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May 2018

A little paper big on community

FREE

Neighbors

No. 159 Serving the inhabitants and environment of northeastern Connecticut and beyond



Local farmer Diane Dorfer with her husband Bryan Connolly and their children Cordelia and William. The Mansfield Center family owns Cobblestone Farm CSA. See Denis Pierce's article inside. Morgan Campbell photo.

Looking Up:

Planets, Planets Everywhere...the View from Here on Earth

By Bob Grindle

Well, there’s always next year. This familiar mantra of the gardener is not so much a copout on the part of a procrastinator, as it is simply a whimper of hopefulness when faced with life’s’ always difficult to predict events. Broken tools, cold weather, endless rain, family matters and, of course, chores of all kinds are on the list of things that seem to conspire to keep us from what we say we’d rather be doing. On this sunny morning, though, with the promise of warm weather and more blue skies, I actually get excited at the possibility of planting peas, fixing a bit of broken fencing and recovering from yesterday’s twenty-five mile bike ride to the glorious overlook at Mountain Dairy by finishing this article. All those worthwhile alignments of planets and Moon and constellations and even the occasional meteor shower that seemed to define what April promised in the skies above, pretty much got lost in cold nights and cloudy skies. Bring on the warm weather!

Early this month, if you’re a third-shifter on the way to work, that bright star in the West-Northwest will be Venus, and the reddish star to its lower left will be the fiery red eye of Taurus, Aldebaran, a monster red-giant of a star that dwarfs our own Sun and figures prominently in myths of the Persians, the Hindus and the Dakota Sioux, among others. The coolest myth, in my opinion, anyway, is the Sioux’s idea that Aldebaran falls to Earth killing a serpent that leads to the formation of the Mississippi River. THAT is a story. But, closer to home, Al-

debaran is the name of one of the horses pulling the chariot in the movie “Ben Hur”.

May is the month of the planets. Venus in the evening all month and nearly touching the rapidly waning crescent Moon by the 17th. Betelgeuse, will be slightly to the lower left of the Moon-sliver in the western sky on the 17-19th. It is worth knowing that Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice) is a red giant of a star, nearly 1400 times larger than the Sun, and is nearing the end of its life. The end could be tonight, or it could be 10,000 years from tonight.



When it happens, the resulting supernova will be as bright as the full Moon and visible in the daytime sky. I don’t want to be cynical or rushing time, but I would like to see that!

By the 19th of May, the waxing crescent Moon will sit

abreast of the Gemini twins of Castor and Pollux in the early evening western sky, shortly after sunset, and gradually fade into the night. I’ve tried for years to name baby goats or kittens or piglets after the Gemini twins, but inevitably my wife objects and we settle on less cosmic names like Stormy and Scooter. Ancient mythology has Castor and Pollux being related to Helen of Troy and Clytemnestra, and despite my love of the myths of old, those don’t seem like good names for our current menagerie. But nightfall will bring Mars and Jupiter and Saturn, and Saturn will nearly touch the full Moon of the 31st, despite being nearly lost in the bright glow of our glorious satellite. As we head into June...ahhh, marvelous June...the waning gibbous Moon will team up with Saturn on the 1st and Mars on the 3rd to remind us that the universe around us is nearly eternal. Rather perhaps than making us feel small in comparison, we should exult in the simplicity of being able to enjoy the majesty of all that is around us. Somewhere nearby, out in the wooded hillside of our Clark’s Corner home, a pileated woodpecker is hammering away in its search for food or in its attempt to create this year’s nest. Life goes on. Mother Nature really doesn’t care if we take notice of the wonders all around us. She will be just fine. Earth below, stars and sky above, and humanity in the middle for as long as we can handle it. Enjoy this incredible thing called living.

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



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SEAT OF OUR PANTS
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"DRUM CIRCLE" w/BOB BLOOM
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May 16th | 7:00pm

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All proceeds go to support the "Eastern Connecticut Center for History, Art, and Performance"

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

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

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Feeding the Warrior Within

By Loretta Wrobel

On some days I grow weary. As I approach my birthday month, I focus on the numerous days of my abundant years during this unique lifetime on planet earth and congratulate myself for Persevering. Life holds surprises, ups and downs, is crushing and exhilarating. I can describe my life as both lengthy and brief. Some days were ragged mountains, others were delectable, sweeter than honey. Honestly, the last few years have challenged me to stay with myself and not drown in the uncertainty, injustice and chaos. Imagine my delight when I saw an interview with Margaret Wheatley and she spoke of the need for us to persevere during these difficult times! I always giggle when I read something that crosses my path validating what my mind is already munching on.

We live in times where we are challenged daily to keep our sanity as the world grows crazier. I remember when I worked at Hartford Hospital in the 70's and my comrades and I called it Heartless Hospital. Now, gazing backward, I see those were the golden years. The medical care facilities of 2018 look unrecognizable to the institution I knew, and the change is not positive.

