shake hands with the many of our new amigos who had followed us down to the van. We drove away feeling the warm glow of having just participated in a magical experience, thanks to some shirts from the lost and found.

*John Cloninger*



## Fourth of July

The six of us: my parents, my eight-year-old brother, Naji, my five-year-old brother, Sami, and I, were sitting around the kitchen table finishing our dinner. The year was 1950 and we were living with my father's sister, Rose.

"The children have never seen fireworks," said Aunt Rose. "Let's go into Boston tonight to watch them." My brothers whooped with excitement. At the sophisticated age of eleven I would never show my feelings in such a boisterous manner.

The train picked us up at the intersection of Babcock Street and Commonwealth Avenue. We children were wild with anticipation, Naji and Sami squirming impatiently in their seats. The train jerked along the tracks, squeaking and rocking as it moved forward. From time to time it screeched as it stopped to pick up more passengers. Finally, it plunged into a dark, subterranean tunnel. We disembarked at Park Street.

Steep concrete stairs led us to the outside. After the adults counted heads, we turned left and marched onto Boston Common. We were surrounded by a crowd of people that seemed to grow larger by the minute. We moved with the crowd until Aunt Rose found a spot that she said would be a good vantage point. I wondered if the trees would block the view, but, no. When we looked up we could see clearly.

It was dark now. Soon, there was a loud "BOOM," followed by a bright light that hit the sky and quickly spread into a magical burst of color. It looked like a giant, brilliantly-lit chandelier that slowly fragmented and fell earthward. For the next thirty minutes, a multitude of brilliant explosions chased one another across Boston's sky. This was thrilling! This was magic! I did not want it to end. But, it did. It was time to go home.

The adults turned their attention from the sky to the family. Where was Naji? We called his name as we walked around looking for him. We searched and shouted to no avail. Finally, the crowd was reduced to a few stragglers and a policeman. The policeman instructed us to go



Mouna, Naji, Sami – 1950

home. The police would look for Naji. To my core I felt the anxiety and despair that my parents and Aunt Rose were feeling. My heart, heavy as a rock, sank into the depths of my stomach.

Sorrowfully, our family retraced our steps back home and walked despondently along Babcock Street. As we approached our house, we could see a dark shape sitting quietly in the shadows of the front steps..... "NAJI!!" we cried out, feeling relieved and joyful, as we ran to him and hugged him. He shrugged as if to say, what is the fuss all about?

*Mouna Anderson*

## When the Leaves Fell, It Returned

I had just finished a round of golf, so I started to do my normal routine of counting my clubs to assure I had not left a club somewhere on the course, returning golf balls, tees and green markers to a small bag I carry in my golf bag and finally extracting my wedding ring from this bag. I looked and looked and could not find it. I felt frozen. This had never happened to me, but sure enough after emptying everything from this small bag, my wedding ring was not there.

I had never been so upset in my life. Everyone considers their wedding ring to be very special, but my and my wife's rings had inscriptions that when recited together formed a complete sentence: "love me" (on hers) and, "the world is mine" (on mine).



I excused myself from the other members of our foursome and hurried home, thinking that perhaps I left my ring on my dresser, but no, it was not there.

I let my wife know what happened and she was both understanding and upset on my behalf. She suggested we take time to hunt for my ring in our home. It simply was not there! Of course I let people at my golf club know of my situation in hopes someone might find it. What to do? I started looking for rings in jewelry stores and finally settled on a store which could engrave the interior of the ring. However, before actually ordering it, I chose to hope that my ring would simply “show up” sometime.

By this time it was fall, and with cooler weather, plants had started to lose their leaves and plant material to die back. On a Saturday morning that fall, I went to my club to play a round and as I entered the pro shop, one of the young pros said, “Charles, a caddy found your ring.” I couldn’t believe it but as he handed me my ring, all the tension in my body simply released. I had never been happier.

It was found very close to the caddy shack in a bed of plant material. As the plant died back, the ring was revealed and the caddy saw it. The



location was very close to where I normally start my routine of retrieving tees and green markers from my small bag and dropping my ring in. Somehow, on that particular day my ring missed the bag and fell into this bed of plant material.

I made sure the caddy who found the ring was assigned to me for my round. It was an opportunity to thank him with an ample tip.

*Charles Tseckares*

## The Missing Ring

I wear two diamond rings. The ring with one stone, in a rectangular setting of miniature diamonds, belonged to my mother. She bought it in Italy in the 1930s. I don’t remember her ever wearing it. Maybe it was bought for insurance – to be sold if my parents needed money when they left Europe at the start of the war. Years after my mother died, my father gave me the ring as a wedding present.

The ring with two stones, in an art-nouveau setting, belonged to my Aunt Mania in Paris. She and I were very close. My guess is that she bought the ring in the late forties. Mania always wore that ring. After she died, in 1975, my cousin Mura (her daughter) gave it to me. She did so in a spurt of generosity – which she later somewhat regretted. The ring was a bit loose on me, but I loved wearing it.

One day in the 1980s, the ring slipped off my finger. It was gone! I was terribly distressed, but there was nothing I could do about it. I certainly didn’t admit the loss to Mura.

