

FRIENDS HOUSE LETTER

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Our New Director



Karen Lehman, recently appointed Executive Director of Friends House, comes to us with a wealth of experience. In Indiana she was Regional Director of Brookdale Senior Living facilities for several years. Previous to that she worked at Greencroft Retirement Community, also in Indiana. Her vocational experience includes working in acute care units in various hospitals.

Karen received her BA degree in Health Information Management from Indiana University and a Master's degree in Business Administration from Bluffton University in Ohio.

Karen is one of six children born into an Amish community where the family lived until Karen was six years old. She continues her membership in the Mennonite church. Her husband, Kent Beck, is working in the admissions department of Sandy Spring Friends School. Their four children, three sons and a daughter, are widely scattered, living in the United States, Canada and Panama. Their oldest son was recently married and lives in South Carolina.

Her interest in applying for the position at Friends House is partly because it is a faith based community. She is also interested in working in a facility where opportunity for housing for middle and low income persons is offered.

Karen is getting acquainted with the residents; and they, with her. She has attended many association committee meetings and even takes her compost to the community garden!

Our new Executive Director enthusiastically looks forward to working with the Friends House Board as plans are made for the future of our facility.

— Clare Sinclair

Native American Indians

I was a very small child when my family lived in La Jolla, California. Every morning, we would gather together on our backyard patio to greet Father Sky and Mother Earth and pour a libation of fruit juice to the Great Spirit of God who orders our universe and is the creator and sustainer all life on earth.

We Riley kids were raised in the low Episcopal or Anglican faith as "New Testament Christians." But because of my father's unique experiences among the Indian tribes of Arizona and New Mexico, we were blessed with a living connection to a form of Native American Spirituality. It holds as its central ethic and orientation a reverence for all living things. The Earth, Sun, Sky, Stars and even the Sand and Stones of that dry land serve as the Gospels and Epistles for the Native American Indian community of faith.



My father, Lewis Adams Riley II, was graduated by MIT. He was a very successful mechanical and civil engineer, with a consulting practice in New York City. He was struck with a severe form of TB and moved west to a sanatorium in New Mexico in the early 1920's. After several years of recuperation, Dad left the sanatorium, bought a horse and pack mule and spent the next two years photographing and camping throughout Arizona and New Mexico, living among the Navajo, Pueblo and Hopi Indian tribes.

What is most impressive to me about the pictures he took, aside from their quality, is the clear accessibility of so many of the subjects, who were American Indians and who allowed an "outsider" to take their pictures. The pictures include Hopi cliff dwellings, and sacred Navajo fire dances taken surreptitiously and Navajo community gatherings including a Sky City Indian chief with his friend. There are pictures of Adobe homes, some of which were built by my father and his brother for wealthy local landowners.

My father was made an honorary member of one Navajo community with the tribal name of "Corn Man", after he helped them rebuild a mission church in disrepair on top of a mesa in New Mexico sometime between 1925 and 1930.

What lives on beyond his wonderful photographs is a deep and abiding sense of trust among his children in the possibility of a gathering unity among disparate communities of faith based on individual acts of compassionate understanding.

— Ted Riley

Birds

Our new name plaque at the Memorial garden inspired this one (with apologies to BurmaShave):

Listen, birds, this plaque cost money, so roost awhile, but don't get funny.

— Jack Fogarty

The Transplants



It's already mid-June, but planting a little garden should be a nice break from unpacking things, then trying to remember where I put them in this small retirement apartment.

I heft the smallest spading fork in the shed. It feels heavier than the one at my farm. My assigned plot is only ten feet by ten but overgrown with clumps of tough rye grass.

At the farm I tilled a thousand square feet with a big roto-tiller, until my back got too bad. I'm sweating. I think about my farm's cool valley. As I turn each forkful over, I pull out the rye, beat it against the tines to shake out dirt, then put it in a hefty weed bucket.

I stop, drink water I brought with me, now warm. It's a long walk to the refrigerator. Well water was always close, cold and sweet. I dig three hours, three more the next day. When I've spaded eight feet, I give up.

While I take a day off to rest my back, I think about how to replace the old sheets screening the picture windows. I sewed swags from remnants for the small windows at the farm.

I plant three overgrown tomato plants and a hill of zucchinis, the last squash plants left at the nursery. I haul leaf mulch in a clumsy wheel barrow to spread on the bed, one spadefull at a time. Bales of straw were lighter, lots easier to scatter.

I water each day with a heavy hose I unwind from a cranky reel. Tomato plants OK; zukes a little wilted. Maybe they were too old for transplanting. Am I?