Just when I feel we have reached the nadir of dysfunction, another mind- shattering event comes across the radar, screen, or newspaper. How do we continue to act with compassion, caring and saneness when we are blasted repeatedly by unimaginable news? When I hear of yet another attack on Syria, I do not trust what I ingest. What can possibly be left of this traumatized and battered nation? What matter of human being chooses to continue to assault and view this small country as a fine place to discharge weapons and/or deadly chemicals?

My stumbling block is I keep trying to make the world rational. Leaders do not necessarily share the same belief. Human beings keep vying for power and influence. The “big guy” still wants all the marbles. I want to share my marbles so that everyone can play. I remember the bumper sticker, “The one with the most toys, wins.” What does one win and why is it so important?

Each May as I move into another year, I wonder how did I do it? It is not so simple to exist for all these decades in a world of upheavals. It becomes a full-time job to keep your balance. This becomes increasing difficult as I age and the disorder intensifies.

When I latched on to the word persevere, it felt right. One has to soldier on during these times of challenge to our democracy, sense of justice, fairness, and belief that everyone deserves a chance. It takes courage to get up in the morning and face another day without knowing what that day will hold. I resist going around in a rage or in despair in reaction to the greed and horror. I do not want the negativity and aggression to infiltrate me and transform me into a person of fear or anger. It takes much inner strength to become a conscious warrior, unchanged by what happens around me. I desire to be open, generous, and not to be pulled off my track.

Our present President has helped me hone this skill, as he is constantly pushing on my resolve to not be overtaken by emotions. It is not that I don't take actions, such as calling legislators, protesting, and speaking my views. I resist flying off the handle in a volcanic tirade or succumbing to depression due to feeling hopeless. Taking action from a place of feeling grounded and centered is the goal, not spinning out of control. I admit to having spun earlier in my life.

I pray that as I grow old, I learn to engage in better responses to whatever flies at me. I don't need to add to the drama, as it appears to me that we need skillful



responses now, not knee-jerk reactions. When I think of the image of a warrior, I have a role model. Standing up for rationality and justice in our times requires a powerful effort.

As creative beings, we have the ability to solve very complicated issues if we work together and let go of our answers being right. Working together can be rewarding. However, it takes a fierce individual to let go and craft a group solution. When I am fully present and centered, it actually is fun to work together on solutions to puzzles. It is less pressure and generally the end result is surprising and innovative. I admit it is not easy for me to be patient enough to work this process all the time.

Perhaps one of the gifts of age is that we have the ability to constantly polish ourselves. We do learn from our experiences. It follows that the longer we live, the more opportunities we have to engage in enhancing ourselves. Again, the need for warrior self as we balance staying open to new ways and halting the desire to create enemies.

I imagine my warrior heart beating with enthusiasm, as I whisk along through my birthday month and amble down the path through another year. I enter this new age (74), trusting that my warrior self is ready for the battlefield of life in America 2018. I know there are tests ahead and I must feed my warrior with love, compassion and connection. I feel you, my community, nourishing me. I thank you with deep appreciation. May we persevere by gathering our resources and marching together.

Letters and Emails

Grace Preli response-

I wanted to respond to the creative and spunky 22 year old Grace Preli whose article in the April issue about self talk is so important. Bravo and congratulations. I love your writing and hope you will continue along these lines for the next sixty or seventy years. You are young and enthusiastic and you are right. The world needs your voice badly. So many people are so caught up in how to make gobs of money in order to be able to survive, hoping I think, to prosper in our hyper-material age. It is wonderful to know that there are some who are interested in more important things than “getting ahead.” The painting, writing, healing, and creating that Grace lists in her mini bio all seem so much more substantial.

As a high school teacher I always wanted students to get a glimpse who they really are before they graduated into the turmoil. The humanities offer the perfect vehicle for of self-examination and coming to see what the world is like, has been like and possibly could be like. Know thyself. “This above all,” as Polonius urges Hamlet, “to thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.” In this day of big data, and electronic distractions and manipulation of people with propaganda and hyper emotional news, we might all profit with a little earnest self-examination. Maybe instead of modelling and encouraging quarrelling and focusing on winning we could settle in to really listening, not playing the audience, to having logical arguments and reasoned debate with our egos on the sideline. Where might that lead? Imagine being interested in the truth of matters, of what might be best for most people, for the planet we live on, rely on. Gets kind of exciting.

Could a world full of people like Grace be the antidote to Donald Trump? Yes! Is there any hope for the likes of Donald Trump, that some good careful self-examination and healthy self-talk will help him? No. Sixty years too late for Donald. We'll have to impeach him. But there is a lot of hope for young people and for reasonable people of all ages, willing to listen and work, for the world.

Paul Murray

Paul is a creative and spunky 68 year old. He is, among other things, a teacher, a writer, a martial artist, a boat builder. He is inspired by ordinary people going about their ordinary lives, and works each day to help build a world that is kinder and gentler and tries to nudge it in a direction of understanding.