Later that year, my sister came up from New York, with her son and daughter, to visit me for a week. One day, she decided to do a batch of laundry. My washer and drier were in the unfinished basement, which I never cleaned. There were dust bunnies on the floor, all around the appliances. My niece Andrea, age 12, went downstairs to transfer the laundry from washer to drier. And she noticed something. “Auntie, I just saw something sparkling in the dust. So I picked it up. It’s a ring!”

In my next phone call to Mura, I confessed what had happened. She just replied, “It’s a good thing you didn’t tell me when you lost it. I would have killed you!”

*Mary Ella Feinleib*





## Nippletop Mountain

Our cousin Tim Barnett, a long time Director of the Adirondack Nature Conservancy, was a descendant of great sportsmen and mountaineers. His father, Lincoln Barnett, who worked at LIFE, was an outdoorsman and wrote beautifully about his adventures in the wild.

One weekend, Tim and his wife Claire invited Sibyl and me to join them on a climb to the top of the 13th-highest mountain in the Adirondacks, Mt. Nippletop, so named because of a large erratic boulder placed in just the right spot on the mountain's profile. The trail head was in St. Huberts near the Ausable Club, where the climbs of many other experienced climbers originated.



We were well prepared for this challenging four hour climb and equipped ourselves with thermoses, sandwiches, first aid kits, compasses and a trail map. As we set out an older couple, both with double walking sticks, passed us at a brisk pace and gave us a wave. At first, we found the trail well marked which assured us that the expedition would be trouble free (especially with Tim as our expert guide). However, as time passed, the helpful trail signs grew less common, especially at trail intersections. This was concerning. Our confidence really began to wane when we saw Tim frequently folding and unfolding the trail map. Were we lost? Tim's wife Claire attempted to calm us by regaling us with stories of other adventures in the wild with her husband. Apparently, Tim had a reputation for getting lost. News to us!

We conferred, lingered and backtracked for several hours with frequent referrals to Tim's map. Then, to our surprise and relief, the cheer-

ful older couple with their double walking sticks came along the trail, walking towards us! They were returning from the top of the mountain and heading home. Tim immediately described our dilemma holding up the trail map to the couple.

One of the hikers informed Tim that he was holding the map upside down!

*Tim Martin*

## Sasha: Lost and Found ... And Lost Again

My wife's lifelong love affair with animals began young. Her family had the only fenced in yard on a Somerville street where neighbors would drop off their dogs and pick them up later, whenever they wanted, no charge. An occasional cat might show up too, unintimidated by the dogs and easily able to defend its rights with an angry hiss or swipe of its paws and claws.

Things changed when Rosanne grew up and her teaching job at Somerville High forced a change in her habits, but only until the day a student of hers came to school with a cute little tan kitten in a paper bag and Rosanne walked home with Sasha. They lived happily for a time, especially on weekends when Rosanne was home a fair amount and might bring a box from Dunkin' Donuts. Sasha would sit on it and paw aggressively, until Rosanne got the hint and gave him his portion.

I wrote a limerick in Sasha's honor:

"There once was a feline named Sasha,  
Which sounds like an import from Rashia,  
But the life that he led,  
resembled instead,  
that of a fat Turkish pasha."

The honeymoon days ended when another student showed up with a paper bag with a cat in it and Rosanne came home with Tiki, a black and white cat who hunted birds very successfully, due in part to the extensive practice she got by lying in wait on top of Rosanne's hutch and leaping down out of the sky to land fiercely on unsuspecting Sasha, as he wandered inno-



cently and cluelessly around the apartment. This part I heard about only second hand, but that all changed when Rosanne made her next major acquisition – a husband – me, a fellow teacher at Somerville High who was (and is) allergic to cats. I attempted to intervene in Tiki's torture of her cat brother, emptying many water pistols point blank into her face in an effort at behavior modification, all to no avail.

The next customer to step on the stage was Bella, a golden retriever mix (I think) named after the Congresswoman Bella Abzug. I had adopted Bella two years previously from the Washington, DC pound for the price of \$2. Talk about a loss leader – that dog cost me a small fortune paying for the damage she did. I was a kid in my twenties working a job and I had no business adopting a puppy. Bella was sweet and loving but the long days alone were too much for her and the list of misdemeanors mushroomed. Luckily, when my then girlfriend and I went our separate ways, she volunteered to take Bella.

That arrangement ended abruptly when I let my former girlfriend know I had eloped and gotten married and Bella showed up unannounced on our doorstep, returned to sender I suppose you'd say. Rosanne loved the dog immediately, of course, but Sasha was less enamored. Bella would patrol the doggie door to the back yard and allow Sasha to pass only when she was in the mood.

Undeterred by the rising chaos in the house, Rosanne went shopping at Market Basket one day and returned home with a little orange kitten she had found in the parking lot. Aware of my allergy (my inhaler bill was skyrocketing) I remember Rosanne's older sister saying to her: "What are you trying to do? Kill him?" I never called the question for fear of what the answer would be.

The kitten (Olivia) joined the household, somehow managing to get along with everyone.

The last straw came when we crossed the line, starting to build our family with the help of International Adoptions, ending up eventually with three wonderful children adopted from Korea. Sasha couldn't take it any more. One day he left home. Needless to say he didn't leave a note, but it wasn't hard to understand what had happened. Any self-respecting cat would have bailed out. We mourned him, but only briefly, as we had our hands full.