— *Barbara Knox*



Autumn Song

Sing a song of autumn
and the crisp fall air
zestful as a high school boy
whistling down the street
kicking rolls of rustling leaves
before his moving feet
then leaving the wind to eddy them
in pools of golden light

Sing a song of autumn
and walk across the fields
to stop in the orchard at the
winesap tree
and hallo to the farmer husking
way beyond
where cornshocks like teepees stand
and pumpkin nuggets, cast about
the hill's face
smile up at the sun

Sing a song of autumn
(there was frost last night)
and the mists in the morning
veil the purple aster hills
through the lazy afternoon
calm has hypnotized the rills
and my heart my heart is singing
singing an autumn song

— *Betsy Wollaston*

Planting Weeds in the Garden a First at Friends House?

The glorious and productive gardens were a major plus that attracted me to Friends House. There are many lovely patio gardens. The breeze-blessed, spacious community gardens especially appeal to me. They are complete with tools and compost and well-rotted manure and, most importantly, knowledgeable and enthusiastic gardeners roaming about.

Upon inquiry and a brief on-site conference with those in charge, I have been granted the use of a lovely plot currently sprouting cucumbers and squash plants, thanks to Caro Taylor. I look forward to seeing those crops to fruition before I begin planning in the fall for "my garden spot."

In my enthusiasm to begin shepherding the land, I wanted to start by replacing what appeared to be a rapidly advancing narrow path of weeds before they got totally out of control. A heavy mulch of leaves would maintain the pathway between me and my neighbors Katie and Ralph Blankfield's vigorous plot of beets and tomatoes, green beans, lettuce and squash. Those veggies were already carefully blanketed by an effective leaf mulch.

I launched into the hardest manual labor I have done in well over two decades - only to finish a quarter of the work the first day. On the second day as, I was again energetically wielding a hoe, Ralph appeared beside me and surveyed the situation.

I proudly explained what I was doing and asked his advice as to how deep the leaf mulch should be. He gently pointed out that I was clearing within the clearly marked "Blankfield" posts where he and Katie have maintained that little green walkway for years, a real convenience for all. Although I read well at a distance, I do not know how those posts managed to totally escape me. I apologized profusely, and Ralph quietly and generously opined, "I really wish you had not done that but, in view of the fact that you are well on the way, you might as well finish the job."

As he moved on to another garden chore, I stood and reflected. I really do much prefer the appearance of a nice little green walkway, and Ralph had assured me they have controlled it by mowing.

I spent the rest of that day's gardening time cutting away weeds at the edge of my plot and planting and watering said weeds in the barren strip I had created.

Now please, all FH residents, if you happen to pass those struggling weeds, kindly give them a word of encouragement. It is my fervent hope that before the summer is out, we will again have a lovely little green weed pathway.



— Jan Drake-Lowther

The Elephant Shop

How many times has someone said, "I really like what you're wearing"? And you answered proudly, "I got it at the Elephant Shop!" Maybe you even boasted about how little it cost. The shop is full of white elephants.*

The shop has been going for almost 40 years and requires a lot of work: making sales, sorting, pricing and storing things contributed. When the shop has too much inventory, a big sale is held to make room for more. That means more work. I wondered how they find people to do all that work year after year,

So I went to the shop and asked the volunteers why they give up their time to work there. They jumped right in enthusiastically and told me,

"Well, somebody's got to do it!"

"It keeps me from going stir crazy."

"I want to feel useful. I'm helping friends."

"I need to do something.""

"I get to know the residents who drop in."

"It's my social service project."

"I can't physically do other things, but I can do this."

"I like the sociability and the conversation."

Current volunteers are Jean Ward, Rose Child, Frances Brown, Jackie Green, Flossie Fullerton, Doris Hardy, Emma Cadbury, Francis Weaver, Mary Bogley, Alice Vedova and Pat Falco.

They connect with people coming in and help them find what they are looking for. There's an amazing variety of items, from practical to whimsical, a lot of it hidden in cupboards and drawers. There are household furnishings (even furniture in a separate shed), clothing, knickknacks and jewelry. "Just ask for what you want. We take IOUs and even deliver for people who need help." They keep a wish list, too, for items not available at the time you look.

Lots of people have worked in the shop over the years. Esther Ewald, one of the original residents, started the shop. Esther and a group who called themselves "the aborigines" also started the Women's Breakfast and were active in the Residents Association.

