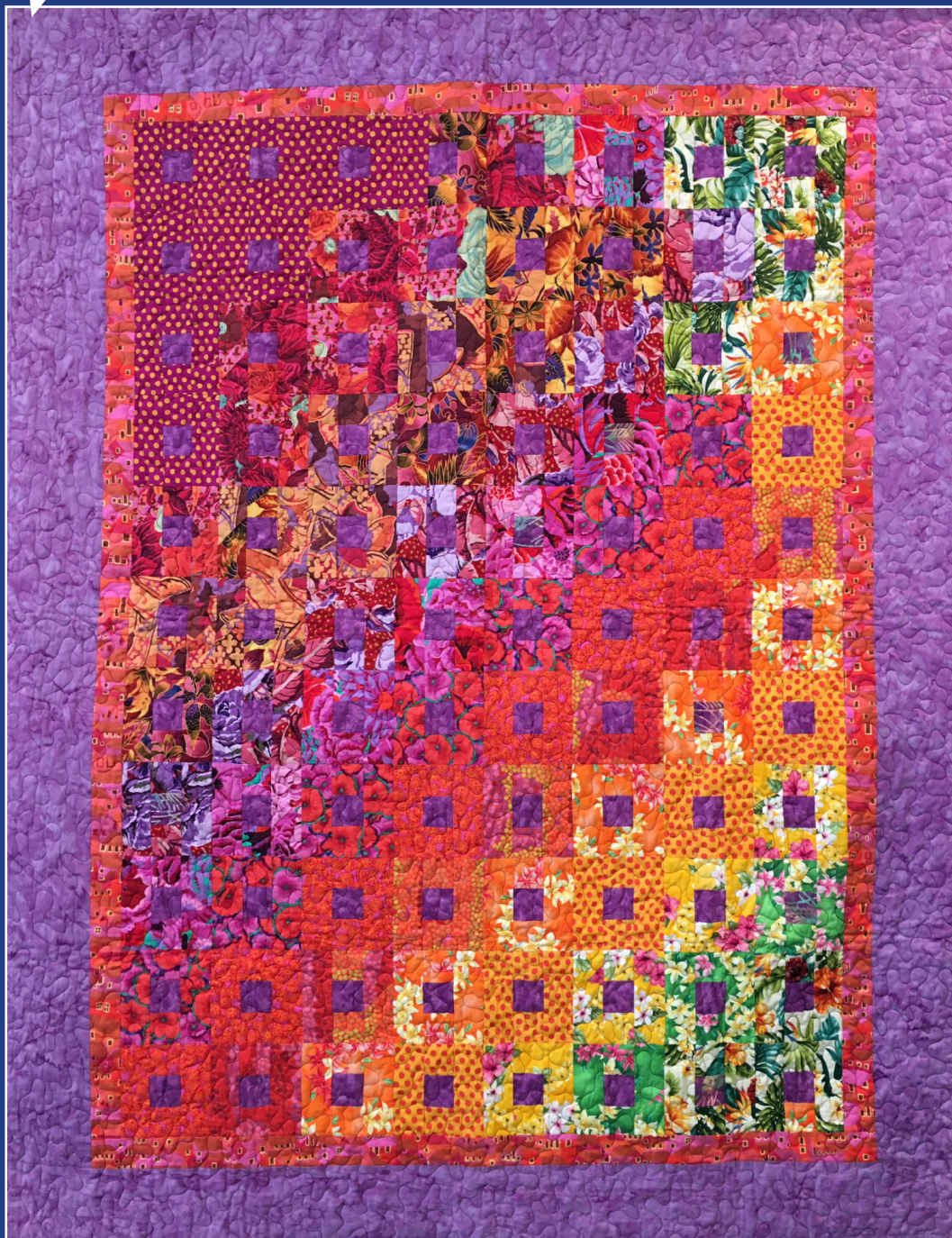


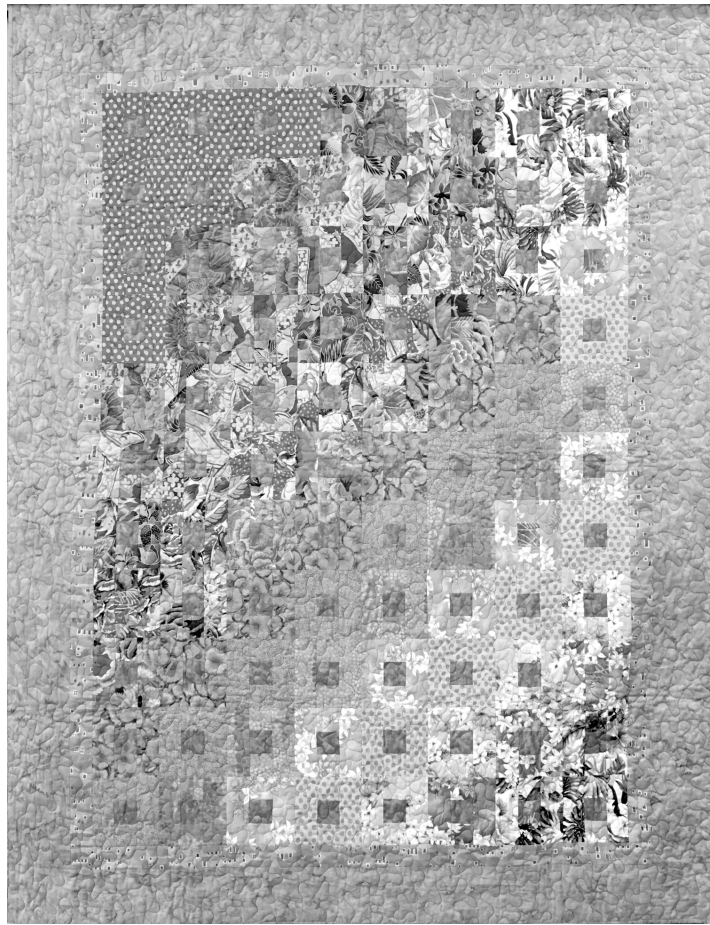


CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



MARCH 2023 ❁ VOLUME 41 ❁ Number 1



Amy Breiting's quilt is hanging in the Brass Rail. She began sewing as a young child, and started quilting about 50 years ago. Self-taught, she has taken many classes and collaborates with other quilters.

Amy has exhibited with Rising Star Quilters Guild in Lexington, at the Vermont Quilt Festival, and at First Parish UU in Lexington.

This is a Color Wash. In a color wash quilt different values of colors are arranged together, and changed gradually. There is a lavender blue square in the center of each block. It is a square in a square.

The quilt's brilliance brings warmth and a smile to all of us.



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.

Editor's Corner



One constant in Life is Change. Whether this change is planned or unforeseen, welcome or not, it means the ending of something as well as an opportunity for the beginning of something else. In many cases change is not welcomed, but accommodation a necessity. Age may render some of us more philosophical or flexible while for others any change is frightening.

The stories we have in this issue cover a broad range of such transitions. Some required adjustments in relationships or adaptation to new technology. For one woman, a change in her health was the factor. Another writer tried to help a prisoner succeed on the outside, while in another case a resident witnessed a momentous international political transition. Change comes in many forms.

