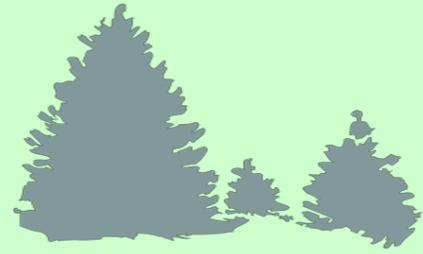


Life On the Ridge



Notes from Parker Ridge



Suggestions for Prevailing During the Pandemic

By Betty Stookey

Editor's Note: This article was solicited to lead this issue.

Betty Stookey has lived in Blue Hill with her husband Noel since 1974. Their three daughters Liz, Anna and Kate were raised here. Betty is an ordained UCC minister, Hospice volunteer, lover of anything French, enthusiastic reader and an avid swimmer. During her many visits to Parker Ridge, she has developed a deep respect and admiration for it and its wonderful residents. She would love to chat with anyone who might enjoy a conversation. If you want to reach Betty, see Alma for her contact information.

Well, here we all are, in the midst of a pandemic that has us all isolated, missing our friends, family and neighbors. We are confined to limited spaces, with our major way of communication being the telephone, computer or zoom. What is there to do about all this? We are lonely and the path ahead seems to be more of the same.

I'm right there with you...my days seem to blend seamlessly into each other and as night comes, I wonder what I have done with the day. Lately I have found that I am getting tired of being tired and sick of feeling low and depressed, so here are some things I am doing that seem to help. Perhaps they will be of help to you as well:

PRAY: I am not certain exactly to whom I am directing these prayers...they come out as little thoughts to the universe or God or whomever ... "please watch over so and so and help her to heal" "Guide the surgeon's hands"..."Bring him some peace.." At night, before dinner, I pray again, and the list is a bit longer. I do believe that when we put our blessings and prayers out there, that they can change things while praying can free our minds of self- involvement. (There is a story about some people who made a circle around the city of Washington, DC and prayed/meditated continually for a certain number of days, and Washington changed. The statistics for that period in the city showed a remarkable and unprecedented decrease in violence and crime.)

COOK (if you have a kitchen): I am cooking more but there are just two of us and our freezer is full, so I am making meals for friends and dropping them off on porches. It feels good to be contributing to someone else's welfare and good to be busy.

(Continued on page 4)

The Parker Ridge Newsletter hopes to foster the spirit of communication within the community. Our goal is to entertain, inform and amuse. Volunteers and submissions are welcome.

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

Feel free to contribute your thoughts & ideas by contacting any of the above

The Publisher and Staff of the Parker Ridge Newsletter want to thank Jill and George Montgomery for their extraordinary efforts to make the newsletter what it has become. They were in on the founding meeting and continued to serve doing layout and copy editing since then until this issue. Sadly, with Jill's passing in late April, their enthusiasm, good humor, keen eyes at keeping copy correct and tidy, and the content fun to read are gone. We send our sympathy to George and dedicate this issue to the memory of Jill.

Important Notice from Parker Ridge

Parker Ridge has asked Weston Brownlow, RN to be the Interim Director of Health Services. Katharine Fodnaess, RN has served as our Director of Health Service since August, 2017. We thank Katharine for her guidance through this pandemic. The Executive Director and the leadership team are in the process of interviewing potential candidates for this position.



Burning Bushes at Parker Ridge— Photo By Bob Crosen



Photo by Alma Mote

Nature's Corner

by Peggy Smith

Spring has sprung, the Grass is riz', and I wonder where the Boides is?

Here it is, a few weeks after the first day of Spring and, from what I have observed, a drive through the various sections of Parker Ridge Retirement Community shows only a little bit of greening grass and four or five purple crocuses at the beginning of the path at the top end of Pond Road. The Robins have arrived, but just eight are seen. Perhaps there are others not yet seen nor heard. The gazebo on Pond Road's center is awaiting folks to sit and enjoy the surroundings. (The gazebo on Ledge Road's center is awaiting removal due to safety concerns.)

The weather is warming, flowers will soon burst forth to show their beauty. Perhaps, by the time you read this, the Spring season will have burst forth. Try to go out to walk the roads or paths. I am sure residents are ready to start planting in the raised garden next to the beginning of the Jeep Trail. Many, but not all of the plots have been spoken for so the rest of us can walk by and give a wave as those gardening this year begin prepare the soil and plant. See Trudy if you are interested in a plot. Ask Len Parrott – Cottage #60 about the 'woody' trails.

Have fun!

Q: Which month has 28 days?

A: All of them!



Looking Forward to the Summer of 2021

By Alma Mote. Activities Director

Well, we have survived and made it through this past year with flying colors! I first of all want to thank you for being understanding and as patient as you could have been during this year of the COVID-19 pandemic. It truly has been a roller coaster ride with all the ups and downs and 'loop de loops'! We as a community have truly been 'in it together' and have done the best we could in dealing with our situation and keeping each other's spirits up. I am thankful for the technology that has allowed us to connect families and friends through ZOOM. I know it was not the same as being physically close to someone in the same room, but at least it was an avenue for us to connect to one another.

