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~Fall 2019 Music Series~

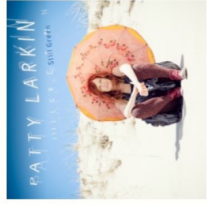
~Sunday, September 22nd~
Amy Gallatin & Stillwaters
Mark Mandeville & Raianne Richards
4:00 pm ~ \$20



~ Sunday, October 20th ~
Atwater-Donnelly Trio
Jenner Fox
4:00 pm ~ \$20



~ Sunday, October 6th ~
Patty Larkin
Kristin Graves
4:00 pm ~ \$25



~ Sunday, November 10th ~
Peppino D'Agostino
Jim Mercik
4:00 pm ~ \$25



~ Sunday, November 24th ~
Grass Routes Bluegrass
Still Pickin' Band
4:00 pm ~ \$20



~ December 8th ~
Hot Flashes
Christmas Show
4:00 pm ~ \$20



~ December 29th ~
"Big" Al Anderson
& The Floor Models
4:00 pm ~ \$35



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September 2019

A little paper big on community

FREE

Neighbors



No. 175 Serving the inhabitants and environment of northeastern Connecticut and beyond

Letters and Emails

Dear Readers of Neighbors-

UConn's lifelong learning program, CLIR, is offering something really special this fall and it is open to everybody: a six class series on Ecology, the Environment, and Extinction.

Concern for the earth and all of its lifeforms has heightened in recent times with the growing impact of climate change. We are all seeking knowledge about what is happening to our planet and how we should best proceed to protect species, land, and resources.

CLIR's six part series will address those concerns from multiple perspectives including water use and access; the health of the Caribbean coral reefs; animal extinction; the contribution of America's forest birds; and the threats to biodiversity in the New Millennium. Each class will be led by a seasoned professor in the field of discussion.

The first class of the series will be on Wednesday, September 4th, from 1:15-2:45, at the Vernon Cottage on UConn's Depot Campus in Storrs.

Join us! There are no requirements; just come to learn. Registration for CLIR's fall term is easy and can be done online through our website: clir.uconn.edu. Or just call 860-486-9081 for a fall brochure. The registration fee of \$25 for the fall session covers not only the 6-class series on the environment, but all the other classes CLIR offers in the fall as well.

Cathy Cementina
Coventry

Dear Editor:

This is an open letter to the members of Congress and the President.

Puerto Rico needs deep fiscalization.

To this day, the current administration has not given the Promesa committee audited records. The government has not identified essential services needing safeguard from cuts. Actually, they are letting the essentials services fail (demoralized police force, over 200 bodies and 1200 rape kits unprocessed at forensic science and, failing schools, etc.). It seems the local government wants to perpetuate the crisis while its waste continues (unnecessary lobbyist/assessors, excessive overtime for public officials, security services, contracts to friends in public alliances (PPP), etc.).

Corruption in PR is rampant.

I've been living in PR for 7 years and have literally seen corruption in every aspect of society; excessive end-user theft from all utility companies, huge losses due to lack of repairs of such essential services (water breaks or power lines go un-repaired for months), a road system best known for its huge potholes.

Married couples pretend to be separated so that they can get government health care, food stamps, WIC, plus other government subsidies. A large percentage of business cheat /steal sales taxes. Homeowners do not pay fair property taxes (easily bribed inspectors will assess the property at below applicable tax rate). Billions lost thru government tax exceptions to business aligned with whom-ever is in power.

Well over 50% of every \$1 goes wasted/stolen by corrupt officials! There are municipality mayors earning more than US governors, agency heads earning more than US senators, Congress members or federal department Sec-

retaries. This island has over 10,000 appointed positions ("puestos de confianza"). Over 100,000 public employees (CT has 32,000).

The Puerto Rico Electric Power Authority (PRE-PA) has 9,800 employees, twice as much as the largest US power company (Los Angeles)!

As Examples: the Guajataca lake was supposed to be dredged, and money was appropriated; the contractor scraped the dam's shore side of the lake and reported it all done but, no one assured compliance.

On the side of roads there are piles of wood waste that was never pickup by contractors hired after the storm. Electric poles remain tilted/leaning, held in place by the power line itself; most will not stand a 60 mph wind.

A brighter future is possible.

We need an independent, conservative, non-political, neutral fiscal board; not one aligned with any local government "junta". Puerto Rico does not want Promesa simply because, as currently configured and staffed, it doesn't work.

Promesa must insist on auditing records, austerity measures, identify, and protect, essential services and, with a strong focus on anti corruption measurements. The potential for prosperity exists, but not within the framework of the traditional governing "juntas" of the past 50 years.

Be taught. We need the help and support of your government (as owners of this "finca" you insist in keeping as the oldest colony) to be firm. The island needs a future different from the one we have had in the past several decades; whose main goal has been to get rich at the expense of the people.

Please, feel free to share it with members of congress. I thank you for your time.

Respectfully,
Juan M. Perez
juanperez1868@gmail.com
Resident of Isabela PR
Former LPRAC CT State Commissioner
Former Selectman, Windham CT

Cover photo: Sue Calkins of Ashford and friends in Haiti. Read her article on page 11.

Contributed photo.

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

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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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THE PACKING HOUSE

1870

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September



JAZZ SERIES

GREG ABATE QUARTET
Saturday, September 14th | 7:30pm



FILM SERIES

WOODSTOCK: 3-DAYS OF PEACE & MUSIC
Saturday, September 13th | 7:00pm

October



JAZZ SERIES

STEVE DAVIS QUINTET
Saturday, October 5th | 7:30pm



ACOUSTIC ARTIST SERIES
Folk / Rock

AN EVENING OF MUSIC & CONVERSATION WITH KATE TAYLOR
Saturday, October 26th | 7:30pm

SAVE THE DATES!

11/01: AN EVENING WITH SPIRITUAL MEDIUM MAURA GEIST
11/02: MATT DECHAMPLAIN TRIO (JAZZ)
11/09: AUSTIN MCMAHAN TRIO (JAZZ)
12/06: TOLLAND HIGH SCHOOL JAZZ BAND (JAZZ)
12/07: GRACE & GRIT - KALA FARNHAM AND JEFF PREZCH (FOLK / AMERICANA)
12/14: SEAT OF OUR PANTS (FOLK / BLUEGRASS)

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RECURRING MONTHLY EVENTS

"TALENT SHOWCASE"

2nd Wednesday!

(BEGINS OCTOBER 9th)

"SOCIAL DANCE" w/KELLY MADENJIAN

2nd Thursday!

Thursday, September 12th, 7:00pm

EC-CHAP FILM SERIES

"Woodstock: 3-Days of Peace & Music" (R)

Friday, September 13th, 7:00pm

"EC-CHAP INFORMATION EXCHANGE MEETING"

Tuesday, September 17th, 7:00pm

Become A Chap Today!

www.ec-chap.org



Eastern Connecticut Center for History, Art, and Performance, Inc.

Wasted by Waste

By Loretta Wrobel



Ashford is a small rural town with a population around 4,400. Each year the Parks and Recreation Department provides five free concerts on Tuesday evenings during July and August for its residents. An energetic group of us committed to an educational campaign on our town's ever-expanding amount of waste. A few of us, who had participated in our town's trash cleanup in the spring, were infuriated and appalled by the prodigious amount of garbage along our roadways. Might we decrease the amounts of "out of my car, out of my mind" policy held by far too many of our drivers, by educating about waste, composting, plastic pollution and reducing our garbage?

What an adventure we embarked on, without even knowing we were just touching the tip of a puzzling dirty iceberg! I entered this campaign perhaps in a similar fashion to our present presidential candidates. I figured I had info and solutions to offer and this would be an easy gig. How could I have anticipated how absolutely confusing and unclear our trash dilemma is, even if you think you are knowledgeable!

We have such a multitude of stuff. Deciding whether to dump into the trash bin or recycling container is no small feat. Initially what is recyclable and what is trash sounds like a no-brainer. I struggled with hard and not so hard plastic, paper and so-called paper products that must go to the trash. I examined the now defunct numbers on plastic that are meaningless in the trash vs. recycle decision. I looked at liners that if thrown out with the box are trash. What about little hard plastic twisties for items like bread--trash or recyclable? What about ceramic mugs, broken or intact--does it matter for designation as trash or recycling?

During one concert we displayed assorted pieces of waste found in most homes in our town or purchased at some to-go joint and placed them on the table. We asked people to choose--trash or recyclables. No one, I repeat, not a single person, passed the test. What do you imagine would be your recycle IQ? Would you have scored 100%? Maybe 100% wrong, which happened frequently.

Before you begin to trash our residents, we are coping with a complicated situation that is ever-changing, as the recycling market shifts and demands for recycled materials dry up. If there is no market, where are recyclables headed?

I have uncovered many dos and don'ts during this soiree into the waste scene. Well-meaning individuals unintentionally make errors in the trash vs. recycling duality. It is inappropriate to place recycling articles in a plastic bag. The plastic cannot be recycled. Recycling items must

be clean and empty--no dirty food containers, whatever they are made of. Toothpaste tubes go directly to trash. Shredded paper cannot go into the recycle bin. It is so easy to get confused, because even if something has paper in its name (i.e. paper plates, paper napkins, paper cups, and paper towels), it must land in the trash bin. Plastic lids by themselves belong in the trash. However, plastic lids can be put back on their container, after washing, and can be tossed in the recycle bin. I assume you get my point. This is perplexing to figure out, retain and place in the proper bin.

Just as my head starts to spin out, hooray, a web tool to explore! There is an app created by the State of Connecticut called "What's In-What's Out" and this can be found on our cutting-edge town of Ashford web page. Just go to <ashfordtownhall.org/can-i-recycle-it/> and ask the recycle wizard if what you are about to throw out goes into trash or recycle. Or you can go to www.recyclect.com/ to help if you are unsure, like most of us!

Be aware that it is necessary to keep up to date, as I have learned that the recycling business is fluid, and as other countries accept less and less of our recyclables, the problem grows bigger. This is where the use "less" comes into focus. We are a throwaway culture, often mistakenly believing, "It's OK, cuz it is recyclable!" Many of the folks I chatted with were unaware that all recyclables are not 100% recyclable.

Where does it go? It stays here on the earth or enters the water stream. Or it hangs out in the essential air that we all breathe. Recent studies have discovered microplastics (tiny, tiny particles of plastic that pollute the environment) can be found in the ocean and atmosphere even in remote places.

I can become numb, as the innumerable amounts of plastic we are producing increases and the toxicity of plastic haunts our planet. Then I recall decades ago when the rivers were burning. We did clean up the pollution in our waterways. We did use our technology to work miracles in that a polluted river was restored and became a vibrant environment for all marine life.

We do have the ability to live without mountains of minute plastic particles, suffocating and killing our wildlife and creating toxic landfills and oceans. We need only to apply our brain power to seek alternative life styles. Start now to pay attention to not only what you purchase, but more importantly, what do you throw away and where do you throw it? Begin in a small manner by bringing your own cloth bags when shopping. And remember to bring your own cup and water bottle. Ask yourself do you really need that plastic straw? If everyone reduced their trash footprint, recycled according to the guidelines, and adopted the pattern of reuse, we can make a monumental difference. Both our environment and our health would benefit. Don't let waste waste you. Take charge of your waste. Be a waste reducer.

Victorian Home Tour September 21st

By Barbara Lacey

Take a Tour of the Hidden Gems of Victorian Willimantic



Guides will show you the Victorian Cottages in The Oaks; the Mansions of Windham Road; explain the history of the Three Bridges; and describe trolley tours of downtown historic districts. These tours are part of the goal of the Willimantic Victorian Neighborhood Association to educate and assist the community in the preservation and promotion of the Victorian history, architecture, and character of Willimantic.

The first settlers in Connecticut were farmers, a difficult occupation in stony New England, but the many rivers and streams eventually offered free water power to the textile mills that sprang up during the industrial revolution, providing income for skilled and unskilled workers as well as for a managerial elite.

While ostentatious homes were being built on The Hill for many of the wealthy managers and directors, a community of attractive new cottages on generous lots of land were designed and constructed near the mills for the workers and their families. Located

in a grove of trees known as "The Oaks," this community was planned by William Eliot Barrows, President and Treasurer of the Willimantic Linen Company 1874-1883. (The company passed to ownership by American Thread in 1898.) Barrows believed that by placing people among pleasant and beautiful surroundings, they would become "more careful, cleanly, tasteful and intelligent, and therefore more valuable to their employers."

In addition to attractively designed homes and gardens, workers and their family members could attend literacy classes in a newly built library, an elementary school for children, and a company store with competitive prices for buying the essentials--meat, groceries, dry goods, hats and shoes. A landscaped public park and dance pavilion (no longer in existence) were constructed on the outskirts of the city where workers could relax and enjoy

their leisure time. The prevalent hope was to create in America a community built by business that was different from the "dark satanic mills" of England.

The idyllic company town planned for the people was not appreciated by everyone, even from the first, particularly by those workers who resented so much control over their lives. And over time, the plan was undermined by the industry's drive for greater profits, resulting in a cutback in services, lower wages, and deteriorating conditions. But "The Oaks" is tangible evidence of a short-lived benevolent dream meant to benefit the masses, as you will see with the help of guides on your tour.

The funding and organization of this tour is the same as those held on Victorian Days in previous years but is taking place in a different month and for only one day. Tickets can be purchased (\$20) on line at www.VictorianWillimantic, or from 11 AM to 4 PM at 43 Crescent Street, Willimantic, 06226.

Primary Source: A Tour of The Oaks -The Windham History and Textile Museum
Photo by Pat Miller.

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Reflections of an Aging Artist

By David Corsini

When I refer to myself as an artist, I often feel a bit uncertain. How do I dare call myself an artist? I cannot draw a straight line with a ruler and I do not know fundamental principles of design. Sometimes I feel that referring to myself as an artist is an insult to “real” artists. So, what is the feedback that makes me more or less comfortable to call myself an artist?

At one point, my extended family had a Christmas gift exchange. The rules were that each person who wanted to participate would draw a name and then MAKE a present for that person. At first, there was considerable excitement. I remember giving my cousin a double, rusted headlight from an old car. When he opened my present, he immediately declared “Dolly Parton.” In another year I gave my sister a mounted two-unit gas burner, which she referred to as “Madonna and Child”. I liked the names and enthusiasm. Unfortunately, “Dolly Parton” is only a memory, but “Madonna and Child” will appear in my upcoming show: A Retrospective in my 80th year.

I was encouraged by the feedback from relatives to my rather simple assemblages and I continued to make birthday and holiday presents for Delia and other family members. Soon, I developed the sense that one or two of my presents had been fine, but that more would begin to create a problem. However, the feedback from family and friends was enough to risk the next step of showing my work to a larger audience.

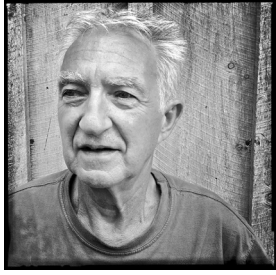
I joined Artists Open Studio of Northeast Connecticut (AOSCT) and Windham Regional Art Council (WRAC). These are organizations that allow membership without being juried. That is, as long as the applicant claims to be an artist and does not make things from a kit, they can join. The AOSCT involves about 90 artists, an attractive brochure for shows, and extensive publicity. WRAC has member shows and multiple opportunities to show work. In the process of showing work through these organizations, I would occasionally sell a piece. When someone paid money to obtain my work, that helped me feel like an artist.

Another way to get exposure as an artist is to donate pieces to the silent auctions of charitable organizations. Over the years, I have donated pieces to many events including Jazz In The Garden- a fundraiser for the Windham Free Library and to the Snowball – a fundraiser for the Mill Museum. I must admit that when I attend the events where one of my pieces is in the silent auction, I keep checking until someone has placed a bid. When the donated piece sells, that is another feather in my artist’s cap.

The next step in testing out my validity as an artist was to submit pieces to juried shows. I have had pieces accepted by several: The Annual Connecticut Artists Exhibition at the Slater Museum in Norwich; the Monson Arts Council show in Monson, MA.; and the juried shows at Art Center East in Vernon. While it is an honor and validation to have my work selected in juried shows, there are some downsides to entering such shows.

When a piece is accepted to a juried show, it means a juror liked it. When a piece is not accepted, it means a juror did not like it. Liking or not liking a piece of art is in the eye of the beholder. Rejection hurts and it is important to remember that there are other potential “beholders.”

Winning prizes in shows is also a source of validation. Although I don’t expect my assemblages to win prizes, I have won a few. One time I was attending a show opening at Art Center East. Several people came up to me and offered congratulations. When I asked them what for,



they told me I had won “Best in Show” for my piece called “First Ride.” “First Ride” is a rusted tricycle I had mounted on a four-foot stem. I had brought this piece to the show at the urging of Delia. The juror for that show sure had a sense of humor and I wish I knew of other shows where this “beholder” is a juror.

Having your art rejected by jurors is not the only “sling and arrow” that I have suffered as an artist. On one occasion, I had two pieces taken down from a WRAC show at Windham Hospital. One piece involved the remains of two sun-dried opossums. Art involving dead things was deemed inappropriate for a hospital. The other ejected piece incorporated a fishing lure that was considered dangerous. Oh well, these pieces will be in the show.

When I sell my work, especially assemblages designed for outdoor display, I worry. As an assemblage artist, one of my major concerns is that my creations may disassemble. Some of my indoor pieces have disassembled because I did not make them well enough. Other pieces have succumbed to rambunctious grandchildren, unruly or inquisitive pets, wild parties, and dishwasher cleansing. When I am informed of “the tragedy”, I am happy to repair. But of more concern are my assemblages that I intend for outdoor display.

Outdoor assemblages are at risk primarily by the elements: wind, rain, ice, heat, and cold. While the elements are the primary risk for these assemblages, they have also been subjected to vandalism, being backed into by a friend on a cheap riding lawnmower without a rear-view mirror, and BB guns. And a squirrel destroyed one assemblage by chewing the antler that was an integral part.

Wind is by far the greatest problem for my outdoor assemblages. These assemblages involve a base, stems made from electrical conduit, and “heads” of metal and glass. Over the years I have experimented with different bases. I have found that the most practical bases are truck brake rotors. These are heavy and provide holes to allow me to place bolts to hold the stems and to pin the base to the ground with rebar. It often takes several attempts to make an assemblage secure. Even when an assemblage has withstood one strong wind, I cannot breathe easy.

The truth is that almost anything exposed to the elements will change. The change will be faster or slower depending on the characteristics of the pieces used in the assemblage and the features of the outside placement. I warn people who buy my outside pieces to expect changes.

I am working on a handout to accompany my outside assemblages to educate people on the concept of impermanence. The handout will describe the Buddhist principle that no physical or mental object is permanent. Things and relationships to things are always changing. I will point out that many of the pieces used in my assemblages were on a path to imminent annihilation and were rescued by their inclusion. But the path has only been delayed and the owner of the assemblage should not become too attached. Having detachment from the piece, as originally purchased, and developing an appreciation of change can be seen as an aspect of Buddhist practice. If that doesn’t work for the owner, they can always call me to repair and replace. Alternately, perhaps I should restrict the sale of my outdoor pieces to Buddhists.

I hope you come to view my upcoming show at the Potpourri Building 700 Main ST, Willimantic. See the *Neighbors* Calendar for dates and show times.



the Neighbors paper-
black and white
and read all over!!!

Common Sense Car Care

By Rick Ostien

The question I am posing for this month is: Do you listen to your car or truck when it talks to you? All mechanical failures will give the driver some type of warning if you pay attention to your vehicle. The most common question asked when you bring your car in for service is: Did you hear anything before you had this breakdown? The most common answer is No or Oh yeah it’s been making a noise for some time now. The noise you hear can sometimes be just a small repair if addressed promptly or if it is let go it can escalate into a much larger and more expensive repair.

I’d like to share a couple of examples we’ve encountered over the years. The first one was a vehicle that was transported off the interstate to our shop. The owner stated that he had lost power. (The vehicle did not run.) We started the inspection and found that the vehicle had a burning smell from underneath. Raising the car on our lift we found oil that was coming from a large hole in the engine block. The driver stated that he heard nothing before losing power. How could you not hear something that would create a large hole in the engine block? To create a hole this large it should have sounded like an M80 going off in the engine compartment.