The Neighbors paper
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Preparing for an Adventure in Costa Rica

By David Corsini

I continue enrolled in *Tropical Biology* taught by Dr. Szczys and Dr. Graham at Eastern Connecticut State University. The class is preparing for a field trip to Costa Rica in late May. A major component of the class is to design a research project and then conduct it in the field. There are five research projects in development: four three- person research teams, and me. The other research teams are developing projects involving poison dart frogs, coral snakes, and leaf-cutter ants. My project will center on mobbing behavior of birds.

Two of our recent class sessions were devoted to presentations by the research teams. These presentations were to focus on background information for the projects in development. As I had not spoken to a class for more than 20 years and did not know what was expected, I was a bit nervous. Luckily, I was not on the docket for the first round of presentations.

Two groups made presentations on the first day. Each of the groups made PowerPoint presentations on the species they intended to study. The presentations were well organized and several contained video clips. I was very impressed and more than a little intimidated. For my presentation I had intended to develop a printed handout. When I returned from that class, I immediately asked Delia if she knew how to make a PowerPoint presentation and, if she did, would she help me. She knew how, would help me and asked if my computer had PowerPoint. As I had never needed to use such a program, I didn’t know. But I did have it.

I gathered information from the three research articles I had found on mobbing behavior in birds. Also, I had found two YouTube video clips: one of crows mobbing and one of chickadees mobbing. Delia took the information I had gathered, simplified it and created slides with PowerPoint, which we then loaded onto a thumb drive. I then visited Dr. Szczys to see whether my thumb drive would work with their equipment. She assured me that things would be fine.

When I retired from teaching at UConn, “smart classrooms” were just being developed and I was not allowed near them. Today, use of technology in the classroom, even by students, is routine.

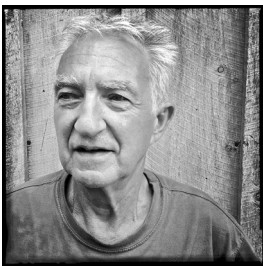
I was the last student to make a presentation. I needed help from Dr. Szczyc to load the thumb drive, “turn the slides” and play the YouTube clips. I felt awkward during my presentation and several times stumbled to find the correct words. I clearly had “lost a few steps” in teaching. While it was not a complete disaster, my presentation would have been improved with more practice and knowledge of how to use the technology. The students were polite and gave me a round of applause. Another presentation of my research design is imminent. This time I will go with a handout!

This experience reminded me of how terrified I used to be of public speaking and how uncomfortable I still am, even after 30 years of teaching. In my freshman year at Bowdoin College a course in speech was a requirement. I dreaded that course. I remember my first presentation was about characteristics of tree leaves. It was something I knew about and at least I had props. If I could have, I would have avoided that course, but it certainly was important in putting a dent in my fear of public speaking. There was a recent article in the Chronicle about a public speaking competition at UConn. In the article I learned there is a term for my fear of public speaking. It is called glossophobia. For 78 years I didn’t know I had a disease. I wonder if there is a medication for that and if it would qualify me for a handicapped parking permit.

At this point the research question of my projects is: Do tropical birds respond to the mobbing calls of two North American birds? These two birds are black-capped chickadee and American crow. There are several things needed to facilitate my project. Two essential components are: 1. To find audio of chickadees and crows mobbing; and 2. To find a way to broadcast the audio.

Two of the research studies I referenced in my presentation had used audio stimuli to test for mobbing. I sent an email to the authors of those studies requesting a copy of their audio materials. I have not received a reply. I also explored the Macaulay Library of animal sounds. This sound library is associated with the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology. Both of these organizations are tremendous resources for people interested in birds and natural history. However, I found the website of the Macaulay Library difficult to use.

In my fumbling around in the library, I once found



a reference to a 5 minute recording of chickadees mobbing and wrote down the reference number. That was lucky because I had difficulty finding the reference again. Finally, in frustration, I called the Macaulay Library and was connected to a helpful person who was able to email the audio file I wanted. While I can play this audio file on my phone and laptop, it is not in a format that can be loaded to another device. So, I had to request that this particular file be sent in a different form. The Macaulay Library does sell and distribute files for research purposes. However, it took some back and forth in email to get the right information to fill out the necessary forms. Supposedly, my chickadee mobbing recording is on the way.

As to the second component, broadcasting sounds, I have consulted my son Andre who works in IT at UConn and knows about recording and projecting sounds. This aspect of my project is “in development.”



One of my research reports described mobbing behavior of birds to a live boa constrictor in Costa Rica, in an area where our class will go. So I have obtained an inflatable, meter-long snake as a possible prop in my project. The snake was difficult to inflate and does not deflate easily. In case any passengers have seen the movie *Snakes on a Plane*, I will put the snake in my checked luggage rather than have it stick out of my carry-on.

