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Looking Up:

The Showers of August

By Bob Grindle

We moved here in the year of the ‘great ice storm.’ Yep, 1973. As newly minted homeowners, just married with tons of enthusiasm, a complete set of Mother Earth News back issues, the latest Whole Earth Catalog, a meager though thoughtfully assembled set of tools, a copy of “The Forgotten Art of Building a Stone Wall” and a definitely fixer-upper house, we felt ready to face whatever the new day brought. We were not only peeling back the layers of our individual behaviors and habits in this new life together, we were also discovering the pleasures of our new home here in eastern Connecticut.

Tracking down an incredibly sweet aroma one evening after work, we found a well-hidden mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) in full flower, tucked comfortably under some towering black birch (*Betula lenta*) and white ash (*Fraxinus americana*), right next to a bubbling spring that feeds our dug well and a small brook. No matter where we wandered on this bit of property, or what rock we turned over or which tangled and overgrown bit of field or woods we labored at clearing, it seemed there was always reason to pause and take notice of the color, aroma, texture, sound, feel, spirit, and occasionally even the wishes of the world around us. Right outside our front door, which happens to be in Hampton, there is a large (more than 4 feet in diameter) white oak (*Quercus alba*), and outside our back door, which is in Chaplin—yes, the house sits on the town line—is an equally large red oak (*Quercus rubra*). We didn’t have to go searching to find these two grand old residents of our hillside, and we have, over the years, included them in our planning, until this year.

Three years of near total gypsy moth defoliation and two years of moderate drought during mid- and late-summer have been more than the red oak could handle.

Sadly, we are making arrangements to take the tree down. Plans at the moment include using much of the wood for building a post and beam animal barn. That will take some of the sting out, as well as the addition of western-facing sky for star gazing. Which brings me to August skies.

As July ends, the full “Buck” Moon is beginning to wane in the Western sky. So by the time the Perseid meteor shower is peaking during the wee hours after mid-night on the early, early mornings of the 12th and 13th of August the night sky should be full-on dark. Only weather conditions, light pollution and falling asleep on your blanket or lawn chair might spoil this annual show that has been going on for many thousands of years. There’s no need to wait though until the peak meteor time to go out and enjoy this stellar show. Any time the sky is dark and clear between the end of July and late August is a good time to catch sight of these summertime shooting stars. In fact, some of the early evening meteors are among the most impressive. Due to the Earth’s orientation, these earlier shots known as ‘Earth grazers’, tend to be lower and longer. Look into the Northeast sky, and do be patient. Earlier meteors are less frequent.

Pretty much for the whole month of August Venus will be low in the West-Southwest sky after sunset, and just to help with finding the real Venus, on August 14th about 8:45 p.m., the waxing Moon crescent will be just above our shining “goddess of love” sister planet. The Moon and Venus will be smack in the middle of Virgo, a constellation that is about to disappear for the season, having shown up in March to herald the advent of Spring and the rebirth of



life known as the growing season...at least in the Northern Hemisphere. The star a little higher and to the left of Venus and the crescent Moon is Spica, a blue-giant of a star that is 250 light years away and nearly 12,000 times brighter than our Sun.

By August 31st Venus below and Spica above will seem to be nearly touching in the Southwestern sky, the Perseids will be history for 2018, schools across the nation will have reconvened classes, and the 2019 school year will be underway. I hope the summer of 2018 is measuring up to your expectations and that there is enough time in your schedule to look up and wonder! It is, after all, part of our world.

I remember Carl Sagan’s rather sobering observation in his 1994 book, “Pale Blue Dot”, “In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is not a hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves...” Quite a challenge.

Bob Grindle is a Windham Hospital Retiree who recently graduated from ECSU, concentrating in Astronomy.

On the cover:
7.19.18 Photos taken by Pete Polomski at Wil-
limantic’s 3rd Thursday Streetfest. At top - John
Schwartz and Calvin Gordon. Bottom left - Gideon
Ampeire of Zikina performs. Bottom right - an un-
identified face painter. Thank you Pete. Your are a
vital advocate for our community. Tom King

This is our time on earth.
What are we doing with it?

Neighbors
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The Purpose of Neighbors:
-To encourage reading
-To provide a place where ideas, writing, artwork
and photographs of area residents can be shared
-To encourage people to get involved in their
communities
-To begin to solve national and global problems
on a local basis
-To provide useful information
-To serve the inhabitants and environment of our region

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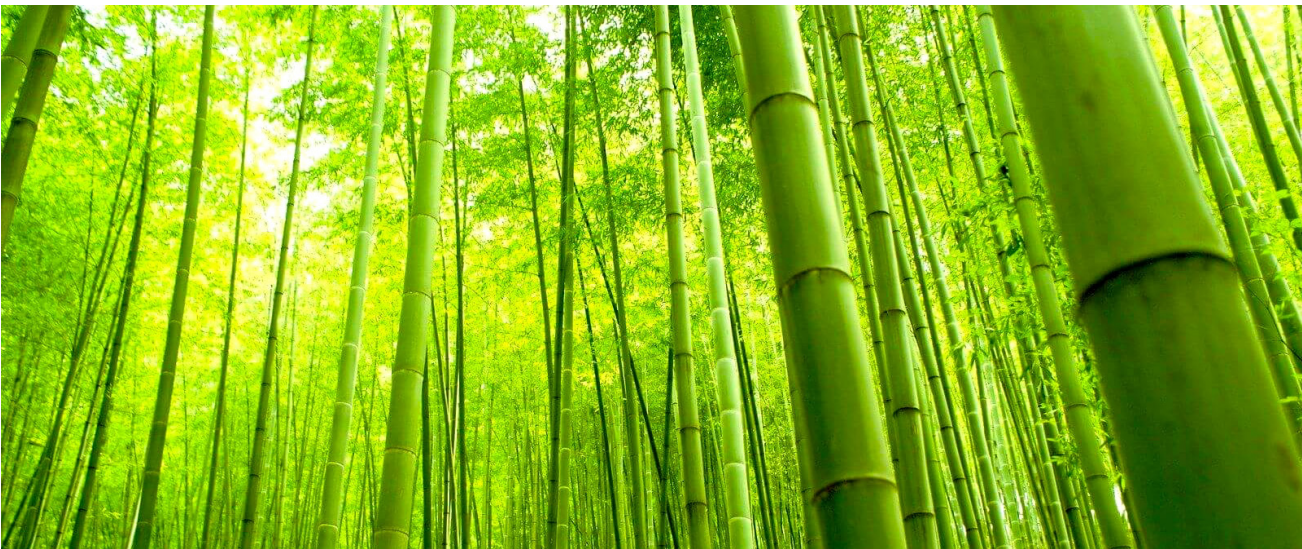


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Bambooloo--Sustainable Choice

By Loretta Wrobel

Trees are critical partners in maintaining our atmosphere. They emit oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. Why is this important? Obviously, the oxygen is essential as we require oxygen to breathe, and most experts believe that increasing amounts of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere contribute to global warming as it causes temperatures to rise.

Here is an eye-opening statistic, we destroy 27,000 trees daily to make toilet paper. One enterprising woman, Laura Amoroso, heard that statement and was struck by the impact toilet paper had on our environment. After careful research, she created her own company and began selling Bambooloo, bamboo toilet paper, which is more sustainable and less harmful to our environment. Laura is making a difference, one roll at a time!

I was quite captivated by this product and learned that it takes thirty-seven gallons of water to make one roll of traditional toilet paper. In contrast it takes seven gallons of water to make one roll of toilet paper using bamboo. When bamboo is the base ingredient, the process becomes more sustainable and less toxic. Bamboo uses hydrogen peroxide, which has a softer impact on the environment than bleach. Bleach is employed to break down the wood pulp in regular toilet paper, as consumers prefer softer paper. Remember, “Don’t squeeze the Charmin!” An added factor is the toxicity of chlorine, which can cause allergic reactions for some sensitive people. Bambooloo is septic safe, compostable and biodegradable.

Bamboo-based toilet paper is healthier for your body and the environment. It is more efficient in production. No harsh chemicals are employed during the manufacturing process. All materials are recovered, recycled and reused, unlike with traditional toilet paper. Bamboo is easier to use. Since it is a plant, actually a grass, bamboo grows fast and will keep on growing. Bamboo is abundant and grows in many different parts of the world. Bamboo can be harvested and will continue to grow without the need to be replanted.

Trees are essential to our survival as a species. On average we need about 7 or 8 trees per year to supply enough oxygen for one person. A tree grows much slower than bamboo, thus replacing a tree takes a longer time frame. Bamboo grows rapidly, up to several feet per day, and reaches maturity in seven years or less, whereas trees can range from ten to thirty years or longer. Trees work for us to improve the air quality that humans are polluting, by sequestering carbon dioxide and releasing oxygen. Doesn’t it make sense to use something other than wood to make rolls of toilet paper?

Bamboo toilet paper is the smart choice. Bamboo replaces oxygen at a faster rate, between thirty- to thirty-five percent as compared to a tree. Bamboo absorbs one-third more carbon dioxide than their sister trees. Given a choice, who would not choose the bamboo toilet paper over the traditional wood pulp product?

Laura Amoroso came to this conclusion after researching this issue. When she learned about the huge number of trees killed yearly, exclusively for manufacturing toilet paper, she understood that toilet paper from wood was unsustainable. She used her own money to finance Bambooloo in May 2017.

She now uses factories in China, because as of yet no suitable commercial bamboo factories exist here. The factories she does use are fair trade factories with no child labor. She strongly emphasizes that fair treatment of the factory worker is paramount. Her business is steadily growing, and she reports that the majority of her customers are satisfied and continue to order her product. She consciously chooses to not use Amazon for her deliver-



ies, as she feels Amazon does not act responsively and sustainably, especially with their packaging. She tries to use as little packaging as possible, and selects the more sustainable packaging materials. The product is shipped in recyclable and plastic-free packaging. Each roll is individually wrapped. At this time the toilet paper is only available by ordering it online.

Right now, this product is advertised as a luxury product. Hopefully, this sensible alternative will wipe out the tree tp. As more folks demand the safer, more environmentally friendly bamboo, the price may decrease. My vision is to see bamboo companies in America. This product is presently not suited for everyone, as not all want to purchase online and many people cannot afford the higher price. Buying thirty-six rolls of toilet paper (200 sheets/roll) now costs you thirty-five dollars and ten cents.

Laura’s company is consumer friendly. With any order over thirty-five dollars, the shipping is free. The out-of-the-box thinker that started this company sees all kinds of possibilities for future uses of bamboo in the US, such as diapers, facial tissue, and office paper. She has already made an extraordinary impact--as a model for a business start-up, as the creator of an eco-friendly company, and as a leader in developing a healthier product. The company motto is “One small change to make a world of difference.”

This individual is making a difference. Her example is simple proof that one person can do something to create a positive change. Her message is one of working with the environment rather than considering the natural world as ours to use (or misuse) as we please. The world is finite and resources are limited. This person is committed to educating and providing people with a safer and kinder choice in their daily lives, one that will improve our world. Asia learned this lesson years ago as they experienced a tree shortage and switched to bamboo. Why is it taking us so long to make the healthier choice in our country?

I am ready for the smarter, more efficient, sustainable choice and ordering a trial package of Bambooloo. You can choose to join me and save a few trees if you are open to making a difference. The website is www.bambooloo.life

Calling All Vendors and Artists For Downtown Country Fair

By Susan Beauregard

The Downtown Country Fair has become a popular tradition in Willimantic. It’s a free and fun family event for all to attend that features live music, local food, regional artisans and craftsmen, and imaginative children’s activities. Every year the Co-op strives to provide a fun, creative, and environmentally sound event that promotes local skills and craftsmanship, and this year is no different.

The 2018 The Downtown Country Fair will be celebrating its 20th anniversary on Saturday September 29th and we are looking for vendors! Are you an artisan or craftsman looking for a unique event to sell your creations? Are you a local food vendor looking to get your name out there? Are you a non-profit that is looking for a well-attended event to do outreach? Then purchase a vendor booth by contacting Alice Rubin at the Co-op at alice.rubin@willimanticfood.coop.

Vendors and not-for-profit groups pay \$10 for a 10x10 space. Only items made in the Quiet Corner – Windham, Tolland and New London Counties – will be accepted. Food vendors pay \$50 for a 10x10 space, permits are the responsibility of the vendor and the Co-op requests that locally grown produce be used when possible. You can get an application by visiting the Willimantic Food Co-op or by going to the website at www.willimanticfood.coop/events/downtown-country-fair/.



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Johnny Walker pushes Violet Andrews on the horse he made for Children's Games at the Willimantic Food Co-op's Downtown Country Fair. People having fun is the 'Brand' for Windham/Willimantic. Randy McMahon photo.

Willimantic, Now and Then:

People and Fun are the ‘Brand’ for Windham!

By Mark Svetz

The recent foolishness by leaders of Windham and Mansfield about hiring someone to decide what we will call ourselves reminds me of a Kate Wolf song in which the singer advises her troubled friend to “find out what it is you really care about and live a life that shows it.”



Our leaders want a new “brand” for our communities, apparently – in the case of Windham – to replace the image of an almost 20 year-old news story that called Willimantic ‘Heroin Town.’ I have some important words for Windham’s elected officials: Get over heroin town. My friends and neighbors have gotten over it; in fact, most of us knew it was fiction to begin with. I can say that pretty much the only time I ever encounter those words is at Town Council meetings and on the pages of the Chronicle.

When I was a young man, I worked on construction crews and spent time in the street, both places where ‘brands’ are regularly used. We called them nicknames, and one thing I learned is that you can’t give one to yourself. Someone else has to do that, usually based on your looks, your actions, your family or anything else that defines you in their mind. My father, foreshadowed Kate Wolf’s words when he told me many years ago: “Just do your job. Do it long and do it hard. Don’t worry about what anybody calls you.”

So now Windham wants to hire some consultants to come up with a nickname. Members of the Town Council expect it to cost about \$30,000. It’s too late for my father to talk to them, but maybe they could listen to Kate Wolf. Or better yet, listen to one of their own.

I am grateful to Pamela DeVivo, chair of the Windham Economic Development Commission, for her sane comments about branding, which I read in the Chronicle. With her admonition about pursuing a brand, she said “we are Romantic Willimantic, we are Frog City, we are Organic Willimantic...”

That is exactly what I’m talking about. Those designations for Willimantic arose out of the community and they described the way we felt about Willimantic at the time.

Romance, our whimsical history, our great fortune to have so many small farmers in the area growing food for us are all expressions of our pride in who we are as a community.

One member of the Economic Development Commission, Joe Corneau, said at a recent meeting, according to the Chronicle, “(the consultant) should come here prepared, and know about the ‘drug capital of the Northeast.’” Nobody I know thinks of Willimantic as the drug capital of anything.

Our “branding problem” is that our local newspaper and the Willimantic Police Department insist on preserving the fiction of heroin town. I worked as a police reporter for the Willimantic Chronicle for five or six years in the ‘70s, as a political organizer and activist in Willimantic during the 80s, and my partner Tony Clark and I ran a needle exchange program in Willimantic in the 90s. I know something about the drug world of Willimantic, and I can say the problem here is pretty much the same as it is in any small city.

When I was a reporter, we used to joke about the

Hartford Courant’s self promotion, boasting that it was “the oldest continuously published newspaper in the United States,” to which we always added, that never won a Pulitzer Prize. The series called Heroin Town was a failed effort to change that sad circumstance. All they changed was the way our local newspaper, the town council and police officials view themselves. It reminds me of the words of a fictional detective I read years ago: “There’s no honor in wearing a tin star unless you’re in Dodge City.”

If we end up hiring a consultant, I suggest it be for group therapy; our leaders need help with their self image.

How does the Economic Development Commission expect to sing the praises of the town if they think of it as the “drug capital of the Northeast”? I would invite any of them to take a morning and sit at the Willimantic Food Co-op with a cup of coffee and talk to people from our community. When I do this I meet one person after another who has wonderful things to say about Willimantic. They could also go down to Lauter Park on a summer day and join the parents, grandparents and great-grandparents enjoying the Cora Moore Splash Park with the kids. I doubt they’ll be talking about heroin town.

It seems every week, the Chronicle and the Willimantic Police Department conspire to create and sustain the “Dodge City” image with front-page articles about minor drug arrests. This serves (as it is designed to do, I suspect) to secure the funding stream for the police department, but it does nothing to create a ‘brand’ for our community, at least not one we care to have.

This is not a new phenomenon. In the 90s, the Chronicle ran an editorial which referred to downtown Willimantic as a “violence plagued drug arcade.” Incensed by this designation, I asked then Police Chief Milton King how many violent felonies had been investigated in the downtown area in the last year. At that time, there had been one assault committed downtown in the preceding 12 months. In this way, we continue to let the police and the local newspaper brand our community.