This year at Carleton-Willard we will see changes in the Administration. Barbara Doyle and her team have made this such a good place to live. It is up to us and to those who represent us to carry on the activities and attitudes that have nurtured that tradition of excellence.

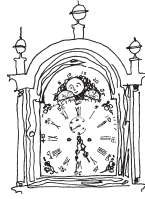
Another change - Madelyn Armstrong, now President of the Residents Association, has left our Editorial Board. We thank her for her service.

Anne Schmalz

Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



“I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks.”

– William Shakespeare (Twelfth Night)

It’s not long into the new year, and I already find myself whizzing about. (Some things never change!) This day, however, I had a welcome moment of calm.

It’s extraordinary what can come to you in such a moment. Today’s revelation:

It’s all about the small stuff.

You’ve heard that trope: “Don’t sweat the small stuff”? I could not disagree more.

Everything in our lives is made up of the “small stuff.” All those tiny parts of our life, added together...well, that *is* our life! Which means, the quality of one small part mirrors the quality of everything in our life.

One could say this is a matter of perception. And that is true! Our perception determines how we see the world — which in turn, determines how we choose to interact within it. And how we interact with our world changes everything.

So now, I’m refocusing on the “little things.” Step 1 is to acknowledge every one of those small parts of my life...the little miracles.

I really can’t take credit for much. Oh sure, I’ve set goals, I’ve worked hard, I’ve had some successes. But as many philosophers have noted, with success comes both responsibility and obligation. And to my mind, that requires expressing gratitude.

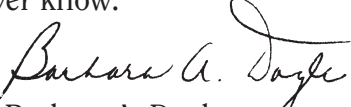
One definition of gratitude is: “the acknowledgement of, and thankfulness for, benevolence.” Benevolence is credited to many sources: deities, higher powers, collective consciousness, nature, forces of the universe, take your pick. For me, it’s people who have more often shaped those little parts of my life.

Some are family and friends. More are associates and coworkers. Even more are all the hundreds of Residents I have been blessed to know over the years. Each has contributed — in big ways and small, tangibly and intangibly, freely and without thought of reciprocity — to one amazing life.

It is so important that we understand the magnitude of these gifts. The big ones are easy enough to see. But the small ones, the “invisible” ones — ah, those are the real gems! Those innumerable blessings we take for granted. Those myriad pitfalls we somehow magically avoided. Those countless acts of kindness.

So to all of you — those whom I know, or have known, or may never know:

Thank you.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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An Unexpected Transition

Along with most other passengers, we were up on deck at six a.m. on that sunny September morning, eagerly anticipating the docking of the QE1 that had left Southampton five days earlier.

In stately fashion, the QE made her entrance into New York's harbor, where the Statue of Liberty was bidding us welcome as she has done to so many immigrants over the years, symbolizing the opportunity for a new beginning.

Having finished our education in England, we had been encouraged to visit the US for a year to "see how things are done over there." So, here we were in New York approaching the docking area and eager to disembark. Our few days in the city to see the sights made for many new experiences. Being Londoners, the noise and hurly burly of the city didn't faze us, but the size of the cars all on the wrong side of the road (for us) was certainly new as was some of the food we sampled. The pancakes and sausages were good, but the addition of maple syrup was definitely odd! After a few days of sightseeing the Empire State Building, the Rockefeller Center, 5th Avenue and more, we took the train to Boston and on to Cambridge, where David was to take up his post-doc position at MIT.

Having decided to search for an apartment near Harvard Square, we spent our first week at the now sadly defunct Brattle Inn. It was a

classic building belonging to an earlier and quite different time, and we found staying there was an experience we were glad to have had. After a week of hunting around we found an apartment close to Harvard Square and Out of Town News, where we could actually pick up *The London Sunday Times* after breakfast each Sunday! The Harvard Coop and the Wursthaus are long gone, but Cardullo's remains, still offering delicacies and cheeses from all over the world. We found all the people we met so welcoming and helpful, and so many of those we met in those first few weeks are still close friends today.

After four years we realized we would not be returning to England and decided to make our home permanently in America. Our children were all born here, and our roots have penetrated deeply into a different life. However, we are mindful of the fine education we had received and of the good life we had lived in England, and a part of our hearts will always be there.

As we look back after the almost sixty years since we steamed into New York Harbor we are happy to have made "A New Beginning."

Heather Pullen

Is Prison the Answer ?

Every few weeks another young person seems to go amok, and otherwise law-abiding citizens feel the result. A number of young and not so young people are killed or maimed. I'm afraid I don't have a definite answer. I can only provide a little insight into my own experience.

Back twenty or thirty years ago my wife and I used to be part of a group of mature law-abiding citizens who visited a state prison. We would spend most of Saturday and Sunday daytime conducting orientation sessions in the prison. The idea was to help prisoners to return to law-abiding society more easily after their sentences had been served.

We would report to the prison on weekend days and go through an exhaustive process just to get into the prison. That meant emptying



everything we were wearing and carrying and being x-rayed and questioned extensively. My wife, myself, and usually one or two more experienced people would meet in a conference room in the prison with eighteen or twenty prisoners who were close to being released.

I am sure that these male prisoners had been thoroughly screened before we were even allowed to meet with them. Apparently, this process was helpful since our organization had been doing these sessions for a number of years.

As with everything like this there has to be an ending, and at some point, we participated in our last weekend orientation session. My wife stopped going to the prison completely, and I started working with inmates individually who needed help in getting a high school diploma. This was the appropriate usual step in getting certain people back into outside lawful society.

My first pupil was Richard, a young seemingly knowledgeable fellow who needed a diploma. He seemed intelligent and quite well-educated already, so it seemed a little strange he had never graduated from high school. Anyway, we went ahead with the process each Saturday, and he must have passed his tests and graduated from high school. That also was the end of my prison education days.

Four or five years later I was reading the morning newspaper and read about the murder of a nurse who lived in a housing complex not too far from where my parents were then living. On that very same night the TV was interviewing some of the renters, and lo and behold one of them was Richard, my prison pupil. Wow, what a strange coincidence! Then a few days later Richard himself was arrested for the murder of the nurse renter. All of which made me wonder, was prison really an answer?

Wally Campbell

Coping

Recently my husband, Don, and I moved to Rllewsac Lodge. We had lived in Lexington for 52 years, and I had been an active resident in many town and independent activities such

as the Garden Club, and the Lexington Arts and Crafts Society.

As my health issues became more serious I became less able to maintain that level of involvement, and I needed help with daily tasks. My chronic pain would not improve over time. I had to learn to adapt and cope with this and my reduced capability.

We decided to move where these needs could be taken care of but, being near Lexington, we could both also continue our involvement there. At times these enormous changes have been overwhelming. Eventually, though, we have found ways of working within this new situation. It has been useful to share the challenges with others.

I have learned to accept this new reality and to look for something positive in each new encounter. Dealing with the everpresent pain, I have distracted myself with art. I have a place in the art studio where I can store my supplies and work at a table near the window. Connecting with others in the arts, I have been asked to hang a show of my work in the gallery for two months. The feedback of other residents will be further encouragement.



We have maintained contact with old friends, sometimes visiting them and sometimes having them come here. We enjoy lunch in the Brass Rail. In all of this it helps to have a sense of humor – laughing at myself or at some situation. Life has handed me a transition I would never have expected. Facing it with energy, activity, and humor will help me get through it.

