

L E X I N G T O N
LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL
ISSUE 8 | SUMMER 2021



The Difference “Why Not?” Makes

Memory Care guided by positivity, purpose and passion.

As we look back over our lives, it's our experiences that define who we are. While dementia may slowly erode a person's memories and cognitive skills, the core of a person's identity and passions remains, and the ability to be genuinely happy and purposeful in the moment is ever-present. So, when it comes to memory care in a community setting, the delivery of daily care must be as one-of-a-kind as the people receiving it.

That's the foundation of *The Artis Way*—the unwavering philosophy of Artis Senior Living, which offers a refreshingly different approach to memory care.

When you change the way you operate from, “We can't do that,” to “Why not?” amazing things happen!

Artis care partners collaborate with families to learn every detail about their residents to find opportunities for meaningful experiences as often as possible.

When presented with a request from residents or families, instead of saying, “No,” Artis care partners say, “Why not?” They are committed to giving people back the aspects of themselves that their families thought were gone for good.

We are thankful for our Artis care team, which genuinely loves to make the seemingly impossible possible and prides itself on the moments it has been able to create for memory care residents and their families. Care partners at Artis ensure that the disease doesn't define a person; their indomitable spirit does.



Your Partner in Memory Care™

**For More Information
on Memory Care
*The Artis Way***

339-970-8699

TheArtisWay.com/LCOA

**Artis Senior Living
of Lexington**

430 Concord Ave.
Lexington, MA 02421

Your Partner
in Memory
Care™

Check out our other nearby community in Reading.



ABOUT THIS JOURNAL

*The Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging are happy to sponsor this eighth 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 with a grant from the FCOA-funded Bright Ideas program.*

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 copies printed.

Since the Summer 2018 issue, the Journal has gratefully received underwriting support in the form of display ads from local businesses, while still receiving some funding from the FCOA. Starting with this issue, we also are recognizing Patrons of Lexington LifeTimes, individuals who contribute to the FCOA specifically to support this magazine.

You can support the Journal, and the activities of the FCOA, by making a gift to the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging. If you wish to be recognized as a Patron, please note this on your check or on the donation envelope or online form. Please help to keep this popular publication going!

Submission guidelines for future editions as well as information on how to support the Journal and FCOA can be found on the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging website:

WWW.FRIENDSOFTHECOA.ORG

FRIENDS OF THE LEXINGTON COUNCIL ON AGING
P.O. Box 344
LEXINGTON, MA 02420

EDITORIAL BOARD

Cristina Burwell
Suzanne Caton
Nancy Hubert
Pamela Marshall
Pamela Moriarty
Cammy Thomas
Kiran Verma

COPY EDITORS

Suzanne Caton
Nancy Hubert
Pamela Marshall
Pamela Moriarty
Cammy Thomas

MANAGING EDITOR & DESIGNER

Kerry Brandin

FRIENDS OF THE COUNCIL ON AGING LIAISONS

Suzanne Caton
Jane Trudeau

PRINTING

LPS Print Center

ON THE COVERS

FOUND ITEM SCULPTURES

BY BRUCE LYNN

FRONT:

What's That Raquet #1

BACK:

Fantasy Saw-Tooth Fish

Table of Contents

3

Dreaming Goodbye

BY TED PAGE

5

Three Poems

BY TARA MENON

8

Silence

BY CHARLES KETCHAM

10

Gallery: Big Sky

BY PETER SHAW

12

Summer Surprised Us

BY ELIZABETH ROZAN

13

The Gift of Time

BY KATHRYN PRAGER

14

On Maple Street

BY BEN SOULE

16

Mandevilla Vine

BY IRENE HANNIGAN

17

Gallery: Flower Show

RUIMIN WENG, VICKI BLAKE, CORA PUCCI, KAREN PETERSEN,
JANE BARNETT GRIGNETTI & STEPHANIE SHORE

20

“Louise, Meet Louise”

BY LEE JEFFERS BRAMI

21

My Best Mistake

BY JAY R. KAUFMAN

24

Writer’s Block

BY ANITA MYER

25

Twilight Zone

BY IRENE HANNIGAN

26

Circles within Circles

BY BRENDA PRUSAK

ARTWORKS BY STEPHANIE SHORE & PAT CALLERAME

29

Paper Chase

BY MARYANNE CURRAN

30

When the Bully is Your Boss

BY RICHARD GLANTZ

32

Learning How To Just Watch

BY ROBERT ISENBERG

33

Contributors

Dreaming Goodbye

BY TED PAGE

TO APPRECIATE THIS TRUE STORY, you need to know a bit about my Aunt Lois. Now in her 90s, Lois is a Vermonter through and through, as down to earth as any person you've ever met, and not one to make things up.

Although she spent her teenage years in Belmont, Massachusetts, she's really a Vermonter, having raised my three cousins in Windsor, Vermont, and in the summer joining my family at our shared farm in Westmore, hidden in the far reaches of the state known as the Northeast Kingdom; a place befitting its name, with thousands of acres of dense forest, open farmlands with grazing cows, and Lake Willoughby — a five-mile stretch of starkly cold water surrounded by rock-ribbed mountain cliffs that hug the shore. It is a place that is without pretense, where the 30-pound trout pulled up from the ice holes in January are in fact 30-pound trout, with no need for exaggeration.

And so it is with Lois. She just tells it like it is.

I picture Lois now down by the lakeshore on a late summer day, the wind blowing in from the South to make white-topped waves roll and rumble against the shore, me sitting beside her, my cousins sipping from cold cans of beer and soaking in what sun they can before the fall arrives, always too early here. Lois's face is long and deeply lined, her fingers twisted by arthritis into bony

branches of an apple tree as she gesticulates to make her points. When she starts to tell the story, she's transformed in my mind to how she was in 1939, tall and beautiful with long red hair.

Lois was in her senior year of high school, and an older boy was very interested in her. His name was Willard Haskell. She recalled him as being shy, and definitely sweet on her, but he'd never pulled together the courage to ask her out on a date. But when the Second World War began, Willard was fearless. He'd always wanted to be a pilot and this was his chance. The only problem was he was very bad at math, a discipline required for passing the tough air force exam. He turned to Lois for help and she tutored

him for months. Perhaps this was the only way Willard could think of to be with Lois. In any case, it worked. Willard got into the Air Force and was shipped off to Europe. Lois and Willard exchanged a few letters at first, but gradually they lost touch as the war stretched on into years.

Then one night in early summer as Lois slept in the farmhouse just up from the shores of Lake Willoughby, she had a vivid dream. She was standing on the roof of Belmont High School, looking up, and the entire sky as far as the eye could see was full of American bombers, their wings tip to tip, sheet metal

*Only in a dream
could such a
swift message be
conveyed, instantly,
across continents,
faster than
wind or clouds*

rivets gleaming in the early morning light. And there, leaning out the cockpit window of one bomber, was none other than Willard Haskell. He was smiling at her, and waving, his long red scarf fluttering behind. The world shook from the roar of the engines, so intense Lois could feel the roof beneath her bare feet vibrating. And suddenly she was awake.

Lois went downstairs, where my grandmother was in the kitchen making breakfast. “You’ll never believe the dream I had,” Lois told her. “It was so real.” My gram listened, shaking her head at the story. “Well, isn’t that something!” A short time later, the mailman came by, all excited, “Did you hear the news?” he asked, “The allies have landed at Normandy. It’s D-Day!”

They immediately turned on the radio to hear the whole story. So long expected, news of the invasion was still thrilling and overwhelming, to the point where Lois’s vivid dream fell to the back of her mind, but two weeks later other news came. Willard Haskell was missing in action and presumed dead, his bomber shot down over Normandy on the morning of the allied invasion. The same morning that Lois had the dream.

Lois never once in all her telling of the story said that Willard Haskell’s spirit had come to her to say one final goodbye after his plane, riddled with holes and trailing flame and smoke like his rippling red scarf, rammed into the roiling waves of the English Channel. A goodbye that could not be done with a phone call. Or a letter. There was no time, of course; no possible 1944 technology. Only in a dream could such a swift message be conveyed, instantly, across continents, faster than wind or clouds, as Lois lay asleep, her red hair fanned across a white pillow on the top floor of a peaceful Vermont farmhouse. Only with eyes closed could Willard be seen, waving one final time.