When I searched for information related to mobbing behavior, several threads of information emerged. One thread involved mobbing as behavior of groups of animals designed to warn of and/or drive off predators. Mobbing behavior with this type of focus has been described in many animals: birds, ground squirrels, humpback whales, fish (blue gills), snapping turtles, monkeys, and others. In my yard I observe mobbing behavior of squirrels warning about cats, crows warning about hawks, and robins mobbing crows.



Another thread of information linked to mobbing referred to behavior in which members of a group gang up against one member of the group. Mobbing in this sense, which sometimes leads to killing, has been reported in chimpanzees, crows, and others. In humans, mobbing in this sense is associated with bullying behaviors in various settings and violent acts such as lynching.

A third thread I found was the gathering together of humans around a celebrity or a cause. Recent gatherings of large groups to protest gun laws, war, police killings, threats to women’s rights and many other issues can be seen as examples of mobbing. Human mobbing in this sense is a way to express grievances and to warn of danger. In the current political climate, I fear we need to ready our mobbing gear.

I am interested in mobbing in the sense of birds gathering in response to calls that indicate danger. Specifically, I want to know whether tropical birds are attracted to warning calls of American crows and/or black-capped chickadees, which are North American birds.

There are still many issues to work out, including how to load the audio on a device that can project to a speaker, how to make the different sounds have similar sound qualities, and what to use as a control for the bird calls. For example, if I find that tropical birds are attracted to the audio, how do I know it has anything to do with the fact that the sounds are bird calls? Perhaps the birds would come to any type of sound. So I will also record a non-bird sound to play. I am thinking of a Beatle song, *When I’m 64*. Ah... those were the days!

Compost

When it’s April and no longer winter, (and, at 39 degrees Fahrenheit, it’s not even spring yet!), it has begun.

There are demands made by the unwritten schedule of clouds, guidance scrawled in the wind’s unruly push and shove, unstoppable

instruction in the rains that pummel, drench and wash. There is an art to balancing on uneven ground: toes, arches and heels,

ankles, calves, knees, the whole body attends. Hands ready the shovel, wheelbarrow, wire -mesh to screen the compost. The blade sinks in.

Brown. The dirt in which it begins is brown, is umber, auburn, dark, wet crumbling brown. Fragile and pale, yellow-white necks uncurl

from almost-black clots riddled with rootlets. Hidden-unders thrust green shoulders up, nudge aside soggy leaves, unfurl into sun.

This gouging, scooping, lifting and sifting no longer needs words. The palette of brown speaks for itself as I dig up burnt bronze

clumped like books, chapters, paragraphs, and break them open to shake loose sentences of new soil. The sieve separates the hard nutshells

of false hazel, the pebbles, the fragments of rotted twigs from the rust and russet words and letters in the names of new life.

Claudia McGhee, Coventry

Claudia McGhee facilitates a weekly writing group for Coventry senior citizens at the Coventry Senior Center. Claudia’s poetry chapbook, Paperlight, was published by Finishing Line Press in August 2016.

Bringing People Together

By Donald Hoyle

There is a new group in the area called the Windham Area Interfaith Working Group. It is bringing together people of different faiths in functions that help to form friendships and see one another as people of faith and action, even though their faiths may differ. All have their roots in the Abrahamic traditions. This is an outreach group to the community encouraging dialogue and understanding.

Diverse people have enjoyed picnics, worship experiences, fund raising for groups serving the needs of the financially disadvantaged, and educational outreach such as the “love your neighbor” signs that you have seen in they yards of the area. These signs have the same message, but quoted from the Jewish, Christian and Islamic scriptures. Currently they are selling tee-shirt with the words “peace, paz, shalom, shalaam” boldly printed on the front. The proceeds from this sale will help support the no-freeze shelter in Willimantic.

On another educational front, forums on the Jewish, Islamic and Christian faiths have drawn interested audiences and led to greater understanding.

The next community-wide event will be a panel of individuals from these three faiths discussing environmental concerns as lifted up in the Torah, the Synoptic Gospels and the Koran as the scriptural basis for our stewardship of the Creator’s Earth, our home.

For more information on this group and the upcoming event, check the Facebook site: <https://www.facebook.com/WindhamInterFaithCommunity/>



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Text Me, Save Me

By D. M. Dorosz

I arrived at the house to find a cherub face peering out the window. I knocked, looked into an uncurtained window to see someone slumped in a chair. It was getting dark and there were no lights on. No cars had gone by, no sign of life on this quiet street.

My children are scattered throughout the country, usually not a good thing for seeing the grandkids, but in this case it is a good situation. They had connections in distant places, connections that I needed now.

How this all got started, I can't remember now, but it is working and that is the most important thing. Back to the cherub face. I knocked, no answer. The door was unlocked. The face stayed in the window, "come in" it said to me.

I opened the door. The woman didn't budge. It was summer, but the house was cool and the child had little on. I got him ready for the trip. I was tossed between just taking the child and leaving and taking the mother. I call her "the mother" but she was nothing of the sort.