Lynne Yansen



My Brother, 89

I tap on FaceTime,
 thinking to get you on your birthday.
 Hello and not much else,
 but it is what we have left.
 Your mind wanders badly,
 and I am laid up in a distant infirmary
 With a broken hip, nor does the future look rosy.
 “Consider yourself married to this walker,”
 the surgeon said, when I still
 feel young inside and want to run and dance
 without this clattering wheeled thing
 eternally in front of me.

When I get you, it is your room I get instead.
 It is the ceiling of your room,
 a great white cavernous vacancy
 That suggests the great vacancy that will follow
 for both of us, probably first for you,
 and maybe soon.

Then the camera drops and finds you,
 sitting alone in your wheelchair,
 Sound asleep, your head slumped
 and your hands curled inward,
 Helpless-looking and empty.
 You don't look like anybody
 about to celebrate a birthday, even your 89th.

Why do I remember, till it's almost a torment,
 A blond and blue-eyed grinning brother,
 sitting in his Ford convertible,
 His arm resting debonairly along the door of
 the car,
 About to go meet his girlfriend, the wind in
 his hair
 And at his back, all life at his back
 and waiting for him, urging him on
 To use it all up with all the blind joy he can
 command.

Sue Hand

My Little Blue Phonograph

I've loved music for as long as I can remember. Maybe it started when I was given a little blue phonograph for my fourth birthday. My aunt, who lived in nearby Wellesley, had recently presented my parents with fifty of her old shellac records. “Phil and I have outgrown these. You may not want them. Toss them if you like. There's more where these came from. Maybe the children will enjoy them.” My parents threw up their hands. What to do?

I've always wondered where they'd bought the phonograph. They could just tell my aunt to keep her records because we have no way to play them. Who do we know who has records? Who has players?

Wait! What about Harry?

I walked into the living room on my birthday, and there it was, on the dining room table. A skirt of records spread from it. I'd not seen anything like it. I eased into my chair. Gingerly I turned the single button to ON. The turntable stiffened. To make the turntable rotate you poked it forward with a finger. (To reverse the process, you poked it in the other direction.)



I slid my hand over the pile and picked up a record. I held it over the player's spindle and eased it down onto the turntable. I nudged the turntable into rotating. I put the needle onto the furthest groove of the record. After some scratching, music escaped from the



phonograph's louvres. It was the first music I remember hearing. It was a moment my parents, peeking from the kitchen, would remember. I'd learned what it was to anticipate, to make something happen on my own that I really wanted and looked forward to.

I couldn't get enough of what I'd conjured. That's all my aunt needed to know. When she passed soon afterward, the rest of her collection landed on our doorstep. But this time, we rejoiced.

What treasures! Music was climbing all over me. Sticking to me. Couldn't get enough. Classical, Jazz. Crooning. Someone named Brahms. Goodman and Toscanini. Caruso and Schnabel. Hoagy Carmichael, Nelson Eddy. A weird favorite of mine was six pounds of 78 RPM's called "The Heart of the Symphony", where great symphonies were cut to just "the good parts". All four movements of Beethoven's Fifth would last nine minutes.

Somewhere along the line, like almost everything in childhood, the blue phonograph disappeared. Then came a maroon WebCor record player that resembled a suitcase. Long-playing records replaced the old shellacs. An upright piano came (and went). Everyone took lessons; I actually liked to practice. I started building a long-playing record library, majored in music in college, amassed a CD collection. Not a day goes by without slapping something on the turntable to soak up good music.

One day about ten years ago, I was clearing out my Lincoln home to move to Carleton-Willard. I spied a dusty package I hadn't recalled. Heavy and unmarked, it squirmed from its hide-away and into my arms. Waddling over to a table, I cut rope and paper. Seeing daylight after many years were twenty shellac records. A few had broken, more were scratched beyond repair, all had seen wear. I found my aunt's name faintly etched on a few of them. My parents had probably done up this package in memory of that moment long ago.

What wasn't there was the little blue phonograph that had started it all.

Harry Hoover

Nevertheless

Many, many decades ago, I exited the Department of Motor Vehicles in New Jersey with a brand-new driver's license in hand. I was quite proud. I didn't own a car yet, but I had "arrived". Over the years, I transitioned to maturity and my own car, and could easily maneuver the New Jersey Turnpike, the Garden State Parkway, and Route 80 east to New York and west to Pennsylvania. And if those roads didn't take you to where you wanted to go, you really did not need to go there. I was born and raised in New Jersey and lived there all my life and then one day I moved to Massachusetts.

It was a huge transition to come to live in Massachusetts. My husband passed away, I sold our house, my children and I undertook the purge, and after the decluttering and reorganization (and the rental of a storage facility in Burlington), I successfully condensed more than a half century of married life and transported it, and me, up to Massachusetts and into a one-bedroom cluster home at Carleton-Willard Village near my daughter and her family. I sadly left New Jersey with a full tank of gas, a New Jersey driver's license, and New Jersey plates on my Toyota. The remnants of my former life were in transport in a moving van. It was a new beginning.

Once I settled into Carleton-Willard Village and established my Massachusetts residence, I



had thirty days to convert my New Jersey driver's license to a Massachusetts license. In addition, I had to register my Toyota, get MA plates, and get the car inspected. I learned that the DMV in NJ is the RMV in MA, so off to



Watertown I went to make the transition and pay lots of fees. Soon after, I made a visit to the local Bedford Sunoco gas station to complete the car inspection. After a month of living in Massachusetts, the mission was accomplished; the credentials were complete. But the greatest challenge to my Massachusetts transition was yet to come- pumping gas.

Since 1949, drivers in New Jersey have been barred from pumping their own gas. This law, known as the Retail Gasoline Dispensing Safety Act and Regulations, is still in effect in New Jersey. In fact, New Jersey is the only state in the US that doesn't allow customers to pump their own gas anywhere in the state. There's an attendant for that. It's certainly not a problem for anyone who lives or visits New Jersey, but it was a problem for a New Jersey gal who moved to Massachusetts. I have NEVER learned how to pump gas. Fortunately for me, Bedford has two full-service gas stations, and one of those stations was where I had my car inspected, so I knew the drill. Yes, I pay a bit more but it's worth every penny, and today I am a regular customer at Bedford Sunoco on Great Road.

One year ago, I became a resident of Massachusetts. I have transitioned, and not always easily, to New England. I purchased lots of sweaters and turtlenecks, I keep my car battery charged, I mastered rotaries (almost), I own a Patriots hat (but I don't wear it), I have discovered whoopie pies, I know what a frappe is, and I can correctly pronounce the towns of Quincy, Worchester, and Peabody, but I will never pump my own gas. This is one transition that will never come to fruition because New Jersey has an unofficial state motto: "Jersey girls don't pump their own gas." I could learn if I wanted-but I don't, so I won't. I have transitioned to a new phase of life here in Massachusetts, but I will continue to be who I am.

Mary Jane Parke

A Historic Transition (and the Power of Music)

It's July 27, 1955. A month earlier I had been in NH, celebrating my twenty-fourth birthday with my family. And here I was, squashed in a crowd of thousands, in Stalinplatz, Vienna, to witness the signing of the Treaty ending the four-power occupation of Austria. A determined teenager next to me attempted to maneuver his bicycle in front of me, allowing him a better view of the balcony on which the ceremony would take place, which was the very same balcony on which Hitler had proclaimed the "annexation" of Austria.

