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LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL
ISSUE 5 | WINTER 2020



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The Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging are happy to sponsor this fifth edition of LEXINGTON LifeTimes: A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL. This bi-annual publication, which showcases the creative talents of seniors who live or work in Lexington, was started in 2017 based on a Bright Ideas grant proposal. The Journal is overseen by a volunteer editorial board which sets the criteria for submission and selects entries for inclusion. Distribution is primarily electronic with a limited number of printed copies available.

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Putting on the Suit

BY BEN SOULE

DECEMBER 27, 2005

MY WIFE AND I ALWAYS SAY that parenting is a process of letting go. Most days you don't notice, but there are moments when you realize your life has just taken a sudden, irreversible turn. What I had forgotten is that the same lurches come to our children.

Christmas in our house is a bustle of baking cookies, caroling with friends, going to church, making gifts and cards, buying presents, and spending time with family. For twelve beautiful years, our younger daughter added her own piece: an unswerving belief in Santa Claus. Most of her friends had already given it up, but we decided that we would do our best to support it as long as she continued to hold fast to her belief. We found a way to answer her direct questions positively and honestly. We wrapped the Santa presents in different paper, and each Christmas Eve, when she wrote an earnest note to Santa, we prayed that her list would overlap with what was hidden away in the basement.

Late on Christmas Eve, when all the presents were wrapped and under the tree, I would sit next to the tray of eggnog and Christmas cookies she had lovingly put out, with paper and pencil in hand, and close my eyes.

I once told my wife it was like "putting on the Santa suit." I tried to meet my daughter in her own reality. It was a beautiful and difficult place to

which she led me, and there, I became for a few moments a better person, floating a little bit above my fears and my faults. Then I would write to her, using a neat backward-slanting script, and try to say something that would encourage her better qualities. I'd mention the reindeer, thank her for the snack, wish her a Merry Christmas, and sign off—"S. Claus."

Last year was different, however, and when she wrote her note to Santa, along with the doll accessories she requested an iPod – she was twelve after all. Fortunately, she had dropped enough hints so that Santa was able to produce the requested item on Christmas morning. As the day went along, however, she made it clear that she had been hoping for a better model – one that my wife and I had discussed but rejected as being too expensive for a sixth-grader. We told her we'd talk it over.

Two days later, over breakfast, she called the question. My wife and I had already decided to do the upgrade, which would come with a talk about caring for one's belongings. However, somewhere in the ensuing conversation, we slipped. We were making a present from Santa conditional upon parental restrictions, and we didn't notice the trap until we were in it. One of us asked her an unguarded question, which, if she answered truthfully, would acknowledge Santa's non-existence. There was a small nod, a whispered "yeah." The last gossamer wisp of



the veil that had protected her faith softly fell, and she was face to face with the bleak reality. She collapsed in tears. “I’m such an idiot,” she sobbed. “I really wanted to believe.” My wife held her, but I was blinded by a sudden realization – that next Christmas Eve, my daughter would not lead me to that beautiful and difficult place where her faith in the impossible could lift me up and for a brief moment transform me. My own tears stung my eyes.

Over time my daughter will learn for herself that the joys of Christmas can be found many places – in making gifts and baking cookies, singing carols and sharing love with family and friends, in bringing magic to children, in helping those less fortunate than she is. She will learn that believing in Santa is an act of faith and love, not idiocy. And starting this year I will have to relearn those things, too. But I will miss putting on the suit.

POSTSCRIPT: SEPTEMBER 6, 2019

Fourteen years have gone by now, and indeed Abby has found for herself those joys of the season. She has become an accomplished baker, so last Christmas she baked two of our Christmas favorites—Stollen and a Bûche de Noël. She is a very thoughtful gift-giver, and her empathic nature makes her very aware of those less fortunate, not just at Christmas time but professionally year-round. And she is careful to nourish the loving relationships she has with her friends and family. In many ways I wish I was as wise as she has become. I saved much of the correspondence we shared. The last one, to my surprise, came the year after I wrote this story when I thought there would be no more. It is worth sharing:

Dear Santa,
This year I will not be asking you for anything. I would rather have your kind giving skills be put to other uses. I wish that this year I can find magic in the world and live a happy life. You are an amazing person and I love you very much. And even though this year has been a bit hard for me, especially around this time, I hope that you can live on in other children's hearts, maybe even mine. Merry Christmas.
Love,
Abby

Falling on Ice

BY TRACY MARKS

We fear it in winter,
the sudden fall on ice,
the twisted arm,
broken elbow,
fractured hip.
In public, an embarrassed grimace,
we turn (a stab of pain),
attempt to stand,
silently assessing
that our bodies
are still properly assembled.
We are not, after all,
broken,
are we?

Or we fall alone,
lie prone on icy pavement
a frozen moment,
first the shock
and then wondering,
while we twist and try to rise,
or if we fail, to wait
for a stranger's arm
to boost us up, or dial
those dreaded numbers,
nine one one.

For me, it was an empty
parking lot, fresh asphalt
concealing black ice
(a flash of temper,
lover straying, faulty
answers on a test, one
cigarette, only one cigarette
I said).

And then a stumble, slide,
and crash,
a shock of recognition,
no, no, I want to deny.
What have I done?
A sudden shattering
awareness of mortality.

Maybe we are not broken
only bruised,
not fractured, only sprained,
not forever defeated
by this fall,
that fall,
or maybe we broke
an arm, or leg or hip,
our pride deflated, net worth
downgraded,
punctured
by a chunk of ice,
a chink in the sculpture
of our carefully crafted
future fantasies.

Gently now
gently and slow.
Scars remain,
our bones
and flesh remind,
we are
more tender
than we knew,
more fragile
than we feared.

Each year
another fall,
another
partial
healing.



RICHARD GLANTZ
After the Snowstorm (2016)

Digital Photography

As the Snow Slows

BY ESTHER ISENBERG

A man, the snow, and a dog,
He is wearing sunglasses,
Great boots, ski jacket.
He holds the dog at leash's length.
Cool dude.

A woman, the snow, and a dog,
She wears no glasses, down jacket,
Great boots, bright scarf,
Snow in her curls.
She holds the dog in her arms.
Warm laughter.

The Colonial in the background,
Perched high on the hill.
They call her the "Princess."
She still gives them a thrill,
Their shelter during the storm.

A place to call home.
A place safe from harm.
A place where their love
Keeps them calm.

This storm has passed.
The light, now bright,
Shines on the windows,
Limiting the sight
Of those on the outside
Who might wish
To look in.

From the inside,
They looked about.
Snow, white and pure,
Had lured them out,
Allowing them to dance,
Allowing them to shout.

To put aside
All thoughts adverse
Regarding the mixed up,
Ever expanding
Universe.

The Princess awaits them.
Her comforts will
Abate the chill,
As coming in from the cold,
They fold into each other.

The dog's soggy fur
Is toweled dry.
Their arms
Around each other fly.

Helping, each the other,
Out of dampened clothes,
They put on their matching,
Clean, dry robes.