How could she have lived in such a void. Was there no family, no concerned neighbor. She apparently had 3 children I found out later. Where was the father? Where were the doctors who delivered this child? Was she not addicted at this time? Where was the state? How had she started down this path?

My thoughts were drifting as I got things ready. In the whole bureaucracy did personal privacy, right of a person overpower the life and safety of the children, those in the wake of someone's poor, often lethal choices?

I had brought food and beverage and gave some

to the little one as I placed him in my car seat. I started the car, then went back in. She was small but dead weight as I maneuvered her into my car. I went back once more. I lit a fire in a container that would burn slowly until I was out of the area. And then hopefully burn this hovel, for this was no home, to the ground. My debate again had been whether to take the woman. But I wasn't a murderer. That was something she was slowly doing to her own life and family.

I guess we were, or could be considered, a vigilante group. Perhaps our society was getting too distant, our families too remote, to maintain themselves. Was it really the jurisdiction of the government to maintain order in our lives and families? We are a group of people who has taken this project on - to save what precious lives we can. I am a widow. The ages and gender and circumstance vary among our group. We are in contact mostly through the internet. Most of us are grandparents and when a situation arises that needs to be addressed, as this one, we are in touch by text.

I am headed for a destination recommended by my contacts. Then I will visit my son and grandchildren. It will be a long drive, one overnight and one extra stop, but I have packed for it. I was cautious about not being seen as I packed up the woman and child, but I mostly took the back roads. I was approaching the drop-off suggested.

The unloading place for the woman was remote. I left her with some warm clothes, water and basic food for a few days. This was probably more than she had done for that child. I had no regret, no reservations. This would be her last opportunity to clean herself up. Or die. And her last opportunity to be in the presence of the precious cargo sitting in the car seat.

Perhaps other agencies had to follow protocol, follow due diligence, paper work, the hierarchy. We had checked on those who had "fallen through the cracks". There were just too many, too many innocents, born into

addiction, into unthinking sexual relationships, into lives of poverty and devastating futures. Our method had its limitations but our thoughts and discussions drifted to mandatory birth control, remote islands for drop-offs as "tough love" methods for forced withdrawal for addicts. Our discussions drifted to the enormous cost in the medical realm, human services, child welfare, shelters, families and society, crimes committed on businesses, family items pawned...etc. to support habits. We pondered the limits to which we would each go to help someone who couldn't or wouldn't help themselves, and who were hurting others. We had often been in touch with relatives who were so exhausted in their attempts that they had given up and they now approved, praised, encouraged our methods and gave permission, and often helped. Others in our group "kidnapped" the addicts on their own with leads from the community. Police, hospitals, and courts shared our frustration at the recidivism, but the laws, or something, had to change because every system was on overload.

How could we do these "kidnappings"? We easily justified our senior civil disobedience because these addicts were not only killing themselves but were killing their families and our social structure, sometimes literally. And we hoped others in the community would join us because the numbers were just tipping too far.

Epilogue: What encouraged this writing is that had the story above transpired, the child would still be alive. Sadly, so very sadly, the 3 year-old child, the cherub face in the window, overdosed on his mother's drugs and died in the spring of 2017. Also, in the past year the grown sons of two of my closest friends died from what was likely a chance encounter with drugs and situations that were untimely and lethal to them. These situations are a small sampling of the drug problem in this nation.

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Working in a Co-operative Community

By Mark Svetz

The other day Sarah and I went looking for a job and I found so much more. I found an economy that works the way I have always thought the world should. It’s an economy where jobs arise out of the needs of the community, where people get to work at jobs that bring them pleasure and satisfaction. It is an economic community where we, in fact, try to make it work for everybody, not because it’s profitable, but because we believe it’s right.

I am talking about the cooperative model for organizing a business, like a grocery store in this case. This recent example I want to tell you about showed me how co-operative groups can enjoy a degree of control and responsibility that the corporate model can never give us.

Sarah and I have been cleaning the bathrooms as our working member/owner job at the Willimantic Food Co-op for the past few years. I really can’t remember how long we’ve been doing it. It’s a benefit of being part of the Food Co-op that we are able to work at one of the jobs that keep the place running and earn an additional discount on most of the groceries we buy. For almost a year I have been unable to work with Sarah on our job, making her burden that much greater. Last month, I saw an opportunity to relieve some of that burden.

For several years we have been enjoying the rye bread baked and – until recently – delivered to Willimantic by Albert’s Bakery in Deep River. It is good rye bread, firm and heavy in the New York style. Many people I know enjoy it, but most importantly for me, my granddaughter Miriam enjoys it.

We visit the Co-op every Tuesday. I think of us as the three musketeers: Mima, Nonno and Miriam. We shop, have coffee with friends, play in the kids room. Inevitably, Miriam, who is not yet three years old, toddles over to the bread shelf and says, “I want to buy some rye bread.” When we say yes, Miri goes and grabs a loaf and brings it to Nereida at the cash register. They have a nice friendship, and Miri has learned that Mima must come over and pay for the bread. Sometimes we even take out a piece of bread, weigh it, then go to the peanut butter grinder and grind a small amount onto the slice of bread. Then Miriam takes it back to Nereida and we pay for the peanut butter.