When I checked with the Department of Veterans Affairs to confirm Willard Haskell’s fate, and I related Lois’s story, they said, “You would be amazed how often we’ve heard of this happening. First a dream, then they get the telegram. It happens all the time.”

This made me dig a little deeper into the nature of dreams. It turns out that in Native American cultures there is a widespread belief that in a certain period of dreaming, in that space between deep night sleep and the first moments of waking, the spirit world can visit us. It’s the time just before the dawn, before eyelids let in daylight, before the flights of imagination have fully come down to earth, a kind of in-between place; and sometimes—with startling and vivid clarity—we suddenly see a husband or wife, a mother or father, a grandparent. They touch our hand and say that they still love us. They whisper in our ear that they are all right. That we are all right. That they love us. There at that rare and brief moment, with all the worries of life behind them, they come softly to us and dream their goodbyes. And when we wake, we wonder if it really happened, and we tell our family and our friends, and they shake their heads in wonder with us, and we say that we’ll never really know the truth. But deep down, we know. Deep down, when we dream.

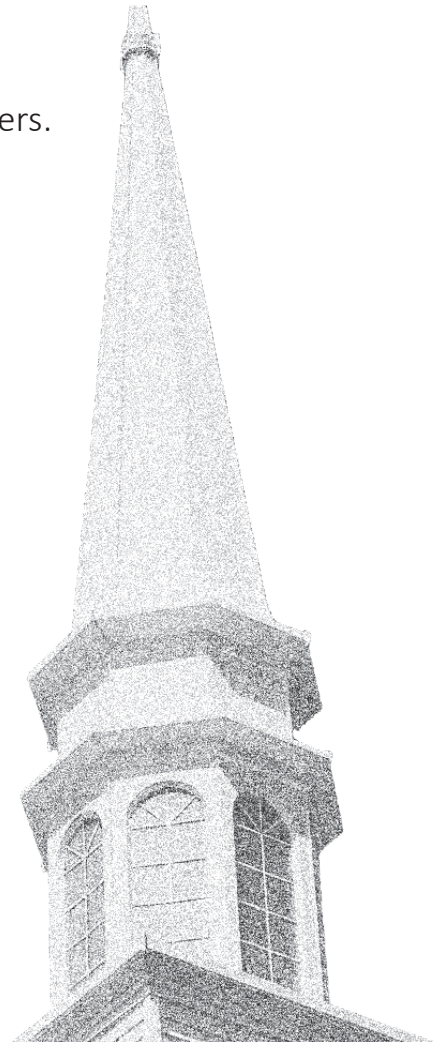
Lois sits looking out at the water, her eyes invisible behind her big-framed pink 1970s sunglasses. Seagulls are swooping close to shore, some seeming to hover in the wind, white wings over the blue sky. And when I ask Lois if maybe, just maybe, this vivid dream she can’t ever forget was Willard Haskell’s spirit saying goodbye, she just makes a “*tsk*” sound and scoffs, “Well, I don’t know about *that*.” ♦

Three Poems

BY TARA MENON

LETTER TO HIS BRIDE

Let me paint a New England scene,
a church with its spire splitting the cloudless blue sky,
green manicured lawns over which spill rhododendrons
and azaleas bordered with white picket fences.
A town center alive with people
visiting its antique stores, library, and post office.
A statue of a hero stands tall, a frozen historical moment.
Tourists click their cameras, smiles on their faces.
The blue ribbon of ocean visible threading the ends of streets.
A girl with an ice-cream cone framed in the window of a lighthouse.
The waves crash against the sandy shores,
calling your name, Anjali,
making me wish you were in the plane above the waters.



THE BLUE SHAWL

She lies with the blue shawl draped over her like a blanket.
Thick snow dashes against the bay windows.
The pine trees outside are sparkling sentinels
that keep silent company and shiver like her
in spite of being layered with white.
Their ornamental daggers are icicles
that will melt with time.
In her dreams sometimes her husband is alive.
Once he appeared at the foot of her bed,
a vision of dignity and serenity.
She blinked when he vanished and returned to the dead.
Forty years ago, as a new widow, she wore white.
She was a woman who once embraced color
and delighted in the blue shawl, her husband's present from Nairobi.
Now, white-haired, she sometimes sits
in the rocking chair with the woolen cloth
cascading beyond her legs like an elegant throw rug.
The first time she wore the shawl
it complemented her youthful beauty.
Now it adds allure to the wisdom etched on her face,
one that has known happiness and sorrow.
She smooths the fringes with her fingers.
Nothing warms her better than the shawl with its infinite memories,
witness to her halcyon days.

MIST AND HAZE

The white ghost unveils a neighborhood of Colonial homes
as it breathes and brings beauty to our street.
The layers of my mind juxtapose the never-ending haze of heat
and shimmer to life a bungalow of white,
draped in pink and purple bougainvilleas.
Moving green curtains of fronds tickle the gargoyles
on the terrace and fan them like princes
as they gaze idly at the distant hills.
A memory of my childhood home unfolds.

Nature's papery bells flutter
and blossoms of pink swirl to the ground and turn white.
The silence of winter ushers the tropical cacophony
of vendors as they flock to the cerulean gates of Vrindavan.
The sellers regard me on the veranda and vie for my attention.
My mother claps her hands, summoning the servants.
The gate creaks open, admitting a lucky peddler and his saris.
My grandmother's thongs slap, slap the mosaic floor.
The beats of my heeled sandals on the stairs are hard.
My wispy white-haired grandfather looks at me as I pass his study.
The midafternoon heat in the porch suddenly chills.
My childhood home dissipates as the ghost rearranges its shifting self.

Silence

BY CHARLES KETCHAM

“IT’S JUST TOO DAMN QUIET...”

For an afternoon in late March, the small German village ahead was not only dark, its streets were empty. Not a welcomed observation for our Lieutenant of “A” Company, 54th Armored Infantry Battalion. He maneuvered his jeep to the head of the attack column for a closer look. With the grating, screeching tanks and half-tracks of the 10th Armored Division leading our battle approach, we all knew it was obvious

the Germans had heard. . . so, where was the town’s intercepting Burgomeister, his white flag waving, declaring this an “open city”? Why were there no white towels or sheets hanging from the upper windows and balconies of the houses? For battle-seasoned troops, wearied and cold, such deviation from expected surrender could only mean one thing: this town was ready to fight.

It was customary for armored divisions, often fighting behind enemy lines, to occupy



small villages to steal a night's sheltered rest away from a persistent enemy and the excruciatingly cold elements. It was not a textbook battle recommendation from American 3rd Army's General George Patton, but it worked. German artillery was unlikely to have previously zeroed-in on such a target for a probable engagement, and it was easy for an occupying force at night to ring the village with firepower threatening death for anything that moved outside its perimeter. However, this afternoon the ominous silence of the village mandated a response from our attack force that was textbook. Heavy armor never did well in confined urban quarters, vulnerable to an attack by an almost hidden enemy. Consequently, engagement there is the designated responsibility of the infantry, building by building, room by room.

This afternoon the command and logistical assignments came down to us, cryptic and clear: "We're moving out in ten minutes; clean the bastards out." My platoon got its assignment. We put extra clips of ammunition in our jacket pockets (bandoliers of clips would inhibit any sudden violent encounter where agility of movement was essential to survival), attached a hand grenade to the button holes on each side of our jackets, and checked to see that there was a new clip in our M-1 rifles with one bullet in the chamber.

Adrenalin flowing, I kicked in the front door of the first house on our assigned street. Three small dark rooms on the ground floor proved empty, but a soft light outlined a closed door off the kitchen. Maybe a trap; possibly a good sign. With a grenade at the ready, I pushed open the door with my rifle and rushed the room. I found a terrified family huddled in the center of a small root cellar lighted only by a kerosene lantern. Shadows obscured the outer reaches of the room.