The next break down was actually driven into our facility. The vehicle had smoke coming from the right front wheel. We inspected the vehicle and found that the right front hub bearing had failed. The grease seal was torn and the leaking grease from the bearing was starting to burn on the brake pads. The failure of a hub bearing starts by making some sort of rumbling noise. As the bearing fails it creates play in the steering wheel. When the bearing reaches this point your brake pedal will be lower. This occurs because your disc brake caliper piston will extend farther to take up the bearing play.

These two examples are to the extreme side. I’d like to say that most of our customers are very much aware of what their vehicles are telling them. This makes our job of diagnosing the problem easier and in most cases keeps the repair price down. So the next time you hear or feel something different in your vehicle, stop and have your repair facility go for a ride with you or at least listen to your noise.

Until next month, HAPPY MOTORING!

Rick Ostien is the owner of Franc Motors in Willington.

Local Broadcaster Turns to Paranormal Talk

By Morgan Cunningham

I’m gearing up to chat with a medium, a witch, a gentleman who crossed over to “the other side,” and a guy who likes exploring abandoned buildings—all on “The Morgan Cunningham Show” at MorganTalks.com.

On Saturday, September 7th, welcome medium Maura Geist. She’ll give away a free copy of her book *God, The Soul, and The Afterlife Through the Eyes of a Medium* (MorganTalks.com/book), and she’ll offer free phone readings during our live program. Don’t forget: Maura Geist appears in-person at The Packing House on November 1st, 2019 (ThePackingHouse.U.S.).

Savannah, the Black Witch Coven, answers questions about witchcraft on Saturday, September 14th.

It’s all about life after death with Laurence Brock on Saturday, September 21st, telling the story about his cross-over.

To round out September on Saturday the 28th, Manny Quacioua has tales from his visit to the abandoned Westland Mall in Columbus, Ohio.

Yup, that’s a look at my upcoming shows for September: 2019.

The format for our “less hype, more talk” paranormal Saturday night talk program is simple. I host each show with a weekly guest, and we take your calls at (860) 952-9498, also known as “The LHMT (Less Hype, More Talk) Listener Line.”

The show streams LIVE at MorganTalks.com, every Saturday night from 9 – 11 p.m. (Eastern). Then, each program is made available on-demand.

While mainstream media focuses on the same-old political and criminal stories, I find myself searching for answers about the unexplained: life after death; ghosts; exorcisms; abandoned properties; crop circles; and just about anything else with no definitive answer.

And when I’m not seeking answers to phenomenon, I’m anchoring local news during overnight hours on WTIC NewsTalk 1080 in Hartford.



Breakfast with Parrots

By Delia Berlin



With few exceptions, I've been having the same breakfast daily for 28 years. It consists of black coffee, a slightly green banana, a bowl of hot oat bran with skim milk and peanut butter, and a bundle of joy. I would not object to some variation in this menu, but my 28-year old parrot would. So, as long as these ingredients can be found, the program is likely to continue. But we have noticed with alarm that oat bran is disappearing from store shelves.

Until recently, all local grocery stores carried at least two brands of oat bran. A few months ago, we started encountering one brand only. Then, it disappeared completely at Stop & Shop, but still could be found at Big Y. Soon it was gone from Big Y also, but Ocean State still had some. Finally, we couldn't find any oat bran there either. By now, we can only purchase it in bulk at the Willimantic Food Co-op.

Puzzled by the disappearance of this common cereal, we noticed that there are still plenty of rolled oats, in many varieties, as well as oat milk, oat bars and several other oat products. Obviously, a failed oat crop could not be the explanation for this sudden shortage. I Googled "oat bran shortage" and ended up learning a lot about oat bran, but nothing about a shortage. Google did have suggestions about where to get oat bran in our area, which sent us in search of it to the Wal Mart superstore. But Google was incorrect – there was no oat bran there either. I have no idea what's going on...

Meanwhile, I've learned that my choice of cereal is a very good one. Oat bran is higher in fiber, protein and other nutrients than oatmeal, with fewer calories. Cooked with skim milk and natural peanut butter, my older parrot and I are also getting plenty of calcium and good fats. The milk is lactose reduced, because both my parrot and I are lactose intolerant. In fact, since birds have no need to digest lactose in nature, all of them are lactose intolerant.

Once, I went to a parrot nutrition workshop where the presenter said that even lactose reduced milk could be toxic to parrots. In this type of milk, the lactose is broken down by a natural enzyme into glucose and galactose. But apparently galactose is toxic for parrots. At the time, in view of that information, I asked our bird vet if I should continue with our breakfast routine. He asked how long I had been following it, to which I answered about ten years. He said that since my parrot was very healthy after a decade of such breakfast, he could see no reason to deprive her from it.

To some it may seem laborious to make hot cereal every morning, but I use shortcuts galore. I have a special cup that allows me to estimate the exact amount of oat bran to go with a spoonful of natural peanut butter, topped with milk to the level that will cook perfectly in four minutes of medium-hi microwave power. The moment the microwave bell rings, my parrot starts

getting antsy. She knows that it takes me another minute to stir the cereal into a creamy mix, and that the cereal will be too hot to eat immediately. But she has also learned tricks that help her wait.

To explain these tricks, I must first say something about parrots' linguistic abilities. Frequently, people ask if a parrot can talk, assuming that they may be able to repeat or "parrot" some words. However, parrots who grow up around humans actually learn language, much like children. Our parrots are not very talkative, but when they talk, they mean what they say. I talk to my birds much like I would talk to a child and they respond accordingly.

When my parrot gets impatient to eat before the cereal has cooled, I tell her that it's still too hot and ask her to "take a



turn" to wait. Using my fingers as perches, she then takes a full-body 360 degree turn on my hand, which takes quite a few seconds and helps her control her temptation. I can ask her to take additional turns, if necessary. When I think it's safe for her to try, I tell her to be careful because it's still hot. She then tests the cereal very

delicately with the tip of her beak before taking a mouthful.

Those who don't share their life with parrots may not appreciate my bird's excellent table manners. When my parrot was young, the breakfast table would become a war zone and had to be cleaned top to bottom on a daily basis. Now, her delicate elegance certainly surpasses mine, not to mention that of other family members. Each morning, her antics provide the last ingredient to my breakfast: joy. I feel grateful for that.

To be fair, before I get up for breakfast, my sweet husband wakes me up with a cup of coffee. Having recognized early in our relationship that my neurons were very slow to synapse in the morning, he won my heart with this most endearing gesture. After 37 years, he hasn't given up on me, so I'm grateful for that too.



Once my parrot gets her cereal fill, we head to the kitchen sink for a good beak wash. She drinks some water from the spout, I rinse both of her mandibles and then dry them with a towel. She makes the same squinty face that one often sees when wiping the nose of a toddler.

But her cooperation is amazing. At that point she is ready to return to her cage for some rest and relaxation.

You would think that then I can eat my cereal in peace. But not yet, because we have another parrot. At 25 years of age, he has lived with us since he was 10 and came with some established habits. He enjoys his cereal in his pellet bowl. So, after feeding one parrot I must place a spoonful of cereal in the bowl of the other. It would be impossible to forget this, since even the slightest delay results in pleading "reminder" calls.

We are certainly hoping that this mystery of the disappearing oat bran comes to an end soon. Parrots are serious creatures of habit and I don't look forward to having to explain to them a different cereal. As for myself, I could adapt to change if unavoidable, but I recognize perfection when I see it. And of course, I'm grateful for that.

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From the Ground Up - Buying Local in Connecticut

Vargas Balance Farming, Carpentry and Landscaping

By C. Dennis Pierce

Some farmers are farmers by nature and others, like their crops, "grow" into farming. For this month's column I visited the Varga Farm which is on 10 River Road in Mansfield Center, CT. There I met Chris and Justin Varga who both have always been exposed to farming, but now defiantly consider farming a major part of their life. Both home-grown Mansfield residents who came from a large family, never followed the path of Future Farmers while attending E.O. Smith High School. Their exposure to farming came out of necessity. Coming from many generations living in Mansfield Center and a large family, an abundant garden was needed to put the best produce on the table. Growing up, Justin took a part time job picking vegetable at a local farm. Now what was once a sustainable home garden grew into a garden with an abundance of produce that the Varga brothers and their significant others sell at their roadside stand as well as at the Storrs Farmer's Market.

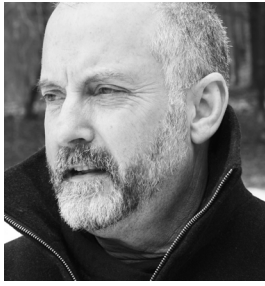
I know if you have driven up Route 89 heading to Ashford you have seen their welcoming sign at the intersection of 89 and Mount Hope / Tower Hill Road. Their produce stand has been a fixture for the last eight years. On a misty afternoon I drove up to their new "step up" produce stand where

I found a bounty of vegetable lining the shelves nestled in between a sign with moderate prices and a scale. The shelves held red ripe tomatoes, piles of squash, perfect eggplants and the stand smelled of the new wood which they used after making the boards at their own sawmill. Their I met Chris, Justin and Catherine. The Varga brothers define true homesteading. They have two cows and plan for more, eight pigs, bees, many happy chickens (who also liked the tomatoes that Justin threw to them as we toured the farm). On the Varga Facebook page Chris shares his true feelings about farming where he states, "I wish the general population would understand the amount of sacrifice farmers go through. Whether its time, money, or the social down play of their importance. Farmers are a vital part of society and I am thankful for the new found love for farmers and farming, no matter how big or small."

Their two-acre property is a myriad of husbandry combined with agricultural ventures. As the farm sits adjacent to the Mount Hope River you can hear the water as it passes over the rocks and sandy banks. Varga Farm is a peaceful place that demonstrates what hard work can provide. As with most farmers, due to the seasonality and the constant fight with those critters that truly believe that growing produce is only for their benefit, Chris and Justin support their farm activities with additional work. Chris owns Varga Landscaping and Justin is a carpenter whose skills include installing windows, doors, making sheds, decks and porches. Their phone number for the farm, landscaping services or carpentry work is 860.487.9127. Information can be found for the Varga Farm on their Facebook page, <https://www.facebook.com/vargafamily-farm/>. As mentioned above you can purchase their produce or eggs at their stand on 10 River Road, which by the way never closes, or at the Storrs Farmer's Market held every Saturday at the Town Hall from 3:00pm to 6:00pm.

Put another Connecticut Grown event on your calendar and take the time to visit the many vendors at the upcoming Willimantic Co-op's Annual Country Fair which is held at Jillson Square on Saturday, September 28th, 2019 from 10:00am to 4:00pm (<https://www.willimanticfood.coop/events/downtown-country-fair/>). The Willimantic Downtown Country Fair strives to provide a fun, creative and environmentally sound event that promotes local skills and craftsmanship. Come early, and don't miss the Willimantic Farmers Market at the same location which operates from 8:00am to noon.

And yes, tomatoes are in abundance. Not one stand or market table is without. Before buying tomatoes ask what kind they are. Trust me they are not "just" toma-



atoes. Each has a different personality just like you and me. Don't feel that way? That's ok I understand. When they are sliced and placed on heavy grain bread with loads of mayo and crispy bacon, I guess it really does not make a difference...just as long as the juice runs down your chin. As I end this column, I leave you with this smile:

Three tomatoes are walking down the street. A papa tomato, a mama tomato and a little baby tomato. The baby tomato starts lagging behind. Papa tomato gets angry, and goes over to the baby tomato and smooshes him and says, "Catch Up".

Tomatoes are truly divine and the season is short. I would suggest that you try the following Panzanella recipe with all of the ingredients you can get from your garden or at the farm stand. Panzanella is a Tuscan chopped salad of soaked stale bread, onions and tomatoes is popular in the summer. It often includes cucumbers and basil and it is dressed with a vinaigrette dressing. It is also popular in other parts of Central Italy. I have been making this salad for many years since it screams summer and shows off the results of a summer garden.



Chris Varga (on left) and Justin Varga. Dennis Pierce photo.

Panzanella Salad

Ingredients:

1 handful of fresh basil, chopped
1 bell pepper, cleaned and chopped
1, medium size cucumber, peeled and sliced
2 small cloves of fresh garlic, chopped finely
1 teaspoon of garlic powder for croutons
1 red onion, sliced thin
4 to 6 tomatoes, chopped into eighths, add a pinch of salt to tomatoes and allow them to drain as they sit

with salt on them
2 tablespoons of capers (these can be omitted but they can be purchased rather inexpensively at Job Lot. They come in a jar and these can stay in your refrigerator forever.

1 dash of oregano, dried
Salt and black pepper to taste
3 to 4 Ciabatta Rolls. Cut into large crouton size. Most stores have these in the bakery section.
¼ cup of olive oil for croutons
2 tablespoons of parmesan cheese
1 pound of mozzarella cheese cut into cubes

Dressing:

6 tablespoons of olive oil, 1 tsp of red wine vinegar, 1 tsp of Dijon mustard, mix well.

Directions:

Preheat Oven to 350 degrees
Mix garlic powder and olive oil. Add to bread "croutons" and toss well. Place on foil lined baking sheet. Bake until golden about eight minutes. Keep an eye on them so they do not burn.
Take out of oven and cool.
Make dressing and set aside
Take a large bowl and add tomatoes, pepper, red onions, cucumbers, chopped, fresh garlic, basil and mozzarella cheese.
Right before you plan to serve add bread, dried oregano, capers and drizzle dressing a little, then mix, then add more dressing.
Add parmesan cheese and toss again.
Add black pepper and salt. Be careful with the salt since the parmesan and the capers are already salty.
Enjoy....

If you have a suggestion for a farm or a local grower or even a recipe that could feature a local ingredient, please let me know. I will do my best to share your suggestions in a future column. Drop me a line at Codfish53@Yahoo.com. Peas be with you...



Kidney recipient Lincoln Budd with son Owen in whose name a Kids' Fun Run will be held in Eastford on September 14 at 10:10am. Contributed photo.

The Human Impact of Eastford's 5K and Kids Run

Gratitude by Rachel Budd

For the last 26 years that I have been with my husband Lincoln, we have had something scary lurking in the background: Chronic Renal Failure. In the beginning we would hold our breath with each of Lincoln's check-ups, but eventually we accepted that the disease would be slow moving. So we marched on, and tried not to worry about "someday".

Well, that "someday" is here. September 18, 2019, to be precise. After dreading it for so long, we are still scared, but extremely excited. We are in the best position possible for our situation. Most of that is due to our living kidney donor.

I cannot imagine making a decision as huge as to whether or not to literally give up a piece of yourself. It is mind-boggling to think that one person would do that for another out of the goodness of their heart. With all of the horrible things happening in the world today, it brings me joy to share something so good and selfless.

Our friend and donor is a modest and private person, and we want to respect that by not drawing attention to him directly. But we still want to share how we feel about his generosity, kindness, bravery and strength. We are simply awed by the gift he is giving our family. He will forever be loved and considered a part of it.

It will take about 8 weeks for our friend to be able to return to work. Would you be willing to help us help him with his living expenses for the time he is unable to work? Let's keep spreading the good, there can never be too much of it. Please consider participating in or donating to one of the following. Thank you!

Ways you can help are:

On September 14, at 10:10am, Eastford will host "Owen's Fun Run: For My Dad's Kidney Donor". Fee is \$10.00 per person thru 9/12 and \$15.00 after and on day-of-race. Or please make checks out to the Marilyn T. Krom Foundation with "Owen's Run 2" in the memo and mail to Eastford Town Office Building, PO Box 98, Eastford, CT 06242.

OR donate to Go Fund Me: For Our Friend Who Is "Sharing His Spare" <https://dm2.gofund.me/For-Our-Friend-Who-Is-Sharing-His-Spare>

Eastford's other September 14 5K cancer benefit starts at 10am. Register for the 5K by 6 pm on Sept. 12 - \$20; Day-of-Race Fee is \$25. For either race, register online at: runsignup.com.

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10 Years and Counting:

Points to Consider as You Approach Retirement

By James Zahansky, AWMA®



If you're a decade or so away from retirement, you've probably spent at least some time thinking about this major life change. You might have planned ahead, aligned your investments, and now you're getting ready to live well.™ How will you manage the transition? Will you travel, take up a new sport or hobby, or spend more time with friends and family? However you decide to enjoy retirement, make sure you have a strategy for the years ahead. Following the unique Weiss, Hale & Zahansky Plan Well. Invest Well. Live Well.™ process can help make sure your strategy is tailored to your goals. This month we are going to help you understand key points when it comes to retirement: how to plan ahead, manage your budget, and strategize your estate.

Reassess your living expenses

A step you will probably take several times between now and retirement — and maybe several more times thereafter — is thinking about how your living expenses could or should change. For example, while commuting and other work-related costs may decrease, other budget items may rise. Health-care costs, in particular, may increase as you progress through retirement.

Try to estimate what your monthly expense budget will look like in the first few years after you stop working. And then continue to reassess this budget as your vision of retirement becomes reality.

Consider all your income sources

First, figure out how much you intend to receive from Social Security. The amount you receive will depend on your earnings history and other unique factors. You can elect to receive retirement benefits as early as age 62, however, doing so will result in a reduced benefit for life. If you wait until your full retirement age (66 or 67, depending on your birth date) or later (up to age 70), your benefit will be higher. The longer you wait, the larger it will be.¹

Next, review the accounts you've earmarked for retirement income, including any employer benefits. Start with your employer-sponsored plan, and then consider any IRAs and traditional investment accounts you may own. Try to estimate how much they could provide on a monthly basis. If you are married, be sure to include your spouse's retirement accounts as well. If your employer provides a traditional pension plan, contact the plan administrator for an estimate of that monthly benefit amount.

Might you continue to work? Some retirees find that they are able to consult, turn a hobby into an income source, or work part-time. Such income can provide a valuable cushion that helps retirees postpone tapping their investment accounts, giving the assets more time to potentially grow.

Pay off debt, power up your savings

Once you have an idea of what your possible expenses and income look like, it's time to bring your attention back to the here and now. Draw up a plan to pay off debt and power up your retirement savings before you retire.

Entering retirement debt-free — including paying off your mortgage — will put you in a position to modify your monthly expenses in retirement if the need arises. On the other hand, entering retirement with a mortgage, loans, and credit-card balances will put you at the mercy of those monthly payments. You'll have less of an opportunity to scale back your spending if necessary.

Why power up your savings? In these final few years before retirement, you'll likely be earning the highest salary of your career. Why not save and invest as much as you can in your employer-sponsored retirement savings plan and/or IRAs? Aim for maximum allowable contributions. And remember, if you're 50 or older, you can take advantage of catch-up contributions, which enable you to contribute an additional \$6,000 to your 401(k) plan and an extra \$1,000 to your IRA in 2019.

Manage taxes

As you think about when to tap your various resources for retirement income, remember to consider the tax impact of your strategy. For example, you may want to withdraw money from your taxable accounts first to allow

your employer-sponsored plans and IRAs more time to potentially benefit from tax-deferred growth.

If you decide to work in retirement while receiving Social Security, understand that income you earn may result in taxable benefits. IRS Publication 915 offers a worksheet to help you determine whether any portion of your Social Security benefit is taxable.

If leaving a financial legacy is a goal, you'll also want to consider how estate taxes and income taxes for your heirs figure into your overall decisions.

Managing retirement income to result in the best possible tax scenario can be extremely complicated. Qualified tax and financial professionals can provide valuable insight and guidance.² At Weiss, Hale & Zahansky, we strive to provide a unique plan to help you meet your financial life goals. Our Plan Well. Invest Well. Live Well.™ process is not just a tagline — it's a strategy. Having a thorough plan can help alleviate stress, particularly in the 10 years before retirement.

Account for health care

The Employee Benefit Research Institute (EBRI) reported that the average 65-year-old married couple, with average prescription drug expenses, would need \$240,000 in savings to have at least a 75% chance of meeting their insurance premiums and out-of-pocket health-care costs in retirement in 2018.³ This figure illustrates why health care should get special attention as you plan the transition to retirement.

Also think about what would happen if you or your spouse needed home care, nursing home care, or other forms of long-term assistance, which Medicare and Medigap will not cover. Medigap policies are sold by private health insurers and are standardized and regulated by both state and federal law. These plans cover certain specified services, but offer different combinations of coverage. Some cover all or part of your Medicare deductibles, co-payments, or coinsurance costs.

