

# FRIENDS HOUSE LETTER

The quarterly publication of the Senior Association  
of the Friends House Retirement Community  
Sandy Spring, Maryland

Volume 41  
No. 3  
September 2018

## Sorting Things Out

**Sometimes we are internally motivated to “organize” and other times some outside event motivates us to sort things out. An outside event for our community is our expansion, requiring much sorting and reorganizing. Look inside for stories and pictures of our experiences in this sorting out process, both in our community and in our personal lives!**

***Our Beloved Elephant Shop is Sorting Out and Improving!***



**Sorting Out to  
Move to B Wing**



Above: Beth Darnell  
Right: Jean Galleher  
Left: Marilyn Briggs

Volunteer managers  
for the elephant  
shop. Thank you for  
your service.



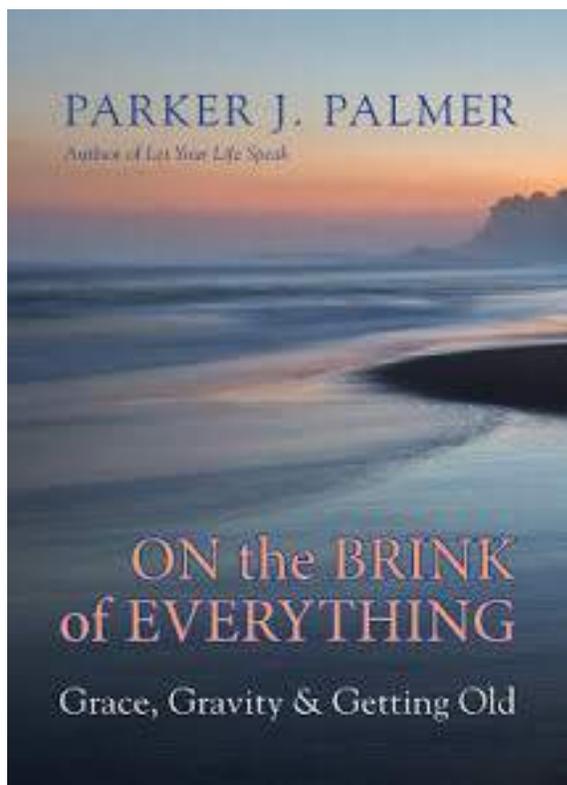
**INSIDE:** A preview of the “NEW” Elephant Shop (pg. 10), the shuttle in action, farmer Tom, and stories from around the community.

**NOTE:** Friends House Letter will be taking a break while we re-organize and sort things out.

## Parker Palmer on Sorting Out

A few days ago the message came about the theme for this newsletter. It happened to arrive just as I was reading *On the Brink of Everything: Grace, Gravity and Getting Old*, a new book by Parker Palmer. Some of you share with me a great deal of admiration for this Quaker author of eighty years; a sociologist, teacher, activist and speaker. So, I thought you might enjoy these four short paragraphs about unloading material goods.

**- Marty Hale**



*Most older folks I know fret about unloading material goods they've collected over the years, stuff that was once useful to them but now prevents them from moving freely about their homes. There are precincts in our basement where a small child could get lost for hours.*

*But the junk I really need to jettison in my old age is psychological junk — such as longtime convictions about what gives my life meaning that no longer serve me well. For example, who will I be when I can no longer do the work that has been a primary source of identity for me for the past half century?*

*I won't know the answer until I get there. But on my way to that day, I've found a question that's already brought me a new sense of meaning. I no longer ask, "What do I want to let go of, and what do I want to hang on to?" Instead I ask, "What do I want to let go of, and what do I want to give myself to?"*

*The desire to "hang on" comes from a sense of scarcity and fear. The desire to "give myself" comes from a sense of abundance and generosity. That's the kind of truth I want to wither into .*



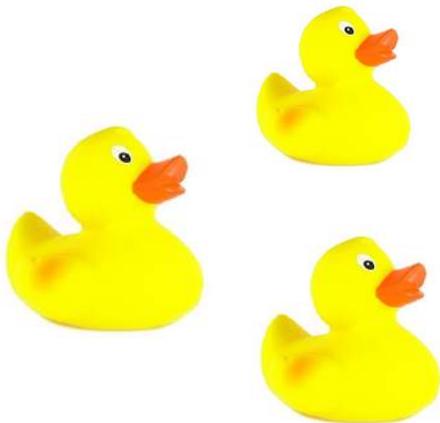
## SORTING OUT LIFE

Since I was planning to write about sorting things out, and am still living in the Dark Ages as far as my computer goes. I've pulled my Random House dictionary off the shelf to look up "sort" and see what meanings it has. The book is sort of bedraggled by now and was the property of my older daughter: "Margaret Ann Robinson June 1968." I have a vague idea of how I happen to have it, but it doesn't seem worth my time and energy to try to sort that out, especially at this point in my life.

