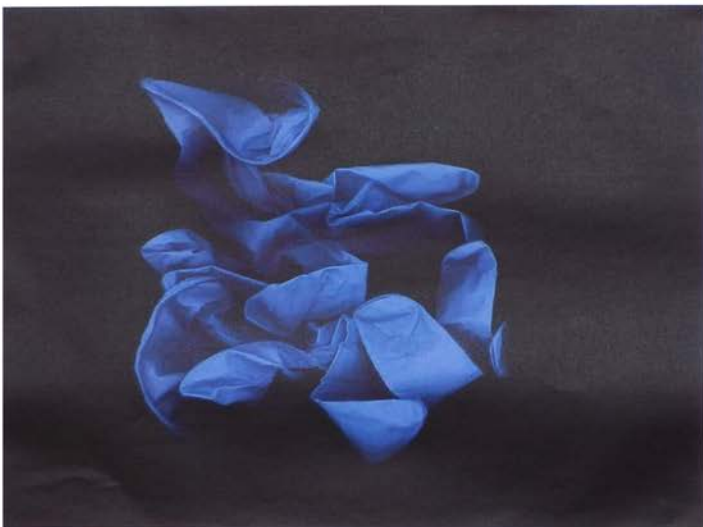




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER





COVIDIAD *with apologies to Homer*

Hear now, O Goddess, my song
Of the valiant C-WVillagers
Who, shedding the shackles of lockdown
Begin to emerge from cocoons
Not of their own spinning, but of Zeus's.

Like tulips, they burst forth in joy,
Undaunted by months of restraint
Reveling in Apollo's bright rays
And frolic (but safely, of course!)
Proud veterans of vaccination.

Hear now, O Goddess, my song
Of a people unfazed by adversity
Who carefully followed the rules
And emerged ever stronger, more joyful,
And eager to read the next verse.

Jocelyn Bolle



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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Anne Schmalz

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

Editor's Corner



September is a time of mixed initiatives. We gather our energies for the coming season of indoor activities, and we enjoy outdoors, the culmination of nature's season of growth and fruition. This year we can practice these rituals in a more 'normal' fashion as the restrictions of the COVID pandemic no longer curtail our energies or distract our attention.

As the editors of the *Villager*, we bring you a varied collection of stories – some that reflect on the particular feelings surrounding the past year and others that percolate from life experiences as varied as the people who live at Carleton-Willard.

In the last issue we heard from some residents about what they thought the 'new normal' would look like. Now the page has turned, and we can appreciate some of the things we have learned to do differently. Zooming has brought us into contact with more ideas and skills. As artists found, and an exhibit in the walls of the Village Center will show, remote instruction and inspiration produced real results.

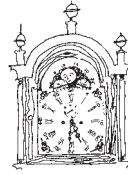
Over the last year we have welcomed 28 new residents but have been hard put to get to know them. As people move into Arlington Court and the rest of CWV in the coming months we will bring you their profiles and encourage you to reach out to them as they make their way in this special community. On our committees and in our many activities we need their fresh energy.

September is traditionally a time of renewal. As always, how we interpret and carry out what is written on this new page is up to all of us.

Anne Schmalz
Anne Schmalz, Editor



From the President and CEO



I'm having some difficulty daydreaming. How hard can daydreaming be? As it turns out, a lot more than I thought. It's not for lack of trying. With everything that's transpired over the past year-plus, a happy detour into the land of "What if?" would be very welcome indeed. But it's just not happening.

So I did some investigating into why. And wouldn't you know it, the very act of thinking about daydreaming is a daydream-killer!

Think of a daydream as your own personal movie and you are the director. You are also the lead actor, the scriptwriter, the guy behind the camera ... the casting director, set designer, special effects team, soundtrack composer ... and oh yes, the movie theater projectionist and the audience.

New studies have shown that all of this is effortless when the brain is on "standby" - that is, when it's not consciously or unconsciously processing information, and a simple request like "start daydreaming" doesn't work! Our brains simply don't have the processing power. To daydream, you have to turn the mind off.

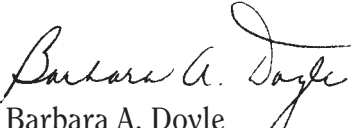
The research also shows - rather conclusively - that regular daydreaming is the key to creativity. It untethers the mind, bypassing the conventional constraints of time and space. In daydreams, anything is possible.

Your body also produces a fair amount of happy chemicals like dopamine and endorphins while daydreaming. These not only increase feelings of pleasure and wellness, but actually help motivate you to make those daydreams a reality.

I wish I could revisit my grade school teachers. "Stop daydreaming," they would say. "Pay attention!" I think they might have gotten it wrong. Cloud-gazing, window-shopping, sitting on a park bench, taking the scenic route home - times when we "should be doing something more productive" - we need to rediscover how valuable those "mindless" moments really are.

For example, I love to walk. It's slow! I get to experience the world around me instead of letting it zip by. I can physically see ... and hear ... and touch ... and if conditions are right, let the mind wander.

So today, I'm giving myself permission to hit the pause button. (Well, just a little.) Step One is a walk through one of the Village gardens - what a day for a daydream, as the song goes. And we'll see what happens!


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



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Getting By in the Pandemic

“You made that all by yourself.” It’s a line in a book by Anne Lamott, *Bird by Bird*.

It’s her mother’s reaction to something she made as a child, but Lamott claims that we all feel that way about our own creations, no matter how old we are: “you made that all by yourself.”

In March, I thought of that line in relation to that need we all seem to have felt to create something all by ourselves in the emptied world of our pandemic lockdown. I was painting with acrylics on canvas, my son composing and recording songs, my daughter-in-law painting mandalas on rocks. All of us striving to make a mark, or at least to not feel useless and indolent in this time without connection.

“Crafting” was a term I suddenly heard for the first time. “Crafting” intrigued me. For me, one art form is always a useful parallel for another, a way to examine craft. When I paint, I hope the image I’m working with will emerge layer by layer. I have an image in mind; I start with an idea, but the paint itself leads me to develop it. Sometimes, I must admit, it is because my brush isn’t quite clean and I dab a bit of green where I didn’t intend it, and suddenly there is a new piece to incorporate. My eye looks for patterns; a color in one place must be echoed somewhere else. The painting emerges and grows as I put it up on the easel and step away. Here, the faces need more light; there the curving road needs sharper definition.

What is the parallel in working with words? Sometimes one word prompts another. Here, in this piece, crafting leads to craft; craft leads to examples; an emerging visual image, an emerging idea propelled by the proximity of words. Here it is not about an easel and distance, but a return to the beginning, reading again what I have started, to get momentum to go the rest of the way. Crafting a piece of writing is like building a structure. Once you have committed to these materials, these words, your choices have been defined. The rest is just an elaboration.

So . . . making it all by myself . . . asserting myself in the face of the abyss. The pandemic and old age have moved me into a sense of ultimacy.

Every moment feels weighted and filled with significance as it had not before. Our time has changed. We can’t take it for granted; tenuous, it requires attention. Even craft.

Marjorie Roemer

Making Masks

I have always been jealous of carpenters and medical professionals who can rescue people in emergency situations. I am a sewer: there has not been a big demand for my skills during disasters.