Then one fine spring day two years later, who comes strolling down the sidewalk in front of our house but Sasha? Yay! He walked up to the front door, we let him in, and he did the quick circle tour of the kitchen, sniffing food bowls. That was all it took. He walked back out, turned and headed back up the sidewalk and we never saw him again. A cat has standards after all.

*Dick Belin*



## Well Yes

Well yes,  
 Things fall apart,  
 The center cannot hold,  
     and so on...  
 But in the world of crossword puzzles  
 Things fit.  
 How nicely Jerks and Jam work together  
 How sweetly Beernuts and Bite the Bullet  
 Confirm each other.  
 Instant certainty  
 A world aligned  
 Fitting.  
 I turn to your grid for solace  
 For things in their places  
 For the hope of order  
 And congruity  
 In this world  
 torn asunder.

*Marjorie Roemer*



## First Reliable Car – '48 DeSoto

It was early in 1957 and a very down time for me. I had dropped out of Yale after my junior year in 1954, volunteered for the Draft, spent two years on active duty, then returned to Yale for what was to be a final year, but that didn't happen. I managed to get a job as a research technician in the biophysics lab for the spring term, sharing living with a roomie in New Haven, but needing wheels full time. A grad school couple working at the lab had a '48 DeSoto sedan in fine condition, but with a blown engine. I bought the car for \$25 and proceeded to find an engine I could replace in the car on my own. I bought a service manual and found out the mounting dimensions. Then I proceeded to search the local junk yards for a recent wreck that might have a usable engine.

I found a '49 Chrysler 6 wreck that had the appropriate engine block, had it cut out of the wreck with a torch, hauled it over to the carport of the apartment of my lab friends and dropped it right under a strong overhead beam in their space in the carport. (I had earlier unbolted and disconnected the bad engine and removed it from the chassis of the DeSoto.) With the help of a borrowed 'chain fall' hoist, I could lift the 'new' engine into place. Then followed a lot of work reattaching the mechanical and electrical connections—some of which had to be slightly modified to fit. Needless to say, I got very dirty and tired during that time, but ended up with a pretty nice car just in time to drive myself to Colorado to become a seasonal ranger at Rocky Mountain National Park.

*W. Bard Turner*



## How My Family Came to Have a New Car During WWII

It was 1940 and University of Oklahoma faculty friends of my parents had just returned from a stay at the YMCA Camp of the Rockies, abutting Rocky Mountain National Park, just a few miles from Estes Park, CO. I tagged along when my folks went over to see the photos from their friends' vacation. Between the pictures and their enthusiastic description of their stay, by the time we left for home that evening, my folks were sold on our spending a summer there, too. My father was free to go, as there were enough other faculty in his department who wanted to earn extra income by teaching summer school.

Amazingly, my mother was able to ready our home for summer rental over the next few days. Our family packed up and loaded whatever we thought we'd need over the summer into our '32 Packard and off we went to Colorado. All went well with the drive out until we hit the last stretch of rapidly rising road from Boulder to Estes Park. Along that stretch, the motor in our old Packard kept boiling over, so we limped along with the two sides of our engine hood propped open, stopping at houses along the way for more water, as needed. Finally, we reached our destination, where all of us proceeded to have a wonderful summer. We didn't return to Oklahoma till mid-September, just in time for Dad to take up his fall teaching tasks at OU and for me to enter public school late, but able to catch up. All of us were eager to return to the Y Camp for another summer next year, with one proviso: my mother was adamant that the next trip to Estes would NOT be in our old Packard. So thus it was that my parents bought a '41 Mercury that fall, and we had a new car to carry us not just to Colorado in the summer of 1942, but all through WWII.

*Mary Ellen Turner*



## Gifts From My Husband After He Died

Before Ted died I had once asked him, “If you die before me and there’s something more, send me a sign.” On July 14, 2001, Ted was rowing in a sculling race on the Merrimac River. After crossing the finish line, he collapsed, his boat upended and he died. At the end of that horrific day, a double rainbow appeared over the water where he had gone down. One arc of the rainbow was high in the sky and the other arc was resting on the water where he had died. This was confirmed by the race officials. Limitations of space don’t allow me to elaborate here on the rainbows or on another strange phenomenon that began occurring – the mysterious behavior of electrical lights that turned on “by themselves” or blinked at meaningful times. I take these as gifts from my husband saying, “There’s more going on than we know.”

I was awash with grief for a year or more. I knew that Ted would not want me to remain stuck in grief forever. I went back to work a week after he died and was able to hold it together while I was there, but coming home to the empty house immersed me in anguish again. It was so empty. In the beginning, my sorrow was to my core. It came in great waves and I would cry my heart out in gut-wrenching sobs. Over time, the depth of my sorrow lessened and the length of time between waves became greater. But the period of intense grief lasted for a good year, or more.