I always check the Elephant Shop first before shopping elsewhere. You should, too. Help reduce their excess inventory, find "vintage" apparel, gifts and nostalgic items, and snap up bargains. Also, you'll reduce waste and help the environment. It's so convenient, too. Perhaps the best reason to buy there is that the money the shop makes goes to fund the residents' various activities and committees. We are all very thankful for our Elephant Shop.



— Barbara Knox



**I found out why things not wanted are called white elephants. In countries where elephants are native, when a white elephant was found, it was sacred and was given to the king. A white elephant could do no work and was expensive to keep. The king would give a white elephant to a nobleman who displeased him, which would soon bankrupt him. We give our unwanted "white elephants" to other elephant shops with no such dark motive. We give our surplus to Goodwill, Salvation Army or Interfaith.*

Dusk on the pond



The rosy rays of a mid-summer sun are reflected on the little pond and sink behind the western tree line of Friends House bounds. An interplay of birds in flight and song prevails.

A solitary human hears a mocking bird trying his repertoire of imitations of cardinals, wood thrush, and the cheeps, chirps and trills of finches, and unidentified songsters with improvisations of their own. A medley of improvised whistles by the human receives interested but puzzled responses.

The fifty or more Canadian black and white mottled geese are the large chorus around which this scene revolves. The flock is composed of several generations of long-term residents of the pond stretching back to its creation forty years ago. Since each goose and gander pair is capable of siring four to eight goslings each spring the potential output over the years is frightening. Fortunately, only a few of the most recent brood return each year, which leaves a bit more than enough.

The goslings of early spring are feathered eating machines that are now almost as large as their parents, but still follow the mother geese in a foraging line. The ganders watch for intruders, herding strays and from time to time giving sharp squawks of instructions to the brood for a change in direction. Entering the pond, families follow the same pattern observed from the goslings first dip, that is, approach and enter in single file and, once in the water, fan out in the same V as in flight.

The pair of mute white swans seem to observe the geese without any interest which is very different from the actions of the male when he thought the female swan was going to give birth. Any time geese began to gather on the bank which the male regarded as a potential threat to his roosting mate, he threatened by approaching them. This made the geese rethink which direction they were about to go.

On occasion, I have seen the swan herd a swarm of geese out of the water onto land. Once satisfied they had gotten the message he would go to the center of the pond, extend his long neck under water toward the bottom and give an assist by flicking his tail feathers so his rump was ALMOST UPRIGHT. I know he was feeding but I wondered if this was a sign to the geese - "I can do this and I've got a few more tricks. So watch out."

I glimpsed a slight movement along the ground to my left this night. At first I thought it could be a stray goose but as it made its stealthy way to blend in with a thick evergreen at the shoreline I saw it was a black cat. There it settled, watching the geese in the water. I wondered what he was thinking of - surely he was not about out to attack a goose. It was only curiosity. He slunk away toward FH gardens.

Dusk had just about yielded to darkness. The last gaggle waddled up the bank of the dam and was headed to the nightly roosting place near the creek when two deer and a faun crossed the road from the creek area and started grazing. Suddenly a black cat streaked across from my right followed by a hissing black cat in pursuit. The deer had already sensed my presence. Now they lifted their white tails and fled in the opposite direction.

A great finale, it was, to contemplations by our pond.

— Don McCandles

Bush Dialogue

Hello, I'm Bush #1. I produce flowers every night.

Well, I'm Bush #2. I also produce flowers every night.

Bush #1: My flowers are a beautiful yellow and I'm known as the night blooming Evening Primrose.

Bush #2: My flowers are yellow, too, and I'm known as the night blooming Evening Primrose.

Bush #1: Mine are many – it's difficult to count them.

Bush #2: So are mine.

Bush #1: I can produce more than you!

Bush #2: No. My bush produces many more.

Bush #1: No, you can't!

Bush #2: Yes I can!

Bush #1: My number's in the 100s!

Bush #2: Mine does too!

Bush #1: My flowers are prettier.

Bush #2: My flowers are prettier and larger than yours.

Bush #1: My stem is long and graceful.

Bush #2: What about mine?

Bush #1: Must be because I'm bigger and roots are deeper.

Bush #2: My first blossom was on the evening of June 5th .

Bush #1: The number of blooms later were so many, I had to be supported by wire circle. You know, like tomato plants are supported.

Bush #2: I did, too; plus my branches got so big and heavy that I had to have wire tape to hold me up!

Bush #1: Hold you up? Are you that weak?

Bush #2: No. I just needed some support, like a cane or a walker.

Bush #1: You know, we got a start from the mother plant in E Building garden.

Bush #2: Yes, we used to have many onlookers to enjoy our quick blooming show.

