





"Yes, there is beauty in aging!" is a recently made collage using photographs taken several decades ago and some recently found material. One of the photographs is of flowers from my garden at the end of the season as they began to curl up and fade. The other photograph is of graffiti on an old train car.

I realized, as I assembled this collage, that it was like aging at Carleton-Willard. We look back to see the beauty in our lives past and we learn to appreciate the beauty in our aging lives, right now.

And again, yes, there is beauty in aging.

Joan Loewenberg





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

Editor's Corner



The theme of this issue of the *Villager* has to do with journeys. We have collected stories about travels, and about important moments, and about relationships. What we have experienced and how we felt about it as our lives went on. For myself, I am aware of how increasingly nostalgic I am when I look back. Undoubtedly this is a function of growing old, and some of us are more indulgent of it than others. After all, a journey is all about moving on, isn't it?

I grew up in a nearby town. My family had lived there for many generations, and I feel myself a product of that place and that history. Today I went to visit my brother, who still lives there, and found that the houses of both my grandparents had been razed in the last month. Now these were nice enough houses, but there is a building frenzy in that neighborhood for big houses with three-car garages. It has left me with a wounded feeling. Silly, isn't it? The many holidays and visits spent there are still in my memory, so why now the feeling of loss? As my daughter would say, "Let it go, Mom!"

I wonder if some of you have found yourselves nostalgic about losses like this, and if so, write it down. Or maybe we could start a support group for those of us who would sit around mooning about the 'good old days.' Not likely! Better to look ahead for the next nice thing to do here at CWV.

Anne Schmalz Anne Schmalz, Editor





From the President and CEO



On July 3rd I received a letter from one of our resident's children in regard to her parents' 70th wedding anniversary: "I can't count how many times Dad mentioned how happily surprised he was that you dropped by our celebration. Your presence was deeply meaningful to him and to all of us who were gathered."

This letter has given me a moment to reflect on how many experiences we go through in life; how many journeys we encounter both internally and externally. We travel, make difficult decisions, age, and choose who we want to take on these journeys with us.

I married my wife Jennifer 22 years ago. On our wedding day, our one surviving grandparent attended. We had a table in the reception room dedicated to our grandparents who had passed away, by filling it with pictures of them.

Growing up, I always had a strong relationship with my grandparents. Since both of my parents worked when I was young, my grandparents helped out with getting me ready for school and watching me in the summer. I loved when my grandfather told me stories about his childhood. Both of them passed when I was in high school.

In college, I became close with my other set of grandparents who would send me handwritten notes and care packages. During that time, I received a dual bachelor's degree: one in business management with a concentration in finance and another in criminal justice, and then a master's degree in aging services. I was a correctional officer early in my career before taking on business for ten years. During the financial decline in the 2000's, I re-evaluated my career path and decided to pursue senior living.

Throughout our lives, we encounter many different paths, some of which are unexpected. Oftentimes we end up moving in a direction we never anticipated. If we listen to our intuition, we'll end up on the path we were meant to be on in the first place.

The letter I received in July reminded me why I love doing what I do. When helping out our residents, I love the look in their eyes and on their faces when I am able to do something good for them. Throughout our personal journeys, we want to feel loved and supported.

I love being there for our residents, just as my grandparents were there for me.

Christopher J. Golen President and CEO



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A Fork In The Road

Yogi Berra said it best: "If there is a fork in the road, take it!" Good advice! In moving to Carleton-Willard Village, we each faced a fork in the road as we changed our residence from "home" to "here".

Life is a journey, and there are many forks in the road along the way. Some are expected, some come as a sudden interference. On the journey, we try to make the best choice in selecting the path to follow. If possible, the journey is much better if we are "progressing TO something" instead of "leaving something behind." In choosing Carleton-Willard Village we saw the positive features of the continuing care, the campus, and the new friends we would make along the way.

As with any journey, there must be choices about what to take along and what should be left behind. The fork in the road is usually narrower than the wide road of life so far, so choices typically mean "downsizing." In reducing the things that will go on the continuing journey there can be a feeling of freedom. As any hiker would know, it feels good to "lighten the load" in the back pack. It isn't always easy to choose what continues on the journey because some of the favorite stuff of life just won't fit in the new pack. It is helpful when the backpack for the continuing journey is large enough to accommodate the most special treasures accumulated along life's path so far. When painful choices must be made. it is time to remember that the new fork in the road will provide features that make the downsizing worthwhile. The journey is headed for something positive that will reward the efforts of selecting what comes along for the ride and what must be left behind.

The forks in the road continue. Choosing a vacation getaway can be an exciting thing. Choosing how to spend retirement hours is a new kind of freedom that can be pleasing. Then there are forks in the road that come unexpectedly and require determination to carry on with the hike of a life. A fork in the road can seem like it is uphill all the way. The downsizing accomplished earlier in life allows a lighter load to carry as the new

challenge is met. Living in a village of friends and caregivers means that the journey will continue to provide pleasure and respite along the way. Some forks in the road are like a steep climb. Like any good hike, we depend on our fellow travelers to keep our spirits up along the way.

Sonja Strong

That Moment

Have you ever had that moment when your heart seemed to stop, you held your breath, and you felt you were beyond your body? This is how I felt when the pilot of the paraglider ran off the cliff top and the parasail lifted us in the air.



A few weeks ago my sister, Patty, and I had travelled to California for my grandson's graduation from UCSD. Not far from San Diego we passed a sign that said, "Try Paragliding!" I allowed as how I had always wanted to try that challenge. My sister suggested

that this could be a belated 82nd birthday present and I should do it!

I had to sign a release form of course, before I was buckled into the harness. The pilot pushed off from the top of the cliff and suddenly there was THAT MOMENT. I only wish I were a poet so I could capture how transcendent that moment was.

We floated out over the countryside of southern California and over the Torrey Pines golf course reminding me of and honoring my husband's love of golf. Now we were heading back to where we had begun on the top of a cliff.

After twenty minutes, my paraglider ride was over, and fully exhilarated, I happily travelled on to San Diego, and my grandson's graduation.

