

FRIENDS HOUSE LETTER

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of the Friends House Retirement Community
Sandy Spring, Maryland

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LOOKING BACKWARD

Lacking Dr. Who's TARDIS, we have to imagine ourselves back in time to moments and places that made a difference—or could have been different, depending.

MY DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

While living in New Haven from 1962–1966, I had a downstairs neighbor whom I thought of as a very pleasant Negro lady who happened to be a law student at Yale.

Her name was Pauli Murray and when we first met, her legal scholarship had already helped Thurgood Marshall challenge segregation in the landmark *Brown v. Board of Education* case. But I did not know this, nor did I recognize that in 1965, the same year she came to my wedding in New Haven, she was about to be the first African-American female to earn a JSD from Yale Law School. Nor that in 1966 she would persuade Betty Friedan to found an NAACP for women, which became NOW.

By the 1970's I had moved away, and couldn't appreciate that Pauli provided her friend and colleague Ruth Bader Ginsburg with the argument used to persuade the Supreme Court that the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution protects not only blacks but also women from discrimination. By that time, Murray was a tenured professor at Brandeis, a position she left in 1976 to be one of the first women ordained a priest by the Episcopal Church.

In 2017 Oxford University Press published a definitive biography, [Jane Crow: The Life of Pauli Murray](#), by Rosalind Rosenberg, Professor of History Emerita at Barnard College. It's a scholarly and fascinating read and is available in the Howard County library.

Looking back, I regret that when I knew Pauli, I lacked the education and awareness of my times to fully appreciate who she was. *Only years later, long after developing my own consciousness of racism or feminism, can I realize now what an opportunity I missed over fifty years ago.*

In 2017, while attending a workshop on replacing some Confederate stained-glass windows at the Washington Cathedral, I suggested the cathedral might consider commissioning a window to honor Pauli Murray.

—Margaret Easter



L. to R., Jon, Sean O'Hara, and Bill Way in (on?) the family's 1952 Chevy, in 1958.

THE GIFTS OF FRIENDSHIP

I'm looking back now, to Montgomery County, PA, in the 1950s. As I have observed before, high school was a significant period in my life. One of the reasons for this was the friends I made in those years. For example, Bill Way.

Along with pictures of baseball players and other athletes, Bill displayed world leaders on his bedroom walls. Sports heroes I recognized, but most of these pictures, cut from magazines, were prime ministers, kings, politicians and others I had no clue about. If I commented about one of them, there followed from Bill a lecture or explanation in some detail about that person's country (often unknown to me). Consequently, visits to Bill's home usually proved to be more than somewhat (Damon Runyon) interesting.

Not that Bill didn't love sports. He did. Almost daily he and I played baseball games we'd invented. Throwing a tennis ball against the brick garage wall could yield singles, outs or even home runs. It wasn't just Bill versus Jon, either. Usually I was the Phillies, as opposed to the then-more-popular A's (Athletics). Never good at names, still I could recite those of the Phillies' players, by position, from Eddie Waitkis (first base) through Andy Seminik (catcher). For some reason Bill preferred to be the-Boston Braves rather than either of the Philadelphia teams.

Besides Bill, Carlo and Dan, other high-school pals, also enriched my life. Their diverse interests and skills gave rise to important—and lasting—aspects of my life such as guitar (Dan), dogs (Carlo), old cars (Dan), Mercedes Benz (Carlo), baseball (Dan), and miniature golf (Carlo). Those two guys are with me still. An occasional letter is all that now links me to Dan, but Carlo and I retain a quite close friendship by way of correspondence, postcards, birthday celebrations (one day apart), and frequent telephone conversations. He's still my number-one friend.

In high school I was rich in friends. That made my life very interesting and fun, and it benefits me greatly to this day.