One aspect of life I've been struck by recently is the truth of the statement that every new day is just that, a brand-new day, a day that no one has ever lived through before, no flower has ever bloomed in before, on which no sun has ever risen and set before. So often we (and certainly I) at times feel that

*"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day"*

or, less poetically, it's just one damn day after another.



That's depression talking, of course; I suspect that many, if not most readers of this newsletter know what I'm talking about. If you're one of those blessed with a sunny nature (like my sister Eunice, who is in a terminal ward in Minneapolis), thank your lucky stars. She does get "down" for brief periods, but she soon pops up again, like those rubber duckies with weighted bottoms. I will miss her terribly when she goes, but I'm hoping that will be many months from now, and I'm determined not to pre-grieve.

So, in my own rambling way, I'm sorting out life. When I was in Nebraska a few months ago for a family reunion, I loved the openness of the landscape, especially one wonderful evening when I watched and listened ecstatically for five hours to enormous rolling thunderclouds producing their dramatic spectacle. I didn't find myself wishing I still lived on the open prairies as many of my ancestors did, but I know I am bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh, for better or worse.

**- Ann Gerike**

## My Mother's China

After my mother, Adele Hutchins, died in 2012, I used a photograph of her china as the wallpaper on my cell phone. The fluted silver platter and two ivory tea cups with gold rims and roses appealed to my sense of beauty. So now they haunt me.



Why? They are the level of comfortable living I was told was my birthright, the prize of being a suburban housewife to which Betty Friedan said we all aspired, the measure of which, since I never comfortably achieved it and surely now never will, given my age. This silver platter, these delicate tea cups, represent the concepts "dining room" and "china cabinet," neither of which have been in my personal property vocabulary for many years.

I know we Tauruses are supposedly really rooted in and into the material world. And I love treasuring things as much as the next person, especially bright colors and contrasting textures and shapes, smells, sounds. I just can't deal with how easily they accumulate and take over. I feel a commensurate need to keep them at bay in my life, lest they weigh me down. Perhaps my life is more guerilla, more gypsy than I was bred for.



This troubles me. And yet it just is, a stark function of my expectations that we face more societal upheavals in the near future, and thus must be prepared for changes at a moment's notice. Personal treasures and possessions seem to be perhaps some of the least important things we will keep track of or care about. Community, fellowship and companionship with others is what we all thrive with, long for, and, if we're lucky, can create as we go along. And while I'm embarrassed that I have often spent weekends depressed and withdrawn, humoring myself back into humanness so I could function enough to hold onto the sanctuary space I retreat in, yet I'm also grateful, simply, to have the freedom to weather this angst, to still have this place of peace amongst increasing uncertainties.

In the meantime, any vessel is my tea cup, every plate my silver platter.

*- Loraine Hutchins*

### Community, fellowship and companionship at Friends House



Enjoying Spring!!!



4th Grade from Sandy Spring Friends

## How Do Packrats Sort Things Out?

How does a packrat like me sort things out? It's almost painful to let go of things I have – possessions, friendships, old photos, books, anything. My father was the same. I remember him recoiling when I asked to take home some records of our family history that he had ignored in his attic in Maine for decades. He agreed, reluctantly, only at Mom's urging. I know how he felt.

When I was eight, my 5-year old sister died in a home accident, which our family never really processed. You just didn't do that in the 1940s. The family pain remained hidden - for me for 20 years, and for some others (I believe) through today. I believe that helped shape the difficulty I and almost everyone else in my family has in letting go.

I was in my 20s during the 1960s, when it seemed we all were trying to be unattached to material things. It worked. By the end of that decade I was divorced/single, had given up my house, was virtually jobless, and was rootless. That was when I decided that there were things I did want, and I was willing to work for them. As I moved ahead, I've been careful not to overdo things while valuing what I have.

Joan and I share the mantra "How much is enough?" Anything beyond that's simply an emotional crutch. Family, friends and a few belongings are very important. Financial security also is important but we're careful that it not control our lives. We try to offset things we get by giving to others the things they replace. That helps us live in a manner consistent with our values – discerning what's truly needed. It also helps me deal with my pack-rattedness (if that's a word).

**- Rich Liversidge**



**Rich Liversidge tending one of the Darrow Chestnut Trees**

### **American Chestnut Tree Foundation**

[www.acf.org](http://www.acf.org)

*Dave Darrow's interest in the American Chestnut tree goes back to his childhood on a farm that backed up to a state forest. The American Chestnut suffered from a blight that was imported from Asia. By 1920, the American Chestnut had disappeared from the US as a mature forest. **The American Chestnut Tree Foundation** is dedicated to restoring the American Chestnut native forest. Dave donated to the foundation and received seeds with planting and tending instructions. Two of the trees are in NJ, the other two on FH campus behind the Liversidge's cottage. Other seeds are in Peg's refrigerator, waiting for an opportunity to be planted as part of the restoration of this valuable tree.*

## Farewell Ode to 28th St.

*Margaret Easter*

I've loved your location  
at the top of this ridge!  
Thank you for sheltering me  
for 29 years.