"SOLDATEN?" I demanded. "Nein, nein," came the pleading response from someone; no soldiers. I lowered my M-1 but left the safety off as I surveyed my captives. The lantern was on a box next to a young woman holding a baby wrapped in a blanket. Behind her was a fierce-eyed elderly couple who gave every impression of terrorized, impotent grandparents. Cowering in the shadows were two very young children, warned, I'm sure, to say nothing. The young mother slowly rocked her baby and would not meet my gaze, but the child fixed me fast with large brown eyes full of innocent curiosity. I wondered if the father, probably a little older than myself, was a soldier somewhere, maybe the Russian front. But what flooded unsummoned through my mind was Heinrich Heine's poem *Du bist wie eine Blume* which I had memorized as a pronunciation exercise in my high school German class only a year before: "You are like a flower,/So sweet and beautiful and pure;/I look at you, and sadness/ Steals into my heart. // I feel as if I should lay/ My hands upon your head,/ Praying that God preserve you/ So pure and beautiful and sweet."

Looking at the child, I began to recite the poem in German. I could feel the cold hostility in the room slowly begin to crack and melt like thawing ice—the grandparents' tight faces began to relax, their eyes softened, and I had the feeling that they were about to ask me when my ancestors had emigrated to America. The children shyly edged forward into the light. The mother said nothing, continuing her slow rock, but tears were on her cheeks. There was nothing to be said; there was only the silent departure; but this silence had the richness of eternity.

"Ketcham!?"

"Nothing, Sir. No soldiers."

"Get on with it..." ♦

Big Sky

PHOTOGRAPHER PETER SHAW takes two very different approaches to his three images. The first—a starry night at an outer Cape beach—uses a 20-second exposure that was short enough to keep the stars distinct yet still capture the firelight up the beach. The other two images use “intentional camera movement” (ICM). Each exposure is around 1/2 second combined with purposeful horizontal camera movement. In post processing, the images were moved towards a pastel palette, giving them an impressionistic feel.



Lecount at Night (2020)



Oyster Flats at Old Wharf Point (2019)



Harbor Haze (2020)

Summer Surprised Us

BY ELIZABETH ROZAN

This quote, attributed to T. S. Eliot,
arrived along with a luscious red rose
and a rejection note.

It arrived in proximity to the crossover,
when the Sun cools down to begin its descent,
the suffocating humidity gives up,
and windows are flung open with a sign of relief.

Fire, Earth, Air, and Water. . .

I can't breathe has a multivalent meaning these days:
an election that feels full of nefarious intent;
standard institutions being stripped away;
schools not starting just after Labor Day;
strong men now crestfallen, begging for their lives.
Death has a tough job.

The Pale Horseman, Thanatos, the Keres. . .

the Grim Reaper takes many forms.

The scythe is sharp, and that fleshless skeleton
has surprising strength when it comes time to cut to the quick.

The Banshee's keening chills to the bone.

Death does not choose the time, the place, the year.

Death is destiny; death is here.

The Gift of Time: My COVID Summer

BY KATHRYN PRAGER

We have a menagerie in our yard.

Rabbits live under the shed.

I see them late at night, pretending to be rocks,
then bounding away, their fluffy white tails like dandelions.

My dog pulls on the leash, eager to pursue.

She's a good dog though and stops when I say No.

Squirrels jump from tree to tree.

Wild turkeys come to eat mulberries.

One stands under the tree, looking up with beak open,
hoping that a mulberry will drop in if he waits long enough.

People stop their cars to tell us we have turkeys on the front lawn.

We know there are 19 in the flock plus one excommunicated male
who wanders through the neighborhood.

Chipmunks chase each other on the top of the back fence.

We play music in the yard enjoying the long summer days.

All the birds sing along to their favorite, "Mr. Blue Skies" by ELO.

So many birds!

We have a flock of finches in our rhododendron bushes.

When startled, a cloud of small brown and black birds erupts into the air.

As I walk down the quiet side street, I hear the pair of mourning doves
calling to each other as they perch on the roof peaks of my neighbor's houses.

On Maple Street

BY BEN SOULE

WE LIVE ON A VERY BUSY STREET. We have found, over the years, that this has both advantages and disadvantages. Our house is modest in size and style, and the busy street is one of the reasons we were able to afford it in a town that is known for expensive real estate. On the downside, the neighborhood is not very child friendly. Our younger daughter was not able to run across the street to play with other children, even if there had been friends of hers there. And on Halloween we are often able to count the number of kids at our doorstep on the fingers of one hand.

On the plus side, the street is a state highway so the snowplows come early and often. However the heavy commuter traffic means it is noisy and people toss trash from passing cars. But the traffic has also been of use to us. We are, for instance, able to put large pieces of unwanted furniture on the sidewalk in the morning and by late afternoon they're gone. Our yard sales have always been extraordinarily successful because of the numbers of people who pull over to check us out. Last summer my wife had an excess of vegetables from her garden and we succeeded in giving it all away by setting up a mini farm stand with a can for donations which we gave to a worthy cause.

We had never given much thought to the people who pass by our house every day until two surprising incidents made us wonder about them. One of the issues on the ballot of a recent state election was an initiative to bolster the rights of trans people. We often put out signs supporting candidates and issues, knowing that lots of folks will see them. We felt very strongly about our support for this initiative so we set out a sign. Two days

before the voting I found a plastic sandwich bag on our front step with something in it. Picking it up carefully, I could see it contained several pieces of candy and a note. "That's odd," I thought. I took out the note and read. "Hi – I just wanted to thank you for having the Yes on 3 sign in your yard. As someone who is part of the trans community it has meant a lot to live in a place like Massachusetts that has more protections for us. This ballot initiative is scary – but seeing people like you publicly support this community has been encouraging. I know this candy is a small gesture but I hope it can show a little bit of how grateful I am."

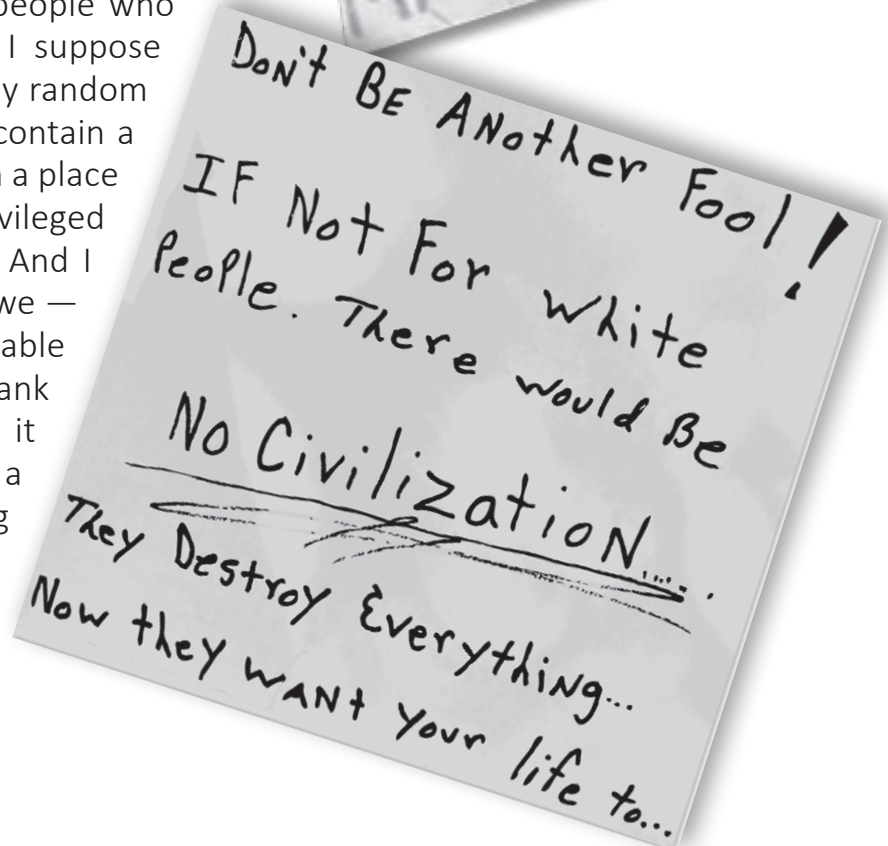
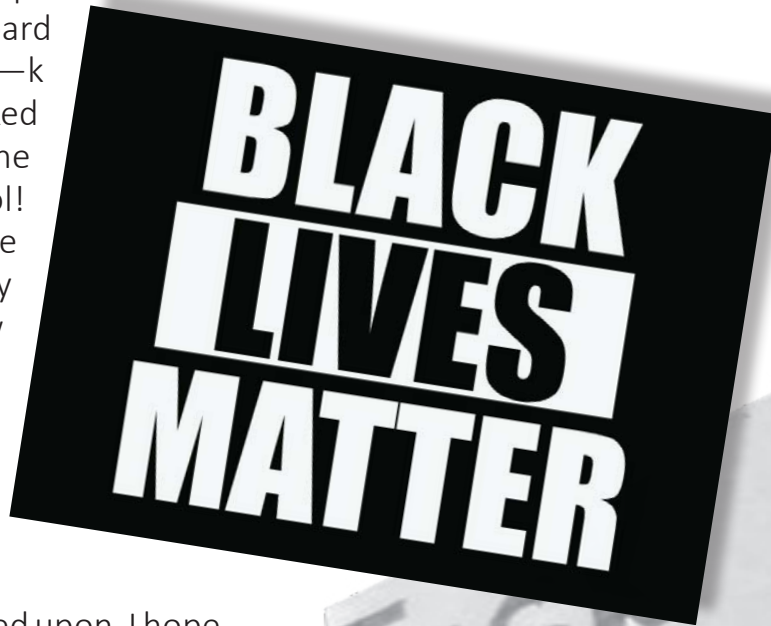
People don't say "thank you" enough, so when someone does, it needs to be remarked upon. Perhaps the person who left the note will read this story so they are able to know how grateful I am to them for taking the time and making the effort to say "thanks."