—Jon Weiss

THE BEGINNING OF THE CIRCLE

The time is 1971. The where is New York City, and I am riding a bicycle in Flushing Meadows Park. I am young (26), single, and have just completed my MSW degree at Fordham University. It is a beautiful spring day and I spot a hot dog cart vendor and stop. The young man is wearing an Alaskan sweatshirt, and I ask the question that will change the next 45 years of my life: "So, do you live in Alaska?" Four months later, I am on a Pan Am flight to Fairbanks, AK, to live with this young man (Michael) and to start the next chapter of my life.

No, that relationship did not last, but my West Coast adventures had just begun. After living in Fairbanks for two years, I moved to Juneau to work for the Tlingit and Haida Tribe, then to Seattle to live with my second "love of my life" (Bob), and finally went on to have a very full and satisfying social work career in Seattle, WA, and Roseburg, OR.

If I had the opportunity to go back and talk with my former self, I would say, "You done good!" And, while I have never regretted getting on that plane, I am happy that I have now completed my life circle and returned home.

—Jean Galleher



A couple of November arrangements featured Nandina and floral tea cakes—So pretty!



EARLY DAYS AT FRIENDS HOUSE

During this, our 50th Anniversary year, we are enjoying glimpses of the beginnings of life here. Our archives include several binders of histories, photos, and reminiscences lovingly preserved. Herewith, a description of D-Wing as discovered by one of its very first residents.

September 6, 1967! The real day came for moving. I arrived about an hour before the furniture came; but the floor of D-11 was one sticky, tarry mess awaiting the coming of the carpet. Furniture and I were piled into D-12. A chair was found; the daybed, sheets and pillow case were unpacked for sleeping. [Resident Director] Helen Goldsborough came that night to keep me company, sleeping on a cot in D-9 across the hall. The Coolidges, a young C.O. couple, were in D-10.

Then the fun began! We only had water in the basin in the bathroom and at the sink in the kitchen. We went to Friends School for showers. No curtains! Day after day held suspense. What would come? What progress would be made.?

We had to get up before six o'clock A.M to be fully dressed before construction men came. They would appear—suddenly—anywhere, inside and out. Of course, there were no drapes for the windows. The halls were full of dropped nails, short wooden slats, tiles, big long boards. You tramped on them, over and around them.

The first two nights, Helen Goldsborough drove us to Wheaton Plaza for dinner. Lucille's restaurant, in Sandy Spring, had a lunch wagon. It was driven to construction sites for workmen to buy early-morning snacks and coffee. The wagon arrived before six A.M. and again at noon. Men stood at a counter for doughnuts, coffee, and sandwiches. I joined the crowd.

Rapid progress soon followed. Water was turned on in the bathtubs. What luxury! The carpets were laid, electric stoves were connected, refrigerators were placed. Other residents arrived. D-11 became home.

I shall never regret having come on that September the 6th. Those beginning days are remembered with a grin. But, how rich the intervening years have been made: the House accomplishments, the beauty of the grounds. So many people have given of their time, have donated furniture, trees, bushes, plants. Deep friendly associations have been found.

There is a "Friends House Spirit." We are Friends House residents, a group, happy and glad, rejoicing in our being here, at home.

—Emily Muller Pace

Adapted from her talk at the 10th anniversary celebration.



Emily Pace speaking at the 10th Anniversary celebration in the Dining Room: The Miller Center was not even imagined in 1977, let alone built.



Kendall Anthony, Hugh Corbin, and Irené Ramsay collaborated on our anniversary banner.



In December one wall of the Flower Alley Gallery boasted a Friends House history timeline put together by Alan DeSilva, Helen Louise Liversidge, Pat Boswell, Jackie Cohan, Hugh Corbin, Erin Mitchell, and Jay Pease.

And on the other side of the Alley, Jackie and Hugh installed these exquisite snowflakes to celebrate the anniversary and the season.



Also in December, the Harp Happy ensemble played for us. Pamela Woodruff's customary chair was embellished for the occasion.