This is a wonderful routine for the three of us. I think Miriam is learning about commerce and, more importantly, she is learning about community. She is beginning to identify her community and learn the resources it has for her. We also have a lot of fun!

Last month, during our weekly routine, one of the staff people told us to enjoy the bread because Albert’s wasn’t going to deliver to Willimantic any longer. Although Miriam was unaware of the change about to happen, Sarah and I were quickly in minor crisis mode, searching for solutions. Friends were bummed about the bread, we were going to miss it, and we knew Miri would miss out on an important part of her visits to the Food Co-op. There must be way to keep the rye bread coming to the Co-op!

Well, some years ago our friend Dave used to go to Meriden once a week to pick up ecologically grown apples from High Hill Orchards. I thought of that and



wondered if we could get the bread as our working member job. Well, we talked to Saige and she thought it was a good idea. Saige is in charge of bread at the Co-op, and she went and talked to others. Eventually, after many phone calls, she worked it out that we could go Fridays to pick up the bread at Rein’s Deli in Vernon. Albert’s delivers bread daily to Rein’s, and we would be able to pick up the Co-op’s order there. We had to be there at six a.m., which is not difficult for us as we are usually up before five o’clock anyway.

We set out a little before five a.m., and drove through Coventry and into Vernon, encountering only a few cars during the trip. We met the man who opens Rein’s and he helped us load the bags of rye bread into our car. We got to the co-op a little after six a.m., dropped off the bread, gave the paperwork to Saige and we were home having breakfast before seven o’clock!



Miriam loves to eat rye bread and peanut butter. Her Nonno and Mima deliver the bread to the Willimantic Food Co-op. Sarah Winter photo.

Any day I can have a small adventure before sunrise is a good day for me, but what I really like about this job is that it arose out of my community. It has always troubled me that corporate decisions only concerned for the bottom line determine where me and my neighbors can find jobs. It’s better than no jobs, of course, but I really want the dignity that comes from doing something my community has decided it needs and wants.

The co-operative method of organizing offers us a way to have a business owned by the community it serves. Important decisions – like how to keep Miri’s rye bread on the shelf! – can be made by the people directly involved. I get to serve my community in a way that suits me. Instead of feeling useless and uninvolved because I cannot swing a mop or scrub the toilets on my hands and knees any more, I am once again a fully contributing and appreciated member of my community.

Did I mention that I love my Food Co-op? I love that my granddaughter gets to learn about life in the bosom of such a nurturing and welcoming community. Five o’clock is a bit early for our Miriam, but I do hope she gets to come with us sometime, just to see how her community brought to her the rye bread she loves!

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

Invasive Species

By Angela Hawkins Fichter

Upon reading the newspaper today I learned that the coyotes that have multiplied and spread across every sector of Connecticut, including rural, suburban, and city areas, are immigrants from the west, not the great-grandchildren of the original coyotes of New England that were exterminated over a hundred years ago. These aggressive western coyotes not only eat rodents, they also eat house pets, birds, fruits and vegetables. A pest control company owner was quoted as saying that he was hired to trap a coyote that was tearing down a farmer’s sweet corn to eat and that the coyote ate watermelon too. Come on now. A western coyote wouldn’t even know what a watermelon was, and a critter that tears down sweet corn is known as a raccoon. Apparently, the farmer was not a local, but merely an immigrant from a city, like NY maybe? And the pest control operator was a scammer.

Still, the data (what people actually get paid to collect) show that people are becoming terrified of coyotes in Connecticut. The state’s top coyote expert (and you know the government collects data) says that coyotes aren’t that terrible, that incidents between coyotes and humans rank third after deer and bear incidents. It didn’t really describe what incidents happen between deer and people and bears and people, and I was afraid to ask. I am guessing that deer “incidents” include cars hitting deer, especially during mating season when the deer chase each other around. I suspect these deer incidents also include confrontation between deer and gardeners. Last summer I saw deer invading my flower garden in midday, in spite of my sprinkling cayenne pepper on my phlox (works on daylilies, though). I ran out of the house yelling loudly at the deer and demanding that they leave or I would hit them. The deer merely glanced at me and kept eating till I got within ten feet of them. I’ll bet they were rude immigrant western deer.

The bear incidents may include bird seed feeder mayhem. A Hampton woman, well schooled in local wildlife, went out to her garden one summer day, then turned around, and there he was, right between her and the birdfeeder: Mr. Bear. She knew not to run, because then you become prey and Mr. Bear can run faster than you, so she turned on her charm and spoke softly and kindly to Mr. Bear. He soon became immensely bored with Mrs. Nice and ambled away. I don’t think he was an immigrant bear. He was a great-grandchild of old New England bears, who know that honey tastes better than people, and he had better manners than western bears.