When the need for masks came along in this pandemic, though, I was ready. How many masks do you need? How fast? Friends put me in contact with the Lexington Community Coalition (LCC) and I started working with their subgroup, the Coalition Mask Network. Our organizer from the LCC quickly became the central point for many local sewers. The Coalition took requests for masks; many people made masks, and many volunteers delivered the masks. The Coalition met weekly to discuss sewing techniques, who to give masks to, and how to deliver them.



I have had tendonitis in my arms and wrists over many years because of sewing activities. After making a few hundred masks, it started bothering me again. I could sew masks easily, but I could hardly hold my phone. I quickly learned to use the microphone to write emails and use the speaker rather than hold the phone to my ear. Months of physical therapy have helped.

I particularly enjoyed frequent calls with friends as we compared notes. Supply chain



became a regular topic as we ordered elastic and anticipated delivery that was sometimes months later. Fabric was never in short supply! We all postponed other projects as we got to work. The project was a huge success, delivering almost 35,000 masks to organizations in Massachusetts. Later we sent masks to the Navajo Nation and ultimately many went to India. All the masks went to people who were not able to buy masks on their own.

A situation that particularly touched me happened in Taunton. There were people who could not pick up free food because they had no money to buy masks. Through two different contacts in the Unitarian Universalist Urban Ministry our Coalition Mask Network delivered free masks within 24 hours. We were also able to provide children's masks for the Bedford summer programs and all size masks for immigrants in Chelsea and Lynn.

My part of this large and informal project was to make thirteen hundred masks and to work collaboratively with many caring people. Now I have returned to my own projects and to making benefit quilts, pleased that I was able to play a role in helping others.

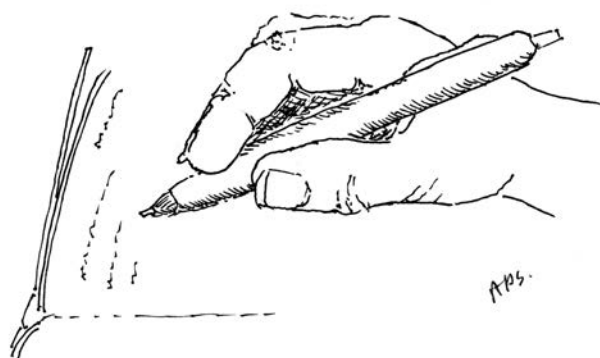
Amy Breiting

Notes From a Pandemic Journal

As I reread my journal entrees from the beginning of the CWV lockdown, it appears that I thought the lockdown would be only a few weeks long. I certainly did not understand at the time how long we would be locked down or what effect that would have on all of us here at Carleton-Willard.

When my brother asked over the phone if I had a routine, I said no. But then I thought about it and realized, I did have a routine which I had started after my husband died in December 2016. That was when I realized I was going to be living alone and would not have anyone else's needs to consider, the way I had had for forty years of marriage. I do have a small white dog whose needs I must consider but otherwise, I have the luxury of meeting only my own needs.

But as the weeks stretched into months and then over a year, I learned how to get used to these long stretches of time without much to look forward to. My biggest treats were the phone calls from my three sons and their families. One son arranged to call once a week on Sunday evening. My Seattle son called every two or three weeks, and my Milton son scheduled a lunch for me once a month in his school office with a few calls in between. My college roommate called once every two weeks for a check-in, and I talked to my brother and sister once a month or so.



When my big eightieth birthday arrived on April Fool's Day, my kids arranged for a family Zoom party. I was very nervous beforehand because I had not done Zoom before. I got in front of my computer a half hour ahead of the time just because I was afraid I would screw things up. But it all happened the way it should. The children, grandchildren, one great grandchild and assorted granddogs were all there with their wonderful faces and birthday greetings, and I was one happy camper! And that was the beginning of my love affair with all things Zoom-related.

The other thing I started doing was writing in a journal. My youngest son and his wife gave me a lovely red journal for Christmas which says on the front cover "2021, let's try this again..." which was well timed because I had just run out of room in my previous journal started at the beginning of the lockdown. I could start each day with a new page and some new thoughts. It is fun to reread every so often.

Sherry Downes



The Effect of the Pandemic

"We are all mortal, until the first kiss and the second glass of wine." -Galeano

When the pandemic hit, I became pre-occupied with feelings of mortality!

The effect of the pandemic has been good, bad and ugly. Let's start with the ugly.

As I write this, in the U.S. over 617,000 people have died of Covid-19 and over 34 million have had the disease. There are many scientists who believe those estimates are too low. The economic consequences of lost jobs, unpaid rent and mortgage payments influence our poverty level and those things that correlate highly with poverty (crime, gun violence, physical and mental health problems, etc.). The crime rate has soared during the pandemic. Educational systems, at all levels, both public and private, were destabilized. Medicaid, the health program for the poor, rose by 10 million (14%) over the last 12 months.

The bad effects of the pandemic were particularly serious for older people, especially those with pre-existing health problems. I have a moderate case of congestive heart disease, which means I tire easily and often have shortness of breath. Because Covid-19 effects the lungs, I believed I was especially vulnerable and faced a very real threat. Beginning early, I followed all the best advice I could get, including the basics: wearing a mask, staying 6 feet away from others and frequently washing my hands. I did a lot of walking. We had no visitors and we did not visit others. My doctors were generally pleased as my congestive heart condition seems to have stabilized during the pandemic. But when the pandemic was flourishing, it was a very scary time for me.

Another bad effect was missing out on the usual family interactions. We followed the directives from the CWV Clinic and we kept on top of the local, state, national and international news. In particular, I missed the dining room, playing bridge, the Library newspapers and the normal lively CWV social life. But I adapted and looked for new ways to meet those needs.

We appreciated that the CWV administration kept residents well informed and arranged for us all to get our shots. Clearly, getting more and more people vaccinated was and is crucial to getting control of the virus. Politicizing Covid-19 was a bad thing and led to the extraordinary problem of "vaccination hesitancy!"

Although the potential for a resurgence and exposure to new variants exists, in the U.S. the majority of citizens are now getting vaccinated and things are lightening up in the community. Here at CWV, the Dining Room and Library have opened up; we are socializing more. In person meetings are being held. Gradually we are getting back to normal.

It is a reach, but I can think of some good that came out of this difficulty. We were forced to develop new habits, some of which made us stronger.

"We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, therefore is not an act, but a habit." -Aristotle

Most of us discovered Zoom which is really quite a phenomenon.

I prefer in person meetings, but it was a pleasure to be offered Zoom Poetry, Current Events, Great Decisions, Thespians and other group meetings. The opportunity to play a video of a missed Zoom meeting was particularly welcome. The Learning and Retirement Office came up with several creative Zoom activities. I really connected to the series of Court Cases presented by Judge Curran.

During the pandemic, I became more discriminate in selecting books, films and TV shows. I certainly read many more good books than usual.

Finally, we endured! And we became stronger for it. I was very impressed with the many resident leaders who came forward. The staff and administrators were clearly on top of this complex problem.

"The manner in which one endures, is more important than the thing which must be endured." -Dean Acheson

Tom Larkin



A Song

- to be sung to the Whiffenpoof song
To the Tables Down at Mory's

To the tables in the Abbott,
To the place where Reagan dwells,
To the Brass Rail and Victoria Cafe,
Come the Villagers assembled
(Some with wine discreetly bagged)
To renew old bonds and forge new ones as well.