CAREFREE AND UNBURDENED

If I could go back to an earlier time in my life, it would be the period of weeks shortly before and shortly after I moved from Whidbey Island, in Washington State, to Friends House a little more than nine years ago. In both places, for different reasons, I felt an enormous sense of freedom, absolutely unburdened. It didn't last, but looking back on it makes me aware of how often I feel weighed down by either specific or vague demands on myself.

On Whidbey, I was living in a rented and fully furnished house. I moved there thinking the move might be temporary, but I stayed for nine years, and of course, I accumulated Stuff. As was my habit whenever I moved, I dawdled for too long, postponing decisions about what to bring and what to toss, and ended up rushing.

As a way to save money, I decided to pack things up and mail them. I'd been active in a number of groups there, especially in the little local Methodist church, and a lot of friends were giving me a hand with filling and taping up boxes. I myself worked nonstop all day for weeks, making some good decisions and some bad ones about what to bring. And at some time in the process, I realized that, while my friends worried about the timeline, I was literally care-free. I happily boarded my Seattle flight on time.

And here at Friends House I remained cheerful and relaxed for several months—until I slipped into my old pattern of “being good,” responding to far too many requests to join committees. I'd been told that I was under no obligation to do so, but old habits die hard. When, after a long time, I finally said “Enough!” and resigned from some commitments, my life became much less stressful. At times I still veer toward over-involvement, but I've learned to pull myself out of the pot before my goose is cooked!

—Ann Gerike



IT'S HOW WE LEARN

There are many things I remember that I would change if I could—if I had been smarter or quicker or better. But I still flinch as I revisit one occasion. I went to my boyfriend's brother's wedding in the City. I really don't remember which brother it was. I do remember I received my first flower: a purple orchid corsage.

I remember I stayed at the hotel the night before the wedding ALONE. I remember too that I accompanied my boyfriend to the dinner preceding the ceremony the next day. It all impressed me. I had never seen or attended such a formal affair, or such a lovely one. The women's dresses were pale-colored voiles mostly; some were velvet. Most wore hats, some with wide brims.

The dress I had brought with me for the occasion was a dark-brown long-sleeved nylon. I know I didn't bring a hat, though I probably did have gloves. I think the dress buttoned down the front.

Now I know better!

—Celeste Herbert



Celeste and her daughter Maggie helped Carole Marks decorate the lobby tree again this year, a cheerful start to the holiday season.



Many of us decorated our doors with stockings. They and the wreaths made hall-walking even more rewarding than usual.

A GOOD DAY TO REVISIT

On July 4, 1981, my husband, Gene, and our youngest child, Melissa, 16, and I were living on our boat, the *Enterprise*, at the Capital Yacht Club in Washington, DC. Our other three children were away at their respective colleges for some of the time, but they were there that day. They always added fun and music when they came, and we loved showing them views of the historic buildings in Washington from the river.

One of our favorite trips was down the Potomac River past Mt. Vernon, situated at the top of its beautiful, gently rolling green lawn. We also would cruise up to Georgetown as far as the river's depth allowed. But often, we'd just enjoy being on the water south of the National Mall and the Tidal Basin—an ideal location.

We often had friends on board on the week-ends, and the boat was full on this Fourth of July. Downtown Washington was crowded with boats and people taking advantage of the excitement of the holiday. I was impressed by the number of boats gathered in the river to be near the fireworks.

The party on our boat was potluck, so we had plenty of wonderful food on board. Standing on the upper deck, we looked down on the heads of our friends as they carried their casseroles along the dock and up onto the boat, a visual memory crystal-clear today. We also had a good view of the gorgeous fireworks display when the show finally began after sundown. That was truly a memorable day for me.

—Dorothy Harter



In December, Jim Hersey delivered Appreciation pizza to our HealthPro friends.



In January, Caspar Moseley Jones and his little brother made the most of a nice snowfall.



In February, Nancy Rea captured a backyard Cardinal "enjoying" the aftermath of freezing rain.



