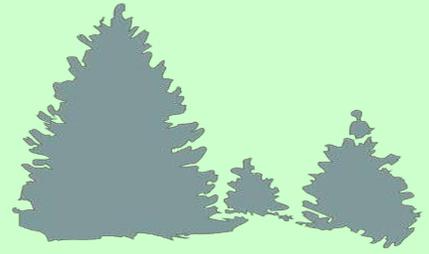


Life On the Ridge



Notes from Parker Ridge

The Cottage Garden Tour

By Alma Mote

On July 27th some of our cottagers invited residents to come and see their gardens in full bloom. We began our garden journey at cottage #64. Jane and Bill Heizman greeted us on a picture-perfect day of bright blue skies and white puffy clouds. The potted hibiscus at the front door was the most impressive. We then we made our way around the cottage enjoying more flowers such as roses, yellow baptisia shrubbery as well as a different view of the Parker Ridge Inn to our right. The Petunias on the back porch, sitting in beautiful Luna form pots, were proudly on display. As we rounded the other side of their cottage, the group was surprised to hear a quacking sound. Then all of a sudden, a duck came out from the bushes. The duck seemed very happy to see all of us and proceeded to follow us on the rest of the tour. We named her 'Lady Mallard'. Janet Pease later came across the following poem to best describe the duck's behavior.



"A duck, I'm just
And waddle I must,
Even at full throttle waddle and thrust
When I go down the road
I don't kick up much dust,
If I do...It ain't much,
Lucky for me...I'm never that rushed.
It's not like I've got Duck appointments
To be at and such
I'll get there some day
In my wobbly way
'Cuz...like I say
It's the topic today
And will be totally discussed
How my oddly made body
Makes waddling a must.

Author Unknown



(Continued on page 2)

The Parker Ridge Newsletter Mission:

To inform and entertain Parker Ridge residents with the goal of promoting community spirit and communication.

Our hope is to inform, entertain and amuse.

Newsletter Staff

Publisher	Alma Mote
Editor	Dale Neuman
Cottage News:	Bob Crosen
Nature Corner	Peggy Smith
Poetry	Claire Shaw
Codgers Corner	Marshall Smith
	Dale Neuman
	Bob Crosen

Volunteers and submissions are welcome. Feel free to contribute your thoughts and suggestions by contacting any of the above.



Earth laughs in flowers.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

Gardens are not made by singing 'Oh, how beautiful,' and sitting in the shade.

-Rudyard Kipling

To plant a garden is to believe in tomorrow.

-Audrey Hepburn

(Garden Tour —Continued from Page 1.)

After making our way around Pond Road, we arrived at cottage # 53. John and Carol Rivers greeted us and so did the butterflies and buzzing hummingbirds. The men in our group joined John on the back porch to chat and the women 'ooed and ahed' at the gardens and potted begonias, as well as the tall Norway Spruce trees in the back yard. We, along with 'Lady Mallard' still in tow, then made our way to Darrell and Mary McNatt's cottage - #52. The beauty of the lilies and cone flowers were worth the short hike up the hill. We then got into the Parker Ridge van leaving poor 'Lady Mallard' behind to visit with Mary.

The next and last visit was to cottage #68 – Rannie and Patty Sexton. Patty's front porch was beautifully adorned with containers of dahlias, purple angelonia and white diamond frost, and delicate lavender and peach flowers. The hanging begonia proudly overlooked them all. As we made our way around the cottage, the lavender bushes gave a nice scent in the light breeze. The serene feeling after seeing the small water fountain in the back was a nice ending to the tour.

While we were loading up to head back to the inn, Darrell received a call from Mary that she and her neighbor Susan were able to coax 'Lady Mallard' back down to the pond on the Pond Road. Let's hope that after her journey with the humans she had sweet dreams that night of the flowers just like we did.

In closing, I want to thank Jane and Bill, John and Carol, Darrell and Mary and Rannie and Patty for allowing us to come and visit.



The Second Annual Parker Ridge Fair: September 9 – September 11, 2021

By Alma Mote

Last year during the height of the COVID pandemic we decided to plan an event that would give our residents a lift – The Parker Ridge Fair. It was such a great success, that we decided to make it an annual event. This year on Wednesday, September 8th beginning at 2:00, residents and staff were invited to bring in their entries which were separated into different categories: photographs, paintings, sculptures, embroidery/needlepoint, knitting, quilting, vegetables, handwork and flowers. The Fair officially began at 10:00 a.m. on September 9th. The items were on display for all to see. First, second and third prizes were given in each category judged by four of our residents. At 11:00 the Bingo Hall opened and the usual players were joined by some newcomers to play and each went away with a prize. Among the prizes were a \$25.00 gift card to Tradewinds Marketplace, a \$25.00 gas card, a basket with Maine products and YES, even a Maine Moose stuffed animal.

The afternoon was filled with games under the car port as the weather brought some rain. Our director, Tim Chandler, was in the dunk tank and Hertha Owen was the first to throw the ball and hit the mark plunging him into the water. In addition to the dunk tank, we had a balloon dart board, a ring toss, corn hole bean bag toss and bowling. Blue Bunny ice cream cones were passed around to make the afternoon event complete. At 3:00 we finished the day sampling items that were entered into the Canned Goods and Baking Contests. The jars were lined up and residents could sample pickles, sauces, salsa, dilly beans, and more. The baked items included muffins, cinnamon rolls and cookies. The soft ginger cookies made by Bob Crosen won First Prize as well as the Resident's Choice Award.

On Friday morning at 11:00, we welcomed two speakers from The Fisher House in Blue Hill. They gave a very informative talk on the history of the Fisher House and invited us to bring a group to have a tour in October.