We are fortunate folk
Who have found our way
Bye, Bye, Flu!
Free of most all restrictions
We enjoy life anew
Bah! Bah! Flu!

To socialize (though responsibly)
Happy to be where we love to be,
Thankful for dear friends and family,
Cheers! Cheers! Cheers!

Jocelyn Bolle

In Better Times

During the dangerous months of the pandemic there has been an escalation of violence between Israel and Gaza. This brought memories of my 2001 visit to Gaza in happier times, which I wish could point toward a “new normal.” My visit was due to an invitation to visit Gaza to assess the possibilities of donating medical equipment to hospitals and clinics serving the poor there. Donations of used, but totally useable, reconditioned medical equipment would be made by the charity, American Medical Resources Foundation, AMRF, which I had helped to organize several years before.

Arrangements were made for me to fly to Tel Aviv and to look in the parking lot there for a car with a sticker reading “K” on the windshield. I was then to be driven to the Israeli border by a

non-English speaking driver where I would meet my host. It was pitch dark when I flew in, but I did as I was told and was astounded to find my host and the Israeli border guard hugging, in friendly conversation. They were calling each other by their first names. I had to take a taxi to the Gaza border, then in a “K” marked car I was driven by a non-English speaking driver to my hotel in Gaza City.

These were days of great Israeli/Gaza friendship. The Yasser Arafat Airport was completed and due to be opened shortly. Fishing rights had been recently extended. AMRF had already shipped some equipment to the University which I inspected and found in good order. I visited several clinics. My hosts also took me to various homes of residents, middle class to humble. We spoke of Israeli companies that could be counted upon for technical support and for future possible Gaza/Israeli projects.

With my survey complete, my return trip to Tel Aviv was similar to my arrival. However, as I was boarding my flight, a not-so-friendly Israeli official pulled me from the line “for a few questions.” In a side room I was grilled: why was I in Gaza and why was I not visiting Israel? I showed them my Gaza letter of invitation and said I would be glad to survey Israel for used medical equipment donations if asked. After some grumblings they let me go.

Sadly, some months later as reported in the Guardian, “...the hawkish Likud party leader, Ariel Sharon, with a heavily armed escort, staged a provocative visit to the gold Dome of the Rock, the third holiest shrine in Islam. Young Palestinians heaved chairs, stones, and rubbish bins at the Israelis. Israeli police retaliated with tear gas and rubber bullets, shooting one protester in the face.”

And the vicious cycle of violence was on, continuing to escalate even to this day. How happy we would be if these two experiences could be brought to a “new normalcy” as in the better times of the past.

Kay Barney



Back to the Mall

One rainy day in late May a break-out mood seized me and after many months of catalogue shopping I decided to go to the Burlington Mall. I anticipated an hour or so of browsing for something – I knew not just what.

Somewhat confused by construction in the parking lots, I made my way around back and pulled in to an empty space not far from the door. Because I wear larger sizes my clothing store options are limited. Alas, the sign on the door of my chosen store said, “CLOSED.” How could they?!

Perforce, I would be thrown back on the resources of *that other* anchor store. I moved the car around to the side lot and had to park a little further away. The rain was not falling too hard.

Once inside the store I found a saleswoman who said that the larger sizes department was on the third floor. I rode the escalator to the second floor but the one to the third floor was broken. The lone salesperson I found said the elevator was in the far corner. Once on the third floor I waded through the gift, linen, and furniture departments and just short of the children’s department found a small, poorly lit corner devoted to larger sizes. It looked totally untended, and in fact there was no salesperson assigned. Clothes were all over the floor, tossed on racks and not in any sort of order as to style or size. There were a few of us larger shoppers muddling around, but I sensed that the message was clear – we larger women deserved no better. So, chastened, I took myself back through the children’s department to the elevator and down to the first floor.

So now to find my way out of the store. I figured that if I could see daylight it might be an exit to the parking lot. Aha! At last – out the door I went. But - wrong parking lot. Rain falling harder, I wandered hither and yon until, rounding a corner to another parking lot and at last, there was the car. Climbing in, dripping wet, I drove home.

Back at home I took a grateful look at the catalogues piled up – many of which included larger sizes, and thought - “remote shopping will be okay.”

Anne Schmalz

A May Surprise

A red house finch decided to build a nest in our wreath which hung comfortably at our outside glass door. Fearing we would disturb the little finch we moved the wreath to the side wall under the overhang. Soon we found four blue eggs and one grey/beige speckled egg nestling cozily - a beautiful sight. Of course each time we came through the door, the little finch flew to the nearby huge maple and peeped vigorously.

I forget how many weeks it took until - surprise!

- the first finch hatched - and two more made it. It was fun to watch them develop into their full size; my iPhone camera certainly helped to get as near as possible to keep track. Soon the neat nest started to look increasingly messy due to overcrowding and the growth of a wide rim of poop deposits.



I decided I needed to have a talk with these finch youngsters: time to fly the coop, don’t you think?! Since the parents agreed, one after the other took a wing swing and fluttered to the big maple. You could hear a tweeting and peeping - excitement was in the air - mission accomplished!

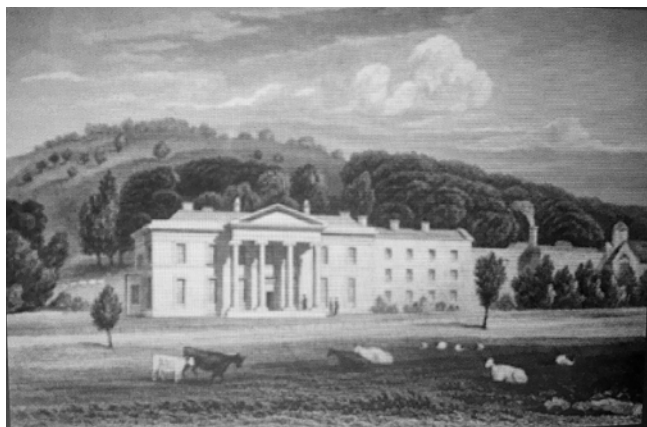
Since we would be out of town for a few days I removed the nest and most poop - into the trash bin it went - you are out in the world, birds! And time to clean up wreath and wall later. We could not believe our eyes on our return: a new nest sat comfortably two inches to the right of the old place! Again: four blue eggs, one speckled egg. Time to charge rent!

As of this writing - June 12 - one little bird has hatched - how many more to follow? The fun continues - we have learned to open our door a bit more gently!

Hildegard Fritze

Friends in Exile

After war was declared in England, the Sisters of the Convent of Our Lady of Sion moved their girls' school from London to Acton Burnell Hall in Shropshire, the Manor House of Lord and Lady Smythe. Among the students were two girls of very different backgrounds – me, Daisy Illich, a Jewish refugee from Vienna, and Elisabeth DeGaulle, daughter of French General, Charles DeGaulle.



I was in that boarding school from 1938 to 1941. Elisabeth and I became classmates and intimate friends. We both had to flee from our homelands because they were being invaded by Hitler's Third Reich and we were living in England as foreigners. Many of the English girls were antagonistic to Jewish refugees and enemy aliens and to Elisabeth on account of the French having surrendered to the Germans. Some of them taunted her and mocked the French as being cowards and failing to fight bravely. This hurt Elisabeth deeply. When it was time to choose partners for the long walks over the meadows and around the lake of the Acton Burnell Hall estate, both of us frequently found ourselves isolated and drifted towards each other. This was how we got to know each other and formed a close bond. Our conversation improved my French and her English.