On a summer evening, The Enterprise floats serenely on (perhaps) the Potomac River.



What do you do for the month of January, when it's way too cold to go outdoors? You visit the back bulletin boards, where a puzzle challenge awaits: identify the faces by just their eyes. We looked and looked, and looked some more, but only Eric Kay and Davena Marques, both staff members, got them all correct.



Or you could go to see our wonderful Wellspring Artists' show at the Sandy Spring Museum. Here they are all together: l. to r., Rich Liversidge, Judith Simmons, Ted Riley, Julie Bates, Hugh Corbin, Betty Brody, and Nancy Rea. Many of us attended the opening reception, including Kevin, Kendall, and Ramona Buck.



NEW FRIENDS

DIMITRIOS FIKIORIS, C-30



Dimitri Fikioris is an especially interesting addition to Friends House, dividing his time between our community and his native Greece, where he still has property and numerous friends and family. Those who enjoyed meeting him when he was here briefly last year will be happy to know he has now settled in, for a while at least.

Dimitri was born in 1939 in the historic town of Sparta in the province of Laconia, where his family was rooted for many generations. During World War II his father, a lawyer and politician, was executed by the occupying Germans as political reprisal, and his older brother was accidentally killed by an Allied English bombardment. After those two devastating incidents, his family moved to the capital city of Athens to avoid the civil war waged in the countryside by the communists. There, Dimitri finished his primary and secondary education at the Jesuit French boarding school.

In 1959, he traveled to New York on a foreign-student visa and attended NYU Engineering School, graduating with a BS and MS in Mechanical Engineering, and doing advanced graduate work at Columbia University in 1966. The following year he joined the Industrial Division Headquarters of Honeywell Inc., located in Ft. Washington, Pennsylvania. He and his family purchased property to build their home in Kennett Square in Chester County, and Dimitri was still living in that house when he decided to move here. He continued to work for Honeywell on various management assignments for 30 years, the rest of his career.

After his retirement, Dimitri turned his attention to real-estate development of family properties located in Greece, and split his time between his homeland and his home in Kennett Square. Dimitri has two children and four grandchildren. His son William teaches 4th grade in Philadelphia and his daughter Kiki teaches 7th grade at Sandy Spring Friends School, where her sons attend.

Finally, Dimitri's hobbies include swimming, reading, traveling, and following current events. He is an avid sportsman who enjoys watching all sporting events. He is excited to begin this next chapter in Maryland, and we look forward to getting to know him better. Welcome, Dimitri!

—Ann Gerike

JEAN GALLEHER, C-4



Jean Galleher arrived at Friends House in the fall. She grew up in Northeast DC, attended Catholic University where she received a degree in sociology, and then decided it was time to leave home. Her first stop was Boston, but when she was unable to get a job there she went to New York, where she got a job with Catholic Charities doing home visits with older people. She also got a degree in social work from Fordham University, but soon took off again, this time for Alaska.

In Juneau she spent five years working with Native Americans, and then moved to Seattle where she met Bob, who was to be her partner for the next 20 years. Again, her work was with older adults. When Seattle got too busy and crowded, she and Bob moved to Roseburg, Oregon, where Jean worked at the local community college. She retired in 2007 but continued doing some home-care work for the State, as well as significant volunteer work in the community.

When she left the DC area years ago, Jean left most of her family, including a brother, here. As she got older, turning 70, she realized how important being around family was to her. Bob felt the same way about his family on the West Coast. They decided to split up so that each could meet this need, though they remain close. So, Jean joined us in October and since then has enjoyed several family events as well as reuniting with some of her friends from high school. As she says, she has come full circle.

We welcome her to new relationships at Friends House.

—Kendall Anthony

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ROGER AND JUDITH ROARK, 17301 Quaker Lane

Our newest pair of cottagers started moving into the upstairs apartment of the Bell Cottage in October and finished in December. No strangers to Friends House, they signed up several years ago, at least partly because of their friendships with Nancy Preuss and Anne Cowie, with whom Judith shared an interest in Wales and the Celtic cultures, among other things.