If the elected officials of Windham want to change the image of our community, I suggest they get to know Willimantic a little and stop with the heroin town propaganda. This wonderful community has the same drug problem that faces the entire nation, no more, no less. We suffer from poverty, unemployment and lack of opportunity, like so many other communities across the country. What we need is mindful government that seeks to improve these conditions rather than some slight of hand branding proposal.

When I was new to town, almost 50 years ago, I was impressed by the number of people – including one or two current members of the Town Council – who loved Willimantic because of the low rents. This was a wonderful city where rents and other costs were low enough to let us all be creative in how we earned our living. It was also a fun place to live, which it continues to be.

If our leaders want a new brand, they should listen to the song, “Willimantic, My Home Town,” by Jesse Greer: “There’s a good Main Street where good neighbors meet; where miles of smiles keep chasing you around.”

Mark Svetz, now (mostly) retired, has been a journalist, activist, teacher and self-appointed knight errant in Willimantic for the last 45 years. You can read more of Mark’s writing at www.WillimanticToday.wordpress.com

Pulled Over By the Police

By Kevin Pratt Jr.

A friend commented I should write something funny. So here is my attempt to tell the story about being pulled over by the police on two separate occasions many years apart. Keep in mind I was not in trouble with the police or did I cause any problems as you will soon see.

I think it was the spring of 2003. I’m going down the road headed towards the frog bridge (in Willimantic, CT) which had been built maybe year and a half before. About a quarter of a mile before reaching the top of the bridge I decided to stop and change songs my iPod. In order to do that, I had to stop my motorized wheelchair and look down at the iPod see what I was doing. As I’m cruising through song selections I’m still looking down at my iPod. It’s sitting between my legs as I look for the next song. I was probably parked on the sidewalk a couple minutes before making a selection. I finally found a song I liked and started on my way again. As I headed toward the frog bridge I see an ambulance blow past me going up route 32 and think nothing of it. I finally get to the top of the bridge and I have Megadeth blaring in my headphones. I hit the crosswalk signal at the top of the bridge and patiently wait for the light to change so I can cross. All of a sudden out of the corner of my eye I see two cops stopping in front of me. Mind you I have music blaring in my ears and over the loud music I hear one of the cops say “Sir, sir, are you okay?” At this point I’m wondering why a cop is even talking to me because I had never done anything wrong. I struggled to take off my headphones so I can reply to his question. I tell the officer, “Yes, I’m fine why?” Then he proceeds to tell me that a woman thought I was passed out. Then, a female cop comes over and starts asking me if I am okay and if there was anything wrong. Now I have two cops in front of me asking the same question. I managed to put my headphones around my neck and answered their questions by telling them that I was okay and just looking down at my iPod to change songs. Apparently someone had driven past me a quarter-mile back thinking I was passed out. The two cops simultaneously said, “Oh, okay” and let me leave.

At this point I’m very annoyed because if a person thought I was passed out when going by me, why not pull over and see if I’m okay? I would think that would be a caring thing to do, but no, call 911 and keep on going. I’m all for people being concerned for someone’s well-being and safety, but it would’ve done my heart good if that person had stopped and talked to me before calling the cops.

On a recent Sunday the same thing happened to me again, but this time I was not at the top of the bridge. I was at the bottom of the bridge waiting to cross the street. A cop pulls me over and asks me if I am okay. A woman called with my description, saying I had a red baseball cap on my head. She was wondering if I passed out on the side of the road, so she called the cops. It turns out I was doing the same thing as my previous encounter many years earlier. However, I did not have an iPod this time. I was actually changing music on my iPhone. I had to look down at my phone to change music. Instead of asking me how I was, the pedestrian decided to call the cops instead. I had to physically show the policeman what I was doing on my phone so he would believe me.

I appreciate the fact that people are concerned. However, if you’re concerned about a disabled person, please make an effort to communicate with that person before calling the cops. I don’t carry knives or a gun and am probably one of the nicest people you ever want to meet. In all honesty, whether you are drunk or sober or just changing a song on your device, nobody wants to be pulled over by the cops.

When I originally told the first part of this story to my friends back in the early 2000’s, they completely lost their minds. They were laughing their asses off. I probably could’ve told the story a little funnier, but it’s actually funnier if you tell the whole story.

Dear Reader-

Please consider contributing to Neighbors- Write an article about a person you admire or a local program you believe is important. Take a photo of a friend, loved one or pet. Write a poem or a piece of flash fiction. These pages would be full of press releases without submissions from local residents who care about each other and their community.

T. King, Publisher

Clinician, Heal Thyself: My Story of Cancer, Its Lessons, and Why I Continue as a Therapist, Part 1

By Edmund J. Smith, LCSW

1. Context

In other places, I have written extensively about what has happened to me these past 14 months, how I have experienced it, and the many stops along the way from the trauma of being diagnosed to treatment, self-care, and all the rest. Having started a column on mental health and illness some months ago, I’ve decided to stay with that theme, now applying it to my own situation and hoping it has value for my readers, more so for those who are or will one day be dealing with it.

As a source to bookmark for learning about the incredible reach of this age-old disease, I am providing this link to the National Cancer Institute site: <https://www.cancer.gov/about-cancer/understanding/statistics>. The staggering array of quantitative data, especially what exists on a world scale, is like looking through a high-powered telescope to see stars unseen otherwise- in this case, the global vs. the anecdotal awareness of the thing. Within that perspective exists the world each of our bodies responds to every day.

But beyond this array of numbers is one crucial statistic: One of every two of us will have gotten cancer in the course of our lifetime.

2. History

In May of last year, I went in for a routine ultrasound to monitor the condition of my liver after having been diagnosed with Hepatitis B, a horrible disease in itself, which had been diagnosed about 3 years ago. It was thought to have developed in my body over decades, at a time when immunology was unclear as to its origins, how to treat it, and long before the life-saving vaccine that now exists. I recall that at the age of 8 (!) I was told that a relative had contracted it, and as a safety measure, I was to be tested. At the time, it was a small, strange blip on my child’s mind-screen. It was confirmed that I tested positive for the antigen, but also that I had produced antibodies for it that would prevent its further growth. I felt as if my body had hit a homerun (being a baseball fan at the time).

This medical moment faded from memory until my mid twenties, when, being poor, I began to sell my plasma



at the local plasma center in Seattle. Joining the many poor and indigent at this facility, the clinicians informed me that due to studies being conducted on the plasma of Hepatitis at the time, my antigen-laden stuff would fetch a higher price- a whopping \$20 per draw. To me, in my youthful nonchalance, that was a lot of coffee and bus fare, so I was hooked- or hooked up, as it were.

Fast forward to 2014. I find myself fighting heavy drowsiness in the middle of the day, doing everything I could to stay awake, including ADD meds (prescribed for evident attentional problems, anyway). Routine blood work revealed elevated liver enzymes, a sign of some form of hepatic disorder. Further tests revealed that I had millions of units of viral Hep B running around in my liver and blood stream. Looking back, this news was about as devastating as anything I would find out later, though ultimately much more manageable. As I helped prepare for my 60th birthday party, I could hardly imagine how to be present through the physical and mental heaviness I was feeling. My appetite declined and I looked at plates of food apprehensively. Soon I would come to learn that these billions of units of virus could be handily shut down with but a pill per day. Still, the condition called for eternal vigilance: quarterly ultrasounds and blood work. Ultrasounds revealed a certain amount of scarring of the liver, or sclerosis, itself a bellwether of possible future cancer.

After one of these ultrasounds in May 2017 doctors informed me that I had a couple of suspect lesions in the vicinity of my liver. My wife and I were floored. Therein commenced the bully of fear. My hepatologist was alarmed and consulted with a number of other doctors. With little time to anxiously speculate, they scheduled me for a biopsy to determine the chemistry of these mystery cells. I was to travel further down the rabbit hole of hospital gowns and IVs, this time with much higher stakes. Once in the bed, being prepped for the biopsy, I faced the inevitable with grim resolve. I was very frightened of a needle being inserted into my liver! My fear heightened when a doctor working me up informed me of a sizeable risk of a bleed, one of the suspected lesions ‘hanging off’ my liver in the vicinity of my inferior vena cava, one of the 2 largest veins in the body. Worse, having an historically low plate condition (thrombocytopenia), I have a problem with clotting A nick of this vein could cause a great amount of bleeding, perhaps uncontrollable. All the more difficult was this high wire act for yet another reason. This very long needle would have to



7.19.18 A Thread City Classical Dance dancer at Willimantic’s 3rd Thursday Streetfest. Pete Polomski photo.

traverse 2 points in my liver to get into the ‘thing’ hanging off. Enter, the prospect of death.

For these reasons, the procedure was called off at the very last minute and I went home. In later consultation, I was advised to wait to see whether any changes in its profile were detectable in an MRI scheduled several months later. The doctor was to meet with me after the procedure, but under the circumstances I received a call while at work the next day. I would receive this call between clients, who I saw by the hour as a behavioral health clinician. Then began an era of concealment and protection, a time in which I would begin drawing from my own trauma in addressing the now familiar predicaments that my medically compromised clients have brought to my attention. I began to live with a quietly ticking clock inside of me outwardly presenting as serene and rich in healing knowledge while managing a lion- taming act on the inside.

Next: Part 2: the wild cats strike back!

Ed Smith is a licensed clinical social worker, maintaining a small private practice, though retired).



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A Wine Experience in Scotland

By C. Dennis Pierce

Tucked into the north-east corner of Connecticut is a region of small towns steeped in history and full of spirit. Among them, which is truly teaming with “spirit” is Scotland, home of The Vineyard at Hillyland. Settled in the arms of a rolling hill, the tranquil property, owned by the Stearns family was once a thriving dairy farm. Hillyland began as a dairy farm in the 19th century and was bought by the Stearns family in 1970. The 300-acre pristine acres still echoes the efforts of the first settler to inhabit the southeast corner of Windham, now Scotland, which was Isaac Magoon. His purchase of 1,950 acres in the year 1700 marked the beginning of the town’s history. It is likely that Magoon named the area Scotland as a means of commemorating his ancestral home.

Scotland is a small burg, still complete with the lost village atmosphere. And yes, Scotland is a special place, worthy of every effort to preserve its rural environment and the entrepreneurial efforts of Doug and Gerri Stearns owners of The Vineyard at Hillyland. Several weeks ago, I stumbled on this great find and made arrangements to return when they were not busy to find out more about the vineyard. This past Sunday I stopped and listened to Doug and Geri who had the passion and energy to take an idea and make it a reality. In 2003 the couple ventured out on a wine tour of the Hudson Valley. On their trip they observed that many vineyards were once dairy farms. Their own property was once a dairy farm and they asked themselves, “why can’t we do this?”, and so the planning began,

In 2007 they reached out to the Connecticut Agricultural Department and the state Extension Program to determine what grapes would be the best to grow in their area. In 2007 they planted one acre, in 2008 another acre and in 2009 two and a half acres. They currently grow nine varieties of grapes but only make wine from five of these. Their current wines offerings are: Briar Knoll which is made with Prairie Star grapes. It is a dry white wine that is similar to Sauvignon Blanc with a hint of pineapple. Hillyland which is made with Cayuga White grapes. This wine is an off-dry white wine with hints of grapefruit. A favorite of mine is Clearview. This wine is made from Traminette grapes. It is a dry white wine. It has



a floral aroma with a subtle taste of lemon and honey. The vineyard features two red wines: Chapman, which is made with St. Croix grapes. This wine is a dry, unoaked red wine and is similar to a pinot noir. Lastly, there is Ridgedale. This wine is made with Marechal Foch grapes. It is a dry red wine that has been oaked using oak staves and mild chocolate essence.

After reading this great selection you are probably already planning a trip. Each one of the vineyards wines is carefully created with passion and attention to detail. Because the Stearns love the history of their farm and the farming culture in their area, they have named each of their wines after a local farm which they believe has played an important role in the history of the Quiet Corner.

To find out more, the vineyard’s website is, <https://www.thevineyardathillyland.com/> it has their menu and reasonable pricing. You may purchase wine by the bottle or by the glass. They are open from noon on Fridays to 9:00pm, on Saturdays 12:00pm to 6:00pm and on Sunday, 12:00pm to 6:00pm. On Friday evenings join them and enjoy a glass of wine and take in the live music from local performers. Looking for a venue for a party, celebration or reception? They can assist you by providing you with a great venue for your events.



Gerri and Doug Stearns, owners of The Vineyard at Hillyland in Scotland, CT. Dennis Pierce photos

So, step away from your garden work or cleaning up from the crazy weather we have just experienced and either join them in their tasting room that features vintage church pews from an 1872 church in Meriden CT, or out on the lawn at one of the many tables that overlook the vineyard. Oh, and by the way check out the bar top too. It came from a tree that was salvaged from the trees that were stuck by the tornado that hit the Union area several years ago. During my visit, Geri said it best. “It is not just about the wine”, she said, “it is about the experience.” The vineyard at Hillyland is located at 75 Murphey Hill Road in Scotland, CT. Their phone is 860.786.7770 during business hours.

As the summer winds down, (I can tell because they are already having “back to school” sales), take a break and visit a farmer’s market where you will soon see local tomatoes, blueberries and fresh garlic but also stop and relax at The Vineyard at Hillyland truly a Connecticut Grown, best kept secret.

Eggplant has a bad rap. Maybe, unless you have strong ethnic ties, your repertoire of recipes does not include this wonderful vegetable. Since you probably already



have a half of a bag of charcoal from your last party try roasting some eggplant on the grill and making the following dip. May I suggest that it also goes great with wine?

Grilled Eggplant Dip
8 servings
Ingredients:
3 medium or 4 small eggplants, about 1-pound total
¼ cup of fresh lemon juice
¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
½ teaspoon minced garlic, or to taste
Salt and freshly ground pepper
Minced fresh parsley leaves
Directions:
Prepare a charcoal, wood or gas grill.
Pierce the eggplant in several places with a thin bladed knife or a skewer.
Grill, turning occasionally, until the eggplant collapses and the skin blackens, 15 to 30 minutes depending on size.
Remove and cool
When eggplant is cool enough to handle, cut open and scoop out the flesh
Mince finely
Mix with lemon juice, oil, garlic, salt and pepper.
Taste and adjust seasonings
Garnish with parsley
Serve with grilled flatbread or crackers.

I leave you with a quote by E. B. White from Charlotte’s Web, “The crickets felt it was their duty to warn everybody that summertime cannot last forever. Even on the most beautiful days in the whole year – the days when summer is changing into autumn – the crickets spread the rumor of sadness and change.” As always, purchase local grown. It makes a difference and you can be part of that difference. Peas be with you.

Common Sense Car Care

By Rick Ostien

This month’s Common Sense Car Care article is just that - common sense. A fellow repair shop owner was telling me about a transit customer who came in off of I-84 in a rainstorm on a Friday afternoon. The customer explained that they were 2 hours from a soccer game in New York. The check engine light came on and the car was not handling well in the rain. The check engine light was minor, but the tires were bald. The owner of the vehicle said that he did not have time to put new tires on the car because he and his family would be late for their soccer game. What the man was really saying was that soccer came first before his family’s safety.

I have seen this more and more the last couple of years. If the tires are worn down to the 2/32” wear bars, you need tires. If you experience shakes or shimmys at certain speeds, poor handling, or the vehicle pulling hard left or right without braking, you should have the tires checked. The air pressure should be checked frequently. Too

much air in a tire during the summer can cause failure. The vehicle you drive needs brakes, steering, and tires before anything. You have to be able to steer and stop the car. The only thing between the passenger compartment and the road is the tires. They need to be checked frequently. The safety of you and others riding with you is your responsibility. This summer please check fluids, tires, and tire air pressure. That noise you have been hearing for the last month may just leave you on the side of the road. So, a little common sense goes a long way.

The last thing I’m going to write about this month is very near and dear to my heart. I’m fortunate to be a member of the Ashford Business Association. The association is made up of local small businesses that want to give back to the community. One way that we do this is a car social, not a cruise, at Midway Restaurant on Route 44 in Ashford for 5 months of the year. We ask people that attend bring food for the local food bank or support whatever theme we are sponsoring that month. The reason I call it a social is that



people are socializing. Electronic devices are set aside and people actually talk to each other. The music, food, cars, and trucks bring me back to a time when these things were important to me. Yes, I’m a gear head, hot rodder, and all the other names we’ve inherited over the years. The vehicles there all have stories. Phil has a ’41 Ford that he’s had since high school. Scottie’s friend Carl made him caretaker of his Mustang after he died. Terry, Danny,

Greg, Johnnie and many others all have stories about their rides. So the last Thursday of each month from May to September come enjoy the car social, meet the people, and the motor vehicles that were a big part of America’s Heritage.