Elisabeth was a pretty, rather serious young woman; short, in contrast to her very tall father. She was close to him and shared walks in which he discussed political events and decisions – both past and current – so she had valuable insights

into Central European and Global points of view. She was much more mature than most of the English girls or myself.

We listened to BBC News on the radio every morning at assembly. Never have I seen the depth of grief when it was announced that France had fallen. Several of us refugees understood the horror of losing our beloved homeland and the fear we felt for relatives unable to escape, and for me, the worry about those Jewish people who might be deported to death camps.

After the war I was hired as a reader and translator in German, French and English to gather information for G2 Army Intelligence. I was assigned to Munich and had occasion to stop over in Paris. I was invited by Elisabeth to visit her at her home in the Bois de Bologne. As I approached General DeGaulle's residence, I had the eerie feeling that I was being followed. However, wearing British battledress with US shoulder pads gave me confidence. The uniformed guard at the gate had been informed of my visit and escorted me through the garden to the front door. A butler announced me, and Elisabeth came bounding joyfully down the stairs and gave me an enthusiastic embrace. We shared our experiences and soon it was time for lunch with Madame and General DeGaulle. I was a little awed by his presence and was not very fluent with conversational French, but the family helped out by filling in a word I did not understand. After lunch the General showed me some trophies and presents he had received from other heads of state. His favorite was a magnificent bejeweled saddle from the Shah of Persia. We had a little more time together before a limousine arrived to take me to the railway station to rejoin my unit. We both decided to say a weepy goodbye to our friendship as our vastly different social standings and lifestyles made it unlikely that we would meet in the future.

A few years later, when I was in New York, I received a beautiful wedding announcement. It was comforting to know that Elisabeth was embarking on living happily-ever-after, and had not forgotten me at that exciting busy time in her life.

Daisy Illich



Birding in Botswana, Morocco and South Africa

Botswana, a landlocked country just north of South Africa with 560 recorded bird species, was my most exciting safari.

For three nights my fellow adventurers and staff camped in the Moremi Game Preserve in the Okavango Delta on the shores of a lake containing hippos, who emerged at night to graze, making alarming loud grunts. In the Delta were notable birds. The Hamerkop is a long-legged water bird with a large hammer-shaped head which builds large domed nests in trees. The black, white and chestnut plumage and short tail of the Bateleur Eagle make it easily identifiable.

Of the small leaf-gleaning flycatchers, the Batis species, the Chinspot Batis is most colorful, with a rich rufous chin spot in the females but not males.

Large red and white wattles hanging either side of the chin distinguish the four and a half foot tall Wattled Crane.

A hoop-hoop call along with a large red-brown crest, black and white wings and a large curved beak, identify the African Hoopoe.

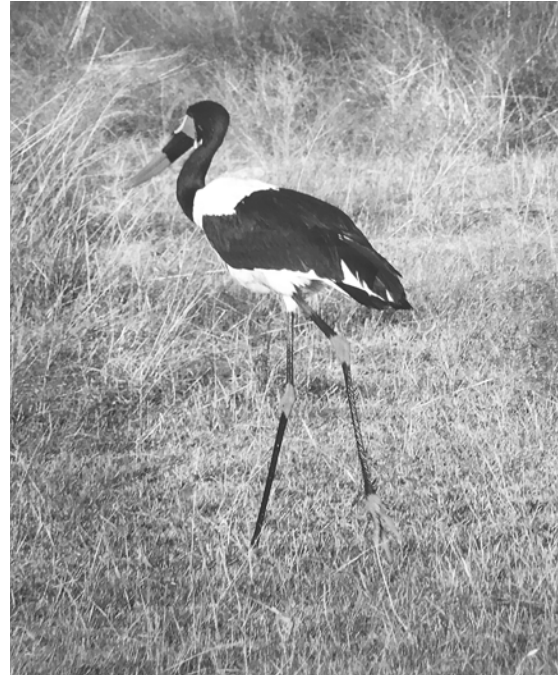
The red-billed Oxpeckers clamber over giraffes and antelopes picking off ticks and flies.

Terrifying excitement occurred in the evening in our Khwai river campsite. The baby elephant who sat down behind my tent was attacked by hyenas. The adult elephant family responding to the distress call came charging, and I was certain the tent and I would be trampled into the ground. The noise was horrendous, and the elephants effectively chased the hyenas into our food tent.

Along the Khwai river I saw four species of herons: the Goliath, Grey, Green-backed and Rufous-billed, and the Tawny and African Hawk Eagles. The Korhaan species are long-legged, long-necked terrestrial birds. I watched a red-crested male Korhaan fly up to 40+ feet and drop in a courtship display. Other special sightings were the Giant Eagle Owl and the tiny seven-inch Scops and Pearlspotted Owls.

The Savute Marsh in the Chobe National Park contained abundant water birds including

the Saddle-Billed Stork and the Yellow-billed, Red-faced Stork, which feeds by wading with its bill partly opened beneath the water. Other sightings were the Collared Sunbird, an insect- and nectar-eating bird with a green head, blue and purple collar and yellow belly, and the African Pied Wagtail with black and white plumage and a continuing up-and-down bobbing tail.



Saddle-Billed Stork

Additional African adventures included hiking in the Riff and Atlas Mountains and a camel desert ride in Morocco. Special bird sightings were the White Stork, a summer visitor, Bar-tailed Desert Larks who match the color of the ground they frequent, Coal Tits in mountainous areas, and Alpine Coughs, appearing like crows and nesting in rocky mountain cliffs.

The Jackass Penguin, named for its donkey-like braying call, nested in a colony on the shores near Capetown, South Africa.

Katherine Halmi



How I Ended up in Tonga

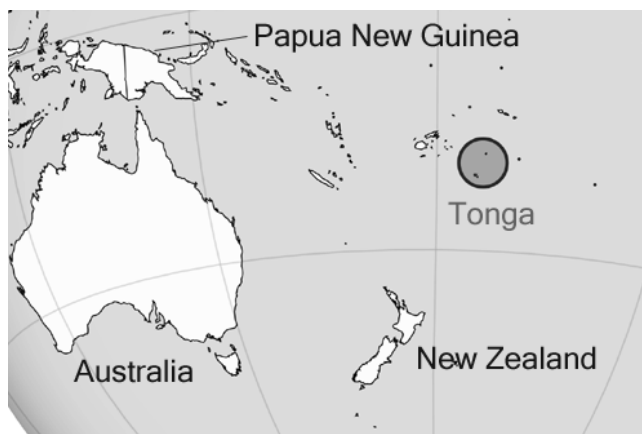
"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer." -Thoreau

It all started on the balcony of student housing at the School of Theology in Claremont, CA. It was 1974. I was introduced to an amiable fellow, whose name I could not pronounce and from a country--a kingdom, actually--that I didn't know existed. All I knew of the South Pacific was the island of Bali Hai from the Rogers and Hammerstein musical.