After having wild weather on Thursday, our driver, Chris thought it would be a good idea to take residents to Seawall as the surf would be a sight to see and he was right. Residents jumped on the van and headed to Northeast Harbor and as you can see by the picture, it was a memorable time. Meanwhile, back at The Ridge, we invited residents to try 'Marble Art' at 2:00. We put spots of paint on paper that was secured in a box with sides. A marble was placed in the box and rolled around through the paint spots to create a painting. One of our cottagers who participated had researched another way to do marble pour painting and this also proved to be a fun way to be creative and have fun.

We ended Friday evening with a fire in our fire pit located in the parking lot. What a wonderful time we had sitting around the fire roasting marshmallows, making s'mores, laughing, and even singing a song: *Amazing Grace*.

On Saturday, we all gathered for coffee and donuts. Then prizes were announced and distributed. The day being 9/11, we took a few moments to recognize the day by thinking back to those terrible happenings. The names of the Maine residents who died were mentioned, a poem that was written by Dale Neuman was read by Alma and the session ended with a George Stevens Academy senior - Will MacArthur – playing Taps on his trumpet. It was a memorable time as well. Dale's poem '9/11 Zero One' is published elsewhere in this newsletter in case you missed it.

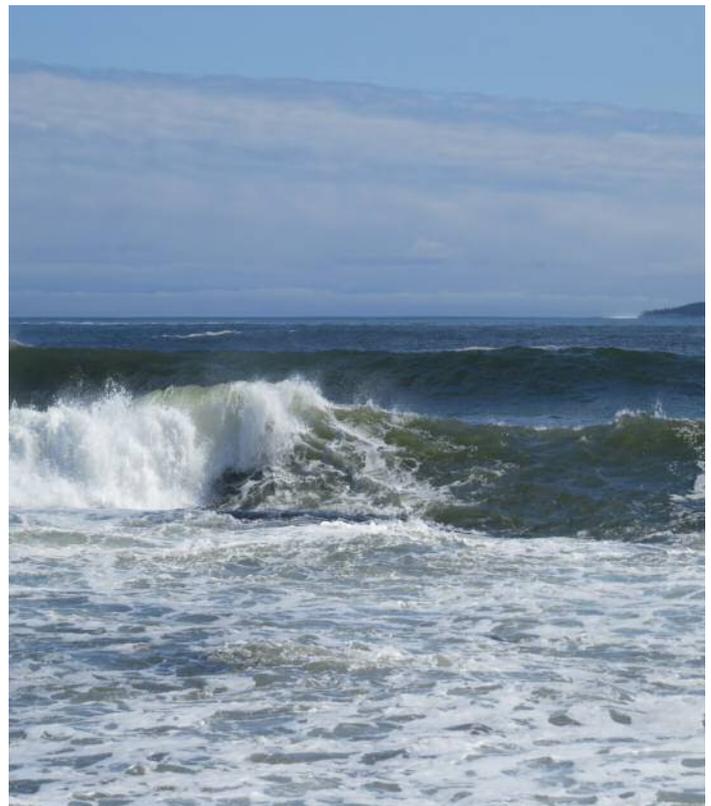
As the Fair wound up with antique car rides, a delicious meal of fair-inspired food was prepared and served for lunch by our kitchen staff. It seemed clear that residents were once again happy to have been involved in the events. The musical ensemble, Maine Weather, came to play for us after lunch and the Fair culminated with the showing of the movie Carousel in the Game Room.

A few days later as I was in the living room, I overheard Janet Pease and Cynthia Lay talking. They were putting together a poem to describe the fair. I was amused, as they were working very hard trying to put just the right words together. After much deliberation, a little help from Gretchen and guidance from Verge, the Parker Ridge Fair Poem below became the result.

Thanks to all who gave feedback on how to make the fair even better next year and thank you to all who helped make it a success and a lot of fun. Incidentally, I am sure Tim would be glad to hear of any volunteers for next year's dunk tank.

Parker Ridge Fair 2021

P Possibilities during all three days
A Activities to do in many ways
R Rotating arms flexing them up
T To pitch balls and dump Tim into a huge cup
I Inside, residents through their inspirations
C Concocting more thoroughly their creations
I Including for all encouraged by Alma, the Queen
P Putting her energy into forming a team
A All skills on display – painting, photos, baked goods and crafts
T Treasures from kitchens of residents and staff
I In the evening neighborly residents met outdoors
O Over the embers we toasted s'mores
N Next day awards were given with appreciation



Waves at Sea Wall

Parker Ridge Maintenance Department

By Dale Neuman

This is another in the series of Parker Ridge newsletter articles that report on visits with members of the several departments that serve our community. I had interviews with the three current maintenance staff members in mid-October and each was separately asked the same set of questions. Here is what I discovered.

The current staff is relatively new with one having been here about three years and the others each less than a year. They came to Parker Ridge with a range of prior work experiences that seem to fit nicely into their duties here as well as a range of hobby and leisure interests that can keep them busy when not at Parker Ridge. Let's look at those prior work experiences. Joey, the Director of Maintenance, worked in a similar capacity at Brewer Re-Hab immediately prior to coming to Parker Ridge. Before then, he worked at Woodlands Senior Living after working as a stonecutter for Freshwater Stone. He and his wife moved to Maine from West Virginia in 2012 so that his wife could take care of her grandmother who lived here. Jeffrey's job immediately before coming to Parker Ridge was as a caretaker for a large country property with 10 miles of trails and many buildings. He worked there for 14 years after spending two years working at Jackson Labs. Dean, before coming to Parker Ridge, worked for ten years as the caretaker of a hunting and fishing camp on Sebec Lake here in Maine that had its own airplane runway. He was employed by Moosehead Manufacturing prior to that. Joey and Dean list hunting and fishing among their leisure activities while Jeffrey likes to spend time with his family. Since Joey's residence is on a lake, hunting and fishing are near at hand. Dean also likes to do photography as well as autobody and restoration work, something he learned as a teenager. Jeffrey also enjoys landscaping with rocks as a hobby.