Happy Motoring, Rick

Rick Ostien is the owner of Franc Motors in Willington. Photo by Deb Ostien.

Keep Moving

By Delia Berlin

The phone rang at 3:00 am. That is never a good thing. But when you have blood-loss anemia from a prolonged labor and delivery, acute mastitis, and a newborn at home, it’s particularly difficult to take. Yet, it had to be done. My father was hospitalized at the other end of the state with advanced colon cancer and it was he who was calling. The previous day he had undergone major surgery.



A few days back, my father had developed a bowel obstruction and had faced a tough choice. He knew his cancer was terminal, but the only way to regain some level of comfort and normalcy in view of this complication was palliative surgery to bypass the obstruction. He was just in his late forties and still relatively strong, so he had agreed to the procedure.

My daughter had been born during his hospitalization. It wasn’t a very easy birth and I had stayed in the hospital for three days. By the time I went home, I was still weak and lightheaded. I was nursing my little girl, but within a few days I developed a very high fever from a milk duct infection and could hardly move. I was too sick to travel anywhere, so for my father to meet his first grandchild before his risky operation, I had to send her to his hospital with my husband and mother-in-law.

In the meantime, my father-in-law had stayed with me, making sure I had plenty of food and fluids, took my antibiotics on time and pumped breast milk as needed. It was a long day for all of us, but at least we made a good team effort to do what felt right in the circumstances.

My father’s operation went well and allowed him to live reasonably well for another six months. He was able to go back to work, take a few more trips, and stay home in relative comfort until just two weeks before his death. But in the hours just after this surgery he got plenty of opioids, which were probably responsible for his 3:00 am phone call.

My father had to call me, because in his morphine high he clearly felt that he had discovered the secret path to eternal life. With amazing energy and excitement, he explained that life and death were just separated by a penetrable membrane, much like the surface of a body of water. We, the living, were above this membrane, which was strong enough to hold our weight, but only briefly. As long as we kept jumping over the surface, its “superficial tension” would support us and not break. But if we gave in to fatigue and stopped jumping, we would rapidly sink for good.

He was describing a vision that played in his mind as a clear video: lots of people jumping on the tight surface of a body of water, as if it were a trampoline. Once in a while, one of them would stop jumping and almost immediately his feet would pierce the surface and the unfortunate person would sink down. But as long as people kept jumping, they would be held harmless. They were, he felt, in complete control of their own immortality. They knew the secret that led to eternal life. This seemed to make my father very happy. He really wanted to keep living and now he could make that happen!

In his delirium, my father did not see this as a dilemma. Jumping forever seemed completely doable. But in my nearly complete exhaustion, this was information that I certainly could not use. Yet, I think about this episode often and recognize that he was not alone in his belief. In fact, much of the literature about wellness seems to promote different versions of the same delusion.

The cumulative findings of health studies often leave us with a sense of control over our longevity. By not smoking, you can add up to 15 years to your life. By maintaining your healthy weight range, perhaps another ten. Wear your seatbelt and you will be some percentage points less likely to die a premature death. Eat the Mediterranean diet and live another five years in good health. And so, we create the illusion that if we do all the good things and avoid all the risks, this party can go on forever.

Another example of this type of advice can be found in a recent AARP publication, reporting findings of a British study about sexual activity in middle age. According to the study, sex may prolong your life. By providing “immune enhancement, deep relaxation, lower blood pressure, and less risk of prostate cancer and heart attack” more frequent sex may result in a longer life.

The report ponders if regular sex can actually extend life or is merely a sign of better health. But after finding that those who had sex once a month or less had double the death rate of those who reported it twice a week, researchers concluded that sex was key. “Comparing men with low, medium and high sexual frequency, the researchers found no significant differences in age, smoking,

weight, blood pressure or heart disease, all of which have major impact on health and longevity” and therefore it was determined that sex helps prevent death in middle-aged men.

I must admit that I have a soft spot for these studies. Like the ones that find dark chocolate, coffee and a glass of red wine to be beneficial, they put a smile on my face. And to be clear, I’m not disputing the numerous proven benefits of a healthy lifestyle and physical activity. But these benefits, like many others, fall short of defeating mortality. It is certainly true that as long as you are able to keep jumping you won’t die. But it’s also true that at some point before death, you won’t be able to keep jumping.

Perhaps we cling to this type of reasoning because we need to find ways to feel safe from death. There are countless examples of this line of thought. Sometimes we find ways to distance ourselves from the dead, such as blaming someone’s death on smoking, or on something else we never did. At times, we even blame the dead for “giving up” and convince ourselves that a positive attitude can make all the difference.

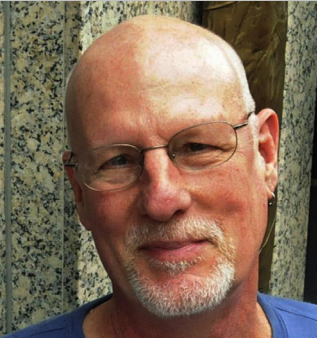
There are problems with this type of thinking. First, it can lead to denial, since your own survival depends on believing you’ll be well. Second, it can add to the suffering of a terminal illness by making a victim responsible for beating a disease. I can assure you that my father did want to live and yet, that was not enough to save him. The time came when he could no longer keep jumping.

Once again, I need to clarify that I’m not dismissing the positive value of a good attitude in the quality and length of our lives. But there is a difference between dismissing a strategy and accepting its limits. Research seems to conclude that we are never too old to improve fitness, muscle mass, bone density, and cognitive function by exercising enough. But how much is enough, and how does it compare with our waning tolerance for exercise as we age?

I know several people who have been disciplined at exercising for decades. While most of them have managed to stay fit in the cardiovascular sense, many have wrecked their knees or developed some other problems from repetitive trauma. Recently, an acquaintance who employed a personal trainer told me that she had injured herself doing prescribed squats. It seems that as the body ages, its equilibrium becomes more fragile. The time appears to come to “let a sleeping dog lie” to fully enjoy life as much as possible without making too many waves.

Thanks to scientific advances, today there is more hope than ever to postpone the inexorable consequences of the passage of time. Some major causes of death may be eliminated and some greatly reduced. But the paradox is that as we avoid some perils we must face new ones, because the chance of dying of something will always remain 100%. However, it doesn’t have to be anytime soon. So, in the meantime, eat well, do not smoke, have sex very often, buckle up, and no matter what... just remember to keep moving!

Doug Anderson



Poetry in the Park
Thu Aug 23 6:30p

Doug Anderson will read in the Julia de Burgos Park as part of the annual Poetry in the Park series hosted by the Curbstone Foundation. The reading is free and open to the public. Please join us and sit in the small stone amphitheater or bring a chair or blanket. Relax and enjoy the poetry.


Doug Anderson is a poet, memoirist, fiction writer and photographer. His books include *Keep Your Head Down: Vietnam, the Sixties, and a Journey of Self-Discovery*; *Blues for Unemployed Secret Police*; *The Moon Reflected Fire*; *Bamboo Bridge*, and most recently *Horse Medicine*. His awards include a grant from the Eric Mathieu King Fund of the Academy of American Poets, a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, and a Pushcart Prize. Anderson served in the Marine Corp in Vietnam and has taught at the University of Connecticut, Eastern Connecticut University, and at William Joiner Center for the Study of War and Its Social Consequences at the University of Massachusetts, Boston.

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The Neighbors Paper
A little paper
Big on community

Take The Next Step

By Grace Preli

Dear Reader, Raise your hand if you are your own worst enemy. Raise your hand if you know you’re holding yourself back from: a goal, a decision, giving life to an idea, taking the next step or doing what you know you really, really deep down ought to do. Raise your hand if you have ever knowingly distracted yourself. Have you crossed off all the non essential tasks on the to-do list and still not done the thing you REALLY HAD TO DO? Raise your hand if you waste your time or otherwise faff about numb and distracted when you know you really ought to get a move on? (If you didn’t raise your hand, please contact me immediately and tell me your secrets!)



For the rest of us, yo, welcome to the club!! If you raised your hand(s) first, know that you’re not alone. Hi, my name is Grace and I have recently decided that I’m my own worst enemy and it’s about time I get over myself. (Smattering of applause, someone hands me cake and my higher self whips out a kazoo to celebrate.) This alas, is not a new revelation in my world, in fact the proverbial house has been on fire for quite some time now. This is me saying finally, that I need to do something about my self sabotage and I need to help myself out. (Confetti rains down, more applause, more cake, higher self is now also throwing glitter.)

What follows is a non-trademarked, non-exhaustive but hopefully helpful list of ideas/steps/funny ramblings to help you and I get over ourselves and get on with doing what we really feel we need to/want to do!

Step 1: Tell the ego (Also called the Itty Bitty Shitty Committee by my dear friends Sue and Aaron Singleton) to take a back seat. I honestly think that within each of us there is a part, big or small or medium sized, that is self sabotaging, masochistic, and definitely loves to make things harder than they need to be. I think this little internal struggle is a hallmark of human-ness... it’s the mashup of spirit/heart self, physical self and the mind self/ego self.

Why do you think so many people try and tune out the ego mind, through meditation or yoga or too much Netflix and ice cream? It’s because sometimes that little voice just gets too dang loud. The ego mind isn’t something to be rid of forever, destroy or break. Rather, it’s a viable and important part of our unique system and it exists for a reason. However, while important and worth honoring, it is also not, as Elizabeth Gilbert says in Big Magic meant to be driving the car or navigating your life. So, give the ego a big hug, honor it, give thanks, be grateful for all your parts and all that you are and then tell it to take a break, put it’s headphones on and content itself with listening to The Beastie Boy’s Sabotage at full volume!

Step 2: Continue to develop self awareness and intuition so that you know who you are and what you are about. Regardless of whether you choose to actually act, move, or make a change, we need a system in place for letting us know what the heck is up. Find what works for you. Maybe your intuition is world class or maybe you get a little twinge in your stomach or you start dropping things and that’s how you know what you’re doing isn’t ‘right’. Maybe there’s a strong clear voice that says do A to get to B. Maybe you dowse or use kinesiology or see the answer written out clearly.... whatever way you use to access and intuit your self awareness, find it and nurture it, because it will tell you everything you need to know. If you are self aware and you can admit to yourself what you are doing; if you hear the alarm bells and can smell the bullshit, then, my friend, you are on your way! Here are some helpful tips:

*Intuition is not a MIND centered activity. Accessing intuition is 100% heart felt. This isn’t an analytical process, it’s felt and it’s deep. (If you’re having a problem with the law of attraction, this is why.) It’s just like when young Jim asks his dad how he should know if his sweetheart is the one and dad says, now son, if you even have to ask, she isn’t. When you know, you just know! Also a good gauge: fuck yes or no. If it’s not fuck yes, it’s a no. Easy-peasy.

*Have faith in your ability to know. Give yourself room and space and permission to feel what is right, give yourself permission to have a choice! A choice ALWAYS exists. Think not? Haha think again! You might not like the choice, but ohhhh baby, it always exists. Give yourself the space to actually hear/feel/intuit an answer.

*Spend time doing whatever it is that you need to do to feel safe practicing discernment. Small things are big things too! Start small. Intuiting seemingly small decisions, choices and outcomes helps hone our intuition and discernment for the seemingly big things.

*Still struggling? Read Nine Simple Laws to

Create Joy and Grace by Sue and Aaron Singleton and/or Glenda Green’s book: Love Without End they are both high power.

*When receiving your answer/guidance and preparing to move forward, try asking for a benevolent outcome. This releases attachment to good or bad outcomes which are really both just weird hierarchies we humans have invented. By asking for a benevolent outcome for yourself and all involved, you’re asking for the best option, which could very well be a surprise or something completely out of this world.

Step 3: Continue to level yourself up as a human being. Do this by letting go of things that you do not need to hang onto: fear, guilt, shame, sadness, feelings of lack, of non-abundance, feeling like a victim, feeling trapped, or feeling dis-empowered or unworthy.

Working with and through this stuff is a life long process, so don’t get caught up here because we’re going to be doing this for our whole lives. Maybe identify the one or two things immediately standing in your way of taking action and work through them NOW.

Step 4: Work on the curse of contentment. It is truly so easy for me to love my life fully wherever or however it is, which can lead me to be complacent. I can sit here with the proverbial house burning down around me and I say: oh wow, it’s so warm in here, this is great, man, look! I can roast marshmallows over my couch!! I hear the alarm bells ringing but I’ve found a way to make myself comfortable and okay within the chaos so I don’t move. Be it my idealistic and optimistic side or just my innate ability to love literally everything, (wait who am I kidding, I’m stubborn as heck) I have trouble moving through to something that might serve me a little bit more in a more benevolent way. So, take it from me, take those rose tinted glasses off, at least just for a bit, to accurately get a handle on your current situation so you can MOVE FORWARD.

* Try a different ride. This is similar to the curse of contentment. I realized the other day that if life is an amusement park, I’ve been riding the same three rides. Sure, they’re loads of fun and I’m having a great time, but there are SO many other rides that are all fun in different ways. If we only experience one or two things we KNOW are fun, we miss out on exploring the rest. You can always go back to your favorite ride at the end of the day!

* I don’t mean to add more books to your overflowing books-I-need-to-read-now list but if you need a solid kick in the pants to get out of a contentment-rut, complete with accountability and action steps read The 4 Hour Workweek by Tim Ferris, it is excellent! For all of the above and more, read the book that changed my life the most this year: Do What You Are by Paul Tieger (make sure to get the most recent edition published in 2014).

Step 5: Woohoo!! You’re here! You’ve got your answers/intuition/next step held in your heart so... act, change and take that next step!! Then, repeat! You’ve made it from A to B but return to the beginning if you need help getting from B to C.

Everyone always says taking the first step is the hardest but honestly it’s nothing to actually getting ready to take the first step. I think most of us waste precious energy and do most of our waffling about and self sabotage before we take our first official step. Hopefully this list will help you (and me) move through our road blocks and get to work on our work!!

Speaking of first steps, what I’ve been working toward is creating a website, so I’m announcing to you, dear reader, that by next month I’ll be able to include a website link at the end of my article. I’ve dithered about long enough and have decided that roasting marshmallows while my house burns down around me is grand but I’d like to roast hotdogs on the grill outside instead. Ahhh, okay! Here’s me holding myself accountable! If you’ve made it this far, thanks for sticking with me to the end. Now go take that next step!! Love, Grace.

Joshua’s Trust ‘Bat Night’

A night of going batty (In a good way)
At the Allanach-Wolf Woodlands in Windham
Friday, August 24 (rain date August 25) - at 7:30 pm,
join Laura Cisneros, bat expert, a visiting professor at the University of Connecticut, when she searches for bats using portable acoustic monitoring devices. She will discuss the natural history of bats in Connecticut and teach you how to record and view a spectrogram image of a bat call. Children are welcome, no dogs please. Bring a headlamp or flashlight and bug spray.
Directions: 165 Back Road, Windham. From Windham Center, take Rt. 14 toward Scotland, take 2nd left to Back Road. Park in designated area left of driveway after turning off Back Road. Register at activities@joshuustrust.org

World Heritage Folklore

Children’s Corner

Ed note: This space will feature contributed stories from Folklore for the development of moral character. Heard over many years, these stories are from around the world.

Woods Traveler’s Jewel

There was a Woods Traveler who, from when he was a young lad, had spent his life peacefully and quietly, traveling through the beautiful parts of the Creation, delighting in the ever-changing beauty, the symphonies of Nature. He tended to travel in the southern climes in cold months, and northern climes in hot. He lived very simply, carrying his few possessions in a sack bag slung over one shoulder. In his sack he had various collections of edibles, useful and edible seeds, wild fruits, salt, various herbs and spices, packets of grains people occasionally gave him when he went through villages or small towns, and also a single pot, about 2 quart size, that served him for all kinds of uses – bathing, cooking, etc. The Woods Traveler’s clothes were also simple, and could be washed and dried, along with himself, within a few hours on a fair day, by a river or pond.

One day, as Woods Traveler was passing through a breathtaking forest with sun spangled birdsong filled glades, traversing a narrow path made by small herds of wild animals, he came across a precious stone the size of a small plum. Looking at it admiringly for some time, he put it in his sack along with all the other things, and continued on his way.

A few weeks later, he met another traveler from a large town some miles distant, heading the same direction. The Town man’s story was different, he was discouraged with the struggle to keep body and soul together, to keep up with the demands that engulfed his every waking moment. He couldn’t get a decent job, his house needed repairs, he was worried about the future of his parents and younger siblings.