What was I doing there? One of the many transitions in my life was from musician wife to Army wife (well, Army musician wife). My husband was sent to Germany to play French horn in the Seventh Army band. I had arrived in Stuttgart, managed to find a perfect apartment, and was just finding my way around when Jim called me, all excited. "Jocelyn, you've got to get to Vienna in three days! The band is being sent to play for an important ceremony there." "Oh, I don't think so..." (I had never taken even the shortest trip without all the details having been carefully planned well in advance and typed out by our local travel agent, under my father's supervision!) "Well, you have to find a way.... It's some big deal!"



A big deal, indeed, with thousands flocking to the small Viennese capital for the historic occasion. I had outrageous luck all the way. When the plane set down on the runway of the tiny Vienna airport, there were Jim and three of his buddies, grinning as they waved wildly. The next



morning they were off to rehearse. Each of the four powers had sent a band. They would march in, one at a time, each playing its own national anthem, and at the close, they would march out, each playing a selection of its choice.

Our bandleader had an ace up his sleeve. Our band would choose not an American song, but the *Radetzky March*, beloved of the Austrians. But it had to be kept secret, lest one of the other bands precede the US.

Suddenly the crowd quieted, as the US band marched in, playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, followed by the British *God Save the Queen*, *La Marseillaise*, and the Soviet Union Anthem. A group of large, heavily bemedaled men appeared on the balcony, made speeches, and signed many papers. Then the bands left, in reverse order, as agreed.

The French and Soviet bands each marched out playing traditional folk music, the British played *The British Grenadiers*. The crowd applauded each. But when the US band struck up the *Radetzky March*, the traditional rhythmic applause seemed to shake the grand buildings forming the square, and many in the crowd were in tears. I found Jim returning his horn to the band's bus, and we set out to celebrate. As we made our way along the crowded sidewalks, not infrequently someone, spotting Jim's uniform, ran up to hug him. Eventually we reached our goal, the Hotel Sacher, where we celebrated with Sekt (Austrian champagne) and, of course, Sachertorte. We were still celebrating when the early edition papers came out. The banner headline read: TREATY SIGNED; the secondary headline was US ARMY BAND PLAYS RADETZKY MARCH.

Jocelyn Bolle



The Transistor World

The world of transistor radios made a traumatic entrance into our house. Dad bought a little black and white Sony in 1959 or 1960. He kept it in his bathroom and used it to listen to the news as he was shaving and getting ready for the day. The rest of us ogled when he got it but otherwise didn't give it a thought, at least until the 1960 World Series. The Yankees faced the Pirates in what appeared to be a complete mismatch, the Yanks boasting Mantle and Maris in their primes and having appeared in eight of the previous ten world series, winning six. The Pirates had last been to the series in 1927. As a devoted Red Sox fan I had wasted my youth rooting futilely for whoever was playing the Yanks, including the Pirates when their turn came in 1960. The Pirates defied the odds by splitting the first six games, three of which they won in low-scoring games, while the Yanks won the other three by lopsided scores of 16-3, 10-0 and 12-0.

By game seven I was bursting with frustration because I would miss Game 7, or most of it. No world series games were played at night in those days, and the day games started at one o'clock, meaning that they were almost over by the time school got out at 3:15. Missing game seven was too much. I thought of Dad's Sony, wavered, and turned to crime, gave in, going into Dad's bathroom and taking the Sony to bring it to school. That way at least I could catch the last bit of the game right after school.

When the school bell rang I rushed out to the tetherball court to tune in the Sony. The Pirates took a lead late and headed to the top of the ninth up 9-7. Was it possible they might actually win? Then Mantle stepped up, and, naturally, hit a two-run homer to tie it. My heart sank! At that point it seemed obvious the Pirates were doomed, but in the bottom of the ninth I learned about miracles, I think maybe for the first time. Bill Mazeroski, the Pirates second baseman, strode to the plate and lined a ball over the wall to win the series. Ecstasy! I threw my fist up in the air (the one holding the radio) and because I



had neglected to snap the case closed, the radio flew out across the court and crashed, shattering into unsalvageable bits. So at the very moment I learned about miracles, I also learned about shame and dishonor. Thank God for my father. Despite the fact that I had let him down and his beloved Yankees had lost the series (Dad still had a fantastic scrapbook of Yankee clippings from the 1920's featuring Ruth and Gehrig), I don't remember him punishing or even yelling at me. I think maybe he still remembered being a thirteen-year-old baseball fan and how your feelings could get the better of you.

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Not long after that I got my own transistor radio, presumably to guard Dad's radio against future damage and in the process opening up my bedroom to the sounds of Buddy Holly, Bobby Vee, and Dion and the Belmonts. So good! Then there was late night west coast baseball on the

radio, another new thing when the Dodgers and Giants moved to California in 1958 and the Los Angeles Angels in 1961. I would make and keep my own scorecard of the game, usually conking out around the third inning when I would fall asleep.

My Sony opened up the world in other ways too. WMEX's late night DJ, Jerry Williams, brought in some interesting guests I had never heard of. One regular guest was Malcolm X. He scared me, and I didn't know what to make of him, but I could also see he had a point. Civil Rights and Black Power: two more ways the world we were used to was in retreat as the future opened up the country.

Dick Belin

A Pivotal Experience

While I was attending the Graduate School of Social Work at the University of Denver, I had a life-changing encounter. My supervisor, with whom I had this pivotal experience, was LaVerne Pritchett. On the first day of working with LaVerne, she gave us a homework assignment of writing an autobiography of our lives.

First, I want to tell you that LaVerne was an amazing African-American woman who exuded warmth and compassion. There was something about her kindness and understanding manner that made me decide to take the plunge and to tell it like it was. I held nothing back, as I wrote about my father being an alcoholic, how I lived in fear of his violent outbursts and rages. I told about my mother, who went off to work in the evenings, leaving me to make dinner for the family. And I told about my little sister's temper tantrums that were always triggering his anger. Meanwhile, I tried to be the opposite of Sally and be good and perfect, to do well in school and make my Daddy proud of me, so he wouldn't drink. I had never before told a soul about my father's alcoholism and how hard it was at home. How scared I was. Even my best friend, Joyce, had no idea about this hidden side of my life.

With fear and trembling I handed my autobiography over to LaVerne and waited for her reaction. She responded with care and acceptance. This began a year of opening up and sharing much about my life. Supervision was as much therapy for me as it was about learning how to be a therapist to my clients. Therapists need to have done their own personal work in order that their own life experiences, their own vulnerabilities and blind spots, don't negatively impact their working with clients.

This experience became a turning point in my life. Before this time my primary way of making friends was by being nice and trying to impress people with one thing or another. I had been trying to look perfect in order to hide my underlying sense of shame. The shame and mortification I felt about my father's alcoholism had become my own shame. I took it upon myself, as children often do in alcoholic families, to feel that I had caused him to drink. It was my fault, so I should feel ashamed.

I came to see, as I talked to LaVerne, that my father was suffering from an illness called alcoholism. I didn't cause him to drink. And I couldn't fix it, no matter how many A's I got, how good my grades were in school. Sharing these personal aspects of my life with LaVerne, and later with others, dissolved the shame which I'd kept hidden. It allowed me to become real with others, to become authentic.