Easing the transition

These are just some of the factors to consider as you prepare to transition into retirement. Breaking down the bigger picture and using the years ahead to plan accordingly may help make the process a little easier. When it comes to saving for retirement, it is never too late to start; our unique and strategic Plan Well. Invest Well. Live Well.™ process can help guide you toward meeting your goals so you can enjoy retirement. In the weeks ahead, we will continue to discuss the importance of saving for retirement and estate planning. To access additional informational pieces on the markets and topics regarding your financial goals, visit www.whzwealth.com/resources to sign up for our newsletter.

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1 Note that if you work while receiving Social Security benefits and are under full retirement age, your benefits may be reduced until you reach full retirement age. 2 Working with a tax or financial professional cannot guarantee financial success. Weiss, Hale & Zahansky Strategic Wealth Advisors does not provide legal or tax advice. You should consult a legal or tax professional regarding your individual situation. 3EBRI Issue Brief, October 8, 2018.

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 about a family vacation or why you volunteer. 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

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Looking Up:

Driving and Arriving Under the Stars, the Power of Family

By Bob Grindle

Should we fly this time? A trip to Indiana to spend time with the family and enjoy a short return to the endless skies of growing up. We're not getting any younger and 15 hours is a rather long time behind the wheel, to say nothing of sitting in the passenger's seat. The discussion meandered...we decided to drive. Promised ourselves frequent breaks. 900 miles isn't even quite a time zone and memories of youth are a potent siren's song. How many times in each of our life's journeys do our hopes and plans end up stranded on the shifting, sandy shores of the many islands of our imagination, an imagination usually crafted when we were a much younger version of our current selves? Anyway, up at four in the morning and on the road by five. Sounds like a plan! OMG.

One of the coolest things about a relationship... marriage, friendship, sibblingship, extended familyship, courtship, co-workship—getting pretty far out there now—neighborship, is the ease of simply talking about almost anything. Please, somebody, break the ice. Heartaches, heartbreaks, losses, finds, discoveries, births, birthdays, joys, adventures, fears, scary moments, funny moments, odd moments, or maybe just moments... walking into a spider web on that path toward...whatever!!! All of these are somehow more engaging and more a part of being human than “screen time” or an emoji. Wouldn't you prefer a soft, warm...despite it's being a little wet...kiss? Family get-togethers are like that, somewhere between unexpected spider webs and warm, wet kisses. But ahhh, the driving time getting there was filled with chatter and pee breaks and occasional traffic slow-downs, construction delays, unidentifiable road-kill, a chance encounter with a Con-

necticut native in Ohio who noticed one of our UCONN t-shirts, and, finally, the endless horizon-to-horizon skies of Northern Indiana.

Unfortunately, there were few to no stars... gray, hot, humid days, with rain falling and skies clearing according to no schedule. It was delightful! A pool party in the rain...yuk...not really. Skies cleared, and I've often wondered how it is that some people seem to complain about every little thing, while others—in that old ‘hippy’ refrain- ‘go with the flow.’ The family, my wife, Lin and I went with the flow. Life, at full-tilt, like rivers in flood stage, is exciting, a bit dangerous and really, the only game in town. A fleeting kiss as you jump into a pool teeming with the next generation of—OMG, is it safe to turn things over to these fishes?—but the rains come, we scramble out, shelter under the Tiki-bar canopy, suck down a brew or soda or whatever and come to realize that panic is not a problem solving state of mind. Look up.

There is poetry in the canopy that covers us all. “Let us go then, you and I...” “...when I set out to sea...” “’twas noontide of summer, and mid-time of night...” Eliot, Tennyson or Poe... who cares...hug someone. Flop down on your back and look up at the sky that is part of the universe and your world. It is great and it is very, very small. There are stars that dwarf our solar system and galaxies that mock our simple human explanations that struggle to explain it all, while the harvest Moon that seems to go on forever lights up our late summer nights and, like our loves of long ago, asks only to be adored. If you get the chance around midmonth at 9pm or so, look up to the full Moon and have a chat...it's the Harvest Moon. I doubt many farmers continue to work their fields by its light—old timers, especially in the wide skies of the mid-west and the

high plains before the Rockies, most certainly did—but it casts great moon-shadows, has inspired some classically moody songs, and who doesn't feel a twinge of spooky magic when passing by an expansive field of dried corn-stalks and arranged pumpkins. Who hasn't looked up and felt their own heartstrings tugged by some mysterious longing for the perfect and elusive answer to a question, hard to define...world peace, Shangri-La, the end of sickness or hunger or perhaps just personal happiness or a friend or loved one's better life.

All that in a full Moon, and more...there is the mysterious Harvest Moon effect that causes the nearly Full Moon to seem to linger low in the autumn sky for several nights in a row at about the same time each night—around 9pm. If skies permit and you have a good East-Southeast vantage during the Harvest Moon nights of this September 12th thru the 16th, take a look at the loneliest star. Fomalhaut is a star we have never talked about in this column, but this bright star in the constellation Piscis Austrinus, the Southern Fish, is located in a region of the sky that contains only very faint stars. It appears solitary, sitting low above the horizon. Many astronomers amateur and professional refer to this solitary star as the loneliest star this time of year.

Bob Grindle is a Windham Hospital retiree who recently graduated from ECSU with a concentration in Astronomy.

Contributed photo: An August, 2019 family reunion of the author's family. Bob is in the middle with glasses on top of head.

The 21st Annual Willimantic Downtown Country Fair

By Winky Gordon

The Willimantic Downtown Country Fair is celebrating its 21st birthday on Saturday September 28th, at Jillson Square and it won't be a party without you! Among the many reasons to go to this free event: music, crafts, food, a giant bee puppet, and an opportunity to dance to the classic tune Willimantic USA. And it's fun. And your friends will be there. Or maybe you'll make new ones! Last year's event drew 1,000 people over the course of the day to eat, frolic, hang out, and shop. The Fair is organized and produced by the Willimantic Food Coop which will soon have its 40th birthday.

Come hungry and you can purchase food and drink from local vendors including Pleasant Pizza, Not Only Juice, Grounded, Tacos la Rosa, Maharajah, Azuluna Foods, and Fenton River Grill. Vegans,

vegetarians, carnivores and omnivores will all find something to suit their palates. If you're there before noon you can also shop at the weekly Willimantic Farmers' Market.

Come with your kids - or your inner kid - to play and make stuff with activities sponsored by Oak Grove Montessori School. You can experiment with Montessori materials to create your own mindfulness coloring activity, check out the arts and crafts projects, and learn about how the Montessori approach promotes good earth stewardship and sustainable use of resources. And be on the look out for the giant (non-stinging) bee....

Speaking of sustainability, keep your eyes open for the multiple demonstrations of thoughtful ways to promote good use of resources and decrease waste at the Fair. Food vendors will be serving using compostable food ware. The Windham

Community Food Network is coordinating recycling efforts and will provide education about what's in and what's out of the recycling stream these days. Fair goers can sew their own cloth bags from upcycled fabric, possibly on a bicycle powered sewing machine. How cool is that?

Come to move and groove and be treated to music of many genres, from art-punk to Afro-Caribbean Jazz to unique takes on cover songs. The line-up as of press is: Lawnchair on Mars, 12 Pack of Safety Glasses, Zoo Front, Hunter's Moon, Bentetu Band, a teen capella group and a group of teen homeschoolers. If you have never heard the Willimantic USA jingle, you are missing out on a locally inspired treasure. And if you've never danced to it, or you'd like to do it again - this is your chance. There will be simple instruction for a group dance that is open to all; no dance experience neces-

sary.

Come to check out the local crafts vendors, all of whom are from towns within the Quiet Corner, bringing their own goods to show and sell. You can find photography, pottery, woodworking, candles, and hand knit goods, among other things. You are also invited to participate in a community weaving project as well. Again, no experience necessary. And there will be opportunities to learn about area community groups at their information tables.

For whatever reason you like, just come. Saturday, September 28th, 10:00am to 4:00pm, Jillson Square. Free, Willimantic Downtown Country Fair. You. Be there. Aloha.

Winky lives in Mansfield.

Sentinel

By Christine Acebo

In the 1980's we three old friends, John, Carol and I, pooled our meager sums of money and bought these woods from a retired professor who had moved away and was willing to give us time to pay. The land had never been surveyed formally and no one was really sure how many acres were in the parcel, so we spent hours and days searching through very old records in the Ashford town hall. We found deeds and wills from the early 1800's from Colonel Bugbee and his sons and followed the records forward to the present owner. John and I made our own survey by foot --- counting strides as we found and walked boundaries referenced long ago by intersections of stone walls, roads long overgrown, and wolf trees. Our record search and informal pacing convinced us the deal was good. A formal survey later showed the parcel to be larger than thought because one of the Bugbee sons had left Connecticut for Vermont, abandoning his center section of the original parcel, that piece then lost to further recording. After a fruitless search for heirs in Vermont, a quit claim deed gave us 80 acres that had been thought to be 52 acres for many years.

The footwork we'd done had given us even more. We got to know these woods and the secrets they held --- the rocky glens, the laurel groves, the rotting chestnut hulk, and the spring in the hollow of the ravine. We tried to picture the animals that had been contained by the stone walls outlining rectangular pastures on the gentle north slope of the hill. We met the wild animals that lived on the land and told them we would try to do no harm. We fell in love with the land and its wild inhabitants.

This tree near the top of the hill held a rickety treehouse back then, already abandoned for some years, perhaps by farm boys who still lived nearby, grown now with sons already too old for such things. I used to wonder if any girls had been allowed up top but though I was strong and agile in those days I shrank back from the rungs that twisted slightly under pressure, the backward lean of the tree, and how very high it was.

We subdivided the land into 2 large pieces that would be house lots and 3 small pieces that would be sold to raise money for the structures we planned. We logged the land lightly and carefully and sold the logs for timber. John built a log cabin in and of these woods, trees felled from the top of Perry Hill and moved with an ancient boom truck, driven by a grizzled Vermont farmer, to a local mill to be shaved on 2 sides. The logs were lifted and lowered into place for the cabin's walls with that same boom truck (and lots of human muscle). Friends helped over several years but it was mostly John, John's vision and John's body

that built the oak and hickory log cabin on top of the hill and fenced the circular vegetable garden with 6-inch diameter log posts. There is nothing delicate about any of the structures on the top of his hill and nothing will take them down easily. John bought used solar panels and harnessed the sun to provide all of the energy for his compound and power lines were never strung to the cabin. He periodically included others in his domain over the years and built a barn and a vineyard and an addition to the original cabin. Finally, Jose joined him for good, became partner and co-owner and spread the top of the hill with gardens full of flowers.

At the bottom of the hill Carol and I, joined by new recruits Michelle and Gina, first built a barn for my horse, Dandy, and a shop for Carol's woodworking business, then designed a house that would reflect each of our disparate ideas of style and function. The resulting house had 4 rooflines: a gambrel roof for Carol, a shed roof for a shared kitchen, an A-frame for me, and a cape cod roof for Michelle and Gina's side of what was technically a duplex. We found an architect to draw the plans and then a contractor to build the house. The project was demanding and accompanied by no small amount of conflict before the house was finished in 1990. A pond, gardens and greenhouses were added and the deer moved in to eat the bushes and flowers until deer fences went up. In the Spring the peepers deafened us at night. In the Spring hundreds of rhododendrons bloomed from Carol's plantings. In each Spring since

some of the visions we'd had back then still unfold.

Now, almost 30 years later, I'm the last remaining owner of the house at the bottom of the hill and I rent half of the house to a wonderful young man who can do work I no longer can. The others of the original group have moved on to other towns or other states. John and Jose still live on their piece of heaven on top of the hill but have started to wonder how long they will be able to keep it going as their bodies grumble and balk at the work the land requires of them. It is not clear which of us will have to leave first as age continues to gnaw at us.

The treehouse fell into pieces over the years, leaves covered the rotting boards and turned them to black earth, and rust blunted bent nails. Only a few twisting rungs remain, an illusory stairway to a view across the top of the hill that no one has seen for a very long time from the tree's aerie. The edge of the ravine would be visible, the smoke from John's chimney would scent the air, and perhaps the deer would gather for the night, as always, right below.

Christine lives in Ashford. See more of her work at: www.flickr.com/photos/lightypaintedpixels/albums



Communicating with Someone with Advanced Alzheimer's

By Stanley Rosenstein

How does one communicate with someone who has late stage Alzheimer's disease? It is not an easy task. Late stage Alzheimer's disease destroys memory, intellect, personality and language. One depends on assistance from caregivers for all daily needs.

When my wife had late stage Alzheimer's disease she was quiet and passive. She did not talk. She was not responsive to my efforts of lighthearted conversation. She was in a wheel chair until bedtime.

During daily visits to my wife I had to invent ways of communication. I did not want to just hold her hand in silence. I learned that music can reach people with advanced Alz-

heimer's. Music reduces anxiety and agitation. I tried to reach into her long-term memory by singing old songs, nursery rhymes, and poems to make a connection.

Some of the nursery rhymes I sang to her were as follows: Humpty Dumpty, Baa Baa Black Sheep, Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, Hickory Dickory Dock, Mary Had a Little Lamb, Jack and Jill, Little Bo-Peep, Itsy Bitsy Spider, Old MacDonald Had a Farm, Little Miss Muffet and This Old Man He Played One.

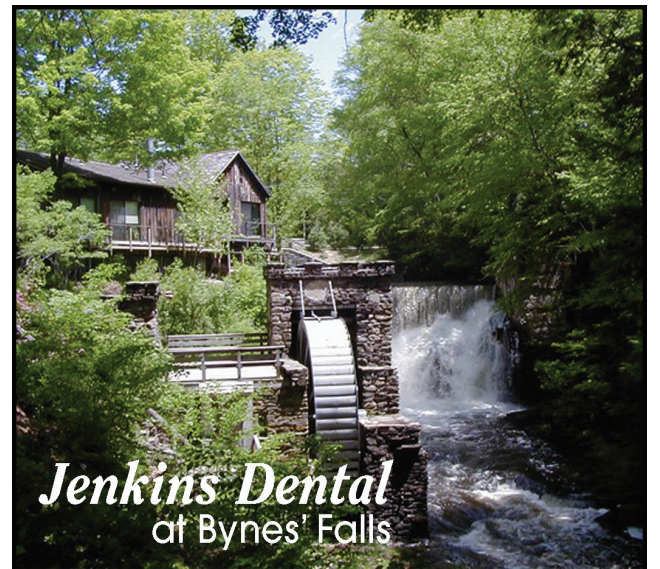
Some of the old songs I sang to my wife were: Take Me Out to the Ballgame, I Never Will Marry, Happy Birthday, Tennessee Waltz, Goodnight Irene, I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover and Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Daa.

In the winter I visited my

wife inside a lounge. Occasionally someone would peek inside the lounge to see me reciting funny poems to my wife, a rather strange scene in a nursing facility.

In warm weather I took my wife outside under a gazebo. I pointed out various things like a bird or airplane in the sky, cloud formations, autumn foliage, hummingbirds and a flock of wild turkeys.

I found a book entitled, "Where the Sidewalk Ends," by Shel Silverstein. The book consists of weird and funny poems and pictures. I read these poems to my wife many times hoping to get a smile, but she remained unresponsive. The only consolation I feel is that hearing my voice may have given my wife a measure of comfort.



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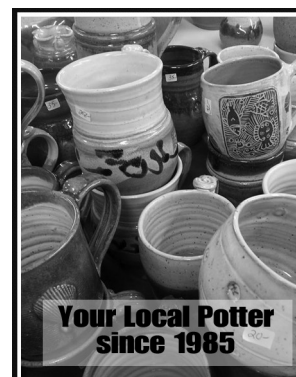
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The Teachings for a Trillion Trees: It's a Social Issue!

By Phoebe C. Godfrey

I once asked a young woman if trees could talk what would they say and she unhesitatingly replied, "Look Up!"



You've no doubt seen them as their bare branches catch us unawares and we may even for a moment have our temporal bearings challenged as their emaciated silhouettes speak to memories of winter months. These are any of the millions of trees that have died or are currently dying around us in CT (and elsewhere) as a result of drought, invasive insects, old age, intensive storms and ultimately, one could add in climate change. In my own neighborhood of Willimantic's historic hill section, where it is not only the houses that are old and beautiful but also the trees, I have had to say goodbye to over 20 notable and majestic ones. Fortunately many of the older ones are still alive (or have not been cut down due to storm fears and insurance company pressure), including my own 100+ year old maple, but we too lost a 90 foot spruce back in 2015 to Hurricane Sandy taking out with her our newly purchased VW bug. Unexpectedly though in the void made by the spruce a new _____? has grown and although it inconveniently shades our little blow-up pool in the morning hours, we have decided to let her grow in the spirit of regeneration. For this is very much in tune with how nature works if given the opportunity and in most cases our support. However, such a spirit is not something I have seen many embody in terms of replanting in the spaces left by the departed; a realization I find deeply upsetting.

In my classes on climate change / sustainability I like to tease my students by telling them there is a solution not just to excessive carbon in the atmosphere but also to the self-destructive cultural values that plague not only our society but consequently the whole world due to our global dominance. This solution is to simply recognize the value and miracle of trees, and all plant life. I then go on to affirm to them that ironically (or not) instead of recognizing this simple, yet profound fact, we continue with our hubristic myopia affirming that only

our technology will save us, pushing forth such ideas as aerosol injection, marine cloud brightening, ocean mirror...etc as listed on the site Carbon Brief. Of course this site does not list planting trees as an option, even though it has now become recognized by a Swiss study that that

planting a trillion trees could have a significant impact on the earth's carbon. Of course one could be sarcastic and question if we really needed a study to tell us that trees are a solution to carbon in the atmosphere, but nevertheless it has inspired the United Nation's Trillion Tree campaign that has apparently resulted in the planting of 15 billion trees, with Ethiopia perhaps leading the way by planting 350 million in 12 hours! Of course at the same time that such trees are being planted, more trees are still being cut down, including those currently burning in the Amazon and no doubt elsewhere. As for my own local observations, I have not yet seen any of the lost trees replaced by new saplings. Even on UCONN campus where I work, we have lost many trees, including the one I called grandmother, who lived next to Mirror Lake with swings on her branches. She was perhaps the best therapist on campus as students would go to her and swing and sit and there was even a box placed next to her for student to leave messages to each other. In the winter she was decorated by 1000's of white lights, again bringing comfort and a promise of the returning light and warmth of the summer sun. Now in her place there is a large dusty soil void, but also an emotional, social and even spiritual one. Maybe UCONN plans to replant a tree in grandmother's place, but in all the other cases where I have lost a campus tree friend none have been replaced. Which brings me back to the ways in which I tease my students, for the issue is not a matter of actual trees (trees are of course regenerative—my maple tree has many babies each year that we must unfortunately pull out as our yard can not sustain them) but of our minds.

When I first heard of the Trillion Tree project, I asked my wife Tina to do some brain storming with me as to how we could build upon it in terms of addressing the



Dead tree over graveyard looking like its winter.
Phoebe Godfrey photo.

social side of the issue. So while hiking together back in the spring, we came up with the idea that there should be an organization called "The Teachings for a Trillion Trees", which recognizes that our emphasis must first be on the social aspects, on our values, on our thinking and, as stated, on our minds. Such teachings would of course recognize Indigenous wisdoms, such as bringing into consideration the needs of 'seven generations' from now (which is of course ever advancing), as well recognizing from our more modern experiences that every technological solution creates new problems, regardless of our initial intentions. Therefore, if we learn to integrate the ancient with the modern by using our sciences with our spirits to observe and understand the specific ecosystems of a given place enabling us to pay attention, to watch, to listen and to work with natural systems, we can begin to enhance nature's own regenerative abilities. In fact, this is the essential teaching of a Trillion Trees that to solve our environmental crises we must address our culture's intersecting masculinist / racist / classist values that find their endmost expressions in domination over nature, over 'others' deemed less than the hegemonic ideal. In contrast, what is needed in my neighborhood, on UCONN's campus and throughout the state and the world is a commitment to working with and listening to each other and to nature so that we may collectively create a more, "just, peaceful, and verdant world", while recognizing that we don't need a MacArthur

Foundation grant to do it (I am quoting their slogan). Rather what we need are a few neighbors, students, and / or community members, as well as some conversations about the meanings and practices of social justice and about the social changes that we need to create in order to prioritize

the planting of trees. We also need conversation that will help us in making our decisions about which are the best sapling trees to plant and where, given the specific needs and characteristics of the existing ecosystems we inhabit. In short, what the Teachings for a Trillion Trees demands is that we first grow the type of people who will collectively 'look up' for answers and as result mindfully plant the appropriate trillion trees of which they each will symbolically be one.