When asked about their most interesting and/or humorous work-related experiences at Parker Ridge each had his special take on this question. One just found the experience of being around and working with and helping the residents the most interesting part of the job. He added that not a day went by at work here without a laugh or a smile evoked by the ways of life found at Parker Ridge. Another enjoys seeing the landscaping take shape. Two also recounted their fun when they showed up at the Women's Breakfast in wigs to claim their food and how those present seemed to enjoy the fun as well. One also recalled the bet made with management that a certain groundskeeping job could not be completed by a time certain. When it was done on time, they were treated to a lunch as the victors. And one recounted an awkward moment early in their employment here when a resident did not respond to their doorbell or a subsequent knock. He entered to begin the requested maintenance project only to be surprised to suddenly see the resident in their birthday suit. Since then, if an apartment must be entered and there is no response, he calls for a nurse to lead the way.

One question asked whether they had been called in after hours or on weekends or had had to spend the night here to deal with an issue. They all reported having been called in after normal hours to address an issue ranging from turning up a thermostat to starting the generator when it failed to come on automatically. Another time it was to deal with a faulty smoke alarm. None had ever spent the night here, but one reported staying here for the next day's shift after being called in at 2 a.m. and the issue took so much time to remedy that it was daylight when fixed. When asked what suggestions they might have for residents that would help maintenance address problems better, I got several comments. One was for residents to realize that, with limited staff, issues have to be prioritized and that some lesser issues (compared to the perspective of the building or community as a whole) might have to wait. The suggestion was to be patient. Also, when filling out the maintenance report to request service, we are urged to try to be as precise as possible about what the problem is and where or when it happens. They recognize that many issues may be novel to the resident and understand there will be times when such information is lacking.

I have learned that they have advertised for an additional full-time maintenance person to help with the workload now that we are at resident capacity. Since the Director has other duties related to his job (like preparing and filing forms and overseeing inspections to keep Parker Ridge in compliance with the varied and numerous rules and regulations set by those who govern facilities found in retirement and assisted living communities), he is not always available to assist on a repair or other issue.

New Residents

By Alma Mote

Thanks to all of Meredith's hard work, our community is 100% occupied. We have had many new residents move in since May of this year. Here is more information about each one.

Janet Pease moved into apartment #209 in May. She was born in Framingham, Massachusetts and her family moved to Bangor in 1942 where she graduated from Bangor High School. Janet married Andy Pease, who passed away in 2015. She and Andy lived on the Eggemoggin Reach in Brooklin. They raised two daughters together who now live in Maine, one close by and the other in Millinocket. In Janet's own words, "I made the right choice at the right time to move to Parker Ridge! I am feeling right at home and participating in many activities. I am also enjoying many new friendships and receiving much support from my 'new family!'".

Tom Rodes moved from Cambridge, Massachusetts into apartment #302 in June. Tom writes, "I was married for 56 years to a smart beautiful fellow 'river rat'. She was from Cincinnati and I from St. Louis (the other side of the river). We both grew up with 'silver spoons' in our mouths, got married at the ages of 21 and 24, and raised three successful children. Our work careers were adventuresome. My wife Barbara was quite a special reporter. We enjoyed traveling together, spent 2 years in Munich, Germany, and also traveled to western, central and eastern Europe, Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Bermuda, Brazil, Japan, Vietnam and Australia. My wife and I raised our family in Garrett Parks, Maryland for 34 ½ years and then Waverly, Pennsylvania for 9 ½ years. I enjoy horses, skiing, touring, wood working and eating."

Sheila Ruyle moved into apartment #310 in July. Sheila moved to Parker Ridge from the Camden area. Her grandson lives close by with his family. Being that she attended the University of California in Berkeley and majored in Modern European History and Art History, art and music are her main interests. She is enjoying this new chapter in her life in our community.

Richard Sherwin--Marshall Smith enjoying spending some time interviewing Richard for this article. Richard moved to Parker Ridge from East Blue Hill to apartment #206 in July 2021. He is originally from southern California, where he was in the publishing business. He also flew his own airplane. About 1970 he, and his then wife, went to northern California to visit her uncle, Walt. While there Richard saw an advertisement for the sale of a vineyard, and, on the spur of the moment, decided to buy it. He asked Uncle Walt if he would run the farm and Walt answered "yes", so Richard became the proud owner of Lyton Springs vineyard. At first, they just grew grapes which they then sold to wineries. After a few years they decided to make their own wine. It was not long before their wine, mostly Zinfandel, was being sold all over the United States and abroad. Richard came to Maine to meet with their distributor in the state. The woman he met with then went to California to visit the vineyard. She and Richard "hit it off" and, even though she was 20 years younger, they got married. They sold the winery and vineyard in 1997. Ten to fifteen years ago Richard lost his hearing. This necessitated a cochlear implant which was done about 5 years ago. About 7 years ago he was run over by an eighteen-wheeler that was delivering some wine. This did serious injury to his legs and pelvis. He spent over a year in recovery and still has difficulty walking. Since his wife was from Maine they moved back to the state, settling in East Blue Hill. She found that taking care of him was too much for her, so she persuaded him to move to Parker Ridge, while she stayed in East Blue Hill. Richard, age 87, is a very friendly person. He enjoys talking with people but has difficulty hearing casual conversation. He hears best from his left ear. He also lip reads. Richard has a daughter from his first wife. She lives in California.

Philip Seib moved into apartment #305 in August. Philip came to Parker Ridge at the end of July, accompanied by his canine companion, Mac, the Wonder Dog. He resides in apartment #305. After 40 years of university teaching, Philip retired from the University of Southern California in June. At USC he held professorships in Journalism, Public Diplomacy, and International Relations. He had previously taught at Southern Methodist University and Marquette University. His academic work focuses on interactions between news media and foreign policy, with particular attention to news coverage of war and terrorism. His many books include *The Al Jazeera Effect*, *How Terrorism Evolves*, and his recently published *Information at War: Journalism, Disinformation, and Modern Warfare*. He looks forward to exploring Maine and being part of Red Sox Nation.