Bush #1: Yes, now, not many people pay attention to us any more.

Bush #2: Well, maybe so, but we can still put on a show.

Bush #1: Indeed, especially if somebody comes around daily to pull off the wilted blooms of the day.

Bush #2: So be it.



— Dottie Hett

The Dear Old Thing

There was a young lady from Sandy Spring
 To wear, she said, I've not got a thing
 Then she remembered The Elephant Shop
 There I can go and shop till I drop!
 So that's what she did - and had quite a fling.

— Harold Vedova



How NOT to deal with a power outage

Power outages are apparently becoming much more frequent at Friend's House. Handling an occasional daytime outage is not much of a problem, but my encounter with a 10:30PM power loss was a near disaster.

Residents had received an announcement earlier that day that our water would be turned off at 10:30 PM for three hours. No problem, I thought; I'll be asleep by 10:30. Wrong, very wrong!

I was in the bedroom preparing to wind up my day and was ready to return an ice pack to the freezer in the kitchen. Click, then eerie silence. The power was off.

Instead of sensibly leaving the ice pack in the bedroom and going to sleep, I tried to find my way into the kitchen. I had forgotten where the flashlight was. In total darkness, I started to edge my way; and, taking a misstep, I banged into a corner headfirst. It took me a moment to recover, but I continued on very slowly. There was something trickling down my face. It was blood not tears. I covered it as best I could with the icepack.

I was disoriented and didn't know where I was. Presently I saw the outline of a window and realized I was near the bathroom where, of course, there was no water to use. I did find a damp washcloth and used it to stop the bleeding. I took another five minutes to grope my way into the kitchen and put away the bloody ice pack. What a dumb move!

I made my way back into the bedroom and got into bed. Ruth was away visiting our son and his family. The lights were still out, so I had no idea of the injury there was to my head. But I did not feel dizzy, so I decided to just sleep off the headache.

Three hours later the lights came on. I staggered around the house turning off lights that had been on and turning on fans that had been off. I fearfully took a look in the mirror at the damage to my head. There were a couple of gashes over my right eye, but no more bleeding.

The next morning I completed the final steps involved in every power-outage recovery: resetting the clocks, turning on the computer, and calling Verizon to get the sound back on the TV. My head was not hurting much and I decided that my life would go on.

The moral of the story? When there is a nighttime power outage, if you have already made your bed, then just lie in it.

— Marvin Shapiro

A New World

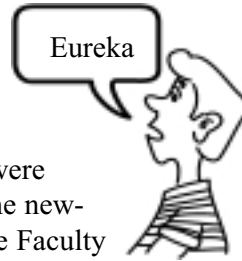
There are 21 or more of us here who were born in foreign lands and lived in them for many years. I came to America when I was 13 and, to me, it was a new world. I think that many of us at that age might have found it, funny, strange, or scary to turn up a stranger to all other teenagers. Perhaps, some have a story to tell of settling into the new world's society. For my part, coming to a new country as a teen-ager was bad enough. Although I looked and spoke like the others, I did not know how teens were supposed to act or dress. For example, at a dance arranged between my boarding school and the related boys school, my partner said, "You dance pretty good for a Mish Kid." Once again, I had been identified as a "Third Culture Kid."

I received an invitation to a winter carnival from a classmate of my sojourn in Beirut. The girls in my dorm rallied around me with enthusiasm to get me properly dressed. My outfits became a wing project. Offerings were made and coordinated. I departed with some worries about behavior; but I was secure at least in the knowledge that I was properly dressed.



— Mary Moulton

EUREKA!



In the fall of 1938, I entered Earlham College as a Freshman. The Sophomores were there to have their turn at lording it over the newcomers. As part of the introductory fun, the Faculty arranged a program to allow us to display our talents. One of the features was a quiz competition between representatives of the Freshmen and the Sophomores. I happened to be one of the Freshman representatives.

I wowed the audience on questions about things like legumes and geographical terms. Then came the question to me, "What does 'Eureka' mean? I answered, "It's something like 'Hallelujah.'" There were howls of laughter from the audience, and the Sophomore gave the correct answer, "I have found it."

Of course I knew the phrase, "Eureka, I have found it!" But I had always assumed logically, I maintain, that Archimedes had given a cry of joy before he said, in Greek, "I have found it."

That howl of laughter has echoed down through the years in my emotional memory.

Now I have reached the stage of losing things - not only things like vigor and my faculties, but possessions. The usual things, obviously, like canes and glasses and keys. I can often find them, after searches that grow increasingly difficult because I can't see very well.