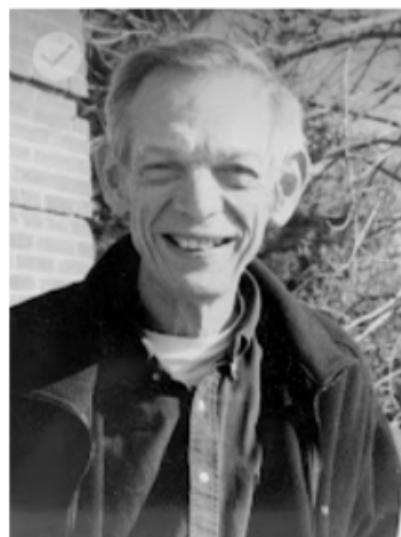
The heartbreak I felt when Ted died was the process by which Ted’s spirit was brought back to life within me. When losing someone dear to us, our heart has to expand in order to contain the sheer enormity of the sadness. It gets stretched and softened and enlarged over time. Like the beauty of the Grand Canyon, whose crevasses have deepened and expanded over the centuries as rivers and the ravages of weather have washed through it, so I, too, was made larger, deeper, as the pain of grief ran through me, over and over. The depths of anguish that I experienced created more room for joy. More

room for Ted’s radiance to fill my soul. I felt that, although now I no longer had his physical presence with me, I did have his Spirit as a part of me. His death didn’t take that away.

He is

now a part of me. I feel a Oneness with him. Speaking of Oneness, as I progressed through my grief, I also became able to experience what the Buddhists call Sympathetic Joy. For me, Sympathetic Joy is more than the ability to experience happiness for another’s good fortune. I was able to feel a Oneness with them. For example, when I see a couple in love, playing with their baby, dancing intertwined in the moment, laughing at some joke between them, in the early days of my grief I would have reacted by feeling upset and envious, remembering what I had lost. But later, seeing the couple helps me remember having had that experience with Ted and I can relive it through them.

To me, the synchronistic events of the rainbows and the electricity, and also the ways in which I was deepened and expanded over time as a result of the grief running through me, were gifts coming to me from Ted’s dying. I lost my dear husband, but I gained a deeper spirituality and appreciation for mystery.



*Cindy Anderson*



## Music in the Afternoon

We were treated to a concert by Hannah Murray, lyric soprano, and Justin McCarthy, accompanying her on piano. They called their concert “Quiet Things.” Hannah sang mostly love songs, in three languages. First were French songs by Gabriel Fauré, followed by selections in English by Roger Quilter. We then heard *Suleika* by Franz Schubert—in German, of course. The last set was a collection of ballads, not very well-known, from musical theatre. There was hearty applause at the end of the concert.



## Barn Babies

Llewsac recently hosted a very sweet event. The first-floor lounge was full of adorable baby animals, which we could hold. The animals were wrapped in blankets, to protect them and to make it easier for us to snuggle them. They really were babies – most just a few months old. Perhaps the star of the show was a pot-bellied pig in a wool holder where it wanted to stay, continuously rooting into the wool. Other favorites were the goat kids, in diapers. They had to be urged to sit down, tucking in their legs, in order to be held. There were also cute baby rabbits, chicks, and kittens—plus a few older cats. And there were two yappy young dogs, too frisky to be held. A very good time was had by the humans present and we hope that the animals enjoyed their contact with us.

## Trio Ventures in Concert

Another musical treat was a concert by *Trio Ventures*, which – like many classical trios – consists of piano, cello, and violin. In this group, the violinist and cellist are sisters, one from Los Angeles, the other closer to home, at Tufts University. The pianist is also at Tufts. The program featured a variety of trios, including pieces by well-known composers, such as Handel’s *Trio Sonata*. The trio also played compositions by Arthur Foote and Frank Bridge. A rousing number was a tango by Argentine composer, Carlos Gardel, arguably the main figure in the history of tango. Tragically, Gardel died young in a plane crash. His tango has been heard in several movies, such as *Scent of a Woman* and *Schindler’s List*.

## A Visit to Gotland

We are fortunate to have photojournalist Barry Pell as a frequent speaker at CWV. He always treats us to beautiful PowerPoint presentations. Barry has visited 170 countries so he has plenty of material to draw from! On this occasion, he spoke of Scandinavian history and focused on the Island of Gotland, off the coast of Sweden. In medieval times, Gotland was an important center of fishing and trade. Barry showed us pictures of Gotland’s scenic capital Visby, a medieval town that is a tourist mecca. Visby is on UNESCO’s World Heritage site list. We all enjoyed Barry Pell’s interesting presentation and we look forward to his next one.

## Our Forty-Third Anniversary

This past summer, we celebrated the forty-third anniversary of *Carleton-Willard Village*. The tables in the auditorium and in the Brass Rail were decked out with checked tablecloths. The bar offered us beer, wine, and prosecco. And what a great New England feast! We had clam chowder, steamed mussels, and – best of all – lobster rolls. Plus, there was a wide selection from the grill, including hamburgers, hot dogs, steak tips, and sausages. It all combined to make our anniversary a festive occasion.



# Happenings

## Fair Liberty's Call

One August evening, CWV hosted a program entitled *Fair Liberty's Call* – a delightful presentation of 18th-century dance tunes, ballads, and anecdotes. The artists, Larry Young and Lindsay Straw, were dressed in period costumes and took on common 18th-century names: Tobias Trip and Abigail Jewell. Larry played fiddle and guitar, and Lindsay accompanied him on Irish bouzouki. The audience was treated to jigs and jokes, along with songs—all from colonial times. It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

## Iceland in Winter

We were treated to another illustrated talk by Barry Pell, about Iceland. The island was originally colonized by the Vikings, who established the world's first democratic government there. Barry and his wife braved the icy winter roads, avoiding the summer traffic jams of tourists. They circled the periphery of the island along the famous Ring Road, passing mountains and glaciers, dramatic fjords, hot pools, and some of the country's ten thousand waterfalls, frozen in picturesque patterns. They also saw the aurora borealis. Toward the end of the lecture, Barry showed us samples of the Icelandic language, which has all the letters of our alphabet, plus some additional letters of its own. Once again, Barry's talk was mesmerizing.

