

L E X I N G T O N
LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL
ISSUE 12 | SUMMER 2023





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Founded in 1972, the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging is celebrating its 50th year of providing services to Lexington seniors. The FCOA, a 501(c)3 nonprofit organization, is funded by the generous donations of Lexington citizens and is managed by a volunteer board of residents.

Celebrating 50

Working closely with the Town's Human Services Department and Council on Aging, the FCOA funds programs that enrich the quality of life for Lexington seniors, such as special lunches, age-sensitive counseling and recreation, out of town cultural trips, health and wellness programs, and the affordable transportation options Lexpress and Lex Connect. FCOA also underwrites the very popular OWLL educational courses and this creative arts journal.

You can support this 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 of Lexington LifeTimes, please note this on your check, on the donation envelope, or on the online form available on our website.

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ON THE COVERS

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My Piano

BY JAY R. KAUFMAN

MY OPA GAVE ME A PIANO for my seventh birthday. I loved him. That was 1954. He was my mother's father, a Holocaust survivor, a milliner, a World War I veteran whose patriotism and service to country made it hard to notice Germany's drift, its lurch, into authoritarianism and anti-Semitism.

I have a vivid memory of my mother's sadness when he died at 70. I have a vivid memory of sharing that sadness. That was 1957. I can sense it still. I thought of him as old. Seventy seems so young to me now.

I didn't know it until much later, but my love for my Opa became love for the piano he gave me. I can see it now. An upright Steinway. Mahogany. Eighty-eight keys. I took it apart, removing and replacing every key perfectly, one by one. How did my parents let me get away with that? I probably neglected

to ask permission before beginning surgery. I recall a teacher, whose name is long lost to me, encouraging me to open the lower front board and place a jar of water inside to keep the wood from drying out. I did that religiously. I cared about—and for—my piano. I loved its sound. I loved how it felt when I pressed the keys and pushed the pedals. I loved its deep, rich tone. It was—it is—what it means to be a piano.



To be clear, I'm a solidly mediocre piano player. I play because I love to. It's therapy. Every once in a while, I get into the zone and hear something really beautiful. And then I'm given to wonder where that came from, who played it. But, if it could talk, my piano would have stories to tell.

Like Opa, my piano started to age. At first the signs were subtle, easily overlooked. It needed tuning more frequently, some notes more than others. The sounds weren't as clear and clean as they had been. There were unwanted overtones, more honkytonk, less warmth. Then the tuner could no longer tune it to 440, but could, at best, tune it to itself so all the notes were off, but off compatibly, in sync. It needed a complete rebuilding, and there was no certainty about what the end result would be. Would it sound like my Opa piano, or something else? Would it feel like my Opa piano, or something else?

The time had come to consider allowing it to give way to a new piano and when I wasn't mourning its forthcoming loss, I was picturing its successor. No longer an upright, it would be a baby grand. It would still be a Steinway, in fact a Steinway A, a 6'2" Steinway, mahogany.

I started trying out, interviewing, Steinways. Used; new. I must have played three to four dozen different Steinways, eight or nine of them brand new Steinways at Steinert Hall in Boston. I borrowed a template of a 6'2" piano to put on the floor of our living room to begin to visualize my new piano in its place. Cathy felt from the beginning that our living room was too small for an A. It's not like I was envisioning a 9' concert grand. I was anticipating no concerts and didn't live in a concert hall. Just an A. Sure it filled one end of the living room, but... .

And then there was the small matter of

price. My tuner thought I'd be lucky to get \$1,000 for my aging piano. New As were around \$90,000. The cheapest used piano I tried was \$25,000. I was prepared to pay five to six thousand.

But the larger issue was that none of the pianos I tried, at any price, and over many months, indeed years, lived up to my standards, my Opa standards. The keyboard action was wrong. Or the balance of treble and bass sounds was off.

Then I heard about the piano a neighbor wanted to sell. It had been her husband's and unplayed since his death some years earlier. I drove to her home with the low expectations born of years of looking for, and not finding, a successor Opa piano. It didn't take too many notes to realize my eyes were filling with tears. This was it. My fingers said it. My ears said it. The tears in my eyes said it.

It wasn't a Steinway. It was a Baldwin. It was a foot shy of the 6'2" I had been imagining. It was black, not mahogany. And it was IT!

The asking price? \$7,000. I offered \$6,000. We settled on \$6,500. My piano tuner came two days later to give me his professional evaluation, and blessed the purchase. Movers came and placed my new Opa piano in its place of honor in the living room, moving the historic Opa piano into another room to wait there until I could find it a new home. That new home turned out to be in Maine, to be loved by a would-be pianist who had too-long lived without a piano to call her own. My Opa piano gave her the joy and promise of music in her home. But before it left, I watched as the soul—decades of being my loved companion—of my Opa piano passed to the new piano, making it whole, giving it—and me—its blessing. I cried when it left. Or were those tears of new blessings more than benediction? ♦

Golden Isle

BY MARY LEVIN KOCH

Sheathed in sunlight a hermit crab
climbs from its bed and stops
then sidesteps towards a nearby pool.
Far away a silver white gull
follows a slow moving trawler and
closer to shore a pelican floats aloft
before plunging into the sea.
In this corner of paradise
where the surf seduces the sand
time is told by the tides

and at night under a coffee colored sky
sprinkled with sugar crystals
a choir of tree frogs hums a lullaby.

Summer's End

BY SUZANNE KETCHUM ADAMS

VIEWED FROM THE WATER, my grandparents' summer cottage at The Cove stood tall and spindly, like Grandfather himself, poised right on the brink where the lawn dropped off six feet to the rocky beach below.

Like us, my grandparents lived year-round just five miles away, but they were old by the time I came along and seldom came to The Cove anymore. My siblings and I spent every fair summer weekday of our childhoods at The Cove, often with friends in tow, my mother driving us there in the station wagon from the farm where we lived. After we'd left the main road, we bumped along on the dirt one that led down to the shore, past rocky outcroppings and small cottages nestled in the woods, until we came to a hand-painted sign my older cousin Mark had posted years earlier which read: "Dangerous Curve. Speed Limit 100. 95 Night."

After my mother negotiated this sharp turn downhill, passing treacherously close to a ledge, we could smell the salty spruce-tinged air, and seconds later, after she'd pulled into the grassy parking spot, we tumbled out of the car and ran to the rocky beach to see whether the tide was in or out. High tide was better for swimming, low tide better for finding shells and starfish.

We ran up the creaky porch steps of the old cottage and entered its dank interior, and stowed our bologna sandwiches in the 1940s refrigerator. The sweet scent of the spring-fed water wafted up from the rust-stained sink, mingling with the smell of must and mold from the oilcloth floor.

Upstairs, we changed into our swimsuits behind an old-fashioned dressing screen. Then, if it were low tide, we opened the

door to the "back kitchen," releasing an overwhelming stink of stale sweat, seaweed, and mildew. Among the black inner tubes and orange life jackets, dozens of salt-encrusted sneakers in various sizes, faded to grays and dull pinks, were scattered about in pairs. Though lined with gravel, and frequently, spiders, we shook them out and wore them into the water. Barnacles and sea urchins were plentiful underfoot at low tide; the sneakers, despite the potential spiders and foul odor, protected our feet.

The bay was always cold, but westerly breezes brought the chilliest water of all. Sometimes, when the tide was on its way in, we'd sit on the stony beach, our legs straight out in front of us, just inches from the water's edge, waiting for the tide to gradually drench us. Just when we thought it would never reach us, the water lapped at our feet, our calves, our thighs, until we were sitting in an inch of water. The tide slowly rose higher, acclimating us to the chill. We were in no hurry. Each day at The Cove, and the summer days collectively, seemed to stretch out endlessly.