Roger and Judith both grew up on farms, in Missouri and Kansas, respectively, with an abiding love for the land and nature. They graduated from William Jewell College in Liberty, MO, and married in 1964. Master's degrees in Public Administration and Social Work (Roger, UMD) and Counseling Psychology (Judith, Loyola) followed as they moved to the Washington area, where Roger was a social worker at the US Naval Hospital in Bethesda for 22 years. Judith has had a private psychotherapy practice for 40 years, and Roger also continues in private psychotherapy practice.

From 1967 to '88 they were active in the Church of the Saviour in Washington, DC, and Dayspring Church and Earth Ministries in Germantown, MD. They were founding members of the Wellspring Conference Center at Dayspring, and were the resident hosts at the Wellspring Conference center for five years, where Judith was the conference cook. They have lived the last 25 years in the West Friendship/Glenwood area of Howard County, where they were in private practice and led workshops in Conscious Living.

Both Judith and Roger are believers in the principles of Conscious Living—Commitment, Authenticity, Integrity, Responsibility, and Creativity—incorporating the practices in their lives and work.

On the creative side, both Roarks are good exemplars. Roger is a photographer, producing lovely nature prints and note cards. He says the enlargements are no longer in much demand, so makes note cards from his photographs and Judith's paintings. Their cards are on sale at various local outlets, including the Elephant Shop and the Assistance Fund rack.

Judith's creativity is centered around both art and music: In 2008 she started painting, first in watercolors and now in pastels. She took up the cello six years ago when their grandson's cello teacher directed him to teach someone himself, and he picked his grandmother. Judith enjoyed it so much that she went on to take more lessons, and now practices weekly with the String Ensemble at Frederick Community College.

Not surprisingly, the Roarks have already joined our own Wellspring Artists Group, and the February exhibition in Flower Alley features their works.

The Roarks' blended family includes five children, nine grandchildren, and six great-grands. Two daughters live locally with their families, and Roger enjoys being the designated Grandfather when their young grandsons need transportation or other support. Judith is the designated Grams and cheerleader.



Roger and Judith are still working at melding schedules and activities from their old place and their new lives here at Friends House, so they may seem elusive. But Roger visits the jigsaw-puzzle table in C-Lounge regularly, and enjoys the Men's Breakfast and Cottage Men's Lunch. Both are looking forward to spring, when they can claim a plot in the FH garden. In the meantime, we're glad they're here!

—Beth Morrison

The Roarks' Irish potato wagon and skulking fox made an interesting Christmas yard display in December.

AMONG US

RAE ST. JOHN

Administrative Assistant, Sales & Marketing



Rae St. John is probably new to residents of the apartments and cottages, but for the past year she has been a week-end receptionist in Stabler and Thomas Halls. While continuing her work as receptionist, Rae has recently begun to help Barbara Brubeck three days a week selling new cottages on our redeveloped campus. She

can usually be found in the Resource Center on E Wing.

Rae can tell us all about the transformation of our area from being primarily agricultural to the urban area it is today, because she was raised in Glenmont and graduated from Wheaton High School. She married soon after graduation and had two children who in turn have provided her with six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

She also worked outside the home for many years, occupying administrative positions in several local businesses and corporations. She retired from Lockheed Martin.

Rae, we wish you great success in your new undertaking with Barbara, and of course, welcome to the Friends House community.

—Helen Louise Liversidge



Even in winter, the pond is a lovely sight.

ROSS CAPON

Friends House Board of Trustees



Ross Capon, a member of our Board for approximately two years, grew up in Newton, Massachusetts. He attended the University of Illinois where he majored in History and minored in both Economics and Music. He is a consultant for passenger railroads; his main client is the American Association of Private Railroad Car Owners. He is also a rehearsal pianist and a string bassist with the Victorian Lyric Opera Company (VLOC, Rockville).