Jane Lawson moved into apartment #210 in August. She previously lived in Brooklin. We were able to see her beautiful embroidery displayed in the Parker Ridge Fair which won a prize. We look forward to her being here full time very soon and will enjoy getting to know her better.

Chris Nelson moved into Parker Court to apartment #114 in August. Chris graduated from MIT in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He worked for the Environmental Protection Agency. He and his wife Roberta – "Bobbie" raised three daughters. They resided at their home in Sedgwick since May of 2000. Chris sang in the Bagaduce Chorale for many years and therefore enjoys classical music as well as jazz and orchestral. He also enjoys reading, watching the news, and poetry.

Cliff Manchester moved into apartment #106 in August as well. Cliff moved here from Waterville, Maine. He grew up in Northeast Harbor. Some of his interests include reading and taking walks. Cliff has 3 children. One of his daughters lives in Vermont, the other lives in Texas, and his son lives in New York. He has nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Cliff's occupation was an engineer and he graduated from University of Maine. He also served in the Army Air Force from 1943-1946.

(Continued on p. 6)



Georgie Ainsley
Parker Ridge Administrative Coordinator

I have recently relocated to Blue Hill along with my parents and two corgis from a small town called Ellensburg in the center of Washington State. My only sister, Jessika, will be joining us here once she has completed her master's program in creative writing. In addition to Washington, I have lived in Oregon, California, Boston, NYC briefly, and Saskatchewan, Canada. I was most recently employed as a Program Manager for Central Washington University's Office of Continuing Education. I also have a background in libraries having worked in both public and university settings. While working as a Children's Librarian I learned that if I could handle 40 toddlers, and their parents, independently at Storytime, I can probably handle just about anything.

My personal interests include books, photography, historic costume design, writing, developing new recipes and cooking, decorating, watching British murder mysteries and walking in the outdoors.

I am so glad that we made the move to Blue Hill. The air quality is so much better, the water is clean, the produce is delicious and everyone has been delightfully friendly. I am eagerly looking forward to getting to know each of you and am happy to be here.

Riddle:

Why did Snap, Crackle and Pop get scared?

Answer:

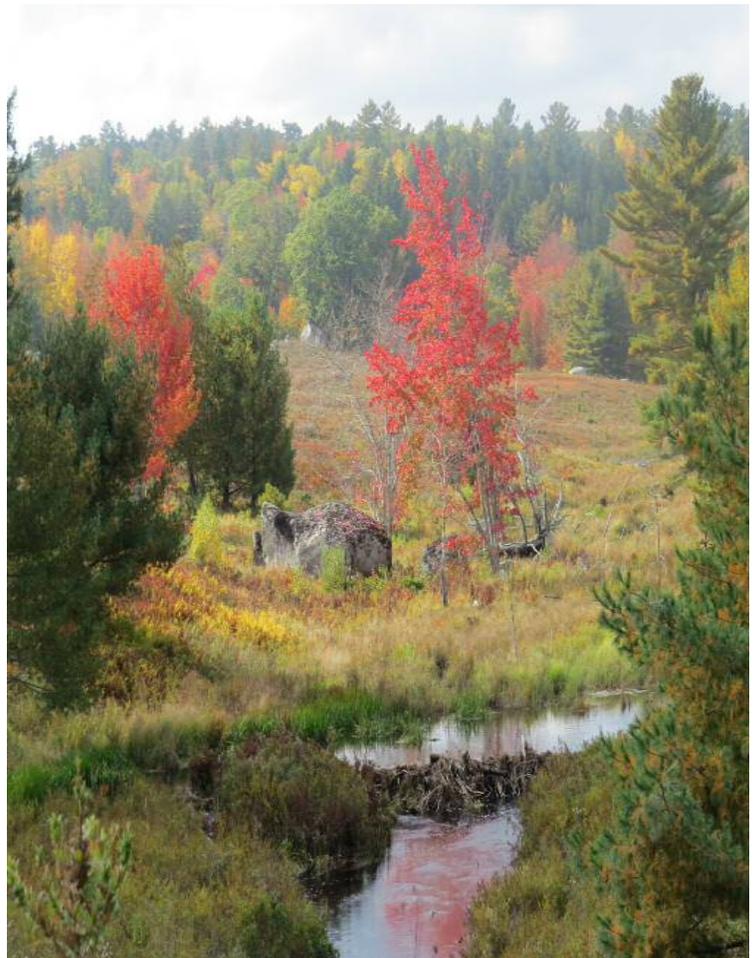
They heard there was a cereal killer on the loose.

(New Residents—continued from page 5)

Barbara Alweiss moved into apartment #303 in September. She writes, "I am the new Barbara at Parker Ridge. A few months ago, I left the south of France where I had been living for 45 years with my husband Frank until his death and then I continued on my own. Although I was born in New York City and had lived and taught there for many years, I enjoyed the life in a small country village. I took up the transverse flute and eventually played with a chamber group and in an orchestra. Frank and I enjoyed hiking and getting to know all of France and Italy. Now I am ready to settle down and enjoy Parker Ridge."

The following residents moved in in early October: **Hub and Pat White** moved into apartment #309; **Stewart and Julie Pierson** moved into apartment #312; **Helen Weiland** moved into apartment #211.

We will gather more information about them at a later date, as they are unpacking and adjusting to their life here in our community. We welcome them to Parker Ridge!