Marie Ryder



Because The Journey Matters

The theme for this issue of the *Villager*, "Journeys," makes me think back to the motto at St. George's School, where our youngest daughter went, which was: "Because the Journey Matters." I never liked it. The students had their whole lives ahead of them, with seemingly limitless possibilities, and the school seemed to be contemplating a meandering trip to who knows where for purposes unknown. What about lofty goals and leaving the world a better place, or at least trying to?

I didn't like the motto at my alma mater Hotchkiss, either. The Hotchkiss motto, "Moniti Meliora Sequamur," translated to: "Having been warned, let us follow the better ways." It sounded punitive and dour. Of course Maria Hotchkiss, the widow of a munitions maker, was starting a school for adolescent boys and may have wanted to make sure she got her message across. From my experience, she did.

After Hotchkiss, I spent a postgraduate year at Winchester College in England, a "public school" that was anything but public. The motto there, "Manners Maketh Man," was another loser in my opinion. Were we attending a finishing school? Certainly manners are important but were they important over everything else in looking at a life? There had to be more important things to aspire to.

Things changed at the college level. Harvard, the first college founded in America, in 1630, was not about to be accused of any lack of lofty ideals. Its motto, "Veritas," – "Truth" – set a high bar. When its turn came Yale sought to call Harvard's move and raise them one, opting for "Lux et Veritas," or "Light and Truth." The Ivies had perhaps thrown modesty to the wind, but they had given their idealistic students something to shoot for.

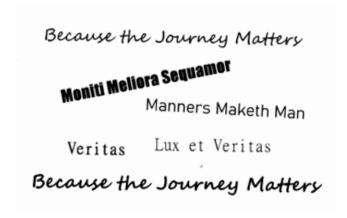
So what should be our motto here at Carleton-Willard where most of us have a lot of candles on our cake? I find myself with a surprising nomination: how about "Because the Journey Matters." In this place at this time of life I like it. My goals are important to me

but they are certainly not lofty by most standards. I try to take care of relationships, to do a little good and to have fun when possible. As I decline, physically and mentally, I try to handle it with grace and courage. I watch others around me doing that and it gives me inspiration. It's contagious. I watch the impressive array of Carleton-Willard resident volunteers do the things that make the place special: our thespians, publication editors and writers, singers, poets, painters. speakers, book clubbers, discussion leaders, unpaid librarians, our trip organizers and everything else that fills up our bulletin boards and our lives.

Of course it helps immensely that we live in a place of natural beauty, full of birds, animals, woods, flowers and trees, helped along by Philip, our Merlin, and many other unpaid resident gardeners. Residents care greatly about the environment and they don't take it for granted, either here at home or elsewhere. C-W's robust participation in the Third Act is testimony to that. Ditto the work of residents on behalf of butterflies and bees. The list goes on. And we look out for each other, with kindness, friendship and caring. It helps also that we mostly hold onto our senses of humor, as evidenced by the frequently self-deprecating way we remember and tell the stories of our lives.

All of this plays out on the modest stages of our retirement. It is the last stage of a journey that has mattered and continues to matter. Mostly it feels to me like we are doing pretty well with it.

Dick Belin





Highlights of a Week in the North of Vietnam

In November 1998, when Austin and I made plans for a two-week tour of Thailand, an optional week in the north of Vietnam was offered, and we signed up.

After the flight from Thailand to Hanoi we were met by a scowling official. "Why you have come to Hanoi?" he asked. We answered that we were tourists. After careful scrutiny of our travel documents, he returned them and pointed to an exit. American tourists in Hanoi were a rarity in 1998.

Upon exiting the Arrivals Room, we were greeted by a handsome young man holding a large sign on which were printed the words "Vietnam Extension" in bold letters. This was An, our guide who thankfully was fluent in English. An settled us in our hotel and returned to escort us to dinner. At our hotels we were always greeted as the "Vietnam Extension."

The next morning we went off in a mini-van to a mausoleum to view the preserved body of Ho Chi Minh. We then toured the small, simple home of Ho Chi Minh, which was located in a lagoon. After this mandatory 'tribute' to the former leader, we began to tour the city.

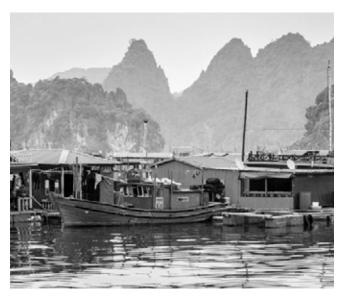
The retail area of Hanoi was very small, with few shops. An explained that each narrow street contained small shops offering only one type of merchandise: for example, jewelry shops, cell phone shops, or clothing shops.

One night we viewed the famous Vietnam water puppets performing their delightful antics in a shallow pool. At the end of the performance a curtain was pulled back to reveal three men who sat in water and manipulated the puppets at the ends of long poles.

Another stop in Hanoi was the infamous "Hanoi Hilton," the prison in which the future U.S. Senator John McCain had been held. The depressing interior was dark and damp. The rooms contained long, slanted, stone slabs positioned in such a way that the prisoners' feet were secured at the high end, thus forcing them to lean forward. If they were to lie back, the blood would rush to their heads, rendering them

unconscious. It was difficult to erase this cruel image from my memory.

After a few days in Hanoi we headed north of the city, bound for Ha Long Bay, a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Once out of the city we passed women bent over in rice paddies, a few riders on mini bikes (one carried a pig attached to the back), and many ox-drawn carts. We also passed a man on a bicycle carrying a large wooden cabinet on his back, with only his head and feet visible. In lieu of gas stations, gasoline for the few vehicles we encountered was sold in bottles.



At Ha Long Bay we boarded a boat. The large expanse of water contained striking, tall, limestone formations scattered throughout. Our first stop was at a large cave in which we viewed stalactites and stalagmites. Later, our boat pulled up next to a flatboat upon which were situated a small house, a few people, a pig and some chickens. Here An purchased fish, which we later cooked over a fire on a sandy beach. The rest of the day we enjoyed the quiet water and the amazing formations. This day was a highlight of our stay in Vietnam.

We departed Hanoi with memories of a dreary city and mostly undeveloped rural areas. It would be interesting to visit again in 2023 to see what economic progress has occurred.