Woods Traveler and Town Man, walked together for some time, amicably sharing their philosophies. As the sun approached noon, Woods Traveler stopped to prepare food for them both from local greens, fruits, and the assortment of things in his sack. When Woods Traveler opened the sack wide, to get the ingredients he wanted, Town Man saw the plum sized jewel. His eyes bulged. He could not restrain himself, and immediately asked Woods Traveler, “Can I have that?”

Woods Traveler passed the jewel quickly to him, with a smile of gracious happiness. Then he continued preparing the lunch, and they ate together.

Town Man was now itching to go, and soon after the meal was finished, left with profuse thanks to Woods Traveler. He was giddy with joy about his new acquisition. Woods Traveler watched Town Man leaving, a mixture of skips, and leaps of joy. Town Man knew that his financial problems were now over, he would no longer have to struggle horribly to keep his body and soul together, he would be able to help his parents and siblings, and to live very comfortably for the rest of his life.

Woods Traveler rested for some time, getting up after the heat of the day had passed, and continued walking. A few days and about 50 miles later, he had passed 2 more villages and a small town. Woods Traveler stopped to make his daily meal, near the shade of a thicket made by wild grape climbing over black birch trees, in which he planned to take his afternoon rest. He had just gotten his fire going, and had filled his pot with water from a nearby creak, and gathered some greens, when he heard a hooting noise. Someone was calling him. Looking up, Woods Traveler beheld the figure of a man in the distance waving his arms wildly in the air, and moving choppily towards him. Woods Traveler quietly waited for the man’s approach.

Lo! It was Town Man, his travel companion from a few days back. Gasping and dusty, the man stopped near him, and sank to the ground, his chest heaving, his body wet from his exertions to reach Woods Traveler. It was some minutes before he could regain his breath. Woods Traveler stood near him with his pot of water, concern written over his brow. Town Man gratefully took a deep drink. Then looked up at Woods Traveler imploringly. He held out his hand with the precious jewel on his open palm, and said:

“O Teacher! I need to know! Please, take this precious jewel back, and give me that which let you give it to me in the first place!”

What did Town Man really want?

Submitted by P.K. Willey

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Opinion

If Democrats Are Going to Win, We Need the Right Candidates

By Nick Fulchino

I’ve been thinking a lot about how the Democrats can win again. Dan Pfeiffer’s Yes We (Still) Can was an excellent read that had me jotting campaign strategy ideas into the notes section of my Kindle while also laughing, crying, and screaming at the device. There were some lines that really stuck out to me. The first one echoed the lesson I taught an intern working on the campaign I’m managing this summer. He wrote, “My first encounter in politics was one befitting a Democrat: I got my ass kicked.” It’s just like I told Jenna on that very first day of work. “We’re liberals. We’re good at losing.”

I think part of why that rings true is we often ignore what our heart tells us is right because we are afraid of losing and overthink. Avoiding our better judgment seems to be a message that Pfeiffer reiterates throughout the book. Like he says, the candidate who is trying to not lose will lose. The candidate who is playing to win will win. If you aren’t taking risks, if you aren’t being bold, if you aren’t crafting a narrative, you aren’t playing to win.

One of the messages that Pfeiffer brings home in the closing pages of his book is that we need to rethink ‘electability’ in the age of Trump. He writes about this early on when narrating his experience playing Michael Dukakis in a mock debate at school. “I knew more about the issues and positions of both candidates. And in what should be an object lesson for generations of Democrats, I still got killed.” Near the end, he kind of alludes to this by talking about the need to expand beyond traditional conventions about what makes a candidate electable.

Pfeiffer brings up an interesting lesson from his time working for Barack Obama during the 2008 election. He retells the story of a New York Timeseditorial that focused on Obama’s candidacy. It reads, in part, “His experience as an antipoverty organizer in Chicago, for example, gives him a deep grasp of a crucial twenty-first-century challenge — poverty in America — that almost all politicians lack.” Here, the editorialist is making the point that Barack Obama’s experience on the ground and working with people directly affected by policy is what distinguished him from the rest of the candidates running in 2008, and it was not a negative thing as both the Clinton and McCain campaigns suggested. Instead, it was something that shows Barack Obama understood policy in a way others did not.

Jason Kander has a saying. “We’re Democrats. We give a damn. How did we ever let people convince us that was a weakness?” Jason Kander is right. The strength of the Democratic Party comes in the form of our commitment to people and concern for them. The Democratic Party cares. The Democratic Party is about people.

With this mindset, the question for Democratic voters should become, Which candidate has the most experience working with people? Community organizers are not unqualified for public office. They are perhaps more qualified than your traditional lawyer-turned-candidate. When you know people, you know policy. More importantly, you understand how policy affects people. When you have that, you can build a narrative and a rationale for your candidacy.

Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez may not have been a traditional community organizer, but she was someone deeply involved in her community and someone who understood the issues impacting that community. It enabled her to take out one of the most powerful and entrenched politicians in the country. She’s a 28-year-old bartender who is going to enter Washington on January 2019 as one of the most high profile members of Congress. I also have absolute faith that she will be a damned good congresswoman. Why? Because she knows and understands the issues affecting her constituents.

It’s simple. If you know your community and what affects your community, you are better positioned to help your community.

In Connecticut, questions like these are dominating the Democratic primary for Lieutenant Governor. Community organizer and labor and healthcare activist Eva Bermudez Zimmerman is 31 years old and running for Lieutenant Governor against Susan Bysiewicz, who has run for nearly every constitutional statewide office. Do you go with the tried candidate who has been packaged multiple times in various ways? Or should Democrats take a chance on the young and energetic candidate who is working directly with people who are affected by policies passed in Hartford?

I hope the Democrats in Connecticut listen to those from New York’s 14th congressional district. In



Massachusetts’ 7th congressional district, Representative Mike Capuano faces a primary challenge from Boston City Councilor Ayanna Pressley. While Capuano has been in Washington for the last 20 years, his Wikipedia page lists one major legislative achievement. He certainly deserves credit for that, and I don’t pretend to know more about Capuano’s record than the voters of the 7th, but I do know that Ayanna Pressley’s website abounds with achievements she has made at the local level. Again, there is every indication she works for, but most importantly: with, the people she is seeking to represent.

Some may reject my argument and insist that incumbents are fully capable of working with their constituents. I agree. Absolutely. There are plenty of members of Congress who go to Washington and remember where they came from. My Congressman, Joe Courtney, is constantly holding town hall events, showing up at fairs and community events, and fighting for local issues just as much as he fights the Trump Administration on national issues. There were many towns in my congressional district that voted for Trump and for my Democratic congressman. It is absolutely possible for members of congress to remain true representatives of their constituents. It’s when they don’t that we should look elsewhere.

With the recent retirement of Supreme Court justice Anthony Kennedy, it is important for Democrats to organize at every level of government, be it federal, state, or local. Whether it’s city council or president, we need to put forward our best candidates. We need to run bold campaigns that speak directly to voters and focus on the issues voters care about. We need candidates who can speak to these voters.

Instead of trying to not lose, Democrats should fight to win. The best candidates are those who understand their community. Nominate them and help them win in November. Please. I’m tired of losing.

Nick Fulchino of Pomfret is a senior at Saint Anselm College in Manchester, NH. He also is managing State Representative Pat Boyd’s campaign for reelection and is active on his local Democratic Town Committee.

‘Arts on Main’ in Coventry

Submitted by Ruth O’Neil

The Historic Coventry Village will be host to a new event called “Arts On Main” on Sunday, August 26. Taking place from 1-7 P.M., the day will include art workshops, art vendors, children’s activities, musical performances, food vendors, a showcase of world renowned local sculptor David Hayes, free face painting, henna tattoos, caricatures, balloon art and more. Main Street merchants and restaurants will be open, showcasing their specialties. The several antique and collectibles shops will be a particular draw.

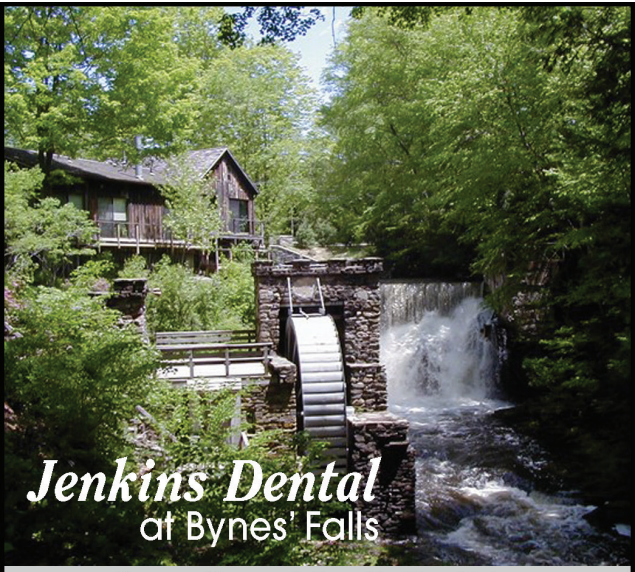
“Arts on Main” is an expanded variation the Coventry Arts Guild’s “Arts in the Park” Day which had been held in early September the past two years. With major renovations along Main Street (Route 31) having been completed, it was decided to create a new event to bring public attention to Main Street’s new look and to find ways to continue to support the local business community.

A special highlight of the day is the opening of a three week exhibit of the works of well-known Coventry artist, David Hayes. The show of paintings and sculpture will be presented in the renovated Mill Brook Place (formerly known as the historic Tracy Shoddy Mill). Mill Brook Place is located in the rear of the parking lot at 1267 Main Street. The show “Modern Master David Hayes” will also include a selection of outdoor photographs by Mary Hayes Siegrist, daughter of the featured artist. See details online at: <http://coventryartsguild.org/dvhayes.html>.

Another feature of the day will be musical performances throughout the afternoon at the Mill Brook Gazebo and Park which is adjacent to the Mill Brook Place. An evening concert, sponsored by the Town, will take place from 5 to 7 at the Gazebo. Other musical performances will take place along Main Street on the lawn of Coventry Arts and Antiques and near the Preserved Antiques Shoppe. “Arts On Main” is free to attend and open to the public. Shuttle buses will be available at the GH Robertson School and the Captain Nathan Hale Middle School.

Arts Vendors are currently being sought (<http://coventryartsguild.org/artfest.html>). For more information on being a vendor, or to volunteer to help, contact the Coventry Arts Guild at: info@coventryartsguild.org.

Please visit the “ArtsOnMainCoventry” Facebook page for more details leading up to the event as well as the day’s schedule of event.



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Clarifying Gandhi # 33:

The Day We Met Jey-ji

By P.K. Willey

“One has to be transformed continuously so that one can transform others.” –Jey-ji.

I remember that pre-monsoon season day of 2008. We had just exited the Aravind Eye Hospital in Madurai, Tamil Nadu, India, where we had come for treatment for what ended up to be a minor issue. We were to return in the evening to pick up a new prescription of glasses. At the gate, we paused, wondering which direction we should take, the sun advancing in hot degrees. The hospital gate guard suggested to us, “Why don’t you go to the Gandhi Memorial Center? It is close by.”

We felt the advice was rather serendipitous, and hailed an auto rickshaw – a three wheeled type of transport. Very soon, bumping along the wide avenues filled with vegetable vendors, cows, dogs, the auto deposited us at the gate of the Center; fare settled, we walked in.

We lived abstemiously, and procuring ‘safe’ drink and food is always an issue when traveling; we hoped to find a water source inside the large compound. Soon, walking past an exact replica of Gandhi’s last ‘home’ in Sevagram village, and then a much larger than life statue of Gandhi, we were in an extensive library, overjoyed by our sudden good luck to find one. Several floors, it was exhaustive on matters of Gandhi, the vast ocean of Indian philosophy, history, and more. It is sad to describe the paucity of good libraries available to the public in the rest of the world – what we have (or had) in the USA, does not exist. Issues of air conditioning, dust, humidity, thievery, make a different atmosphere for books, and further restrict their availability. If a school has a ‘library’ it is usually a glass shelf under lock and key. Kind permission must be sought to touch the books.

We were soon talking to the librarian, who told us we must meet Dr. Jeypragsam, the Director of the Gandhian Center and Museum, and the Gandhi Studies Program at Kamraj University in Madurai. Our New England ethos ever indelible, we weren’t sure we wanted to have a formal meeting with a ‘titled person’. I wanted to spend the time with the books. We had seen the smelly side of VIP (Very Important Person) receptions where we were stationed in Kerala, the constant classification of people into shades of higher and lower, and it frankly sickened our Yankee sensibilities to the core. We didn’t want to sit somewhere, grinning idiotically and politely, getting into ‘who’s who that I know and you know’. But, the librarian was insistent; there is only so much you can do when you are on other people’s turf.

Within 30 minutes, we were trundled into a waiting auto that careened now through smaller alleys, stopping at a door of a multi-storied white-washed building divided up into uses for many purposes. We went up a narrow staircase, and were ushered into what appeared to be a working office area, where a lovely young woman was typing, looked up with a smile at us, an elegant older lady was organizing papers (we later learned it was his wife and a daughter) and then into another room, furnished with a bare table and hard chairs. In a few short moments, Dr. Jeypragsam came in and greeted us warmly.

What a surprise! We were in the presence of a human Brother, a natural leader, a genuinely humble, sincere, incredibly sensitive, aware, broadminded, helpful

Jey-ji with CESCEI workshop participants and teachers in the amphitheater. Jey-ji is in the center of the group in white shirt. Contributed photo.

person. He began to describe the work he was doing, and was keen to have us understand it, and to participate in anyway we felt we could. The vast scope of what he was attempting to accomplish for the most part, took much longer than that initial meeting to gain a perspective on, and is still something in its totality that I am trying to grasp. There were health issues that living in high heat for many years were causing me, and sitting under a fan was physically relieving, as was the cold water he brought to quench our thirst, removing the fine dry dust from our throats. India is a land of physical duress, urban hells, requiring endurance for most people without access to secure amenities. It can overwhelm the mind.

Very soon, I understood that Dr. Jeypragsam had gone to one of my alma mater, the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where he had worked with Dr. Joseph Elder. It hard to encapsulate the array of noble works of Dr. Elder. His influence on thousands of lives for the good, a Gandhian scholar, sociologist, documentary maker, has caused rippling arenas of human understanding and appreciation through innumerable avenues, including the UW-Madison College Year in India program, which I attended for my junior year at ECSU. So dear to us is Joe Elder, that as soon as I met him, I knew I had to get him into our family; later, he and his wife became God-parents to my children. In India, the suffix ‘ji’ added to a name denotes respect. In India, Gandhiji is a matter of course. Joe-ji was the only person I used that suffix with, that is, until I met Jey-ji.

India is politically held together as a single country, but, in actuality is made up of over 22 different ‘countries’, each with their own distinct language, often scripts, local dress, tribal and cultural pockets within them, cultural norms; they are united by a secular ethos of philosophical understanding, that makes them uniquely ‘Indian’ despite the differences. Gandhi and those working with him had set up a ‘nation wide’ Constructive Program. It was to build the idea of a united nationhood into people deeply entrenched by feudal memories to time, place, group and self -identity.

Basic Education or Nayee Talim, was one part of it. Developing a national language for interstate communication, recovering and encouraging the economic revival of artisan skills for creating sustainable local economic systems; social awareness – abolishing and re-educating caste mentalities , social sanitation, adult literacy, Nature Cure – a people’s pharmacy based on indigenous medical knowledge, women’s uplift, widow uplift; it was an enormous, multi-pronged approach to ameliorating India’s pressing social and economic problems. With monies donated to him, Gandhi created huge trusts to provide for the promotion of the Constructive Program into perpetuity.

No leader works alone, and after Gandhi’s assassination, many noble people rose up to carry on one aspect or another of the Constructive Program, or to initiate their own responses to the challenges they saw in their environs, to live lives of social service inspired by Gandhi’s ethics. As did Jey-ji.

Talking that day in Madurai, our commonalities of ethics began to emerge: our two families continued to bear the tragic loss of a grown child; the challenge keep the family functioning and a team, despite the aching hole caused by death. We shared an intellectual vibrancy with which we approached life, and principles of social equality that are the cornerstone of Gandhian thought as well as our

Yankee ethos – Oh! He was so refreshing in that land of feudal thinking! Coming from those dubbed ‘lower caste’ Jey-ji faced insurmountable odds. It is difficult to describe how a system of social slavery works its way out in society, even when the ‘status’ of whose it would oppress has superseded its purveyors. Insidious, pervading, cloaked in layers of invisible innuendo, it takes cultural acclimation to recognize its constant oppressions, and even then, one is powerless to a very large extent to do anything about it personally, other than a ‘one-off’. Imagine visiting the well organized social system of slavery when it was going on the US, or visiting many countries around the planet today where strong social hierarchies are in place and practice, where questioning, resisting the overall mind-set is like standing before an opened dam.