We knew where all the large rocks were, even when they were submerged at high tide. One of them was covered at just the right depth for us to climb and sit on as the waves lapped around us. My father, as a boy, had once drilled a hole a few inches deep in the top of this rock, planning a diving board that never materialized. The hole filled with water every high tide, which I plunged out with my index finger, a ritual like so many others.

When we tired of swimming, or our mother insisted we get out because our lips were

turning blue, we often played “restaurant” on the solid rock shelf that we called The Ledge, stirring the algae-filled tidal pools as if they were pots of soup, scooping up tiny yellow periwinkles and pretending they were corn, and serving them to our imagined guests on platters made of large clamshells.

Between swimming and playing, we visited with relatives whose cottages bookended that of our grandparents. Aunt Alice, my father’s oldest sister, summered next door in a cottage with a long, glass-enclosed porch that looked out on the bay. She lived the rest of the year in Bangor, where we usually joined her for Thanksgiving. Aunt Alice was a tall, patrician-looking woman with white, upswept hair, who had been widowed in her fifties. She generously invited us to use the playthings of her now-grown children, including the swing in her garage and a croquet set. She and my mother got on well, despite an age difference of seventeen years, and on weekends there were often family suppers on her porch or that of my grandparents.

A narrow path on the left side of my grandparent’s cottage led to Cousin Ruth’s. She was about the same age as Aunt Alice, and cousin to Alice and my father. She lived the rest of the year in upstate New York where she was a librarian. Her cottage was trimly kept with a welcoming, wrap-around porch and a bright flower garden. Ruth was lean and plain, with heavy-lidded eyes and a mild smile, and could usually be found on her porch on summer days, surrounded by a coterie of guests, unmarried women like herself and people she knew from her library.

Though not one to gush, Ruth always seemed pleased to see us. She listened more than she talked, and she offered us the use of her colorful hammocks, introduced us to

any young guests she had, and, if the timing was right, allowed us to raise the flag on the pole attached to the porch.

Once, when I was eight, Cousin Ruth asked me to go beachcombing with her. The damp, salty stink of low tide was thick in the air as I skipped along the beach, naming for Ruth all the large rocks in front of our relatives’ cottages. After showing her The Chair Rock, and The Giant Clam, I ran ahead to a smaller, angular boulder.

“Here’s The Sandwich Rock.” I touched its ridged edges. “See? These layers are lettuce, bologna, and cheese.”

Ruth bent down for a closer look, her skinny legs poking out from her knee-length skirt, while she balanced, a little pigeon-toed, on the rocky beach. She ran her crooked fingers over the ridged edge, and a smile spread over her face

“It’s even cut down the middle,” I said, pointing to a big crack across the top.

“A lovely sandwich.” Ruth’s grey eyes popped out a little from her thin face, scanning the beach before she picked up a round rock the size of two fists and placed it on top. “An olive for your sandwich!”

I lay down across the warm surface of The Sandwich and pretended to take a bite. Then I stuck out my tongue and licked the rough surface of the rock-olive.

“I bet it’s salty,” Ruth laughed, and she was right. In a minute we continued our walk, picking up the faded orange shells of crabs, and the flaky ones of razor clams.

The Cove, I was certain, would always be as perfect as it was that summer day. Like everything else in my well-ordered, sheltered little life, I took it for granted, just as I believed the grown-ups, buildings, and natural world around me would continue, forever, just as they were.

BUT THINGS DID CHANGE. First, Grandmother died. Then, a year later, when I was ten, after a terrifying quarrel in which my father hit my mother—something that had never happened in our house before—she left him, taking the three of us children with her. Aunt Alice helped my mother escape, sheltering us at her house in Bangor for a few days. It was June, just before the start of our usual summer days at The Cove. Mum moved us in with her mother in Pennsylvania. In the sweltering heat and cataclysmic upheaval of that summer, The Cove seemed like a distant dream, almost a fantasy.

When the divorce was final, Mum was awarded full custody, Dad the right to have us at Christmas and for the entire summer. Though we were happy to see Dad and our old friends when we returned to Maine, the atmosphere at The Cove was entirely changed.

Dad never forgave Aunt Alice for her role in helping our mother leave with us, which he called “kidnapping.” Trips to The Cove became painfully awkward, as Dad now referred to Aunt Alice as “that witch,” and refused to speak to her, adding to my confusion about how and whom to love in my newly remapped world.

Alone among our relatives and family friends, Cousin Ruth did not ask the uncomfortable, prying questions about our mother or our situation, to which I was becoming accustomed. Though we saw her less than before, her porch felt like a safe harbor in the raging family battle.

The farm where we’d grown up remained unaltered in its appearance but was a different place without our mother. And at the same time that my pubescent body began erupting in unwelcome and alarming ways, it seemed like every structure I’d ever counted on was disappearing.

Our grandfather died a year later and his big old house, which like the cottage housed so many memories of my childhood, was sold and divided into efficiency apartments. That same year, the old church, which we’d once attended, was torn down.

Despite all this destruction, I’d maintained a certain trust that, just as the tide would predictably ebb and flow, the cottage would remain as it was. But my father, who inherited the place at The Cove, soon announced his plans to tear it down.

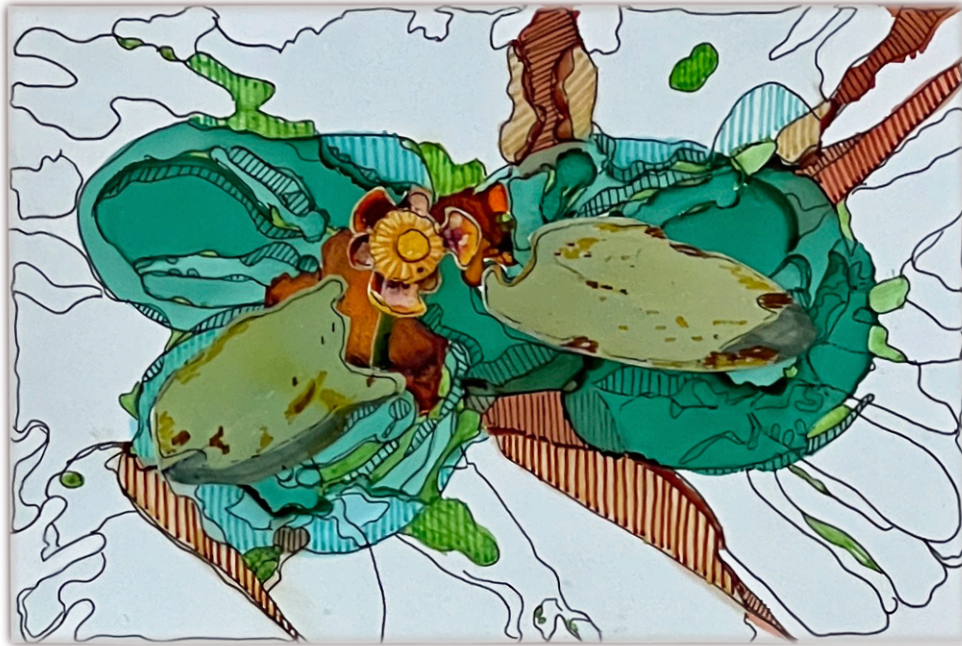
It was too close to the water, he said, in bad repair, and a nor’easter could knock the whole thing into the bay. He promised he would build a new cottage further back on our lot.