The experts claim you are more likely to get bit by a dog than a coyote. Of course, they did not subtract the victims who were bit by the family dog for breaking into your house, and we know coyotes would never bite you for that. Still, California did a study of coyotes attacking humans that covered the years of 1977-2015 in Canada and the US. There were 367 attacks during those years, but no deaths, whereas a Florida newspaper reported on cases from 1993 to 2010, where 9 people died after being hit by a golf ball. Nothing was said about whether the golf ball was drunk, and we all know that driving and drinking do not go together. In case you never played golf, a drive is the swing of the club to move the ball off the tee. In case you do play golf, wear a helmet. Golf is a lethal sport.

Engage at Every Age: May 2018

Older Americans Month

Submitted by Nancy R. Smith-Tefft

Senior Moments Adult Day and Resource Center in Tolland is celebrating Older Americans Month!

Older Americans month was established in 1963, at which time only 17 million living American’s had reached their 65th birthday. Today there is over 46 million people over the age of 65 and the number will double by 2060.

Held in May, Older Americans Month has been a time to acknowledge the contribution of past and current older persons to our country.

Senior Moments Adult Day and Resource Center will host a Craft and Art Fair on Saturday May 19, 2018 from 9:00 am to 1:00 pm. A variety of vendors will participate. Our clients, some of which have reach the young age of 100, are very excited about the fair and will be baking and showing off their crafts.

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An Inheritance from Afar

By Delia Berlin

Did you ever wish that a distant old aunt would name you in her will? If so, you should be much more careful what you wish for. My aunt Carmen died in Argentina two years ago, at the age of 93. She was my father’s only sibling. Hardworking and dedicated to her career as a dentist, she married late in life and never had children of her own. At the time of her death, my three siblings and I were her closest relatives, but lived more than 5,000 miles away. And as you probably guessed by now, the four of us are her heirs.

Before you get excited about this news, let me clarify that no check has arrived in the mail. The amount we have collected so far is zero, the expenses incurred in the process have been many, and the net value and timing of any future collections remain unknown. This may surprise you, but since I lived in Argentina for some years before coming to the US, it hasn’t surprised me. The bureaucracy there can reach ridiculous heights, even for routine transactions.

To be fair, this could not be considered a “routine transaction” by any means. It requires dealing with two different countries’ laws and currencies, selling two real estate properties in locations separated by hundreds of miles, and transferring the resulting funds to the US. Add to this our complete inability to oversee the execution of the estate in person, due to distance and time...

My siblings and I, ignorant about the legal and banking systems in Argentina after more than 40 years in the US, have been fortunate to have a couple of very decent and competent cousins who live there. Although these cousins are older and haven’t seen us since we were children, they had contact with my aunt until her death and still feel a responsibility to carry out her last will.

My siblings, who were younger than me when they left Argentina, at times find the hurdles unbelievable. In addition, we have varying degrees of cross-cultural competency, particularly when it comes to legal matters. My youngest brother, for example, was only three years old when he left the country. He still can communicate fairly well in colloquial Spanish, but his entire schooling has been in English and he is clearly underprepared for legalese and nuanced language. It’s been only natural for me, as the oldest, to bear the brunt of communication in bureaucratic exchanges related to this matter.

A list of what we have had to do so far to advance this inheritance process would make for a very boring read. So, let me just outline a few examples. For starters, my cousins could not do anything on our behalf without power of attorney, valid in Argentina. No document produced abroad is ever valid in Argentina, unless it’s notarized, stamped and sealed by the Argentine Consulate in the respective country. The closest consulate to us is in New York City. The Consulate does nothing for free. For example, the fee for power of attorney is \$20... per line! The fee for an authenticated photocopy is \$20 per page. When you are done paying for these magic papers, you have to send them to Argentina, via International FedEx, usually for a three-figure minimum charge. And sometimes transactions in Argentina take so long that by the time they get completed, the paperwork required at the beginning has expired and needs to be redone!

So far, I’ve had to go to the Argentine Consulate four times. In addition, I’ve spent many hours communicating via phone and email with numerous entities. Needless to say, I’m anxious to bring this process to completion, not only for our sake, but for those poor cousins in Argentina, who are doing all the local legwork for us, the relatives they hardly know. You get the idea... So, given that we don’t even know if we will eventually get amounts well above expenses, why not give up?

My aunt was a nurturing presence for my siblings and me. Her dental office was located in the front of our



childhood home. My aunt taught at the university during the day and operated her private office from 5 to 8 pm, Mondays through Fridays, on a walk-in basis. She accepted any form of payment and never turned anyone away. She often extended her hours of operation, or opened at night or on weekends, if someone was in pain. Due to demand in our neighborhood, she decided to further her training in several specialties, including oral surgery and orthodontics. She had a reputation for being extremely gentle and I can vouch for that. She pulled my first loose baby tooth and did my own orthodontic work, experiences that have helped me avoid the common fear of dentist offices.