Tevita Tonga Mohenoa Puloka had been recruited by the United Methodist Church as a promising "Third World Leader," first earning a B.A. from Hawaii Loa College, now working on a Masters in Divinity and a Doctor of Ministry degree. I was a part-time candidate for a Masters in Religious Education. What had drawn me to seminary was my commitment to social justice and anti-racism work, along with a curious tugging at my heart after having seen the play "Godspell." Two years later, I had grown to admire and love this Methodist minister and his vision for his country. One day he suggested that I marry him and join him in serving his people. I think my answer was something like, "because I'm not crazy." It made no sense, but I wished him well. He kept asking, and I kept dismissing the idea. Then another door opened for him--this time at the Vatican, a 6-month training program in rural development--while I, anxious to return with my two children to a sensible life in New England, transferred to Boston University's School of Theology.

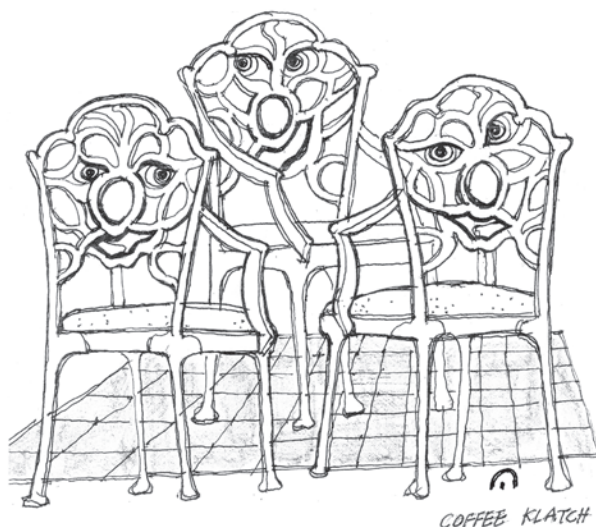
It should be said at this point that in theological school, students are encouraged to deepen their prayer lives and grow in their ability to discern God's presence and direction for their future. One Sunday in January, confronted in a sermon that I had been keeping God at arm's length, determined to manage my own life rather like a wide receiver running down the field clutching the football with arm extended to keep other players at bay, I surrendered. I turned

over my plans for the future, my will, everything to God. What ensued was an awesome in-filling by this Loving Spirit, a deep sense of peace, trust that all would be well, pervasive joy. And I had no idea what was coming next.



A couple of weeks later, the phone rang: it was Tevita, on his way back to Claremont from Rome. Could he stop by and show me his slides from the training program? In our living room, while he was recounting his adventures, that "different drummer" came to the fore. I heard a voice saying he was to be my husband, and we were to join in a ministry on the other side of the world. And so the adventure began.

Eve Rheinstein





Riverfront Walks on October Farm

Hop in the car and zip two miles up Concord's Monument Street to a great hike. Such beautiful woods and gentle hills bordering the Concord River were once the estate of William Brewster, a notable birder, Massachusetts Audubon Society's first president and curator of the ornithological collection of Harvard's Museum of Zoology. Brewster would sleep in his riverbank cabin to "enjoy the early morning singing without rising at an inconvenient hour." He abhorred the fashion of "killing birds for decorating ladies hats" but loved Bobolinks for "holding high carnival and chasing the females." You're in good company: Follow Thoreau's footsteps on two transcendental trails.



Old Reservoir / Valente Land

Grab your Bedford Trail Guide from the Town DPW and head over to nearby Shawsheen Cemetery. Park at the end of the cemetery and follow the yellow-brick, er, yellow-blaze trail. Enter one of Bedford's most interesting but challenging open areas. The one-mile blue trail engages some fairly steep hills, so be forewarned: one of the features of this park is its changing grade of steep inclines and declines. Oh, but catch your breath under soothing tall pine, maple, oak and beech. Amble past inkberry, lady-slipper and jewelweed. Then, up a steep ridge for your reward: a breathtaking panorama of the haunting, abandoned Old Reservoir, bathed in Edgar Allen Poe's "tremulous light."

Machias Seal Island and Eastern Maine

CWV favorite Bill Gette flew us on PowerPoint Airways to Machias Seal Island, the area's key seabird nesting colony ten miles off the easternmost Maine Coast. Bill's photos of flora/fauna included 500-acre DeBlois Blueberry Barrens with its eye-catching ovenbirds and myrtle warblers. Then West Quoddy Head's red-and-white-striped lighthouse, washed by 14-foot tides, the first to see the US sunrise. Thick Arctic vegetation floating on water in "Quaking Bogs," bouncing to the footstep. Atlantic puffins, razorbills and arctic terns. Sleepy tick-rattled moose. Horsehead gray seal (a dead ringer for Trigger). All snared our imagination. Bill's a great example of how we all benefit when retirees share their heart-felt interests with others.

Over the Wall

Behind the Village Center runs the Fire Road. Beyond that are the meadows, the community gardens and some special treats for fruit scavengers and wild-flower lovers. The gardens are flourishing again in the hands of residents. Against the retaining wall a row of about twenty high-bush blueberries is productive for summer enjoyment. A thick buffer of black raspberries, ripening on the vine, lines the meadows across the field. And on the nearby embankment we have an experimental plot of un-mown grasses and waving wildflowers. We'll see what Mother Nature comes up with as the season progresses.

New Neighbors

A resident was startled by a beating of wings as she went in and out her front door. Something was fluttering in her artificial forsythia wreath hanging by her door. The wreath had become a nursery. A female house finch sat on a nest of four speckled blue eggs. Mother would flee as the door opened. Baby One hatched in mid-May. Later it would take off and land on the lawn, while parents cheeped wildly to encourage it from a nearby dogwood. The two youngest siblings remained in the nest. They must have made it out safely. All that was left was heaps of guano. Later, a colorful male flew in, ruffling his wings before taking off. An expression of thanks, perhaps.



Happenings

Tour of Arlington Court Patio Home

On a refreshing summer's day, 72 residents participated in timed-entry tours of a model of CWV's newest court. "Oohs" and "Aahs" greeted the glistening kitchen with its quartz countertops and a two-compartment, top-loading dishwasher before moving on to the foyer's gleaming vinyl flooring and living/dining room, opening to a paved patio. Then the private quarters: two bedrooms (one doubling as office or study) with spacious walk-in closets, two full baths with Corian vanity counters and walk-in showers. Noted, too, was a 6-foot privacy fence separating open patios between homes, and berms, large trees and stone walls providing outdoor buffers to neighboring courts. Welcome, neighbors!

Fruitlands

The Fruitlands Museum in nearby Harvard is a great place to get out into the country and stretch your legs. Here are 210 acres of rolling hills, stunning views and walking trails, 20 miles west of CWV. Historian and philanthropist Clara Endicott Sears opened the grounds in 1914 as a cultural haven of early Americana still unparalleled in the region. The Shaker Museum in an 1820s farmhouse is America's first. Down a meandering path is a repository of Native American history. Save time for the prime attraction, the Art Museum. Reason enough: its rotating exhibits and stunning contemporary art. But best of all: its collection of over 300 Hudson River School paintings.