No one who has been touched by Gandhi’s life and exploration of truth can remain indifferent. Jey-ji described the history of his effort to help the nation through Gandhian principles. Through the avenue of his Professorship, he created the International Gandhian Initiative for Nonviolence and Peace, and brought out an international scholarly journal to spread awareness of Gandhi’s ideas. On his own initiative, he began a Center for Experience in Social and Cultural Interactions – CESEI. Located in a sylvan atmosphere outside of Madurai, CESEI is a rural oasis. We were charmed by its few simple buildings and guest quarters; all created in indigenous patterns of architecture and building materials, earthen walls and floors. CESEI represents the India that is breathable, deeply relaxing, innately artistic, comfortable, a far cry from urban life and settings. It reflects the India that Gandhi struggled to recreate out of ancient archetypes of a formerly sustainable rural life.

CESEI has an outdoor amphitheater where large presentations, plays, performances were naturally aurally enhanced with easy visual access; an open kitchen, where cleanliness was transparent. At CESEI, Jey-ji hosted and held frequent weekend workshops for groups of people, very often students from ‘less notable schools’ eg, non elite, non-colonial education oriented. The full scope of his work there is still unknown to me. People helping people, meaningfully.

All too soon our enthusiastic meeting came to a close, we had to get back to the Aravind Eye Hospital; had to catch the overnight train back to where we were stationed in Kerala. But, our connection was now forever established, bonded by love of pure ideals, respect for individual efforts to actualize them.

In the months and years to come, we returned several times, for research at the Gandhian Studies Center, and to participate in workshops at CESEI. We learned about Ektaparishad, and met P.V. Rajogopal and his Canadian wife, Jill Carr-Harris. A beautiful world of meaningful, sincere connections to genuinely caring people through Jey-ji’s work continues to emerge across our planet. More than anything, Jey-ji’s support for our individual efforts, helped us to begin our own works.

Perhaps this is the great gift of Gandhi, seen through Jey-ji, the unleashing of the individual to use universal principles of morality or Earth Ethics, through their own genius to work with others to find a way forward for the good of society, which lies in our children.

Our small family was so truly blessed to meet you, Jey-ji, you did transform our lives. In memoriam to Dr. Jeypragsam, January 18, 1949 – July 11, 2018.

Best Ways to Save for College

By James Zahansky, AWMA

The value of an education extends far beyond the cost of tuition or the completion of your diploma. An education provides a framework for your career and is proven to have a positive relationship with an individual's income.



However, with rising costs, providing an education for children or grandchildren can be difficult. Knowing that education may just be one of your financial life goals, how will you plan to achieve it?

At Weiss & Hale Financial, we understand that each family may face unique situations when trying to achieve their education planning goals. What savings vehicles are best for my situation? How can I project future earnings to support this goal? Throughout August, we will address these questions and more so you may Plan Well for your education savings goals.

For families who are saving and paying for education, federal tax breaks are a great way to ease the financial burden. Here's an overview of some of the options:

Qualified tuition programs (529 plans)

Sponsored by states or educational institutions, qualified tuition programs allow you to prepay, or contribute to an account for paying, a student's higher education expenses. The earnings grow tax-deferred, and distributions are tax-free when used for qualified postsecondary education costs.

Coverdell education savings accounts (ESAs)

Similar to a 529 plan, a Coverdell ESA allows earnings to grow tax-deferred, and distributions are tax-free when used for qualified education costs. The American Taxpayer Relief Act of 2012 permanently extended the \$2,000 annual contribution limit. In addition to qualified postsecondary education costs, distributions from a Coverdell ESA can be used to pay for certain elementary and secondary school expenses, including computer equipment and Internet access used by the student and the student's family.

U.S. savings bonds

EE and I bonds purchased after 1989 by someone at least 24 years old may be redeemed tax-free when the bondholder pays for qualified education expenses for himself or herself, his or her spouse, or a dependent. Qualified expenses are tuition and fees to attend a postsecondary school or contributions to a 529 plan or Coverdell ESA. For 2017, the tax exclusion is phased out for incomes between \$78,150 and \$93,150 (between \$117,250 and \$147,250 for married taxpayers filing jointly). These income limits increase each year.

Individual retirement accounts (IRAs)

Early withdrawal penalties are waived when you use a Roth or traditional IRA to pay qualified higher education costs for yourself, your spouse, your children, or your grandchildren. (Taxes may still be due on the withdrawals, however.)

American Opportunity tax credit

You can claim the American Opportunity credit for 100 percent of the first \$2,000 and 25 percent of the next \$2,000 of an eligible student's higher education tuition and mandatory fees—a maximum \$2,500 annual tax credit

per student. An eligible student may be yourself, your spouse, or a dependent. Students may take the credit only if they are not claimed as a dependent on another person's tax return. For 2017, the credit is phased out for incomes between \$80,000 and \$90,000 (between \$160,000 and \$180,000 for married taxpayers filing jointly). The credit is reserved for students who are attending a degree program at least half-time, and it can only be used for the first four academic years of postsecondary education.

Lifetime Learning tax credit

You may claim the Lifetime Learning credit for 20 percent of up to \$10,000 in combined postsecondary tuition and mandatory fees for yourself, your spouse, or your dependent—a \$2,000 tax credit. For 2017, the credit is phased out for incomes between \$56,000 and \$66,000 (between \$112,000 and \$132,000 for married taxpayers filing jointly). You may not take the credit if you are claimed as a dependent on someone else's tax return. The Lifetime Learning credit cannot be used with the American Opportunity credit for the same student in the same year. Unlike the American Opportunity credit, the Lifetime Learning credit doesn't require the student to be enrolled in a degree program at least half-time, and there is no limit on the number of years the credit may be taken.

Deduction for student loan interest

You can take an above-the-line deduction of up to \$2,500 for student loan interest as long as the debt was incurred to pay higher education costs for yourself, your spouse, or a dependent. For 2017, the deduction is phased out for incomes between \$65,000 and \$80,000 (between \$130,000 and \$160,000 for married taxpayers filing jointly). To qualify for the deduction, the student must be enrolled at least half-time in a degree program. A student claimed as a dependent may not take the deduction on his or her own return.

Tax-free scholarships

Most scholarships and grants are tax-free if the recipient does not have to provide services in exchange for the award, the recipient is a degree candidate at an eligible institution, and the funds are used to pay qualified education expenses.

For more information on tax incentives for education, visit www.weissandhale.com/resources and see the link "Tax Benefits for Education."

This material has been provided for general informational purposes only and does not constitute either tax or legal advice. Although we go to great lengths to make sure our information is accurate and useful, we recommend you consult a tax preparer, professional tax advisor, or lawyer.

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News From Willington's Gardiner Hall Jr. Museum

By Pamm Summers

The Gardiner Hall Jr. Museum is open every Tuesday from 9:30 - 11:30 during July and August! The new displays, newly framed relics, and updated arrangements of counters give a much more open and navigation friendly atmosphere in the Museum. Joan and I have been hard at work on improving the flow in the past months.

Most helpful to us would be the acquisition of more photographs of the village and mill during its years of operation by the Hall family. If you

have any that you would like to donate or put on loan to us please feel free to contact us via email: info@ec-chap.org

We have recently acquired several amazing artifacts on loan from a donor. Without her permission she will remain anonymous for now but what she's loaned us are artifacts that will be very important in telling the story of what life was like in Willington during the years the Mills was in operation. We were very happy to receive this generous loan. Please come by to see them once they've been prepared and put on display.

We'll keep the public posted on when this will happen.

It's cool, quiet and a fascinating place visit this summer! Stop in and pass the time with us, we'd love to show you around and talk about Willington's history!

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The Grisly Death of Baby Girl from Griswold

By Mark Mathew Braunstein
www.MarkBraunstein.Org

Good Girls on Bad Drugs: Addiction Nonfiction of the Unhappy Hookers portrays the shattered lives of drug addicts who, in their hustle for drugs, became streetwalkers and internet escorts. The book chronicles the sex workers of Willimantic, New London, Norwich, and Connecticut’s two casinos. This is the eighth excerpt from the book in *Neighbors*. Part One of this chapter appeared last month. www.GoodGirlsOnBadDrugs.com

Part TWO

Kera was a dropout from society. Rather than seek society’s approval, she sought its disapproval. She was an antisocial rebel who thrilled to be judged harshly. And she was a sexual rebel. She poked fun at sexual norms through her banter, peppered with innuendoes about sex and her own sex work. As a willowy blonde, she garnered attention wherever she went, yet she acted modestly and walked demurely, even when she worked the streets. Though raised in the cozy safety of the placid suburbs, she felt at home in the urban jungle and showed no fear while on the prowl for johns.

Kera had repeatedly dabbled in heroin and binged on crack. During drinking sprees, in bars she drank Bacardi and Coke. From liquor stores, her quick fix was Fireball, a cinnamon-flavored whiskey whose label warns, “It tastes like heaven, burns like hell. What happens next is up to you.” No telling what happens next with angelic yet fiery Kera. She could rarely sit still, and her psyche was hard to pin down. Even her drug use defied convention. With only sporadic drug habits to feed, her monetary needs were modest. Usually her boyfriends supported her. When in between boyfriends, johns bankrolled her. To pick up johns, she steered clear of pictorial Backpage. Instead she flew below the cops’ radar by placing only text ads on Craigslist. Or she flew right in their faces by streetwalking in Norwich.

Unlike most streetwalkers, Kera never deceived or swindled johns. Instead she made friends with them. She had friends of all ages and from all walks of life and all over town. From the weary old lady who worked the night-shift at Walgreens on West Main, to the hippie youths who cohabited downtown in the artist collective, to the lone gay with cerebral palsy who limped along the downtown streets. When she walked those streets, she knew nearly everyone she saw. Given ten minutes, she could make new friends with the rest, even with the poor and the homeless, because she, too, was always poor and sometimes homeless. Kera was a free spirit who, even on the streets, shared her spirit freely.

Kera speaks:

My name is Kera. I am 34. At five years old, I was dragged into the woods by a stranger and raped. From five to thirteen, I was molested by my older step-sister. At 12, my virginity was taken at a party at a hotel. At 16, my stepfather tried molesting me and two months later my mom married him anyway. From 13 to 17, with my first love, I was in an abusive relationship. Subsequent relationships were always abusive. So that is what brought me to doing drugs and prostituting to buy those drugs.

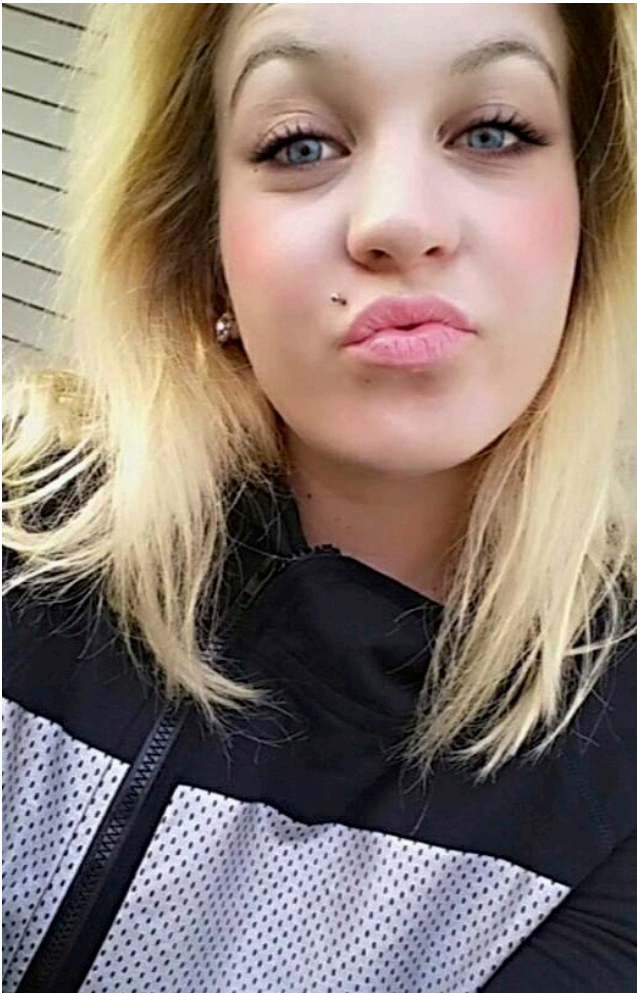
A half year ago, I sniffed these tiny bags of dope that ended up being fentanyl. I got so scared, I was freaking out. I thought I was going to die. So someone stayed with me and brought me crack to make sure my heartbeat went up.

Just three months ago, my boyfriend and me got into a fight and he left me at the Groton Walmart, not far from the Flagship Inn. I was getting ready to hold up a sign, not to panhandle, but to get a ride home, when I saw coming from Walmart my friends, Toni and Kacie. They were a couple. They do heroin. Toni said, “Get your ass in this truck.” I jump in, and Missy Crickmore was in the backseat.

I knew Missy. I explained my situation, that I couldn’t go back to where I was living. So Missy offered me to come with her to the motel. And I said, “Hell yeah. Let’s make some money. Let’s go.” That’s how I ended up meeting Adele. She was in her forties, a very helpful woman trying to make sure that the younger girls weren’t taken advantage of and were safe in what they were doing. She was not their pimp.

If there was a pimp, it was Johnny, Missy’s boyfriend who was their crack dealer. Not Ramon Gomez, their heroin dealer. He had nothing to do with prostitution. I hope he does not get pinned for that.

In the ads there were different pseudonyms for the same people. My name was Sarah in my own ads



Olivia’s selfie at age 17, which illustrated her escort ads. Contributed photo.

on Craigslist. I never put my photo up. I’m not stupid. I have tattoos that my family would recognize in a heartbeat. I know my significant others look up those ads. We all do, for entertainment.

Girls always put in the ads, Two Girls Available. The two or three girls all use the same single room with one bed. Unless the guy wants her to, they don’t do dates at the same time, the other girl leaves and goes for a walk. Or if they do dates at the same time, one brings them to the bathroom and one uses the bed.

I don’t give away my pussy. The only thing I’ve ever done for money is oral. I had one experience being stuck in the room with Missy. She was having sex with the guy I fixed her up with. A sub base navy guy, young, black, an officer. He had a Mercedes. He was single, no kids, wanted sex with no strings attached, just gratification, which a lot of people do. He wanted me there because he trusted me, not her. He handed me a big bottle of Svedka, an expensive vodka. I tend to drink when I’m going through emotional bullshit, which is better than doing drugs. I’m sitting there drinking shots because I really wasn’t in the mood to watch these people have sex.

I was in that motel room for only a couple of days. That lifestyle wasn’t for me. The Flagship Inn is a low-quality motel. You’re not going to get flat-screen TVs there. Only floral prints on the walls. Very thin, low-grade army blankets. Under the bed a dusty, dirty carpet that hasn’t been cleaned in months. Missy told me that the owners were watching who’s going in the rooms. But she was paranoid. It was her crack. I don’t think the owners cared as long as what they saw wasn’t overtly or obviously illegal.

I left several days before Olivia arrived. A feasible possibility of what happened is Missy had done the same dope as Olivia. They both nodded out. Olivia probably died and Missy was lucky enough to come to. Missy was always looking to Adele for confirmation for what she should do, so she probably called Adele, the mother figure, and said, “We got some bad shit. I don’t know what to do.” [Kera’s speaking ends]

Adele was away on an outcall. Upon her return more than three hours after Olivia had nodded out, she found Olivia unresponsive. First, Adele tried to hide the stash, but her attempt was unsuccessful. The cops still found three strewn syringes, one of them inexplicably filled with heroin. Inexplicable because a heroin addict filling a syringe and yet not shooting up was like an archer drawing the string on a bow and then not shooting the arrow. Next, Adele attempted to delete from Backpage any evidence of Olivia’s ad. That effort, too, was unsuccessful, as the ad for Baby still circulated on several offshoot websites, including BigCity and EvilEmpire, onto which Backpage regurgitated its escort ads. And the cops would later find the ad still residing on Adele’s cellphone. Finally, shielded by Connecticut’s good Samaritan overdose law, Adele phoned 9-1-1 to summon help to revive Olivia. But that attempt failed, too. The double dose of Narcan was administered

too late. Olivia died. And the doomed Baby Girl perished with her.

Bouthillier, Gomez, and Crickmore all were arrested. From their separate jail cells, they accused each other for Olivia’s death. Groton police charged Gomez and Crickmore with violation of probation and Gomez alone with promoting prostitution. Federal DEA agents additionally charged Bouthillier and Gomez with dealing heroin.