## Butterflies

In August, Bill Gette gave a fascinating PowerPoint presentation on butterflies. Bill showed us dozens of beautiful slides of various butterflies he'd photographed, complete with much interesting information. For example, we learned that the monarch butterfly, in one trip, migrates from New England to Mexico each year. Then over four generations, the monarch migrates back to New England. Each generation goes about a quarter of the way northward toward New England. It's fascinating how the information for the long journey is part of its genetic code. We also learned that the difference between a moth and a butterfly is that moths have furry antennas in contrast to butterflies. It was a most interesting presentation.

## Men's Breakfast with the CEO

The August Men's Breakfast was special! Chris Golen, our CEO, talked about the history and future of Carleton-Willard. Joining us by special invitation were 16 men from the CWV waitlist. For many couples, it is the husband who worries about what he will do when he lives here, thus sometimes delaying a decision that his wife is ready to make. The guests were seated among current residents to encourage sharing information. We hope that for some of them, the decision will be "I'm ready."



## Spirit Week

Whose idea was it? Spirit Week with a different theme for every day. The staff responded most exuberantly. Sunday was Sports Day; we saw many team-related outfits. Boston teams predominated, but there was a scattering of allegiances to teams from other schools and states. Monday was Western Wear, and the dining room was filled with cowboys and cowgirls. Tuesday's Decades Day saw valiant efforts to bring back times past. Wednesday was Superheroes, but Thursday, Tropical Shirt Day, got the most response, from residents as well as staff. It seems we all have a gaudy shirt tucked away in the back of the closet. And colorful leis enhanced all that day's outfits.



## The Couple In The Dining Room

They almost always sat at the same table.  
 Her back was to the entrance; he faced forward,  
 as if to greet people with his twinkling eyes and  
 gentle smile.  
 He seemed to be a sensitive soul with a warm  
 heart.  
 "We should have dinner with them one night,"  
 I said to my wife.  
 This sentiment was occasionally repeated over  
 many weeks.  
 Yes, we should have dinner.  
 And then, he was gone.  
 No longer at the table.  
 No twinkle.  
 No gentle smile.  
 Gone.  
 Gone too was the opportunity to have dinner  
 with them one night.  
 Some time later, when I saw her sitting at a  
 different table without him, I walked over  
 to her.  
 I reached out and gently touched her shoulder.  
 I said something spontaneous, heartfelt.  
 I can't remember the words.  
 Our eyes met and we both teared up.  
 She acknowledged my kind words.

I could tell that she missed her husband profoundly.  
 I missed the opportunity to get to know him,  
 although I did get to know his look and  
 his smile.  
 Now, I think of them both each time I walk  
 by that table where they almost always sat.  
 Aware that there are many other opportunities  
 not to be missed.

*John Cloninger*



## Lost and...

I went to Europe on a student tour in the  
 summer of 1957. I had never traveled out of  
 the country before, and I was thrilled to have  
 a passport. My father gave me a smooth brown  
 leather case with an inside pocket for the pass-  
 port and a slot for a name and address card.  
 He died a few years later, but I always kept my  
 passport in that case when I traveled, and when  
 at home I kept it safely in a drawer of my desk.

In the very hot summer of 1984, Sandy and  
 I were on a family trip to Europe. Paris was our  
 last stop. We led our children, ages twelve and  
 fifteen, from one famous sight to another, allow-  
 ing stops along the way to join other tourists  
 cooling their feet in the city's fountains. On the  
 next to last day of our trip, we rode the elevator  
 up the Eiffel Tower as high as we could go and  
 then walked down endless flights of stairs, an  
 effort that left us tired and seriously parched.  
 Sandy spotted a cafe with a sign by the door  
 advertising *La Grande Biere!* There were Cokes  
 for the kids, lemonade for me...and *La Grande  
 Biere* in a huge goblet for my thirsty husband.

Rested and refreshed (and one of us full of a  
 very large beer), we made our merry way to the  
 Metro and pushed onto a train already jammed  
 with standing tourists. Sandy's backpack bulged  
 with his collection of maps, guide books, and other  
 treasures including the leather case holding all four  
 passports. Back in our hotel room, we discovered  
 the awful truth. The case was gone. And so were  
 our passports. A loaded backpack on a crowded  
 train had been an easy target for a Parisian pick-  
 pocket. We spent the last day of our vacation at the  
 American embassy pleading and paying for emer-  
 gency documents that would let us go home.

In June, 1987, almost three years after our  
 Parisian adventure, a battered brown envelope  
 addressed to me arrived in our mailbox. It came  
 from Travelers Aid in Paris, France. Inside was  
 my passport case, empty except for the name and  
 address card still tucked in its special slot. Its  
 leather had lost some of its sheen, but the case  
 was undamaged. How many hands had it passed  
 through since that distant day on the Paris Metro?



How and when did it get to the Travelers Aid? Who was the responsible agent that took the trouble to slide it into an envelope and mail the case back to me? I will never know, but I do know my father would be pleased that it's back where it belongs – in a desk drawer with my current passport tucked inside.