Cooking Demonstration

It's de-Lovely. Dining. With old friends in the Abbott. Over breakfast under Brass Rail's clerestory. Before white tuna on cafe bun. Yes, but there's more. Savor yet another Carleton-Willard gustatory pleasure, the Cooking Demonstration, one of seven planned for this summer. The curtain parted before ten salivating residents to reveal a three-foot Atlantic salmon, sea-fresh and glistening. In a quarter hour the expert chef had removed skin, twenty-eight pin bones, scales and fat to produce ten thick quivering steaks. Into the oven and onto plates garlanded with coconut-perfumed basmati rice. Dessert? A scooped-out lemon, filled to the brim with sorbet.

Trelawney Goodell Photography Exhibit: "To Tell a Story"

The Art Gallery walls are up and running! In early July we greeted Trelawney Goodell's remarkable exhibit of photographs. A legacy resident, Trelawney became interested in photography as an art director and designer of educational books for children. "I am always looking for the opportunity," Trelawney says, "of seeing the ordinary in a unique way." Combining multiple images in photomontages and triptychs of nature and architecture into single unique visual statements, allows her "To Tell a Story." In "Reflections," she presents iconic buildings defined not only by their design but by their environment, lighting and surface. Lighted cabinet displays reveal her "before and after" magic with Photoshop. "I want to encourage conversation," Trelawney says.



Bocce! Bocce! Bocce!

The Pharaohs of Ptolemy's Egypt started it in 5000 BC. Queen Elizabeth and Leonardo da Vinci played it. George Washington, too. Good enough for the father of our country? OK, we'll see you Fridays at 11 on the lawn by the Brass Rail Courtyard patio, where the Fitness staff leads two teams of up to four residents in the historical game of Bocce (or Italian Lawn Bowling). After a coin toss, one team throws a pingpong-sized ball (*pallina*) out onto the grass. Teams then throw larger bocce balls at the *pallina*, earning points by landing closest to it. Winners get to ride down the Nile with Cleopatra.

Harry Hoover



Getting to Know John Sloan or the Big Mistake

As a retired radiologist, I combine medicine with my love of art and discover where the two intersect. The American painter, John Sloan, was born in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, in 1871. At the age of 20 he began work for the newspaper, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. As photography was still very expensive, newspapers in the late nineteenth century often employed artists for pictorial representation of the news and for Sloan thus began his career learning to rapidly sketch the events that he witnessed.

In 1904 Sloan moved to New York City to join several other Philadelphia artists (Robert Henri, William Glackens, George Luks and Everett Shinn), most of whom had worked on the *Inquirer* with him. For the next ten to fifteen years, he and his colleagues recorded the reality of a rapidly growing city which was responding to the influx of people from many countries. This reality included poverty, with its color and dirt. The group of artists became known as the 'Ashcan School.'

During this time Sloan captured the essence of New York City and its citizens in a series of paintings that have made him one of the major figures in American twentieth century art. Sloan's good friend, the Irish painter John Butler Yeats, called these works 'poems' about the city.

Sloan was one of America's most accomplished printmakers. In 1926 he produced the etching, *X-rays*. Alternative titles were *Fluoroscope*, *Departments of the Interior* or *A Consultation on the Interior Arrangement of John Sloan*. Despite his creativity, the image contains a number of mistakes. How could that happen?

In the early twentieth century fluoroscopic screens produced very faint images. Thus it was necessary for radiologists to dark-adapt their eyes by wearing red goggles. It was not until the late 1950's that image intensification and later, television, produced much enhanced images and the end of the need to dark-adapt.

It is likely that Sloan met his radiologists in the waiting room where they were wearing their dark-adaptation glasses. When he came into the



the faint image, thus leading to mistakes by an unusually good observer.

In his later years John Sloan painted during the summers, primarily in Gloucester, MA, or Santa Fe, NM. He spent winters in New York City teaching at the Art Students' League. He died in Hanover, NH in 1971.

Stefan Schatski

A Conversation with RoamN Gnome of #1 Abridge View

Mr. Gnome has been a CWV resident since 2014. He lives along the Perimeter Path where many residents like to walk. He has become a folk-hero of sorts. Our Villager interviewer tried to put him at ease, greeting him with, "Hei." Gnome is a Swedish dwarf and a magical being and earth spirit.

Prior to moving to Carleton Willard, RoamN lived in Concord, followed by a brief stay in Wayland, where he learned to speak in sign language which he uses to discuss life with the coyotes, deer, squirrels and the bobcat who visit him here at night.

RoamN's new residence provides the opportunity for him to roam, which has always been his calling. He appears tranquil during the day, but moves about freely at night. He has supervised the Arlington Court progress from High Point, and taken note of various trees that have been removed from the forest near his Abridge View home. There have been times when he roamed too far at night and didn't make it home before

daybreak, necessitating a stay at new vantage points in several tree notches near Abridge View.

Careful to abide by local safety rules, RoamN wore a Covid mask during the day. All knew he'd been vaccinated because he sported a band-aid on his upper arm when residents got their Moderna shots.

Mr. Gnome wants CWV residents to know that he has appreciated visits from the Easter Bunny (painted 'eggorns' in a birch basket



were beautiful). Someone left a golf club for him but he is not a member of any country club. He is considering trying his hand at putting on the beautifully manicured putting green. And speaking of manicures..... Recently RoamN enjoyed a visit to the CWV Spa. He now sports a refreshed complexion and refurbished haberdashery.

Madelyn Armstrong and Sonja Strong

A Chance Meeting

Before there was a Boston Government Center the whole area was called Scollay Square. Scollay Square, when I knew it, was sort of a rundown area. It had a movie theater, arcade place with pin-ball machines, tattoo parlors, and a couple of burlesque theaters. It was a favorite area for sailors on leave and others looking for something different. As a young middle teenager, I would go to Boston and sometimes wander down to the Square. At some point I discovered the burlesque theaters.

Burlesque theaters at the time often showed a movie interspersed with a live show featuring comedians of the Abbott and Costello ilk. More important were the comely, full bosomed females. These girls, always dressed in flimsy, colorful, diaphanous garments, were really the most important feature. To peppy live music with a heavy beat they would appear singly, provocatively removing various parts of their dresses a little bit at a time. When there was almost nothing left

to take off, the whole theater would suddenly go dark. Then the lights would come back on and the fair damsel would reappear fully dressed to acknowledge the audience's applause.

Now, at the time, I was anxious to have new experiences and being an only child, my knowledge of the female species was a little thin. Once in a while I would take in one of these shows. On one occasion I plunked down my 25-30 cents and went into the semi-darkened Casino theater. Despite being late morning, near lunch-time, the theater was filled with men and boys occupying almost all the seats. For some reason there were even a few women seated in the front rows. The only empty seats seemed to be two open ones in the middle maybe twenty or twenty-five rows back from the stage. These looked ideal, so I went in and sat down in one of them.

Just as the show was about to start, a late comer came down the aisle and spied the single unoccupied seat next to me. Oh! Oh! It was Mr. Lundon from across the street at home. What was he doing here? Why wasn't he at work? How can I get out of here? I didn't really know the Lundons that well. They were up the street a little way. They had one son much older than me and kept pretty much to themselves. Good grief. What am I going to do?

Just as Mr. Lundon was about to sit down our eyes met. He nodded. I nodded. He seemed to stumble but managed to sit down beside me.



The girls then seemed to take off more than the usual. Beyond that I can't remember any more of the specifics. Mr. Lundon and I spent a pretty uncomfortable couple of hours watching the show.