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A local lost old growth tree.

Phoebe Godfrey photo.

Coventry Grad Wins Scholarship



Ruth O'Neil, director of the Song-a-Day Music Center in Coventry presents scholarship to Katherine Loalbo.

Contributed photo.

Submitted by Ruth O'Neil

The Song-a-Day Music Fund is proud to announce that Katherine Loalbo of Coventry CT, has been selected as the 2019 recipient of the Annual Song-a-Day Music Scholarship.

Katherine is a 2019 graduate of Coventry High School. Katherine's main instrument is the alto sax, which she has been playing since Fifth Grade. Katherine also plays the tenor saxophone and clarinet. Katherine has had a busy musical career in high school, being part of the High School's Concert, Jazz and "Patriot" Pep Band. Among her many musical experiences, Miss Loalbo has auditioned for the Eastern Regional and the Charter Oak music festivals and has been a member of the Tri-M Music Honor Society. As part of the Coventry High School Band, under the direction of Hannah Cole, Katherine has been a section leader, and a member of the Band Leadership Team. She has also been in the orchestral pit for recent Coventry High School Drama Department productions.

This fall, Katherine begins her college studies at Central Connecticut State University where she plans to major in Music Education, with the hopes of being a school band director and performing with community bands.

Since 2002, The Song-a-Day Music Fund has awarded an annual scholarship to an area graduating senior who plans further study in the area of music. The Song-a-Day Music Fund is operated by the Song-a-Day Music Center, 2809 Boston Turnpike in Coventry. To make a contribution to or for more info contact the Song-a-Day Music Center at 860-742-6878 or songadaymusic.com.

Antiques on Lebanon Green

Submitted by Grace Sayles

It's a tradition, fall colors, antiques, chowder and pie all enjoyed outside on the Lebanon Green as the Lebanon Historical Society celebrates 53 years of its outdoor antique show

For more than half a century, rain or shine, antique dealers and collectors gather on the Green in Lebanon, CT. Once a common sight in Connecticut towns, outdoor antique shows are now almost gone from the landscape. The show on the Lebanon Green offers a bit of nostalgia for everyone. Now in its 53rd year, the Lebanon Historical Society's Outdoor Antique Show is open 9:00 to 3:00 on Saturday, September 28th 2019.

Up to 60 dealers will offer antiques and high-quality collectibles to buyers who come from around the state and through-out southern New England. The event started in 1966 as a money-making effort to fund Society programs and, eventually, to help pay for the land needed to build a Museum. Today, the Antique Show is still the Historical Society's largest and most important fund raising event with proceeds supporting school programs, exhibits and historical presentations.

Some dealers have been participating for many years, but new-to-the-field dealers are added every year. Visitors can expect to find everything from 19th century furniture to vintage tools and from traditional pottery to textiles, glassware and jewelry.

For the \$5 admission fee visitors can spend the day wandering the field, talking with dealers and finding a bargain. Coffee & donuts are available for purchase all day and 11am begins lunchtime fare including home-made chowders, sandwiches as well as grilled burgers and dogs and end it all with a slice of home-made pie!

Parking is free and the people are friendly.

For more information contact the Lebanon Historical Society 860-642-6579 / museum@historyoflebanon.org or visit us on the web at www.historyoflebanon.org.

My Heart Was Touched

By Sue Calkins

I went to Haiti for the first time with the Sister's of Mercy in 2016. They were going to assess a program for the ultra poor women who were isolated. During this trip, hurricane Matthew hit Haiti. We left the mountains and stayed in a hotel in Petion-Ville, as this was the safest option for us. The airport closed two days prior to the hurricane and I felt like I had an opportunity to stay longer than expected. We were not able to travel to the area that the hurricane hit as all the roads were washed out. We did have an opportunity volunteer at Saint Luke's Hospital on a Cholera unit. I also went to Mother's Theresa's Home for the children. It was then the impact of this trip hit me. I left with a heavy heart knowing I needed to return.

In the spring of 2018 I traveled to Washington DC with my dearest friend, Sister Mary Healy, who was speaking at a fundraiser for Fonkoze. She had worked for the Haitian people for so many years and inspired my desire

to go to Haiti. While in DC, I went around introducing myself. "Hi, my name is Sue Calkins and I would like to volunteer in Haiti for three months." It was there I met Rich Gosser, of Rich in Mercy, and his lovely wife. He said, "I have a couple of places that could use you, but you would be perfect for the Crèche in Kenscoff." I did some research and decided that it was exactly where I wanted to be. After all, who could not want to go to an orphanage and nurture children.

I left Ashford on January 15, 2019. It is always with great sadness when I leave my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. I do want to model for them that it is so very important to be grateful for what we have and to give back.

When I landed in Haiti, the Fondation of the Enfant Jesus (FEJ) did an amazing job of having someone to meet me at the airport, making sure that I got through immigration and customs, and walking me out to a car. Roberto was waiting for me... he is Gina's driver and an amazing young man. We drove up the mountain, and by the time we arrived at the Crèche, I was beginning to wonder where he was taking me. I decided I could never drive in Haiti, as it is not for the faint hearted.

Gina was not in Haiti when I arrived so I stayed right at the Crèche. What an experience that was. My room had a small balcony that overlooked the valley and had a

great view of the mountains. When I woke in the morning and looked down to see a cloud sitting on a nearby mountain, I thought I must be in Heaven. The mountain air is cool at about 50 degrees in the morning, and I had a major problem getting into a cold shower.

I did love staying at the orphanage. I loved the sounds of the children at the crèche and the life of the valley below, crowing roosters, bellowing cattle, bleating goats, the children walking along the ridges to go to school and music drifting up to me. The pure beauty of a simple life.

I quickly found myself falling into a routine helping where I could. I fed meals, rocked children, helped

get them out to the play area, attended the little school with them, helped get them dressed, rocked children, helped with dishes, tried to teach the children who were being adopted by English speaking parents a few words of English, played, made videos of some of the kids that they loved watching, read/told simple stories, supported staff whenever I could, and did

I say rocked children. Every one loved being rocked from the infants to the older children and it became my favorite pastime. I also informed staff when I was concerned either by a medical or behavioral issue. I tried to spend as much individual time with the children as possible just nurturing them as a grandmother would.

It was heart wrenching to think about leaving the kids after being there for three months, so I returned for two weeks in June. I plan to return for a month in the fall and then for three more months in January

I've also spent time finding donations and working on finding other volunteers for the Mother's Heart Program.

The FEJ has several programs, which help the Haitian people and especially the children. Gina Duncan is the co-founder and CEO. I was so very pleased to meet her and to learn that her motto is "there is no child left behind". She is a warm loving woman who has had an extensive history in the human services in Haiti.

On September the 28th I will be doing a presentation about my experiences in Haiti at noon. The Babcock Library is sponsoring it and it will be held at the Knowlton Hall in Ashford.

Photo was contributed. Sue lives in Ashford.



"Knock, Knock." "Who's there?" "Ham." "Ham who?" "Hampton Fall Festival 2019, that's who!"

Submitted by Roger Burten

The Fourth Annual Hampton Fall Festival will occur this year on Saturday, September 28th, starting at 10 in the morning, in and round the Hampton Town Offices and Community Center at 164 Main St. **MARK YOUR CALENDARS!** There will be vendors, demonstrations, tag sales, hayrides, livestock petting, outdoor games, live music, great food, and the HUGE (and very cheap) Annual Fletcher Memorial Library Book/Bake Sale. Lots of free parking available.

Scheduled events: Set your watches!
Pottery Throwing demonstration from 10-1:00. (Potters really don't "throw" the pots!)
Live folk and bluegrass music by Jamie Boss & friends 10:30 - 1:30. Sing along!
Free Hayrides that tour the town at 11:00 and 1:15. Hay provided free of charge!
Kiddie Tractor Pull at noon, sign up between 11 and noon

All day:
Hampton Artists Showcase inside the Community Center. Talented people!
Fletcher Memorial Library Book/Bake Sale - lower level Town Hall. All categories of books.
Hampton "Cornhole" Championship! for all ages. Start practicing now!
50/50 raffle. BUY lots of tickets and increase your odds of winning!
Blacksmith demonstrations making farm tools
Animals! Scottish Highland breed cows, and chickens, rabbits, goats?

For kids:
Photo op: Sit atop a rugged Scottish Highland breed cow for a memorable smilin' photo.
Kiddie Tractor Pull at noon, sign up from 11 to noon. Start doing push-ups to get in shape!
Free Hayrides...hay is provided free of charge!
Lots of lively animals to visit with. Say "Hello". Have a nice conversation with a goat or a rabbit.
Cub Scout encampment with "Smores" Making. YUM!

Contests:
Agricultural Produce/Goods Contest, all ages
(drop off produce by 9:30 am, pick-up 2 pm)
Kiddie Tractor Pull. Got muscles?
1st Annual Hampton "Cornhole" Championship for all ages. Start practicing now!
Food vendors:
Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, Chips and Soda
Pulled Pork sandwiches with coleslaw and chips. YUM!
Chicken BBQ with sides, cooked by chefs from the Hampton Fire Department Crew
Delicious Baked Goods, Homemade Ice Cream and Maple Cotton Candy! OMG!

PLEASE NOTE: Vendor and tag sales spaces are still available. Registration forms are at hamptonct.org Questions? Contact Anne: annesgarden@aol.com This schedule of events is subject to change.

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I'm scared as f%[^]k, are you?

By Grace Preli

I have been scared shitless lately. Like properly, totally, completely anxious and afraid. It's real and happening right now and it's taking energy to work through on a daily basis. I know I'm not alone, a lot of people around me are navigating difficult and challenging circumstances right now. This article is for anybody who is feeling afraid or anxious or scared about something. We all feel these feelings at some point in our lives and if you're feeling this way right now about something, you're not alone.



The more I tap into the fear that is coming up and out, the more I realize that the fear has been there for a very long time. Instead of letting it out or working through it and processing it, I think I stuffed a lot of it deep down and went about my day believing I was unafraid. Really though, I was completely ignoring and invalidating a very real part of myself. The key thing about feeling fear, or in fact, any emotion is the realization that feeling the emotion is not going to kill you. It is not going to kill me or destroy me or hurt me to feel my fear or sadness, or anxiety. All of these feelings might feel challenging or intense or overwhelming at times but by paying attention to them and working with them and honoring them we can move forward with greater ease and peace. There's nothing to control, the feeling or my reaction to it... the feeling and my choices around the feeling are both up for kind observation and gentle course correcting as I learn and grow each day.

I was meditating on fear a few weeks ago and as I tapped into my fear I saw it as a sort of red and black dense cloud, located in my solar plexus region. It had roots growing down into my stomach and up into my throat. I felt the fear in my throat and I felt it choke me. I was completely speechless. I sat with the fear a bit longer and I asked it what it wanted me to know. Soon after asking, fear responded in a small but clear voice: "I wish you had listened to me, I wish you heard what I have to say." I felt the fear grow stronger in my throat. It felt like fear was looking out of my open mouth but still I held back, not giving it a voice, not letting it out. I asked again what else it wanted me to know and after a pause it said, "You have to let me speak, I'm not going to hurt you." And that's when I realized... fear, like all emotions are necessary and valid parts of our whole. The goal is to not feel anything, the goal isn't to pretend the feeling isn't there. The goal is to see the feeling come up, feel the feeling, honor the feeling and then make conscious choices about what you're going to do to move forward.

Here's the thing about fear. There are many fears that are real, and many that are not. We humans are really good at letting those fears that aren't really all that big define and shape our lives. Fear is an instinct, and it has a very real purpose in our lives, keeping us safe and whole each day... but when we spend too much time afraid of things that we don't really need to be afraid of, we start to lose sight of what is actually a real fear. We can stop and assess the fear. Is it real, is it something I should actually be afraid of, is it something I need to pay extra attention to, put extra effort or energy into or do I need to ask for help or make a change, avoid this situation or start again... these are good questions to ask yourself when assessing whether your fear is real or not.

Lately, I've been up against a lot of things in my life that are actually real fears. So what do I do when my fear is real, when I am faced with something hard or difficult or challenging or anxiety inducing... what do I do then?

Well, I know what I don't want to do, what I would have done in the past and what is still a very strong pattern in my system. I would curl up, shrink back, get small, dim my shine, retreat, seek safety and stay right smack where I was. I wouldn't move forward, I wouldn't move back. I'd freeze and stay completely stuck right where I was. Part of my realization about fear lately is that just because something is scary doesn't mean we DO have to back down and seek safety. Sometimes, even if it is absolutely terrifying to do something, we can move forward.

This is where trust and faith and hope and self compassion and feeling empowered come into play. If something is making you afraid, then it is time to get brave. For much of my life I don't think I've felt very brave. I think I've felt disempowered and victimized. If things were too difficult, well, I might as well just give up. But here's the thing, that attitude keeps us from doing things that are probably damn good for us to do. If we never face fear with bravery and anxiety with empowerment than we don't make those changes or do those things that end up benefiting us so greatly! If we shrink back, and get small every time we are faced with a fear, then growing and learning and having new experiences will be a much harder process. So what do we do to move through this fear?

Release the controlling death grip that you've got on the future:

The first thing is we must admit is that the future is uncertain. We cannot control it and we would be foolish to try. By relinquishing our hold on the future, by releasing our grip, we can relax into what is. We stop forcing and we start flowing. So much of my fear is simply fear of being afraid. It's fear of the unknown, fear of being out of control, fear of what may or may not happen. If I breathe deep and instead say, you know what, the future is uncertain and that's okay, right there, I get rid of a lot of my fears. If I walk around feeling constantly out of control or afraid of what might happen in the future, than I'm going to spend a lot of my time an anxious and worried mess. If I instead walk around knowing that whatever happens, I'll meet it the best I can, or even if something hurts or is scary or difficult that I'll be okay, then I'll live a life with a lot less fear on a day to day basis.

Get okay with being uncomfortable:

This is a powerful realization. Realize right now that you are going to be hurt. That things will be difficult, that emotions will feel overwhelming, that some days will be so hard. Realize that you will cry and yell and hurt at some point in your life. Realize that there will be challenges and days when you don't know what to do. Realize that there will be times when you will feel so lost, so confused, so alone, so afraid, anxious, worried, sad or scared. This is what it means to be human! We don't have to, and won't have to spend most of our time in these spaces, but if we admit that we will one day feel this way, then we can prepare ourselves in order to meet it. This is something I am only just starting to get a grasp on now. As I grow up and live more, meet more people and do more things, I realize

that life is full of so many uncomfortable moments. If I try to spend my life NOT experiencing uncomfortable things or scary things or sad things, then I will miss out on so many potentially rewarding and incredible experiences. If I let the first inkling of difficulty put me off the task or the journey then how can I expect to grow?

Assess the validity of your fears:

There are things that are scary. And things that we think are scary. What are your fears? Write them down, write them ALL down. Every single one. When you've written them all down you can begin to assess which ones are real and pertinent in your life and therefore need your attention and which ones can be let go of. Right now in my life I am facing changing careers, while moving out on my own and supporting myself fully for the first time, while navigating huge emotional and spiritual realignment, while working through huge insecurities that are changing the way I look at life and the world around me each and every day. Wow. It is damn scary to think about moving out and making it work. I need food and a roof over my head and my electricity to stay on... can I do this? I am navigating a life long fear of abandonment that makes letting people fully in a terrifying task. Can I let myself be seen as I really am? I am so uncertain about my life and the future, can I admit that it's okay to be that way?

Change your mindset:

When I meet a challenging obstacle am I going to run away crying or am I going to walk forward despite the fear? Am I going to shrink back and stay safe, never trying anything particularly challenging or difficult, or am I going to say you know what, on the other side of this fear is something really great, I need to find a way to get there. A mindset where you prioritize bravery and doing it anyway is key. Life is filled with opportunities where we have to put ourselves out there and do things while being or despite being anxious, worried, afraid or scared shitless. You are not going to die if you ask your crush out. You are not going to die if you get up on stage or ask that question in class or do that thing that scares you a little bit. Do it anyway. Be brave while being afraid.

Keep going, you're doing great:

Things are going to be difficult. Things are difficult. Things will be challenging, things are challenging right now. As best you can, get up and meet every day however you can, from wherever you are. If I wake up anxious and scared, I might talk about it to a friend, ask for some help and a hug, admit the fears out loud and then move forward with my day. Moving forward doesn't mean I stop being afraid, it means I'm making a choice to keep going, keep trying, keep learning despite being afraid. When things are tough, when the emotions come up and you feel them rise, sit with them, let them say what they need to say, share or vocalize or realize or get them out however you need to and then find a way to move forward regardless. If you're feeling anxious or sad or scared or worried it's okay! No matter what you're feeling, you're not alone.

What is the Point of Martial Arts for a Civilian?

By Paul Murray

The point of a martial art is not to bully people, or to fight weaker people to make yourself feel better because you can pounce on people although there was time when that was common and some people lean that way even now. I've come to believe that the point of learning a martial art is to promote health, to become a better person yourself, and to help people become better, helping to make the community a better place. There came a point in the development of martial arts somewhere around 600 C.E. that came from Bodhidharma's teaching. Bodhidharma was an Indian monk who, according to legend, showed up in China to spread the idea of Buddhism and the attendant breathing and physical exercises needed to sit for the long periods

of time required for the study. Stories about him abound. One idea that really hit me was that he introduced the idea of wu-te, or martial virtue. Prior to the acceptance of this concept martial artists trained primarily to fight and were often fond of bullying weaker people. Is this where martial arts is today in the United States? Do we just want to show off our prowess? Who is the better fighter? Who attracts the most attention, money, acclaim? Can you charge more at your school if you win fights, tournaments, contests? Can you get into Hollywood? Is it all just a form of advertising to sell a product? Do we really need more massive egos out there? With the introduction of wu-te begins the emphasis that martial arts are for spiritual development and health, not fighting, not profit, not glory, not self-aggrandizement.

Oh. This is whole new ball of wax.

What we practice in Storrs, have been now fifteen years, is Tai Kwon Do Moo Duk Kwan. The Moo Duk Kwan part means martial virtue. Bodhidharma's wu-te. I feel good about it. The more I learn, the more I practice, the more I like it. I am 70 years old now. Although we often slow down in the summer because of people's schedules, we had a soaker of a workout this week. My gi must have weighed ten pounds when I took it off. Drenched. Feel good? You bet. A dive in the pond, into some shorts and a tee shirt. Oh yes. Life.

Just a further plug as we all age. If we are not promoting fighting prowess and tournament performance, and beating people up and there are no Hollywood contracts coming your way, no one is going to bow down before you as you masterfully enter a room, and bad guys are not going

to run away as you walk down the street, what is the point of practicing a martial art? There are tangible benefits: improvements to balance, flexibility, judgement, speed, endurance, strength, awareness of others' movements, improved movement, a continued sense of learning- boy will you feel dumb sometimes, and not to be overlooked, the fun and comradery of it. And you'll be better with bullies.

I hope we can attract some new people to our group. We have three relative beginners now and four more advanced. We get visits now and then from other high ranked people. We need more beginners. We will be having class two days a week this fall. If you'd like to join us, call me. Paul, 860 428 3991. I'll call you back.

Old Friends, New Horizons

Submitted by Jane Collins

“American Barns and Farms” is an exhibit of artwork by long-time Chaplin residents Jane Collins and Cathy Smith. Collins is an oil painter and Smith is a fabric artist. What they share is a deep affection for their rural surroundings in general, and for farms and barns in particular. Much of their artwork is inspired by our treasured and vanishing farmlands.



Catherine Whall Smith (l) and Jane Collins
Submitted photo.