I've even lost my belt pack, twice, with all my identity in it. No one but me would really know who I am without that. Once, a kind resident returned it to me. The last time it was lost, I found it where it had slipped off a chair and fallen into a dark corner. "Eureka," I cried.

I hate to lose glasses, pens, and combs, especially my special Sanford ball point pen. When it was missing from my shirt pocket again, a few days ago, I found it in the bottom zipper compartment of my back pack. "Eureka!" I had put it there when I had changed into one of those funny gowns for my last Dexa scan. Then sometimes the glasses are on my face, but I can't find the case. I found it where I had put it in the dark during the latest power blackout. "Eureka!"

I'm shouting "Eureka!" a lot, these days, but no one is applauding. No one is listening. No one hears.



— Earl L. Fowler

Strolling though autumn

Somewhere

Where autumn's not aflame
Sun pours out no honey gold
gray clouds erase blue skies

I might despair
Knowing all I do



But somewhere
a gypsy's whirling skirt
music plays

My feet imagine steps
Arms fingers play dancer

Here goldenrod and asters
dress the fields

Maples sumac highlight every hill
Crows circle to their rookery
I turn to you and smile

— Betsy Wollaston

FIOS, Beep, Beep



Our children were impressed on hearing that Friends House was installing a fiber optic system, FIOS. Their parents were going to be on the cutting edge of electronic communication. Actually, we did not fully understand how FIOS works, but never ending mail from Verizon persuaded us to install the high speed internet service known as "Broadband".

When the day came for its installation, we were quite surprised by the amount of equipment being mounted in our linen closet. It took the installer half a day to mount and get the equipment in operation. We were also surprised to learn that our phone service would be on FIOS and dependent on electric power. A battery back-up would provide a few hours of telephone service in case of a power failure.

So when we had our first power outage, we were wakened about four AM by a beep, beep, beep, coming from the linen closet. That was warning us that the battery was nearly depleted and, if we needed to make a call, we had a few minutes to do so. The beeping stopped when the battery was fully depleted and we returned to our sleep.

The power was finally restored, but during nap time, I was wakened by a beep, beep, beep again. I turned on the internet which was working fine, and decided to call Verizon to see what could be done to stop the beeping. The customer assistant suggested that I go into the linen closet and tell him what lights were on or blinking. He found no problem with what I reported, and then suggested that I go to the electrical outlet and pull the plug. Oh yes, I had heard about that way of solving problems, called "rebooting" in the computer culture. The beeping continued and he then asked me to put the plug in another electric outlet. It was across the room and the wire wouldn't reach. So then I had to find an extension cord, which I did, but that did not solve the problem either.



He then suggested I go to the battery case in the linen closet and pull it out to see if the wires were properly connected. When I pulled the battery out, the wires became disconnected and that cut off the telephone connection.

About that time my wife, Eleanore, came home and asked what I was doing down on my hands and knees in the linen closet. I angrily explained that I was trying to stop the beeping. Couldn't she hear the beep? "Do you mean the alarm clock?" she asked. "Ugh, oh, duh," was all I could say.

The Verizon customer assistant must have been delighted that we had been disconnected.

— *Chuck Harker*

Book Notes



With a few exceptions we purchase books for the library from Amazon on a quarterly basis. Here are a few of the latest acquisitions.

Little Heathens: hard times and high spirits on an Iowa farm during the Great Depression, by Mildred Armstrong Kalish.. The author portrays a world of hardship tempered by kinship, kindness, and simple pleasures. Her memoir of her childhood shows how the bleakest of times can be "quite a romp." This is in large print.

Interpreter of Dreams, by Jhumpa Lahiri. Winner of the 2000 Pulitzer Prize for fiction, Ms. Lahiri depicts in stories that travel from India to America and back again, the emotional journeys of characters seeking love beyond the barriers of nations and generations.

The Girl of His Dreams: a Commissario Guido Brunetti mystery, by Donna Leon. Donna Leon is the ideal author for people who long for a good mystery and brilliant writing. Set in Venice, her stories offer enticing glimpses of that city's incomparable art, architecture, and food.

Deadly Housewives: never-before-published stories from Sara Paretsky, Nevada Barr, Denise Mina, Marcia Muller, and others. Join these authors on a riotous ride through the dark but often hilarious corners of the housewife psyche. Murders and mysteries on Wisteria Lane will look like a picnic compared to the suspense that these masters cook up.