Activities are ramping up again with the understanding that we will continue to wear a mask and do our best to keep a safe distance apart. It is possible that beginning in May, we will be able to have live musicians come and perform for us. I have reached out to Geoffrey Warner – son of Cynthia Lay, and the Kneisel Hall School of Chamber Music. We plan to invite musicians only, not singers as of yet. Musicians will be required to wear masks as well.

On Saturday, June 19th, we plan to have our Annual Father's Day Antique Car Show. As in the past, it will be outside in the back parking lot. We will grill some hamburgers and hot dogs and enjoy being together again outside. More details will follow.

As the weather gets warmer, we will plan some day trips and lunch take-outs as well as picnics. If you have any suggestions as to some places to visit, do not hesitate to send me your ideas.

We hope to have Happy Hours on the deck once a month and in September, we plan to hold our second Annual Parker Ridge Fair. So, you have until the Fall to grow those vegetables and flowers, take pictures, or make something to enter in the fair to win that BIG PRIZE! Get exercising and strengthen your muscles as well as work on your aim ... who knows who will be in the dunk tank for 2021.

We encourage all to get out and about again and stay safe. It will take some time to regain your confidence in being out in the community and being social again, but we can do a little at a time and keep taking steps forward. We will continue to 'be in this together'.

Q: What is as big as a big as a skyscraper but yet weighs nothing?

A: Its shadow!

Q: What do you find at the end of a rainbow?

A: Not gold, but merely a "W" !

We Have a Newly Renovated Exercise Room on the Ground Floor !!!

Catherine Princell is back and eager to help you all get back in shape. Catherine leads class on Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 a.m. She provides strength training as well as a good cardio workout. You can choose to stand or sit depending on your own ability. Mark your calendars and come and join her and the others in the class. The equipment room is also available to you at your convenience. There is a treadmill, a recumbent bicycle, and a health rider which is similar to a rowing machine but a little easier. If you have any questions, see Alma or Emma.

(Stookey: Continued from page 1)

BE GRATEFUL: I wake every morning (well, most mornings) and take a moment before starting the day to list five things I am grateful for. (Good thing to do in the shower.) When you begin to note what we take for granted (I can see; I can speak, I have hands, etc., you will see how much we have.) And I keep a 'gratitude jar' in the kitchen so when happy about something, I write it down and put it in the jar. These things help me from sinking into a 'poor me' attitude.

MEDITATE: I meditate at least once a day. Sometimes just for five minutes, sometimes for a half hour or longer. I am a big believer in the benefits of deep breathing and calming the mind. (** If anyone at Parker Ridge would like to be part of a meditation group on zoom, I would be glad to lead one. You don't need any 'practice'...it is very simple, and I can walk you through it. Please let Alma know.)

JIGSAW PUZZLES: I know you have lots of great jigsaw puzzles there. I find they are a good way to get my mind on something other than myself. And I hear they are good for the brain too. We keep one going on a table in the living room.

MAKE ART: Draw. Paint. Make a collage. Make a card for someone. Get some clay and play with it. Even if you don't consider yourself 'artistic', creating something is a great way to open up those pandemic feelings.

READ: Reading, of course, is always a deep pleasure. Books open our minds, teach us, and touch our hearts. We have a great library in town and they can get us books from all over the state. I usually have one or two books going at the same time.

EXERCISE: Oh, how important this is, no matter how limited we are, we can always move our bodies. Walk down the hallways a few times. Up the stairs if you can. Get out of your chair! Also, there is a great site online for a 7-minute standing exercise which could be adapted to sitting too: It gets the heart rate up and is fast and easy. No sitting. No lying down. Try it, link is below: <https://www.indiarightnownews.com/for-an-exercise-snack-try-the-new-standing-7-minute-workout/> Don't worry if you can't do it all 'right' (I can't!), the important thing is to move. Lifting weights, stretching, walking, dancing – it's all good.

WRITE: Pour out those feelings in a journal or online. Lift them out of you and put them somewhere else. It will feel better.

PICK UP THE PHONE: Feeling blue? SO is someone else. Look thru your phone numbers and find someone you haven't spoken to in a while. Check in on how they are doing.

TV & ZOOM: There are some great movies and shows on TV. Let them take you away for a while. Zoom is an excellent way to actually SEE a family member or friend. I'm sure Alma can set it up for you.

What are some other ways that you are dealing with this pandemic? Write them down and share them with friends. Start a 'Pandemic Help' group. We can all help each other...we are in this together!

Thanks for listening and here's to making life sweet again!

Betty Stookey

Update from Betty Stookey for her newsletter article

Hello Dear Parker Ridgers...

I am writing to you now from sunny California where Noel and I will stay until early June. We postponed our annual trip here twice because of Covid but, with both shots and masks and good seats on the plane, we came a month ago, arriving to gray and drizzly weather. Sort of like Maine!

People around here are good about wearing masks and the cases are low. Still restaurants and bars are opening up...too soon I think...to restricted seating unless outdoors. We have yet to be interested in going to a restaurant for a meal. I do fear that, because we are all so tired of being inside and away from loved ones and friends, that we are pushing it a bit.