Catherine Whall Smith and Jane Collins met in the early eighties when they both had small children. They formed a playgroup with other mothers in town, meeting at each others’ homes, so that the toddlers could play and the moms could socialize. Jane and Cathy stayed in touch throughout the school-age years of their children and shared the joys and challenges of raising a family in a small town.

In the late nineties their friendship took on a very special bond as Jane went through a grueling fourteen months of treatments for a catastrophic illness. Cathy joined a small cadre of caring friends who took turns visiting Jane and taking her for daily walks to restore her physical strength and emotional well being.

With the happy ending to that chapter of life events, both women enjoyed working outside the home, but also became increasingly dedicated to their respective

artistic passions. Cathy transitioned from a great quilter to a successful fabric artist. Jane spent more and more time painting and exhibiting her artwork and served for two years as president of Artists’ Open Studios of Northeastern Connecticut.

Over the years, both Jane’s and Cathy’s professional careers have been very rewarding. They have exhibited their art extensively in juried shows and prestigious galleries, selling their work and winning awards.



While chatting recently after a yoga class, they realized that “farms” is a shared theme in their artwork, and envisioned collaborating on a show of their work.

They approached the The Tolland Arts Center with their idea for an exhibit and were invited to show their work for the month of September, 2019. This lovely gallery is located at 22 Tolland Green, Tolland, Connecticut. This two person show is free and open to the public.

American Barns and Farms
Oil Paintings by Jane Collins and
Fabric Art by Catherine Whall Smith
September 7 - 28, 2019

The exhibit will open with a reception from 2 to 4 pm on Saturday, Sept. 7, 2019.

For the rest of September, the gallery will be open Saturdays from 10 - 2, and Wednesdays from 2 - 5 pm. On these days Jane and Cathy will both be at the gallery, giving demonstrations of their artistic processes.



The public is cordially invited to attend the reception, and to visit the artists’ websites to see their work:

JaneCollinsArt.com CatherineWhallSmith.com

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Race and Social Responsibility:

Revisiting *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*

By Josué López, University of Connecticut, PhD Candidate

It is wonderful to purchase used books from a small bookstore, like I did at Cape Cod this past Fourth of July weekend. However, my reason for enjoying used books tends to differ from others. Unlike many people I know who cannot stand when they are reading a book that someone has written in, I greatly enjoy seeing the underlining, highlighting, and the often intricate notes in the margins of pages. The book becomes not just a glimpse into the consciousness of the author, but of its previous reader as well.

The treasure I found in this bookstore in Provincetown was *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, tucked away in the far-left corner on a bookstore with a shelf labeled “Africana Studies.”

A few days later, I returned home to read through the text. Let us now frame the purpose of the article: what is the relationship between race and social responsibility? How does reading Malcolm X’s autobiography, with the scribbles of a previous owner, help us think about this question?

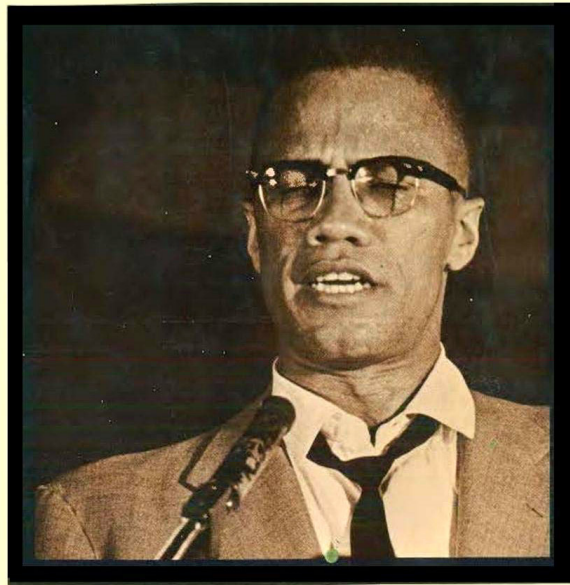
Let’s begin by understanding what Malcolm X is telling us in the first chapter. He chronicles the ways in which growing up in the racist *North* (that’s right, reader. *The North*. Not the *South*. He begins his life in Milwaukee, Wisconsin and then moves East Lansing, Michigan) affected him and his family. X’s autobiography does a soberingly amazing job of explaining both the physical and psychological costs of growing up in a racist society. My concern here is the way in which the psychological costs reveal themselves not to be *individual* problems, but rather *social* problems. This is an important distinction because of the severity of psychological symptoms in a racist society. As X himself says: “The physical downhill wasn’t as quick as the psychological.”

He describes a series of social situations fueled by racism: the attacks his family faced at the hands of the Klu Klux Klan and other White folks who believed his father, who was a preacher, was upsetting the well-behaved negroes; the way his father was beaten to death, but then thrown on railroad tracks to make it seem as if it had been an accident, leaving his body almost severed in two after the impact of the train; how his father had two insurance policies to take care of his wife and eight children since he anticipated he might be killed for advocating for the rights of Black folk, but how the company behind the largest of the insurance policies refused to pay out and insisted that his father had committed suicide; the way his mother worked to raise eight children and the way his older siblings took up jobs and chores in the house to make ends meet; the way they went hungry, sometimes eating only because of the generosity of neighbors.

Malcolm X goes on: the way his light-skinned mother would find work, only to be fired from that job after they discovered she was Black and had Black children and was married to that preacher who tried to corrupt the good negroes; the ways in which the “state Welfare people” came into their home, first under the guise of providing additional food for the family; the way the state Welfare people then tried to have the children turn on their mother and then on each other; how his mother’s health quickly deteriorated under the pressure of taking care of eight children, failing to find a partner to support her and the family, and the constant challenges to their human dignity by the state Welfare people; how the state Welfare people moved him to another home, away from his brothers and sisters and mother; his mother’s psychological breakdown, ultimately being locked away in a mental institution. All this happened to him before the age of 12. The last time he went to see his mother at the mental hospital was at the age of 27. She could not recognize him. On a visit, he asked his mother if she knew what day it was. Her reply was “all the people have gone.”

What makes Malcolm X’s autobiography so powerful is not only his deeply emotive storytelling, but also his analysis of the racist situations which he faced. For instance, he writes “I truly believe that if ever a state social agency destroyed a family, it destroyed ours. We wanted and tried to stay together. Our home didn’t have to be destroyed.” He then adds, in the tone that very few like Malcolm X could ever command: “I knew I wouldn’t be back to see my mother again because it could make a very vicious and dangerous person – knowing how they had

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X



looked at us as numbers and as a case in their book, not as human beings.” Malcolm X understood that in a racist society, the problem was not one of Black and White, though that was what it was made to appear to be. The problem was actually about the ascription of White as superior and human and Black as inferior, sub-human, semi-human, non-human.

X provides an important *social* analysis of the impact of racism. Given everything explained above, he deduces: “Hence I have no mercy or compassion in me for a society that will crush people, and then penalize them for not being able to stand up under the weight.” Malcolm X has captured an important dimension of the problem within race, social responsibility, and reality. The problem with race is not an individual one. That is, the problem is not with a few bad apples working at the state Welfare agency who happened to target his mother and his family. Rather, the problem is a society which permits such institutions such as the state Welfare agency to exist and function in a racist manner. In other words, racism is not only an *individual* problem; it is a *social* problem. For us to understand what it means to responsibly address racism, we would have to move past individualistic notions of why race and racism is a problem.

Let us now turn to the scribbles of the previous reader of Malcolm X’s autobiography. What did the previous reader think of Malcolm’s statement regarding his lack of mercy for a racist society? The reader drew an arrow from the sentence I quote in the previous paragraph and posed a question and statement.

The question: “What is he talking about?”

The sentence: “Society didn’t do this.”

Let me attempt to make sense of these comments in relation to Malcolm X’s words and my own analysis. It

is my claim that the previous reader has failed to see the connection between individual action and society, particularly in terms of responsibly addressing racism. To read generously the comments of the previous reader, their declaration that “society didn’t do this” would mean that it was a set of individuals who were responsible for the situation: potentially those of the state Welfare agency, potentially an accusation of an irresponsible mother with eight children, potentially those of the young Malcolm X who began to act out at an early age.

However, what the previous reader has failed to see, and indeed what many contemplating the state of racial relations in the United States fail to see in the present, is the relationship between individuals and society. In other words, society is composed of individuals; society cannot exist without individuals. However, no single individual is responsible for maintaining or transforming society. This is an important distinction to understand in order to make sense of X’s analysis of race and social responsibility. His analysis reveals the way the state Welfare agency – and its individual actors – actually form part of a larger, racist structure that seeks to perpetuate the superiority of some at the expense of those deemed inferior. In fact, Malcolm X has more adequately attacked the problem of racism by accusing a *society* of perpetuating problematic relations among human beings rather than assuming it is just a few rotten people here and there that are causing racial problems.

A reader of this article may now ask *how does this help us understand contemporary race relations and social responsibility?* It is an important question that I can answer with an anecdote.

The afternoon after closing Malcolm X’s autobiography, I went for a walk with a White friend only 15 minutes away from UConn’s campus. As we walked through the densely wooded backroads, a Jeep with a confederate flag came down the road, and both the driver and passenger stared icily at us while walking. About a minute later, the same Jeep returned back on the other side of the road, the driver and passenger continuing to stare. I chose to ask my friend to return back to the campus rather than continue our walk.

It is possible for me to argue that this incident is really only reflective of a couple of difficult people who refuse to give up on a past where white people reigned supreme in this country, capable of exploiting and doing violence upon whomever they please. However, even the confederate flag is a reminder that what these people represent is not just the interest of two deranged, racist people in a Jeep, but of a society in which people who looked like me were dispensable, enslavable, killable. Indeed, a *flag* represents more than the interests of one individual; the purpose of a flag is to represent a group of people and particular principles which bring those people together. The confederate flag flown by these two individuals represent the desire for *social* conditions under which Whites reign supreme.

How do we go about addressing race in terms of social responsibility? What Malcolm X reminds us is that we cannot address the problem of a racist social reality by suggesting that the problem is at an individual level. Rather, we have to confront the fact that racism is a social problem that is deeply embedded in our institutions. Moreover, there are people now who feel much bolder about touting their overtly racist agendas. It is important for us, as a society, to remember that our responsibility is not only to shun those who establish racist agendas for their own lives, but to also eradicate racism from our social institutions. These include things like the “state Welfare agency,” but also institutions like schools and the criminal justice system. Our responsibility does not end with the individual. Rather, social responsibility *begins* by understanding that our work is to build the structures so that we may all live well, together.

Our Community Calendar

Compiled By Dagmar Noll

Ed. note: Our calendar begins here and winds its way through the paper.

September 1, Sunday

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. Non-sectarian, Buddhist-style sitting and walking meditations, teaching and sharing. Knight House, ECSU. Info: 860-450-1464 dmangum617@gmail.com

September 2, Monday

Kids: The Library’s Littlest Learners, 10:30a.m. Ages 0-5. A guest performer with a fun, educational program. Willimantic Public Library, 905 Main St, Willimantic. Info: 860-465-3082 www.willimanticlibrary.com
History: Labor Day Protest, 5:00p.m. Suffragists re-enact the Silent Sentinal, picketing the White House for Women’s Rights to Vote. Wear and costume and participate or be a spectator. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street,

Willimantic. 860-456-2178 Info: www.millmuseum.org

September 4, Wednesday

Hike: Relaxed Ramble, 11:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. Easy to moderate walk. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Reservations: 860-455-9534 DEEP.Goodwin@ct.gov
Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Authentic West African Rhythms, all ages, all levels. Drum provided if needed. BENCH SHOP, 786 Main St, Willimantic. Info: 860-423-8331

September 6, Friday

History: Mill Museum 30th Anniversary Party, 6:00p.m. - 8:00p.m. p.m. Exhibit celebrates 1989 and the museums accomplishments over 30 years. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. 860-456-2178 Info: www.millmuseum.org

September 7, Saturday

Books: Annual Book Sale, 9:00a.m. - 3:00p.m. Free admission. Willington Public Library, Ruby Road, Willington.
Books: Annual Book Sale, 9:00p.m. - 4:00p.m. Mansfield Library, 54 Warrentville Rd, Mansfield Center
Skill Share: Birdscaping: Attracting birds



Vincent LaMonica (center) performs with the Doclé Reed Quintet this past June.

Contributed photo.

Babcock Band Welcomes New Conductor

By Kelly Fransen

If you listen carefully, you will hear something new in the Quiet Corner. It's the sounds of brass and wind instruments making beautiful music under the direction of Vincent LaMonica. After years of studying music with university and orchestral greats all across the country, Vinny has returned to Ashford and opened the Quiet Corner Music Studio on 211 Nott Highway.

Vinny began his music career at EO Smith and graduated from the University of Connecticut in 2015 with a Bachelor's in Music Performance. The next two years he studied at Boston University, graduating in 2017 with a Performance Diploma. From there, as a Carlyle Anderson Fellowship recipient, Vinny attended Northwestern University in Chicago.

Upon graduating from NU in 2019 with his Master's in Music Performance, Vinny returned to Ashford, he said "with the goal of giving back to the musical community of the Quiet Corner." But opening the studio will not be Vinny's only gift to the region; he will also be conducting the oldest continuously-running community band in America.

"The Babcock Cornet Band," Vinny says, "is such an important institution to the town of Ashford, and to our country as a whole." After 19 years of direction from Jamie Beers, Vinny is looking forward to conducting their next performance on Sunday, September 15, at 1 pm in Ashford's Pompey Hollow Park. Vinny says that they will be "playing an exciting program filled with great music - a mix of traditional repertoire and some newer band pieces from today's greatest composers."

Never one to pass up an opportunity to recruit players, Vinny says, "We have two rehearsals left for anybody who wants to join us on Sundays, September 1 and 8, from 6 - 7:30 pm in the Ashford Town Hall." Vinny also encourages players to consider joining the East Woodstock Cornet Band next season (beginning in March), which he began playing with back in 2011. In 2013, Vinny was asked to guest conduct the band, and then from 2014 to 2016 was an assistant conductor, leading parts of rehearsals and concerts as needed.

"The EWCB," Vinny says, "is a wonderful group filled with some of the most kind-hearted and skilled musicians in the community." Vinny will be performing with them during the upcoming Woodstock Fair, and "can't wait to stay involved with the band in future seasons."

Besides opening the studio and playing with these bands, Vinny will also be teaching at the Hartt School of Music and Ashford School, which, he says, is a "dream come true." During his senior year at EO Smith, Vinny spent Thursday afternoons co-teaching with Amy Capozzello: "I would watch her teach 7th grade clarinets, then I would teach 7th grade trumpets, and we'd take turns working with the grade 6-8 Symphony Band."

In 2014, Vinny returned to work with Ashford School after Amy commissioned him to write a piece, "Growing Fanfare," which celebrated the Town of Ashford's 300th anniversary. So, when Amy contacted Vinny about being her long-term substitute, Vinny says he was "over the moon and looking forward to working with the school's incredible musicians through the winter concert and small ensemble concert, as well as preparing them for the spring concert."

When asked if he was worried about all the work, Vinny said, "For me, teaching music is the greatest thing on Earth. When you go into every lesson and every class with the assumption that every one of your students is capable of filling the world with beautiful music, there is no 'work' to be done - every day is filled with joyous opportunities to share knowledge and skills."

Vinny also shares his skills with the world through his Doclé Reed Quintet, of which he is Executive Director. He and his fellow Northwestern alumni - including an oboist, clarinetist, saxophonist and bass clarinetist - plan to release an album and tour the East Coast in Spring of 2020. In his "spare time," Vinny will be playing his bassoon and contrabassoon with symphonies and orchestras all the way from Maine to New York.

It's easy to see that Vinny has been a busy student and in-demand orchestral performer, so - why again is he settling in Ashford? Vinny's answer speaks volumes: "These past few years, I've been travelling across the country nonstop learning from and performing alongside the masters of my favorite orchestras. While these travels have been exciting and enriching, I am so happy to return to my beloved hometown of Ashford for this next chapter of my life."

For more information on the Babcock Band and the Quiet Corner Music Studio, check out www.Quiet-CornerMusicStudio.com, or reach out to Vinny at Babcock-Band@gmail.com.

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Performing Arts



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1870

HISTORIC VENUE FOR PERFORMANCE & EVENTS

“The Packing House: A Place for Jazz”

By EC-CHAP and Arthur Rovozzo, EC-CHAP Contributing Writer

Welcome to EC-CHAP's 4th Performance Season!

We plan to change things around a bit this season in an effort to bring greater cultural diversity and scope to our programming. We also plan to expand our educational offerings providing a series of unique, interesting and relevant content.

As funding and resources allow, we will be implementing new additions and upgrades to The Packing House to improve our patrons' experience. These include new lighting, staging, acoustic enhancements, recording capabilities, and security provisions. We hope you'll enjoy these improvements!

This month we are pleased to have the international jazz artist GREG ABATE return to The Packing House as part of EC-CHAP's Jazz Series on September 14th. Greg's energy and Bee-Bop style is always a welcome treat for our jazz enthusiasts! October and November will bring additional Jazz performers to our stage, including international artist Steve Davis, Matt deChamplain Trio, and Austin Mc Mahon trio.

As part of EC-CHAP's Acoustic Artist Series, we are very pleased to host a special “Evening of Music and Conversation with Kate Taylor” on October 26th. Come listen and meet this outstanding artist!

In celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the most famous epic music event of all time, we will be screening: “Woodstock: 3-Days of Peace & Music” (R) on Friday, September 13th as part of EC-CHAP's Film Series. Join us for original footage, classic images and sound!

If you haven't participated in our recurring monthly programs, please visit us this month for: “EC-CHAP Social Dance with Kelly Madenjian” (2nd Thursday) – September 12th; Monthly Information Exchange Meeting – Tuesday, September 17th; and “Talent Showcase” (2nd Wednesday). PLEASE NOTE – Our Talent Showcase Series will begin October 9th

We've included more details about September's events below and encourage you to visit our website frequently for additions and updates, artist bios, soundbites, videos, and additions: www.thepackinghouse.us/upcoming. Take advantage of our “Frequent Flyer Program” for additional savings!

We have invited colleagues to share their creative journeys and stories as a part of our monthly Performing Arts column. Arthur Rovozzo, DJ and founder of Saturday afternoon jazz program, “Musical Myriad”, WECS 90.1FM, will continue his multi-part series this month.

Peace!
EC-CHAP Board

EC-CHAP JAZZ SERIES

“Greg Abate Quartet”. Saturday, September 14th, 7:30pm.

Greg Abate jazz saxophonist, flutist, composer continues as an International Jazz / Recording Artist with 225 days a year touring the globe.

In the mid 70's after finishing a four year program at Berklee College Of Music, Greg played lead alto for the Ray Charles Orchestra for 2 years. In 1978 Greg formed his group ‘Channel One’ which was a favorite in the New England area and from there had the opportunity to play tenor sax with the revived Artie Shaw Orchestra under leadership of Dick Johnson from 1986 to '87.

His most recent recording, Road to Forever, was released earlier this year on the Waling City Sound label. The project includes ten original tunes written by Greg

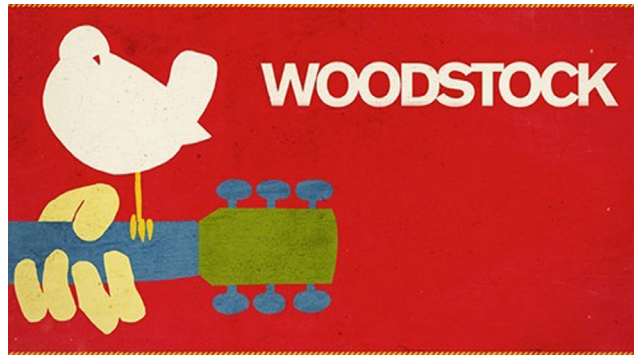


and features members of his working trio Tim Ray Trio, Tim Ray (piano), John Lockwood (bass), and Mark Walker (drums).

Greg will be joined at The Packing House by Matt deChamplain on piano, Lou Bocciarelli on bass, and Ben Bilello on drums. Tickets \$20.00 Advance / \$25.00 Door.