The perfect fire starts slow,
Then blazes,
Safe behind fireplace screen,
As into dreams they lean,
Behind eyes drifting closed
As off they doze.

Dog rests on their toes.
As off they doze,
Together.

Confident now,
They are prepared
For the challenges of
Shifting weather.

My Grandfather List

BY DON COHEN

AS A CHILD, I did not have a clear and connected story of my grandfather's life. What I had instead was a series of moments. What I have now is the memory of those moments. Here they are.

1. My grandfather and I walk down 192nd Street, turn right on Union Turnpike, and walk two blocks to the bookstore, where he buys me a Hardy Boys mystery I haven't read yet.
2. In the basement, my grandfather loses to me at ping-pong again and again.
3. My grandfather says, "They put my face on the nickel." To prove it, he digs an Indian head nickel out of his pocket, then turns to show me his profile.
4. My grandfather takes me with him to a synagogue in the City one Saturday morning. Moving into the pew, he drops his black prayer book. He picks it up and kisses the cover.
5. My grandfather rolls up the sleeve of his white shirt to show me the tattoo on his arm, the outline of a small crescent moon in fading blue ink.
6. One Sunday, I tie my grandfather's shoelaces together while he is taking a nap on my bed.
7. Shuffling his feet in a little dance, my grandfather sings in imitation of Maurice Chevalier, who has the same white hair and warm smile: "Mimi, you funny little good-for-nothing Mimi."
8. Walking through Washington Square with me, my grandfather stops and coughs into his handkerchief for what seems like a long time.
9. Under a pile of shirts on a shelf in my grandfather's closet, I find a copy of *Over Sixteen*, a book of dirty jokes and sexy cartoons.
10. In our living room, my father gives my grandfather his 70th birthday present: a blue velvet box containing seventy silver dollars.
11. My grandfather does his exercises, swinging his arms back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.
12. My grandfather drives our car. He waits and waits at the end of our street even when there are no other cars. When he finally pulls out, a car is coming from the left. It screeches to a halt; the driver blows his horn. "Dirty dog!" my grandfather shouts at him.
13. The last time I see my grandfather, he is smaller than I am, curled up on a hospital bed. "My teeth," he says. My mother takes his teeth out of the glass and helps him put them in. My grandfather moans and takes them out. "Do you want them?" my mother asks. "I don't know," he says. ♦

A Bag of Apples

BY TAMARA HAVENS

Dim, solitary figures,
grey ghosts
in mismatched clothes
shuffle in line
at the Boston Common.
“Come, help yourself to coffee,
cider, sandwiches and apples.”

I am volunteering with our church
at the Boston Rescue Mission.
A homeless man takes his food
to a stone railing. As he bites
into an apple, rivulets of juice
slide down the sides
of his mouth.

Through partially
chewed bits, he begs:
“Please pray I find
my family soon.”
I peer into his face and see
hazel eyes,
sandy-colored hair:
a copy of my father.
I bite my tongue
to keep back, “Father, is
that really you?”

Stunned, memories of the early 50s
sweep over me. It’s twilight. Trees
with wide arms encircle us,
angelic guardians against the dark.
We just landed here
on a cargo ship from Egypt.
My mother whispers,
*“If we can find a dime,
we can buy a bag of apples.”*

A chill sweeps over my face
and arms. My two sisters and I
crouch, scuttle and scratch in
the dirt. Our knees and fingers
ache, but my father keeps
urging, *“We can do it!”*

Two small coins
peek out of the dirt,
shimmering in the moonlight.



Cold Morning

Photograph



Before the Storm

Photograph

BY ARTHUR SHARENOW

Bread Intifada

BY NANCY KOUCHOUK

In memory of 160 women and men whose lives were lost in Egypt's 1977 Bread Riots.

We will not pay
for foreign loans that open doors.
A riot boils while hungry children weep.
Anger sugars our tea.

We clench damp bills,
our breakfast bleak with subsidies revoked.
One step forward, two steps back.
You will not hobble us.

Newspapers lie.
Trapped between *we must* and *can't*,
our crumbs are wrapped in words we
cannot read.
Truth be told in bellies full!

We birth the night.
No longer stained by compromise,
we shout a scarcity-of-bread lament,
an anthem ripe with fists.

We bleed the way.
Our tribe bares arms that once held babes.
Hypocrisy be slayed! We're women strong.
No man can silence blood.

We spit out bread
you mix with sand. The wind has changed.
We are not lambs marked with red dye.
Our palms are crossed with lines.

We down our hair.
Our veils are cast upon the pyre.
Feet storm the Citadel, our story freed!
A thousand women march.

We rock the dawn.
Tattooed chins, hennaed hands, pitch black
galabiyas singe dark purple clouds above.

This howl will ricochet:

Our war is one.

Losing An Unsung Hero of the Greatest Generation

BY JOEL BERMAN

TOM BROKAW WROTE in his 1998 book about World War II, *The Greatest Generation*, "It is, I believe, the greatest generation any society has ever produced." The men and women of that generation fought not for fame or recognition, but because it was the right thing to do. When they came back home, they rebuilt America into a superpower. One of my former employees, Robert L. (Roger) Dorrington was one of them and his recent passing deserves to be noted.

Roger started work for my uncle and dad in 1953 at the (miniscule) old store on Mass. Ave., next to Mal's. He was 33-years-old, handsome, blond-haired, and blue-eyed. He was brought up in Arlington, Mass. and lived on Whittemore Street, first with his parents and later in that same house with his beloved wife, Kay, and their six kids.

Although he worked with us for 40 years before retiring, that wasn't his main occupation. Roger was a Captain and then Acting Deputy Chief in the Arlington Fire Department. Roger was one of the most intelligent, pragmatic, capable people I have ever known.

Roger had a great sense of humor and we always loved to talk of the old days and some of the funny episodes we both shared. Here's one: Early one morning in the shop, Roger waited on an elderly lady. When he gave her the change, she looked at the dollar bills and grimaced. She told him that one of the bills was "dirty." Roger took the bill back from her, looked at it and, with a straight face, tossed it in the trash, gave her a fresh bill from the register, and said, "Thank you." Seeing the lady's facial expression as she looked from the trash to Roger's poker face and back

again, I cracked up. "Hey," he said, "If it's no good to you, it's no good to me." Of course, he fished it out after she left.

My dad and uncle were tough cookies to work for. We used to have a circular mirror at the corner of the beer chest that my dad used to see if the "help" were working. One day, Roger noticed that Dad was peeking at the mirror, so Roger kept moving just a little bit further out of my dad's sight in the mirror, maneuvering him kind of like you'd get a turtle's head out of its shell. Finally, when my dad was all the way out of the office, he said to Rog, "What the hell are you doing?" Roger said, "Hey, if you can see me, what makes you think I can't see you?"