Maureen Rounds



The Grand Journey

This year my first grandchild turned 21, my second grandchild turned 20, and my third grandchild turned 17. All boys, they have achieved milestone birthdays that included one becoming inducted into adult society, one completing teen-hood, and one getting his driver's license. Milestones for each of them, and also for me, as a grandmother on her life journey.

With an open heart and mind I have been exploring and evolving with each of my grand-children from day one of their existences, and I'm proud to say I have been an outstanding traveling companion. My grandchildren have provided me with emotional, physical, imaginative, and informative explorations every day of their lives. As infants, my grandsons gave me the opportunity to reconnect to my maternal instincts - without all the pressure of parenthood. I was an amazing babysitter.

After they learned to walk, immediately followed by running and protesting the need to hold my hand, my grandchildren challenged me. Trying to keep up with them on hikes and bikes, whipping through meadows, splashing in lakes, climbing hills, and cavorting in playgrounds, kept me marveling at their stamina and my own exhaustion at the end of every adventure.



Along the journey, I abandoned all sense of decorum and publicly participated in imaginative adventures with my grandsons, utilizing costumes and accoutrements of Revolutionary soldiers, Renaissance knights, Marvel superheroes, Caribbean pirates, and literary characters. As Grandma, I explored and discovered how to identify dinosaurs, Action Heroes, and Pokémon cards, to race matchbox cars, to design battle-fields with miniature soldiers, to build structures with colorful magna-tiles, and to assemble Lego pieces into just about anything one could possibly imagine. I cheered at their wrestling matches, soccer games, and baseball tournaments. I threw a baseball, swung a bat, drew superhero cartoons, and baited fishhooks with live worms – new experiences or things I avoided as a parent.

On annual family vacations, the journey expanded as we fished, harvested mussels, swam with dolphins, hunted for fossils, searched for sea glass, and visited monuments, museums, zoos and farms. We journeyed on trains, cruised on a ship, jaunted along in a horse and buggy, and always sang in the car.

As time passed and our journey developed through digital technologies, together we raced cars with Mario, played football with John Madden, competed with Wii Sports, created with Minecraft, and unleashed Godzilla, all virtually. I accepted the challenging path of video games as discovery, bonding, and expansion of perspective.

Then one day, without any warning, the roles on our journey shifted. Today my grandsons grab my hand when I approach a curb. They embrace me when I start to tear up at a memory, they drive me to a destination, they buy me ice cream. They teach me new tricks with technology. They are tall, handsome, and extremely brilliant (of course), and we continue our grand journey, albeit the roles and the pace have changed. I'm still so joyful in their presence, and I appreciate seeing the world through their eyes.

Being a grandmother, I have explored, discovered, escaped, and cultivated strong relationships. I have reconnected to myself and my passions and values. I have undertaken a journey that has given me an amazing appreciation of life and leaves a loving legacy. What a blessed and grand journey it continues to be.

Mary Jane Parke



A Lifetime of Travels

Once drafted in 1954, I requested to join the US Navy Reserve, although not necessarily to "See the World" as they say you would. However, my twenty-one years in military service took me to fourteen countries, starting with a two year assignment to Panama, (U.S. Naval Station, Rodman, CZ).

It was during this assignment I decided to move to the Regular Navy and besides the Panama Canal, the most interesting locations were Costa Rica, Taiwan (two years) and Japan.

One of the reasons I decided to do this was that my wife thought that we would enjoy the chance to travel. There were only a few times that we had to live apart: my sad year in Viet Nam, Roosevelt Roads Naval Station in Puerto Rico, Naval Station in Morroco, and Quantanamo Bay, Cuba. Otherwise, we moved around the USA ending in Boston at the Naval Shipyard where I was involved with its closing.

At the time I became a civilian I had not started to ride motorcycles, but while in Panama, I had taken flying lessons and flew a Piper Cub and an Aircoupe. Near my last years in Panama, with another gentleman, we flew over the mountains to San Jose, Costa Rica. This was a very thrilling flight but we froze when we entered 6,000 feet because part of our Aircoupe cockpit window was missing. That was never a problem flying around the Panama Canal!

My wife's parents enjoyed travelling and asked us to join them after I became a civilian again. They took us to Bermuda, the Caribbean and South America and the bonus, to them, was that we carried their suit cases and played card games with them. We rode the small motorcycles in Bermuda without accident.

After all that experience we started to take annual summer trips and some winter trips to places south of the Equator such as Australia and New Zealand, South America, and Africa.

Summer trips that we took were to eighteen countries in Europe, to China, and to Thailand. The most interesting were Italy, Switzerland, and England. The last trip we hoped to take was to France: the Seine River and Normandy.



Unfortunately, both of us fell sick just before leaving, and had to cancel that trip.

This ended our travels and I never thought too much about numbers, but when this subject for the *Villager* came up, I had to start making a list and WOW – I found that in all these years I had visited 56 countries. I had a wonderful time meeting fellow travelers and learning to appreciate what it is like around this world of ours.

David Hathaway

My Hawaiian Rescue

I was an adventurous post-college twenty-one year old living in Los Angeles when my best friend Joy asked me to join her on a two-week vacation in Hawaii. We stayed in her mother's apartment two blocks from Waikiki Beach.

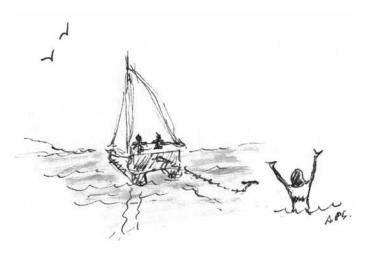
In Hawaii, we dressed in our bathing suits, armed with books and beach towels, visiting the beach daily, meeting up with new people every day. One day, we met two young men who were pilots with Hawaiian Airlines. They asked if I would like to sail on their new catamaran, and perhaps try to water ski. I agreed.

We sailed out past the breaking waves, and I bravely attempted to water ski for the first time. Almost immediately the catamaran took off and a huge wall of water assaulted me, beating my body. Shaken, and in shock, I dropped the rope and fell into the water. The catamaran, which had no motor, caught the wind and headed



toward shore, leaving me thrashing in the water. No other boats were in sight.