I came to realize that I don't have to hide the less than perfect sides of myself. We are all human; we all have the whole range of human emotions. We all have our joys and things we feel proud of, and we all have our defects, things we regret, and the things we feel sad about. It is part of being human.

Sharing these personal sides of myself makes it easier for others to open up and share the more vulnerable aspects of themselves. It makes it possible for us to be helpful to each other in dealing with life's troubling experiences instead of having to struggle with them alone. I treasure my year with LaVerne.

Cynthia Anderson

Two Camels and A Goat

In the spring of 1979 Austin and I were in a rental car in Morocco along with my step-daughter Martha and her friend Linda, both Peace Corps Volunteers in Africa.

We had enjoyed some leisurely days on the Costa del Sol and were on the second leg of our journey, to Fez Morocco. One of my dental students at Tufts had spent time in Morocco and suggested Fez as a destination. He also cautioned me: "Moroccan men love blonde women; they will approach Austin and suggest that he trade you for two camels and a goat."

On our first full day in Fez, we acquired a young guide named Hassan for a tour of the Medina, the old city which is completely enclosed by walls. The alleys were very narrow and seemed to have been laid out entirely by chance. We took in the sights and aromas of food wafting through the area. Stalls offered food, leather goods, rugs and blankets, and other goods.



Hassan took us to "the blanket factory of my father" and to the "leather factory of my uncle". At each stop we sat on rugs and sipped strong mint tea while the "father" or "uncle" produced goods for sale. Each of the young women purchased a rug. Linda offered her designer sunglasses as part of her payment.

The following day we decided to return to the Medina without a guide, confident that we could manage on our own since Martha spoke some Arabic. We strolled through the narrow streets where we bartered for goods and immersed



ourselves in the colors, sounds and aromas of the Medina as we strolled along.

It happened without warning. I was grabbed from behind and pulled into a passage so narrow that two individuals could not stand side by side. My companions were nowhere in sight. I panicked as I recalled the dental student's prediction about the two camels and a goat.

Once I was able to catch my breath, I turned to look behind me. There stood a female figure clad in a voluminous robe. My student's words about trading me for two camels or a goat came to my mind. Would I be dragged off to a place where Austin could not find me? I turned back to look at the alley from which I had been abducted just in time to catch a glimpse of a heavily laden donkey running by with its load careening off the walls of the very narrow alley. At that instant I realized that the robed woman had pulled me out of harm's way, since I would surely have been trampled had I stayed in the alley. Once the panic subsided, I tried to convey my gratitude with a smile and hand gestures.



I stepped back into the alley and panic again descended upon me, because I could not spot my companions. After what seemed an eternity, I saw them up ahead. Blessed relief spread over me. Two camels and a goat. Hah.

En route back to our hotel we had a good laugh as we spotted a man sitting on a blanket with various items for sale. There, on the blanket, were Linda's sunglasses.

Maureen Rounds

The Procession

It is with mixed feelings that I share this deeply significant memory with the readers of the Villager during the last sad days of Lent and in anticipation of the joyous celebration of Easter.

In my native country of Austria, mostly Roman Catholic, it was the custom in the church to have a procession led by a priest, walking under a canopy and carrying the gold monstrance. (A monstrance is a transparent receptacle in which the consecrated Host – wine and bread representing the blood and body of Christ – is exposed for veneration.) He is followed by acolytes, pairs of little girls in white dresses carrying cushions of fruit representing the Last Supper, and then another child carrying the Crown of Thorns on a red satin cushion. The local faithful folks join at random, singing words of consolation for the dying and of the joy of resurrection. The procession stops at each altar, facing north, south, east, and west, raising the monstrance to bestow a blessing on all the people of the whole world.

For several years my mother had me enrolled in Catholic scripture lessons by special permit from the Ministry of Education. She asked whether I would be permitted to join the procession, wearing my blue crepe-de-chine dress. The lady organizer kindly agreed, and she assigned me to follow the Priest and the acolytes and carry the red satin cushion with the crown of thorns.



I was ten years old at this time, and felt very close to Jesus and his suffering. A strange feeling came over me, like a premonition, that my loved family and I would also be destined to experience much unjust suffering inflicted by evil, prejudiced people full of hate.

Eventually the obstacles were overcome in my life. Thanks to something like a miracle and the help of many kind people, life brought me a loving husband and three good children. The marriage did not last a lifetime, but the memory of the



closeness to God and the symbolism of Christ's crown of thorns in my arms during the Easter Procession, and its relevance to the senseless persecution of innocent humanity, is again haunting me. Unfortunately, history repeats itself, and the suffering inflicted by some on others never stops.

Daisy Illich

A Collage of Time

Hearing a melody is hearing, having heard, and being about to hear, all at once. Every melody declares to us that the past can be there without being remembered, the future without being foreknown.

Victor Zuckerkandl, philosopher of music

Now it's about time! What is it about time? Live in the moment. Which moment?

Much is lost, but much remains.

So, here I am, on the pine path again, remembering. I never walk it without recalling that lazy summer afternoon when my husband was here with me. My psychologist daughter and Buddhist son-in-law are big advocates of living in the moment, but for me there are not many moments that don't have reverberations in time. I appreciate Don's company as I walk home after dinner.

Our stories have their beginnings elsewhere. Every reading is a re-reading. We remember; we always remember even what we can't recall. We remember; we always remember. We carry with us the legacies of our lives: what we've known, what mattered.

Balancing on the high wire of now... Funabulists of time...Shifting our weight ever so slightly...Caught between before and after... Suspended.

Most of life is waiting. Always on hold. Listening to elevator music before you get connected.

What is it about time?

Driving through foul weather, I marveled; what I saw in the rearview mirror was clear, while the view forward was impenetrable. So it is.

One of the casualties of this pandemic has been our sense of time. Yesterday can seem like a month ago, and last year can feel like a week. Things have merged together. The signposts of our lives are smudged. It's been forever, or it's been one moment that just doesn't end.

Tragedies happen; people get hurt...Or die; and you suffer and get old.

Nothing you do can stop time's unfolding.

No plan, but a history...A theme and variations;...nothing can remain still.

A world articulate with meanings certified. Things redolent with sense, where recurrence was design. Heads or tails: should I stay or should I go? Here in the in-between.

What is it about time? That melody . . . hearing, having heard, being about to hear . . . suspended between before and after. Now.

Marjorie Roemer

Haiku

Regret mistakes, no!
They are the steps to what is,
How we got to now.

Marjorie Roemer





Trinkets and Treasures Sale

How best to celebrate CWV's 40th Anniversary? This festive, well-attended event took place in the auditorium in mid-October. On the first day, the Receive and Sort Team sprung into action as residents donated their items. Most popular on the Desk and Games Table were puzzles. A colorful Holidays Table reminded shoppers of special days ahead, while the Treasures Table overflowed with fine china, glassware, scarves, and handbags. The dazzling Jewelry Display attracted many shoppers. Resident knitters created colorful hand-made items. When the sale was over Friday afternoon, Facilities helped clear the auditorium in time for the Saturday movie. Proceeds of over \$5,000 were given to the Residents Association.