I hope you are all staying careful and being safe and healthy! We send sunny warm love to each of you...

XOB



Castine Harbor

Photo by Bob Crosen



Tribute to Marianne New

By Robert Crosen

We recently lost a Parker Ridge institution when Marianne New passed. She had been a part of the Writing Class since its start almost six years ago. She felt that she was not very good

at writing our monthly essays, but she managed to tell us about her life in a way that showed her depth of feeling and was always very straight to the point. Her writing improved, as ours did too, and she has left behind a trove of her history that can be read in the white binder notebooks we maintain in the library of the essays we have written.

Her January 2021 essay, which is reprinted elsewhere in this issue, was placed on the chair outside our apartment the morning of the day before she passed away. I had previously returned an earlier version to her with several corrections made and with the comment that I hoped she would give further information on Jean Piaget and why he had influenced her life to such a degree. I also had hoped she would add more details about her early life. The final essay did that, and we are so glad she was able to give us a glimpse into her early days in her beautiful hometown in Switzerland.

Also reprinted elsewhere are two earlier essays that give further insight into the life of Marianne.

Yes, she lived a long life, but it was filled with love and strong interests. She cared about people, she desired that civility return to our government, and she looked forward to the promised change in our leadership. She had strong beliefs and lived a healthy life. Her diminished hearing in her later years created challenges for her and problems in the writing class. We used an amplifier and microphone to make it easier for her to participate.

See pages 11 and 12 for Marianne's essays.

Photo by Alma Mote

Poetry Corner

NEXT

By Verge Forbes

The COVID ride has been long and slow
But here we are with reasons to cheer
Something new to know
Freedom is here.

Where will we go?
What will we do?
Wild oats to sow
A chance to grow.

Change the scene
Lunch at Deer Isle
Freedom we glean
Look forward and smile.

Oh yes, wear a mask
It's an onerous task
But, vaccinated and free
We are all we can be.

Lockdown is gone
Chorus will sing
Bingo with thrive
Poets will meet
Artists will paint.

It will be great
Hooray and elate!

Editor's Note: Verge is presently living with his daughter. We expect Verge to be returning to The Inn on June 1st. We send our condolences on Janet's passing on April 9, 2021.



Claire's Rhododendron

Photo by Bob Crosen

Health Services Department at Parker Ridge

By Dale Neuman

This article continues the series we began several issues ago where we visit with some of the staff from a department to get to know them better and to get a feel for what their experiences in that department at Parker Ridge have meant to them. I ask the same questions of each person that I visit with and the same questions have been asked of each department visited so far. I had the pleasant task of separately interviewing five members of this department: Kathy Holden, Nancy Violette, Katharine Fodnaess, Renee Hardy, and Weston Brownlow over a period of about two weeks recently.

Most of those I talked with have been at PR less than four years, but one has been here 20 years. All bring to us a variety of different work assignments in nursing and most have had experience in other occupations as well. Nursing experiences have included duties at other facilities in this area, supervising nursing services elsewhere, teaching nursing at a college, doing home care and Hospice care, serving as a flight nurse, or serving as a jungle nurse. The non-nursing work experiences include clerking at a store, serving as an Ed Tech in a school, teaching mathematics to college students, working on a fishing boat, working as a stone mason and owning a masonry business, or running a pig-breeding farm that also raised chickens and turkeys.

Their hobbies range from camping, reading, painting, sewing, watching the Hallmark Channel and walking with their dog, to goat farming, figure skating, attending grandkids recitals, cutting wood, working on their house or maintaining a medical supply "lending closet." One even listed their service as a Firefighter and First Responder when asked this question.

When asked about their most memorable or interesting work experience here at Parker Ridge, each offered a similar response: the fond memories from all the residents they have met and worked with here. For some, it was learning of residents' life stories while for others it was the zest for life and colorful characters that they found among residents. In some cases, this has led to friendships that have extended over time and the relationship has become almost familial in nature. One even commented that the diverse community of residents found at PR is different than that found at other places where they have worked. Learning of those diverse lifetime achievements, especially from among the women residents here, has been a wonderfully enriching experience for the nursing staff.

A standard question that I have asked is: "What was the most humorous experience you have had working here?" This caused everyone I talked with to pause. When they began to reply, their answers spoke more to the often brief personalized encounters they have had with each individual in their care that created individual smiles rather than to large events marked by much laughter among many. One example was the bicycle horn attached to a walker that the resident used to urge others to move faster. Another cited the big smile on a resident's face when their birthday was celebrated, while yet another spoke of the happiness seen in a resident when a family member arrived for a visit.

Some have spent the night here during bad weather and at least one said that there were times when she drove home in bad conditions that she wished had stayed over. Those who had worked at Island Nursing Home told of having to stay there when the weather made the bridge impassable.

The final question put to those I talked with dealt with suggestions they might make for things that could be done by residents to help the nursing staff be in a position to better serve them. Several spoke of needing to be able to learn of special needs or preferences of those in their care and a desire that residents not be reluctant to share them. Even family input could help on these topics. One commented in the context of this question that it would be fun for some in their care if more of the activities available to Inn residents were made available to those in Assisted Living.