Moyers on Democracy, by Bill Moyers. Kindred spirits across the nation must confront the most fundamental liberal failure of the current era: the failure to embrace a moral vision of America based on the transcendent faith that human beings are more than the sum of their material appetites, our country is more than an economic engine, and freedom is not license but responsibility....the gift we have received and the legacy we must bequeath.

My Stroke of Insight: a Brain Scientist's Personal Journey, by Jill Bolte Taylor. Taylor shares her unique perspective on the brain and its capacity for recovery, and the sense of omniscient understanding she gained from this inspiring voyage out of the abyss of a wounded brain.

The Man Who Loved China: the fantastic story of the eccentric scientist who unlocked the mysteries of the Middle Kingdom, by Simon Winchester. Both epic and intimate, the author tells the sweeping story of China through Needham's remarkable life. This is an unforgettable tale of what makes men, nations, and humans great - related by one of the world's inimitable storytellers.

— *Helen Louise Liversidge*

Farewell, Irene

At the request of her daughter, Irene Mensalvas has departed from Friends House to live with her in Concord Village, a retirement community in Fort Wayne, Indiana, her birthplace 104 years ago.

Irene first came to Friends House in 1989 and lived here until 1992, when she left to be near her son, daughter-in-law and grandson in Costa Rica. She also traveled around Latin America while there.

In 1998, Irene longed to see another son and his family who lived near Friends House, so she moved back here. She was also looking forward to being with a close friend, Winnie Miller, with whom she enjoyed traveling about. Winnie had a pilot's license and flew her own plane. She also liked to drive all around the area. But when, one day, Irene arrived at Friends House after a trip alone, she discovered Winnie in Stabler Hall due to a car accident. She found her unable to talk or do almost anything without help. Although Winnie had signed a DNR order; her family hadn't honored her wishes.

Irene spent a lot of time helping to care for Winnie and others until Winnie died. Because of her experience with Winnie, Irene is determined not to go through being "kept alive" like that; and so she told her daughter, "Go along with my wishes or I will come back to haunt you".

Irene's career began at age 18 working for a cattle feed company. She was quickly promoted when she voluntarily wrote successful sales letters. She left the job to marry -"that's what we did in those days". Years later she studied at Indiana University extension night school and received a certificate for personnel management. She became Personnel Manager for International Harvester in Fort Wayne. She saw the factory move from making tractors to making tanks for the war. She saw that war was a way of making money for some while others suffered. This was the beginning of her dedicated work as an activist for peace.



During the war, one son left Yale University and joined the Air Corps to avoid being drafted. Another son, rejected for being colorblind, joined the Construction Brigade. Her third son became a paratrooper and deep sea diver. Her daughter became a nurse.

Irene outlived two husbands. By her first marriage, she had 4 children and now has 12 grandchildren, 21 great grandchildren, and 6 great-great-grandchildren. In her second marriage, she had two step-children, leading to 3 step-grandchildren and 6 step-great grandchildren. She lived in Hawaii and Seattle, Washington, with her second family. After her second husband died, she moved to California. She worked in a State Hospital which was doing research on mental illness. "I loved that job", she said. She had to retire at 67 for being older than 65, as Gov. Reagan's new law required.

At Friends House, Irene has been on the Newsletter Committee, often contributing articles. She also has joined those who gather to send letters to our representatives in Congress. Her handwriting is legible and her memory is clear.

Irene has enjoyed her life in Friends House. "There are many differences of opinion and faiths here. But all seem to get along," she noted, "My years here have been 12 of the happiest in my life."

Her companions in E wing decided to give her a farewell party. She was acknowledged at the party for her love of jokes. Someone told of her joining the Raging Grannies and attempting to volunteer at a recruitment center to join the war (at 103) and relieve some young person from having to go. The recruiters locked the door to prevent her from being photographed in action.

She has promised to return to Friends House if things do not work out in Indiana.

— Lib Segal

Remembering Barbara Bell

In January 1988, my husband, Lee Stern, and I moved into a lower floor apartment in the Bell-McClure House on Quaker Lane. Marie Windsor lived above us.

We had come here after working for many years with religious peace organizations, including Quaker Creative Conflict Resolution programs.

In time, Elaine Bell's sister-in-law, Barbara, moved next door to us. She was an amazing artist. She could turn any object into a work of art and continued to be very creative here. The three of us became wonderful friends; and my husband's death in 1992 was a loss for Barbara, too.

Gini Floyd had also been involved in the creative conflict resolution work in New York. When she came to visit us, she also met Barbara; and the two of them immediately developed a friendship.

When Barbara began to need help, Gini moved in to be able to help her. We were another trio in a wonderful little community, all helping each other, until Barbara's frailty made it necessary for her to move into the nursing home.