EC-CHAP Film Series:

“Woodstock: 3-Days of Peace & Music” (R). Friday, September 13th, 7:00pm



Over four days in August 1969, 400,000 young Americans (‘half a million’ by the time Joni Mitchell penned the theme song) traveled to farmland in NY State for a music festival. Facilities could not cope. (The ticketing was an early casualty.) But The Who, Janis, Sly and the Family Stone and Jimi were on fire. It rained. There was mud. There were sex and drugs galore. No violence was reported.

A year later Warner Bros released an epic 70mm multi-screen documentary, brilliantly edited by Thelma Schoonmaker, assisted by Martin Scorsese. ‘Three days of peace and music’ became the tagline for an epoch. As much as studio commodification of Woodstock was called out at the time, ‘peace’, meaning opposition to the draft, was fundamental to the film's drawing power worldwide and to its heady influence on a generation.

50 years later, there could be no better way of exploring the mythology than a giant screen experience of this newly mastered director's cut of the movie that did everything to cement it. As pure documentation, it's surprisingly clear-sighted, beautifully shot, richly textured, informative and often funny. (Source: NZIFF)

NOTE: This is a long duration film (255 minutes). A 15-minute intermission will be added. Doors 6:30pm / Show 7:00pm. Suggested donation \$5.00.

Tickets, Reservations, CANCELLATIONS, and Contact

Tickets for all shows and program registrations can be purchased online at www.thepackinghouse.us/upcoming or at the door. Unless otherwise specified, doors open 30-minutes prior to show time. Senior, student, and member discounts available.

Table reservations and cabaret seating available. Unless specified otherwise, all performances will feature Bring Your Own Beverage & Food “BYOB&F”™ - wine & beer ONLY (Not applicable to Meetings, School Programs, and First Sunday events). Snacks and soft drinks will also be available. You can also bring your paid ticket to Willington Pizza House (or WP Too) for eat-in or take-out the night of the show and receive 15% off your meal purchase. If you're feeling sassy, SPECIFICALLY ask for “The Packing House” pizza! You won't go wrong. Visit www.thepackinghouse.us for the secret recipe.

Program cancellations will be listed on the EC-CHAP website (www.ec-chap.org), and The Packing House website (www.thepackinghouse.us). If you're unsure, just call (518-791-9474).

The Packing House is located at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington, CT 06279. Parking is free and located onsite and across the street. For questions, program or rental information and table reservations, please call 518-791-9474. Email EC-CHAP (info@ec-chap.org) or The Packing House (info@thepackinghouse.us).

Even if you've never listened to the WECS-FM Saturday midday show, here is some special “Musical Myriad” news:

In order to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the founding of the show (and 28 years of the modified, 3 hour version of the program), a very special concert is to take place via the performance setting which The Packing House afford us. I had planned one previous show at the venue with Don Braden and his trio, back two years ago, but the currently scheduled event with the Steve Davis Group will up the ante of performance intensity considerably, I believe.

Like the effusive, energetic saxist Braden, Davis (a trombonist of international fame) know how to present an ideal balance between serious jazz intent, crowd-embracing stylistic and time appeal and the projection of his palatable sense of joy while playing.

Trombonist Steve Davis is scheduled to play here on October 5th, promoting his latest album (and new band line-up) “Correlations”. Davis recently came off an international tour with keyboardist Chick Corea, on whose new album he also appears. The instrumentalist, a teacher at the University of Hartford, has had many such ties with jazz royalty while keeping up his own career as a group leader. He has worked with the bands of Art Blakey and Jackie McLean, started his association with Chick Corea almost 20 years ago and is a founder of the all-star band “One For All”. An associate from that group, Jim Rotondi, is now abroad teaching in Austria.

Anyone who was a member of the audience at the Don Braden show here a few seasons back got to witness a thrilling roller-coaster jazz performance. We are looking forward to our planned Steve Davis event with great anticipation because Steve's latest band will forcefully push up the groove factor, tune variety and excitement levels by a good couple of notches, above Don's already-great status quo.

Steve Davis is a fellow with a quite impressive listing of career achievements to go along with his powers as a jazz performer. He is part of what might be called the Wynton Marsalis Generation-players born in the 1960's to 70's era who became the Young Lions of jazz in the back-to-roots movements of the 1980's/90's. While Wynton gravitated towards big-band Ellingtonia, Steve and his comrades were inspired by Hard Bop, the Funky-bluesy, tautly energetic jazz co-founded by Horace Silver and Art Blakey, among other master musicians.

The Davis style of jazz is an update of Hard Bop which retains the essentials of that jazz sub-genre: extremely catchy, singable melodies and riffs; Latin and blues and soul ingredients; tough, driving rhythms and grooves sent into orbit by room-vibrating drumming; ultra-motivating piano playing locked-in behind eloquent horn soloists. It's music with gospel chording turned into soul-jazz grooves. It's music for the body and mind that does not leave anyone scratching his head wondering what just happened: the appeal is direct, obvious, instantaneous; it's good to the last note.

There certainly are some forms of jazz that are experimental and esoteric, but Hard Bop ain't among them! Steve Davis and his friends have made a life's mission out of modernizing and personalizing their favorite brand of the music, which works for everybody. You won't need a music PhD (or a degree in nuclear Physics or Advanced Calculus) to get into its grooves and love it. This is the kind of jazz that promotes leg movement, booty-shifting, hand-clapping and shouts of approval.

Although fully committed to the ideals set forth by Art Blakey and Horace silver (plus his trombone heroes J.J. Johnson and Curtis Fuller) Steve Davis never neglects change-of-pace songs that conjure softer moods and tug on the heart strings. When the time arrives to play a ballad or romantic tune, Steve throws himself just as powerfully into that mode. He's an expert at wringing moving emotions from poignant slow-tempo tunes with the same acuity as when he glides through the dangerous rapids on fast songs, touching on every nuance. Either way, Davis engages audiences with everything he does.

Steve Davis, like Don Braden and many of their contemporaries, has worked hard to abolish the old, worn-out stereotypes that people often held against jazz musicians. These guys are not irresponsible party maniacs,
continued on next page



Arthur Rovozzo



Celebrating hymns that comfort and heal

Submitted by Doug Paul

Late in life, my father-in-law married a lovely woman who had played the organ at her traditional Protestant church for many decades. She loved music and church and enjoyed the congregational singing. When she became aware of Christian Science and liked what she was reading in the religious periodicals and in the Christian Science textbook, she quickly ordered a copy of the Christian Science Hymnal. As she began playing and singing the hymns, she took delight in how much comfort, love, and joy were expressed in words and in music.

Recently our Church published a new hymnal with 174 hymns. They form a panorama from 43 countries and 6 continents. As hymnody continues to evolve, new favorites join beloved classics. The members of our branch church in Willimantic are enjoying becoming acquainted with these new hymns. We are finding inspiring, fresh expressions of spiritual uplift in words and in music. Members and friends purchase copies of the hymnal in both printed and audio format to read or play at home, or when traveling about.

Testimonies of healing shared in our religious periodicals and at our Wednesday testimonial meetings include gratitude for the comfort, uplift, and palpable sense of divine Love's embrace that is felt from our hymns. When looking to God, divine Love, for healing of a physical ailment or any other of life's many situations that call out for comfort and peace, hymns help turn thought in a healing direction. One testifier at a recent meeting told of playing hymns throughout the night for several nights because the physical condition was painful and it was difficult to sleep. The inspiration and peace gained from the hymns, along with specific prayer treatment from a Christian Science practitioner, brought complete healing.

Another church member often tells how a hymn played an important part in bringing about healing or a resolution to some challenging problem. Sometimes just a phrase from a loved hymn has brought inspiration and resolve to see a situation through to a harmonious healing result. She recently spoke of how years ago while driving in a blinding snowstorm this phrase from a hymn came to her thought: "In Thee I have no pain or sorrow, No anxious thought, no load of care." She felt comforted and uplifted, and reminded of the many times she had felt God's presence with her. How many victories over fear! Shortly a State of Connecticut snow plow pulled in front of her and she followed that truck for about 20 miles to within a mile of her home! To her that was a sign of "God with us!"

If you love inspirational music that evokes comfort and healing, visit our Reading Room at 870 Main Street in Willimantic. It's open on Tuesdays and Fridays from 10-1 and on Wednesdays and Thursdays from 1-4. Copies of hymnals as well as CDs with various selections of hymns are available for purchase.

Just to offer a taste of the healing message conveyed in our hymns, the words of a classic favorite are printed below:

In heavenly Love abiding, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me, And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh, His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh, And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.

My hope I cannot measure, My path in life is free;
My Father has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

This poem was written by Anna L. Waring and appears as hymn # 148 In the Christian Science Hymnal.

rather have led exemplary lives as wonderful role-models, teachers, and performers. As straight-arrows in their business dealings and with seriousness as to both their musical aspirations and familial obligations, they've proven time and again that amazing artistry and conscientious, ethical deportment can go together successfully, yielding significant cultural dividends.

Sister

By Kevin Pratt Jr.

My beautiful sister. Where has the time gone? Where did we lose our connection? I ask myself this question all the time. It seems I was just talking to my little sister, only a year younger than me. I never imagined we would grow apart as much as we have. There was a time you would protect and help me. Where did that all go? I miss you my little sister. Do you know how important you still are to me?

I know, as middle-aged adults, we may tend to grow apart. I wish that wasn't the case because I still miss your laugh and your smile every day. Do you know how important you are to your older brother? I remember all the good times playing with you in the backyard or on the porch enjoying the warm summer weather.

You never really gave me a chance to tell you that I am proud of you. You are a fantastic mom and a wonderful grandmother. You are such a wonderful sister. I know I didn't say that enough. You are definitely appreciated and loved. I miss my little sister. Never forget I love you. If I'm breathing, I will always be there for you. No question I will always be there for your sons and whatever children they may have. I love you sister.

West African and Cuban Art at Benton

Submitted by Maripaz Shaw

Opening Reception for West African and Cuban Exhibitions - Thursday, September 5th, 2019, 4:30-7pm



Join us for an Opening Reception at The Benton Museum for "Souvenirs D'Afrique: Arts of Africa from the Collection of Janine and Josef Gugler", and for "The Lure of Cuba: Reginald Marsh's Tropical Watercolors, 1924-1930". RSVP appreciated to benton@uconn.edu or 860-486-4520. FREE. Open to everyone. Cash Bar; Light hors d'oeuvres Remarks at 5:30pm

From 5:00-6:30pm enjoy live music by performers from the musical FELA! playing a variant of Fela's music. FELA aKUsTic is a radical reinterpretation of the music of Afrobeat creator Fela Kuti. Fela's 15+ piece orchestra has been stripped down to a 3-piece band featuring: Duain Richmond (who played the role of Fela on Broadway) on vocals, Ricky Quinones (from the Broadway musical) on guitar, and Domenica Fossati, multi-instrumentalist and singer.

Fela Kuti was from Nigeria—where the majority of the collection in the Souvenirs d'Afrique exhibition was compiled in the early 1960s. Fela's popularity peaked in the 1970s but he started playing in the 60s in the Nigerian Afrobeat and highlife scene in Lagos.

If you require an accommodation to participate in this event, please leave a message at 860-486-4520 at least 5 days before the event.

More information about the exhibition at <http://benton.uconn.edu>.
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By Carl Swartz

My First Full-time Job

My bicycle bounced violently down the cobblestoned streets of Federal Hill. It was 3:45 a.m.; I had to be at work, at the produce yard by 4:00. Since there were no buses at that hour, this was my only means of transportation. I could get a bus home at the end of the day, at 2:00 p.m., but it cost a dime for a ride and the driver complained about bringing my bike on the bus. So, I rode back home on my bike.

There weren't many summer jobs available in 1956 for a 14 year old kid (you needed to be 16 to get your “working papers”); the only thing you could do in Providence was to get work in the “agricultural” industry. That meant, in the city, working in the produce yards -- at 90 cents an hour.

Each morning, as I, finally, peddled into the area where scores of delivery trucks were parked, I was met with the choking air of diesel fumes and crushed cinders, the smell of strong coffee, coming from the peddlers' wagons, and the stench of rotting fruit and vegetables-- and always, urine. (You “peed” where you could, since there was only one toilet area for 35 loading stalls.)

Harry, a 60-plus year-old, black man, was my work partner. We would begin our days by unloading the box cars parked at the rail dock. First, we would pull out a 100 pound burlap bag of Maine potatoes; we grab the bag by its burlap-tied “pig ears” and then we swung it, onto a wooden pallet. (Harry would often have to uncurl my cramped fingers. He would assure me, “Boy, it will get better”. After a week or two it did - sorta.)

After loading 20-100 pound bags, we would then roll the pallet into the work room area.

Our work area was a 40x40 foot, dank room with gray cinder block walls and an even grayer cement floor. The rail side of the building was completely opened to the outside; parts of the floor was lighted with circles made from the high- intensity, mercury- vapor lamps which hung precipitously from the steel beams just below a corrugated metal ceiling. Other light filtered in through the grimy, glass blocks which served as a front wall for the building. Once inside, we pulled each burlap bag from the pallet, ripped it open and spilled the potatoes down a shoot, into a “grading and weighing” machine. The machine separated the potatoes into 10 pound portions. Next, Harry would step on a floor pedal and the machine emptied each portion into a clear, plastic bag labeled, “Farm Fresh Potatoes” that I was holding.

I released the bag from the machine, closed it with a red-paper-covered wire and placed it into a large brown paper sack labeled, MAINE FARM FRESH POTATOES, 10 – 10 POUND BAGS. When the paper sack was full, I twisted a heavy wire around its neck and swung, the “Ready for Market”, Farm Fresh, hundred pound sack of potatoes, onto a pallet. After piling 20 sacks, I would wheel them into a storage area.

The identical process went on all day, every day, except for a 20 minute lunch break, at 9 a.m. and a quick pee break.

Harry is long gone; the produce market was demolished years ago to make way for the “New when I had my first job, Providence”. Yet, whenever, I think of that summer and of my first, full time job, the acrid air of diesel fuel, the crushed cinder, the odor of boiling coffee and the stench of rotting fruit and -- the urine, return to my nostrils.

It was during that summer that I made a life-changing conclusion: “There just had to be a BETTER WAY.

The years since that time, were filled with an education, culminating in graduate degrees, a business career, a collegiate career, a loving wife, 3 extraordinary sons, 7 super grandchildren, and so many good friends.

We live in a country where “hard work”, “persistence” and an “education” are rewarded with opportunities for a higher standard of living and a better quality of life, in short, we have a path that was and still is – the BETTER WAY.

Eddie Dayian

Eddie Dayian was a good guy. He was a small man, just 5'6, around 60 something, bald except for a small ribbon of gray hair that encircled his head. He had a quiet manner about him. He rarely smiled except when his son, Eddie Jr. came to visit. Their conversation often reverted from English to Armenian and back again. You could see a loving, father and son, relationship by the way they spoke to each other.

Eddie Sr. owned the drug store where I worked during my high school summer vacations and, in the afternoons and on Saturdays during the school year.

It was a smaller store, not like the big box stores that you see today. On one side of the store there were three long glass display cases filled with numerous boxes of nickel candy bars. The shelves, behind the cases, were stocked with over-the-counter drugs, medical supplies and multiple brands of cigarettes.

On the other side of the store, blond, wooden shelves were filled with liquor, wine and beer and there was a floor-to-ceiling cooler. The “cooler” was stocked with 10 or 12 brands of beer, pints and half pints of zinfandel and port wine for the “regulars”.

In the back of the store, there was the fountain where the sandwiches, coffee, sundaes, cabinets (a.k.a. frappes or milkshakes) were made. This is where I did most of my work.

Eddie worked in the glass partitioned pharmacy, behind the fountain in the back. There he filled prescriptions and spent time mixing mysterious concoctions of potions and lotions. Some customers drove all the way down from the Boston area to pick up their prescriptions.

The day began with the early morning crowd, usually made up of factory guys and secretaries, who stopped in for a “coffee to go” on their way to work. Some would call out an “inch bes ek” to Eddie (Armenian for “how are you?”). Eddie would give them an obligatory smile and nod his head.

Around eight o'clock, the local retail store owners came in for their coffee and a copy of The Providence Journal; always asking the same question, “So Eddie, how's business? (or) “You doin anything?”

By nine a.m., an assortment of derelicts, winos and bums, living in the local flop houses, came in for their morning coffee and pints of port or zinfandel. A 50 cent bottle was usually enough to get them through part of the day.

The rest of the morning was punctuated with take-outs, prescriptions, and the usual kibitzers trying to strike up a conversation with anyone who would listen.

Noon time brought an avalanche of hungry customers who aggressively jockeyed for one of the ten padded, round metal, stools that surrounded the lunch counter. The unlucky ones, had to stand at the end of the counter to eat.

They would bark out their orders:

“Yo, I want an egg salad on white and cor-fee, - chop, chop.”

“You got tuna today?” The red nosed guy asked in his usual combative tone. (We have tuna everyday and everyday - everyday he'd - ask the same question) Occasionally, Eddie found it necessary to acknowledge his noise.

The lunch mayhem continued:

“Hey, put more mayo on dis, it's too dry.”

“Can I get some lettuce and a tomato on my sangrich, if it's extra, I don't wann it!”

“Hey, gimme a coke and go easy on da ice.”

“Can I get a BLT ta go.”

“What kinda soup you got today?” (“Chicken noodle; YES - and it comes with crackers!”)

It all ended as quickly as it started. It was 1:05.

Cleaning up after the lunch stampede was scandalous. The floor was littered with small mounds of napkins, wrappers, straws, cigarette butts, and other things (that I never wanted to get too close to examine). I proceeded to sweep up the daily debris.

The afternoon boozers came in for their 48 oz GIQs (i.e. giant imperial quart) of Pabst Blue Ribbon or Narragansett beer. The winos were back for another half pint, (“Yo, gimme a cold one out of the cooler this time and make sure it ain't warm.”)

Eddie would emerge from back and listen to the boozers and winos who asked to see him. They seemed to gravitate to his steady manner and to the respect that he showed them.

He spoke to them as if he had lived their history; He listened to their needs.

At times, Eddie would disappear into the pharmacy. He'd return with a bottle of cold remedy or a tonic or something for their arthritis and gave it to them. I never saw him charge anyone of them.

Some months after leaving my job for college, I received a letter. The handwriting style on the envelope was from another era and from a different place. When I opened it, I found a card with a check for \$10.00 enclosed.

The card simply read:

“Good luck”

Your friend, Eddie

Pulled Pork

It was my first day on the job at the Tri Colony Meat Packing Plant in East Boston.

My “Orientation” began when I was given my “uniform” and led to the Canning room.

The Canning Room was a dark cavern-like space holding more than two hundred people. They all stood on two-inch high metal platforms while facing rows of circular, metal tables.

Each worker was dressed in a long, white lab coat, a twin-pointed paper hat and a pair of black rubber gloves that extended to the elbows. The uniform was identical to the uniform that I was to wear.

The work consisted of grabbing handfuls of mashed pork from a wheel barrel, cramming it into cans that circulated under holes in a circular conveyer. Lateral lids were added and the finished cans was sent to be cooked. (Ultimately, the pork would be distributed as government surplus.)

The floor was covered with a half-inch slurry of pork mush and water. (The floors, as I learned later, were wet from being steamed and hosed.) The room was permeated with a strong stench of pork in various stages of deterioration.

I began experiencing a stinging in my nostrils. There were no windows except for a few rows of grease-stained, glass bricks in the upper part of the walls. Huge industrial fans hung from the ceiling. The walls were probably yellow. I couldn't tell.

My “orientation tour” led to outside to the rail yard, where sides of pork and “pork pieces” were delivered by box cars that pulled up to the railhead. The pork was “off loaded” to the Butchery or “bone room” to be processed by meat cutters.

The meat cutters stood around long stainless steel tables cutting hog carcasses into sections with table saws, then, separating them again with hacksaws. Finally, they deboned the smaller pieces with carving knives. The bones were separated and the flesh, sinew and fat that remained were jammed into two-foot grinders for shredding.