Editor's Note: See the notice on page 2 in this issue of the newsletter regarding the transition in the leadership of the Parker Ridge Health Services Department.

THE SAYINGS YOU REMEMBER FROM CHILDHOOD...



by Alma Mote

A number of residents and staff were asked to give a 'one or two liner' or a saying that they remember from their childhood. It could have been from a mother or father, a teacher, a brother or sister, etc. Here are the replies...

Cynthia Lay – “Kilroy was here” from WWII and “Clear your plate because of the starving Armenians.”

Emma Crosby – When her father would answer a call he would say “Go ahead, it’s your quarter”. And on another note - “Don’t eat yellow snow”. Her mother would comfort her during a thunderstorm by saying “Don’t worry, it’s just the angels bowling”.

Jackie Dunbar – “Eat your dinner” and “Don’t make any noise outside because the neighbor is a night watchman”.

Chris Niehoff – His father would drive up in his car, fling the door open, reach down to grab the newspaper and say “Just like Hoppy” (as in Hop-a-long Cassidy) AND he was also known to say “Everybody complains about the weather but no one does anything about it.”

Dale Neuman – “Don’t do that!”

Bob Crosen – “Put the bb gun down before you shoot your brother’s eye out!” and “Quit pulling your sister’s hair!” and last but not least, “Make hay when the sun shines.”

Tim Chandler – When someone would say “I’m done,” Tim’s father would respond with “Turkeys are done; people are finished.” And he and his siblings were known to say “Are we there yet?” quite frequently.

Trudy Bell – She remembers her Mom saying, “Life is too short.” and “Give me strength.” and her Dad’s saying was “If not now, when?”

Alma Mote – On Saturday mornings, her mother would wake her up by bursting in the room and shouting “Rise and Shine”. Another one of her mother’s sayings was “When you want something done right, do it yourself.” And a saying her first grade teacher, Mrs. Grace Lymnburner, recited frequently was “Good, Better, Best, never let it rest until your Good is Better and your Better is Best.” Her Dad’s saying was “Live Well, Love Often, and Laugh Much”.



Parker Court residents enjoying a sunny day recently.

Photo by
Katharine
Fodnaess



We Welcome Newcomers to Parker Ridge

I am **Barbara Haring**. I moved to Parker Ridge in cottage #62 at the beginning of November from my home on the Castine Road in Orland where I had lived since 2002.

I was born in and grew up in New Jersey, eventually living in Manhattan for twenty years, working as a research assistant for the Cornell Dept. of Social Psychiatry, and after that, for the Child Welfare League, being responsible for collecting data and writing reports on administrative issues. But I had majored in art in college, and after having taken a night class in pottery at the local Y, I decided to change course entirely and work on becoming a full-time potter. (I shall say I was lucky to have a supportive husband while I pursued this career change!)

I had my own studio and shop in Orland – Orland Pottery. I've spent more than 40 years working with clay, having the shop, still doing some shows, and teaching, both in the Northeast and in

Florida during the winter.

But as with all other pursuits, time and circumstance have now made it more compelling to change course once again. My house on the Castine Road in Orland had gotten to be too much to take care of, and living alone, with no children, and relatives far away in Colorado, made a move to Parker Ridge an attractive option. Still being in Maine, in an area I've loved, and giving me now an opportunity to revisit local sites I haven't had much time for in the past few years.

I have also had the opportunity to spend more time enjoying the birds and wildlife that were in abundance on the Castine Road, and I'm pleased to see, are also sharing this outdoor acreage with us here at Parker Ridge! The local group of 12 turkeys, adults and poults, show up frequently outside my kitchen window. It's nice to see that, so far, the head count seems to be stable! As you can see, I also saw the fox earlier in the season just outside the sunporch, and so I share these photos as well. (All photos for this item were taken by the author.)





Even More Newcomers to Parker Ridge

Editor's Note

This information on our newcomers has been provided by several sources and we hope we have it correct. If we have made errors, we will correct them in the next issue.

Carol and John Rivers moved into cottage #53 in February. Carol and John moved from Northeast Harbor. In Carol's words: "John and I met while in college in New England – I was a last-minute substitute for a blind date! We will celebrate our 50th anniversary in June. We lived in Houston, Texas while John got his architecture degree and a fast start as a rising architect. I had a bustling business in advertising art and commercial design, eventually going freelance. Our daughter was born in 1986, shortly before we moved north to New Jersey. John headed a large architecture and engineering firm in the Princeton area and we stayed there until 2001. Our next move was to Massachusetts, where our daughter Ann went to high school at the Rivers School, founded by John's grandfather. John worked for MIT and the Cambridge office of an architecture firm based in Hartford. We lived in Wellesley and Framingham until 2010, when John retired and we moved full-time to Northeast Harbor and the home his parents built in 1970. Now we are here, at Parker Ridge, and we sure hope we don't have to move again!"

Ann Lape moved into apartment #307 on Thursday, April 15th. She moved from Sorrento, Maine after having lived there for 34 years. In her own words, "I am looking forward to meeting my new neighbors and happy that someone will be cooking dinner for me."