Funny I don't really ever recall seeing or talking to Mr. Lundon again. Our paths never seemed to cross. I don't know how our encounter affected him, but I learned an important lesson. Don't ever go to the early show.

Wallace K Campbell



Stuck in the Mud

The second location for my military service was the Panama Canal Zone. This turned out to be our honeymoon as Harriet and I had just married. She had to wait two months to graduate from Mount Holyoke College. This delay allowed her to travel to Panama by ship, whereas I had flown down there. I was the Assistant Public Works Officer. We had three piers, a recreation area, many houses and a Marine Barracks.

An important lighthouse on the Pacific Coast was to receive a new steel tower. That was Cape Mala. The Army provided several heavy military trucks, known as six-by-sixes because they had all-wheel drive. I have no knowledge as to why the Army asked the Navy to provide an escort for the steel but they did. I was in uniform and armed with a standard 45-caliber pistol.

Panama has one long rainy season. It starts slowly in the spring and ends in late summer. Several miles at the end of the trip would be on unpaved road. As often happens in planning, time slips by. Maybe it was the late delivery of the steel, but whatever it was, the delay was critical! We got started after the rainy season started - much too late as you will find out.

Of course all went well on our travel over paved roads and through several Panamanian Military road check points. We had about three miles of unpaved road to travel to the Lighthouse. Trouble started when we found the dirt road had soaked in too much water. Our trucks were so heavy that they began to sink in, almost to their axles. We could power through that until the mud got softer, deeper in, and a truck could not make it. However, each truck had a powered winch on its front bumper. We connected each truck to the one in front of it. The heavy wire cable easily took the tension.

It was quite humorous as we got into organizing these drivers to start their trucks TOGETHER by using their air horns, which were VERY LOUD. One blast for starting to pull and two blasts for stopping. All this worked for a

while, and maybe we made some progress until, still a mile away from our destination, we were so mired in mud that no one could move.

Then we called the Army for help. They sent a small military landing craft carrying a huge D8 bulldozer with an operator. I have forgotten his name, but he certainly looked like he came from Texas, and was quite cocky. He had a big Texas hat on. We thought that we were saved. He did get us a little way, but it was raining more heavily, and he soon found that even he was in trouble. He powered the right track and then the left track... back and forth until he had his bulldozer almost buried in the mud!! I had to laugh as this cocky guy lost his cockiness.

The drivers and I were taken by small ship back to the canal, and later the Army retrieved their vehicles by ship, and I heard that their engines were pretty much ruined in that fight against the mud. Fortunately, I did not get reprimanded for the late start of this mission, and I went on to have a very enjoyable time.

David Hathaway





*Welcome
New Residents*

Kathryn von Statten
from Lexington
6/1/21

Elizabeth “Libby” Granfield
from Arlington
6/16/21

**Ragnhild “Renel” Fredrickson
and John “JR” Robinson**
from Cambridge
7/12/21

Susan Hand
from Beverly
7/12/21

Barbara and James “Jim” Munkres
from Lexington
8/9/21

Paul and Doris Sullivan
from Weston
8/11/2021

**Richard Belin
and Roseanne O’Brien**
from Cambridge
9/1/21









In Memory

John 'Jack ' Rimmer	May 22
Janet Mercer	May 26
John Newhall	June 23
David Hill	June 28
Jerome "Jerry" Green	June 30





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

Moving Forward

It is summer time now, and all is well in the Carleton-Willard Library. We are thrilled that the reading area of the library is now open, offering daily newspapers, puzzles and our excellent magnifier. The shelves in the hall are now filled with magazines and paperback books. I am now very happy to report that our residents are able to access all that we offer. What a pleasure!

Circulation is booming, and the Library Committee is back at work, reading book reviews and choosing new titles. On a regular basis books are taken out of the Bedford Public Library to be previewed by a member of the committee and this enables us to use our budget money wisely.

Many of our favorite authors have written a number of books, and our residents like to read the titles in order. We have set up a binder, which lists eighteen of these authors in alphabetical order and their books in order by publication date. The binder resides on top of the card catalog and has already been put to good use. More authors will be added as time goes by.

Our attention is now turned to the final item on our wish list. Preparations are being made to resume taking a book cart to the Health Center every Saturday morning. This activity gives us the chance to visit our friends and to help them choose some good reading material. Once the Health Center visits are set up we plan to offer the same service to the residents of Ross-Worthen. When that has been accomplished we will truly be back to normal.

The library continues to be a very important part of our life here at Carleton-Willard, and we are always looking for ways to improve our service. We are proud to report that we truly have a reader's library.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

A Will to Kill by R. V. Raman

A haunted manor house, estranged relatives, two wills – one to apply if death is natural, one if unnatural. Death occurs, relatives gather, relatives die off one by one.

Fox and I by Catherine Raven

Biologist and former national park ranger writes of her unusual relationship with a red fox in this charming memoir.

The Sanatorium by Sarah Pearse

An upscale hotel, originally a sanatorium, in a remote location high in the Swiss Alps. A major snowstorm isolates those guests and staff who didn't leave before the storm. People start to disappear. Is there a connection to its history as a sanatorium?

Remember by Lisa Genova

How memories are made and lost. And how normal forgetting is different from Alzheimer's. But you can improve memory and feel less rattled when you forget.

Red Widow by Alma Katsu

Katsu, a former intelligence analyst, writes an inside-the-CIA thriller about the friendship between an agent and the widow of a Russian operative.

Unwell Women: Misdiagnosis and Myth in a Man-made World by Elinor Cleghorn

The unbelievable history of how medicine has failed women. Clearly and beautifully written and well-researched.

The Warsaw Orphan by Kelly Rimmer

Nazi occupied Poland, 1942. Inspired by real-life heroine who saved thousands of Jewish children.

The Ride of Her Life by Elizabeth Letts

The true story of a 64-year-old Mainer who bought a horse and rode to California with her beloved little dog. Heartwarming and nostalgic.

Libertie by Kaitlyn Greenidge

Born free to a doctor and a former slave, *Libertie* seeks to find her place in the world. Inspired by the life of one of the first Black female doctors in the U.S.

Facing the Mountain by Daniel James Brown

Epic story of four Japanese-American soldiers and their families. Their families were forced to shutter their businesses, surrender their homes and were placed in U.S. concentration camps.

Nomadland by Jessica Bruder

Eye-opening tale of the dark underbelly of the American economy in the 21st century. Mostly older Americans, who can't live on Social Security alone, have become transient workers or nomads to make ends meet.

On Juneteenth by Annette Gordon-Reed

June 19, 1865 – its importance to American history and especially Texas history. Texas' slave- and race-based economy defined not only the fractious era of Texas independence, but precipitated the Mexican-American War and the Civil War.

Hour of the Witch by Chris Bohjalian

Historical thriller set during the early days of Boston.

Pastels and Pedophiles by Mia Bloom

Who and What is QAnon? And what are the conspiracy theories they strongly believe? Time to find out.

Last Garden in England by Julia Kelly

Poignant tale of five women in three different times – 1907, 1944 and the present – all connected by one special place.

The Hummingbirds' Gift by Sy Montgomery

Story of the miraculous recovery of two abandoned baby hummingbirds. Gorgeous color photos.

The Personal Librarian by Marie Benedict

Story of J. P. Morgan's librarian, a Black American woman forced to pass as white since her position requires her to attend social events with NYC's elite.