A member of Bethesda Friends Meeting, he lives in Bethesda with his wife Louise and 17-year-old son William. This past July he presented a concert at Friends House with VLOC singers and William as oboe soloist.

His mother, Edith Capon, lived here from 1979–1991. While she was a resident here, Russ presented several concerts with his older sons, Tom on the trumpet, Phillip on the trombone, and his son-in-law Rob Isele on trumpet. Their biggest effort was the grand march from Verdi's "Aida." Daughter Juliet worked here in the dining hall as a teenager.

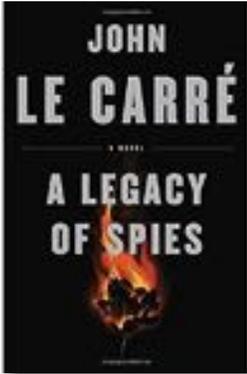
Ross agreed to be on the Friends House Board because it had been such a great place for his mother, because of our wonderful physical environment, and because he sees it as a possible future residence for his in-laws and for Louise and him.

We are fortunate to have him with us.

—Claire Inglis

READ THIS BOOK!

A Legacy of Spies John Le Carré, 2017



So . . . we're looking backward; how about the 1980s? Remember Alec Guinness as George Smiley in "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold"? Or the BBC/PBS series, "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"? Can you picture Peter Guillam, one of Smiley's ruthlessly effective young protégés? He and others were all into Cold-War espionage, particularly against the Soviets. Remember the Cold War years, two generations of discomfoting standoff from 1946 until 1990?

How about the Berlin Wall in 1961, or the revelation in 1985 of the Cambridge Five Soviet spies?

Well, David Cornwell, aka John Le Carré, has been writing about that era since 1961. Of his 25 novels, nine center around George Smiley and other members of the "Circus" (MI6, England's CIA). *A Legacy of Spies*, the latest of these, is a long, searching look backwards from the vantage point of today's own discomforts.

Peter Guillam, quietly retired on his small farm in Brittany, is called—hailed—to London to answer pointed questions about an espionage operation that happened between 1958 and 1962. The questions arise from a threatened suit against the successor to the Circus that could prove most embarrassing—not to say crippling—to the modern-day agency. But all the records pertaining to the operation are missing, and it was Peter Guillam, loyal assistant to George Smiley, who made them disappear 50 years ago.

Also missing, much to Peter's frustration, is the ever-enigmatic Smiley. So Peter is forced to review reports and memos about operation Windfall, to sit through interrogations by agency lawyers . . . and to recall for us the events and people whose identities Smiley needed to obscure.

Needless to say, we readers are challenged to figure out, from Peter's own enigmatic thoughts and uncooperative responses to those lawyers, what exactly went on: that's Le Carré's style, and it makes for a most intriguing read, in all senses of the word. Eventually, a tragic sequence of events is revealed; and Smiley himself, located at last, articulates for Peter, and us, the reasons for the operation and the subsequent secrecy.

I picked up this book at Haslam's, our favorite bookstore in St. Petersburg, FL, last month. It was a most satisfactory vacation read, and it's being donated to the FH Library. Now I want to read all of John Le Carré's Smiley books!

—Beth Morrison

FRIENDS HOUSE LETTER UPDATE — FEBRUARY 2018

NEW RESIDENTS

Jean Galleher, C-4
Kathleen Keller, B-6
Ann Marean, B-5
Joan Maxham, B-11

IN-HOUSE MOVES

Peg Godwin to Haviland
Naomi Mattheiss to Stabler

DEPARTURES

Pat Beach to Frederick, MD

IN MEMORY

Mary Martin-Niepold
3/29/1941–1/12/2018

Lib Segal
January 2018

Bernice Shockley
8/14/1921–1/4/2018

PRODUCTION

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The December Solstice sunrise led us to believe that the winter's weather would be peaceful. January put an end to that illusion, with hypothermia warnings extending into February. Brrrr!