On Friday, April 9th, **Peter Devries and Ann Sexton** moved into apartment #216. They just sold their home locally and are looking forward to hopefully becoming cottage residents in the near future. Peter once owned cottage #56 and Ann is related to Rannie and Patty Sexton in cottage #68

Gregory Wollon will be moving into cottage #65 soon. She is a retired library branch manager from Harford County, Maryland and entertains herself with weaving, spinning kumihimo and temari.

Priscilla and Grange Cuthbert and their dog will be returning for a summer visit in August and renting apartment #312. They missed being here last summer due to COVID-19 and are looking forward to being back in our community.

Barbara Alweis will be moving from France to apartment #303 in the month of June. She is looking forward to living near her family and spending time with them in Deer Isle.

Tom Rodes is a former summer visitor to our community before COVID-19. His family has a home on Parker Point Road. His granddaughter performed here with a women's singing ensemble from Princeton University in years past. Tom is from Cambridge, Massachusetts, is very social and is looking forward to moving here in June.

Janet Pease from Brooklin will be moving into apartment # 209 the first of May. Janet was part of the Brooklin Band that played here in years past. She and her daughter Becky enjoyed a tour of our community in April and Janet is looking forward to getting to know everyone.

Editor's Note: This first piece is the essay referred to by Bob Crossen in his "Tribute to Marianne New" that was left at his door the day before she passed away. Another is found below it and a third is elsewhere in this newsletter.

A Scary Thing

After the First World War there was an organization that sent poor Viennese children to Switzerland for respite, to be properly fed, nurtured and be taken to the countryside and the fresh air.

My maternal grandparents took in two adorable little sisters who became part of our family. Their mother had died and the father ran a little grocery shop in Vienna.

One summer, my grandmother invited my mother, my brother and myself to take a trip to Austria. First we went to a summer resort and then to Vienna where, of course, we visited our "Viener Kinder", as we called them in the family. Meanwhile, they had married two brothers who were running the grocery store after the father's death.

They went out of their way to shower us with gifts, show us Vienna and take us to all kinds of happenings. They also took us to the Prater which was THE amusement park in Vienna. It had a Ferris wheel, carousels and, amongst others, a ghost train to which they insisted on buying us tickets.

My brother and I really didn't want to ride in it, but we had no other choice. We had to go. The train went into a dark tunnel and we first were greeted by a threatening skeleton which touched us with its thin fingers and long nails. Both of us got scared stiff, my brother hid in my lap and I pulled him up by the hair and forced him to watch too. There were huge spiders, threatening beasts, one horror creature after another and all of them coming very close to us. At one point it went out of the tunnel where we would have loved to quit, but it wasn't possible, so the ride went on and on. It never seemed to end. Though I wasn't even that young, it was probably the scariest experience I had had at that time.

When Hitler took over Austria, the two couples first came to my grandmother's in Switzerland but then emigrated to New York.

Since my family feared that Hitler might invade Switzerland, they, too, decided to come here. I had no other choice but to go with them. I was convinced that Switzerland would be spared because all those Nazis had money in Swiss banks and it was known that the Swiss were going to blow up the Gotthard Tunnel which would have meant that they could no longer send their troops to Italy.

My uncles had a watch factory in Switzerland which a friend of theirs kept running and the uncles imported the watches to New York. The two Viennese husbands became their most trusted and devoted employees. Hail our Viennese children!

My Most Treasured Possession

By Marianne New

In 1971 my partner Dolf and I rented an apartment near Basel, in a quaint village called Allschwil. It is between the city and the border to Alsace. Tramway number 6 brings you there from the center of town.

It was a cozy little place on the top floor of a small building and had a large roof top terrace belonging to it.

Dolf introduced me to the director of the school for arts and craft whose hobby is to buy old furniture from farm wives, convincing them to replace the 'old stuff' with easy to clean plastic ones. I bought a few pieces from him, one of them being a beat up old hutch, painted shiny cream color on the outside. But inside the doors you can see that it is an interesting antique. The upper part has 3 small compartments with one shelf each. The 3 doors look very old, one of them having the remnants of an intricate lock. The space in between it and the bottom, is divided in two parts each one having a shelf where I can display part of my pewter collection on one side and a small Spitzweg landscape on the other.

The lower parts have two large storage spaces which can hold trays, baskets, platters, vases, etc.

One of my hobbies was to restore furniture, so I was eager to work on this piece to match the outside with the nice inside.

On the terrace there was a place where I could safely store it under cover. I borrowed a blow torch from a plumber. With it and a scraper, I had to remove the paint. That was the hardest part of the job. It took almost a year to complete.

After a cabinet maker did some necessary repair, I went over it again with a blow torch to bring out the grain of the wood, before staining and rubbing it with Linseed oil and turpentine.

Now I have a handsome and practical piece of furniture, serving me well in all 4 apartments I had in Basel. Finally, I had it shipped to my Dedham house with the rest of my belongings.

And, here at Parker Ridge, there is a niche in the dining area in which it fits as if it had been waiting for it.

After I leave this earth, the hutch will go to the family of my choice, the Berkowitzes.