The shredded product spewed out of four huge grinders to form reddish gray gelatinous piles. These piles were then covered with some sort of white powder. Later, they were picked up with pitchforks and tossed into wheel barrels to be delivered to the canning room.

with native plantings, 10:30a.m. Free. Fletcher Memorial Library, 257 Main St, Hampton. 860-455-1086

Writing: Nature Writing Workshop, 1:00p.m. - 3:00p.m. Explore the creative connections between nature and writing. Walk, with writing prompts. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 DEEP.Goodwin@ct.gov

Live Performance: Original & Acoustic Open Mic, 2:00p.m. - 5:00p.m. Sound system provided. Arrowhead Acres LLC, Franklin. RSVP: balconyprojectstudio@gmail.com
Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market & Community Picnic, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. 4 S Eagleville Red, Storrs. Purchase meal tickets at: <http://www.storrsfarmersmarket.org>

September 8, Sunday

Books: Annual Book Sale, 9:00p.m. - 3:00p.m. Mansfield Library, 54 Warrenville Rd, Mansfield Center
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/1)

September 9, Monday

Kids: The Library's Littlest Learners, 10:30a.m. (See 9/2)
Film: “Man on a Wire”, docudrama about French tightrope walker Phillips Petit, 7:00p.m. Free. Second Monday Film Series. Storrs UU Meetinghouse, 46 Spring Hill Road, Mansfield. Info: 860-428-4867

September 10, Tuesday

Live Music: Quiet Corner Fiddlers, 7:00p.m. Willington Pizza, Willington. Info: qcf.webs.com

September 11, Wednesday

Art Show: Reception for oil & pastel painter Shirley Bernstein, 4:30p.m. - 6:00p.m. Includes a demo of reduction painting at 5:00p.m. Fletcher Memorial Library, 257 Main St, Hampton. Info: 860-455-1086
Running: Trail Running Club, 6:30p.m. - 7:30p.m. Relaxed run. Route and pace decided by attendees. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 DEEP.Goodwin@ct.gov
Games: Trivia Night, sponsored by the Mill Museum, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Willimantic Brewing Company, 967 Main St, Willimantic.
Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. (See 9/4)

The Dye & Bleach House Community Gallery

By Rebecca Zablocki

The Eastern Connecticut Center for History, Art & Performance (EC-CHAP) would like to welcome you to visit The Dye & Bleach House Community Gallery. This recently established gallery space resides on the first floor of The Mill Works facility at 156 River Road in Willington, CT. When passing by this historic mill on Route 32, or perhaps attending a performance in The Packing House, which is located in a different part of our building, you may not realize that our Community Gallery space is just inside the main entrance, filled with wonderful works of art from local and regional artists! The Community Gallery functions through the participation of artists, whom are able to display their work in exchange for being present in the gallery space while we are open to the public. Each exhibit is on view for eight weeks and consists of the work of multiple artists. During the eight week period, each artist takes turns gallery sitting on Saturdays from 10am until 2pm.

This program has created an ever-constant flow of art and artists that come through our doors and has allowed for us to showcase some amazing people that live and work in our community. Artists from Connecticut and throughout New England can apply to have their work, or a group of artist's work on display.

Our next exhibition, 'View' will be open from September 7 to October 26, 2019. This exhibit will consist of work from five Connecticut artists, Vilnis Atrins, Diane Diedrich, Penny Guerin, Arpita Kurdekar & Steve Schumacher. Each of them will be displaying a variety of 2-dimensional works. All five of them have very different approaches to creating their work and have taken different journeys to get to where they are today.

We are so excited to share the work and stories of these artists with you, and show each viewer that everyone can take part in the arts. Diane Diedrich is a professional photographer with a fine art background. She will be displaying beautifully composed black and white portrait and landscape photographs. Her knowledge of lighting and composition is evident in her images through the undulating grays, blacks and whites and compositions that pull the viewers eye around the photograph.

In contrast to Diane's fine art training, Arpita Kurdekar of Storrs, decided to pursue her passion with a career in Engineering. She is currently studying to receive



her PhD in Structural Engineering at UCONN. As the daughter of two artists, she has had a lifelong appreciation for art, but put painting aside to focus on her passion. However, she is now back to creating art in a different way. After a life altering accident caused a spinal cord injury, Kurdekar says "I've had to relearn how to paint with a completely different set of hands. I started by attaching a brush to a brace and tried to write my name." Painting became a method of physical therapy and recovery. The paintings she creates through this process are colorful and rich with brushstrokes, inspired by the natural world.

We encourage artists of all styles, media, levels of practice and age to inquire about exhibiting here. We are very lucky, that in the short lifespan of the Community Gallery, we have already had a wonderful group of artists and patrons, some patrons have even become exhibiting artists, like Vilnis Atrins, who we met during one of our Gallery events. Perhaps, like Steve Schumacher, you have had limited training in the arts, but have been creative all of your life, or maybe you are an extremely talented artist like Penny Guerin, a UCONN alumni, who has pursued multiple paths and careers in the art world and are just now getting back to making your favorite kind of work.

If you are a hobbyist that is just beginning your creative endeavors or a professional artist looking to have work displayed in a local, less commercial setting, or maybe you are a teacher with a group of talented students that need to get their work out into the world, this is a great place or you! Come check out our space and visit the art during our open hours, or send an e-mail to communitygallery@ec-chap.org to inquire on how to get involved!

September 12, Thursday

Hiking: Long-Distance Hike, 10:00a.m. - 2:00p.m. 5-6-mile hike. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 DEEP. Goodwin@ct.gov

Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m.

September 13, Friday

Art Show: Opening Reception: David Corsini, Retrospective in my 80th year, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Show is open 9/14, 9/15, 9/21, & 9/22 from 3:00p.m. - 5:00p.m., 9/19 from 6:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. and 9/20 from 4:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. Potpourri Bldg, 700 Main St, Willimantic.

Hike: Full Moon Night Hike & Campfire, 8:00p.m. - 10:00p.m. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 DEEP. Goodwin@ct.gov

September 14, Saturday

Nature: How Opossums (and Friends) Survive the Winter, 1:00p.m. - 3:00p.m. Meet live opossum Ambassador, Lavende, from Ferncroft Wildlife Rescue. Talk & discussion. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 DEEP. Goodwin@ct.gov



How can I help you heal?



I am Grace Preli.

writer • creator • healer

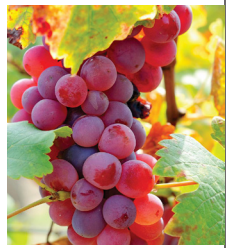
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Tasting
Art Show and Sale



Saturday, Sept. 14, 2019

Champagne and Art Stroll, 2:00-3:00
Tasting and Art Show 3:00-5:00
Entertainment by the Quiet Corner Fiddlers
Hors d'oeuvre, Silent Auction

Church Farm Center for the Arts and Sciences
Route 89, Ashford

\$25.00 in advance \$30.00 at the door
For tickets and/or information, call or visit
Babcock Library, Ashford, CT 860-487-4420
Tickets will be available at the gate on the day
of the event.

Wine and beer provided by the Ashford Spirit Shoppe
Spirits provided by Westford Hill Distillers

All Proceeds Benefit Babcock Library

To all our contributors- Thank You!

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



Saturday, September 7th

10:00 to 3:00

Hope and Wellness

39 Nott Highway

(Route 74)

Ashford CT

Baked Goods • Woodworking Demo • Potholders
Quilts • Tai-Chi • Crocheted Gifts • Jewelry

Over 20 vendors, including:

Styles with Purpose • Kathy's Kreations • Thirty-One Gifts
Mary Kay • Our Companions • Scentsy
Smart Coffee • Pure Romance



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for "the greatest little" fall outdoor antique show in Connecticut

The Lebanon Historical Society celebrates the

53rd Annual Antique Show

Saturday, September 28, 2019

9am to 3pm

on the historic Lebanon Green

located at the junction of route 87 and 207 in Lebanon, Connecticut

\$5 admission, children under 12 are free
Free parking — Up to 60 dealers—Held rain or shine

Coffee & donuts, grilled hot dogs and burgers
homemade: chowders, sandwiches and slices of pie

For dealer & more information call 860-642-6579
or www.historyoflebanon.org

The Bare-Assed Detective

By Donna Dufresne

Farming is not easy. Crops are dependent on the weather, and you never know when you might get wiped out by too much rain or drought. If you farm organically, like we do, your crops are vulnerable to invasive species like the gypsy moths that mowed down four rows of our blueberries a few years back. I work extremely hard on my little blueberry farm, mowing, pruning, trimming, weed-whacking, pulling up bittersweet and poison ivy and managing the pick-your-own stand in July and August. For the most part, it's gratifying, especially when there is a stellar crop like this year. But once in awhile someone will escape the blueberry patch without paying, which makes my heart sink since we used to use the honor system for many years without any problems.

I do my best to keep an eye on things with a camera that dings on my phone when a customer comes up the driveway, and which I can observe on the screens of any device in the house. I even have a camera pointing down to the blueberries so I can keep track of the number of cars in the field when I'm in my office or the other side of the house. And, I often drive down on my little tractor (to save the time of walking back and forth) to check on who is there and give best picking advice. When I step out for an errand, I have a friend or neighbor sit in the barn. Now that I'm retired from teaching, this is my full-time job in July and August, and I depend upon the income. I'm usually out in the barn helping customers and when I'm in the garden weeding and harvesting, I have my phone on with the camera so I can see people drive up. The other day I was catching up on some office work on the porch where I could keep an eye on the field. Imagine how stunned I was, when I watched one of those huge "Earth Destroyer" types of SUV's, big enough to transport a soccer team, pull away from the field without coming up to pay. I ran out to the barn, thinking they may have walked up to weigh and pay without my seeing them. But sure enough, they didn't fill in the log or leave any cash in the till. I jumped in my car to chase them down, but they were long gone.

As I was driving down the road, wondering which way they went, I was reminded of a favorite family story about my dad. When my parents were first married, in the 1940's, they were care-takers on one of the large estates along Lake Cochichowik in North Andover. My father was the farm manager for the chickens and the produce, my mother ran the farm stand, and my Uncle Bob was Mr. Bigelow's chauffeur. It was during WWII and money was scarce, gas and other items were rationed, and everything had to be metered out carefully. Since there was a gas ration, it was surprising that anyone would drive all the way out from downtown, or Lawrence just to steal vegetables, but apparently someone was doing just that several times a week. My dad was determined to catch "the sons-a-bitches".

One night, the dog started barking around midnight and my dad jumped out of bed to look out the window just in time to see a car pull away from the farm stand. They lived in the servant quarters above the carriage house on the estate. He immediately ran downstairs and jumped in the truck, hoping to catch the license plate. Great Pond Road was Narrow and curvy. Gas pedal to the floor, and the engine whining into fourth gear, my dad saw the taillights just as he reached the big turn toward the Old Center. Then the truck began to sputter and cough. Looking at the gas gauge, I can only imagine the string of cuss words he let out. He would have to walk home over a mile and a half. There was only one problem. He was stark naked and didn't have any shoes on.

My father has slept naked his whole life, much to my mother's embarrassment. She scolded him on more than one occasion. "What if there was a fire! What if someone comes to the door!" Having toted a bag full of resentment toward authority his whole life, my dad was not about to take orders from anyone about sleeping in the buff, much less from a woman. Her admonishments only served to solidify his commitment to sleeping nude. It's a good thing he got a farm deferment during the war. He wouldn't have lasted a day in boot camp.

Usually, the farm truck was a dusty mess with grain bags and rags behind the seat or strewn on the floor, but my Uncle Bob had borrowed the truck that night for a date and had removed everything from the cab in his cleaning frenzy. There wasn't even an old newspaper tucked under the seat. My dad was in a pickle. Ordinarily, it wouldn't be a problem to walk down Great Pond Road butt naked in the middle of the night. There was very little traffic, excepting the vegetable thief, and most people were asleep. This was a rural community and a time when electricity was still a novelty. However, during his car chase,

my Dad noticed that the Country Club (which used to be his Grampy Foss's farm before it was turned over to all the rich folks for tennis and golf), was lit up like a Christmas Tree. They must have had a cocktail party that night. As he made his way home, he had to dodge the lights, hopping from tree to tree for cover.

You can bet my Uncle Bob got an earful when my dad finally made it back. He roused him out of bed, and I can just hear it now..."Jesus H. Christ – God-damn-it all..."

The next morning, my dad went down to the General Store to get the Sunday paper. When he walked through the door, the owner of the store loudly proclaimed, "Well, if it isn't the bare-assed detective!"

Uncle Bob had already made the rounds and the news was spreading around town. Of course, my mother was mortified. I'm sure she wondered more than once what she had gotten herself into. But my dad relished telling that story for years.

Stealing from farmers is as old as dirt. It's just one more notch of resentment in the belt which divides rural folk from city folk. Small-time farmers walk a tightrope of tension between their rural roots and the urbanites who really don't understand the culture and the value of living simply. If you are a child of a farmer, you carry the scars of all working-class oppression even though you might look thoroughly embedded in the middle class. The tension on that rope is even tighter than what your parents faced, and the precipice deeper and wider, because you long for something bigger than the small world which was presented to you, a chance to earn a living without living on the edge of disaster; perhaps a better education and a seat at the table. But rural roots run deep. It's tough to loosen the dirt around that mistrust of people who come from the city or a place of privilege. I understand why there is such a political divide between the heart of the land and the coastal elites, though I can't for the life of me understand how my people could fall for such a draft-dodging, racist, entitled rich-boy con artist like Trump who doesn't understand the heart in the Heartland. But coming from a family of the hired help, I do know the seat of their resentment: the wealthy people who assume you should work for free, and who can afford not to pay for the snow plowing and haying you've done all year; the haggling of people with a regular income, who don't know the true value of your product; the assumption that you must be ignorant and uneducated if you choose to work the land which puts the food in their mouths.

While recognizing the con of Trump who thinks he's got our number when he plays to the anachronistic assumptions that all rural people are racist, anti-immigrant, and misogynistic, I also recognize the con games of my own people, who can smell a city slicker a mile away. My dad lays on his country ways trying to impress upon every stranger that he was a farmer and proud of it. His Yankee accent gets thicker, and the pretense of a bygone rural life which included teams of horses and hay wagons, conjuring up a Currier and Ives lithograph, is laid upon anyone who will stop and listen. But I can read between the lines. I know he's letting it be known that he's smarter than you think, and that he's worked hard all his life, pulled himself up by the bootstraps, earned every penny he earned and ended up with nothing. He embellishes the misadventures of falling through the hayloft in the barn, and numerous tractor accidents and mishaps which left his body broken and deformed in old age.

This pretense is a cloak of protection played up while trying to sniff out whether a person is one of us or some city slicker who will rob you blind. But I remember being on the other end of the stick when we used to go "up country" to Warren New Hampshire for a quick two-day vacation so my father could fly-fish while my mother and I sat for hours reading books on the banks of the Baker River. We would stay in Mr. Hazelton's cabin for free and had to go to Claude & Leona Foot's farm to get a jug of water and the key. And boy, didn't Claude lay on his thick New Hampshire accent telling garrulous stories about hunting and drinking escapades, while my father tried to outdo him in an effort to prove that he was one of them. After all, we were the city slickers to them simply because we came from Massachusetts. It is no wonder that I lack a sense of belonging, having been raised by people who were always trying to prove that they belonged to one group while building walls to exclude another. After all, "city-slickers" could be a euphemism for any group of outlanders, the people who come from "away". In my family, city-slickers were the people who would steal your vegetables from the stand or the blueberries from your field. After all, your neighbors wouldn't steal from you because they knew what it was like to work your ass off on the land with little or no profit.

If it weren't for the farmer's mistrust of city folk, I probably wouldn't be enjoying my little Mini Schnauzers. In order to protect the fruits of their hard-earned labor from thieves in the marketplace, German farmers created the German Shepherd. The shepherd was a great watchdog for chasing away would-be thieves while the farmers slept in their carts overnight. However, as big and scary as he is, the shepherd is a sound sleeper and needed a little alarm system. Hence the mini schnauzer which was bred to go after rats and other vermin. The schnauzer has a keen sense of smell and hearing. After all, they will go to ground after a mole digging beneath the soil. German farmers took to bringing their mini schnauzers and the shepherd to the marketplace. The schnauzers made for a good bed-fellow, being a born schnuggler, but their keen sense of hearing and smell made them less than sound sleepers. The rustle of a rat or the soft footstep of a thief would rouse the mini schnauzer into an alarm that would waken the whole village. Once the shepherd was alerted, those city slicker thieves didn't stand a chance.

My schnauzers aren't great alarm dogs, which is fine by me. They are more interested in tail wagging and treats. In the meantime, I will rely upon my own wits, keeping an eye on my field and my farm stand, hoping I won't have to engage in any bare-assed escapades like my dad.

Kids: Immigrant Stories of Connecticut, 2:00p.m. Willimantic. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. 860-456-2178 Info: www.millmuseum.org

Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. 4 S Eagleville Red, Storrs. Info: <http://www.storrsfarmersmarket.org>

September 15, Sunday

Clean Energy: Let There Be Light, 2:00p.m. - 3:30p.m. Green forum for houses of worship—making the switch to solar energy. Temple B'nai Israel, Willimantic. Co-sponsored by Eastern CT Green Action and Interreligious Eco-Justive Network. Info: 860-429-2165

Live Performance: Original & Acoustic Open Mic, 2:00p.m. - 5:00p.m. Sound system provided. Heartstone Farm & Winery, Columbia. RSVP: balconyprojectstudio@gmail.com

Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. (See 9/1)

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/1)

September 16, Monday

Kids: The Library's Littlest Learners, 10:30a.m. (See 9/2)

September 18, Wednesday

Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. (See 9/4)

September 19, Thursday

Hike: Relaxed Ramble, 1:00p.m. - 3:00p.m. Easy to moderate walk. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Reservations: 860-455-9534 DEEP.Goodwin@ct.gov

Festival: Third Thursday Street Festival, 6:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Food, entertainment, revelry. Main Street, Willimantic. Info: www.willimanticstreetfest.com

September 21, Saturday

Kids: Family Woods Walk, 1:00p.m. - 2:30p.m. Slow ramble. Kids of all ages encouraged to attend. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. Info: 860-455-9534 DEEP.Goodwin@ct.gov

Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market & Community Picnic, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. (See 9/14)

September 22, Sunday

Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. (See 9/1)

History: Victorian Willimantic at the World's Fair, 4:00p.m. \$5. Talk on Willimantic Thread at the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. 860-456-2178 Info: www.millmuseum.org

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/1)

September 23, Monday

Kids: The Library's Littlest Learners, 10:30a.m. (See 9/2)

September 25, Wednesday

Skill Share: Djembe Drumming Lessons, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. (See 9/4)

September 27, Friday

Astronomy: Autumn Sky Star Gazing, 7:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Explore the night sky constellations of autumn.

Book Sale in Willington

Submitted by Pat Scheuritzel

The Willington Public Library is having their Annual Book Sale on September 7, 2019 at the Willington Public Library 7 Ruby Rd. Willington, CT. from 8am to 3pm Admission is Free. We have thousands of books, sorted into categories ranging from .50c to \$2.00. We also have a room of special collections, coffee table and unusual books. This year we have a number of children's books, history, biography, war and hunting and outdoors books.

The Book Sale is on the same day as the Willington Town Flea Market. Come and make a day of fun and shopping.

Joshua's Trust Events

Submitted by Angelika Hansen

Saturday, September 7 – 2 p.m. Join Robert Thorsen, geologist and naturalist, on a walk discovering the magic in nature at Whetten Woods in Mansfield. Meet at the Hope Lutheran parking lot. Rain cancels. An easy, kid friendly walk, no dogs. Afterwards, join the picnic at the Mansfield Farmer's Market.

Saturday, September 14 – 10 a.m. Potter Meadow, Willimantic.

"Bugs and Birds". Join master naturalist Deb Field and an entomologist hunting for fall insects and birds along the Willimantic and Ten Mile Rivers. Easy but can be some wet areas.