And so, while we were back in school in Pennsylvania, he emptied the place of its furniture, stashing it all in our barn. We arrived the next summer to find the cottage half gone. He’d taken off the roof and walls where the bedrooms used to be, and as we walked up the rickety old stairs, he joked that we now had a penthouse view. I tried to laugh, too, but I felt stricken when I saw it.

When we were younger, Dad had sometimes taken us into houses under construction, where I’d been fascinated to see the skeleton of a new building rising, fresh with the promising smell of sawdust. But standing in the fog on the spot where we’d once put on our swimsuits, I wanted to cry. This was not a home under construction, but one being systematically destroyed, and its destruction echoed everything else in my life—once-safe places ripped apart, the locus of childhood memories disappearing into sky. If I stepped wrong, I could go over the edge. ♦

Ponderings

BY JAMES JONES



PAM SMITH
Pond Life (2022)

Alcohol ink, black pen
15" x 12"

IT IS A PROPER POND, an oval, with a major axis of about 200 feet. It is hemmed in by trees to be sure, but has a fine observation deck with a comfortable bench. The surface is placid but not still: bubbled by gasses emitted from the muck below, swirled by an occasional unseen fish, and traced by the bewildering maneuverings of the whirligig beetles. (Gyrinidae).

On a visit early in the season, we were enchanted by a mixed batrachian chorus of green frogs, bullfrogs, and probably wood frogs, a symphony of calls, croaks to be sure but not inharmonious.

Alas, there was only the one major performance. Still, on later visits there were the antics of the beetles to hold the attention, as they careened atop the water, interweaving but somehow never colliding, forming a captivating array of patterns.

As I watched, puzzling details emerged. To start with, there seemed to be two distinct

enclaves of the beetles, side by side but quite distinct: the helter-skelters and the clumpers. The former were all over the place, the latter managed to give the appearance of cohesive domes, despite the constant roil of its members.

It was the latter group that now offered a riveting glimpse of the puzzle that is nature. Every now and then, the clump beetles would explode in wild disorder as a skimmer dragonfly buzzed them closely. In short order they grouped, only to be buzzed again. And again, and again, and again, with apparent panic each time.

No harm done, vastly amusing, and it looked like loads of fun. But what did it all mean?

In any case, that was that. On another day, with all players present, indifference reigned. And a little later, on September 1st, the whirlygigs weren't even there! Google says they mate in August, and die. ♦

Local Color

The love of being outdoors led STAN DEUTSCH to join a Massachusetts Audubon birding group. A long-time photographer of landscapes, birds provided a unique focus that combined his joy of being outside with his new fascination. These images were captured in Lexington, Arlington, and Medford.



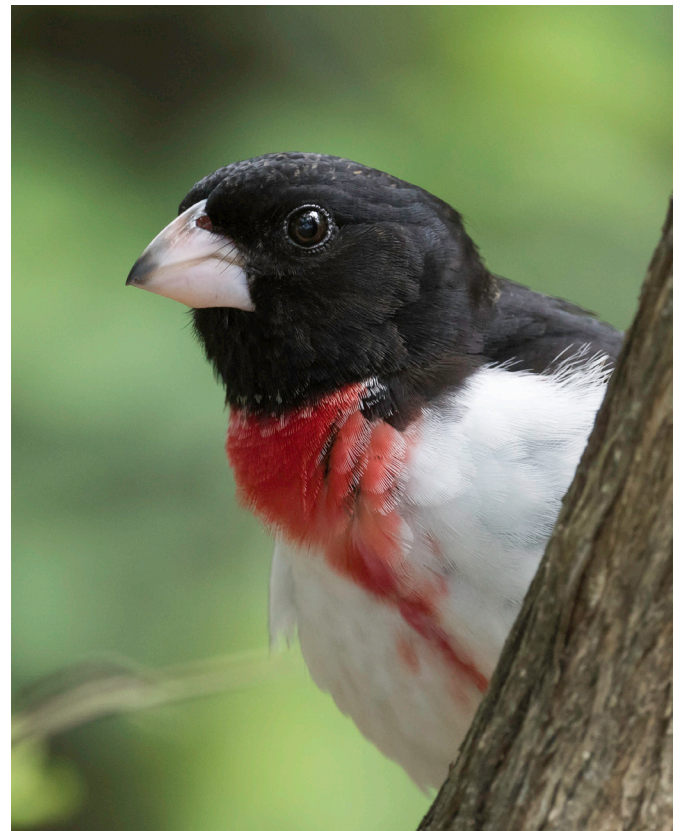
*Bald Eagle MK
Lower Mystic Lake (2021)*



Magnolia Warbler
Lower Vine Brook (2021)



Rose-breasted Grosbeak (female)
Arlington Great Meadows (2020)



Rose-breasted Grosbeak (male)
Arlington Great Meadows (2020)

Walking on the Seashore

BY TAMARA HAVENS

Walking on the water's edge,
ocean breeze entangles hair
and cool water squishes between toes.

Waves rise and fall,
creep towards shore,
spitting out foam
sizzling, hissing.

Waves pull up God's dress hem,
hidden sea creatures
breathe out tiny bubbles.

Shells pile up on shore:
some broken
some perfect
homes for:
mussels in black ovals
snails in symmetrical circles
shellfish in colorful fans,
all works of art
in His Museum.

At the ocean's horizon
the sun sets
minute by minute
exploding into
a slice of orange.

Another Time

BY IRENE HANNIGAN

I DON'T THINK 5&10 cent stores exist any more. When I was kid living in upstate New York though, they did and Woolworth's was my favorite store. I used to go there all the time with my friend Ellen. We liked the potholder loops and embroidery kits and penny candy, but the real attraction for us, at the age of ten, were the cosmetics. Carefully laid out in neat rows, in glass-lined wooden cases, were arrays of colorful lipsticks, matching nail polish and best of all, mascara. How I loved to watch my mom rub the little brush across the brown cake and, before my very eyes, magically lengthen her eyelashes. She would then apply rouge to her cheeks and lipstick and I thought she looked so beautiful. When I grew up, I wanted to look just like her. Sometimes she would work her magic on me, but what I really wanted was my own red Maybelline box so I could do it myself.

Ellen had an older sister who already wore make-up. When we played dress-up at her house, we painted our fingernails, colored our lips, and even applied Maybelline to our lashes. Sometimes her sister helped us. I thought it was odd that Ellen was allowed to do this, but I figured it might have something to do with her being Catholic and having made her first Holy Communion. I still remember the beautiful white gown and patent leather shoes she wore on that special Sunday. Thanks to her sister, she even wore a little make-up. I thought she looked like a bride. Since I was not Catholic, I often lived vicariously through Ellen, eyeing her rosary beads and wondering what it was like to have an older sister.

Playing dress up was just one of many activities we did together and she always took

the lead—like the day she suggested that we become blood sisters. As we were walking home from school, she explained what was involved and I listened attentively, eager to solidify our friendship. I was smart enough to know that my mother would have some qualms about Ellen's plan so, when Saturday came around, I told my mom that I was going to play at Ellen's house. Instead, I met Ellen under the oak tree in the park not far from my house. Those were the days when kids could leave their houses in the morning and wander around all day without supervision.

When I arrived at the park, Ellen was already there, digging a small hole beneath the tree. When she saw me, she pushed her long blond hair out of her eyes and handed me the trowel so I could deepen the hole. She asked if I had remembered to bring a special piece of jewelry to bury, which of course I had. Tucked into my pocket was a stretchy beaded bracelet. Ellen had brought a silver necklace. She also had a sharp needle sandwiched between two strips of felt. Ellen was the kind of girl who took care of everything.

Looking into each other's eyes, we vowed that we would always be best friends. We pricked our forefingers and solemnly pressed them together. We completed our ceremony by burying our jewelry. Together we smoothed the soil over the hole and covered the hole with leaves.