Omitted from news reports and court documents, a piece of this puzzle is missing. Whose was that heroin-filled third syringe? While being recorded, K.K. abruptly cut herself off three times. What did she stop herself from saying? Weeks later, while unrecorded, K.K. echoed the talk on the streets that Gomez was with Olivia on that fateful night, and that upon sampling his fentanyl-laced heroin she began feeling queasy and breathing heavily, early signs of a looming overdose. Fearful for his role in what played out to become Olivia’s death, rather than seek help he may have fled in fright. And left behind even his cherished heroin-filled syringe.

Soon after her death, Olivia Elizabeth Roark’s Facebook page at www.facebook.com/elizabeth.mclaughlin.739 became a memorial. “Remembering Olivia Elizabeth” featured over a hundred selfies, including the one posted on her Backpage ad. Two months after her death was publicized by the news media, she had been followed by 1,149 and friendied by 4,934.

Megan, who had introduced Olivia to Gomez, was among Olivia’s Facebook friends. A year after Olivia’s death and Gomez’s arrest, Megan herself was convicted of dealing heroin. Maybe she had moved in on his vacated turf.

Melissa Crickmore, too, was among Olivia’s FB friends. On her own profile, Melissa (self-described “Bad bitch”) displayed more than 160 selfies. Two were prescient reflections in the gravestone of another girlfriend who died eight years earlier, also at age 17. Melissa was also listed as among Adele’s 255 friends.

Adele Bouthillier (on Facebook, “Lives in Groton, Connecticut. Currently in between jobs”), however, was not one of Olivia’s FB friends. After less than three months in jail, she was transferred to a federal drug treatment program. Such royal treatment may have been in exchange for her snitching on others. While in cushy drug rehab, she accessed the internet and updated her Facebook page with this fleeting entry:

Hi Facebook family and friends. I’m not sure what any of you heard about me on the news or Facebook. I’m not going to explain it all I can say is in my addiction I’ve made some very bad decisions and those decisions caused people hurt and for that im sorry. I can’t change what I’ve done. I’m working everyday to be a better person. I ask that the people that are posting hateful things on my page or sending me death threats to kindly leave me alone. I’m not going to give up or go away. I’m sorry you are hurting but being mean and hateful isn’t going to make things change. And to the people who love me thank you all for believing in me. Xoxo

Adele pled guilty to dealing heroin and to sex trafficking of a minor. While awaiting sentencing, she was sequestered in an undisclosed Federal penitentiary with her name absent from both state and Federal online inmate rosters. In October of 2017, upon her sentencing to four years in prison, she was whisked faraway to a Federal prison in Minnesota.

Ramon Gomez, too, pled guilty to both charges. He cut a deal by ratting on his main supplier and a bevy of other local drug traffickers, most who soon were busted. Unlike Adele’s case, his squeal deal was duly acknowledged in the court records. (Watch your back, Gomez!) Two months after Adele’s sentencing, he was leniently sentenced to eight years in a corporate-run Federal penitentiary nearby in Rhode Island. Gomez (on Facebook, “Lives in New London, Connecticut. Self-employed and loving it!”) was absent from among Olivia’s FB friends. For many years hence, Gomez shall also remain absent from ill-fated room 106 of the ill-reputed Flagship Inn.

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7.19.18 Mike Bloomer, Peter Rost and Joey Primo aka Vitamin B-3 perform at Willimantic's 3rd Thursday Streetfest.
Pete Polomski photo.

The New Revolution in Music

Getting Help

By William Rood Jr.

Growing up in Windham and going to school in Willimantic, I was fortunate to have some excellent music teachers. Thanks to these heroes of the Windham Public Schools Music Department I was able to learn how to read music, how to play instruments and how to work with others. I was also very, very fortunate to go to school in a diverse community. Truthfully, I owe a debt to the Puerto Rican musicians of Willimantic, with whom I grew up, because without them I surely wouldn't be doing this today. The idea that I could do music for a job hadn't really occurred to me. That is, until a friend said to me, "Hey I know these guys that are looking for another musician. It's 'Spanish' music. We'll be playing in these dance clubs out in Hartford and it pays." Now, for a kid in high school that was quite a proposition! – It pays money? You mean I can make as much as I do working in the grocery store? Playing music? I'm sold.

Thanks to very supportive parents, a strong love for music and a desire to help others I was allowed the opportunity to study music education in college. Although I studied classical and contemporary art music at the Hartt School, during this time I continued working with my Puerto Rican friends and continued my involvement in this outstanding musical culture. At the time I probably didn't realize how significant this really was. At one point I even played in the horn sections for famous musicians when they came from Puerto Rico to do their New England tours. To me, it was nothing less than unbelievable.

With my musical experiences closely tied to the sounds of a different culture, my mind was consequently opened to so many different possibilities of what music could be. (If you think about it, being open-minded about music isn't all that easy....I'll talk more about that in a future column.) Yes, I became open-minded about music and I am very grateful for this. Working with the merengue bands helped me as a musician and helped me even more as a person. I've since experienced many performance opportunities with Finnish folk and dance music, West African percussion music, Puerto Rican folkloric and traditional music alongside various genres of Jazz, Blues, R&B, Funk, Rock and even a little Musical Theatre here and there. My appreciation for music of the world is so much more than just listening to a "World Music" station on Pandora.

I'd love to print the names of the people that have been a positive influence and have helped me along the way. However, the column would be much too long and I might accidentally leave someone out. Needless to say, I'm very grateful to my brothers and sisters in music.

The point of this is not to brag about my life but, rather, admit that I've had help. Yes this column encourages the "do it yourself" musicians but here is the point: although I write about how you can record your own music and distribute it to the world on your own, I am not saying that you shouldn't ever get help from others. Actually, today is a time like no other to get help from others! It is no exaggeration to say that you can get support from musicians, recording engineers and producers from all around the world.

First, try to be open-minded about music. It may be difficult at first but listen to new music. Yes, listen to new music. Listen to obscure music. Listen to independent music. You can meet these artists on Youtube, Soundcloud, Twitter, and other online platforms. Furthermore, (here's where it gets good) many of these independent creators are very willing to collaborate with you.

Through modern technology music is returning to what it was early in human history. Art is becoming free again. Music, storytelling, visual and dramatic arts were

once experienced together as a community and put forth into the world as true expression of our humanity. Think of our ancestors singing together around a campfire, think of each telling a story, sharing a new song.... Maybe we don't do this around a literal campfire anymore, (okay, okay some do) but the collaborations are happening online heedless of geographical boundaries. A singer from here in small-town USA can work with a guitar-slinger from France, an electronic music producer from Italy and a percussionist from the Netherlands. Even a few years back I couldn't have even imagined this possibility. Now I know that this is happening every single day, I have first-hand experience and it is virtually life-changing. For example, the last album that I produced featured musicians from: Paris,France; Scotland,UK; Sydney, Australia; Chesaning, Michigan and a good friend from Columbia, CT.

Music, which has been driven by American radical consumerism and corporate greed, is now going back to its roots and the music industry doesn't like it. The last gasps of this dying behemoth can be witnessed every time you get in your car with the radio turned on. Have you noticed that the exact same song is on at the exact same time every single day? The song doesn't even need to be good. No, they just to play it over and over again to beat it into your head. Or, maybe like so many others, you don't even listen to commercial radio anymore. Instead you download your podcasts, stream your music from your phone or other device and head on down the road. It's no wonder people (especially the young) are leaving the radio stations in droves.

Maybe you're someone who can sing or play an instrument but still you feel like you can't be a musician: you're not capable of growing one of those nice beards, you don't own a black vest and you have no idea where you'd even buy a beret. Well, it's a new day in the music world. Some just don't want you to know it. They want music to be some special club that only a select few can be part of and this is not only the famous musicians – local musicians can be just as guilty of this. (I have to say here that as a skinny, six foot plus white boy I never quite looked the part in the merengue bands but I was, nevertheless, welcomed into the community! I've learned from that and I am forever thankful.) It's time to put away the preconceptions about how music should be or how musicians should look or act and listen to something new, create something new and support those who are creating something new. Gone are the days of the "rock-star".

Whatever level you are at in your musical journey, you can still improve! You can get help from your neighbors; take piano lessons, guitar lessons, etc. at your local music store. You can get help from people around the world; between lessons find some classes on YouTube, join an online songwriting forum or find some independent musicians on SoundCloud. Although you may encounter some still living behind the times, generally you can interact with independent artists online and most are more than happy to converse with you. There's a whole world out there. The truth is: you can create your own music but you don't need to do it alone.

Join us! If you are a creative artist looking for support send an email with links to your music to - ctoriginalmusic@gmail.com

William Rood Jr. is a graduate of the Hartt School of Music. He has had a successful career as a music teacher for 19 years and has been performing professionally since the age of 16. He is more recently involved in the creation of original music and hopes to encourage others to find their artistic voice.

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Democracy’s Dilemma, It’s Dangerous Dream and... A (possible) Step Away From Here

“The cure for democracy’s ills is more democracy not less.” There is no truth in this maxim if it is understood in a purely quantitative way, e.g., as calling for more citizens or more political parties to participate in elections. On the other hand, it can point to a qualitative shift; one indicating *the need of returning to the idea [of democracy] itself, of clarifying and deepening our apprehension of it, and of employing our sense of its meaning to criticize and remake its political manifestations.*

John Dewey (my italics)

By Len Krimerman

A brief look back, and forward

What follows expands on my July 2018 *Neighbors* article on finding a way out of here through “Common Sense” and “Independence”. In that article, I wrote that:

To find our way out of here, we have to see clearly that “our democracy” does not really serve us — we the people. Ultimately, the American experiment with “democracy” is a sham, a charade....What’s needed are ways to break free of the myth that “our government is by, for, and of the people”, and then *seek to secure our own Independence*, much as our pioneer ancestors sought to detach from the English empire.

In his right-on *Neighbors* article last month (“Democracy is Respect for the People”), Mark Svetz put the point well: *“It is my fervent hope that “our leaders – not only in Windham but all over the world – will give our communities a chance to lead”*. Problem is, how do we, the discounted and disempowered, open our leaders to this opportunity to remake democracy?

One answer would be that of John Dewey, in his quote above, which calls for: *“...returning to the idea [of democracy] itself, of clarifying and deepening our apprehension of it, and of employing our sense of its meaning to criticize and remake its political manifestations.”*

I first take up Dewey’s suggestion, and examine a recurring dilemma in “the idea of democracy”. By resolving this dilemma, we can, I believe, “clarify and deepen our apprehension of democracy”, and begin to critique and detach from the defunct form of democracy now prevalent.

Moreover, this clarity will enable us to identify a genuinely novel form of democracy, one based on full and inclusive respect for the people, and which honors their wisdom, capacities, and needs.

I’ll conclude by describing an example of a successful community-based working model of this new people-driven democracy.

Democracy Divided: Who’s In Charge?

There is a deep and persistent dilemma at the core of what most of us understand as *democracy*. On one hand, democracy takes a unique and radical approach to “sovereignty”, that is, the right to supreme or final authority within a community. Every other political system assigns sovereignty to a particular elite sub-group or power-wielding institution: monarchy (royal family rules); aristocracy (lords and ladies rule); plutocracy (wealthy rule); theocracy (religious leaders rule); and so on. Only democracy rejects this pervasive and pernicious dichotomy between rulers and ruled, offering instead *“popular sovereignty”*: the dangerous dream in which the whole public, the people undivided, exercises legitimate and final authority.

Democracy’s citizens have no rulers, no elites, no institutions above them; in a well-functioning democratic polity, they are self-governing and their collective will prevails. As examples, we can point to intentional and Quaker communities, smaller scale collectives, sNew England Town Meetings, and Native American and other indigenous peoples’ Councils. The shared heart of all these directly democratic social forms is that everyone in them, and even those outside but affected by them, has a voice to which others listen and owe respect; group decisions and policies are then shaped as far as possible by all of these voices. It is this inclusive process that carries final authority: it is not subservient or merely advisory to any individual, privileged group, or power-wielding authority.

But “democracy” is still a *political system*: enter now, the “State” or “Government”. Whatever their differences, these entities typically represent themselves – and are widely seen – as having exclusive, supreme, or at least final authority.

Citizens may gather and demonstrate against a widely unpopular war, election, or Patriot Act. But the government, from its own standpoint — and maybe yours as well — can always legitimately overrule them. The law of the land is not established nor is it to be authoritatively interpreted by citizens, but by legislators, courts, and enforcement officials. A dilemma thus arises: *democracy both requires and is incompatible with government*. Or, restated: *democracy both requires and rejects popular sovereignty*.

Democracy’s dilemma is well illustrated by a mystifying statement in the US Constitution (from Article IV, section 4; the so-called “guarantee clause”):

“The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government, a government in which supreme power is held by the citizens entitled to vote and is exercised by elected officers and representatives governing according to law. (my emphasis)

But what kind of *supreme power* can citizens possibly hold where that very power is exercised, over and against them, by others? On its face, this appears to be a muddle-headed inconsistency or a piece of verbal chicanery; either way, what the citizens are left holding seems more like an empty promise than genuine self-governance or popular sovereignty.

Why not settle for representative demorcracy?

You may be tempted, perhaps, to respond that where elections are fair and free, where citizens are able to choose between a spectrum of candidates and help elect representatives, their sovereignty or supreme power is preserved. Such a system *can* be an improvement over blatant and vicious dictatorships. *But it is a far cry from enabling citizens to exercise final authority*. Having a periodic opportunity to exchange those who actually govern – who decide how to spend public revenues and when and where to declare war – should not be confused with having a share of sovereign power.

And who actually selects the slate of candidates? Certainly not those who will be governed by the winners, but a small, remote, and rarely diverse clique of “professional politicians”, and their wealthy patrons. Seen in this light, representative systems are not merely the every-so-often exchange of one’s rulers, but operate much like casinos: *citizens can shift dealers or rooms, but wherever they go the house has set the game against them*.

And people know this. They know that “representatives” in general owe their allegiance more to what is good for their party than to the common good and more to those who finance their careers than to the people who cast ballots.

In any case, even the best or least corrupt of representative systems will subvert rather than rejuvenate democracy’s dangerous dream.

There must be a way out of here: Reinventing both Democratic Government and Popular Sovereignty

What underlies democracy’s dilemma, and the *apparent* incompatibility of popular sovereignty and government’s claim to final authority, I believe, is a well-worn and widespread assumption. Central to an outmoded story of democracy, it is as widely shared as it is misguided. This assumption holds that:

representative (or indirect) forms of democracy and those in which citizens directly exercise authority are incompatible or mutually exclusive; that is, a democratic community can have one of these but not both. Let’s call this the *Incompatibility Assumption*.

In conflict with this assumption, however, I have found that an alternative story of “democracy” is emerging; it is being written primarily not by theorists but by pioneering individuals and grassroots communities. Their good work over the past four or more decades has created concrete working models which enable representative and direct forms of democratic governance to *co-exist, collaborate, and function together harmoniously*. Accordingly, I have coined a term, *Di-Rep democracy*, to refer to these ground-breaking models, whose novel and recent emergence reminds us, as John Dewey famously wrote, that *“Democracy must be reborn in every generation, and education is its midwife.”*

As I see things, once we question, and are no longer held captive by, the Incompatibility Assumption, we can begin working with this *new story of democracy*,

one that might help revive the dangerous dream of popular sovereignty. And just maybe, it could become a way out of here towards a second American experiment with independence. More on this in future articles; let’s look now at a specific ongoing collaborative, or Di-Rep, “working model”.

One of Di-Rep’s most agile and promising manifestations is the *Participatory Budget (PB) process*. Basically, PB authorizes giving ordinary citizens and community groups a major role – along with elected officials – in deciding just how a town, state, or even a country – will spend the revenues it disperses from its budget. For example, these ordinary folks might directly decide what new public facilities, e.g., a Youth Center, will be constructed using public funds. Today, there are over 3000 PB initiatives worldwide, and they range over virtually every continent. Most have emerged in large cites or regions within a country. Moreover, as I recently learned:

Portugal became the first country to implement a pilot national PB process in 2016. Portugal’s program allocated 3 million Euros (less than 1% of the national budget) for education, science, culture, and agricultural projects in its first year. Another innovative aspect of this project is that citizens may be able to select projects via ATM-based voting in the future. It is not clear if this will become a trend, but it could prove to be a model for easing some of the challenges associated with scaling PB in European countries. (<https://www.centreforpublicimpact.org/participatory-budgeting-portuguese-style>)

PB began in Porto Alegre, Brazil some 40 years ago; it came late to the USA, starting only a decade ago. In our country, it’s been introduced into 16 communities, including cities such as Chicago, Long Beach, Greensboro, Boston, and NYC. The latter is the largest, sporting 30 separate council districts with PB initiatives, that last year involved 102,000 community participants, who were able to access \$38 million (<https://council.nyc.gov/pb/>). Boston’s PB is unique, as its title, YOUTH LEAD THE CHANGE, reveals. Each year \$1 million is allocated, which “young Bostonians decide how to spend”. <https://www.boston.gov/departments/boston-centers-youth-families/youth-lead-change>

The visionary goal of PB is to create *“non-government public spaces”* which enable *direct democracy*, i.e., draw directly on the voices and the wisdom of we the people. In those spaces, ordinary citizens have the authority to make binding decisions; the elected reps can offer advice, but do not control any outcomes. For example, one citizen group may propose building a new sort of school or learning center, while others demand much needed affordable housing. Within a PB process, all such proposals will have equal weight, until the citizens and community groups making proposals discuss and decide among themselves which ones should be implemented. Elected officials on a town or city council can offer assistance as to how this or that budgetary proposal might be strengthened, but they cannot veto or approve any of those proposals – that being the authorized task of the community members. In short, *ordinary citizens within a PB process have exclusive decision-making authority*.