Sandwich Glass Museum

A full jitney of twenty-one happy residents celebrated CWV's third Offsite trip in three months with a visit to the Sandwich Glass Museum, just over the Canal on Cape Cod. Right after entering the museum we were treated to 930 hissing degrees of a 20-minute glassblowing exhibition. The "Mixing Room" explained the natural chemistry of making glass. Under "HOT STUFF", you pull open a drawer to see Fulgurites, glass fused by lightning strikes, or Obsidian, glass formed from cooling volcano lava. Then, glass beads from 3000 BCE Egypt worth more than gold. Exhibits galore and so much more. A tasty buffet lunch at the nearby Daniel Webster Inn wrapped up a memorable day.

Thespians Present *Our Town*

An appreciative audience filled the entire auditorium for the CWV Thespians' performance of Thornton Wilder's 1938 three-act play, *Our Town*. The popular drama might seem to simply present life in a small New Hampshire town. Instead, we're led through an ordinary day, a wedding, and finally to the afterlife, all building to a soaring exploration of the trials and joys of living. Taking us through that single day were actors Sheldon Buck, Elizabeth Flemings, Harry Hoover, Anne Larkin, Tom Larkin, Arlayne Peterson, and Bob Schmalz, under the incisive direction of Teresa Travaline. Tim Martin's leafy trellis and Kay Barney's hymn singers evoked the country setting.

A Christmas Carol, a Play with Music

Lights dim when we see Ebenezer Scrooge limp to the edge of the stage, his eyes bulging, fist shaking, viscerally scowling "Christmas! Bah Humbug!" We're pressed deep into our seats as we cringe at the rattle of Marley's chains. A full auditorium was swept into Dickens's classic *A Christmas Carol*, presented by a duet of performers. Jeffries Thaiss sank his teeth into 27 discrete roles. His partner, Eric Scott Anthony, teased evocative sound effects from his guitar and guttural voice. In a transformative hour, Scrooge recreated himself from miserly curmudgeon to one of true generosity and warmth. "God bless us, every one!"

Back and Forth Across the Pond

"If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?" asks the wistful poet. Thus opened a program of eighteen songs from Great Britain and America presented by Hannah Meloy (soprano), David Mather (baritone), and Diana Katsenberg Braun (piano). A storm shrieked through Benjamin Britten's setting of W.H. Auden's "*Seascape*". George Butterworth's song enlivened A.E. Housman's war threnody, "*The Lads in Their Hundreds*". Eyes moistened as Gilbert & Sullivan vowed "*None Shall Part Us*" from *Iolanthe* and brightened during *Kismet's* "*And This is My Beloved*". Finally, hands on hips, the trio squared off with Irving Berlin's "*Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better*". All three of them won.



Happenings

Merrimack Repertory Theater

Spring from the CWV jitney and you're in Lowell for a rendezvous with American history. One of the great opportunities for travel beyond CWV is a carpet ride to our fascinating neighbor. Dubbed "The Cradle of the American Revolution", Lowell sports 40 mills, 5.6 miles of canals, city tours. But wait! There's another. Merrimack Repertory Theater. On stage was an adaptation of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*. One of Dickens's first stops in his 1842 tour of America was the Lowell Mills. Enchanted by the mill girls' writings, he used their ideas and themes in his most famous story, grippingly dramatized by five Merrimack actors. For the whole season, our jitney takes us right to the door.

Kids Say the Funniest Things

"You have the same kind of eyes as our rabbit." Huh? A kid talks to resident Dr. Byron Roseman an erstwhile pediatrician who recorded his youthful patients in more than forty years of practice. Appearing in a blue lab coat with a furry little bear stuffed into his breast pocket, Byron had his appreciative audience in stitches. During the Nixon administration, he asked a little girl what she thought of the president's trip to China. "Not much. We're going to Florida". Or: "How'd you get such beautiful face?" "Practice". A parting thought: "You know you're captured for life when a newborn granddaughter holds your little finger for the first time!"

Pierre-Auguste Renoir

Isn't it wonderful to dash into Boston's MFA and marvel at that dancing couple locked in a passionate embrace in a park in Bougival just outside Paris? Jane Blair's inimitable "Art Matters" feasted on Renoir, the delectable impressionist painter. Two young sisters at the piano or on a terrace engage in intimate domesticity. At the theatre's loge, it's "seen and be seen." (Who cares about the opera?) *Plus de delices*: savor the artist's skill with dappled sunlight in the sylvan *Bal de la Moulin de la Galette*. For dessert, it's Renoir's masterpiece, *Afternoon of the Boating Party*. *Quelles merveilles!*

Warm Holiday Memories from Our Christmas Tree

Residents entered the Auditorium and formed a warm circle of seasonal memory. In the center was a large basket, filled with holiday cards collected from the tree in the Art Gallery shared by residents, staff and family members. One by one, a hand reached into the basket and retrieved a card picked from the tree to share with the group. Some residents recounted their own holiday memories, noting, among other delights, that both England and The Netherlands enjoyed two-day Christmas celebrations. It was a gentle time to recall our own holidays and welcome in the new year.



The Gnome Introduces Himself, as told to Virginia Steel

"Thanks to Virginia and daughter Jennifer for letting me tell my story in your Art Gallery. I came with a new resident from Wayland to the Perimeter Path bridge, where my life suddenly became exciting. I could surprise people from different places, like high up in a tree. (It was much harder to come down.) I made a birch-bark American flag for Independence Day. When vaccinated they even let me keep my syringe. I carved my own Jack o'Lantern for Halloween, and raised a perfect Christmas tree with hemlock cones and cranberries! In your cabinet, they have more pictures of me and wonderful treasures I've found in the woods."

Harry Hoover



“Put it on the Horses !”

Growing up in Princeton, NJ, we had a beautiful bronze sculpture of a chariot and horses which stood at the bottom of the main stairway, near the front door. Everyone used this site as a spot to drop off things. “I left your keys on the horses.” “Don’t forget to take the mail, I put it on the horses.” “Just put my book on the horses.” “Your gloves are on the horses!” were commonly heard expressions.

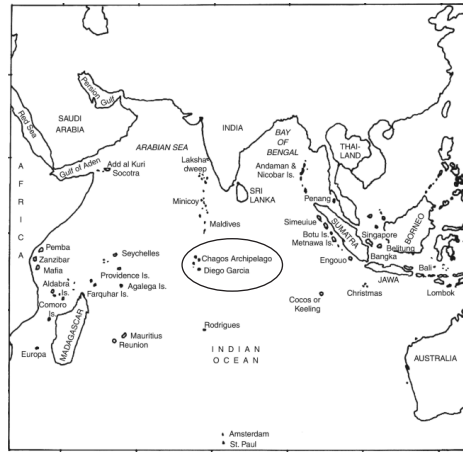
Once we overheard a woman on the street telling her friend, “I’m so shocked to hear that Mrs. Wright bets on the horses. Her housekeeper says she hears her saying, “Put it on the horses!” ALL the time.

Emily Wright Holt



Top Secret

Before my last military assignment to the Boston Naval Shipyard, in 1967, I was assigned to the staff of the Commander in Chief/Atlantic in Norfolk, VA. It was a fascinating job, as my boss, a Captain CEC (Civil Engineer Corps) USN and I were in charge of the maintenance and operations of all the Naval facilities in the Atlantic Ocean. This involved inspection of those Bases and even the jointly owned European Naval Forces on an island in the Azores, belonging to Portugal.