And then there was last summer. In the midst of the pandemic we were blessed to be able to spend a week on a lake in New Hampshire, thanks to friends who have a cottage there. We were doubly blessed because our younger daughter made plans to get tested for the virus so she could drive up from New York and visit with us for a few precious days. We went to the cottage first and she followed, staying at our house for several days on her way north so she could visit a friend. The day she arrived at our house she saw something on the front lawn and took a picture and texted it to us. Following the murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis we had put a Black Lives Matter sign by the sidewalk and once again, someone who passed by our house had noticed. The

note, written with black Sharpie on white corrugated cardboard said, in so many words, “F—k You Matters.” When she picked it up and turned it over she saw, “Don’t Be Another Fool! If Not For White People There would Be No Civilization... They Destroy Everything... Now they want your life to...”

In the bubble in which I live, I rarely if ever encounter people who are willing to express virulent racist sentiments—so when that happens it needs to be remarked upon. I hope the person who left the note reads this story and they are able to understand that, maybe, if they would allow themselves to open their mind, there is another way of seeing people who are different from themselves in some way that frightens them.

So life goes on, here on Maple Street. We sometimes wonder about the people who pass by our house every day. I suppose what we have learned is that any random sampling of people is going to contain a mix of all kinds, even if we live in a place that is wealthier and more privileged than most places in the world. And I wonder what it would be like if we — me or you or anybody—were able to openly, face to face, say “thank you” or “f--- you,” and follow it up with a real conversation, a real effort to learn something about each other. It might be better than putting up signs, passing anonymous notes, or throwing hate messages on the lawn.◆



Mandevilla Vine

BY IRENE HANNIGAN

I was your first springtime fantasy,
young strong stems twined
through wooden supports
lovingly transplanted to a prime location
in anticipation.

Every day you greeted me
fingering my glossy green leaves.
So captivated you were by my travels
up and around the lamppost,
wending my way eventually to the top.

When my first white trumpet-shaped flower
appeared, the first of many that summer,
your dream had come true.
You introduced me to your neighbors.
You photographed me.
You sketched me and I wondered why.

But then at summer's end when
I spotted a billowing basket of mums
followed by three pumpkins and
a pale green gooseneck gourd,
I understood.

Flower Show



RUIMIN WENG
Water Lily (2015)

Photography



VICKI BLAKE
Monet in the Garden (2011)

Latex House Paint



CORA PUCCI
Poppies (2011)

Chinese Watercolor



KAREN PETERSEN
Red Admiral (2017)

Watercolor
 11" x 8.5"



JANE BARNETT GRIGNETTI
Bloomin' (2017)

Photography

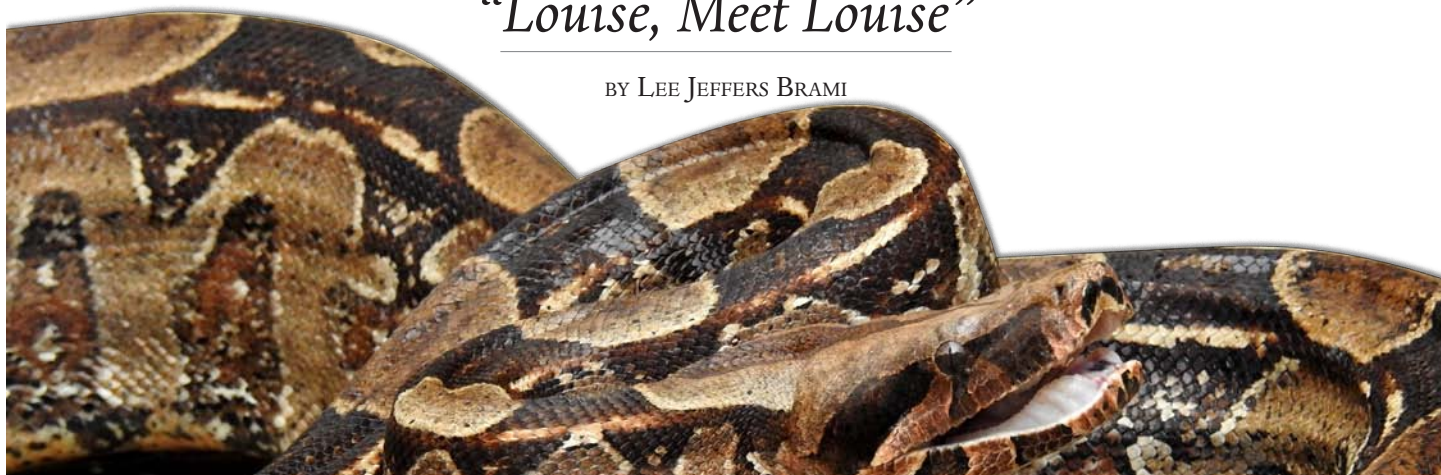


STEPHANIE SHORE
Through the Canopy 5 (2020)

Hand dyed, printed, and painted cotton fabric, quilted
39.5" W x 31.5" H

“Louise, Meet Louise”

BY LEE JEFFERS BRAMI



SHE LAY COILED in her large plexiglass terrarium in Josh’s bedroom. Even from a distance, I could tell she had beautiful coloring: black and creamy stripes mixed with various beige hues. Josh told me she measured about eight feet and weighed about 25 pounds. He walked over to her terrarium.

“Hi Louise, it’s me,” he said fondly. For a seven-year-old, he seemed very mature. “She could live to be 30 years old,” he told me as he lifted her up and onto his shoulders; she draped herself gracefully down his arms, slithering slightly. “You shouldn’t be scared of her; boas aren’t venomous,” he said. That was a surprise to me, and a relief; I had always assumed they were deadly.

“Louise, meet Louise” he said, first to his pet, then to me, grinning proudly. I had explained to him that my given name was Louise but everyone has always called me Lee.

“She’s actually kind of beautiful,” I said.

“I think so, too. Would you like to hold her? If she starts to tighten around your arms, just tell me and I’ll take her off.”

I hesitated only for a few seconds. “Okay. Why not?” Josh seemed to know all about his pet, and I trusted him, despite his age. Besides, I was curious.

Josh gently took Louise off his shoulders and placed her on my shoulders. She

immediately wrapped herself around my arms, down to my wrists. I had never felt anything like it before. She wasn’t uncomfortable to “wear,” just strange.

We kept on talking while Louise lay comfortably on my shoulders and around my arms — me and Josh and Josh’s father, Daniel, who had helped Josh build the terrarium and put sand in the bottom to make Louise more comfortable. After a few minutes, I realized that Louise was beginning to tighten herself around my right arm. At first, it was barely noticeable; gradually, it became tighter. As she tightened herself ever more firmly on my right arm, I decided it was time.

“Josh, I think you’d better take her. She’s starting to get tighter on my right arm.”

“Okay, no problem.” He gently removed Louise with both hands and put her back on his shoulders. I looked at her again, fascinated by this entirely different life form. Had she been tightening herself around me on purpose? Was she trying to communicate something to me, and if so, what? Menacing or just curious? Or was it just an innate instinct?