In a more serious incident, a fellow driving a Volkswagen Beetle raced into my parking lot, flew into the store, and asked to use the phone. Turns out that on Mass. Ave. across from the Village Food Store next to us, an 8-year-old kid had run into the street and was hit by a mail truck. I wasn't a trained paramedic so I yelled downstairs to Roger and told him what had happened. I'll never forget him running full bore up those stairs, red of face, jowls flapping. He flew across the parking lot to try and help. Unfortunately, it was too late and the child died. The mail truck driver was never the same and soon retired.

Prompted by a Veterans Day article a few years ago in *The Boston Globe* regarding the dwindling population of the Greatest Generation, I began to subtly query Roger about his service. That Veterans Day article stated that over 16,000,000 Americans fought in World War II with 500,000 still alive. One million Massachusetts men and

women fought in World War II, with 35,000 reported still alive. This got me thinking. Roger, with some gentle prodding, told me that he flew in a dive bomber in the Navy. He was assigned to the Carrier *Wasp*. Not the one destroyed earlier in the war but *Wasp 2*. He was an aerial gunner in a Curtiss SB2C Helldiver, a two-seater, carrier-based plane. Looking it up on line showed that it wasn't the safest or most reliable aircraft. God may well have been Roger's co-pilot as he was twice rescued from planes that went down, once in the South Pacific and once in the Atlantic. On one mission, he told me, his Squadron of 12 planes left the carrier for a mission against the Japanese at around 4 PM. "None of us had combat experience flying at night. Only one plane made it back to the ship. Eleven planes were lost as were nine men. I was lucky," he said. "We were picked up the next day. But my pilot was killed on another mission."

Roger then asked me if he had ever told me that he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. What? I since have learned that John McCain's grandfather, an Admiral, was the presenter. The Distinguished Flying Cross is a military decoration awarded to any officer or enlisted member of the United States Armed Forces who distinguishes himself or herself in support of operations by "heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial flight, subsequent to November 11, 1918." "Wow!" I said. "No you never did tell me." And this is a man I have known for 50 years? "How'd you get that?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I flew 56 missions." (56 missions!!!) "On the sixth mission there was a huge air battle against the Japanese. We lost a lot of men and planes. There was a kid from Brooklyn that I had become very friendly with in a plane just next to me. He

was gone in a flash.... I did a lot of damage to the Japanese that day," he recounted dryly. I left it at that. Roger's daughter Anne, a nurse practitioner who had driven him to the shop that day, turned to me and said, "He has a lot of medals but he doesn't like to talk about them."

I visited Roger several times this summer while he was receiving hospice care at the Bedford VA hospital. He told me in a tone of wonder, "I never expected to live this long. I never had any serious accidents, and I never got sick." We never talked about the war, only about funny incidents at the shop.

Before Roger passed away this past Monday, July 17, he was mentally sharp to the end and we had a lot of laughs together, like always, in spite of his weakened condition. On one visit, after I had said good-bye and was out the door, heading down the hall, I heard Roger yell "Joel!" When I went back to his room, he said, "You are going the wrong way. The elevators are that way." Swallowing a smile, I said "Thanks" and headed in the right direction.

I'm glad I got to spend some time with him at the end. We shared an unbreakable bond of friendship that transcended age, religion, and circumstance. He was never "an employee" to me. Rather, he was a long-time family friend with whom I shared many memorable experiences. I will miss him, a lot.

Roger embodied all the great qualities exemplified in Brokaw's book *The Greatest Generation*. He survived his beloved wife, Kay, who passed some years back. Roger and his family are people who are the "salt of the earth." He and they make me proud to be an American. Rest in well-deserved peace, my friend. ♦

Alabama Trilogy

BY PATRICIA YOUNG MANHARD

DECORATION DAY

“We three set most men here when we were young.”
The patterns laid, the yardage cleared in heavy air
With honeysuckle touch. All night it rained.
By morning’s shadow, breaths of hymns,
“God of our Fathers” ruffled leaves.
The choir door opened to the sun.

There, fixed as on a burnt sienna wall
Lit by resonance of clouds
Hung portraits from these human hills.
Each face was framed in cadences of love.
A glint of honor in the poppy glaze.
The daisy ringed compassionate bouquet.
All lay together crossing lives apart
With comrade reverence Decoration Day.

“We three set most men here,” he said,
I am your heir. You are my spike.
Another day when you’re still young
Make me a quilt to stake my place
As homage to the dirt from which I sprung.

MAMA IN HER MORNING

The corner chair embraces her exhaustion.
Full now the day begins. There's no escape.
The ritual creed communion serves the bread
Brewing the wine-black coffee to the sons.
By grey-back window, polished dancing floor, her slippered feet
in calloused splendor beat to work step—round by round.
Dreams come from Sears or sons who say, "Let's go to Nashville, Ma.
A big motel! Some day!" Someday with each horizon's dawn
Across the field as sausage fries then summers set.
Each winter is the last but with first snow the hope comes back
with childhood's past. It is her youngest time of year for covered up—
her yard is finally clean, the windows cold. Death passed by once again.
Out comes her diary stitched in cloth; piece by piece she pushes
Down the needle of her eye. She brings it up, a breastplate
Full, with love to pad the sagging bed of dreams.

At midday in her black-eyed pea perfume
She stands the step to call her legion in.
They know. In look or kiss or touch they pay her chore
The compliment of need. She is their priest.
The loaf again is passed. "How blessed are the meek."
Her company logs on with daylight passing from their time.
Time now her only moment of reprieve.
"Each son shall now inherit" such as she
Their resurrection and their daily might.

THE RECORDING

Four thousand dollar diary in the check
On four by two inch paper held in hand. The deed be eighty years of suns
And settings that he hewed himself.
Its silence was his own. Its winter waiting
Rain song timbers hung in place of far off train bought dreams.
The counterpoint of seasons filled his fields and bucket by the well.
In cotton, future was today. The beetle-bated summer slowed at meals.
Down by the creek the letter carving tree.
Another crop, in spite of spring step Sundays.
Record reads, "I give my daughter," then good-bye.
Eyes sweat with time. Haze passes on the grass.
The shuttered windows lock. The shed, an album burst through years,
Deep drawers of postcards, outgrown clothes,
Ma's iron behind the door breeze cracked. It swung full wide.
The well filled up. The oven baked its bread. The day was new
A moment in his mind. He smiled. Each signed the check.
He latched the gate. Deed ends.
The sum-sired record silently retreats.
The present wraps the past and walks away.

Natural Inclinations



JOYCE KETCHAM
Berkshire Foothills (2014)

Needle painted embroidery
5" x 7"



MAUREEN BOVET
Oak Leaves (2019)

Watercolor
9" x 7"



CHARLES B. KETCHAM
Prelude to Fall (2010)

Photograph



CHARLES B. KETCHAM
Forest Treasure (2018)

Photograph



SON-MEY CHIU
Poinsettia (1980s)

Chinese Brush Painting
16¾" x 33"



SON-MEY CHIU
Amaryllis (1980s)

Chinese Brush Painting
17½" x 37½"

Next

BY MARY LEVIN KOCH

RETIREMENT, to paraphrase my *Random House Webster's College Dictionary* (1991), is removal or withdrawal from an office or active service. Alas, there is no definition or hint at what follows after the so-called removal. I want to know. I need some direction because, after nearly four decades as an anesthesiologist, my husband has officially retired. He has hung up his scrubs for good. Done, as he likes to say. And I am worried.