Madelyn Armstrong



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Angelou, Maya	Mom & Me & Mom
Biden, Jill	Where the Light Enters (*)
Ford, Ashley C.	Somebody's Daughter
Glenconner, Anne	Lady in Waiting (*)
Greene, Graham	Ways of Escape
Keillor, Garrison	That time of Year (*)
Matthews, Chris	This Country (*)
Obama, Michelle	Becoming (*)
Raven, Catherine	Fox and I

Biography

Brown, David S.	The Last American Aristocrat (*)
Canellos, Peter S.	The Great Dissenter
Letts, Elizabeth	The Ride of Her Life
Morain, Dan	Kamala's Way (*)
Nimura, Janice P.	The Doctors Blackwell (*)
Page, Susan	Madam Speaker

Current Affairs

Bloom, Mia	Pastels and Pedophiles
Dyson, Michael Eric	Long Time Coming (*)
Lewis, Michael	The Premonition
MacGillis, Alec	Fulfillment
Rhodes, Ben	After the Fall
Rhodes, Ben	After the Fall (*)
Ripley, Amanda	High Conflict
Snyder, Timothy	On Tyranny (*)
Warren, Elizabeth	Persist

Environment

Gates, Bill	How to Avoid a Climate Disaster
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Fiction

Archer, Jeffrey	Turn a Blind Eye
Barker, Pat	The Ghost Road
Benedict, Marie	The Personal Librarian
Black, Cara	Three Hours in Paris
Bohjalian, Chris	Hour of the Witch
Bruder, Jessica	Nomadland
Clements, Oliver	The Eyes of the Queen
Clinton, Bill & Patterson, James	The President's Daughter
De Waal, Edward	Letters to Camondo
Francis, Dick	Straight
Gerritsen, Tess	Choose Me
Greenidge, Kaitlyn	Libertie
Grisham, John	Sooley
Haig, Matt	The Midnight Library
Hardiman, Rebecca	Good Eggs (*)
Hemingway, Ernest	The Hemingway Stories (*)
Henry, Emily	People We Meet on Vacation
Hilderbrand, Elin	Golden Girl
Hlad, Alan	Churchill's Secret Messenger
Hubbard, Ladee	The Rib King (*)
Katsu, Alma	Red Widow
Kelly, Julia	The Last Garden in England
Krueger, William Kent	Desolation Mountain
Kwan, Kevin	Sex and Vanity
Lecoat, Jenny	The Girl From the Channel Islands
Martin, Madeline	The Last Bookshop in London
Massey, Sujata	The Bombay Prince
McLain, Paula	When the Stars Go Dark
Meissner, Susan	The Nature of Fragile Things



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

O'Donnell, Paraic	The House on Vesper Sands (*)	Health/Wellness	
Patterson, James	The Black Book	Cleghorn, Elinor	Unwell Women
Patterson, James	21st Birthday	Genova, Lisa	Remember
Pearse, Sarah	The Sanatorium		
Penny, Louise	All the Devils Are Here (*)	History	
Perry, Anne	Death with a Double Edge	Brown, Daniel James	Facing the Mountain
Perry, Anne	Death with a Double Edge (*)	Gates, Henry Louis, Jr.	The Black Church (*)
		Gordon-Reed, Annette	On Juneteenth
Quinn, Kate	The Alice Network (*)	Kiernan, Denise	We Gather Together (*)
Raman, RV	A Will to Kill	Minoui, Delphine	The Book Collectors (*)
Rimmer, Kelly	The Warsaw Orphan	Mundy, Liza	Code Girls (*)
Robinson, Peter	Not Dark Yet		
Rose, M. J. & Davis, Fiona (Eds)	Stories from Suffragette City (*)	Miscellaneous	
Rowley, Steven	The Guncle (*)	Keyes, Ralph	The Hidden History of Coined Words
Sandford, John	Ocean Prey		
Smiley, Jane	Perestroika in Paris (*)	Nature	
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	All Mortal Flesh	Montgomery, Sy	The Hummingbirds' Gift
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	Hid From Our Eyes	Poetry	
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	I Shall Not Want	Rilke, Rainer Maria	A Year with Rilke
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	Out of the Deep I Cry	Science	
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	To Darkness and to Death	Zimmer, Carl	Life's Edge
Stibbs, Nina	Reasons to be Cheerful		
Sweeney, Cynthia	Good Company		
D'Aprix		(* indicates Large Print)	<i>Katherine F. Graff</i>
Van Heemstra, Marjolijn	In Search of a Name		
Walsh, S. Kirk	The Elephant of Belfast		
Weaver, Ashley	A Peculiar Combination		
White, E. B.	Charlotte's Web		
Willig, Lauren	Band of Sisters		

Our valued wetlands –

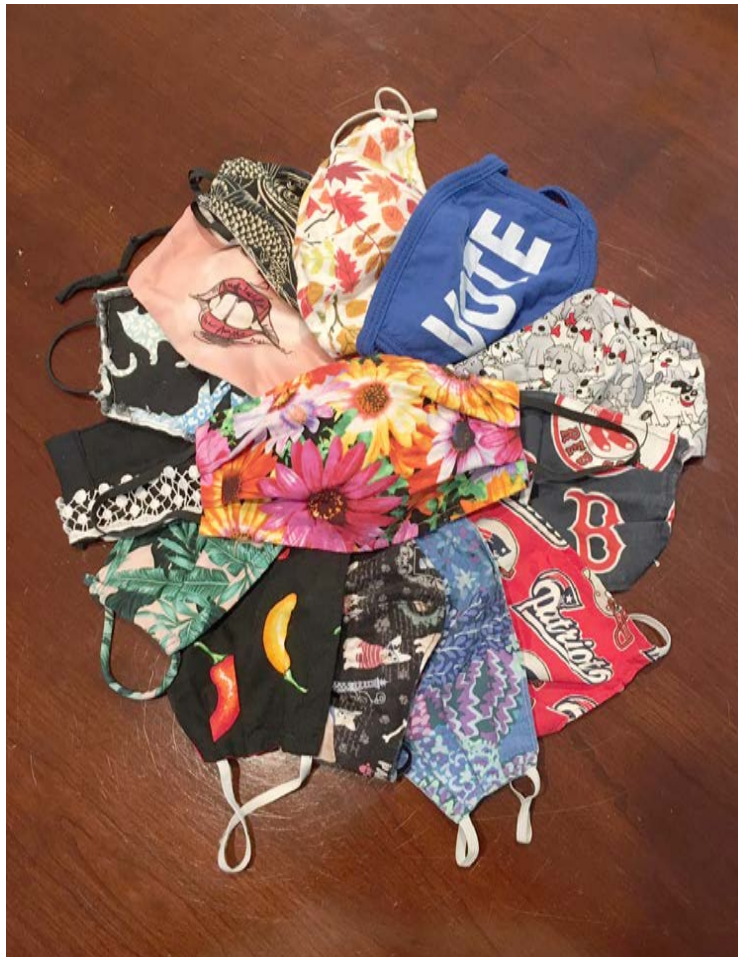
Filtering water,
Supporting wildlife



Wooded swamp,
with trees, shrubs, ferns...

Marsh, with grasses,
sedges, cattails...

Steel



CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD • BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 • FAX 781.275.5787