I noticed a large surfboard coming from behind me, and a voice urging that I get on board and lie face down. At first, I hesitated, then he strongly demanded, "GET ON BOARD!" I got a quick glance at him – a strong, handsome, young, native Hawaiian. He climbed above me and started paddling. When we reached the breaking waves, I realized I could stand in the water. "I can get out here," I said. I didn't look at him or say thank you. I must have been in shock.



When I arrived back at the apartment, my friend, Joy, took one look at me and quipped, "You look like you need a drink and a good dinner." Off we went to Trader Vic's. Trader Vic himself greeted us at the restaurant, offered us rum drinks and dinner in the private dining room, with entertainment, where there were three Hawaiian beach boys singing and playing guitars. At the end of their set, one of the singers told a story about rescuing a "wahine" from the ocean and bringing her in on his surfboard. I didn't recognize him, but I recognized the story. He seemed to know me. I raised my hand, "I am your wahine." We all laughed. I learned his name was Jake.

A year later I married Bill Granfield in Honolulu. Our sunset reception was held in front of a stone wall facing the ocean. We asked Jake, my rescuer, to sing the Hawaiian Wedding Song.

Libby Granfield

Monarch and Milkweed

The waltz begins La dee dee, La deedee

Monarch breaks out of her dry chrysalis Dries slowly in the afternoon sun Spreads her fiery wings Yahooooooooo

Milkweed explodes from her split-open pod A nest of wispy white with a central dark disk Drifting silently in the gentle breeze Ahhhhhhhhhhh

They dance in the autumn air.

Milkweed rides the faintest breath of air Up, down, left, right, Heedless of monarch's lead

Monarch, uncaring, picks her own path Over leaves and blossoms To dine on asclepias, Milkweed's mother not long ago.

Monarch has two fortnights to dance While milkweed drifts slowly to earth, Sleeps, buried first by leaves, then by snow, Awakened by spring warmth to begin a new generation.

John Schmitz





An Adventure in Mexico

At a bar in Mexico City, while mentioning traveling to the southernmost part of Mexico, I heard a voice on my right say, "If you go to Salinas Cruz, tell them you know Doroteo. The town will be yours." I turned to the right, but there was no one there.

I was visiting my friend José Ayala Morelos who was building a home in one of the barrios. I had met him wandering around on the campus of Northwestern University, which he wanted to see despite being unable to speak a word of English. I invited him to lunch at the fraternity house, and we became good friends through correspondence. So it was lucky for me to be able to stay at his home on a trip to Mexico.

On my first night José took me to a Mexican burlesque theater. It was in a rather beat up building and housed an unruly crowd of locals shouting things, some of which I could understand, and others José was reluctant to translate. When the battered curtain went down, there was a final unruly act and we left.

José's house so far consisted of four walls enclosing an open court with two partially completed rooms on opposite sides, one for his parents and cooking; the other, where we slept, for José. As we climbed into bed José pulled out a revolver and put it under his pillow. "They shoot people around here," he said.

In the morning, frosty even for Mexico City, José informed me we could shower off using the hose in the center of the court, which was running ice water. He stripped and proceeded to hose off and invited me to do the same. Feeling the honor of the U.S. was at stake I followed suit, dressing as quickly as possible afterward, expecting to shiver the rest of the morning. His mother prepared for breakfast something hot, very hot, cooked in an old Buick hubcap, getting us off to a snappy start for the day.

After goodbyes to José and a hug from his mother, I set out on my journey south, along the coast from Vera Cruz to Coatzacalcos then to swing south to Salinas Cruz by third class train. The signature peaks of Popocatépel and Iztasíuatle

sank from view, as we rode toward Puebla. As the train rattled on I pondered who was Dorotea. That evening, in Vera Cruz, I sat in the square and watched the ladies and men march in opposite directions around the square, hoping to meet a romantic companion.

Traveling as a foreigner deep in the country it pays to have a friend to help out in difficult moments. Fortunately, I befriended a lumberman traveling down the coast for that night. In the dark, the train suddenly banged to a halt. A bridge had been washed away. It was pitch dark, but we passengers managed to get to boats that carried us across the flood and then into trucks for Coatzacalcos. We were delivered to an empty square illuminated by one light bulb. It was probably two a.m., but one of the travelers helped me find a hotel with meager accommodations. After a few days to check out the town, including a trip up the river on a daily commuter outboard, I headed south to Salinas Cruz by narrow gauge railroad.

On the way, was the town of Ixhuatlacán, which I'd planned to see, but another passenger said, "They kill people down there." I stayed on the train. The town looked crummy anyway. I continued to Salinas Cruz on the south shore. Once there, I checked in at a bar. When I asked if anyone knew Dorotea the place suddenly exploded, from bartender to customers: an important friend of Dorotea had arrived. I soon found myself having dinner with the mayor in his home. The whole town was equally welcoming. The boys took me swimming in a rented(?) loin cloth. After buying a beautiful blanket I headed north. On my way through Oaxaca north to Mexico City I pondered, who is Dorotea? Why so important? I never found out!

Kay Barney

Who is Dorotea?



A Very Short Conversation with Don Kalischer

Don spent his entire career in radio and TV broadcasting. He is emphatically not a sports fan. Despite spending long years supervising the broadcasting of Red Sox, Celtics, and Patriots games, and, not to forget the Revolution, he has never, ever, willingly watched a game. He is not a fan of extra innings or overtimes. Therefore, a conversation with Don about his career, talk about sports, athletes, funny incidents and anecdotes went nowhere. He did share, however, his observation that the floor of the Red Sox dugout is a sticky combination of spilled drinks, sunflower seeds and spit.

Don's love is classical music and his years with WGBH and WCRB were the highlights of his career and are his cherished memories.

Don, however, is in the minority of American TV watchers. Sports programming in the U.S. is one of the most watched types of programming on traditional television. Although it constitutes only about 5% of prime time broadcasting, sports events attract some of the highest audiences. and digital live sports events add significantly to audience percentages. In a 2023 study, 81% of men and 60% of women identify themselves as sports fans. About 57% watch one sports program at least once a week. The popularity of sports has led over the years to the success of cable networks dedicated to sports analysis and programming. Through the growth of sports broadcasting, especially on cable, interest has grown in sports like curling, track and field, hunting, weight lifting, biking and rugby.