Bill has always been goal oriented. Graduate from college – check. Men's state tennis champion – check. Medical school degree – check. Practice anesthesia – check. Get married – check. Hunt ducks as often as possible – check and double check. He's been exceptionally good at achieving all of it. But with no goals on the horizon what's next?

The unforeseen, uncharted future concerns me. It does not concern Bill; he says he will carry on like the French and spend more time cooking, swimming, and entertaining family and friends. Swimming? Other than a quick dip into the Mediterranean Sea he hasn't been swimming in years. Swimming, I ask? Walking, he clarifies. Hmm. Sounds like a plan—sort of. If truth be told, I am worried less about how retirement will affect Bill than how it will affect me.

On the run up to retirement Bill has spent a good deal of his leisure time engaged with his iPad Mini. I find this amusing. Until recently he didn't even own one and showed only a passing interest in my own. Now the two of them are joined at the hip. Tethered. Best Friends. He treats it as if it's human. Sitting in a chair in the sunroom, Bill stares at the

small electronic device for hours, chatting with Facebook Friends, reading about World War II, or looking at photographs from past hunting seasons. With a nimble pointer finger he moves these images around the screen, repositioning them, improving the clarity, reducing any red-eyes that bedevil his hunting buddies. He reminds me of a curator who rehanga a museum gallery. Bill, however, is curating his own memories.

Once in a while he disappears downstairs, into the basement, and thumbs through actual photo albums—those practically obsolete leather-bound books that hold pictures printed from a negative. Selecting an image, he temporarily removes it from the glassine sleeve and snaps a copy of it with the iPad camera. Then it's back upstairs to his favorite chair where he moves the new addition into the electronic album. Not that this is a bad thing. If it makes him happy. I wonder, though, how much time can he spend doing this? And is it good for his health? The other day he complained of back pain. I told him he'd been sitting too long. How about a dip in the pool?

Can't he be more like his father who, after forty-plus years working for Ma Bell, reveled in an active retirement? Bill Sr. adapted swimmingly, constructing an extensive backyard, in-ground vegetable garden as well as an enclosed glass greenhouse that he built using found materials dumpster-dived from his neighbors' trash. Chewing on a cigar he headed out to the gardens several times a day to methodically tame the grassy knoll behind the family's suburban ranch house, transforming it. Eventually there was so much produce my mother-in-law was unable

to use it all and directed him to give some of the vegetables to the neighbors from whom he scavenged.

And Bill Sr. had other hobbies. He played tennis every morning and entered senior tournaments. Well into his seventies the silver-plated trophies began to pile up just like the produce from his garden. And, a more than passable bridge player, he was a favorite down at the Bridge House, often summoned to substitute in the afternoons.

My husband also was a tennis player – a former men’s state tennis champion. But it took up so much of his youth that he gave up the sport in his twenties. And, also like his father, Bill enjoys gardening – though on a much smaller scale. Extensive vegetable gardens are frowned upon in our pristinely manicured condominium community even though the bylaws do not expressly forbid raising them. But Bill has bent the rules a bit by discreetly embedding a couple of tomato plants in our front-facing flower garden. And, like a doting parent, he hovers, shooing away hungry chipmunks when they try to make off with one of his shiny red trophies. This past summer, to his great delight, there was a bumper crop – ninety tomatoes. Oh, if only the growing season were longer.

Fortunately, the song birds are in residence all year round. Four feeders that swing from trees and fence posts in the back are always filled with a mixture of sunflower seeds, nuts and millet. Even in the dead of winter Bill faithfully tends to his feathered friends: purple and yellow finches, downy woodpeckers, blue jays, cardinals, nut-hatches, chickadees and chipping sparrows – every species is welcome. And while he has a soft spot for the grey and black squirrels that share the patio with the birds, he gets annoyed when they attack the feeders. He clucks at them like a mother hen in an

attempt to scare them off. Not that this does any good. They scamper away, but within minutes they return to chomp down some more.

In the spring, it is the wild turkeys that receive Bill’s attention. After laying out food he cranks up his trusty turkey-caller and beckons them. Then he takes his place at the kitchen window to watch the females flirt and the males display. There never seems to be only one or two; the turkeys travel in packs and can be downright menacing. One time I counted seventeen birds cloistered on our brick patio and when I stepped out to shoo them away, they advanced towards me. Then I was the one who fled for cover.

What with all the backyard activity, not to mention the winter duck shooting forays to Mississippi and Arkansas followed by a springtime turkey hunt in Alabama, I’m beginning to think that Bill’s retirement is for the birds. I don’t disdain or dismiss these great passions of his. I encourage them. Still, because there is a lot of time to be filled, I am full of suggestions: join a breakfast club and chew the fat with other retirees; audit a Spanish class for people who studied-the-language-in-school-but-really-never-mastered-it-and-want-to-travel-to-Spain-Mexico-or-South America. Join a book club. Go to the community center and play pool. Dust off the old watercolors. Volunteer. And, with so much free time he is now the designated homeowner who waits around for service people: the rug cleaners, the window washers, the plumber, the electrician, the painters, the roofers, the gutter cleaners.

Looking up from his iPad, he smiles and tells me he’ll do whatever I ask of him. Really? Now? After forty years of marriage? I can only hope. ♦

Luck

BY JOHN EHRENFELD

I have beaten all the odds, I've been told,
By reaching the age of eighty-seven.
Much of the time I'm up, I do feel old
But not yet ready to leave for heaven.
Is it luck that's brought me this far along?
Or did my folks bequeath me the right genes?
Both seem to be involved unless I'm wrong.
What pieces did I add by any means?
Is luck real—chance events that turned out right?
Or a tale one weaves later to explain
The good thoughts I look back upon, despite
The choices made that ran across life's grain.
 Is it the avoidance of adverse events,
 Or the artful choosing of one's parents?

Just a Little Something

BY IRENE HANNIGAN

IT WAS A PRETTY BRACELET of seven stretchy bands of turquoise, purple, and magenta beads held together by a decorative clasp. I fingered the beads gently as my mind drifted back to my sister's delicate wrist, which is where I had seen exactly the same bracelet a few weeks ago.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" the saleswoman asked. "Would you like to try it on?" Suddenly my eyes filled with tears, much to the confusion of the woman who had simply asked a question. I darted away from the counter and dashed out of the store and into the parking lot searching for my car. On the drive home, I wondered whether or not I should have purchased the bracelet from the chain store where I knew Ellie often shopped. But mostly I thought about my recent visit with my sister.

"Let's just hang out and do regular things," Ellie had insisted upon her arrival from Florida before adding, "Let's pretend we live near each other and see each other all the time. I want to just go with the flow." And so we did.