I still miss the caring, thoughtful, kind life we had with Barbara as one of us.

Elaine Bell says her family also wants to express their thankfulness for so many friends who gave Barbara love and affection. Many of Barbara's paintings decorate Elaine's home; and she would be glad to welcome any one who would like to see them.

— *Ruth Stern*

Dinner Conversations

The tradition of random seating yields the widest range of stories that over the years enables you to know fellow residents and exposes you to hear first hand adventures that broaden your knowledge. Group eating enables you to hear personal accounts of travel, not just package tours, on every continent in the world. They may be of childhood through adulthood or as a parent or grandparent visiting offspring in Central America, South America, China. Name a place on the planet and you will elicit a response nine times out of ten. Several have lived years abroad as representatives of the U.S. government. Others represent countries other than the U.S. as well as the United Nations. Quaker connections with American Friends Service Committee, missionaries and medical missionaries are well represented.

The other night I listened, a bit bewildered, as my tablemates discussed the advantages of possessing combinations of multiple passports issued by Ireland, Canada, China, Sweden, France - oh, and by the way, add the U.S. Now there is a field of research I never dreamed of.

Discussions about food may start innocently with a comment about Simi's offering of the soup du jour and then segue into soups loved or hated that had been tasted in obscure places in Indo China, Japan or Italy, not to mention Saint Louis, San Francisco, Paris or London.

Having lived in a cottage on Friends House campus for many years, cooking for my wife and myself, I didn't realize there were ongoing travelogues in the common dining room.

Of course there are some serious conversations about ailments, doctors and hospitals as well as world and local problems; but rising above the vocal roar is LAUGHTER. Not just giggles but hearty HAH, HAH, HAHS. So, grab a chair, become a traveler and raconteur; but don't try one-upmanship with the gang in the Friends House dining room.

— *Don McCandless*

New Residents



Jan Drake-Lowther D-3

Jan was born in 1927 and raised in southern Ohio. She went to school in Auburn, Alabama for her undergraduate work, then lived in New York for two years while attending Columbia. She arrived here from Sewanee, Tennessee, home of the University of the South where she had been a dormitory Head Resident.

She knew about Friends House from the late sixties when she and her family lived next door to Goose Creek Meeting in South Carolina where her husband, David, became a member. Lois Vought, Aleen Starkweather, Betty Hutchinson, and Judith Simmons all encouraged her to come here, especially Betty.

Jan and her family moved to Costa Rica in 1970. In 2000 she became a member of Monteverde Meeting after attending there for 30 years. She and her children—Julia, Hannah, and David have a small wildlife refuge there. Her husband died in 1986.

"I guess you've never traveled abroad." I interjected, naively.

"Oh, I have," she replied and handed me a brochure, an obvious tribute written by her colleagues when she retired at the end of June. "Jan, an intrepid world adventurer, has traveled from the east to the west coast, from Morocco to New Zealand, from Machu Picchu to a mule ride into the Grand Canyon, and to other destinations chosen by her curious mind, broad in tastes and interests." She also lived in Cambridge, England, for a year while her husband was doing graduate work in Law.

Jan has been active in the League of Women Voters and was on the boards of many organizations in Monteverde, Costa Rica. For the past 17 years, she has been principally interested in the creation and nurture of the Cloud Forest School. It is an environmentally focused school (K-12) for Monteverde children. In 1993 she founded the Cloud Forest School Foundation, a 501c3 U.S. support organization based in Tennessee.

She is very grateful to be here and admires how everyone respects each other's privacy. She paid us a magnificent compliment when she said, "I left a loving, active and erudite community and walked into another one." And we have gained a warm, friendly, positive friend who makes us feel that she has been with us forever. Like a comfortable shoe, she fits perfectly.

— Claire Inglis



Bill and Margaret Robey E-13

Bill and Margaret came here from Burtonsville where they had lived since their marriage in 1989. Both of them had grown up there and had known each other since their teen years although they attended different high schools. Each one had married shortly after graduating from different high schools; and their ways parted then. Bill stayed in Burtonsville and worked for 30 years at the American Instrument Company and for 10 years at Baxter Medical Supplies and Equipment Company, while Margaret's husband, Charles Rhinehard, went into the military and made it his career.



After being stationed many places in the world Margaret and her husband retired to California, and it was there that Charles died. On a visit to Maryland to see relatives, Margaret met Bill for the second time. By this time, Bill was a widower and Margaret moved back to Maryland to marry him.