I’ll probably never know. But I now feel a curious kinship with boa constrictors—especially the lovely, lithe Louise, who shares my given name. ♦

My Best Mistake

BY JAY R. KAUFMAN

IN HIS BOOK *THE DISCOVERERS*, historian and former Librarian of Congress Daniel Boorstin identifies mistakes and failures as “the portals of discovery.”

I’ve been blessed with many portals. But one stands out.

Half a century ago, I set out to pursue—and for a long time did pursue—a PhD in history and a career as an academic. As an undergraduate at Brandeis University, I was inspired by many gifted teachers, all smart and some very wise. That faculty, the campus air of intellectual excitement, and the passionate engagement in the issues of the ‘60s made it easy to look in the mirror and see myself at home in this kind of setting. I applied to grad school, had the required beard, smoked a pipe, and had leather patches on the elbows of my tweed sport coats.

Now, it’s not like there were no warning signs that what I thought I saw in the mirror was an illusion, or at least not me.

In high school in The Hague, Holland, where my family lived as my father opened up a European branch of his company in the early days of the Common Market, I was a good student, but super excited to be the Student Council president.

At Brandeis, I majored in philosophy, in no small part because that choice involved the fewest course requirements, leaving me free to dabble in other courses and fields, but also in my real major—student activism. These were heady days—the Vietnam

War, civil rights, and, for me, the Student Educational Policies Committee I helped to create as a complement, a partner, to the Faculty Educational Policy Committee. The Student EPC gave students a voice in setting the school’s educational policy, in the making of tenure decisions, in representation to

the Board of Trustees. My greatest and most enduring contribution was the invention of independent, interdisciplinary majors, inviting students to invent their own major—if they were moved to ask big questions that didn’t fit neatly into the departmental/disciplinary silos that defined (and largely still define) higher education.

Then there was Professor Harold Weisberg, one of my favorite philosophy teachers, the Dean of the Graduate School, and faculty partner in many of my EPC projects. When I told him I was applying to graduate school, he looked at me quizzically and offered that I didn’t have the *zittsfleisch* (literally meat on which to sit) for graduate work.

Dr. Weisberg’s wise reading of me fell on deaf ears. I applied to, got into, and, after a semester, left the Johns Hopkins School of International Studies. Again, the easy decision to leave after one semester might have taught me something, but it didn’t. I subsequently moved my grad school career to the History Department at NYU and then, M.A. in hand, moved back to Boston and enrolled in the Comparative History Department back at Brandeis.

My dissertation remained undone, indeed often my undoing. The portal of discovery still lay ahead.

Fast-forward to my dissertation research, a year of combing Dutch historical archives to explore public welfare in 17th Century Amsterdam. That period was a rich time of urbanization and secularization, and both London and Amsterdam saw the creation of institutions to serve—and isolate—the city’s poor. Being poor changed from *Imitatio Dei* (imitating God), a religious and moral rite, to a social wrong. In a city of flourishing art and widespread wealth and economic opportunity, then, as now, the poor were regarded as “the other.”

My interest in the topic owes its DNA to my NYU teacher, Professor Howard Solomon, who opened my eyes and heart to one of the cruel realities, inconvenient truths, of the “us vs. them” way we live our lives, then and now.

My parents, both Jews who had barely escaped Nazi Germany, knew full well the experience of being “the other.” While it was hardly ever talked about as I was growing up, it was in the air I breathed and a strong and defining thread in the fabric of my family.

My later political life was enriched, informed and shaped by my dissertation quest to understand why and how we build walls instead of building community. I am enormously grateful for that, although, at the time, I thought it was all in pursuit of a doctorate. I hadn’t yet discovered the error of my ways.

For years, through comprehensive exams, course work, the year of dissertation research in Amsterdam and a resulting paper delivered at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association, my dissertation remained undone, indeed often my undoing. The portal of discovery still lay ahead.

Meanwhile, I pursued certification as a scuba diving instructor, taught diving for years, and, along the way, contacted Texas

A&M Professor George Bass who had just invented the field of underwater archaeology, applying the principles of land-based excavation to an underwater setting. As both a budding historian and a scuba instructor, I was invited to spend three months excavating an 11th century shipwreck in the waters off the coast of Turkey.

My love of the sea, of teaching, and my anti-silo/interdisciplinary bent led me to develop and teach a course simply called “The Sea” in the Experimental College at Tufts. Included were units on history, maritime literature and art, marine biology, ocean physics, maritime law and policy, among other things, much of which I had no business teaching.

While I loved bringing all the disciplines together around a common theme of the sea, the idea was so much bigger than I was. I shopped the curriculum idea around and, in due course, this led to the creation of the Massachusetts Bay Marine Studies Consortium, an association of 18 Greater Boston colleges and universities that I brought together to share teaching resources, to sponsor Consortium-developed interdisciplinary courses, and to participate in public policy debates and decisions. I served as the Consortium’s founding Executive Director for 14 years. Not only were our courses interdisciplinary, they were team-taught and at least one of the faculty was from the world of practitioners (e.g. from the state’s Coastal Zone Management Program or the Massachusetts Audubon Society.) They crossed disciplinary lines and bridged the divide between the ivory tower and the world of practice.

This real-world anchor led me, in turn, to launch what became an annual Boston Harbor/Massachusetts Bay Symposium to bring scientists, policymakers and environmental advocates to the table to face

some of the critical policy questions of the day. Foremost among these was the cleanup of Boston Harbor. Over several years of symposia, my focus shifted from developing and teaching courses to active engagement in issues related to our marine environment and fresh water supply. My journey from an academic to someone engaged with the issues of the day continued.

Still the incomplete dissertation hung around my neck like an albatross. On more occasions than I care to remember, I committed myself to a deadline and to a renewed push to write the damn thing. And each time, it was like providing CPR to a corpse. I could produce momentary vital signs, but the patient was dead.

On one of these occasions, I, for the umpteenth time, put a piece of paper in the typewriter and typed the title, Poverty and the Poor. But the “p” and the “o” keys did not work. Two “P”s and three “o”s failed to show up, and what appeared on the page was “verty and the r.”

I looked at the page, started to laugh and knew in that instant that I was more likely to write a musical comedy by the name of “Verty and the R” than a doctoral thesis. I got the typewriter repaired and the next thing I produced was a letter of resignation to the Brandeis History Department, thanking them for a wonderful journey and declaring it over.

The corollary to Daniel Boorstin’s line about mistakes being the portals of discovery is a line penned by John Lennon: “Life is what happens to you when you’re busy making other plans.”

Contrary to my plans, my travels with History were, in fact, a journey of retracing my own steps and arriving at a deeper understanding and acceptance of my own history. It was a journey to a lifelong love

of the ocean as a diver, sailor and educator. Then to the legislature.

And now to my second non-profit launch, Beacon Leadership Collaborative, to teach about leadership and offer what I can to transform governance in this troubled democracy.

My other plans led me to many wonderful places, including Lexington and being part of this special community of which *LifeTimes* is a perfect expression.

And this was the result of yet one more blessing of my best mistake that I’ve not mentioned yet. In addition to Professor Solomon, I met a fellow student, future Lexingtonian, and future reformed-historian Larry Prusak during my year at NYU. Larry, Howie and I left New York to move to the Boston area at the same time. Some years later, the three of us lived together; well, Howie and Larry lived together and I was allowed to crash with them for a long and wonderful time. That was 40 years ago!

Larry and Howie became lifelong and treasured friends.

When my wife and I were looking for a place to raise our family, Larry encouraged us to join him in Lexington. That was a great move. This community has provided so much for my family. Our sons got a great education, and I’ve had the privilege of serving as Lexington’s Representative in the legislature for 24 years.

All of this would have been unimaginable without the journey to a non-doctorate, the NYU way station, and some special fellow travellers along the way. I’m so very grateful for my mistake. ♦

Lexington’s First Parish Church periodically hosts “Voices on the Green,” a forum for community reflection on compelling themes. This is an adaptation of the story shared as part of the May 10, 2019 look at “My Best Mistake.”

Writer's Block

BY ANITA MYER

Too long a time it had been
That the beckoning writer's poetic door
Had been closed to me.

My door
Seemed only rust and weeds
Vested in life's demands,
Now a paucity of muses.