Might this Di-Rep form of democracy help enable the respect for the people and their communities Mark advocates?

For more on PB, check out:

<https://www.opengovpartnership.org/stories/participatory-budgeting-spreading-across-globe>
<https://www.participatorybudgeting.org/pb-map/>
<https://www.shareable.net/blog/participatory-budgeting-is-gaining-momentum-in-the-us-how-does-it-work>

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Intravenous Nutrient Therapy: Emerging Treatment for Healthcare

By Dr. Carissa Fioritto, ND

There is a new therapy a lot of people are talking about: intravenous (IV) therapy. Celebrities are raving about glowing skin and soaring energy levels. Hangover bars are popping up in major cities, like Las Vegas. But what really is IV therapy? Is it just a spa treatment for those who can afford it? Should it just be something you receive while hospitalized? The use of IV therapy has been expanding and can include many more reasons.

IV therapy is a relatively new method of delivering medicine to patients, with its popularity taking off in the 1950s. It is a quick, effective way to administer fluids as well as medications. They are absorbed 100% into the bloodstream and have a rapid onset. When a medicine is taken by mouth, it can take 30 minutes for the medicine to take effect. IV medications can work in under 15 minutes. This has been necessary for an increasing amount of surgeries and emergencies. It has helped saved lives by rapidly administering life saving drugs, such as antibiotics. With technology advancing, it has also proven useful in delivering vitamins and minerals to the body for many chronic conditions, like fibromyalgia and chronic fatigue syndrome. While IVs can also be used to treat the dreaded hangover, there is much research going into treating chronic ailments, often with positive outcomes.

IV therapy is a safe way to administer high doses of vitamins or minerals to the body. Since they enter the bloodstream, they can be delivered right away to the body’s cells which can uptake them for use. In contrast, when a nutrient is taken into the body by mouth, it has to be broken down in the stomach and absorbed by the small intestine and then enter the bloodstream. Vitamins are not absorbed 100% in the GI system. The percentage absorbed goes down with any level of GI dysfunction-low stomach acid, bacterial dysbiosis, malabsorption, or inflammation. On top of the potential GI dysfunction, our world is more toxic today than ever before. We are exposed to constant insults-poor food quality, infections, chemicals, pollution, alcohol, and heavy metals to name a few. The body has an increased demand for vitamins and minerals so it can detox these pollutants and regenerate healthy cells. This is where IV therapy comes into play. Megadoses of nutrients can be given safely and the body can be rapidly repleted. It helps the body deal with stress, detoxification, immune function, cellular functions, life extension, and regeneration.

Almost any condition can benefit from IV nutrient therapy. It can help almost all chronic conditions, such as hypertension, fibromyalgia, asthma, irritable bowel syndrome, and chronic viral infections. It can also be used in acute situations to provide relief, such as a cold, a migraine, premenstrual cramps, or an acute muscle spasm. IVs can also be used to enhance athletic performance and recovery. It can help achieve youthful glow and slow down the aging process.

Before receiving IV therapy, a licensed practitioner will meet with you to discuss the best course of treatment based on your goals. A history, physical exam, and bloodwork will be taken to assess your health prior to

starting. While IV therapy is safe for most people, there are some cautions and contraindications to treatment. Once your consultation is done, treatment can begin. People are most nervous about the needle when it comes to IV therapy. The needle is small and pinches only upon insertion. A flexible catheter is then slid into the vein and the needle is removed from the arm. At this point, most people do not notice the IV in place. Most people relax and read a book or close their eyes during the treatment. Side effects are minimal and usually have to do with an insertion of the needle, such as a bruise at the site. While there is an endless combination of vitamins and minerals to give, two of the most popular IV’s are the Myers cocktail and high dose intravenous vitamin C (HDIVC).

IV nutrient therapy and the “Myers cocktail” was pioneered by Dr. John Myers, MD. He used a standard mixture of nutrients to help a variety of complaints successfully. The formula used today is slightly different from the original. It contains b complex, B5, B6, B12, vitamin c, magnesium, and calcium. There is some variance between providers who may add more or use different dosages. Dr. Myers originally used the formula to treat depression, fatigue, and chest pain. Today, the formula can be used for almost any condition. There has been anecdotal studies of it improving asthma, migraines, fibromyalgia, and upper respiratory infections. The cocktail is usually given as an IV push. The formula is about 20 mL (less than an ounce) and is pushed over about 10-20 minutes. It can also be administered in a larger amount of fluid and is considered a drip. This can take up to an hour to administer. However, drips can contain higher amounts of nutrients than a push.

Another common IV nutrient therapy is high dose intravenous vitamin c. Normal oral dosages of vitamin c are typically 500mg-1000mg (or 1 gram). IV doses can be up to as much as 75 grams. These doses cannot be taken orally. HDIVC has been studied since the 1970s mainly as a cancer treatment. It has been shown to improve quality of life in this population as they are normally deficient in vitamin c. Vitamin C is an antioxidant and can decrease inflammation and tumor growth. Its main benefit is helping to support the immune system. Vitamin C also helps with collagen production and tissue repair. This is great for anti-aging and even wound repairs. HDIVC can be given for chronic viral infections, in conjunction with cancer treatment, post-surgery, acute respiratory infections, and chronic fatigue. Dosages typically start small around 10 grams and then can be gradually increased up to 50-75 grams.

IV nutrient therapy is an excellent way to quickly replenish vitamin stores. It can be useful in managing many chronic or acute conditions. IV nutrient therapy holds a promising future in the healthcare field.

Dr. Carissa Fioritto, ND, is a licensed Naturopathic Physician practicing at Collaborative Natural Health Partners, LLC. She is an in-network provider with most major health insurance providers and is accepting new patients. Please call 860-533-0179 to schedule an appointment.

mission, membership, program / support opportunities, solicit feedback. Refreshments provided. The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Information: 518-791-9474. www.ec-chap.org
Live Music: Quiet Corner Fiddlers, 7:00p.m. Dog Lane Cafe, Storrs. Info: qcf.webs.com

August 15, Wednesday
Hiking: Senior Walk, 10:00a.m. - 12:30p.m. Free. Easy walk not just for seniors. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 jasper.sha@ct.gov
Kids: Game Time, 3:00p.m. - 4:00p.m. Play on Wii iPads and other games. Willimantic Public Library, 905 Main St, Willimantic. Info: 860-465-3082 www.willimanticlibrary.org
Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. (See 8/1)

August 16, Thursday
Hiking: Senior Walk, 12:00p.m. - 2:30p.m. Free. Easy walk not just for seniors. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 jasper.sha@ct.gov
Festival: 3rd Thursday Street Festival, 6:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Main Street, Willimantic closes for food, music and fun! Info: www.willimanticstreetfest.com

August 17, Friday
Kids: Craft Friday, 2:30-3:30p.m. (See 8/3)

August 18, Saturday
Skill Share: Mushroom Identification with the 3 Forages, 10:00a.m. - 12:30a.m. \$5-10. Mushroom ID for beginners. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Register: 860-455-9534 jasper.sha@ct.gov
History: Museum Lyceum in conjunction with exhibit Unraveled Threads: Deindustrialization, Postindustrialization, and the Transformation of Connecticut’s Mill Towns, 1876-Present”. 4:00p.m.. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. Info: 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org

August 19, Sunday
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 8/5)

August 20, Monday
Kids: Toddler Time Play Group, 10:30a.m. (See 8/6)
Kids: Maker Monday, 2:30p.m. - 4:00p.m. (See 8/6)

August 22, Wednesday
Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. (See 8/1)

August 24, Friday
Kids: Craft Friday, 2:30-3:30p.m. (See 8/3)

August 25, Saturday
History: Mill of the Month visits Coltsville in Hartford.. Sponsored by the Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. Register: 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org
Hiking: Long Distance Guided Hike, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. Approx. 6 miles in length. Meet by the Estabrook Road kiosk just off of Eleventh Section Road in Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 jasper.sha@ct.gov
Skill Share: Gardeners Roundtable, 10:00a.m. - 11:30a.m. Workshop for experienced gardeners to share best practices and pitfalls. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Register: 860-455-9534 jasper.

Doc Talk:

Get the Facts on Urinary Incontinence

By Teagan Smith, Women’s Health of CT

Q&A with Dr. Robert K. Gildersleeve of Mansfield Ob/Gyn Associates, a Women’s Health CT practice, about urinary incontinence, its causes, and what can be done about it.

Do many of your patients come to you with concerns about urinary incontinence?
Sometimes women won’t mention it at all because it’s embarrassing. It’s my job to try to expose those issues, so I ask about it with every patient I see. Do you have any urinary symptoms? Do you leak with coughing, sneezing, lifting, or laughing? Are you always going to the bathroom? Do you get up at night to urinate more than once or twice? Those are the kinds of questions that open the door and get the conversation started.

What part of the population experiences incontinence the most?
It frequently happens after childbirth, but can occur in anyone and gets more common as we age. Perimenopausal and menopausal women are the patients that

tend to experience a lot of incontinence. It’s quite common with women in their 40s, too.

What are the most common causes of incontinence?
There are two major types of incontinence that affect women, and they’re treated differently.
Urgency incontinence, also referred to as overactive bladder, is a functional over-activity. The second type, stress incontinence, is an anatomic weakness. The pelvic support defects that go along with childbirth are probably the major cause.
How do you make a diagnosis and determine the best course of treatment?

In some patients it’s difficult to say what exactly the problem is. It can be complex if they have more than one complaint, or if they have had prior surgery. To figure out what the problem is, urodynamic testing is a way to look into that more deeply. We can test the neurologic function of the pelvis, the support structures of the pelvis, and the functional status of the bladder to make sure there’s no retention, nerve injuries, or other damages that might be important to

know about before deciding on a treatment.

How do you treat urgency incontinence?
Typically, we’ll try to do behavioral therapies first, like looking at dietary adjustments that can minimize the overactivity, and talking about timed voiding and training the bladder to hold off a little bit more as the first steps in managing overactive bladder. Very frequently that’s done in conjunction with the use of medications that can help to make the bladder less overactive.

An option beyond that or at the same time is use of bladder Botox injections which block the muscular function to a degree so you don’t have that overactivity. It’s a temporary blockage which can last from six months up to a year. Botox is very unlikely to cause significant problems like retention.

How do you treat stress incontinence?
There are a number of different options to treat it, starting with pelvic floor physical therapy, which are Kegel exercises. A patient can also choose to see a physical therapist. Biofeedback is a way of utilizing a device to tell you you’re doing things properly. You can learn how much pressure you’re applying while doing pelvic floor therapy, and determine if your Kegel has improved in its strength. Typically, like

physical therapy, it’s an ongoing treatment regimen: a few treatments a week for a number of weeks.
Other treatment options include using biofeedback, devices that stimulate the pelvic floor, and surgery. The use of midurethral slings is considered the gold standard for the treatment of stress incontinence.
Periurethral bulking agents are another method of treating stress-related incontinence. This procedure is done with a camera. A little bit of a collagen material or a spherical bead is injected around the urethra to bulk it up and close off the opening a little bit more so that it’s easier to maintain continence.
What is something you wish women knew about incontinence?
I think an important message is you’re not alone. It’s a super common complaint and you don’t have to live with it. There are easy things to do that are very effective in making you feel significantly better, if not improving it completely.
To learn more, call Mansfield OB/GYN Associates at 860-450-7227 option #2 and request a visit with Dr. Robert Gildersleeve.

The Rapture: A Personal Recollection

By Roger Benham

It may have been the early summer of 1974, when I was three. Or the early summer of 1975 or 1976, when I was four and five. I lived with my parents in their house at the top of a long steep hill above the Schuylkill Expressway in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, just outside Philadelphia. I was just old enough to absorb the background of the nightly news, with the last apocalyptic footage from the end of the American involvement in Vietnam mixed with staccato updates on Watergate and the fall of the President. I was too young, obviously, to know what was going on, but I knew enough to realize that the world I had been thrust into was convulsing in a way that was not going to last for much longer.

My father had just left his career in the U.S. Navy as a civilian employee, and was in Bible School after a horrific midlife health scare, so I was surrounded in Sunday school with the knowledge that Biblical prophecies, based upon the books of Daniel and Revelation, were coming true. Foundational to these beliefs was that the founding of the state of Israel in 1948 was a harbinger of the end of the world.

We had a split-level house, and my bedroom was on the upper floor. I was taking a midafternoon nap. I awoke, in the warm green light of midafternoon. I recall cicadas buzzing in the trees that surrounded our suburban idyll. I wandered downstairs.

No one was home. I started to panic. Where were my parents? I went into the kitchen. My mother’s cooking was all laid out, ready for the stove. I ran into the front room, where my father studied for his Bible school courses. His books and notes were all laid out, with pens dropped onto the books around the chair he used for studying.

I ran down to the basement, and outside to the driveway. Both our beat-up cars were there.

I started screaming, and ran around the house. The lawnmower was out, sitting at the end of a clipped row, fresh cut grass still steaming in the humidity around the blowout vent.

I’d been left behind.
If you’ve never been inside the premillennialist dispensationalist mindset, none of this might make sense to you. But I knew in that instant that I faced the most horrible future imaginable.

First, it meant that all the truly believing, Born Again Christians had been “Raptured,” supernaturally disappeared from the Earth and taken straight to Heaven.

Next, it meant that the Earth was about to be plunged into seven years of suffering that would stagger the imagination of anyone who had seen any previous thing, including the unspeakable hells of World War II and the Holocaust.

Finally, it meant that those left behind would have to choose between allegiance to a one world government, and the acceptance of a “Mark of the Beast,” which would mean eternal damnation after death, or the most awful tortures by the one world government in the here and now, before death. Refusing the Mark would mean you were outlawed and ultimately beheaded. Accepting it would mean you were going to Hell, to eternal damnation.

I’d have to get older, and study it long after I left my childhood belief in God, to realize that this worldview is very recent. It came out of the nineteenth century, specifically the Scofield Reference Bible of 1909 and certain British and later American white “theologians” who took much of the books of Revelation and Daniel out of context.

There is nothing wrong with Christian movements reading the Bible for their own purposes. In fact, I have an abiding affinity for Revelation. I believe it can be read as it was, in my opinion, originally written, namely an expression of an anti-imperialist peace movement in the face of the Roman Empire, and an inspirational vision of justice for those oppressed by the military and economic might of the state, like my favorite reading of it, by Daniel Berrigan, which he wrote while in jail for the sabotage of American nuclear missiles: “The Nightmare of God.”

But within the last forty years, since that terrifying moment I had in the early 1970s, that very specific interpretation has taken over American Evangelical Christianity. It revolves around an idolatrous worship of the state of Israel, believing that it is the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy. And most horribly, during the 1980’s, a very conscious movement arose to influence U.S. policy to not just observe these developments, but to make them happen.

The idea is this: when the Jewish Diaspora is ended and all Jews are gathered back into the land between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean, the al-Aqsa Mosque will be destroyed, and the Temple of the Jews built by Solomon, destroyed by the Babylonians, and then rebuilt by the Persians under Cyrus the Great, then de-

stroyed again by the Romans in 70 A.C.E., will be rebuilt in modern times, and Orthodox Jews will reinstitute animal sacrifice. At this time, Gog and Magog, usually identified as Russia and their Arab and Persian allies, will attack the nascent Zionist state. They will be utterly defeated by supernatural means. Seven years of Tribulation will ensue, during which one third of the Earth’s population will be killed, mass starvation will reign, and one third of the water on the planet will become poisoned.