Thank you for holding me safely here.  
Your patio welcomed and thrilled with my  
flower pots, for my glorious geraniums  
and my sweet roses.

Your forsythia burst forth each spring,  
inviting those who passed by to reach out  
and touch them...  
Your rocks, collected here and there,  
grounded me as they settled into their  
new home.

Inside, I loved my dining table,  
my large desk,  
my piano, and outside  
the tennis courts waited nearby.

Sometimes a neighborhood cat, invited in  
for a snack, stayed for a nap!



Here my Maine coon cats welcomed me home.  
Was it Lucy who waited just inside the front  
door waiting?  
for dinner,... or for love?...

The owl could tell when 1 a.m. came,  
he always called "hoo, hoo" and I  
could set my clock by him, even  
though he was high up in an oak  
tree!

How comforting these memories are,  
and yet sad too, as I'm being told I must  
leave you. But I want to hang onto you,  
because...

I love you!

Someone else may enjoy living in you, but  
their love will never equal mine!!!

written for Teddie Wood Jan. 2017



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## Friends House Shuttle

Our new shuttle is taking Friends to Olney, Ashton, Sandy Spring and surrounds for shopping, appointments, lunch, exercise, and other adventures.



**Lunch in Ashton**

**Nick Odom, our shuttle driver, is helpful, friendly, and flexible.**



If you have a desire or a question, check it out with Nick on Tuesday and Thursdays from 10 through 2 pm. Nick and the bus will be at the circle at the front entrance at 10:30 and 12:30. And there is assistance for all!!!



## Sandy Spring Gardens

### Farmer Tom

Each Tuesday we are delighted to welcome Tom Farquhar and his staff as they lay out a broad variety of freshly harvested organic vegetables, bread, flowers and other seasonal delights – like blueberries from Blueberry Gardens. Retired from a career in education, Tom is cultivating and improving land near Sandy Spring, providing healthy food to our community.

**Come meet them in the library from 9:00 to 10:30 every Tuesday through the growing season.**



## *New Friends*

### **Kirsten Slater, C-22**



Kirsten is very much her own person, with an interesting perspective from her experience of living with dyslexia. When she was a child, dyslexia was not recognized, and people who were unable to

learn in the way that the majority do were simply labeled “dumb” and assumed to be incapable of learning. So she learned how to manage the disorder on her own.

Early in her life, she became an LPN and was amused by the fact that friends with PhD’s were envious of her: “You can get a job!” Though reading takes more time for her, she has read widely, especially about art, having volunteered at the Smithsonian for 20 years. “I drew out of people what they thought of the art, how they saw it,” rather than providing a learned tour lecture.

After meeting Barbara Brubeck at her sister Karen Montgomery’s art show in Sandy Spring, she moved here shortly thereafter. She loves it all, especially the people and “all the greenery.”

Kirsten has a close relationship with both her children and her 19 year old granddaughter. Her daughter lives in Seattle and practices law and her son works under the Veranzano Bridge after retiring from the Coast Guard.

We’re delighted that you’re here with us. Welcome!

**- Ann Gerike**

### **Bob and Paula Kove, D-6**



Bob and Paula, new residents now living in D wing, have the rare distinction of having lived

in the same house which Bob built himself, in Clarksburg, Massachusetts, for 53 years. They met while they were teaching in the North Adams public schools— Paula in elementary school and Bob as a high school math teacher. Bob spent his entire career in the North Adams Public School system while Paula stayed home with their two daughters. She returned to teaching for 20 years before they both retired in their late fifties.

Post-retirement years brought part-time jobs doing things each enjoyed. Paula is an avid reader and worked in a combined school-town library. Bob is an amateur artist and was a proctor at the Williams College Art Museum. They had generous leave which enabled them to travel, including visiting their daughters and their families.

Bob has recently developed Alzheimer’s disease. This has curtailed many of the activities they previously enjoyed. Their daughter, Pamela, lives in Ashton and she suggested that her parents move to Friends House. Here Paula has support from both her family and friendly, helpful neighbors. Bob also is able to attend Winter Growth two days a week which is working well.

Welcome to Friends House, Bob and Paula.