The most interesting assignment was TOP SECRET. The USA has 749 Bases overseas, and this dealt with the 750th Base on a small island in the Indian Ocean, one thousand miles from any continent. The island of Diego Garcia, an atoll in the Chago Islands, is owned by the British, who gave the USA permission to build a Naval and Air Base there. These islands are part of BIOT, or the British Indian Ocean Territory.

In order to accomplish this, the entire population of Diego Garcia, 924 contract workers and their families employed by a copra plantation, had to be moved. The plantation was bought by the BIOT, and the population moved to Mauritius and the Seychelles.

The Commander of the Atlantic had control of all military ships and the SeaBees from the Naval Base in Davisville, RI, who were responsible for transporting a Battalion of 500 or more construction workers, equipment, and supplies to the Indian Ocean site. There



they would build a jet aircraft landing field and support buildings over the next five years.

This project required me to travel from my post in Norfolk, VA, to Washington, DC, to meet with other people who were coordinating different aspects of the massive undertaking. I believe this was the most satisfying work in my entire twenty-one years in the Navy. I did not go to Diego Garcia.

By googling Diego Garcia Naval Base you will see a view of the island with the airfield, support buildings, piers, oil tanks, bomb storage, a medical clinic, and even a library. I gather they found space for a golf course! There are not too many ways to entertain those stationed there, but they probably fare better than those assigned to Antarctica.



More about the Chagos Islands: they were discovered by the Portuguese, settled by the French, and awarded to the British after the Napoleonic Wars. Diego Garcia is the only one inhabited, but the lease for the plantation was terminated in 1967 so that the base could be built. In 2019 the International Court of Justice in the Hague deemed the British administration of the archipelago illegal, which was supported by the United Nations. The British dismissed this as not legally binding. The government of Mauritius is now claiming the Chago Islands, with a landing in 2022 on one atoll where they planted their flag! The US has one other bomber Base in the Indo-Pacific region, Anderson Air Force Base in Guam.

David Hathaway



*Welcome
New Residents*

Sybilie Volz

from Lexington, 12/8/22

Robert “Bob” Ricci

from Bedford, 12/9/22

Ruth Hopkinson

from Waltham, 1/04/23

Thomas “Tom” Stockdale

from Bedford, 1/28/23

Jane Bloomfield

from Cambridge, 2/1/23

Haiku

Playing my piano,
Music surrounds, comforts me.
I’m happier now.

Harry Hoover















In Memory

Esther Braun	11/26
Anne Feeney	12/4
Betty Drouillet	12/31
Dorothy Rand	1/8
William Ryder	1/13
Jeanette Weigand	1/19
Arthur Katz	1/22
Luis Fernandez-Herlihy	1/23
Betty Bawdekar	2/12



Haiku

The wind shifts westward
Driving sullen rain away
Look, the sun again.

Marjorie Roemer





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

2022 In Review

Happy New Year! We now begin 2023 with an optimistic spirit, ready to enjoy our communal life here at Carleton-Willard. We are anxious to participate in our many activities and to enjoy our meals together. Life on Main Street has been too quiet for our liking.

One area that has not slowed down in the slightest is our library, and it has been gratifying to see residents enjoying our collection and our services. Here is a summary of our activity during 2022.

New Books

283 books were added to the collection: 155 regular print titles, 84 large print titles and 44 donations. The Library Committee met each month to do book selection, and we averaged 24 new books each month, offering our residents a steady stream of good reading.

Book Circulation

Our report for the year shows that a total of 2,636 books were signed out, averaging approximately 220 books each month (175 regular print titles and 45 large print titles). In addition, the shelf in the hall has offered a constant supply of paperback books that are free for the taking. Our residents love to read!

Weeding the Collection

During the spring and summer of 2022, the members of the Library Committee, along with other volunteers, did shelf reading and weeded the collection. A total of 346 books were removed, easing the crowded shelves and making room for new books. The regular print removals were donated to the Carleton-Willard staff and the Bedford Public Library. The large print removals were donated to the Trinkets and Treasures Fair in October. Every removal found a new home.

Behind the Scenes

All this activity is the result of a great deal of volunteer work. Shelving of returned books, entering circulation data into the computer, keeping track of overdue books, previewing possible new titles, and putting copies of the covers of new books on the bulletin board in the hall, are just a few of the jobs that keep us all busy.

The Library Committee is always open to suggestions, and we look forward to another fantastic year. Happy reading!

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

Secrets of the Nile by Tasha Alexander

Lady Emily Hargreaves becomes embroiled in a murder investigation within hours of arriving in Luxor, Egypt.

The Revolutionary: Samuel Adams by Stacy Schiff

Biography of the most essential Founding Father, the man with high-minded ideals, who stood behind the change in thinking that produced the American Revolution. He left no papers, and now is largely neglected. This biography is original, enlightening and entertaining.

All Good People Here by Ashley Flowers

A string of murders in a small Indiana town become an obsession for a reporter and former resident who returns to her hometown to care for her ailing uncle. Twists and turns to get delightfully lost in.

The Grand Affair by Paul Fisher

Biography of artist John Singer Sargent, and his relationship with Isabella Stewart Gardner, and others.

Demon Copperhead by Barbara Kingsolver

Reimagines Dickens's story in modern day rural America (Appalachia) contending with poverty, foster care, child labor, and other crushing losses.

The Song of the Cell by Siddhartha Mukherjee

The discovery of cells in the late 1600s, and the reframing of the human body as a cellular ecosystem, was the beginning of medicine based on the manipulations of cells. What this has meant for hip fractures, arthritis, lung cancer, cardiac arrest, pneumonia, kidney failure, Alzheimer's, etc.

Mad Honey by Jodi Picoult

Olivia McAfee starts her life over, moving to her sleepy New Hampshire hometown and running her father's beekeeping business. Another woman, Lily, also relocates there, and falls for Olivia's son. Then Lily is found dead.

The Light We Carry by Michelle Obama

A rewarding blend of powerful stories and profound advice, inspiring readers to examine their own lives, identify their sources of gladness, and connect meaningfully in a turbulent world.

Viviana Valentine Gets Her Man by Emily J. Edwards

Viviana is Girl Friday to New York's most famous PI in 1950. A dead man is discovered in the office and the PI is missing. Viviana has to solve the case.

Profiles in Ignorance by Andy Borowitz

The intellectual deterioration of American politics, from Ronald Reagan to Dan Quayle, from George W. Bush to Sarah Palin, to its apotheosis in Donald J. Trump, as told by comedian and former president of Harvard Lampoon. Will make you laugh . . . and cry.

Hands Down by Felix Francis

Sid Halley, ex-jockey and ex-investigator, copes with a new transplanted hand, a wife who is leaving him, and a possible case of race-fixing.

The Story of Russia by Orlando Figes

This sweeping new survey of Russian history provides valuable lessons about the importance of mythologizing Russia's past.

A World of Curiosities by Louise Penny

Inspector Gamache works to uncover answers to a past murder case of a mother, which shattered the lives of her children.

The Island of Extraordinary Captives by Simon Parkin

Britain imprisoned thousands of refugees, mostly Jewish, attempting to escape Hitler's persecution, on the Isle of Man (1940-1945). A testimony to human fortitude and resilience, despite callous, hypocritical injustice.