Producers, also like sports broadcasting because it is less expensive than other entertainment types that might involve writers, actors, set designers and the like. Sports events are scheduled to take place with or without TV coverage; networks only need to show up with cameras and crews.

Audience numbers and relatively lower production costs make sports on TV one of the most profitable types of programming in the television and streaming media markets.

Ruth Hopkinson

Love Poem

This morning I noticed with a jolt
The pot of flowers was gone from
your front stoop,
Pansies, mums, and the rest
In the usual colors, purples, pinks, and whites.
You must have taken a sudden dislike to them,
Figured they wouldn't ensure you
The very long life you counted on
Or the heart-piercing love
you persist in feeling you deserve.

But I will replace them while you sleep
With flowers that flash their bold colors
Into the night,
Fuschia and royal blue, emerald and chartreuse.
And even if you grow tired of them
Or fancy, in a pique, that you are,
Even if you refuse to water them,
Someone is on their side – and yours –
And – watch out – they're likely to last forever.

Sue Hand







Trip to the Addison Gallery

The trip to the Addison Gallery in Andover was a lovely day. It has one of the most important collections of American art in the country. It was founded with works by such prominent artists as John Singleton Copley, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, John Singleton Sargent and James McNeill Whistler. As well, there is a collection of ship models. We saw special exhibits of Alison E. Taylor's Art of Wood Inlay, Women and Abstraction 1741 – Present, and the work of Lavaughan Jenkins, who is Artist in Residence. We enjoyed a wonderful lunch beautifully served across the street at the Andover Inn before our ride back to CWV. A most successful and enjoyable day.



Bocce Anyone?

Developed from games played in the Roman Empire, bocce grew into its present form in Italy. Two can play or two teams of two, three or four. After the pallino ("little ball") is tossed beyond the middle of the court, the players try to throw spherical bocce balls to land as close to the pallino as possible. You don't have to be Italian or even a good bowler to play. With enthusiasm and Kyle, our coach, "ci divertiamo molto!"

Join us some sunny Friday morning from eleven to noon on the bocce court next to the croquet court!

Garden Tour

What better way to showcase our beautiful campus than with a garden tour? Wait List and At Home Members as well as current residents could follow a map or take a jitney as they viewed the common gardens and ten participating residents' gardens on a morning that luckily held back the rain. A continuously running slide show in the auditorium featured current and past gardens cared for by Philip Kenney, long-time CWV caretaker. For those who hosted visitors in their gardens it was a wonderful opportunity to do a little marketing as they showed off their spring landscapes and encouraged prospective residents.

The Men's Breakfast is Back!

Thanks to CEO Chris Golen and Chef Reagan Vetree there is once again a men-only breakfast with a speaker each month. Served in the auditorium, a buffet of coffee, juice, pastries, muffins, fruit, home fries, bacon, sausages and an omelet station, attracts an increasing number of residents. In June Dr. Jeffrey Drazen spoke on "The History of Smoking and Lung Cancer." This has been of long-time special interest to him in his career and his role as Editor of the New England Journal of Medicine. This is the time for the men of Carleton-Willard to gather, in fellowship each month.

Opera House

Residents were treated to Franco Zefferelli's film production of Leoncavallo's opera "Pagliacci," starring Placido Domingo as the tragic, heartbroken, clown. Complimenting Erika Reitshamer's on-going opera lectures at CWV highlighting verismo opera, Zefferelli's production, filmed at Milan's LaScala opera house and a movie sound stage, updated the opera to early 20th century. Georges Pretre conducted the orchestra and chorus of La Scala. The audience was moved by the extraordinary singing and acting (Domingo and Teresa Stratas), and the gritty plot of jealousy, manic humor and murderous rage. "La commedia é finita!" Bravo!



Happenings

"For Laughs" in the Gallery

Have you ever glanced at a cartoon and thought, "I can write a better caption than that?" Opportunity awaited if you visited the exhibit "For Laughs" in the Art Gallery. Kathy Halmi and Heather Pullen combed past issues of *The New Yorker* magazine for 44 cartoons which they numbered, framed and hung at convenient eye level. Visitors were invited to take a copy on the round table of any cartoon that touched their funny bone and to write their own (even funnier) caption. Copies with new captions were returned to the box on the table. Then the most memorable resident caption for each cartoon, along with the original title, was posted under each frame. The humor continued in the cabinet display of foamboard sculptures by Tim Martin. Tim found inspiration for each delightfully original piece in nursery rhymes, myths, zoology and complex geometries.

Singers

The CWV singers appeared in June with their new leader, Molly Ruggles. The program included a wide variety of music, with the lead-off "Give My Regards to Broadway." We then had praise "For the Beauty of the Earth," we showed "We've Got Heart." and in a more solemn vein sang, "The Heavens Are Telling." "Don't Blame Me" was followed by three rounds, and playfully asking someone to "Take Me Out To The Ballgame." By special request Gail Hatfield had found the sheet music for Neil Diamond's "Sweet Caroline." Some of the audience stood, in true Red Sox fashion, to do the Fenway Wave. We ended with the feeling we had let "This Little Light of Mine" shine.

Thespians

On June first an enthusiastic audience applauded a performance of "Inherit the Wind." Ably directed by Teresa Traveline, the Thespian cast presented this dramatization of the 1920's "Scopes Monkey Trial" that challenged the teaching of evolution. First staged during the 1950's McCarthy hysteria, many attendees remarked at its relevance to today's political scene. Appropriately, protesters waved placards and called out encouragement or heckled from the audience below the stage.

Cruising Down the River

The rain and thunderstorms that were predicted stayed away. Twenty-three residents enjoyed a sightseeing cruise on the Charles River on a beautiful June day. They were entertained by an enthusiastic and knowledgeable BU art student guide who pointed out the sights as they cruised from the Lechmere Canal dock past the Museum of Science, the Esplanade, Back Bay, BU (including the new "Jenga" building), MIT, and Harvard University. The river was full of sailors also enjoying the weather. The trip, run by the Charles Riverboat Company, included a lunch at the Cheesecake Factory in the Cambridgeside Mall.