**- Helen Louise Liversidge**

## Lorraine Hutchins, C-3



Lorraine is a talented writer. You will love her piece in this issue on pg. 4 entitled *My Mother's China*. She met resident Judy Davis when both of them worked on a film, "**The Global Assembly Line**" about women workers and the globalization of manufacturing. After hearing more about our community, she decided to check us out and liked what she saw. She continues to teach part-time at Montgomery College.

A fourth-generation Washingtonian on her mother's side, Lorraine spent the early part of her career working for social justice in nonprofits serving children near Dupont Circle. During that time she often went for meetings at the Washington Peace Center at the Friends Meeting of Washington nearby.

Both her grandmother, Lucile, and her mother, Adele, were her long-time role models as social justice activists during the civil rights era. Her mother chaired the "Reconciling Congregation" committee at Foundry United Methodist, helping welcome gays, lesbians, bisexuals and transgender (LGBT) people. She is looking forward to reading her mother's recently found journals when time allows.

In midlife, Lorraine earned her Ph.D. in Cultural Studies. She found that she was a good teacher and she enjoyed it. Many of her favorite students are young immigrants, whom she recently assigned to interview their grandmothers (not their mothers!). Lorraine published a book in 1991, **Bi Any Other Name: Bisexual People Speak Out**.

Welcome Lorraine!!

- Ann Gerike

## Among Us

### Paula Riddle

#### Activities Director, FH Health Center



Paula Riddle, a member of the staff, has been the Activities Director in Stabler for almost two years.

Paula is a true Montgomery County native, having grown up here. She received her Master's degree in Recreational Therapy from Indiana University in Pennsylvania. In addition, she has a degree in Adult Education from Colorado State University.

Paula has worked in senior communities for the last 12 years, with seniors with varying degrees of dementia. She has found that even with dementia people still want to learn new things. Much of her work has been in programs specifically designed for those with early-stage dementia.

Outside of work, Paula has an interest in fitness; she enjoys yoga, Zumba, strength training, and walking. Paula participated in the Ligon Run last year and looks forward to participating again this year. She lives in Germantown with her family. She has one son who lives on the Eastern Shore, and six grandchildren. You may not see Paula too often downstairs, but when visiting friends upstairs you are likely to run into her as she works with resident activities. Now you can say hello.

- Kendall Anthony

## The new and improved *Elephant Shop* !

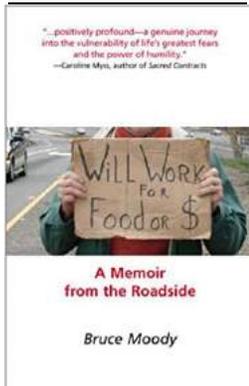
Many volunteers have generously offered their organizational skills, creativity, flair for presentation, and dedication to move the Elephant Shop. This is a benefit to all as proceeds fund our Friends House Senior Association.

Reopens September 11, 2018 - 10 am

B-1, B-2, and B-3



## Read This Book!



### Will Work for Food or \$, A Memoir from the Roadside

By Bruce Moody

Bruce Moody attended Yale, is a writer (poet too), has a hurting life, is almost 60 years old, was fired eight months ago and was the “best salesman in the business”—in his own words. He goes to Annie to read his runes and “understand and accept what occurs as necessary for your growth.” He’s estranged from his family, except one sister.

He finds nobody wants to hire him and that selling “stuff” is no good. A hitchhiker gives him a few “rules” about possibly beginning ROADSIDE BEGGING:

- you’re here to serve others
- take any job that comes along

He thinks, “Begging may be bad for my character” and starts his begging career after an invocation. A towel on the ground for himself, his sign Will Work for Food or \$ on his lap are what he needs. “Do you have any work?” the oft-repeated question.

Bruce dresses neatly, shaves daily, goes for acting auditions and has a part-time office job. Arriving at his roadside site he repeats his invocation and adds one of several compacts:

May everyone find right work and do it rightly.  
Including me.

He works roadside for about a year.

The theme is upbeat.

- Priscilla Sabino

## FRIENDS HOUSE LETTER UPDATE — SEPTEMBER 2018

### NEWEST RESIDENTS

Loraine Hutchins C-3  
Paula and Robert Kove to D-6  
Kirsten Slater C-22

### IN-HOUSE MOVES

Ione Dusinberre and  
Margo Morrison to Stabler  
Jon Weiss to 17307 Quaker Lane

### DEPARTURES

Beth and Vaughn Morrison to  
North Carolina

### IN MEMORY

Trish Lamphier  
Claire Inglis

### FH LETTER PRODUCTION

#### *Editorial Committee:*

Kendall Anthony, Ann Gerike,  
Dorothy Harter, Helen Louise  
Liversidge, Priscilla Sabino

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Liversidge

*Layout:* Joan Dyer Liversidge

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*Bees at Friends House*



*Monarchs at Friends House*

**We care about our environment and delight in the creatures who share our living space!!**