Rusty darkness,
Thick in the mildew
Of charred ideas dangled
In the wind.

Unused corridors
Like dried synapses of time
Echo before me,
This labyrinth of dream shadows unnamed.

I can feel the texture of ideas,
But am as yet unable to touch them,
And the dance does not come.

A volcano erupts—
Spewing semiprecious stones
Of unpolished phrases.
Finally it begins.

Twilight Zone

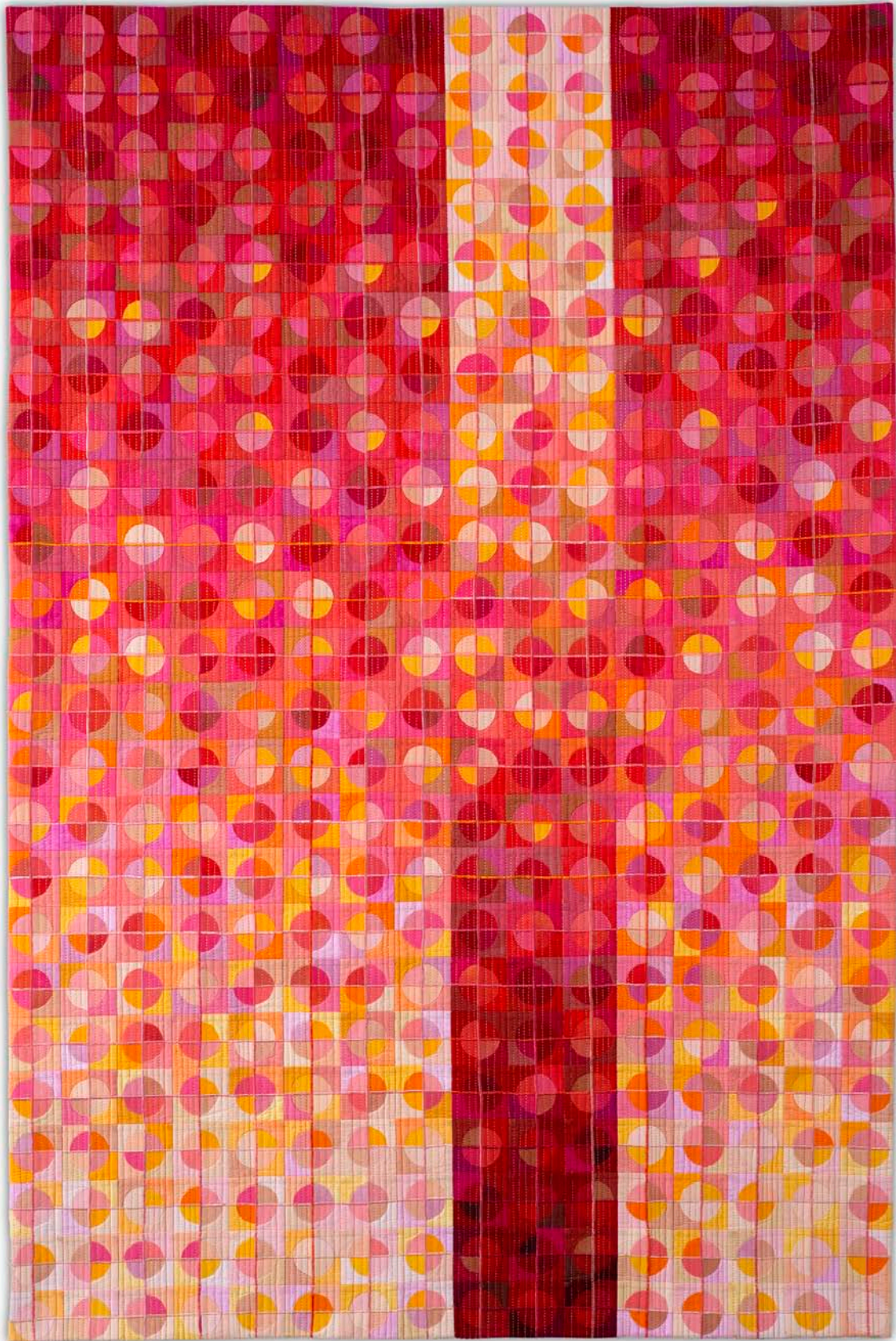
BY IRENE HANNIGAN

To play with words
in a middle-of-the-night
reverie
is to know the splendor
of fertile ground.

While the censor sleeps and
the inspector is off-duty,
words drift and flow
in an uninhibited swirl
unencumbered
unfettered
agile
as they audition.

In night-time's
mind's-eye view
all words are worthy
contenders
stand-ins
understudies.

Hope abounds
as they brave
the scrutiny
of the daylight zone
when perhaps
a couple might just
get the part.



STEPHANIE SHORE
Circles 10 (2019)

Hand dyed cotton fabric, quilted
31.5"W x 47.5"H

Circles within Circles

BY BRENDA PRUSAK



PAT CALLERAME
Spring Will Come (2021)

Quilted fabric
49.5 " W x 35.5" H

TODAY I OPEN THE DOOR and on the doorknob is a bright yellow bag tied with blue ribbons. Inside are six homemade cookies and a card wishing me and my husband well. This is what happens among my friends and me. We make calls to each other. We leave fresh

zinnias from our gardens in the communal vase that travels back and forth between us. They bring their world into mine. We share resources, find stories and jokes to make us laugh, and commiserate with each other's sorrows and joys.

By the end of April last year, I had so missed our neighbors. We have lived on a short street for the past forty years, and we have connections with these friends on the block. Then the pandemic came and all of January through April of 2020, we only saw our neighbors from a car window.

Finally, I'd had enough of this lockdown. I have a large Chinese gong in our living room. I emailed our neighbors and invited them to come out of their houses and raise a glass of cheer to each other. I asked them to listen for the gong and to watch me walking up and down the street 'gonging' them.

When 5:00 came, I grabbed my gong and began my walk. It was fun; the mallet produced different rhythms, happy little songs. With nerve I walked up to their porch steps; no one was going to tell me they never heard it. No one came out and I began to feel foolish. I turned to go inside but then I saw one neighbor come down her steps. Then another one followed.

Slowly doorways opened and soon they were all there on their steps. They came with a wine glass or a teacup; it didn't matter. The important thing was that we were seeing each other at last. We moved to the street, we elbowed-hugged, and then the conversation could not be stopped. In fifty minutes, we covered every topic we could think of.

Tentatively, I asked at the end, "Would you like to come out again if I gonged you next week?" Everyone said "yes" and for almost every Wednesday from the beginning of May through that fall and early winter we met. We graduated to chairs and occasionally to a fire-pit in a neighbor's back yard in winter's cold. Some winter days in January 2021, it was too cold to sit out, but we took walks together.

Come the warming of the season my gong will be ready and polished for our street parade. I won't need to coax them out.

Our neighborhood energy is the energy of life that flows nonstop through the Universe; it connects all of us to each other. That same creative energy that sparks fingers to throw a pot on the wheel in Madagascar is the same energy that sets a woman to dance outside her small hut in Istanbul. It teases a boy in Alaska to go to the beach and create a design with smooth white stones and twigs. It's what the sunrise brings. The warmth of the sun floods through all of us. It enters dark bedrooms in a city just as it shines through a windblown tent in Morocco and graces over marble floors of an Indian palace.

Where does life begin? Where does it end? There is a pulse, a universal vibration that cuts through the foolish attempts of humans to separate into tribes. Why not celebrate all this diversity of skin color, beliefs and ways of being in this world? The strength of our connections to each other is far greater than our perceived differences.

One of the great strengths of being human is our capacity to connect with beauty in the natural world. Beauty abounds everywhere to surprise and delight us and to ease our sorrows. We can trust in the natural order of things. Ultimately, all will be well.

In this moment, I experience a quiet joy as the sun gently illuminates my garden. I can watch the birds of all colors and sizes share seed at the bird feeder. I can listen to the soft crunch of my boots over the snow-white earth. There are children racing up and down the hill with sleds. I can open my ears and eyes to their happiness. I am never alone: I am always in relationship with everything and so are you. We live within interconnecting circles. ♦

Paper Chase

BY MARYANNE CURRAN

THERE ARE MANY MYSTERIES that have long piqued my interest. Is the Loch Ness monster real? Was there a second shooter on the grassy knoll? Why is “The Bachelor” such a popular TV show?