*Betsy Campbell*

## Lives Lost and Found

Her husband's death in 1954 was the end of life in Allentown, PA for Helen Friedman and the beginning of her great adventure. An idea had been planted in her mind many years earlier by a fiercely independent aunt whose career as an interior decorator sent her abroad every year to buy furnishings and bibelots. After three years of caring for her sick husband and the loss of the only partner she would ever have, it took Mother a while to revive. She spent the time in Miami, in the house of her mother, who for a while became mother to my sister and me, too. But once she had regained her strength, Helen was in Europe looking for a new home for the family.

She picked Florence, a city that had been a magnet for foreigners since the late nineteenth century. It was also a place where a family from Allentown would not be alone. The value of the dollar in post-war Europe made it easy for people like her to live abroad, and Americans, still remembered as liberators, were welcome guests. A restaurant meal cost a dollar and household help was an inexpensive luxury. With her open American character and white Ford station wagon, Helen was a visitor from a prosperous future, free from the constraints of century-old social traditions and a crippled economy.

But Florence was something more than a tourist and expat destination. It was also the center of a sophisticated craft tradition and the location of the buying offices of American retailers. Helen had a business idea. She had studied fashion design in college and quickly

began to make contacts among the very skilled Florentine dressmakers, mostly by having her clothes made by them. She became friends, life-long friends as it turned out, with the best of these, Tina Masi. With Tina's help she put together a workshop to make wedding dresses decorated with Florentine embroidery, that she would sell through Bergdorf Goodman in New York. The business never made a lot of money, but it kept her in Florence.

Through Tina, Helen joined a circle of friends that included Tina's well-connected clients, foreign celebrities, gay men from the fashion industry, and fellow season-ticket holders at the Maggio Musicale. Still young, Helen, of course, had suitors: a middle-aged man on a motorcycle, and a retired submarine captain. This is what she had gone overseas to find. Family entertainment included evenings of opera in the eighty-cent seats of the Teatro della Pergola and Sunday drives in the countryside that invariably included a visit to an old church and a midday meal at a country trattoria: prosciutto and crostini, spaghetti with hare, boar, or beef sauce, grilled meats (song birds available), fried artichokes and zucchini flowers, white beans in tomato sauce, salad dressed with rough wine vinegar and, for dessert, a *meringata* (layers of meringue and half frozen whipped cream). The meal never varied. Why should it?

But times changed. The lira became more expensive and Helen had to return to the States. She landed in Boston and used her Florentine experience to get a job as part of the design and production team with the Newbury Street couturier, Alfred Fiandacca. She volunteered as the costumer of the Boston Opera and Concert Ensemble and built a life around the opera singers she met there and the fashion people from Newbury Street. She returned to Italy every year, never to Allentown. She had escaped.

*David Friedman*



## A Harrowing Experience

I remember one terrifying experience I had when I was working as a counselor at a summer camp in Colorado. On one of our days off, several of us counselors decided to go for a fun adventure to Georgetown and then up and over Kenosha Pass. The two-lane dirt road was narrow and full of all kinds of turns and switchbacks, but we thought it would be fun to drive up to the top and look down at the valley far below. At one point as we were going up, I put on my brakes and discovered, to my horror, that my foot went all the way to the floor! I had no brakes! I was terrified, especially because I was responsible for my five friends in the car. (These were the days when the front seat could carry three passengers, in addition to the three sitting in the back seat.)

The road was narrow and there was no place to turn around. There was nothing I could do but continue on upwards. At one point we lost our forward momentum and we started to roll backwards. I had no brakes so I couldn't stop. Everyone was terrified, and someone started to cry. We were on a long incline between two switch backs and moving backwards towards the hairpin curve. I was afraid we'd go off the edge and roll over and over to the bottom. I grabbed the emergency brake with both my hands and pulled with all my strength while the girl sitting in the middle next to me held onto the steering wheel. But we kept on rolling backwards. At one point the girl sitting next to the door opened it to scuff her feet against the ground to try to stop the car. Miraculously the door caught against the sides of the cliff and we came to a stop. But now, how was I going to get the car turned around and back down? The dirt road was much too narrow here to turn around. All I could do was start the engine up again and proceed further upwards and look for a wide spot in the road. So on upwards we drove. Near the top of the pass we were lucky to find a wide enough spot to turn in. Now I had to get us all down. So we all held our breaths and proceeded ever so slowly back down. We crept along at a snail's pace. I didn't dare touch the clutch. I knew that if I ever put my foot on the clutch, we would start to roll downwards and we'd go off the edge. Going down around the switchbacks was the

scariest. We inched around each one. And we all lived to see the day. Once we got down to Georgetown I found help repairing the brakes and we found another way to get back to camp.

What had started off as a fun adventure, turned into a nightmare.

*Cindy Anderson*



### *Welcome New Residents*

**Robert Portney**

7/29/25

from Andover

**Kathleen "Kathy" O'Connell**

8/11/25

from Bedford

**Barbara O'Neil**

9/16/25

from Bedford

**Vincent and Joanne Orlando**

9/17/25

from Bedford

**Mary Bicknell**

9/25/25

from Lexington



# PROFILES









## Most Things Lost Do Get Found

In spite of living a simpler life in a smaller place some things are just as likely to get lost. Keys, glasses, i-phone – these are the most vulnerable.