On the way home from the park, Ellen announced that we had one more stop to make at Parkside Candy before returning home. We walked out of the store and down the street, licking our lollipops and holding hands, blood sisters forever. ♦

Sweet Sixteen

BY JAMES BALDWIN



JAYCIE AND I were laying across the front seat of my mother's car in those halcyon days before bucket seats. We were parked in a 1959 two-tone tan Chevy Bel Air on a cool summer night in the Ford Field parking lot, a lot so large it could accommodate hundreds of cars. But there were only a few prime parking spots along the edges of the large square acre for doing what we were doing. I'd gotten my driver's license a few months before and finally joined all the other older boys in our favorite pastime. I didn't know then, that it was the girls', too. Well, some of them anyway. Certainly Jaycie's.

The car in those days was important in Dearborn, home of the Ford Motor Company. It employed most of our fathers. None of our mothers worked. Most of the families owned two cars, and before the world's most useless invention, bucket seats, the car was the key to our budding sex lives, a makeshift bed on four wheels.

The older guys referred to what went on at Ford Field and a few other places as the submarine races, as in "What're you and Mary doin' tonight?"

"Goin' to the submarine races at Ford Field."

I'd always laughed at that along with everyone else, but a virgin until age 19, it took me another three years to put it all together. I don't remember where I was when I said to myself out loud, "No shit. So that's what the submarine races are."

In a local irony, the biggest danger at Ford Field after dark were those honorable enforcers of safety, the local police. They'd wait for a particularly busy night, a Friday or a Saturday, after a party or a high school dance and cruise stealthily into the parking lot, lights off, coasting down the hill- not unlike a submarine approaching an undefended fleet of tankers. Their supposed goal was to scare us away, maybe even protect the virginity of the town's teenagers, but we knew the truth. If they simply wanted to scare us away, why the stealthy approach? Why not headlights on, sirens blaring?

We had an unwritten code. Whenever any of us saw them coming, a quick beep would alert the others and heads would suddenly pop up above the car seats like so many prairie dogs from their dens. But too often we were all too occupied to be alert.

Jaycie seemed very willing. Without breaking off our kiss, I slid my hand down to

my belt and started the awkward process of unbuckling and unzipping.

A light flashed in my eyes, bright as a beacon. I was momentarily blinded as I stared into it, and confused.

I heard an adult male voice ask, "Sooo, whadda we got here?"

Other parked cars beeped. The parking lot sounded like it was surrounded by a flock of chirping birds.

Jaycie screamed so loud it scared me more than the policeman's flashlight. In an instant she pulled her skirt down and sat straight up, her shoulder almost nudging the officer's chin as he leaned into the car. Then she cried. Huge whoops of crying, her body jiggling in fear like jelly.

Her crying scared me. I didn't understand what may have just happened to her and whether I had done it.

The policeman's large head and hat with the badge in the middle retreated quickly out of Jaycie's open window. Her crying continued.

I heard him say, "OK. OK. Just calm down."

She didn't calm down.

"Really." His voice had lost its dominance. It sounded more like pleading. "Just take it easy. Try to stop crying."

She cried harder and in words jerking with her cries she said, "I. Can't. Can't believe. What you've just done to me."

I looked across Jaycie's retching body and saw the dark shadow retreat from her window and walk quickly around the car to mine.

He tapped two knuckles on my window. I rolled it down quickly and said nothing. I had no idea what to say.

"You just get the hell outahere and take her home. You got me?"

"Yes sir," I said hoping my cooperation would make him disappear.

"And not a word of this to anybody, you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

Before I could reattach my belt and bring my focus back to earth, the cop had jumped in his car, turned on his lights and sped away, the rocks and stones of the parking lot spraying behind his tires.

I was still somewhere between outer space and Ford Field with adrenaline receding and the rock-hard part of me wilting like a flower in the first frost.

My concern for Jaycie pulled me back. My God, I thought, she's a trembling mess. Her parents will hold me responsible.

Then, suddenly, the crying, which had possessed her entire body, stopped. Completely. To my astonishment she was calm. Normal.

I looked at her through the darkness, my eyes still reflecting the blinding flashlight. I feared the worst. "Are you ok?" It was the best I could muster.

"Oh, I'm fine," she said. "Those cops get so flustered by a girl crying. But they deserve it, those assholes. He probably got an eyeful. Just what he wanted."

I finally got it. "Damn," I said. "I guess I should take you home. Or maybe we could stop at Sip 'n Nip on the way? See who's there?" Sip 'n Nip was the local drive-in where everybody got their burgers, fries and shakes after Ford Field.

She wiggled close to me again. "No way. Let's just find another spot here."

"Really?" I asked. "What if he comes back?"

"He won't." She leaned forward and pointed to her left through the windshield. "Look. There's a nice spot."

I started the car and with headlights off gently glided into our new grotto.

The wilted flower began to come back to life. ♦

The Tender Edifice

BY ESTHER ISENBERG

A soft, plump, so very young hand
Surrounds the group of sharply double pointed,
Subtly bellied, brightly colored Pick-Up Sticks.
The innocent possessor of this hand
Taps the ends against the ground,
First one set of ends and then the other,
Squeezes the sticks ever so tightly together and
As the others, her delighted peers, await.
She releases them to spread
Along the shiny oak floor
Of her very own bedroom,
In the brand new post-war suburban home,
Into the excruciatingly intricate pattern
From which each of the others
Must extricate them,
One by one.
Only one stick may be moved at a time.
Even the slightest inappropriate tremble and
YOU LOSE!

On her journey through life's mazes,
The not quite so innocent possessor of the
hand,
Rummaging through the now aged attic,
Encounters the cardboard tube container,
With rusting metal caps on either end.
She removes a cap.
Sticks release randomly to ground.
Colors, faded into tender pastels,
Shade from darker to lighter along their lengths.
Brushing them into a pile, she proceeds to lay
them out,
One by one.
The trembling excitement arises,
Less familiar than it was, yet frightening still.
YOU LOSE!
Has deeper meaning now.

She places four sticks.
They seem fragile against worn floorboards.
She places them,
Not into a square,
Not into an ordinary rectangle,
Only a parallelogram will do,
A slight indication in this world
Of dreams and wishes.
Sticks balance on sticks, some just lie along the others.
Some reach high and tilt in,
To meet each other in a rainbow gathering,
Seeking light,
Casting shadows.
She wants to support them.
Scraps of yarn,
Some from completed projects,
Some from projects yet, still undone.
She is using them in this moment,
Hoping to support the structure,
By bringing sticks together.
Yet they separate and fall,
Then must be placed, replaced.
The structure shifts.
She finds courage in the process.
Breathing in, breathing out,
Discovering moments without doubt.
It is the effort in the rebuilding that stands,
The willingness to shift and plan and shift again.
She will “walk her talk” and “sing her song.”
She tends the tender edifice,
It is her structure.
Love binds.
NO ONE CAN LOSE!
Never forever.

Making Fun

BRUCE LYNN has been making objects for more than four decades, ranging from felt applique projects, a hand-stitched quilt later displayed in a museum, a 4-foot needlepoint based on a Persian painting, to this series of fanciful sculptures. For these creatures, he has visited flea markets, gone beachcombing for shells, and searched online for materials. Assembled together with lots of super glue, they reflect his new way of looking at the world.