Editor's note: This item on YMCA activities was submitted by Jill several weeks ago after she found out she could now participate with the hope that other Parker Ridge residents would soon be able to do so. The Editor has been informed that PR Residents may participate if they follow the COVID-19 rules now in effect at PR and the Y.

Pool Fun for Quarantine Relief

By Jill Montgomery

Last month, after completing the 2nd vaccine dose, I asked my physician about taking part in aquatic classes. After describing the facility and safety measures required, she gave her blessing despite the fact that I am immune compromised. The happiest day of the past 12 months for me was the first Tuesday I participated in a class. There were about a dozen of us in the pool with plenty of room for social distancing. Although I would prefer a 90+ degree water temperature, the water was bearable in the 80s and, while I do need some 'toes-up' time after the classes, it leaves me feeling loose and relaxed, with a more positive outlook.

The pool at the Blue Hill Y (Lawrence Family Fitness Center) is state of the art with a high-tech circulating air system and, besides lane swimming, offers a variety of aquatic fitness classes. It offers a friendly, upbeat environment where staff and participants are welcoming and helpful. COVID-19 protections are enforced. *Fees – Free for members, Daily fee for non-members*

Move and Stretch (Arthritis): Tuesdays & Thursdays 10-11am

This is a fun shallow water class that keeps you moving with a variety of exercises that aim to improve flexibility, balance, and range of motion. I have found this class to be exhilarating—water is so kind to arthritic joints and the ability to move fluidly is a wonderful sensation. The instructor is Joy Bragdon.

Aqua-Fit: Mon-Wed-Fri 10-11am

A class for beginners, intermediate and advanced. Primarily a shallow water class with occasional ventures to the deep end, it is also fun and helps you feel young and flexible as moving in water is so easy compared to moving around on land. As with the arthritis class, there is a lot of work-out using pool noodles. The instructor is Georgia Duncan.

Location: Lawrence Center (374-5358)

What to expect when you arrive: When you arrive, you will check in at the front desk and have your temperature checked. Locker rooms are available for use both before and after your class, but it is recommended to arrive in your suit, ready to swim. Masks are required and are to be worn at all times, including in the locker rooms and on the pool deck. They may be removed while in the pool.

After Class: When your class is over you may use the locker rooms to rinse off and to change out of your wet suit. Masks must be worn at all times except while using the shower. You are asked to respect other people's space and stay socially distanced.

If you have any questions about Aquatic Programming or Schedules, you can contact the Regional Aquatic Director, Brian Townsend, at btownsend@defymca.org--telephone 374-5358 (Brian is Meredith's husband.)



Santa's Elves Carrissa Bowden and Lisa Lockhart assisting at the Holiday Christmas Eve Party 2020

Photo by Bob Crosen

Editor's Note: This is the third story, as noted previously, written by Marianne New that the Writing Group is sharing as we remember her. All of the Group's essays are available to read in white binders in the Library.

My Parents

By Marianne New

My two grandfathers were non-practicing Jews who joined the Masonic Lodge where they met and became friends. My maternal grandpa was Victor Wyler from Basel and the paternal one was Emil Dreyfus from Geneva. Victor had 5 children, 3 boys and 2 girls. Emil had one son and one daughter. They wanted to create a family and Victor introduced Emil's son Paul to his older daughter Dora. But Paul fell in love with the younger one, Rosa, who was more charming and outgoing and is the one who became my mother.

Rosa was sweet and kind-hearted, helpful and an efficient worker. Knitting was one of her hobbies. She was able to knit the fanciest sweaters within a week providing my brother and me as well as my two cousins with many of them. She was a great help in the family watch business and totally devoted to the two brothers who owned it. But she really never grew up. She remained obedient to her mother and was forever scared of her father. She was only 72 years old when she died of cancer.

My father was a "bon vivant", studied art and "belles lettres" at the University of Geneva so he could join his father at his fancy antique shop in the middle of town. He became gifted at that trade and was able to evaluate antique authenticity by touch. He had exquisite taste and was a great asset to the business. However, soon came the depression which forced them to give up the place for lack of wealthy clients. My mother's family was after him to take on a more lucrative business by representing furniture factories in Germany. This was so upsetting to him that I am sure it was responsible for the cancer that killed him shortly thereafter before his 49th birthday.

Politically, father was very liberal and made sure that we got a progressive education. He heard that an international and inter-religious school from Germany whose director was Paul Geheeb was moving to a village outside of Geneva. He contacted GeHeeb, who corresponded with him and decided to enroll my brother and me. At that time he knew he was dying of his cancer and felt that this school would give us what my mother and her family could not provide us with.