The Tomato Patch

Spring efforts of soil preparation, planting, and mulching have yielded a bumper crop of delicious organic Sun Gold cherry tomatoes. Loving care through the summer months by Katie Stebbins and her Tomato Patch Team, much aided by a new watering system designed by Philip Kenney, resulted in twelve towering fruit-laden plants. Hand picked, sorted, and perfect, the tomatoes were being delivered daily to the Village's kitchens. In 2022, the first year after Covid, the Tomato Patch Team delivered over 200 pounds of tomatoes to the CWV kitchens. This year the team hopes the crop will surpass that bounty.



My Passage to India

When Surendra Kaushik, from India, joined our family in 1971, he was a skinny 25-year-old PhD student of economics. Our three young children, my professor husband and I had no idea how greatly our family would be changed by "Suren," as he was happy to be called. Suren completed his PhD and became a professor of economics, first in our area and then at Pace University in New York. He married Helena, a blond Catholic nurse from Detroit, and the two of them joined us in all family activities.

Suren took Helena to India several times and often said he would like to show India to us as well. My husband Colin declined the invitation although he had a profound interest in India. His father had been the manager of a tea plantation in Assam, India, and Colin had spent his first six years there, before being taken back to Scotland for school. But while Colin did not enjoy travel, he was enthusiastic about my going. Helena had suffered a devastating stroke in 1991 and could no longer travel.

So when Suren had a sabbatical in 1996 and I could take time off, he and I traveled all over India for five weeks. I realized at the time that I was the most fortunate traveler in India, having my personal guide and an insider's understanding everywhere we went. By this time our family had hosted other students from India, whose families we visited, and another student from India had worked with Colin at Brandeis and had visited our family here. Added to these were Suren's extensive professional contacts and wide-spread family connections. With many flights on Air India, and using trains, private drivers, bicycle rickshaws and autorickshaws, we covered thousands of miles in rural areas and major cities. We staved mostly in people's homes and university guest houses, with the occasional night in a one-star hotel.

Our journey started auspiciously with the extraordinary hospitality of the then-current manager of the tea plantation in Assam and his wife. Suren and Nirudh had attended the same university at the same time and enjoyed sharing memories. We met old men who remembered

Colin as a small boy, and his father as a highly respected manager. Many of our subsequent visits coincided with the holiday season of Divali, which was observed differently in each region of the country.

From grand palaces to cows chewing on cardboard on the median strips of highways, from myriad temples of all possible sizes and styles to roadside shops selling everything, we took it all in. We stopped for spiced tea in grubby roadside stalls, and dined on sumptuous homecooked meals in beautiful private homes.



Back then, India's population was almost 1 billion (it is now 1.4 billion) in an area 1/3 that of the U.S. This meant that my most powerful and lasting impression was of a crush of humanity, palpably more than the land could support, with the inevitable results of widespread poverty, impossible traffic and exhausting competition. The lingering caste system adds great complexity to the social structure, and often left me shaking my head about some interaction or other. I had known that there were infinite variations in Hinduism, but I gained a much more nuanced understanding of what it means to be a Hindu.

I will never again take for granted reliable electricity, potable water right from the tap, clean air or fair treatment of women. The Taj Mahal is rightly considered one of the world's most beautiful buildings, and the great astronomical observatories built by the Maharaja of Jaipur were the world's best in 1730. However, my life-changing journey put these unique examples in a broad, deep, fascinating and perplexing context.

Virginia Steel



A Wow Moment

Perhaps most everyone has that moment when Γ they are very young and something awesome happens in their lives. I could say that happened to me when I was in high school. As a kid I was interested in electronics and was fascinated by such things as a crystal set radio. All you needed was a crystal, a cat whisker (a short wire), an antenna and earphones. By placing the cat whisker on different parts of the crystal you could hear different radio stations. I soon became interested in radios and particularly amateur radio. It was also called ham radio and if you got a license you were a ham. The idea of being able to send and receive signals to and from different places all over the world seemed amazing to me. To start you needed a license, which included passing a test of basic radio fundamentals and communicating in Morse code. The license included the prefix, a number denoting the district you were in, and one to three letters, the suffix.

The US was divided into nine districts. After a couple tries I got my license and my call was W9CWX. I was living in Illinois at the time. For equipment you needed a receiver, a transmitter and an antenna. Fortunately my brother had been in the service and had acquired a good army receiver. So I needed a transmitter and an antenna. As it turned out a person across town was a true ham. He had a lot of equipment and spent most of his time on the air. You could say his wife was a ham radio widow. So just as there are golf widows there are also ham radio widows. I found out he had some extra equipment that could be used to put together a transmitter with a power of one half a kilowatt. The maximum power you were allowed was one kilowatt so this was plenty. I scraped together my meager savings of \$80 and my dad drove me over to pick it up.

A transmitter is not as complicated as a receiver so I was able to put it together myself. It used two large radio tubes in the final stage which would glow with a blue light when you were transmitting and they weren't shielded. Today someone would say you were crazy for

being near them and that you would go blind. But for some reason I didn't become blind. So I had a good receiver and a powerful transmitter and now I needed an antenna. But that could be a simple twin lead similar to what you would use to receive FM stations. So I mounted a twin lead on the roof and brought the connection to my equipment in through my window.

Finally, I was all set to send and receive code signals. I was interested in contacting other countries such as England and in Europe, so I sent out the letters CQ in Morse code along with my call letters and listened intently for a response. No response. So I sent them out again. No response. I began to think for some reason my equipment wasn't working. Then suddenly I heard my call letters coming through loud and clear. W9CWX! W9CWX! I was ecstatic. But guess who it was. It was the fellow across town from whom I had bought my transmitter. All of about a mile away! But that contact meant everything to me.

Well, the rest is history. Over the next couple of years I made several dozen contacts, mainly in Europe. When you make a contact you exchange what are called QSL cards with your name, call sign, address and a brief description of your equipment. In about the year 1948 I made a contact with a fellow in Russia who sent me a card saying "Hail to der Red Army." I don't know if he was allowed to send a card but he did.

Tom Stockdale





My Childhood Home

When I was five I had my first journey. We moved from Boston to North Andover. The house was large, but it was also cozy and warm. When I came home from school, I walked in the side door to a library where we had one of the very first TVs. It was about a twelve inch screen, and we watched on the sofa or cuddled by the fire. Across the front hall was the living room, which I rarely ventured into except when I ran in at full pace when it was Christmas and I wanted to see what Santa might have brought me. That living room is full of happy memories for me because of those moments at Christmas.