Whale (2022)
Squash Raquet, Drift Wood,
Copper Sheeting, Copper Tubing,
Sea Shells, Found Objects
22" X 15"



Questions

BY HELEN EÁSTON

Click
Ordered
But where is it made
Why do we care
As long as they're paid

Who is making it
What is their life
Is it a good one
Is it in strife

Are they being paid well
Or treated like dirt
Do they get bullied
Do they get hurt

Would they be worse off
If we didn't buy
Would they feel relief
Would they heave a big sigh

Would they be starving
With nothing to eat
With no job to go to
No money for heat
Are jobs created
Because of our greed
Would they have other options
Still be able to feed

The families who depend on
The money they get
From the jobs that they do
So our orders are met

We all need to know
What's involved when we buy
We need to ask who
We need to ask why

We need to ask questions
When we sit at the screen
To scroll through the items
To see what we need

Click
Ordered
Let's spare a thought
For the people behind
The item we bought

You Know...?

BY CAROLYN FLEISS

You know...?

When you look at something
and know that you're going to lose it?

How you see it
as if for the first time?

You pull it in

like sucking on a straw—
to let its essence penetrate
your eyes
your touch
your full-bodied body.

And then what...?

The moment is gone
but...

You have lived more fully
and known the truth.

Remembering Captain Paul Cuffe

BY MARION KILSON

I FIRST BEGAN TO RESEARCH Paul Cuffe's extraordinary life and accomplishments when helping to curate three exhibitions that included him. *The Black Entrepreneurs of the 18th and 19th Centuries* exhibitions were held in Boston at the Federal Reserve Bank and the Museum of African American History as well as the virtual "Second Life" exhibit.

At the time of his death in 1817, Paul Cuffe was probably the most famous African American on both sides of the Atlantic. Born to a self-emancipated African father and a Wampanoag mother on Cuttyhunk Island, Paul Cuffe lived most of his life on land in the village of Westport, Massachusetts. His contemporaries described him as "a man of noble personal appearance, tall, portly, and dignified in his bearing."¹ Cuffe's fame derived from his prowess as a merchant mariner, his entrepreneurial enterprises on land, and his philanthropy at home and abroad. He was a man of extraordinary personal and social courage, a life-long risk-taker, a resourceful and resolute entrepreneur, a skillful and indefatigable networker, the patriarch of an extended family, and an exponent of the Quaker virtues of honesty, thrift, truthfulness, reliability, and hard work.

As a resourceful and courageous black mercantile entrepreneur, Cuffe's career as a merchant mariner was of increasing scope within a constrained and dangerous geopolitical context. When he began trading

between Westport and Nantucket in 1779, slavery was legal in the American colonies and continued to be legal in southern states throughout his career. Until 1807 the transatlantic slave trade was legal and continued illegally throughout his life. Ships

with black crews were liable to be seized and their crews sold into slavery. More than once Cuffe's ships evaded capture by foreign vessels. Yet Cuffe sailed from Maine to Georgia, from Savannah to Sweden and on to St. Petersburg, from Westport to the West Indies and to West Africa armed with appropriate documents, well maintained vessels, and disciplined crews. Moreover, stormy relations between England, France, and the United States impeded opportunities to pursue his

transatlantic maritime ventures from time to time.

Paul Cuffe achieved his success by resourcefully maintained social networks based on kinship, community, and religious affiliation. Cuffe built his career as merchant mariner on his family ties and his Quaker affiliations. Almost without exception, his ships were commanded by family members and manned by black crews. In his maritime endeavors, Cuffe's most important partners were his Wampanoag brother-in-law Michael Wainer and Michael's sons. Michael Wainer became Cuffe's first major business partner in the 1780s as Cuffe began to trade along the Atlantic coast and to buy ever larger boats but Michael retired to farm in 1800.



Michael's eldest son Thomas became first mate of Cuffe's ship the *Alpha* in its coastal and transatlantic voyages; he captained other Cuffe ships including the *Hero* on her voyage to Portugal and Spain; the *Ranger* on the coastal trade route, and the *Traveller* on her voyage to Sierra Leone in 1810-12. Paul Wainer shipped on the 1806 whaling voyage of *Hero* as mate and keeper of the log and Cuffe appointed him captain of the *Traveller* in 1815. Jeremiah Wainer captained the *Ranger* on her coastal trading voyages from 1801 until his death at sea in 1805. John Wainer served as first mate on the *Traveller's* first voyage to Sierra Leone. Cuffe's own sons, Paul and William, who were at least a decade younger than their youngest Wainer cousins, joined crews on their father's ships later in his career. The centrality of kinsmen in Cuffe's maritime endeavors is reflected in that of the seven crew members on the 1815 voyage to Sierra Leone only one was not a relative of Captain Cuffe.

In his 1839 memoir, Paul Cuffe, Jr. remembered his first voyage in 1806 with his father, providing a fascinating glimpse of the rhythms and challenges of commercial trading:

"...with the novelty attending a sea voyage I was highly pleased. Nothing uncommon attended this voyage...to Pasamaquaddy, for Plaster of Parise. We made this voyage down in about ten days. After loading our vessel, which took two weeks, we again set sail for Wilmington,... at which port we safely arrived in 16 days, discharged our freight, took in ballast and 300 bushels of apples, and sailed for Savannah,...where we arrive in about twenty days, again discharged our freight and then reloaded our vessel with Cotton, Rice, and Logwood. Here we lay three months in making preparation for sea again. From this place we made out

onto the broad Atlantic...This was a long, tedious voyage,...we sailed a great number of days in a northward direction, until we made the Grand Banks; then we steered away for the northern coast of Scotland, which we reached in about fifty days. Thence we continued our course...into the Northern Sea, and made the entrance to the Baltic...thence along the coast of Copenhagen to Gottenburgh...Here we lay six weeks, sold our lading, and took in a load of iron, steel and hemp. From thence we sailed for Elsinore...where we took in a number of passengers for Philadelphia, at which place we arrived after a long passage....During this voyage we had much rough weather;...we were compelled to throw overboard fifty tons of iron while on the Grand Banks. During this gale we lost our fore-top mast, jib-boom and long boat.^{2"}

Cuffe's Quaker connections gave him entrée to distant markets along the Atlantic coasts in the United States, in Europe and in West Africa. The wealthy Rotch family, Quaker founders of New Bedford, knew Cuffe from his earliest trading ventures between Westport and Nantucket and provided him with entrée to other affluent Quaker merchants in Providence and Philadelphia. David Cole's book, *Paul Cuffe: His Purpose, Partners and Properties*, illuminates the special bonds of commerce and friendship between Cuffe and William Rotch Sr. and Jr. Quaker commercial and abolitionist connections in England also assisted Cuffe's "civilizing mission" to Sierra Leone, through which he sought to prove that profitable trade without human trafficking was possible between Africa, America, and England. In times of trouble, Cuffe also enlisted the assistance of his Quaker network in America and in England.

On land in Westport, Cuffe invested in

enterprises that were ancillary to his primary maritime trading interests. He partnered with family members to build his ships, to run his grist mill, and to farm his land in Westport and opened a West Indian import store in New Bedford with two sons-in-law. He also partnered with white Quaker neighbors to build ships and to engage in commercial ventures.

When Paul Cuffe died in 1817, his probate records reveal the importance of his commercial networks and his concern for the wellbeing of his family and his church. Cuffe's role as family patriarch is expressed most fully in his will. His will distributes real and personal property first to his beloved wife Alice, his children, his grandchildren, his siblings, some of his in-laws and cousins and then to the Westport Society of Friends which he had joined in 1808.