One day when she had a yen for Swedish pancakes we went to an IHOP to satisfy her craving. The oldies that played in the background brought back so many memories.

"Are we ever going to be sixty-four?" she wondered aloud. We happily reminisced and laughed.

Another day we shopped for yarn and beads. We thought about our summer days as kids, when we were always involved in a project on our screened-in back porch.

"Remember all those potholders we used to make?" she asked.

"I still do," I confessed. "And there's a

5 & 10 I go to that still sells them and penny candy, too! Do you want to check it out?"

With our bags of beads and balls of yarn we stopped in at the 5 & 10 and picked up some potholder loops. She couldn't resist filling a small bag with penny candy. Sitting together at the picnic table under the apple tree in my backyard, she strung beads while I made a potholder and of course we talked. That night we stayed home for dinner and I cooked because Ellie said my cooking was good for her. We had tomato and zucchini pie and cold cucumber soup. She convinced herself that her appetite might be returning as a result of our being together. I hoped that was the case. She looked exceedingly thin and frail.

Our visit finally came to an end and this had been an exceptionally good one. At the airport we promised each other, teary-eyed, that next time we would pick up where had we left off. I desperately hoped that there would be a next time. Since Ellie rarely talked about her illness, I can't be sure what she believed. For the next few months I figured the telephone would have to suffice but Ellie had another idea in mind.

That very afternoon, when I returned home from the store, there was a small package in the mailbox. It was from Ellie. I carefully opened the box and read the post-it note attached to the top—Just a little something... to keep us connected, it said. I peeled off the note, noticing that she had used the same little gift box that I had sent to her after our previous visit along with a similar note. Inside was the bracelet—the last gift we ever exchanged. She never made it to 64. ♦

GERRY PAUL
Linear Single Helix Kinetic Art (2019)

Copper
60" x 12" x 12"



Click for video art: www.shorturl.at/BFH01

Recovery

BY VICTORIA BUCKLEY

Pamela sits in a chair facing the others,
With a wide grin, winking at me
(I wink back)
The tiled hospital TV room is full—
Heavy armchairs, squared off tables,
Magazine collages dangling on the walls.
Lily shuffles slowly in her slippers
Behind her is Shelley whose arms are shaking
In pajamas that are falling off
Then Ernie who is stiff but smiling
Nina has teased hair and wild makeup
She talks to herself
The heavy chairs are filled

Pamela smooths her soft pastel shawl
And clearly speaks
“I was once here”
(I remember then)
“I was scared and had no hope”
(I knew she could do it)
“Staff kept asking me to try”
(I listened and sat with her)
“Some were very persistent”
(She called me a pain then)
Glancing at me now, smiling
(I smile back, blushing)
“Then I slowly started doing things”
(I said at your own pace)
“I wrote a poem, I did photography”
(I remember her fragility)
“And slowly hope returned and I got stronger
(I saw her blossom)
“You can all do it too – don’t give up”
(Am I listening today?)

An Education

BY CHRISTIN MILGROOM WORCESTER

FEAR, SHAME, AND EMBARRASSMENT are great motivators. I'm twenty-one and my students are eighteen. I spend my first year of teaching with Eleanor Roosevelt's voice in my head. Each morning as I drive to school, she challenges me, "Do one thing every day that scares you." It's the 1973/74 academic year and I am scared.

Though just three years separate me from my students, my professional teacher's license holds a high, immovable barrier between us. Yet, when I look out into my classroom, I see Jack's muscular pitcher's arms. His bright eyes never leave my face when I speak about verb tenses or understanding Lady Macbeth's motivations, not simply her actions. And, there is shy, lovely Kathy who watches Jack watch me.

Shortly after April school vacation, my students share their excitement about the Red Cross coming to our high school for a blood drive. I decide I'm going to encourage my students to donate blood. After all, the administration implies that first-year teachers' involvement in extracurricular activity is "essential to success." I shiver through late afternoon football and soccer in the fall. I read essays at thumping basketball games, gymnastics meets, and sweaty wrestling matches in winter. I chaperone dances and stand for hours in the sun at track meets in spring, and foolishly believe this is enough.

My somewhat smug principal directs, "Mrs. Worcester, ensuring a successful blood drive brings positive PR through newspaper coverage. I have no doubt you'll inspire students to participate. We'll set up a table in the cafeteria for scheduling appointments.

Can you start on Monday?"

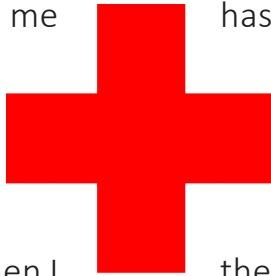
It's not really a question. "I'm happy to encourage students to donate. What time do you want me at this sign-up table?"

"Let's start with your lunch block on Monday and see what other free time you have as we move toward our target date."

Does he really believe a first-year teacher has any free time? "We don't have much time to pull this together and make it worthwhile for the Red Cross."

I officially volunteer to recruit students. Daily, in my classroom, I find a variety of ways to motivate them to donate blood. My tactics range from providing information about the Red Cross and the need for blood to appealing to their youthful desires to do some good in their world. When all else fails and I hear about their busy lives—babysitting, homework, and athletic practices after school, I offer extra credit and nights without homework. When necessary, I hound them as they exit my classroom with, "Care about others! It's your duty as human beings!"

I sit at my assigned post under the bright fluorescent lights. In the deafening, food strewn cafeteria, I attempt to inspire. For two weeks, during my precious twenty-five-minute lunch block, I think about whether I'll have to do this as a second-year teacher. The sign-up is slow; then my students take charge. Daily, they chant, "Ms. W's blood drive..." As they yell over the noisy cafeteria activity, they drag unwilling friends to my table near the exit. I've strategically placed the table at the door so I can catch them as they near the large, overflowing trash barrels filled with fruits and vegetables left on trays



for the sake of greasy pizza, potato puffs, and chips.

During our drive for participants, some of my students ask, “Ms. W., what time’s your appointment?”

My cheeks grow warm and pink as I tell what I hope is a lie, “Once students are scheduled, they’ll fit me in.”

It’s Friday. Finally, my first-year teacher exile to the cafeteria ends. Sign-up is a success—all the slots filled, and the principal’s thanks are surprising and come swiftly. On Monday, several from the senior class and some students from the junior class (with parental permission) will donate blood during their early dismissal from last block—my skillfully arranged and masterfully dangled carrot.

Early on Monday morning, Jack and Kathy bounce into my room during the quiet, peaceful time before homeroom begins my day. “What time’s your appointment?”

“I didn’t make one. I’ve always feared needles. That initial stab into my flesh hurts too much. It was never even worth the gumdrop my pediatrician handed me after I was so brave. That meant I didn’t screech. I can’t do it.” My head drops forward and my shoulders sag, but there’s no hiding.

As if tacking words to our bulletin board, Kathy demands, “Are. You. Serious?”

Her not-so-sweet tone surprises me. She adds, “You insisted that giving blood is the one thing in our lives no one can do for us.”