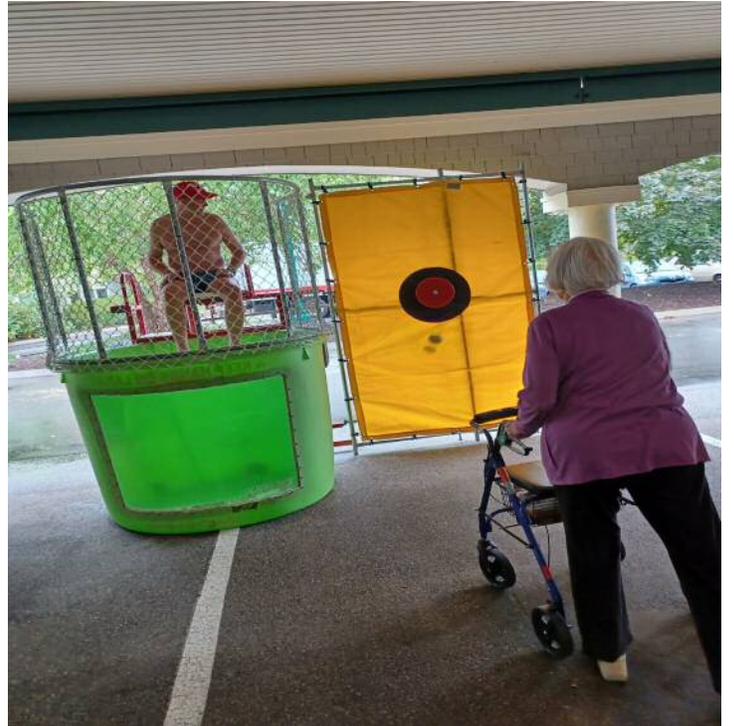


This beaver dam photo with tree reflected in the stream was taken by Dale Neuman on the first outing of the photo group organized by John Rivers. For many more photos from the trips by the group, look at the electronic screen on the table in the Living Room which continuously plays through many foliage and other photos.

Photos From The Fair



AWARDS CEREMONY



DUNK TANK



MARBLE PAINTING



CLIFF AND CHRIS



FIRE PIT & SMORES

2021 Car Show

By Robert Crosen

On June 19th, the fourth annual car show was held at Parker Ridge. The rain came to a stop at the right time for us to enjoy the many old and newer cars that were on display in our back parking lot. Chris Niehoff brought his Model T Ford touring car and his World War II Harley Davidson motorcycle in full battle dress. Malcolm Purvis showed his beautifully restored MG and his Mazda Miata convertibles. The Seal Cove Auto Museum on MDI sent several cars from their collection. Their mid-1940's Pontiac station wagon was a standout with its beautifully preserved maple panels. There were numerous other fascinating old cars. One that was a big hit of the party was an older Rolls Royce chauffeur-driven sedan whose owner gladly let spectators sit in the back seat to enjoy the luxury we can only dream about, including a beautiful walnut liquor cabinet with fine crystal goblets.

The Memphis Belles from Bangor again treated us to old familiar songs done in a 1940's style, reminiscent of the Andrews Sisters. This was while we dined on a fantastic lunch of cheeseburgers, hot dogs, salads and soda, topped off with superb Toll House cookies. This was prepared and served by our most able Parker Ridge staff.

It was great to have cottagers, assisted living residents, and Inn residents again get together to enjoy this always exciting activity.

A local woods fire kept several volunteer firemen from showing their cars and the pandemic also affected attendance by peninsula neighbors. Hopefully next year will be a bigger event, but it couldn't be better.



Cricket looking around during Car Show



Cars Being Discussed at Car Show

(More photos from the Parker Ridge Fair on page 14 and page 16)

UNANTICIPATED CONSEQUENCES OF PARKER RIDGE VAN TRIPS

By Marshall Smith

My wife of 61 years, Marge, died of Alzheimer's Disease in April 2015 and I decided to move back to Parker Ridge. The following August, the Parker Ridge van was scheduled to take us to the Castine Beach and I signed up to be included. Since this was a popular trip I knew the van would be full. I was the last one to get on the van and, as expected, there was only one seat left – next to a new resident from one of the cottages, Terri. I did not know her, but she invited me to sit next to her. We soon found that we had a lot in common, including love of music and travel. She ordered her tickets to the Bangor Symphony as soon as we got back to Parker Ridge.

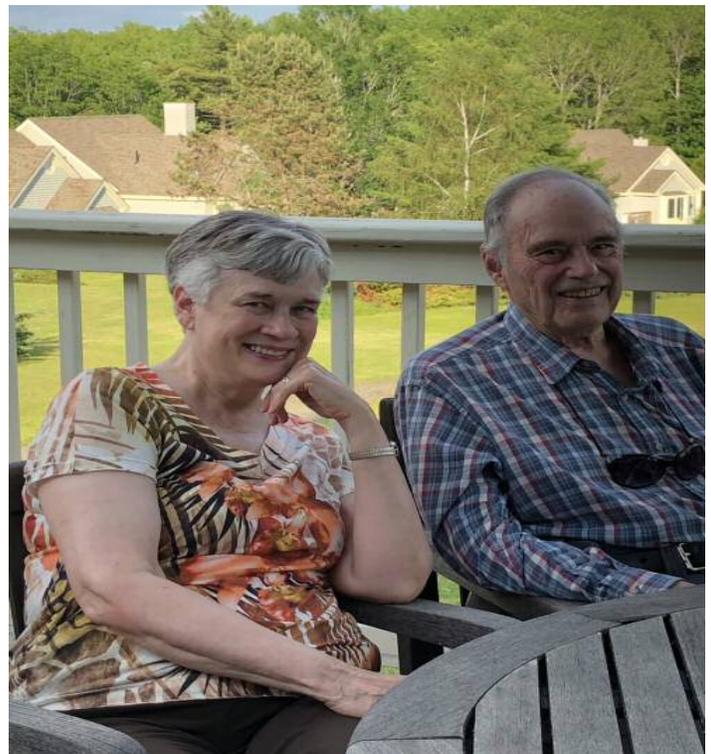
Over the next couple of months I found that on van trips, the other passengers left the seat next to Terri for me. By October we were a couple. Terri said we should do something special for Columbus Day, so we drove to Acadia National Park and hiked some of the carriage roads. We then went to The Chart Room for a delicious dinner. For the next few weeks we were definitely dating. I was concerned that this was so soon after Marge had died, so asked my kids what they thought. Their reply was “you lost Mom 5 years ago. Go for it”.