My bedroom upstairs was at first shared with my brother Jim. He is five years younger than I so I was the boss. My strongest memory of that room was worrying if I got up at night to go to the bathroom, a ghost might grab my feet when I jumped back into my bed.

As a teenager I moved into the guestroom. It was my private place. I liked it. I did my homework there, I wrote letters there, and I remember listening to the radio in the 40's and 50's and picking up all the words of the popular songs that I could sing with my friends on the school bus. Our bus to school took almost an hour.

My mother bred golden retrievers and somehow she chose my room for Bozo to have her puppies so I got to see that whole process and I guess it made me feel very special to host this event. I don't ever remember being resentful that my room had become an animal house.

We were lucky that we had about six acres of land. My mom loved horses and we had a couple of horses that I had to feed before school. Dad had a garden, which was his total treasure. When I watched him enjoy his work in the garden it always made me smile. It was his quiet place. I remember him when I garden now, at eighty. That was his daily joy in the summertime.

We had a hill out behind the house where we all learned to ski. It wasn't a big slope, but it was enough to learn how to make turns and skiing became a very important part of our family life. Dad built us a toboggan run down the steepest

part of our property and it was such a thrill. It had big banks for the toboggan to make turns on and it went through a little area of pine trees. I just remember all of us sitting on one of those six-foot long toboggans and just laughing our heads off and having a good time.

After the war, we had chickens in a pen and a picket fence that divided the play area for me and my younger brother. I liked looking at the chickens while I practiced balancing on the top rail of the fence. I still have a scar from the day I fell onto the picket when I lost my balance, ending up at the doctor's office.



Just off the driveway there was a flat space that had been used as a sunken greenhouse. Dad turned it into the world's funniest swimming pool. It was about five feet deep and ten feet long. If you were very careful you could dive, but by the end of your dive you were touching the other end of the pool. It was our total delight. I spent hours playing around in that pool with my friends. It was a wonderful place for us kids. In the summer my dad, before going to work, would run out and have a skinny dip in the pool.

I remember my childhood home with a smile! I was a lucky kid!

Tally Forbes





Welcome New Residents

Anne Symchych from Andover, 5/17/23

Janna Hadley from Lincoln, 6/15/23

Patricia "Patsy" Colhoun from Boxboro, 6/27/23

Jane Eastman from Lexington, 7/19/23









In Memory

Barbara Hills	5/24
Vincent Andaloro	5/31
David Chipman	6/6
Bruce Dayton	6/11
Gretchen Scott	7/2
Eleanor Fritz	7/22





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

Journeys

When the subject of journeys comes up, many wonderful ideas come to mind. We think of travel, both in the past and in the future. We think of the lives and experiences of others. And we think of where we have been and what is in our future.

Our library here at Carleton-Willard Village offers a wide variety of journey opportunities. Our non-fiction sections allow us to investigate actual travel and discovery, to learn about the life journeys of others through biographies and autobiographies, and to read about the history of our country and the world, and we can delve into the areas of politics and science, nature and environment. Learning new things is a journey unto itself.

For many of our residents the most favorite journeys of all come from the fiction section. With great anticipation, we look through the shelves, finding thrillers and mysteries, novels and love stories, animal stories and life experiences from all over the world. We immerse ourselves in the characters and their journeys.

When we are not happily esconced in a comfortable chair with a good book or involved in an activity or a program, we turn to each other for companionship. Each one of us has our own journey to share and we enjoy getting to know one another. Printed versions of the personal interviews of new residents are available in the library in two large binders, and we often find them being consulted.

Here at Carleton-Willard Village we are all traveling the same road as we age. It is a great comfort to have good friends to share the journey.

Katherine F. Graff Chair of the Library Committee





Among the Newest

King - A Life by Jonathan Eig

A new portrait of Martin Luther King. More radical than pictured today - a courageous, but troubled and flawed human being.

The Paris Daughter by Kristin Harmel

1939 Paris – Elise, a target of German occupation, entrusts her young daughter to her friend Juliette, owner of a bookshop. At the end of the war, Elise returns to Paris, the bookshop is rubble, and Juliette is nowhere to be found. And where is her daughter?

The Wisdom of Morrie by Morrie Schwarz

Practical tips for living and aging creatively and joyfully, especially in the last decades of life, despite decline and loss. From the subject of Mitch Albom's book "Tuesdays with Morrie," beloved Brandeis professor, and edited by Morrie's son.

Standing in the Shadows by Peter Robinson
The 28th and final Inspector Banks mystery, set in
Yorkshire. A murder, a prime suspect (probably innocent),
a body discovered by an archaeologist 40 years later. Enter
DCI Alan Banks.

Brave the Wild River by Melissa L. Sevigny

The untold story of two women who mapped the botany of the Grand Canyon. A riveting tale of two pioneering botanists and their historic boat trip down the treacherous, churning waters of the Colorado River in 1938.

The Lost Wife by Susanna Moore

A woman and her children are abducted during the Sioux Uprising of 1862. She becomes aware of the corruption of Whites as they cheat and abuse the area Indians in a seminal and shameful moment in America's conquest of the West.

Romaine Wasn't Built in a Day by Judith Tschann A charming and delicious romp through the history of food words. The surprising origin and twisty evolutions of food words.

The Secret Book of Flora Lea by Patti Callahan Henry 1939 London: 14 year-old Hazel and 5 year-old Flora are evacuated to a rural village near Oxford. Flora vanishes. 1960 London: Hazel works at a rare bookshop. She unwraps an illustrated book about a world she invented for Flora that no one else would know about!

The Lioness of Boston: A Novel by Emily Franklin A new biography of Isabella Stewart Gardner. A portrait of what society expected a woman's life to be, shattered by a rebellious soul determined to live on her own terms. Fond of stunts, she did walk a pair of lions in the Boston Public Garden!

The Covenant of Water by Abraham Verghese Following three generations of a family in South India, 1900-1977. Water is both the medium and the metaphor. A great story, full of joy and tragedy and humor and beauty and ugliness.