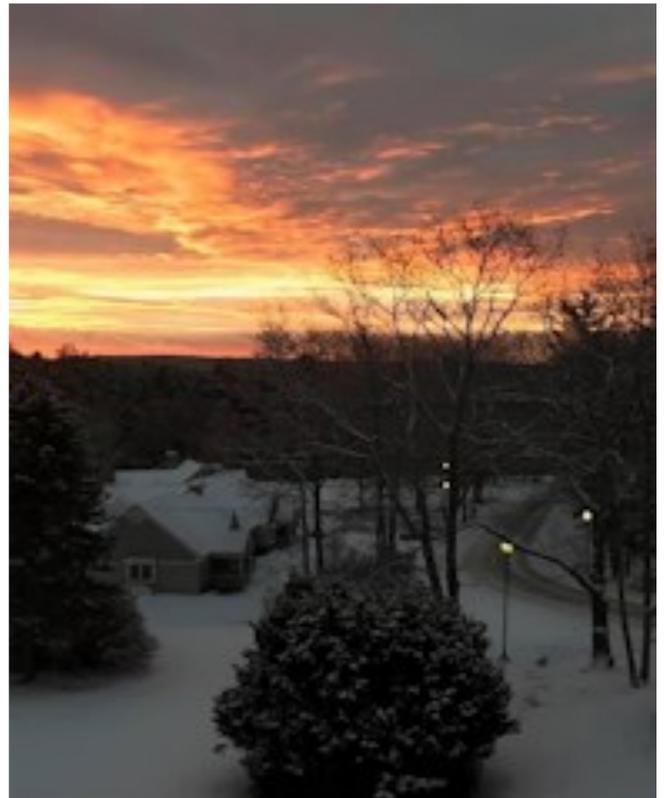
That new school which was named "The School of Humanity" gave us spiritually and intellectually a wide outlook on everything. Teachers and students were from all over the world. The academic courses held in the morning were given in French, German and English. Sports, Art, Theatre and Music were taught in the afternoon. On Sundays we had meditation and talks on spiritual subjects by people from all over the world. And on Fridays the whole community met to discuss the week's work and happenings.

I am thankful to father for providing us with this unique experience that influenced my whole life.



Marianne New and Nai Miller

Photo by Bob Crosen



Sunrise at Parker Ridge

Photo by Lisa Wood Lockhart

SHOPPING AGAIN

By Marshall Smith

When my first wife, Marge, developed Alzheimer's Disease, I had to take over the food shopping and cooking. This was a new experience for me, but I managed to do it. After Marge died and I remarried to Terri, she did all the shopping and did not want me to accompany her to TradeWinds or the Co-op. So, for the next five years, I did no shopping. Then Terri went into a Memory Assisted Living unit, but those of us in the Inn at Parker Ridge were not allowed to do any shopping due to COVID-19 virus. Shopping was done for us by the staff – Alma and Meredith.

As of April 1, 2021, two days away from this writing, we will be able to do our own shopping. I am not sure how this will work given my previous experience. Since supermarkets tend to move items around so you must look for them and see something you did not know you needed, I'm sure I won't know where anything is. I have heard that the aisles at TradeWinds are one-way to avoid having people get closer than 6 feet from other shoppers. Do people actually obey these rules? Does everyone wear a mask? I have not decided yet whether or not I will start doing my own shopping or let Alma continue to shop for me. I will do one shopping trip on my own when we are allowed to so I can finish this article and comment on how it went. Then I will make my decision regarding continuing shopping.

I delayed my in-person shopping until Monday, April 5 and then ventured out to TradeWinds. As I already knew, we could only enter the store by one entrance, not the one I was accustomed to. I found my cart and started shopping. I started out in the local section and found the dozen eggs I wanted. My next stop was the wine area, which had not moved. I then had to ask where I would find the cheese and the bird seed.

I started down the aisle for cereal, going in the direction of the arrow, when another shopper came toward me going in the wrong direction. Fortunately, she was wearing a mask. I did not see any shoppers not wearing masks. After a stop at the pharmacy to pick up a prescription, I was ready for check-out. I found a check-out aisle that was open but had no one in line. I had to put my taller items on their sides to fit under the plexiglass barriers. After that, the process was easy, but I have no idea whether or not prices were higher than last time I went shopping. I assume they were higher.

I got everything on my list and did not pick up anything that was not on the list. I have talked to one resident who said he had 7 items not on his list when he went through check-out. After I got my cart to my car and unloaded the bags, the cart suddenly started going down the hill. I had to run after it to catch it just before it hit another car. It was an interesting process and one I could do again, if necessary, but I may continue to have Alma shop for me. I usually do not need much, and I prefer not to have to run after the carts.



When you have finished reading the dictionary you will find that every other book is merely a remix.

I just found the worst page in the entire dictionary. What I saw was disgraceful, disgusting, dishonest, and disingenuous.

Why is a dictionary dangerous? Because it has dynamite in it.

I will never use my dictionary again. The definition it gave for "obfuscate" was confusing and misleading.

I went from rags to riches while reading the dictionary.

Greetings to Parker Ridge Gardeners

By Darrell McNatt (Gardening Guru)

It is that time of year to start thinking about the gardening season ahead. I have chosen to limit myself a little more this year with growing the veggies. As much as I like spreading produce about, this year I am spending a little extra time on the blooming variety of plants.