Terri was owner of 3 time-shares, one of which had to be used within the next couple of months. I said I would be happy to go with her, but she did not want us to do that if we were not married. After some discussion we decided to get married in December when our kids would be here for Christmas. Since my son-in-law was certified to conduct weddings, we had him preside. One of my daughters provided the music while the other daughter took pictures. Both of our sons did readings. Terri's daughter was unable to make it.

You don't think of the Parker Ridge van as a place to meet your next spouse, but you never can tell what will happen in the van.



Marshall and Marge



Marshall and Terri

Poetry Corner

A Sporting Life

The angry Gulf pounds the sandy turf.
I walk the beach and kick clumps of red seaweed.
Ahead,
A small dark form in the foam.

I bend and lift
A perfect seahorse,
Golden green leathery scales
Soft in my palm.

A sudden curling of the tail
Around my finger
And a curving of the body into a question mark.
(Don't let me go?)

There is life there.

I loose it with a gentle toss into the water
And go on to seek other miracles.

On the home stretch
There the same tiny creature
Waits,
Stalled in the tide.

I hold it steady and
Again that startling wrap of tail,
Body arching impatiently.
(Let me go!)

I wade in deeper and prod gently.

Upright,
With a toss of the head
He rocks out to sea and disappears
Round the curve of a wave.

Does he cross the finish line to win?
Or does he place or does he show?
Or does he fall to the bottom of the sea?

I'll bet on life this time.

Ann Lape, Palm Island, Florida 2004

Mary Oliver

'Poetry isn't a profession, it's a way of life. It's an empty basket; you put your life into it and make something out of that.'

'Like a piece of ice on a hot stove, the poem must ride on its own melting.' **Robert Frost**

'Poetry can tell us what human beings are. It can tell us why we stumble and fall and how, miraculously, we can stand up.' **Maya Angelou**

'Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly in the air.' **Carl Sandburg**

The Politicians Creed

I lie every day
Scoffing loudly at the truth
I am pleased to say
That my lie today is beyond disproof

I lie for wealth and power
I appeal to the masses
Half-truths and spin
Yes, the lower classes

Filled with helium
My balloon will rise
Created by my devious cranium
It will pop when it reaches the skies

I have no facts
I speak with stentorian assurance
I deal with made up acts
I possess mammoth endurance

Time will tell
If I continue to swell, or burst and take the
knockout bell.

Verge Forbes , Blue Hill, Maine 2021

(Poetry Corner continued on p.11)



Louise Vialle

With her award for the best Impersonation of Elvis several years ago. Presented by Parker Ridge Players



Janet Pease as Joke Teller between Skits at Parker Ridge Players Program, August 27.

(Poetry Corner— continuation from p.10)

An Echo Asks a Shadow to Dance

Carl Sandburg is reported to have said in response to the question 'what is a poem?' something like 'it is an echo asking a shadow to dance'. That evocative image of a fleeting yet awe-inspiring sensation set me to pondering whether I could create a poem around it. With my apologies to Sandburg in advance, here is what I have written.

An echo with reverberation
 Invited a shadow to a conversation.
 The shadow continued to silently hover
 With no intention to evade but with no ability to proffer.

The problem is, you see,
 A shadow cannot by itself just act and be.
 It first needs something to give it life and substantiation
 An object and the object's illumination.

But it is similarly true
 That an echo "to be" needs conditions numbering two:
 A sound for its origination
 And a reflector for its multiplication.

The prospect of viewing a shadow dancing to an echo's tune
 More likely in daylight than by the light of the moon
 Lets one imagine--- if not see
 What might fancifully and delightfully be.

The shadow's source could be willowy and slender
 The echo's voice subtle and tender
 The masking shade then moves nimbly and lithely
 To the delicate reverbs now sounding spritely.

The shadow reappears stout and robust
 The echo sounds proud and august.
 The moving grey chases brightness astray
 The resounding notes are now further away.