American Ramble: A Walk of Memory and Renewal by Neil King

A 61 year-old WSJ reporter walks in pilgrimage from DC to NYC, 330 miles, to discover what matters in life, and to see our national story in a new light. A mixture of travelogue, memoir and history.

The Wager: A Tale of Shipwreck, Mutiny and Murder by David Grann

A British warship, The Wager, was shipwrecked off Patagonia in 1742. A story of a shipwreck, of survival, and savagery. BUT, two groups of survivors tell conflicting stories in a court martial.

Good Night, Irene by Luis Alberto Urrea Inspired by the author's family history. His mother served in the Red Cross Clubmobile Corps, a group of elite women sent to the front lines to give soldiers a taste of home.

Charleston: Race, Water, and the Coming Storm by Susan Crawford

One of many U.S. coastal cities in danger of catastrophic flooding, with no plans to address the danger, due to denial, complacency, and widespread development. With poor populations most at risk, Charleston, with its legacy of slavery, is the focus of this story.

The Rediscovery of America by Ned Blackhawk The history of America from the Native Americans' point of view vs. the white Europeans' point of view. [Ed: This book will likely be banned in Florida.]

Madelyn Armstrong





Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir		Callahan Henry, Patti	The Secret Book of
Bloom, Amy	In Love		Flora Lea
Brokaw, Tom	Never Give Up (*)	Castellano, Elizabeth	Save What's Left
King, Jeff	Cold Hands Warm Heart	Catton, Eleanor	Birnam Wood
King, Neil	American Ramble	Catton, Eleanor	Birnam Wood (*)
Pick-Goslar, Hannah	My Friend Anne Frank (*)	Clark, Mary Higgins	Where Are the Children Now?
		Davis, Fiona	The Spectacular
Biography		Dickens, Charles	David Copperfield
Eig, Jonathan	King: A Life	Engel, Patricia	The Faraway World (*)
Franklin, Emily	The Lioness of Boston	Graham, Heather	Shadow of Death (*)
Smith, Sally Bedell	George VI and Elizabeth	Harmel, Kristin	The Paris Daughter
		Hemingway, Ernest	In Our Time
Current Affairs		Henry, Emily	Happy Place
Kidder, Tracy	Rough Sleepers (*)	Hilderbrand, Elin	The Five-Star Weekend
Zernike, Kate	The Exceptions	Hillerman, Anne	The Way of the Bear (*)
		Jones, Dan	Essex Dogs (*)
Environment		Joshi, Alka	The Perfumist of Paris (*)
Crawford, Susan	Charleston: Race, Water &	Lehane, Dennis	Small Mercies
	the Coming Storm	McCall Smith,	The Private Life of Spies &
		Alexander	the Exquisite Art of
Fiction			Getting Even (*)
Abrams, Stacey	Rogue Justice	Moore, Susanna	The Lost Wife
Baldacci, David	Simply Lies	Nagendra, Harini	The Bangalore Detectives
Banville, John	The Lock-Up		Club (*)
Benedict, Marie	The First Ladies	Nagendra, Harini	Murder Under a Red Moon
Berest, Anne	The Postcard	Napolitano, Ann	Hello Beautiful
Box, C. J.	Treasure State	Nesbo, Jo	Killing Moon (*)
Brody, Frances	A Mansion for Murder (*)	Patterson, James	Cross Down
Burke, Alafair	Find Me	Patterson, James	The 23rd Midnight





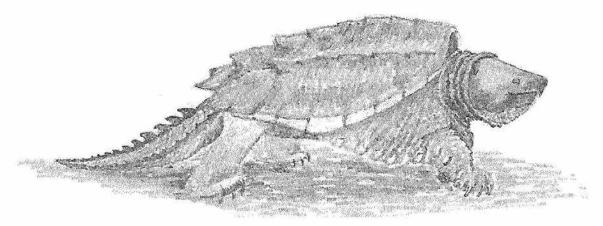
Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Perry, Anne	The Fourth Enemy	History	
Perry, Anne	The Fourth Enemy (*)	Blackhawk, Ned	The Rediscovery of America
Read, Shelley	Go as a River	Finkel, Michael	The Art Thief
Roberts, Nora	Identity	Grann, David	The Wager
Robinson, Peter	Standing in the Shadows	Guinn, Jeff	Waco (*)
Rowley, Steven	The Celebrants (*)	Li, Zhuqing	Daughters of the Flower
Russell, Mary Doria	The Women of Copper		Fragrant Garden
	Country	Olson, Lynne	Empress of the Nile (*)
Sandford, John	Dark Angel	Ricks, Thomas E.	Waging a Good War (*)
See, Lisa	Lady Tan's Circle of Women	Thomas, Evan	The Road to Surrender
Shroff, Parini	The Bandit Queens (*)		
Silva, Daniel	The Collector (*)	Miscellaneous	
Urrea, Luis Alberto	Good Night, Irene	Tschann, Judith	Romaine Wasn't Built in a
Verghese, Abraham	The Covenant of Water		Day
Walsh, Rosie	The Love of My Life		
Ware, Ruth	Zero Days (*)	Poetry	
Williams, Beatriz	The Beach at Summerly	Keillor, Garrison	Good Poems
Woods, Stuart	Near Miss	Rilke, Rainer Maria	The Selected Poetry of
			Rainer Maria Rilke
Health and Wellness	i		
Schwartz, Morrie	The Wisdom of Morrie	Science	
		Sevigny, Melissa	Brave the Wild River

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff Chair, Library Committee A female snapping turtle makes a remarkable journey to reach a suitable place to lay her eggs. From the pond or stream where she usually lives, she trudges steadily, sometimes across roads, to find soft, preferably sandy ground where she can dig a nest hole.

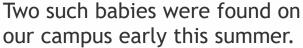


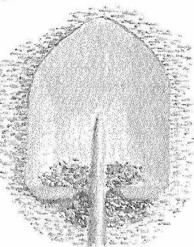
She lays 40-80 eggs, many of which are eaten by hungry racoons, foxes or crows. After about 10 weeks, hatchlings emerge and make their own dangerous journeys back to water.



Sometimes hatchlings overwinter in the nest and emerge the next season.











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