But the one that haunts me daily is not that exalted. Why am I the only person who changes the empty roll of toilet paper in the bathroom?

Let’s face it. The act of changing a toilet paper roll is not a complicated one. But, whenever I enter one of our two bathrooms, a naked roll of TP greets me.

The other family members who share the house are capable of performing this task. Yet time and time again, they leave the bathroom with tiny shards of TP hanging from the empty cardboard roll. And for some reason, the next person to enter the bathroom always seems to be me.

One time, I put my foot down and refused to make the change. I darted up the stairs to the second bathroom where I found that roll empty too. (Serves me right for thinking I could outwit the system.)

I tried buying jumbo sized rolls of toilet paper. My reasoning: if there was more paper, the roll would last longer requiring a fewer number of changing times. In one of the bathrooms, I added a second TP holder hoping that at least one of the rolls would be available at all times.

It didn’t help.

I tried different brands of toilet paper – Charmin, Cottonelle, White Cloud, Quilted Northern, Angel Soft. I also purchased no-name generic brands and eco-friendly brands. I introduced a rainbow of colors of toilet paper to tempt family members to help

out. There were mint greens, cool blues, and perky pinks. For various holidays, I rolled out hearts, shamrocks, or TP with a patriotic theme

However, none of these strategies worked. I still was the only one who performed the illustrious task of changing the empty rolls of toilet paper.

Some families have an ongoing battle over whether the TP roll should be placed with the paper hanging “over” or “under” the roll. I would welcome having this dilemma. At least, I would be guaranteed sufficient supply of this two-ply necessity. These families are amateurs. They have no idea what a true toilet paper controversy is. At least they have a roll of TP that is regularly mounted on its holder for their use. There are no last second dashes to replace empty TP rolls – which is an activity you really don’t want to multitask.

I wonder what John Gayetty, inventor of modern-day toilet paper, would think about my problem. Gayetty’s Medicated Paper was introduced in 1857. He liked his invention so much that his last name was printed on each of the flat sheets of TP. (An odd marketing decision, considering what his product was used for.)

This knowledge has not helped with my problem. I’ve begged. I’ve pleaded. I’ve bribed. But my efforts remain unsuccessful. Alas, I think I need to accept that this is a battle I cannot win.

When I reach the pearly gates of heaven and St. Peter asks me what I did to contribute to the world, my answer will be a simple one. “I changed the empty toilet paper rolls.”

“So you’re the one,” will be his reply. “You may enter.” ♦

When the Bully is Your Boss

BY RICHARD GLANTZ

MY BOSS WAS AN INSPIRATION.

John knew everything. He could do the job of every one of his subordinates. His projects always finished on schedule and within budget.

My boss was also a bully. When someone suggested a new approach, he quickly gave a thumbs up or a thumbs down. He anticipated what your PowerPoint bullet items would be before you clicked to the next slide, and he evaluated each one of them while you droned on. Like a bridge maven, one look at your hand and he could predict how many tricks you will get before the bidding begins. To his way of thinking, there's no reason to actually play the game through.

He disdained those who wasted his time—he drummed his fingers on the table to demonstrate his annoyance. “Move on”, his drumming warned you like the rattles of a desert snake before he bites.

Nor did he waste his own time. At lunch, he held a sandwich in each hand, taking a big bite out of his left hand and then out of his right. Rinse and repeat.

John cherished weekends and holidays. There would be no meetings to attend, so he can come to the office and get even more work done.

Engineers whose projects slipped their

schedule knew what they had to do: work nights and weekends. Nothing needed to be said out loud. They knew. I did my part by bringing in pizza and soft drinks—the staff of life for engineers.

Over and over again, John lectured his direct reports on schedule, cost, and quality.

“Every week we slip the schedule is \$300K in lost revenue.” When a group did fall behind, John was quick to humiliate the errant manager with a tirade of harsh words that caused the miscreant to cower in fear and lose his voice.

What John did not know is that when my group did complete a project on time and within budget, we celebrated with a party for all project members. Family members were invited as well.

Twice a year I selected an employee of special merit, and I gave a sizable company check to the winner at an all-hands ceremony. Once, the wife of the winner was so thrilled, she publicly gushed, “This check pays for a new living room!” John remained silent.

John was not silent most of the time. For our monthly staff meeting, we could depend on him to summon us loudly, “You assholes get into the conference room so we can start our meeting.” We would cringe, and we pushed our way into the room so that no one would be last to sit down.

***Like a bridge
maven, one look at
your hand and he
could predict how
many tricks you
will get before the
bidding begins.***

At one staff meeting, John asked for someone to present a lecture on “Asynchronous Communication.” I stepped right up, “I have just the guy. He’ll do a great job.” John added, “I don’t want a gloss-over; I want an in-depth presentation, about 45 minutes, and I want your guy to be sure to cover these sub-topics.” I answered “Yes” four times.

“When do you want it?” I asked.

“Next month’s staff meeting.”

At the next staff meeting, John closed the meeting with a cursory “OK, meeting over.”

“Wait,” I jumped in, “You forgot another item on the agenda.”

“What’s that?”

“You asked me to have a member of my staff give us a presentation on Asynchronous Communication.”

“I did not!”

“Yes, you *did*.”

“No, I didn’t. The meeting is over.”

Upset, I replied, “Yes, you did. He’s waiting outside the room to be called in.”

“I don’t want to hear him.”

I became incensed. “Look, he spent a good portion of the last four weeks preparing this talk, and I spent some time coaching him. John, I don’t know what your problem is; but you did ask for such a presentation. You—and everyone in this room—are going to listen politely to him. Don’t tell me—or him—that we wasted a month of our time on this effort. I am going to open the door now.”

The staff sat on chairs with casters, and they all rolled back from the conference table so that they would not get in the way of the lightning bolt they all were certain John would throw in my direction.

The talk was well-received. As the meeting concluded, John said to me, “Richard, I want to see you in my office.”

As I walked down to his office, I wondered whether this would be my last day working for John. Should I bring my personal items with me in case he decides to boot me out of the building immediately?

The company had an open office layout, so John’s shouts would be heard by everyone. I knew they were all ears, for there was absolute silence: no sound of keyboard clicks. I was petrified.

John did not hesitate. “All those other managers are afraid of me, those useless shits. But you, Richard, you stood up for your man. You did not let me steamroll you. No wonder you have such devoted people working for you: they know you have their back. You are going to go far in this company.” And then he extended his arm and shook my hand.

After I recovered my composure, I made myself a mental note: Sometimes, the way to deal with a bully is to bully him right back.

EPILOGUE:

John died early in life, in his mid-forties. By working so hard, he lived his allotted years in half the time. When I visited him in the hospital, he denied he had a heart problem. “These asshole doctors don’t know anything. I’ll be out of this place in a few days.” Yes, as usual, John was right. He was out of the hospital in a few days.

Nobody in the office attended his funeral. I was tasked to go for all of us.

They were still scared of the man, even after his death. ♦

Learning How To Just Watch

BY ROBERT ISENBERG

NOBODY HAS CUT HIS HAIR in weeks. I think it looks great. Curling at the ends. He always had it cut too short before. Anyway, that's my opinion.

I've always had a lot of opinions about my brother David and how he should live his life. Sometimes, he actually listened. Not now. He's made up his mind. He just says he wants to die.

He says he's afraid to live. Not this way! He doesn't want a feeding tube. He says that's no way to live. He says he doesn't want the operation that would insert the tube. He says it's too risky in his condition!

My wife Esti and I go to visit. There are always other visitors. We speak among ourselves. David is listening. He wants to hear every word being said. He seems most alert. He seems even more alert now that he has decided on death.

His partner Dawn sits on his bed and holds his hand, sometimes both hands. She loves David. She only remembers the good. I'm worried as to what to say.

I don't want to make small talk, but big talk is strictly prohibited. I don't want to complain about my bout with death, losing five pints of blood. I don't want to tell of spending six horrible days in a hospital, while doctors peered down on me.

They all seemed to ask the same questions, but it wasn't until one doctor finally asked the correct question, "What meds is he taking?" that my life was saved.

That question brought forth the right answer. "Robert is taking a pill that is not only trying to kill him, it will kill him."