The usual questions to myself: when, where did I last use it? Is it down between the cushion and the chair? Is it under the old mail on the table? In a pocket? In plain sight? (too often the case)

I ask my husband, “Did you see it? Did you take it?” (getting desperate)

As a last resort I check the counter by the Reception Desk or the Lost and Found closet.

One way or another what was lost is usually found, “lost” being a relative term!



## *In Memory*

James “Jim” Fenske	7/23/25
Katherine “Kate” Newhall	7/23/25
Kenneth “Ken” Ziebell	7/23/25
Byron Roseman	7/27/25
Margriet Janssen	7/29/25
Natalie Brierley	8/4/25
Pamela Herrick	8/21/25
Florence Masci	8/22/25
Pauline “Polly” Salter	8/24/25
William “Ed” Bicknell	9/3/25
Edwin “Ed” Cox	9/12/25
Victor Dyer	9/20/25
William “Bill” Hays	9/23/25
Monroe Weiant	10/7/25



“Think before you speak. Read before you think. ”

– *Fran Lebowitz*



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

## Lost and Found

This issue’s theme gives us many options, some happy and some sad. The library prefers the positive approach. Our life here at Carleton-Willard Village is one of community, with many interesting residents and a great choice of activities. There is no doubt that reading is high on the popularity list, so, with that in mind, we have some books to recommend. All of them have either “lost” or “found” in the title.

### Non-Fiction

*Losing Mum and Pup* by Christopher Buckley (2009)  
The true story of the year in which both of his parents died.

*Something Lost, Something Gained* by Hillary Rodham Clinton (2024)  
Her views on life, love, politics and the threats we face. (large print)

*Finding Me* by Viola Davis (2022)  
The actress’s story of the path she took to finding her purpose and her voice in the world.

*The Lost Painting* by Jonathan Harr (2005)  
The journey to discover a long-lost painting by Caravaggio.

*Lost Towns of the Swift River Valley* by Elena Palladino (2022)  
The story of the sacrifice of four towns in order to build the Quabbin Reservoir.

*The Lost City of the Monkey God* by Douglas Preston (2017)  
A pioneering journey to discover a city of immense wealth in the interior of Honduras.

*Vanishing Treasures* by Katherine Rundell (2022)  
A bestiary of extraordinary, endangered creatures.

### Fiction

*The Little Lost Library* by Ellery Adams (2024) - mystery (large print)

*Find Me* by Alafair Burke (2022) - mystery

*Find Her* by Lisa Gardner (2016) - mystery

*The Lost Man* by Jane Harper (2018) - suspense

*The Lost Girls of Paris* by Pam Jenoff (2019) - WW II novel

*The Lost Coast* by Jonathan & Jesse Kellerman (2024) - suspense

*Finding Margaret Fuller* by Allison Pataki (2024) - novel (large and regular print)

*The Lost Passenger* by Frances Quinn (2024) - novel (large print)

An interesting list of books! Happy reading!

*Katherine F. Graff*  
*Chair of the Library Committee*





## Among the Newest

*History Matters* by David McCullough

A collection of writings by historian David McCullough, focused on the importance of history in understanding our present and future.

*Six Weeks by the Sea* by Paula Byrne

This historical novel explores the question: Did Jane Austen ever fall in love? The Austen family relocated to Bath, the habitat of tempting Naval officers.

*Is a River Alive?* by Robert Macfarlane

Naturalist Macfarlane proposes that rivers are living beings that should be recognized as such. Journeys in Ecuador, India, and Canada bolster his viewpoint.

*The Impossible Fortune* by Richard Osman

The Thursday Mystery Club is back with a wedding, a murder, and a puzzle to solve, along with the realities of loss, aging, and life's changes.

*Backstage: Stories of a Writing Life* by Donna Leon

Author of the best-selling Guido Brunetti series, Leon writes about her admiration for other crime novelists as well as the depth of research she does for her own books.

*An Enemy in the Village* by Martin Walker

Bruno, chief of police in St. Denis, has another murder to solve. It looks like suicide but he thinks otherwise.

*An Inside Job* by Daniel Silva

The art world, the mob, and the Vatican intersect when a Leonardo da Vinci painting goes missing. Can art restorer and legendary spy Gabriel Allon solve the case?

*Making the Best of What's Left* by Judith Viorst

With humor and compassion Viorst writes about her experiences leaving her long-time home, moving to a retirement community, and losing her husband during the "Final Fifth" of life.

*Listening to the Law* by Amy Coney Barrett

Judge Barrett reflects on her life and role as a Supreme Court Justice. She discusses the making of the Constitution and how she interprets it.

*Hotel Ukraine* by Martin Cruz Smith

The last in the Arkady Renko series takes place as Russia invades the Ukraine and Renko copes with the effects of worsening health.

*Mailman* by Stephen S. Grant

A mailman in Appalachia has a wild ride serving the community by delivering dog food, seeds, medication and other essentials, along with the mail.

*The Old Man by the Sea* by Domenico Starone

An old man reflects on his life, his mother, and the women he's loved.

*In the Time of Five Pumpkins* by

Alexander McCall Smith

The latest of the No. 1 Ladies Detective Agency adventures. Mma Ramotswe is back in action.

*Here Comes the Sun* by Bill McKibben

McKibben writes that increasing use of solar and other renewable power sources provides a chance for limiting damage from climate change and improving life world-wide.