Kid friendly, no dogs. Bring binoculars and dress appropriately. Rain cancels. Limited to 15 participants. Sign up at activities@joshuastrust.org

Annual Chicken BBQ

Saturday September 7, 2019 5 - 7 pm
Hampton Congregational Church
263 Main Street, Hampton

Meal includes... home made potato salad,
 coleslaw, corn-on-the-cob,
 rolls and delicious desserts

Tickets; \$12 adults; \$6 Children; under 5
FREE

Everyone is welcome!
 Dine in or Take out
 for tickets and more information
 please call Kelli at 860.455.9677
 or email hcc06247@gmail.com

September 28, Saturday
Skill Share: Autumn Plant & Fungi Foraging, 10:00a.m. - 12:00p.m. Goodwin Forest Conservation Education Center, 23 Potter Road, Hampton. RSVP required: 860-455-9534 jasper.sha@ct.gov
Fair: Downtown Country Fair, 10:00a.m. - 4:00p.m. Free. Everyone is welcome. Local music, food and vendors. Jillson Square, Willimantic.
Film: The Untold Story of Emmett Louis Till, 2:00p.m. Free. Followed by a conversation on race sponsored by the Windham-Willimantic branch of the NAACP and a discussion with the film producer/director, Mr. Keith Beauchamp, via Skype. The First Congregational Church of Woodstock, 153 Route 169, Woodstock.
Community Food: Storrs Farmer's Market & Community Picnic, 3:00p.m. - 6:00p.m. (See 9/14)
Haunted Happening: Nightmare on Main: Villians, Madness, Mayhem & Murder, arrive between 7:00p.m. - 9:30p.m. \$12. 19th century stories of crimes and the detectives who solved them. Small groups start tour every 10 minutes. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. 860-456-2178 Info: www.millmuseum.org

September 29, Sunday
Worship Service: Annual worship service, 2:00p.m. Howard Valley Christian Church service conducted by Rev. Scott Hayes of Cornerstone Baptist Church, Danielson, and Rev. Jane Newall, Federated Church of Christ, Brooklyn. All are welcome. This country church does not have electricity or restroom facilities. 182 Windham Rd, Hampton.
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/1)
Haunted Happening: Nightmare on Main: Villians, Madness, Mayhem & Murder, arrive between 7:00p.m. - 9:30p.m. (See 9/29)

September 30, Monday
Kids: The Library's Littlest Learners, 10:30a.m. (See 9/2)



The Wyndham Land Trust protects over 4300 acres in Northeast Connecticut including Long Pond in Thompson and its ecologically valuable wetland habitat. (Photo courtesy of the Wyndham Land Trust)

Wyndham Land Trust Earns National Recognition

Submitted by Michael St. Lawrence

One thing that unites us as a nation is land: Americans strongly support saving the open spaces they love. Since 1975, the Wyndham Land Trust has been doing just that for the people of Northeast Connecticut. Now the Wyndham Land Trust announced it has achieved national recognition – joining a network of over 400 accredited land trusts across the nation that have demonstrated their commitment to professional excellence and to maintaining the public's trust in their work.

"Accreditation demonstrates the Wyndham Land Trust's commitment to permanent land conservation in the Quiet Corner, said Michael St. Lawrence, President. "We are a stronger organization for having gone through the rigorous accreditation program. Our strength means special places – such as Bull Hill in Thompson and the Duck Marsh in Pomfret – will be protected forever, making this an even greater place for us and our children."

The Wyndham Land Trust provided extensive documentation and was subject to a comprehensive third-party evaluation prior to achieving this distinction. The Land Trust Accreditation Commission awarded accreditation, signifying its confidence that the Wyndham Land Trust's lands will be protected forever. Accredited land trusts steward almost 20 million acres of land – the size of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined.

The Wyndham Land Trust owns property in the ten towns that make up Northeast Connecticut, but in just two years, the Wyndham Land Trust has expanded the Bull Hill Preserve in Thompson and Woodstock to 975 acres, a testament to the land trust's commitment to protecting this expansive unbroken forest.

"The land trust has focused on the Bull Hill project since the end of 2016," said President, Michael St. Lawrence. "A lot of volunteer time and energy have gone in to it, but it's gratifying to know how much impact we are having. We're excited to protect so much land in such a short period of time. We're getting a lot of support from the community, which inspires us to keep pushing forward. Accreditation earns us national recognition for the work we're doing and for the people that volunteer their time to make it all happen."

"It is exciting to recognize the Wyndham Land Trust with this national mark of distinction," said Tamara Van Ryn, executive director of the Commission. "Donors and partners can trust the more than 400 accredited land trusts across the country are united behind strong standards and have demonstrated sound finances, ethical conduct, responsible governance, and lasting stewardship."

The Wyndham Land Trust is one of 1,363 land trusts across the United States according to the Land Trust Alliance's most recent National Land Trust Census. There are 120 land trusts in Connecticut, and 30 of them have been accredited by the Land Trust Alliance. A complete list of accredited land trusts and more information about the process and benefits can be found at www.landtrustaccreditation.org.

the Neighbors paper a little paper big on community



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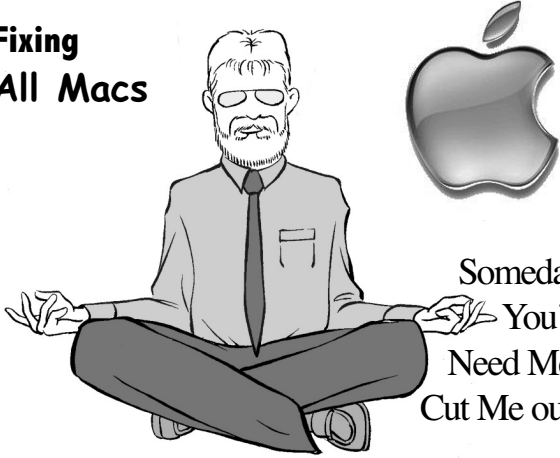
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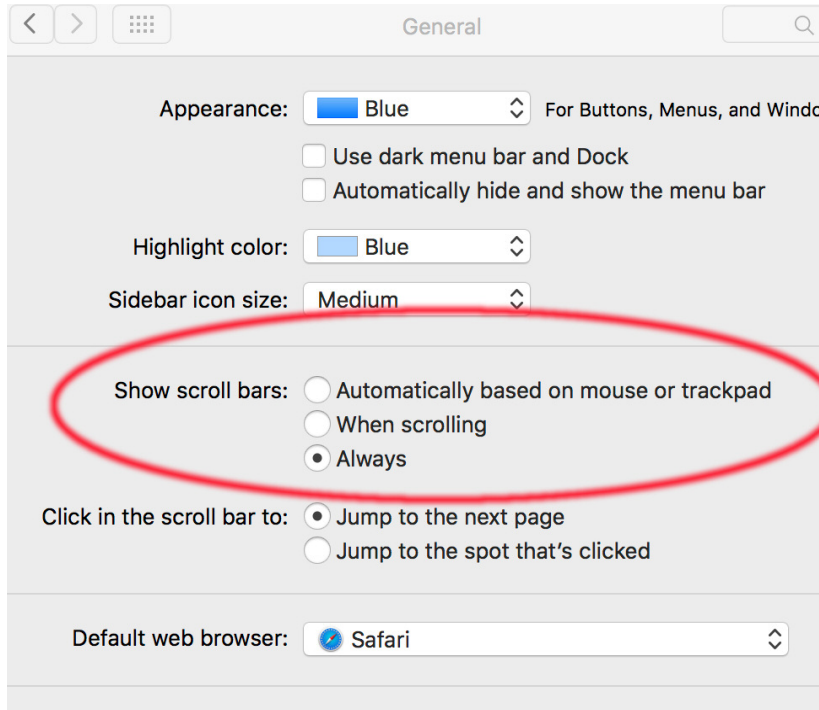
Ask "Dr. Mac" All your Apple Macintosh Mac, iMac and iPhone Questions **Overlooked Stuff Part 2**



What happened to scroll bars over the years?

Once upon a time, every window on a Mac desktop had big, easy-to-click and impossible-to-miss scroll bars that never, ever disappeared.

When I tune up a client's Mac I always assume they miss



these scroll bars too, so I activate them. I find using a mouse or my finger too cumbersome to scroll quickly. Apple taught me at an early age to use the scroll bars and I want them. This doesn't change how the client's Mac scrolls windows but adds another choice.

Since 2011's "Lion" update to Mac OS X, however, Apple has adopted an "barely there" policy when it comes to scroll bars.

Indeed, scroll bars on the Mac are now just as wafer-thin as they are on the iPhone and iPad—and in some cases, they may disappear completely when you're not actively scrolling.

Luckily, it's easy to get those scroll bars back—not the old, larger versions, mind you, but at least you can keep the Mac's new, skinny-mini scroll bars visible at all times.

Here's how:

- Click the Apple menu at the top-left of the screen, then select System Preferences.
- Next, select the General preferences pane; it's the very first one, up at the top.
- Under the "Show scroll bars" heading, you'll find three options: "Automatically based on input device," "When scrolling," and "Always."
- Go ahead and select that last "Always" option. You're done!

Bonus tip

Wish you could get the missing scroll bar buttons back, too? You can't, unfortunately, but you can always use your arrow keys for precision scrolling.

Do unit conversions in Spotlight

So, everyone knows that you can do basic calculations in Spotlight, but beginning with macOS High Sierra, you can take that a step further: unit conversions. You can do specific unit conversions if the need arises – say, "13 stone in pounds" – but, you can also just type in the amount and unit you want to convert, and your Mac will suggest not just the likely conversion, but also a handful of alternatives.

Type in something like '\$1,299' and you'll immediately be told what that is in pounds Sterling (or whatever your native currency that's set in the Language & Region pane of System Preferences), and then the window will show more results, showing Euros Yen and so on. You can also type the specific currency you're looking for, for instance "\$1,299 to AUD" if the currency conversion you're looking for doesn't appear.

Talk to and listen to your Mac!

Way back before macOS Sierra launched in 2016, the Mac's ability to listen to you and talk back was already impressive through Dictation. However, that's been completely topped by Siri's arrival on Apple's Mac lineup.

You can either hold down Command and Space for a couple seconds, or simply click the Siri button on your Dock or Menu Bar, and summon the same Siri you've grown accustomed to on your iPhone. And, if you have a newer Mac, like the 2018 MacBook Pro, you can just say 'Hey Siri'. And, as a bonus, this version of Siri is much more useful.

Beyond the questions you may usually ask, like the weather or who's playing in the playoff game, Siri on macOS High Sierra can toggle system functions like Wi-Fi or Bluetooth, or even pull up individual files stored on the system, based on what you tell Siri about the file.

Siri can even launch or close apps for you as well as store the results of your queries inside the Notifications area of the OS for later use. Just press Command+Space and get to asking. Talk to and listen to your Mac!

Steve Woron is an artist and Mac technician and lives in Vernon CT. Contact him at (860) 871-9933 leave a message, or illstudio@snet.net. He also has been doing desktop publishing for 21 years. He also scans slides and negatives professionally. See his ads to the left. See DrMacCT.blogspot.com

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A Lifetime of Achievement

By Tyler Hall

Gardiner Hall Jr. was an incredibly driven man. He utilized the skills he learned during his youth, toiling in thread mills, to create a picturesque New England mill town of his own. Following his success at home, he focused on extending his reach across the state, funding a variety of businesses and industries.

Born in Newport, Rhode Island, on July 14th, 1837, Gardiner Jr. spent his winters attending school. His father, Gardiner Sr., traveled, following consulting and supervisory roles in thread mills from Connecticut to Rhode Island. Eventually, the family settled in South Willington, Connecticut. Here, Gardiner Sr., and various business partners, established a small cotton wadding operation at the junction of three rivers. During his young adult years, Gardiner Jr. learned from his father, working in the mill, and developing a strong passion for the cotton trade. At the age of 24, he took a job in the dye department at the Willimantic Linen Company of Willimantic, Connecticut. Two years later, with investors of his own, he established a cotton spool thread mill at South Willington, which today is The Mill Works, and home of the Eastern Connecticut Center for History, Art, and Performance (EC-CHAP). He named this venture The Gardiner Hall Jr. Company. It would be here that he would spend the rest of his life, using his ingenuity and paternalistic charity to build a thriving, diverse and tight-knit community.

Gardiner Hall Jr. used his knowledge, influence, and business connections to build and enhance communities across the state. With his own thread production expanding, and his mill producing millions of spools per year, Gardiner Hall Jr. turned to neighboring towns. He funded the establishment of E.H. Hall & Son of North Windham, a small cotton yarn factory located near Bassett's Bridge Road, the ruins of which can still be seen today. He began investing heavily in the Berkshire Cotton Manufacturing Company of Adams, Massachusetts and the Ponemah Cotton Mills of Taftville, Connecticut. Back in Adams, he bought shares in the Greylock Shirt Company, and subsequent Greylock Bank. Gardiner then took on the role of director at The American La France Fire Engine Company of Elmira, New York, as well as The Windham Silk Company of Willimantic. Turning his focus locally, he established the Stafford Savings Bank in neighboring Staf-



ford Springs, Connecticut. He also served, for a time, as president of The Davenport Firearms Company, director of The Hopkins and Allen Firearms Company, and director of The Norwich Savings Society, all of Norwich, Connecticut.

At the height of his success, Gardiner Hall Jr. enjoyed vacations at his summer home at Ocean Beach, New London. Here he would host family and business partners. As a hobby, he delighted in showing his award-winning Holstein cattle across the state, always followed by an entourage of Gardiner Hall Jr. Company farmers. He soon took interest in the Stafford Springs Agricultural Fair, at the time a small and struggling fairground. After several self-funded improvements to the grounds, he was elected Vice President of the Stafford Springs Agricultural Society. In the late 1800's, Gardiner developed a great interest in cars, at that time a revolutionary invention. He attended car shows, outfitted his business with trucks, and bought the most cutting-edge passenger vehicles for himself and his family.

Gardiner Hall Jr. was a successful business man, investor and inventor. Throughout his lifetime he built a thriving community, formed a model New England town, and offered his expertise to countless businesses and organizations. Though he was a wealthy man, his greatest legacy was his generosity and charity. Gardiner devoted his resources to improving and serving the community he helped to create, constructing a church in the village of South Willington, funding children's education, feeding and entertaining his employees with grand dinners and concerts, and helping the sick and needy.

Gardiner Hall Jr. passed away in his home at South Willington April 17th, 1915, at the age of 77. In his memory, his wife and daughter built Hall Memorial School, located just a few hundred feet from his home, a middle school still in use today. Though he passed away over a century ago, the generosity and care of Gardiner Hall Jr. still resonates throughout the community today.

An integral part of EC-CHAP's mission is to raise awareness of local and regional history; and the preservation of historical assets. A legacy of manufacturing, innovation and creativity spans more than one hundred fifty years at this historic landmark. A true testament of hard work, perseverance, and creative thought. For more information, please visit: www.ec-chap.org, email: curator@gardinerhallmuseum.org, or call: 518-791-9474.

"The future is just history waiting to happen" - EC-CHAP

Tyler Hall is the Curator of Gardiner Hall Jr. History Museum, Board member at the Windham Textile Museum, and History student at ECSU.



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Sun: 8:15am - Worship & Bible Service

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Tue: Yoga in St. Paul's Community Room 10:00am

Tue: Out to lunch bunch group - 11:30am-1:30pm

Every 2nd & 4th Sunday - Community Breakfast served following 9:30 service

Every 3rd Sunday of each month - birthday celebration with cake after service.

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Where to find the Neighbors paper

Ashford

Terry's Transmissions
Hope & Wellness
Ashford Spirit Shoppe
Wooden Spoon Restaurant
Ashford Post Office
Babcock Library

Brooklyn

Brooklyn Post Office
Baker's Dozen Coffee Shop
The Ice Box

Bolton

Bolton Post Office
Subway-Bolton Notch

Chaplin

Chaplin Post Office
Pine Acres Restaurant

Columbia

Saxon Library
Columbia Post Office

Coventry

Highland Park Market
Meadowbrook Spirits
Coventry Laundromat
Subway
Booth and Dimock Library
Song-A-Day Music

Eastford

Eastford Post Office
Coriander

Hampton

Hampton Post Office
Hampton Library

Lebanon

Lebanon Post Office

Mansfield/Storrs

D & D Auto Repair
Holiday Spirits
All Subway shops
Bagel Zone
Storrs Post Office
Mansfield Senior Center
Starbucks
People's Bank
Storrs Comm. Laundry
UConn Bookstore-Storrs Ctr.
Chang's Garden Rest.
Liberty Bank
Spring Hill Cafe
Nature's Health Store
Mansfield Supply

Mansfield Center

Lawrence Real Estate
Mansfield OB/GYN
Mansfield Library
East Brook Mall

Mansfield Depot

Thompson's Store
Tri-County Greenhouse

North Windham

Bagel One
Subway
No. Windham Post Office

Pomfret

Weiss, Hale & Zahansky
Vanilla Bean Restaurant
Pomfret Post Office
Baker's Dozen Coffee Shop

Putnam

Antiques Marketplace
Putnam Library
Subway
Putnam Post Office

Scotland

Scotland Library
Scotland Post Office

South Windham

Bob's Windham IGA
Landon Tire
So. Windham Post Office

Stafford

Stafford Coffee Company
Stafford Library
Subway
Stafford Post Office
Stafford Cider
Hangs Asian Bistro

Tolland

Birch Mountain Pottery
Subway
Tolland Library
Tolland Post Office

Willington

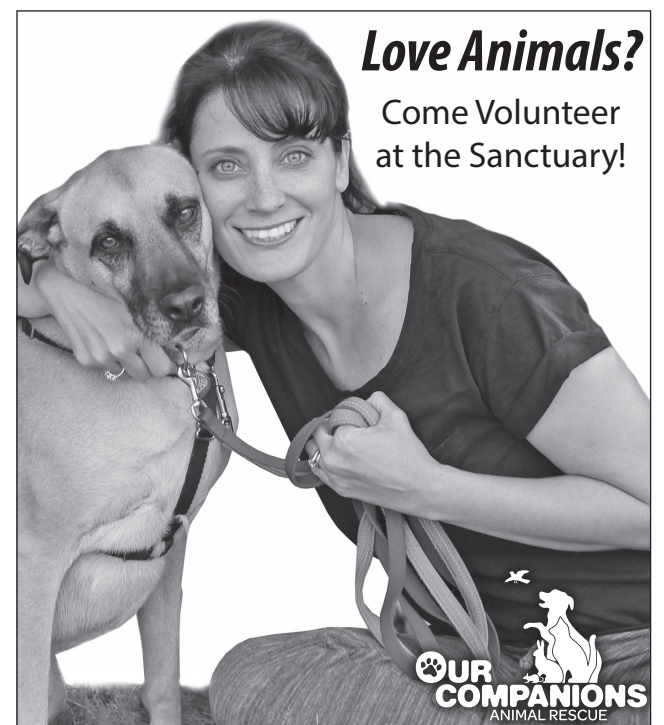
The Packing House
Franc Motors
Willington Pizza I & II
Willington Post Office
Willington Library

Windham/Willimantic

Willimantic Food Co-op
Design Center East
Schiller's
Windham Eye Group
Eastern Eye Care
CAD Marshall Framing
Clothespin Laundromat
Willimantic Pharmacy
Main Street Cafe
That Breakfast Place
All Subways
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Elm Package Store
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Willimantic Records

Windham Center

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Acupuncture and Nerve Pain

By Nicole T. Smith, L.Ac.

In November, 2014, I slipped on some stairs and fell and broke my back in two places. I had never felt such pain in all my life! As a girl who loves sports of all kinds, I'd pushed my body to its limits on many occasions, so it was ironic that a simple fall was the cause of the worst injury I've ever had.

Once the bones had healed back together, there was still a lot of work to do. As a result of the fall, I'd sustained nerve damage. The neurologist I had seen said that all she could recommend was to send me to a pain clinic. I knew what that meant: drugs! I told her no thanks.

I treated myself, with excellent results. I'd never felt nerve pain before. It's unlike any other kind of pain, and can be very invasive in daily life. If I wasn't an acupuncturist, or didn't know about acupuncture, I would have been stuck (no pun intended) living a life with pain, having to rely on medication to get through the day.

It made me realize how fortunate I am to know about acupuncture, and experience its benefits, but also that there are so many people who suffer with various types of pain that don't know that acupuncture can help.

One of the reasons I decided to write these articles was to get the word out of what acupuncture can do. I had gone to school pre-med as an undergraduate, originally thinking of a career in orthopedics or sports medicine. Yet, once I had found acupuncture and experienced its drug-free and lasting benefits first-hand, I knew it was the course for me.

After over 14 years in practice, I'm still amazed at what acupuncture can do. Personally, it has helped me with various conditions, and I'm so happy and fulfilled to see its effects on my patients.

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.

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