The Twist of a Knife by Anthony Horowitz

The latest Hawthorne mystery. And Horowitz becomes the prime suspect!

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Fitzgerald, Isaac	Dirtbag, Massachusetts (*)
Obama, Michelle	The Light We Carry
Obama, Michelle	The Light We Carry (*)
Totenberg, Nina	Dinners With Ruth (*)

Biography

Fisher, Paul	The Grand Affair
Morton, Andrew	The Queen
Schiff, Stacy	The Revolutionary: Samuel Adams
Worsley, Lucy	Agatha Christie

Current Affairs

Borowitz, Andy	Profiles in Ignorance
Haberman, Maggie	Confidence Man
Sullivan, Margaret	Newsroom Confidential

Environment

Proulx, Annie	Fen, Bog and Swamp (*)
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Fiction

Alexander, Tasha	Secrets of the Nile
Alexander, Tasha	Secrets of the Nile (*)
Archer, Jeffrey	Next in Line (*)
Armstrong, Addison	The War Librarian (*)
Atkinson, Kate	Shrines of Gaiety
Baldacci, David	Long Shadows
Burdick, Serena	The Stolen Book of Evelyn Aubrey
Child, Lee	No Plan B
Connelly, Michael	Desert Star
Cook, Robin	Night Shift (*)
Cornwell, Bernard	Sharpe's Command (*)
Cornwell, Patricia	Livid (*)
Edwards, Emily J.	Viviana Valentine Gets Her Man

Flowers, Ashley

Francis, Felix
Grisham, John
Harris, Robert
Hill, Edwin
Homes, A. M.
Horowitz, Anthony
King, Stephen
Kingsolver, Barbara
Mah, Ann
Martin, Madeline
McEwan, Ian
Miller, Sarah
Ng, Celeste
Ogunyemi, Omolola

Palmer, D. J.
Pari, Susanne
Patrick, Phaedra

Patterson, James

Penny, Louise
Penny, Louise
Perry, Anne
Perry, Anne
Picoult, Jodi
Quick, Matthew
Rankin, Ian
Saunders, George
Shapiro, B. A.
Slaughter, Karin
Taylor, Patrick
Unger, Lisa
West, Catherine
Wright, Jason F.

All Good People Here

Hands Down
The Boys from Biloxi
Act of Oblivion
The Secrets We Share (*)
The Unfolding
The Twist of a Knife
Fairy Tale
Demon Copperhead
Jacqueline in Paris
The Librarian Spy (*)
Lessons
Marmee (*)
Our Missing Hearts
Jollof Rice and Other Revolutions
My Wife is Missing
In the Time of Our History (*)
The Messy Lives of Book People
Triple Cross
A World of Curiosities
A World of Curiosities (*)
A Christmas Deliverance
A Christmas Deliverance (*)
Mad Honey
We Are the Light
A Heart Full of Headstones
Liberation Day: Stories (*)
The Muralist
Girl, Forgotten
An Irish Country Yuletide
Secluded Cabin Sleeps Six
The Two Lives of Sara
Even the Dog Knows (*)



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Health and Wellness

Levy, Becca Breaking the Age Code

History

Figes, Orlando The Story of Russia
 Hochschild, Adam American Midnight
 Holt, Nathalia Wise Gals (*)
 Levy, Buddy Empire of Ice and Stone
 Parkin, Simon The Island of Extraordinary
 Captives

Science

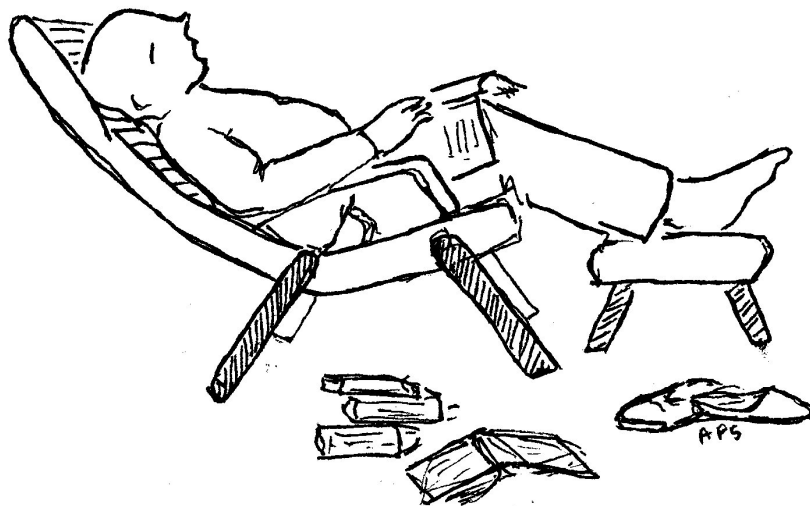
Mukherjee, The Song of the Cell
 Siddhartha
 Mukherjee, The Song of the Cell (*)
 Siddhartha
 Tyson, Neil deGrasse Starry Messenger

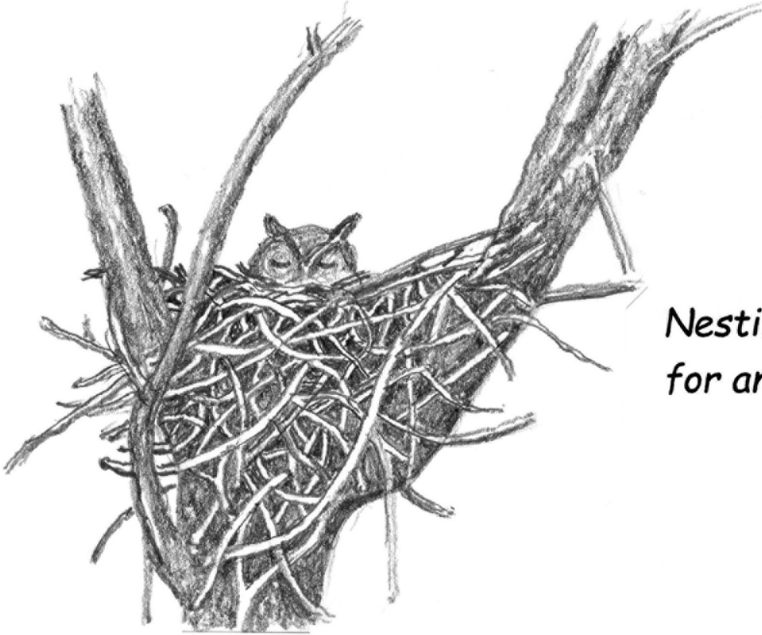
(* indicates Large Print)

Nature

Horowitz, Alexandra The Year of the Puppy (*)

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair, Library Committee*





Nesting season means a drastic transition for any bird - and some birds start now.

After lots of hooting back and forth, our great horned owls are mating and settling down to lay eggs. They do not make their own nests, but use nests made by other large birds, often red-tailed hawks. The female will incubate the eggs (usually two) for about a month, even when she is covered with snow. Then the pair will take care of the chicks all spring and summer, eventually teaching them how to hunt.



These tracks in the snow show where an owl caught a rabbit. Owls not only have superb night vision, they also have acute hearing, so they can hunt in all kinds of conditions.



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