Jack reacts to Kathy’s push with his charming grin, “I’ll hold one hand and she’ll hold the other. Don’t be afraid.”

Suddenly embarrassed, sweat dampens my blouse as something new stares at me. Their disappointment burns as their eyes hold mine. This hurts more than a needle. I hear Eleanor Roosevelt’s challenge, “Do one thing every day that scares you.” My heart trips on a beat as I choke out, “I’ll try.”

Kathy pokes at me, “No. You tell us not to try but to do. So, do. We’ll come for you after class. Remember, drink water. Eat lunch!” With that, my teenagers turn and leave our classroom and my reddened cheeks.

Despite May’s warmth, I shiver with 1:25’s bell and dismiss F block class with, “I’ll see you in the gym. Give blood or support those who are.” My smile droops, but their noisy, excited exit masks my expression and quiver in my words.

I’m leaning against my desk when my escorts arrive. I dread the walk to the gym where the Red Cross set up their tables. I hear an amused tone in Jack’s words, “Here we go...” He grins. Kathy smiles. We walk the corridors together.

Kathy maneuvers me in my fashionable miniskirt designed for nothing but upright posture, onto the high, draped table. Once settled in position, Jack grasps my sweaty hand as Kathy tightens her grip around the other. Their expressions encourage as the nurse approaches with a practiced expression. “How are we this afternoon?”

Without embarrassment, I manage to respond, “Please tell me when you’re going to stick me.” And, she does. It was over quickly. Still, I squeeze my kid’s hands as the plastic pint pouch fills with the blood that no one else can give for me.

IN 2018 I RECEIVED an American Red Cross certificate acknowledging my lifetime donation of eleven gallons of blood and platelets I’ve given since 1974. Because I’ve thought only in terms of pints of blood and small collection pouches of platelets, the word gallon surprised me. When I thought of that first pint that almost wasn’t, my back straightened and my shoulders settled more squarely. ♦

Ants on a Log

BY ROBERT ISENBERG

WE WERE EXCITED, flying to L.A. to be there in time for our seven-year-old granddaughter's graduation. Finleigh was graduating from first grade. We knew how proud she was from our last FaceTime with her.

However, before one goes anywhere one has to pack. Packing is not pretty. The objective should be to take as little as possible. I know I need a bag-packing app that will not hesitate to scream, "Are you kidding me? You don't need that! You already have packed seven pairs of underpants. No, you don't need the purple pair. You said you are staying for one week. We don't pack for your 'just in case.' But no such apps were available. When I handed my bag to the Avis shuttle driver, she definitely had the right to holler, "Are you trying to kill me?"

We arrived at the L.A. hotel Thursday evening at 2:00 A.M. Boston time. Still we were at Finleigh's school the next morning at 9:30. There would be playtime for the children and potluck. I was very hungry, but I had to remind myself this would be California food. There was a huge platter of hummus. I have issues with chickpeas, so not for me. What on earth is on the next platter? I recognize the celery, but what is it possibly stuffed with? How to best describe it? It was brownish color with little black dots on top of the brown spread.

I inquired, "What is that?" as I pointed hesitatingly at the celery with brown stuffing.

"Oh, that's organic peanut butter and the dots are raisins," smiled Finleigh.

"What's that called?" I asked.

"It's called Ants on a Log," Finleigh answered as if to say, "I've got a lot to teach you, Grandpa!"

"Sounds delicious, especially the ants," I offered.

Anyway, I'm a nut for peanut butter. I wondered about the organic. What would make this peanut butter more organic than the no sodium brand I buy? But I already had asked enough stupid questions. I thought for a few seconds about the raisins, which I'm not crazy about. However, as I said, I was very hungry. I took one stalk. "Not bad." I reached for two more. By the end of brunch I had eaten half the platter. No one else had any interest in the Ants. They were all hummus people. When we get home I'll bring this specialty to our next party. I can't wait till they ask, "What do you call this?"

Each evening that week Finleigh insisted on ten jokes. My first favorite was, the teacher asks Johnny, "How do you spell the country called Colombia?"

Johnny spells it K-o-l-u-m- b-i-a.

"Incorrect," says the teacher.

"But you asked how I spell it," Johnny replies.

My second favorite was, Johnny is asked if he says his prayers before dinner.

Johnny responds, "No, my mom is a great cook."

Finleigh sighed, "Grandpa did you say your prayers before you ate the Ants on a Log?"

Soon it was time to pack again. Now I definitely could use a packing app. What could be more embarrassing than the hotel calling me and asking if I had left a pair of purple underpants in the drawer? ♦

Wrenched

BY JAMES BALDWIN

“THE TWO OF YOU SEEM SO HAPPY here. Honestly, I’m envious,” I said. “How did you ever make that decision to leave your home? We can’t seem to get our heads around that.”

Empty nesters like us, our friends the Gilberts had moved out of their family home so full of rich memories. Unlike us they had found what? The courage? The energy? Recognized the need? Saw time running out? Looked at their aging bodies and gracefully accepted the inevitable? And moved into a condominium where we were visiting them on a balmy June afternoon.

“We know we have to make that same decision” I admitted, “but we just can’t seem to. We’ve looked at a lot of condos, and none of them seem right. Just thinking about the hassle of moving fills me with terror.”

Ann Gilbert looked at me with sparkling eyes and chirped, “Oh, when you find the right place, you’ll know it. Then you’ll move.”

Although it is something I don’t advertise, I tend to be quite spiritual, but when people tell me things like, “when you find the right place, you’ll know it,” my conclusion is, well,

while I like the idea of that, that’s all it is. An idea. The reality? That may happen to other people, but it is unlikely to happen for me. Twenty dottering years from now I’ll be right here waiting for the right place to appear magically.

Despite my outlook, my wife and I started what was intended to be a two year long project of fixing, upgrading and sprucing up our family home to prepare it for sale. Retired, I now had time for all those ugly projects that used to be so justifiably delayed, ignored even, because I was just “too busy” at work.

I’m bad at moving. I am one of those people who can’t decide what goes or what stays.

Here’s a thing that looks like it might be an Allen wrench. What’s it doing here in the garage on the shelf next to the fertilizer? Then my brain floods with possibilities.