The inventory of Cuffe's estate discloses his complex relationships with Westport neighbors, his commercial interests, and his personal requisitions. The total value of his real estate was assessed at \$4,119 (in today's money that would be \$98,856). The most valuable item in his personal estate was the brig *Traveller*, assessed at \$1,800 (\$43,200), the next was his \$800 (\$19,200) share of salt works on a white neighbor's land, then there were thirty-three notes and obligations, primarily mortgages on land, that were owed to his estate by black and white Westport residents that totaled approximately \$4,158 (\$99,792) and revealed a web of obligation among kin and neighbors to one of the most affluent members of the Westport community. Finally, there is his library of books that this self-educated man treasured—his Bible, his two-volume dictionary, a concordance, as well as books and pamphlets on history, art, and other topics. His appraisers assessed his personal property as totaling \$14,022.57

(\$336,528). Paul Cuffe's will and the inventory of his estate reveal aspects of his life concerns and achievements but fail to convey the full texture of his remarkable life journey.

Paul Cuffe achieved his entrepreneurial success through his effective mobilization of members not only of his Afro-Indian family but of his religious community within Westport and across the Atlantic world. But as remarkable as that ability was, even more significant was the philosophy that underlay his prudent, shrewd, courageous business acumen. His precepts for living were conveyed in an 1816 letter of advice to his nephew Thomas Wainer:

“See to this before it is too late: Look about thyself—awake to industry, deal honestly, live frugally, and...prohibit thyself from unnecessary expenses. I am a member of the Society that are combined for the purpose of discouraging intemperance, therefore, I take the liberty of inquiring of thee whether thou makes use of intoxicating liquors—if so, my candid advice to you is to take up a firm resolution and leave off making any kind of use of them unless for sickness. Confine thyself at home. Understand me all business must be attended to, but do not go after strange flesh; love mercy, walk humbly, and fear God. Observe the above advice and I believe thee will get along well and be comfortable here and be happy hereafter.” ♦

¹Daniel Ricketson, *The History of New Bedford*. (New Bedford, 1858), p. 255.

²Paul Cuffe, Jr. *Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Paul Cuffe [Jr.], A Pequot Indian [1839]*. (Westport, MA: Cuffe's Bookcase, 1979), pp.3-4.

³Rosalind Cobb Wiggins, *Captain Paul Cuffe's Logs and Letters, 1808-1817: A Black Quaker's "Voice from within the Veil,"* Washington, D.C., Howard University Press, 1996), p.467.

Still in White

BY MARY MELVIN PETRONELLA

Emily Dickinson's Grave, Amherst, Massachusetts

Even if she had not requested buttercups
This would have seemed a paltry collection—
A satire, out of place, even rude,
But, still, left as if meant in tribute.

Too purple flowers with still plastic leaves
Lay beside a live but flowerless violet,
Hairy with dust. An empty vase stood paired
With a pot of wilting, wicket-shaped stems
Whose thirsty pink heads hung past waiting.

These uncalled four kept crowded company
In the scanty inches of dry dirt between the
Iron fence and the slim white slab standing
Still behind the seclusion of black bars

Engraved: "Emily Dickinson — called back"
Still remembered; still in white.

New Growth

ARTWORK & POEM BY STEPHEN SHICK

after
the cutting
the burning
the falling

images of new life
enter the mind
open the eyes
lift the chin
fill the soul
with
visions
of
new
growth



Visions of Growth
Base: charred wood
Face: tree gnarl
Eye and head cavity filling: pearls
Sprouts: dried field grass
L 10", W 5", H 10"

Grandmother's Coffee Set

BY JUDITH DAN



HAVING SURVIVED THE HOLOCAUST, my grandmother escaped communist Hungary in 1948. She tried to cross the border between Hungary and Austria twice. The first time she was arrested and held in jail for a night. The second time she was successful. Where or when she acquired the coffee set is unclear. Certainly, she did not bring it to Vienna from Hungary as she fled the country. Yet, the set was made by a Hungarian porcelain factory called Zsolnay. It was made in the late 1800's and consists of eight delicate cups (one with a broken handle), eight saucers, a covered sugar bowl, a milk pitcher and a large coffee pot. The design is intricate with hand-painted blue bell flowers and petunia shaped pink flowers in front of a yellow, heart-shaped background which floats ethereally from the pale blue china. There are touches of hand painted gold details everywhere. My grandmother probably used it to serve her guests coffee and pastries at her weekly bridge games. My theory is that she purchased this set in an antique shop in Vienna which sold many objects brought there by Hungarian immigrants.

After my grandmother's death, my mother flew to Vienna from Toronto for the funeral.

She inherited the coffee set and packed all the delicate pieces amid her folded clothes in her suitcase and brought the set back to Toronto. There, she rarely used it, but displayed it in a glass case amid her most prized possessions. I admired it whenever I went to visit her.

When my mother passed away in 2012, there were only two things I brought back to the U.S. - a landscape painting she was given as a wedding present and the coffee set. I brought the coffee set back to Lexington and have used it a few times to hold fancy Viennese coffee parties with my friends. Because my parents and I left Hungary as refugees and had to leave all our possessions behind, this coffee set that had belonged to my grandmother is very special. It has traveled from Hungary to Austria to Canada and to the U.S. It is part of my family history, both sad because my family lost all their possessions once during the Holocaust and a second time when they fled as refugees, but also happy because we were able to make new lives in our adopted country and were able to acquire new possessions.

I hope my children will value my grandmother's coffee set as much as I have. ♦

Fire Around Us

BY ELIZABETH ROZAN



EILEEN KAHAN
High Summer (2021)

Painted Fabric Wall Art
25" x 33.5"

IT WAS A HOT SUMMER DAY in 1966. My parents were away for the day, and I, age 14, was assigned to babysit the younger siblings and keep an eye on my grandfather, who at age 72, could no longer live alone. My siblings were independent, and my grandfather was fairly inactive and reclusive, so it was not a difficult task.

My younger brother, who would turn seven in the fall, recalls seeing the young adult man, Paul Jr., walk into the woods across the

street. That was not unusual, as this was a well-traveled cut through. Paul Jr. was known to us—he belonged to a family down the hill, but still in the neighborhood. Having siblings that spanned years, all family members were known, at least by sight, and some were part of the crowd of kids who hung out together in the various neighborhood games. We knew that this family was comprised of a religious mother; a mysterious father, whom we only knew from his yelling out the window while

we ran through their yard to take a shortcut down the hill; a sister who was beautiful and kind, her twin brother, and three younger brothers, referred to as # 4, 5, and 6.

We knew Paul Jr. by sight. As an older brother, he seemed very grown up. But we never actually spoke with him. He seemed engaged in his own thoughts, maybe of a prayer-type nature. It was rumored that he was attending the seminary affiliated with the convent and horse-field up the street. The shortcut to the convent and the field was the woods, with an entrance right across the street from our house. He was often seen walking in that direction with a Bible in hand.

On June 11, 1963, Thich Quang Duc, a Vietnamese Mahayana Buddhist monk burned himself to death at a busy Saigon intersection. He was protesting the persecution of Buddhists by the South Vietnam President, who was a member of the Catholic minority. On March 16, 1965, an 82-year old pacifist, Alice Herz, immolated herself on a Detroit street corner in protest of the escalating Vietnam War. On November 2, 1965, Norman Morrison doused himself in kerosene and set himself on fire below the then Secretary of Defense's Pentagon office. This immolation at the Pentagon was front page news, as Catholic Workers gathered for an antiwar-demonstration on Nov. 6. On November 9, 1965, Roger Allen LaPorte, a protestor of the Vietnam War, arranged himself in a position of a Buddhist monk, and set himself on fire in front of the United Nations building in NYC to protest the US involvement in the Vietnam War. He was a former seminarian, and was a member of the Catholic Worker Movement. Second and third degree burns covered 95% of his body. He spoke until the bitter end, and when questioned as to why he did it, he replied that he was a Catholic Worker, against war,

all wars, and that he did this as a religious action against all the hatred of the world.