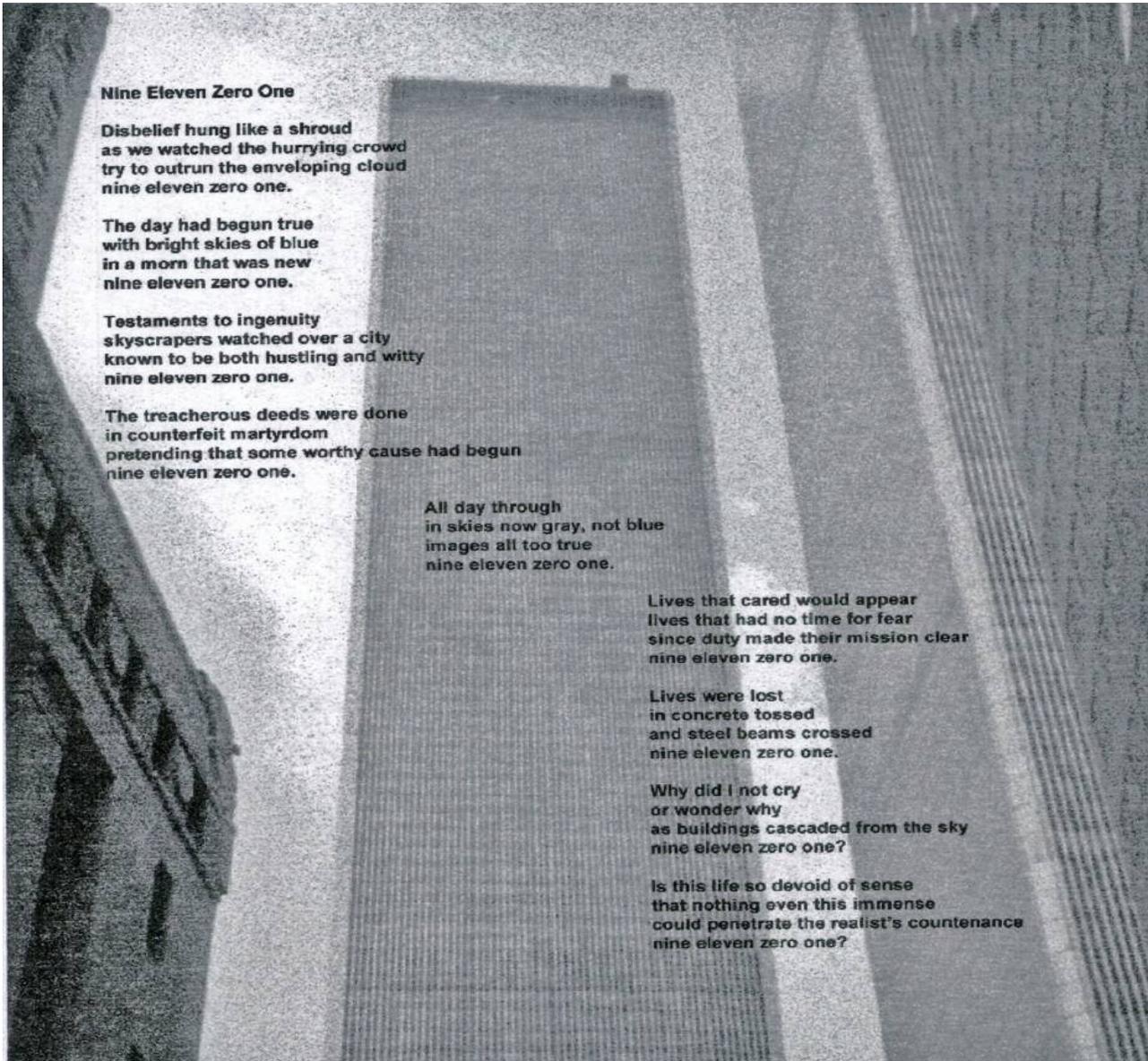
Life-giving forces for both have departed
 The "what if" world of this poet is back where it started.
 Others will need to provide the next clue
 About what he should consider rhyming anew.

*Dale Neuman, Blue Hill, Maine
 May 2021, Revised, August 2021.*

Do you have access to and know how to use Microsoft *Publisher* software? If you do and would like to help with this newsletter, contact Alma Mote or Dale Neuman.

We do layout in *Publisher*, convert it to PDF, and then print the final copy on the Parker Ridge printer.

This is the poem that Alma read during the Fair awards ceremony this year where we also remembered 9-11. The poem and photo are by Dale Neuman. The photo was taken in August, 2001 while he and his wife were walking in NYC less than a month before the attack. The poem was written after the events of 9-11-01.



Parker Ridge
men solving the
world's problems
while women
enjoy the Cottage
Garden Tour.



THE PARKER RIDGE PLAYERS

By Tim Thomas

The pandemic caused many entertainment venues to modify or discontinue their productions. Notably, the lights went out on Broadway with theaters in New York closing to limit the spread of the Covid-19 virus. So too at Parker Ridge where vocal performances (musical or otherwise) were suspended.

Recently, however, the lights have come back to Broadway, and the theaters in New York have opened. Parker Ridge has followed Broadway's lead with a dramatic presentation from the Parker Ridge Players. On the afternoon of August 27, 2021 residents gathered in the living room to see four short mini dramas presented by the Players, revealing insights into real-life issues. The opening mini drama was *Shady Acres Retirement Home* about petty jealousies and envy among residents of a retirement community. Next was *Goin' to the Chapel* revealing malicious gossip among wedding guests. The third mini drama was *First Date*, a cute story about love at first sight. The closing mini drama was *Elvis Pressley Concert*, showing a stressed Elvis in search of his essential beaded microphone.

Before the opening mini drama, and between each of those that followed, Janet Pease shared humorous stories (jokes?) about the vicissitudes of advancing age. The other Players were Gretchen Hannon, Cynthia Lay, Bob Crosen, George Robbins, Dale Neuman and Tim Thomas. In some of the mini dramas, there were more than two roles for women. Not a problem—gentlemen members of the Players crossed the gender divide to play some women's roles (complete with wigs and other adornments). The visual experience of residents was enhanced by clever props employed by cast members. Alma was producer and director of the entire production assisted by Emma.

At the close, Alma awarded Louise Vialle a Certificate of Commendation in recognition of her portrayal of Elvis some ten years ago. It was then noted that the day's production was not a "one-off." The Players have not disbanded and will return in the fullness of time. For the final closing event, the Players, accompanied by George Robbins on the piano and joined by the audience, sang *Give my Regards to Broadway*.