Other horrors will also be visited on the population of all countries. But not upon Born Again Christians. Because they will have been Raptured, “taken up,” either before any of this happens, or midway through the Tribulation, before things get really bad. They’ll be watching from Heaven while all the rest of us suffer horribly.

Books like Hal Lindsay’s “The Late Great Planet Earth” popularized this in the early 1970s. But the idea was always that these developments would happen and Christians who believed this would be watching, trying to convert people. But not be part of the government.

At some point in the 1980s, this changed, and Christian Dominionists started organizing to not just observe these events, but actively try to bring them about. Which brings us to this spring’s events in Jerusalem. At the dedication of the U.S. embassy, on the 70th anniversary of the founding of the state of Israel, two premillennialist dispensationalist preachers, Robert Jeffries and John Hagee, gave actual prayers and sermons giving the imprimatur of the U.S. government to their ideas about how the embassy dedication was hastening the End Times.

I don’t think I’ve ever seen a more blatant expression of a state religion. It’s one thing to believe political action is bringing about your religious belief about the future. It’s quite another to actively organize to do it. I think this obviously crosses the line between observing your interpretation of prophecy and using your influence to bring it about.

And the most maddening thing about this? It completely erases the actual lived experiences of Palestinians in these areas, including the Palestinians who are Christians. But this shouldn’t gloss over the Palestinians who are Muslims. They have a right to live. These “Christians” can’t actually see the land they’re looking at, because they’re just looking at their books. And they’re not looking at the Bible, they’re only looking at what they want to see in the Bible. They are cutting out huge portions of it, for small bits which have been made up in the last hundred years.

And Lindsay’s book and movie was made just to sell books. Lindsay may have had an agenda to save souls, but it’s buried under the marketing. John Hagee, who spoke at the embassy dedication on Monday, is a multimillionaire worth five million dollars, in personal wealth.

These preachers are some of the foremost advocates of denial of freedom of religious confession to Muslims, because they say Islam is not a religion, but a political system. This is based upon their distorted reading of political movements which use Islam as an excuse for imposition of religious law. They are the worst offenders of all, since they play with the levers of power of the United States.

If any religion should be viewed right now as an actual political movement, not a religion, it is Evangelical premillennial dispensationalism, which dismisses the legitimate political aspirations of the Palestinian people as a pawn for some fantasy of an end times which will only happen through their own machinations. And they dismiss the legitimate identity of the Jewish people, as well. In their eschatology, all Jews who do not ultimately convert to Jesus will be thrown into the lake of fire, along with everyone else, including me, where our “smoke will rise up forever.”

Oh, that incident with me, in the early summer haze sometime in the early 1970’s, with apocalypse in the air? Well, there was a family just down the hill, the Nuris, who were recent Iranian immigrants, Muslims, and I’d hang out with their daughters a lot. That hot day, when I thought I’d been left behind, I finally found my mom and dad, way down in the woods at the back end of the lawn. They were talking with the Nuris, trying to figure out how to cut up a fallen tree.

A couple days later, me and Susan Nuri had a sleepover, and I forgot about my Rapture scare. That stuff went on until we suddenly got “too old for it,” according to all our parents. Mr. Nuri and my dad would argue religion over coffees sometimes. That’s what happens when you don’t have a state religion. Of course, back then, both of them thought they were moral dissidents to their own governments. Because in that long ago time, neither the U.S. or Iranian state was yet a theocracy.

Some names and identifying details have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals.

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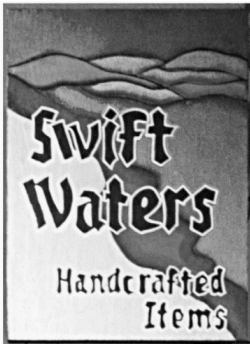
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By: EC-CHAP

The Eastern Connecticut Center for History Art, and Performance (EC-CHAP) is pleased to offer an assortment of live performances, classic films, and cultural programs at The Packing House. We continue to seek input from you to allow us to improve and better meet the needs and interests of our local and regional community members. Take our survey today!



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We have an exceptional line-up of concerts and programs scheduled for the upcoming season beginning in September! Subscribing to our “Performance Updates” will keep you informed of upcoming events, and signing-up is easy from the home page on The Packing House website - thepackinghouse.us. Please check frequently for program additions.

Here’s a look back at some of our past performers:



Greg Abate



Claudia Schmidt



Belle of the Fall



Tim Ray Trio



Jacqui Naylor



Bob Malone



Val Rogers



Kevin Harris Project



Nicole Zuraitis



Don Braden



Eric Sommer



Dan Stevens



This season we’re proud to be featuring a local artist, musician, and ECSU Professor June Bisantz! June (in photo above) will be bringing her acclaimed “Chet Baker Project” to The Packing House on Saturday, October 13th.

After two successful CDs and three wonderful tours of Japan, June Bisantz and world-class musicians Alex Nakhimovsky (piano) and Norman Johnson (guitar) will present the Chet Baker Project’s last performance at Connecticut’s Best Listening room, The Packing House!

Join us on October 13 - June promises a taste of things to come as she says goodbye to Chet, with a sneak preview of her new project “Love’s Tango”.

Don’t miss it – Tickets on sale soon at: thepackinghouse.us/upcoming

Listen here: music.junebisantz.com/listen

Read about June’s next musical project here: music.junebisantz.com/loves-tango

For information about membership in EC-CHAP and program or rental information at The Packing House, please call 518-791-9474; or email The Packing House (info@thepackinghouse.us) or EC-CHAP (info@ec-chap.org). The Packing House and EC-CHAP are located at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington, CT 06279. Free parking is located onsite and across the street.



Seat of Our Pants

Teaching and Confronting Freedom:

The Illusion of Neutrality and the Price of Choice

By Josue Lopez

Part I –Freedom, Choice, and Education

I taught elementary, middle, and high school in a predominantly Latin school district. I should begin by prefacing that these are my own reflections and other educators may agree or draw different conclusions, but I want to (re) introduce a discussion around freedom and choice in the act of teaching. I say “(re)introduce” because of those critical educators that influence my own insights by radically confronting, educators that both their own freedom and our intersubjective responsibility to improve our society. This includes thinkers such as Paulo Freire, Antonia Darder, bell hooks, John Dewey, Antonio Gramsci, Sandy Grande, and Linda Tuhiwai Smith, to name a few.

The relationship that humans have with formal education (K-12 and university studies), I suggest, requires an understanding of a more complex relationship between societal expectations, individual choice, and the formation of the human being. and the. First, let me say more about the relationship between freedom, choice, and education. I understand “freedom” in the existential sense described by writers such as Jean Paul Sartre, Frantz Fanon, and Lewis Gordon. Within the situations in which we exist, we have freedom. Though there are limitations on the freedoms we have based on the situation in which we live (for example, an undocumented person in the United States facing deportation proceedings versus a middle-class biology teacher), we all have freedom within those situations. This is where choice becomes imperative. Engaging responsibly with our freedom means evaluating all of our choices within the situation in which we live and making a choice.

In choosing, however, there are many that seek external frameworks that can help guide our decision-making. These value systems are selected by individuals in order to help guide their choices. While selecting principles to guide our behavior is a reasonable and necessary human activity, the danger resides in the projection of these value systems as mandatory, as objective, as “the best,” as unavoidable. In other words, when one selects a value system and believes that their choices are bound to a narrow set of choices because this is the way it has to be, one has distorted their relationship to their freedom and, consequently, to their responsibility to face the full range of their choices. In order to avoid this responsibility, individuals engage in what existential writers describe as bad faith, a type of self-deception that allows the person in bad faith to avoid confronting their freedom and choice by asserting a rigid schema for making decisions. This corrupted freedom can have disastrous consequences. It can mean centuries of war between different religions. It can mean that one perceives society as fixed and unchangeable. It can mean accepting what Paulo Freire describes as fatalism, or the acceptance that things are the way they are and humans are powerless to change it. In bad faith, individuals can evade one of the most significant responsibilities that Frantz Fanon aptly points out: it is humans that create society and, therefore, it is up to humans to change it. Through coordination and solidarity, nothing in society is beyond the control of human beings.

What does this have to do with education, then? In this article, the claim that I want to make is that the foundation of our educational system in the United States is grounded in a particular value system that distorts our relationship to freedom and constrains the human imaginary to a narrow understanding of what teaching and learning means. Here is where the illusion of neutrality enters our discussion. Paulo Freire’s writings are riddled with his poignant observation that education can never be a neutral activity. In the United States and in many parts of the world, this phenomenon is quite clear: Formal education involves the selection of particular content. By selecting particular content that we will teach students, we also choose which content we will not teach students. We then select particular instructional strategies to teach this content, which means also choosing which instructional strategies we will not use to teach students. We also select the language of instruction, which means also choosing which languages we will not teach students (i.e. foreign languages) and which languages we will not we will not teach students through (i.e. language of instruction). We also select which disciplinary approaches we will use to modify student behavior, which means also choosing which disciplinary approaches we will not use. Examples are found in abundance, but I will move on.

As I alluded to earlier, the selection of values to guide our behaviors is a critical human activity. But, which values give shape to our freedom and choice? The answer is the neoliberal, hyper-capitalist, competitive, and individualistic marketplace ideals. What is it that I mean by this?

What I am arguing is that our formal educational system is grounded not in the development of the human being as a mature and responsible adult capable of coexistence and collaboration within and across lines of difference, but rather the development of a student’s human capital in order to enter the labor market (with the specialized and non-specialized skillsets employers expect).

I anticipate that the following question would be “what evidence do you have of this?” Again, examples are found in abundance. Beginning early in the educational trajectories of our students, the way we discuss what a student should be studying and focusing their energies on is often centered around their capacity to make money. At a Board of Education meeting, a college student who studied music suggested that cutting funding for programs such as the arts and music would be harmful to students and could keep them from aspiring to pursue careers in those fields. The response from a Board of Education member was ‘well, there is no money in music and the arts.’ Her reply was ‘I study music because I am passionate about it and not because I want to be rich.’

If we look at the Common Core State Standards (CCSS), the guiding standards for the majority of the United States and used in some schools outside the United States as well, the relationship between labor and education is also clear. One need only look at some of the key funders behind CCSS in order to see this relationship: The Gates Foundation, Broad Foundation, Carnegie Corporation, General Electric, and Hewlett donated over \$26 million dollars to advancing the development of standards with most of the money tied to advocacy for CCSS¹. In the very language of CCSS, one finds the line “college and career readiness.”

Though a nice catchphrase, “college and career readiness” obscures two significant factors that are demonstrative of why so much educational inequity is permitted when market values dictate educational policies and practices. The first is that preparation for a “career” can involve anything from being a cashier to working on theoretical chemistry. The fact is that if every educational institution did their job well and all students had the skillset that universities were looking for (i.e. if every student received an education that allowed them to be theoretical chemists), our economy would fall apart. If our educational system is intended to prepare our students for a career, then we must begin with the premise that many of our students will indeed have to fail in schools. It is these students that can then fill in the jobs that have lesser pay and prestige societally, fulfilling the needs of employers across the country. If we look at educational research around inequity in schooling, we find that these “failing” schools are often in low-income, predominantly Brown and Black communities. The more cynical might suggest that schools are not actually failing, but are performing their function quite well: to provide some with a strong and successful education that will attend college and find (probably) more social and economic stability while assuring that many do not receive these opportunities.

The second point that “college and career readiness” obscures is that “college” is interpreted as more advanced preparation for “career readiness.” In other words, college is simply an extension of the career readiness students received in their K-12 education, except with more specialized preparation. Value is not placed on a student’s interest and drive and ability to contribute meaningfully to society in their own way (as the student studying music demonstrates), but rather by a student’s ability to fit into pre-determined positions that employers seek to fill. The value of a college degree is often spoken about as directly connected to one’s potential salary or the reputation associated with the position. College, rather than being a place to explore or develop or sharpen what one is passionate about, becomes an institution that serves as a more targeted intervention in the development of one’s human capital for the labor market.

It appears to me that, societally, there is conscious or unconscious acceptance that formal education is and must be directly tied to employment opportunities. This immediately constrains the choice of administrators and educators and, ultimately, results in particular kinds of educational models and practices that, as I assert in Part II, are grounded in an empty promise to students: that if they all work hard enough (i.e. confront freedom in the ‘right’ way and make the ‘correct’ choices), then they all will get their dream jobs, achieve economic stability, and be ‘successful.’ If market principles guide formal education, then there will certainly be winners, but there must also be losers.



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220 Valley Street, Willimantic, CT
Rev. Jaclyn Sheldon,
Eucharistic Celebrant

Weekly Happenings -
Sun: 8:15am – Worship & Bible Service
9:30am – Celebration of Holy Eucharist
Fri: Street Yoga in St. Paul’s Community Room 9:30am
Fri: Bible Study in the Soup Kitchen 10:45am
Fri: Spiritual Growth Group @ 1pm
Every 2nd & 4th Sunday – Community Breakfast
served following 9:30 service
All are welcome. Come worship the Lord with us!
Listen to Rev. Sheldon’s pre-recorded Sunday service on
WILL-AM 1400 @ 9:05 Sunday morning. Also on WILL
website. Soon to be on church’s website and FB page.
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Quiet Corner Fiddlers



Join us for QCF playing out dates:

Tuesday August 14th: 7-8:30pm
Dog Lane Cafe in Storrs

Fiddlers of all skill levels always welcome at our
sessions every Tuesday evening 7-8:30PM
Info Bernie: b.schreiber@snet.net

Acupuncture and Weight Loss

By Nicole T. Smith, L.Ac.

Lose 9lbs in 9 Days Program

Everyone wants to look and feel their best, but are your food choices leading you in the other direction? Need help with food cravings? Portion control? Confused as to what foods are truly healthy?

Acupuncture is a powerful tool in helping with weight loss, food cravings, emotional eating, hormonal imbalances that lead to weight retention, and stress eating.

Here are some of the things accomplished through acupuncture:

- Stimulation of the metabolism
- Decrease in anxiety and irritability, which can cause overeating
- Healing of digestive issues
- Harmonizing hormones

At The Pampered Porcupine Acupuncture, each patient is treated as an individual, to assess what is causing the stubborn weight loss, and to pinpoint what

foods and habits are contributing to trouble losing weight. Whether or not you have thyroid issues, diabetes, are under high stress, or simply like to eat – acupuncture can help!

One study showed that women who underwent acupuncture during their diet and daily exercise program lost more than twice as much weight as those who only dieted and exercised (Medical Acupuncture 2003; 14(2):32-33).

Additionally, a technique only taught in France is offered, which helps with food cravings and the desire to overeat. After just one treatment, patients feel a difference.

So, whether you crave sweet or salty, ice cream or junk food, it's not a lost cause!

One patient writes: "I suffered with depression, anxiety, no focus, always tired. I began acupuncture, and the improvement is nothing short of amazing. In just two weeks, I've lost weight, am emotionally stable, and feel myself again."

You've got nothing to lose but your weight and bad habits. Give acupuncture a try today!

Nicole T. Smith, L.Ac. is a Board-certified and licensed acupuncturist located in Scotland, CT. Visit her site at: www.ThePamperedPorcupine.com. 860-450-6512.

To all our contributors-

Thank You!

Without your submissions of writing, poetry, artwork and photographs, this little paper would not exist.

T. King, Publisher

sha@ct.gov
Kids: End-of-Summer Luau with Judi Ann Jones!, 11:00a.m. All ages. Jonathan Trumbull Library, 580 Exeter Road, Lebanon. Info: 860-642-7763 www.lebanonctlibrary.org
Nature: Rodents & Small Mammals, 12:00p.m. - 1:30p.m. Learn about Connecticut rodents. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Register: 860-455-9534 jasper.sha@ct.gov

August 26, Sunday
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 8/5)

August 27, Monday
Kids: Toddler Time Play Group, 10:30a.m. (See 8/6)
Kids: Maker Monday, 2:30p.m. - 4:00p.m. (See 8/6)

August 29, Wednesday
Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. (See 8/1)

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• Silent Auction of works by area artists

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Bolton Bolton Post Office Subway-Bolton Notch	Mansfield Center Mansfield Library East Brook Mall Lawrence Real Estate Mansfield OB/GYN	Vernon Nature's Grocer
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Hampton Hampton Post Office Hampton Library	Scotland Scotland Library Scotland Post Office Scotland General Store	
Lebanon Green Store Lebanon Post Office	South Windham Bob's Windham IGA Landon Tire So. Windham Post Office	
Mansfield/Storrs Holiday Spirits Bagel Zone D & D Auto Repair Storrs Post Office Mansfield Senior Center All Subway shops Starbucks People's Bank Storrs Comm. Laundry	Stafford Stafford Coffee Company Stafford Library Subway Stafford Post Office Stafford Cidery Hangs Asian Bistro	