This is not a proper subject. I will live and David will not.

I'm trying to picture life without my brother David. I can't. He has always been there. I have no idea what he feels for me or even what he thinks of me. I'm also not sure what I feel for him. I've always wanted to please him. I certainly wanted to make his life better in any way I could.

I discovered Dawn twenty-five years ago at one of Esti's reunions. Dawn told me she would be getting a divorce in the next few days.

I asked her if she would care to meet my brother. Dawn asked if David was like me. I lied and said, "Yes." He's not! Never was! Nor I him.

David's first question, when I told him about Dawn was, "How tall is she?" Although Dawn is quite tall, much taller than David, I lied and said, "About our height."

Neither Dawn nor David have forgiven me after twenty-five years.

Dawn told me very quietly this week that David says thank you to me. I count Dawn as my second best find.

I wonder if I have any feelings left. So many have died. There were seven children. I was always so proud to say that I'm the youngest of seven. I am still proud, but after David goes, it will be just two of us left.

I want to go back. I want the sprawling dinners. I want the fights. I want it all back. I want it all back as I stare at David who is waiting to die. ♦

CONTRIBUTORS



VICKI BLAKE painted this mural as an homage to her garden and to Monet's garden in Giverny. His garden lends beauty to hers in all seasons.



LEE BRAMI has lived in the Boston area since 1973, and in Lexington since 1987. She has been writing short memoirs and short fiction for the past 20 years.

Since retirement, PAT CALLERAME has expanded her lifelong interest in sewing



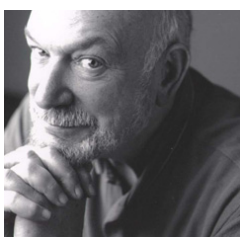
to include quilting. She anticipates that each new project will stretch her abilities in this craft and challenge her to learn new techniques.

For 60-plus years, MARYANNE CURRAN has called Lexington home.



Prior to retiring, she was a marketing writer for several local companies. This is her first submission to Lexington Life Times.

After receiving degrees from MIT and Harvard, RICHARD GLANTZ spent most of his



career managing engineers at Digital. Upon retiring, he began compiling a memoir of anecdotes and incidents to make up his family album.



JANE BARNETT GRIGNETTI is a semi-retired clinical social worker with a private psychotherapy practice. She enjoys traveling, taking BOLLI courses and immersing herself in photography.

IRENE HANNIGAN, a retired educator, enjoys



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

ROBERT ISENBERG was the humor columnist for a group of Gatehouse



Newspapers for five years. His second book, *Wham Bam!: NYC in the Roaring Sixties*, was just published and is available on Amazon.

JAY KAUFMAN is the founding president of Beacon Leadership



Collaborative, a nonprofit dedicated to enhancing public sector leadership. From 1995 to 2019, he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

An Emeritus Professor of Religion at Allegheny and Smith Colleges, CHARLES KETCHAM



has been an amateur photographer all his life. He has concentrated on photos of the North Shore of Massachusetts, Scotland, and Rome.



BRUCE LYNN and his wife have been Lexington residents for more than 40 years where they raised two sons. He retired after cooking and working 18 years at both Digital Equipment Corporation and EMC and then WENT FISHING!



TARA MENON'S poetry, fiction, and essays have been published in many journals. Most recently, her poems appeared in *Indolent Books*, *Wards Literary Magazine*, *Emrys Journal Online*, and *Rigorous*. She was a finalist for the 2020 Willow Run Poetry Book Award.



DR. ANITA MYER maintained an office in Lexington center as a neurofeedback psychologist for many years. A former English teacher, she continues to enjoy a creative writing group with her Lexington friends. She has previously written columns for the Lexington newspaper.



TED PAGE'S nonfiction stories have appeared in *State 14*, *Boston Magazine* and *The Boston Sunday Globe Magazine*, and his book of stories, *The Willoughby Chronicles*, was published in 2017. He has written projects starring John Cleese and Florence Henderson. He chronicles his stories as a grandfather on his blog GoodGrandpa.com.



KAREN PETERSEN is a retired Lexington teacher, married to a farmer. She has been a resident since 1975.



KATHRYN PRAGER has been a resident of Lexington since 1982. She had her first poem published in the school magazine when she was 8, which convinced her classmates that she was weird. She has worked as a Technical Writer and Business Analyst, and is one of the organizers of the Temple Isaiah Writing Group. In addition to poetry, Kathryn writes about growing up in a large family.



BRENDA PRUSAK has taught in schools across the country. She currently teaches yoga in Lexington. She is now working on a collection of family stories.



As a child CORA PUCCI played with clay and created sculptures. When she discovered pottery it was love at first sight. She studied watercolor painting in order to be able to paint glazes and underglazes on her pottery and then discovered Chinese painting. The combined arts have now become her major art form.

ELIZABETH ROZAN has lived in Lexington since 1988. Having recently retired from a career with various public schools, she works with symbols and metaphors in both writing and the visual arts.





PETER SHAW, a semi-retired software developer, had an early job in a photo lab and has been smitten with photography ever since. On vacation it's not unusual to find him heading to the beach at midnight to capture the stars or spending hours capturing time lapse images of the waves.



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.



STEPHANIE SHORE is an artist working with textiles. Her emphasis is contemporary art quilts created using fabrics that she hand dyes, paints, or prints.



RUIMIN WENG worked in the conference business before retirement. He is an amateur photographer mostly in landscape and nature photography. ♦

LEXINGTON *LifeTimes* Thanks our Supporters!

Starting with this issue, we are recognizing **Patrons of LEXINGTON *LifeTimes***, those individuals who contribute to the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging specifically to support this magazine.

ANONYMOUS (6)

JIM BALDWIN

KATE & GORDON BATY

PAUL & ELEANOR BERGER

PETER & BEA MAH HOLLAND

LINDA & RICHARD WOLK

We invite you to join them to help keep this popular publication going!

You can support the Journal, and the activities of the FCOA, by making a gift to the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging.

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

FRIENDS OF THE LEXINGTON COUNCIL ON AGING

P.O. BOX 344, LEXINGTON, MA 02420

If you wish to be recognized as a Patron, please note this on your check, on the donation envelope or online form.

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.



At Enterprise Bank, building lasting and positive relationships with our customers is more important than conducting transactions. It's been that way since we opened over 30 years ago. We offer a unique blend of highly-personal service, professional expertise, and a full suite of innovative banking solutions.

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!

Member
FDIC

26 branch locations including:
LEXINGTON

76 Bedford Street | 978-596-2285

Enterprise Bank
CREATE SUCCESS

EnterpriseBanking.com | 877-671-2265

You're Virtually Invited!

We're hosting a

Reception for Fall OWLL Courses

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 2021
3 P.M.

*Hear from our instructors
about their OWLL courses:*

TOM DALEY: Poetry of Dylan Thomas

ROBERT ROTBERG: Ten Global Crises of Conflict

CAROLINE REEVES: Long Live Chairman Mao!

JEFF LEONARD: The Music of Duke Ellington

CAMMY THOMAS: *Mrs. Dalloway*

Attendance via Zoom only

Register at

<https://lexrecma.myrec.com>

TRUDEAU & McAVOY, LLP

*Working as a team to give clients
the best service possible.*

Jane A. Trudeau, LLM Taxation

Patrick M. McAvoy, LLM Taxation

- Estate Planning
- Real Estate
- Taxation
- Estate Settlement

TRUDEAU & McAVOY, LLP

15 Muzzey Street, Lexington

781.861.1557

trudeaumcavoy.com



WILLIAM RAVEIS REAL ESTATE

Joyce Murphy & Meaghan Murphy

Tel (781) 771-5146

*Providing personal guidance, expertise and resources that
come from over 40 years combined experience
in local Real Estate.*



Enhancing the Lives of Aging Adults and Their Families

- Personal Care
- Alzheimer's & Dementia Care
- Transitional Care & Medication Reminders
- Respite Care
- Mobility Assistance
- Companionship
- Meal Preparation
- Light Housekeeping
- Errands & Transportation
- Hospice Support

www.HomeInstead.com/404
info404@homeinstead.com

Office 781-349-7592
5 Militia Dr. Lexington, MA 02421

LEXINGTON
LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL



PUBLISHED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE
LEXINGTON COUNCIL ON AGING