On that summer day, July 31, 1966, while our parents were away, Paul Jr. carried his Bible, but also a gallon jug that had contained paint thinner, and a wine bottle containing a type of easily ignited fuel, and set himself on fire until the smoke from his charred, dead body was noticed. The body was found by two sons of a city Traffic Patrolman who lived the next block up from the convent and the horse-field.

Police cars arrived, and while it became a crime scene, my older brother and his friend saw the cops in the woods. They crept up to see what was going on and came upon the body. Every bit of clothing, except part of a pair of undershorts had been burned off the body. An empty gallon jug that had contained the paint thinner and the overturned wine bottle were nearby. An open match case was clutched in one hand. An autopsy found no signs of alcohol in the bloodstream.

We sat on the front steps, directly across from the entrance of the woods, and watched the activity. At least one of the detectives was familiar, the father of one of my friends. We told them what we had seen, but in truth, we had seen nothing but the Bible and maybe the gasoline can, but in the excitement, no one could say for sure. Further questioning was delayed until our parents came home, then everything went silent. We knew the who, the what, the when; we knew the where of it; but the how of it, the why of it, seemed incomprehensible.

At the time, we knew nothing about these specific actions in Saigon, or Detroit, or New York. The why of it was only whispered about. What did we know about Buddhists? Or execution or murder methods? What did we know about non-violent protest or martyrdom, other than Christ? What did we

know about the Catholic Workers? Who of us had heard then of Thich Nhat Hanh, the courageous brother of the Catholic Peace Fellowship in NY, joining in prayer for all the victims of the war—our soldiers, Vietnamese soldiers, civilians and those many who took this action. All we knew was that there was a family down the street we were instructed to stay away from. No more cutting through their yard to get to friends' houses down the hill; no more talking with them, even though they had hung out with us and one of them—#5—had a crush on my sister. "Just stay away from them!" was the loud and clear message. Beneath the surface was the hint of how the tragedy impacted not only the family, but all of us in the neighborhood.

A wake was held for Paul Jr., the beloved son and brother, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday, day and evening, at a funeral home in the next town. A procession back to our parish church began at 8:15 a.m. on Thursday for a 9:00 a.m. Solemn High Requiem Mass. Paul Jr. was 23-years-old; his death was ruled "suicide by torch."

As it turned out, my grandfather didn't live with us for very long. He soon died of "cardiac arrest-massive pulmonary embolus, septic thrombophlebitis", according to his death certificate, on January 17, 1967. My father was burdened with guilt thinking he had caused the death because he had given him a bath the night before. But it was the end of an era for my father. His mother and sister had passed already, and now it was just he and his brother remaining, to face the strange, disturbing world they thought they had under control.

It seemed we all just moved on, the self-immolation floating around us like a misty ghost. The war, civil rights, women's rights issues continued with a vengeance. Like a dust cloud with its accompanying kinetic

energy, change was in the air. Beyond really understanding it, we felt it at every level of our beings. Yes, like the pioneers who ventured into the Great Plains, we needed to survive, but it was more than a physical survival necessitating farming for food and the lonely tragic travails as the land went dry. We had that covered. It was something else, something that resonated at a soul level.

The shared space of protest folk music out of Cambridge and other university towns, Black rooted music out of Detroit (Motown), Southern soul and R&B out of Muscle Shoals, Alabama, the blues out of Mississippi, country out of Nashville, jazz out of New Orleans and New York, and the new wave of British or American Classic Rock became a readily available medicine for these soul-crushing events. The music cut across cultures, unifying and assuaging the soul illness. Through it, we found connections rippling out from the family, through the neighborhood, the city, and the larger world stage.

The landscape changed, too. An obvious hazard for nefarious activities, the woods were soon sold, the trees and bushes chopped down to flatten the land which was then subdivided into 12 quarter acre lots. The first lot was sold in the spring of 1970, but the fire around us was never extinguished. It burned like a perpetual flame. ♦

Excerpt from "A Fire Around Us: A Memoir"
by Elizabeth Rozan © 2023

My Hometown

BY GARY FALICK

THERE WAS A LOT about Saratoga Springs, New York, that made it a special place in which to live and grow up. The slogan “Health, History and Horses” became its identifier. I’ve also added Hasidim and Haze, for their prominence in my memories.

Health: The town was named for the mineral springs that were known to the Indian tribes in the area. They considered them to have healing powers and brought an ailing British hero of the French and Indian War to the springs to help him heal. Nearly a century later, a few European-style spas were built to provide various therapies based on the mineral waters and the mineral-infused muds. Some of the springs around town were free public places for anyone to have a refreshing drink or collect a few jugs-full to take home after a visit. The mix of minerals and their concentration varied, resulting in some springs that were mildly tasty and others that had strong laxative effects, much to the chagrin of unsuspecting visitors. The town drinking water, thoroughly treated in a modern water works, also had a high mineral content but without any unusual taste, resulting in very good teeth for people growing up there. This was prior to the days of fluoridation and other treatments for this purpose. Typical of this high mineral content, also termed hard water, we never saw soap suds.

History: During the American Revolution, the British hatched a plan to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies. The plan was thwarted by the American victory at the Battle of Saratoga, considered the turning point of the conflict and the basis for much needed French support. The battle took place over a period of days in Old Saratoga, a

few miles east of the town. Benedict Arnold, a hero in this conflict, later a traitor to the cause of independence, was wounded in the leg. There is a monument just to his leg at the Saratoga National Historical Park to commemorate his valuable service there.

Horses: The Saratoga Race Course began operating during the American Civil War and is considered to be the oldest continuing race course in the country. By the late 1800s, demand for more sporting activity spurred other related forms of entertainment, resulting in elegant gambling casinos and large hotels. Saratoga and Newport, RI, were two leading resorts at the time, with the distinction that Newport was dominated by the social elite of New York and Philadelphia while Saratoga welcomed anyone who could afford it. During my youth, races took place during the four weeks of August, attracting many people for the entire month as well as hordes of day trippers, even though gambling was no longer openly available and the elegant casino was now a museum. In the evening the downtown area was crowded with visitors dining, shopping, and just milling about. Many local merchants depended on the business from this influx to make up for more marginal results the remainder of the year. Another contribution to the local economy came from owners, trainers, jockeys, and others associated with the horse races. They would rent homes for the month of August, enabling the homeowners to pay

their real estate taxes, cover other expenses, and rent vacation places for themselves at a nearby lake or mountain. The lower level exercise boys and stable hands had to make do in tents.

Hasidim: This is the term for some ultraorthodox Jews with Eastern European origins. During my childhood in Saratoga, large numbers of them would come to Saratoga during the summer, mostly from New York City. They were drawn by the clean air, healthy open environment, and many, by the mineral waters. They stayed in a number of hotels clustered together on the main street near downtown or in rooming houses in a nearby residential neighborhood. The hotels provided meals conforming to the Kosher dietary laws. The rooming houses usually offered communal cooking and porches for rocking chairs. They would walk all over town, the bearded men in their long black coats and wide brimmed hats, followed by the women in long sleeved dresses, wearing wigs, as was their custom, regardless of the temperature.

Haze: There were a number of large Victorian-style homes in various neighborhoods throughout town. Another very inviting feature were the tall elm trees that lined a number of streets in the residential areas. This was before they were destroyed years later by Dutch elm disease. We lived on a street that was lined on both sides with these stately elms. They were old enough and our street was narrow enough that they formed a complete, high canopy over the street when leafed out, making the street very pleasant in the summer. In the fall, as the leaves fell, people would rake them into small piles in the street gutters and burn them, creating a smoky haze over the town. I loved the smell

of burning leaves and the resulting smoke. Only years later did we realize how unhealthy and environmentally damaging this practice was, but the special memory of these cool October evenings, with their characteristic aroma, remains.