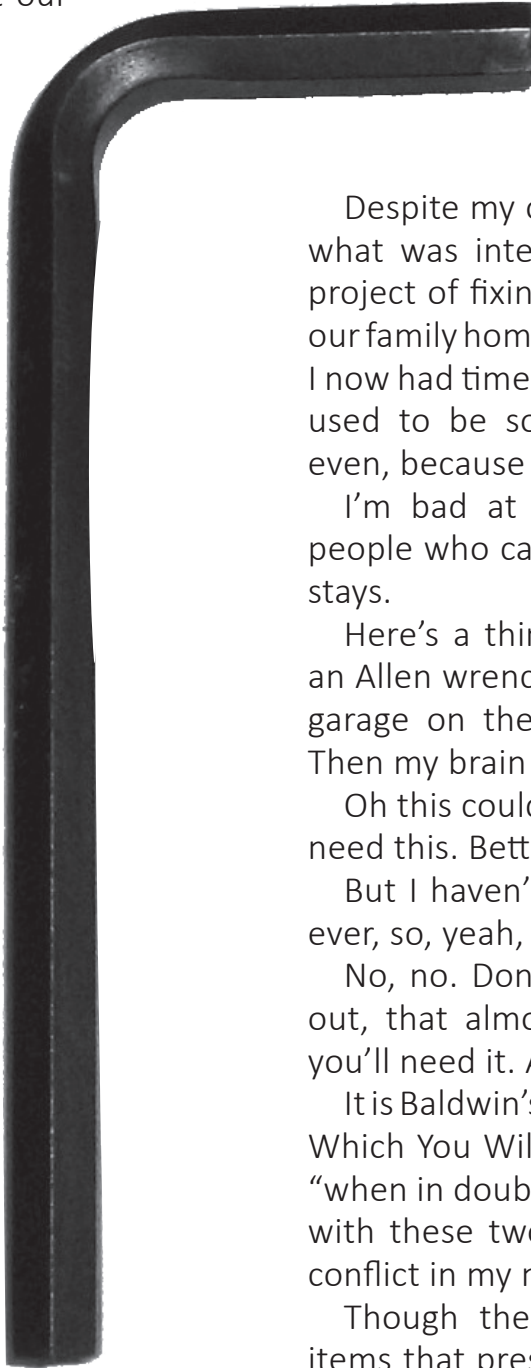
Oh this could be for my bike. I might really need this. Better not throw it out.

But I haven’t used it in years. Maybe not ever, so, yeah, toss it.

No, no. Don’t do that. If you do throw it out, that almost automatically means that you’ll need it. And soon.

It is Baldwin’s Law. You Throw Out Only That Which You Will Need Later. The opposite of “when in doubt, throw it out.” And so it goes with these two rules of thumb in constant conflict in my mind.

Though the Allen wrench is small, the items that present these problems range all the way from Allen wrench size to, say, the basketball hoop with large glass backboard. Nobody’s taken a shot at the hoop since



our youngest son deserted us for college six years ago, but there it stands, an obstacle in the driveway, but one of sweet memories. Wait. He might come back for a week-end and want to take a few shots.

While I was working, I had a good excuse to avoid these pesky decisions. “I just don’t have time to deal with them,” I explained to my wife defensively. I should probably have realized that all these items, small and large, would disappear on the trash truck’s last of three visits a few months hence.

But for now they become part of the anticipated two-year getting-ready-to-move project, and I will have to make hundreds of these decisions for which I am ill equipped.

Early in the project, our real estate agent called and said, enthusiastically, “Jim, I know you’re not ready to move, but I’ve found a place I really think you two should see.”

“But Jody,” I reply. “I still haven’t figured out what to do with the Allen wrench.”

“Wait. What?” Jody asks. “The Allen wrench?”

I explain that it’s too complicated, and we move on.

My dark side said to my wife, “I know why she thinks we should see it. It’s her listing.”

“Come on,” my wife objected. “Jody does not waste our time—and especially not hers.”

So against my better judgment, I let my wife drag me to yet another “showing” in a condo development we’d seen before where nothing had appealed to us.

We walked in the front door. A short entry led to an open living room. There was a see-through fireplace to the right embedded in an exposed red brick wall that separated the living room from the dining room. Straight ahead there was a wall of glass with sliding doors opening out to a wide brick patio and what appeared to be an unexpected vastness beyond.

At risk of calling down the wrath of the women’s movement, I recall that my wife and Jody did what women do. Instead of heading into the living room and the glass doors with me, they turned right and headed for the kitchen. I heard Jody enthusing, “Dana, you’ve got to see this kitchen. It’s

completely updated and...”

I stayed where I was, entranced by the door heading out to the patio. Maybe I’m a typical male, but what’s inside the house, where I’ll actually be living is of far less interest to me than what’s outside. I opened the sliding door, stepped onto a wooden deck that led down to some pleasing, solid and well-laid bricks that comprised the patio. It unrolled like a carpet and ran the length of the back



of the house. I stood for a moment admiring the brickwork and the surprising, inviting length and breadth of it all. Then I felt the wide openness that I had glimpsed from the inside.

I turned toward it looking up and away from the house to behold an expanse of green looking like the fairway on a manicured par 3. There were two maple trees on each side of the fairway in the foreground and further down, in the middle of it, framed by the two maples, a bright red Japanese maple. Along the right side of the fairway, running its full length from the edge of the patio down beyond the Japanese Maple was a pond. On the far side of the pond, a magnificent great blue heron stood stock still as herons do when they are fishing or hunting.

The quietness and beauty of the scene stunned me. I stared around thinking that I've never lived in a place like this.

Ann's words could not have been truer. "When you find the right place, you'll know it."

I had found the right place, and I knew it. Its rightness was pure and true.

I walked back in the condo, which at this point I had been in for no more than 30 seconds, and managed to take my wife aside for a brief consultation. "Dana!" I gushed. "I don't care about the kitchen. I don't care if there are no bedrooms or bathrooms. This is the place. I want to live here."

My wife, being the practical one, did find bedrooms, bathrooms, closets and a kitchen that met her needs.

We were of one mind. Indeed, we had "found the right place." Finding the right place can feel like the end. It is done. Happiness.

But finding it and making it our own were two very different things—especially in a town where the demand for attractive properties far exceeded the supply.

We realized that we had to go quickly down the road from entranced to strategic. There was no time to enjoy the notion that we'd found the right place. We realized that we had to take action. Almost immediately.

In the process we made an offer that my father and my oldest son, would have wagged their fingers at. "No. Never make an offer like that," my father would have said. "It's an offer of weakness. You're way over-exposed. You're not even negotiating!"

But that was how it had to be done.

Only a day after falling in love, even before the place went "on the market," we made our ridiculous offer with no contingencies. Not even an inspection.

Our two-year project of getting our house ready to sell was condensed to a month. The Allen wrench, the basketball hoop and many other unneeded items disappeared quickly in three separate loads with our trash hauler. I'm not sure what became of the Allen wrench. The basketball hoop went down the driveway and out to the street on top of the last load, but not the memories that went with it. They stayed behind.

Delighted as we are with our new home, we still drive by our old one just to check on things. Happily, a family with two young children bought the place. I'm not sure what we're looking for as we drive by. I think we just want the place to be loved as we loved it, but you can't really see that from a drive by, and we never want to go too slowly. On our last trip by, though, my mind and my heart were put at ease.

There was a new basketball hoop in the driveway. ♦

CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES BALDWIN is a retired advertising agency principal and high school English teacher.



Rediscovering writing in his retirement, he covers sports for Gatehouse Media and the Lexington Minuteman and maintains his own blog at www.Storyguy.net.

JOEL BERMAN has lived and worked in Lexington for over 50 years. As the owner of Berman's Wine & Spirits, in East Lexington, he had visited many areas of the world where grapes are grown.