Gretchen

Cynthia

George

Janet

Bob

Tim

Dale

The Codgers' Corner

By Darrell McNatt (Guest Contributor)

Prickly Fella Attacks Sweet Hungarians

The carnage was unbelievable. These poor defenseless souls had no idea what hit them. Their remains were strewn all over my back porch in bits and pieces. It was as though a mindless demon from the depths of Hades had pounced upon them at their most vulnerable moment. The scene was so devastating I could hardly look. One could only wonder what had consumed my poor peppers. Not only had they been devoured, but they were almost totally wiped out. There was hardly a pepper left to even testify to the carnage that occurred there the night before. This was an obvious attack by a local porcupine. I had witnessed the devil stalking around my place after dark. He had been hanging around like a little gamer acting so demur and innocent. I took a photo one night in my front yard while he was behaving so deceptive and passive. I thought he would never hurt anything. Yep! It was him alright. I saw the little devil's calling card deposited on my porch right smack within the devastation. No doubt he had been planning this attack for some time. To add insult to injury, he even made an attempt at two of my jalapeno hot peppers. It must have been too much to take on those feisty little hombres. The prickly demon only managed a bite into two of them before he discovered that he had bitten into something that could bite him back. The Hungarian sweet peppers just didn't have it within them to deter the prickly porky from making them dinner. I had been cultivating these peppers since March. I thought they would be safe on my back porch. After all, I had erected a deer fence and had blocked access to most larger animals. Who knew a slow-moving and introverted little herbivore could do something so terrible to so many peppers in only one night? He must have planned his move so he would have all night to do the dirty deed. I suspect there were at least two dozen sweeties and the two spicey hombres that were lost that night in August. Since then, my neighbor and I have heard the demon's cry in the middle of the night. At first, we thought it was some weird creature from the Netherworld calling to torment us in the dark of night. My wife, Mary, later identified it from a You-Tube video as the cry of a prickly porcupine. Cry? Maybe. It sounded to me more like the prickly devil laughing at this naïve back-porch farmer. The little critter may have won the first round, but we'll see how good a climber he really is next year. The deceptive booger will get altitude sickness next year!



At the Fair

Peter de Vries and Ann Sexton

Bob Crosen and Claire Shaw

Nature's Corner

By Peggy Smith



We can find nature inside. Many people have flowers in their windows, but some people have cats and/or dogs – as nature inside. So here are some words from a dog resident as well as words from some of our residents who have pets in their lives. (Photo is from an earlier time when Peggy still had her dog, Bucky.)

Mac

My name is Machiavelli “Mac” Seib. Some people wonder about my name, but I believe that the Italian political philosopher Nicolo Machiavelli deserves better treatment from historians. I am happy to share his name.

I am a 14-year-old terrier mix, very friendly and very skilled at managing our household, especially the food supply, with an emphasis on dog treats. Philip and I have been together since 2017, when he adopted me from the Pasadena Humane Society in Pasadena, California. While Philip was on the faculty of the University of Southern California, I was his teaching assistant, going to class with him every day. And I assisted him with writing his latest book, explaining difficult concepts to him. Philip and I are rarely apart, although sometimes I must attach him to a leash to keep him from straying.

I have adapted quickly to Maine life, and I am having a great time here. Everyone is very friendly, and some of you are quite adept at scratching my back. I have met several fellow canines – among them Peter and Ann’s Sage and Gregory’s Mac (I am pleased that you are named after me). I am slightly perturbed by the talk I hear about something called “snow,” which I have never seen. But I am a tough hombre, and I am sure I will adjust, especially because Philip has ordered a fleece jacket for me. I look forward to meeting more of you.



Cynthia Lay

“My ten year old cat, Sasha, is totally in charge. Promptly at 7:00 a.m. each morning I am awakened by a paw-pat on the face or a nip on the nearest exposed area of skin to inform me that it is breakfast time.

Sasha is a tiger stripe cat with piercing green eyes which can change in seconds from a look of complete contentment to one of a hunter stalking her prey, while she’s playing with her toys. She’s very affectionate and full of rumbling purrs most of the time.

I adopted Sasha from the animal shelter when she was four. When I saw her, I knew immediately that she was the one I wanted to take home. Fortunately, I live alone, as I soon found out she’s extremely frightened of men, except for a few. After some time and patience, she will allow them to become friends.

Several times a day she decides it is ‘lap time’ and starts fussing. So I sit in my chair, put my feet up and she jumps up for some ‘pats’ and conversation. I tell her how beautiful and good she is and how much I love her. After a few minutes, she gets down and goes about her business. What a wonderful companion she is and I am lucky to have her!”

(Continued on page 16)

Ann Sexton and Peter de Vries

“Sage is our Cairn Terrier. She is 10 years old, light blond in color and is related to a long line of Cairns that Peter and his late wife had raised. She is very friendly and outgoing. She has adapted well, after having lived on a large property with many animals including several dogs, until we moved here to Parker Ridge six months ago. She loves people!”

Rich and Susie Gurin

“Our handsome 9 year old dog Buddy is an English Springer Spaniel who loves people but not other dogs. He barks and squeals with delight when greeting visitors and truly enjoys walking with Emma on the Parker Ridge campus. He enjoys games like tug of war, chasing balls and has learned to stay within his ‘invisible fence’. But the real boss who rules the roost is our 16 ½ pound Ginger Coon Cat, Lucifer or Lucy for short. She is an indoor cat, very fluffy, friendly and likes to tease her big brother Buddy. She is always hungry and lets us know when she wants food.”

Cherie Mason

“I have two dogs and a cat – Skippah, Tommy, and Brutus von Beefcake. Skippah is a 12 year old Pomeranian. Tommy is a 13 year old Tibetan Terrier and Brutus von Beefcake is 10 years old and he won’t tell me his breed. All of them are friendly, enjoy going on rides and walks and love treats. Skippah tries to get me to give him more treats before Elizabeth comes back. Tommy often looks at Skippah saying, ‘Who gave me this hair cut?’. Skippah thinks he is the boss but Brutus van Beefcake begs to differ and keeps them all in check.”

We have other pet residents in our community - **Barbara Rolleston** has a cat named Little One, **Joyce Show** has a dog named Grindle, **George Montgomery** has a dog named Mollie, and **Tyler Knowles and Larry Flood** have a dog named Rufus.



Carol and John Rivers at the Fair

Photos in this issue were taken or provided by:

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A Second Call for Help

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