At that time Bill was still enjoying fishing and Margaret was still playing golf. Both liked to travel with the Senior Citizens Club which sponsored week-long trips similar to Elderhostel trips. Now both are content to stay close to their apartment here.

When asked if they had known anyone at Friends House before coming here, Bill mentioned that he had worked for Gene Hillegas (the head of Maintenance at Friends House until he retired last January) when Gene was manager of the grounds at the Greencastle Country Club. He also knew Christine Erickson.

Bill and his first wife had no children. Margaret has a son and daughter both of whom live in the West, and she is looking forward to a visit from them soon.

Welcome to Friends House, Bill and Margaret.

— Helen Louise Liversidge

New Residents



William and Kendal Anthony, 17212 Friends House Road

William and Kendall Anthony are members of Sandy Spring Friends Meeting where Bill has been Clerk of the Meeting as well as Treasurer. He was also on the Committee on Aging, which provided for our Meetings for worship here at Friends House.

Bill was born and grew up in Albuquerque, N.M. He was drafted into the army; and after two years' service, he attended and was graduated from the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago as a Voice Major.

He moved to Fort Collins, Colorado and did hospital work for the American Friends Service Committee. There, he met Kendall at an AFSC youth conference. They kept in touch when he moved to Missouri to do research on animal hibernation. He became ill and moved to Tucson, Arizona, to be with his mother's family. When he got well, he called New York and asked Kendall to marry him.

Kendall was born in Denver and went to school there. She went to Grinnell Collage and received a degree in history. She took a job with the AFSC, and then went to graduate school at the University of Chicago. She received a degree in Inner City Education and taught in communities near New York City. She left on call from Bill and went to Tucson to marry him under the care of Pima Meeting. While there, Kendall taught Hispanic students in an experimental language program. Two years later, they moved to Laramie, Wyoming, where they adopted a daughter.

When Bill received a Fellowship with the Health, Education and Welfare Department, they moved to Silver Spring. He stayed with HEW doing research in technology and later worked in the Legislation Division. He retired in 2002. Kendal also had a degree from Trinity College in Special Education and taught children with emotional problems and learning disabilities. She retired in 2007.

Retirement didn't slow down Bill. He has driven the van for the Tour Committee, and led hymn singing, among other things mentioned above. He enjoys the "wonderful people" here. Kendall looks forward to getting to know "remarkable people" and participating in our doings. They are "glad to be here!"

— Lib Segal



Ruth and Marvin Shapiro, 17209 Quaker Lane

"We feel fortunate beyond words to be here," say Ruth and Marvin Shapiro. "This is the way it should be in a community, but isn't anymore." The Shapiros come to us from Hanover, PA where they lived for 12 years, following two years in Massachusetts.

But before retirement they lived for over 30 years in Montgomery County, Md. where Marvin worked for the National Institute of Health developing computer software. (He would like to form a Macintosh sub-

group here.) His interests are far ranging: he loves and listens to jazz, develops cross-stitching patterns on his computer and offers them free, and also developed a program to help high school students in mathematics, and he is a golf enthusiast.

Ruth is an avid reader and crochets. But most important are her email connections with family and friends across the world. She worked as an administrator in retirement homes and life care communities. "My emphasis was on resident comfort and welfare."

Ruth and Marvin met during the Vietnam War protests, and have continued their involvement in antiwar work, already taking part in the Saturday Peace Vigil in Olney. They have three children and two grandchildren, ages 14 years and 6 weeks.

Important to both of them is their vegan diet (no meat or dairy products). They want people to know this in case others are interested in learning more and/or perhaps starting a group. Marvin says that they sense that people at Friends House are open to new ideas. And they add, "We are very happy here and very grateful."

— Judith Simmons



IN MEMORY

Fanny Berger 7/29/1916 - 5/29/2008
Margaret Wright 6/14/1920 - 3/4/2008
Ethel Ayers 9/28/1907 - 7/17/2008
Page Dinnell 5/25/1916 - 2/28/2008
Elizabeth Turner 8/24/1922 - 7/16/2008

NEW ARRIVALS

Jan Drake-Lowther D-3
William & Margaret Robey E-13
Ruth & Marvin Shapiro 17209 Quaker Lane
William & Kendall Anthony 17212 Friends House Rd.

IN HOUSE MOVES

Nora Caplan to C-1
Winnie Walker-Jones to Thomas Hall
Marie Windsor to Haviland Hall
Chris Kolstad to Haviland Hall
Gudrun Williams to Haviland Hall

DEPARTURES

Jeanne Snyder to Colorado
Irene Mensalvas to Indiana

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