*Nancy Goodwin  
Library Committee*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Barrett, Amy Coney    Listening to the Law  
 Grant, Stephen        Mailman  
     Starring  
 Leon, Donna          Backstage  
 Leon, Donna          Backstage (\*)  
 Reich, Robert B.      Coming Up Short  
 Ruhl, Sarah            Lessons from My Teachers  
 Viorst, Judith        Making the Best of  
                                   What's Left

### Biography

Elmhirst, Sophie      A Marriage at Sea  
 Shapiro, Laurie Gwen The Aviator and the  
                                   Showman  
 Shapiro, Laurie Gwen The Aviator and the  
                                   Showman (\*)

### Environment

Macfarlane, Robert    Is a River Alive?  
 Macfarlane, Robert    Is a River Alive? (\*)  
 McKibben, Bill         Here Comes the Sun

### Fiction

Abrams, Stacey        Coded Justice (\*)  
 Arceneaux, Danielle    Glory Be (\*)  
 Archer, Jeffrey        End Game (\*)  
 Austen, Alice          33 Place Brugmann (\*)  
 Baker, Kylie Lee      Bat Eater & Other Names  
                                   For Cora Zeng (\*)  
 Boyne, John            The Elements (\*)  
 Byrne, Paula          Six Weeks by the Sea

Chiaverini, Jennifer    The Women's March  
 Clark, Heather         The Scrapbook  
 Cleeves, Ann            The Killing Stones  
 Fay, Juliette            The Harvey Girls  
 Fesperman, Dan        Pariah  
 George, Elizabeth      A Slowly Dying Cause  
 George, Elizabeth      A Slowly Dying Cause (\*)  
 Hannah, Kristin        The Nightingale (\*)  
 Holsinger, Bruce      Culpability  
 Horowitz, Anthony     With a Mind to Kill  
 Karon, Jan              My Beloved (\*)  
 King, Lily                Heart the Lover  
 Krueger, William Kent Apostle's Cove (\*)  
 Landau, A.J.            Cold Burn (\*)  
 Lippman, Laura        Murder Takes a Vacation  
 McCall Smith,         In the Time of Five  
                                   Pumpkins  
 McCall Smith,         In the Time of Five  
                                   Pumpkins (\*)  
 McFadden, Freida      The Perfect Son (\*)  
 Moon, Shara            Let Us March On (\*)  
 Osman, Richard        The Impossible Fortune  
 Patterson, James      The Hamptons Lawyer  
 Reid, Taylor Jenkins    Atmosphere  
 Robb, J. D.              Framed in Death  
 Robb, J. D.              Framed in Death (\*)  
 Ryan, Hank Phillippi    One Wrong Word (\*)  
 Seethaler, Robert      The Café With No Name (\*)  
 Silva, Daniel            An Inside Job  
 Slaughter, Karin        We Are All Guilty Here  
 Smith, Martin Cruz     Hotel Ukraine  
 Starone, Domenico     The Old Man by the Sea



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

Walker, Martin	An Enemy in the Village	<b>Miscellaneous</b>	
Wallbrook, Zoe B.	History Lessons	Pinker, Steven	When Everyone Knows That Everyone Knows

### History

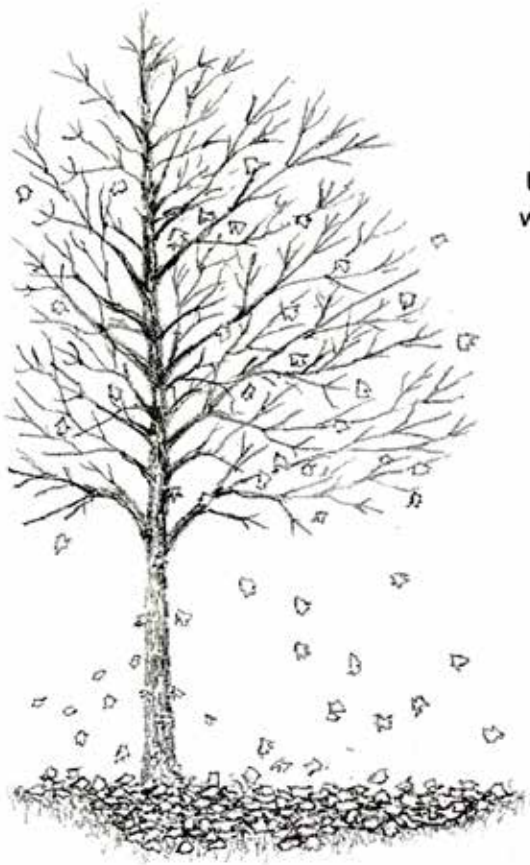
Kershaw, Alex	Patton's Prayer
Kollen, Richard	Lexington
Lee, Joseph	Nothing More of This Land
McCullough, David	History Matters
Oney, Steve	On Air (*)

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair, Library Committee*





In the constant recycling of nature, something is always being lost and something found – or grown.



Broadleaf trees lose their leaves so they can survive winter's winds and freezing temperatures.



Birds lose (molt) their worn-out feathers and grow strong new ones for migration or breeding.



Plowing away snow to reach grass.

Winter



Spring



Summer

*v. steel*

Bison grow thick fur for protection from winter's extreme cold and then lose (shed) it in the spring.



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