MAUREEN BOVET is a long-time Lexington resident and sometime watercolorist. She enjoys painting from nature, around town and in Europe. Her work is occasionally shown at First Parish Unitarian-Universalist Church in Lexington.



VICTORIA BUCKLEY, MS, OTR/L, CCAP, is an occupational therapist and clinician with over 35 years' experience in mental health. She is a Town Meeting Member and chairs the Lexington Commission on Disability.



SON-MEY CHIU practices traditional Chinese Brush Painting and has won many awards including two international ones. Her work has been shown in many museums including the Currier, the Addison, DeCordova, Harvard and galleries in Lexington.



DON COHEN's plays have been performed at Munroe Saturday Nights. Stories have appeared in *The South Carolina Review*, *The Fiddlehead*, and Jewish fiction.net. *Pilgrims of Mortality*, his collection of stories, is available from Amazon.

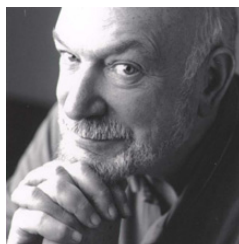
JUDITH COOPER is an artist, teacher & workshop facilitator in her Lexington studio, which is open to the public for the Open Studio Weekend every spring. See more of her artwork at: www.jcooperstudio.com



JOHN EHRENFELD came late to poetry. A long-retired MIT-trained chemical engineer, he returned there after working in the environmental field for many years. He has just published *The Right Way to Flourish: Reconnecting with the Real World*.



With degrees from MIT and Harvard, RICHARD GLANTZ spent most of his career managing engineers at Digital. Upon retiring, he "unleashed the under-utilized right hemisphere of my brain." Now his Kodak moments focus on reflections, shadows, patterns, and silhouettes.



IRENE HANNIGAN, a retired educator, enjoys writing and sketching. She has recently been exploring poetry. Her latest book, *Write On! How to Make Writing a Pleasurable Pastime*, is available on Amazon.





TAMARA HAVENS, a retired ESL teacher, was born in Egypt to Russian-born parents. She volunteers teaching English to internationals in several communities. Her work explores her family's struggle to escape persecution in Egypt by moving to America.



ESTHER ISENBERG, an AB from Vassar, and MSSW from Simmons, is also a Certified Yoga Teacher and a Teller of Tales. She has resided in Lexington since 1976.



ROBERT ISENBERG was the humor columnist for a group of Gatehouse Newspapers for five years. In 2018 he published his first book, *Why Men Are Suspicious of Yoga And Other Very, Very Funny Stories* which is available on Amazon. He is currently working on a second book of humorous pieces.



An Emeritus Professor of Religion at Allegheny and Smith Colleges, CHARLES KETCHAM has been an amateur photographer all his life. Though his photographic interests have been general, he has concentrated on photos of the North Shore of Massachusetts, Scotland, and Rome.



After her retirement as a paper conservator in 1990, JOYCE KETCHAM was free to pursue a long-time interest in the fiber arts—particularly tapestry weaving and embroidery. She uses photography as an adjunct to the creation of her tapestries.

With degrees from the Universities of Wisconsin and Georgia, MARY LEVIN KOCH has worked in art museums, published scholarly articles and coauthored a book on Athens, Georgia. Now retired she chronicles her family's history and their current comings and goings.



While living 8 years in Egypt, NANCY KOUCHOUK wrote and edited at American University and Cairo American College. Her work with a blind poet, an anthropologist who discovered an isolated tribe, and a flamboyant storyteller, continues to color her poetry.



PATRICIA YOUNG MANHARD enjoys writing poetry as a contrast to her work around millennial research and issues of racism. She's a Board member of the Lexington Symphony and on the Historical Society events committee. An avid international hiker and skier, her personal best was Mt Kenya's Lanai at 16'355" looking for a snow leopard!



TRACY MARKS, M.A., published her first poem when she was eleven. She won the Greater Miami Poetry Festival twice. She now teaches poetry writing, wordcraft and literature at Lexington Community Education and Newton Community Education.



GERRY PAUL and his wife Robin have lived in Lexington since 1974 and raised four sons here. He received a PH.D. from MIT and has worked in varying fields in both industry and academia. He recently became intrigued with kinetic art.



BEN SOULE has lived in Lexington for most of his life, where he has worked as a carpenter/contractor and a software engineer. He expresses his creativity through singing, acting, writing, woodworking, designing board games, and creating original Christmas cards.



ARTHUR SHARENOW worked for many years as director of two camps in New Hampshire. After retiring, he took up photography and writing including his first memoir, *37 Summers: My Years as a Camp Director*.

After teaching English for 35 years, CHRISTIN MILGROOM WORCESTER retired and began her writer's journey by creating pieces for her memoir—a work in progress. She actively volunteers in several community programs in Lexington including the Food Pantry and Wednesday night dinners at Lex Eat Together. ♦



Food Pantry and Wednesday night dinners at Lex Eat Together. ♦

The need to serve Lexington's senior citizens has never been greater.

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- LexConnect affordable reduced-fare taxi transportation
- Age-sensitive counseling and recreation
- Senior Bus Trips & Holiday Luncheons
- Health and Wellness programs

Supporting innovative programs:

- *Lexington LifeTimes*, a bi-annual creative arts journal
- Hearing assistance equipment
- Older, Wiser, Lifelong Learners seminar program (OWLL)
- Bright Ideas mini-grant program

Visit us at www.friendsofthecoa.org to learn more and donate. Or send a check to:

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The Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging (FCOA) is a non-profit organization with a volunteer board of Lexingtonians who work closely with the Town's Council on Aging and the Human Services Department to enrich the quality of life of Lexington's seniors.



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Working to strengthen the communities we serve is also an essential aspect of our founding purpose. We are honored to support the Lexington Community and *Lexington LifeTimes*. Thank you for showcasing and supporting the creative talents of those in Lexington!

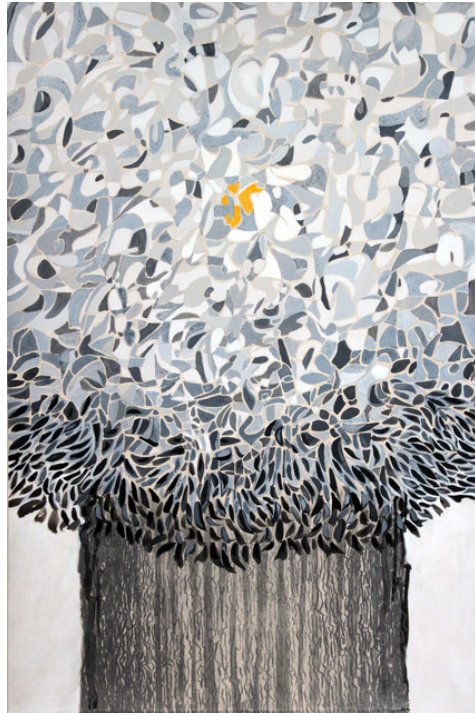
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