These memories from long ago often arise in my life today:

When, in a restaurant, my request for sparkling water is served in a rich, blue bottle with the Saratoga brand prominent in gold script.

When, in passing the Lexington Battle Green, I am reminded that only two and a half years after that fateful April morning in 1775, what is often termed the turning point of the American revolution, the Battle of Saratoga, was successfully concluded on October 17, 1777.

When, as horse racing season begins with the Kentucky Derby on the first Saturday in May, televised broadcasts of preliminary contests keep fresh the legacy of the pioneering Saratoga Race Course.

When, at Temple Isaiah, I am reminded of the many ways in which Judaism is practiced, from the modern, liberal version to the strictly ritualistic manner of the Hasidic branch.

While air pollution and climate change are among our most pressing contemporary issues, I still recall those cool October evenings with the aromatic haze of burning leaves.

This continuity of early memories to their evolution today is a richly rewarding tapestry for which I am especially grateful. ♦

CONTRIBUTORS



SUZANNE KETCHUM ADAMS has told stories on The Moth, WGBH's Stories from the Stage, and is Storytelling Director for Voices on the Green, Lexington's live music and storytelling series. A retired archivist, she is currently at work on a novel.

JAMES BALDWIN is a retired advertising agency principal and high school English teacher. Rediscovering writing in his retirement, he maintains his own blog at www.Storyguy.net.



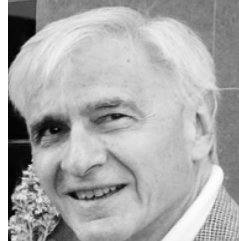
JUDITH DAN was born in Hungary and fled to Canada during the 1956 Hungarian Revolution. She attended the University of Toronto then moved to the U.S. in 1979 where she received her MA in TESOL. In 1985, she came to live in Lexington. She taught English as a Second Language for more than fifty years.



STAN DEUTSCH is a retired investment analyst. He moved to Lexington 20 years ago with his wife and 3 children.



HELEN EASTON, born and raised in England, is a 30-year resident of Lexington, where she volunteers with various local organizations. Writing poetry is a recent interest which she is enjoying exploring.



GARY FALLICK, is President of Lexington At Home, a non-profit helping seniors age in place. A graduate chemical engineer, during his career he wrote numerous articles in technical magazines. MIT Class of '58 Secretary, he writes Class Notes for Technology Review.



CAROLYN FLEISS is a retired clinical Social Worker who has been making art for 25 years. She has lived in Lexington for 37 years with her husband having raised three children here who are currently harboring their five grandchildren in various cities around the country.

Since retiring from Beth Israel Hospital, JANE GRIGNETTI continues a clinical practice of consultation, psychotherapy, and psychoanalysis and has developed a passion for photography. She cherishes time with family and friends and enjoys taking courses at Brandeis.



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.





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.



Anthropologist MARION KILSON received her PhD in 1967 and retired as Graduate School Dean at Salem State University in 2001. She has published eight books and numerous articles on African and African American topics.



ESTHER ISENBERG has an AB from Vassar, and an MSSW from Simmons. She is a Certified Yoga Teacher and a Teller of Tales.



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!

JAMES L. JONES worked as a physicist in the MIT Radiation Protection Office.



Active in many garden organizations including the Lexington Field and Garden Club, he has written books and articles on gardening.



BRUCE LYNN has lived in Lexington for more than 40 years. He retired after cooking and working 18 years at both Digital Equipment Corporation and EMC and then WENT FISHING!



EILEEN KAHAN has been a resident of Lexington for forty plus years. She's a retired psychiatrist who's interested in quilting, painting, and gardening.



MARY MELVIN PETRONELLA is coauthor of *Victorian Boston Today: Twelve Walking Tours*. Having taught at both Bentley College and the Gardner Museum, she is a board member of Beacon Hill Seminars, and president of the Boston Browning Society.

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.



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.

STEPHEN SHICK is a retired Unitarian Universalist minister, and the author of two Skinner House books of poems, prayers and meditation, *Be the Change* and *Consider the Lilies*. His poetry and video Momentary Meditations are published weekly on the Rachel Carson Council website.



PAM SMITH spent 42 years as a teacher and administrator in a variety of elementary schools. Now retired, she has followed her other passion and become a collage artist. ♦

O.W.L.L. Fall 2023 Semester Courses

Five Exciting Learning Opportunities beginning in September

Shakespeare's Merchant in Our Times

6 Wednesdays, 10-noon. October 4, 11, 18, 25, November 1, 8 with **Elizabeth Kenney** in person

Discover—or rediscover—Shakespeare's most complex and controversial play, raising issues of racial, religious, and gender bias in a world divided between wealthy elites and tenuously tolerated outsiders.

Renaissance Music

5 Mondays, 10-11:30am, October 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 with **Laura Zoll** via Zoom

Immerse yourself in the glorious music of the fourteenth through sixteenth centuries via the composers, strange instruments, early harmonies, and illuminated manuscripts of Renaissance Europe.

The Exploration of Africa

5 Thursdays 11-12:30pm, September 28, October 5, 12, 19, 26 with **Bob Rotberg** via Zoom

An updated look at the search for the sources of the Nile and Niger Rivers using African guides and authorities to learn about the early cross-continental journeys, and discuss the quest for the legendary Prester John.

The Government of the Tongue: Appreciating the Poetry of Seamus Heaney

4 Fridays, 10-noon, September 22, 29, October 6, 13 with **Tom Daley** via Zoom

One of the greatest poets of our era, Seamus Heaney's poetry will be studied in the context of his growing up in Northern Ireland during The Troubles and will be informed by his extraordinary output of literary criticism.

Emerson at Home

4 Tuesdays, 1-2:30pm, September 26, October 3, 10, 17 (Oct 24 reserved for make-up) with **Rosalie Davis** in person

Explore the domestic side of Ralph Waldo Emerson and get to know the writer's family of origin, his second wife, Lidian, and their children, with some emphasis on his most productive years in Concord.

\$25 for residents, \$50 for non-residents

Residents can register starting August 16 at lexrecma.com

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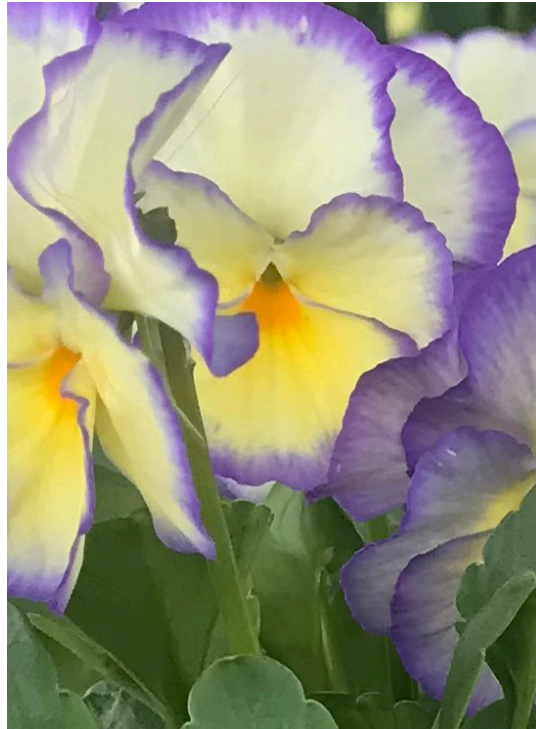
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