Last year I had some success with zinnias, black-eyed Susans, cosmos, and cone flowers. These seem to like growing here and do quite well with a little TLC. You may see a number of these popping out around the grounds this season and the beds around our cottage should look more colorful. For the veggies, I know the sun gold cherry tomatoes are loved by all, so I plan to set out a bunch of those, but my cucumbers will be mostly for pickling. As some of you know, I have started an old family tradition of pickling again. Bread and butter, dill, and polish dill spears are my favorites. I even pickle peppers and green tomatoes. I got my new neighbors hooked last season on veggie gardening. They are ready to jump right in there and get after it this season. We will be taking a trip to the nursery soon from the looks of it. I have found that planting by the Farmer's Almanac using the "gardening best days guide" works the best for good results. Speaking of fertilizer, use a weak concoction of Neptune's Harvest liquid fertilizer with a mix of Miracle Grow fertilizer on veggies for good results.

Also, for flowers and shrubs, a good spread of the granulated bat poop fertilizer is a great kicker to put out at the beginning of spring around beds. Yes, I know it stinks! A bi-monthly reapplication during the growing season is a good idea. This works very well, in many ways, to help the plants get the nutrients they need the most, while waking up from winter. It feeds them throughout the season without harming them. Since the bulbs are coming out now, I also plan to do just that by the end of March.

Mary and I plant containers with veggies on the back porch area with tomatoes, peppers, and romaine lettuce. Romaine lettuce has been cultivated for over 10,000 years. So far so good! For potted plants and raised beds, adding a light mix of watered-down fertilizer makes a huge difference for production when done about every 10 days. So, with all of the planting tomatoes and cucumber plants down at the raised garden plots, and our porch, we should have some success. By the way, cucumbers are members of the squash family. Natives actually cooked with them like any other squash. I hope to plant the veggies after the last normal frost date for this area which is generally in the middle of May. But, if Mother Nature wants to surprise us, I'll be planting the veggie plants after Memorial Day at the earliest. Generally, cabbage and some hardier leafy veggies can be seeded outdoors as early as mid-April but may need some protection. Timing the planting, whether seeds or seedlings is important. Using a good planting guide is one thing I always do. Check out the internet site www.farmersalmanac.com to find all the information I, and many others, use to help with planting and growing. It also has tons of great info for lots of other things including fishing, gardening, and common chores. We live in planting zone 5B, by the way, in case you need to know.

For the flower lovers, I will be planting some dahlias, peonies, cosmos, zinnias, and not telling what else about the place, so keep your eyes open and hope for success. We can all use a little extra color this year and I am sure Mother Nature will approve. Remember to respect our bees and avoid pesticides! Without bees, we would all starve. See you in the garden. And remember, "if you eat, you have to be into agriculture"!

Happy Gardening!

Farewell to Zooming, Sort of...

By Dale Neuman

Before everyone who is reading this article either says “Hooray!” or “Who Do You Think You Are Kidding?”, let me set the record straight. I think that there will continue to be Zoom sessions and other comparable means of video conferencing into the future. They may even increase as the nature of remote work evolves and continued concern over COVID-19 and other threats may dissuade folks from traditional forms of congregating or traveling. What I hope I am saying goodbye to are those Zooms that are less than successful at recreating meetings or gatherings or rehearsals or appointments, that do not go well. They fail because more time is spent trying to figure out how to get Charlie’s audio connected, then his video and then to keep him from talking over others who all may be also trying to talk because participants forget to mute when it is time for others to speak. Then another participant in the session, who is more skilled at the art of the Zoom, starts appearing in front of distracting and changing backgrounds that spawn jokes and comments that use up another chunk of time. Then Sally tries to enter by phone and the host must work to see if a connection can be made. Finally, it is discovered that the whoever created the on-line agenda has reposted the one from the previous meeting and not the new one for today. Someone hurriedly finds or creates the agenda. By the time the technical connection, Zoom etiquette and agenda issues have been resolved, the meeting leader notes that the allotted time for the meeting has almost expired so that participants now need to quickly check calendars to see when they might next get together to Zoom again while all are still connected to this Zoom.

If you believe this is a caricature and not real, you are wrong. For over a year now, I have done many Zooms with various groups with gracious and competent hosts as well as family members and friends. Many participants have learned how to be good participants both in terms of technical as well as etiquette issues. But others seem unable or unwilling to grasp what is needed to make for a productive Zoom or a fun Zoom. Some seem to enjoy the ad lib impromptu discourse that follows. So, my wish is to say farewell to such Zooms as those and not all Zooms.

My hope is that we will discover how to better decide where and when to commit our time to a Zoom. My hope also is that improvements in both software and technology will eliminate (or at least reduce) the time-consuming and other interruptions that interfere with achieving the purposes of the Zoom meeting as well as make it possible to do things that cannot be done currently. It pleases me greatly when I see those new to the technology dig in and become proficient in using it over their first few Zoom sessions. It dismays me when I see those who want to participate seem to make little effort to learn how to do so and thereby become the Charlie of the story who makes the same mistakes week after week while others wait for the meeting to start.



Horses Bring Santa to Parker Ridge

Photo by Bob Crosen



View from Morgan Bay Road

Photo by Bob Crosen

More from Christmas Eve, 2020



Andrea Doyle and Santa

Photo by Marshall Smith



Peggy Smith and Santa

Photo by Marshall Smith