My aunt’s professional accomplishments were never “talked up” in my family. In retrospect, I find that odd, since it must have taken great sacrifice and effort to reach her academic status while maintaining her practice. In addition, her dental office fulfilled a most compassionate mission in a working-class neighborhood where, undoubtedly, she alleviated much suffering. In addition, we are talking about the fifties and sixties in Argentina, when few women ventured into such intense careers. In this context, it’s easy to realize that her success was deserving of recognition and admiration.

Once my family left Argentina, in the early seventies, my aunt and her husband facilitated the continuity of my physics studies there. Thanks to their generous hospitality, I was able to stay with them while classes were in session, leading a somewhat nomadic life for a few years, until I left the country as well. After that transition, my aunt and uncle visited us in the US at least yearly, until they were too old to handle the trip. I then visited them occasionally in Buenos Aires. After the death of my uncle, I was able to visit my aunt a few more times, once with my daughter and granddaughter. But mostly we talked by phone. Since international calls via Skype are very affordable, I tried to call her at least once a week during her last few years.

During these calls, she often remarked how hard she had worked for everything she had and how important it was for her to pass it on to us, who she considered almost her children. These memories make

it impossible for me to “give up” in frustration without completing the execution of her will, regardless of the size of the monetary gain. Whether we will be able to carry this through to completion remains to be seen.

As I write this, my aunt’s main apartment in Buenos Aires has been sold. Her summer apartment in Mar del Plata has been vacated, appraised and listed for quick sale. But each day that passes in the meantime has costs. Utilities, maintenance, services and taxes, must continue to be paid, reducing the final yield. Once the estate is fully liquidated in Argentina, the funds will have to be deposited into four separate accounts there, one for each sibling. Then, these funds must be transferred to the US via international wire. At that point, monetary conversions and additional taxes will take another big bite.

Regulations intended to prevent money laundering make some of these international transactions extremely difficult. I’m sure it’s not hard for billionaires to find loopholes, but “little people” like us must jump through all sorts of hoops and keep transparent records about every move, complicating and delaying the process.

We can only hope that we’ll clear enough funds to cover the accounting fees to file our income tax forms next year. But no matter how small our final inheritance or how large the effort and great the expense to collect it, aunt Carmen’s legacy of love for us speaks loud and clear. And for that, we can only feel gratitude.



Front row (l-r): The author in 1960, her cousin and sister. Back row (l-r): Aunt Carmen with one of the author’s brothers (the youngest was yet to be born) and Delia’s mother.


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The Neighbors Paper
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Renewing an Old Acquaintance

By C. Dennis Pierce

There is nothing better than sitting in the middle of a large garden that is in the early stages of development. On Sunday the mid-day sun was warming up the soil, the birds hovering overhead for a quick snack and really, after all of that crazy weather, all was right with the world. And yet, it was even more enjoyable, because as the sun warmed my face I had the opportunity to interview an old acquaintance, Diane Dorfer of Cobblestone Farm in Mansfield Center. I had emailed Diane earlier in the week to see if I could spend some time with her and explore what it takes to prepare a CSA (Community Supported Agriculture) garden for a new season.

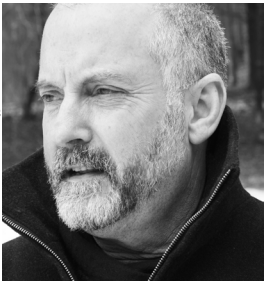
Diane keeps lists. She is methodical in her planning and thoughtful in her words. At least twice in our talk she paused and thought, looking for the right phrase or word to express herself. Her response always came from her heart. I don’t know this for a fact but I imagine throughout the year, as she plans her garden, Diane scribbles down her thoughts on scraps of paper or on the back of an old envelope and they all are all placed neatly in a box arranged in some logical order. Order, that is the secret to a successful garden. To add to that success Diane also has a few helping hands to include Debby, a recent graduate and her husband Brian Connolly.

The relationship between the farmer and the CSA shareholder is quite unique. Unlike a big box chain that places commodities in various locations to entice you to purchase more (that’s why milk is always at the rear of the store and perfect produce is always when you walk in) a farmer’s relationship is built on trust and understanding. Unlike a retail outlet where the truck pulls up to the loading dock with the perfect vegetables, a CSA offers produce at the peak of its perfection. Maybe they are a little bent or imperfect but that is ok since you know that they were treated with care and respect. I also learned timing is everything in farming. The kind of soil condition impacts growing and so does rain. So, when the crops are delayed, in this environment, the customer is patient and understands that nature has a key role in the process.

My other observation, while visiting Diane at Cobblestone Farm, is that she truly cares about her customer. She wants them not only to have the best product but also to experience the garden. Whether it is picking their own cherry tomatoes or just scuffling up the dirt, she cares. You can see it as she prunes the seedlings as she prepares them for the garden. Which stringy seedling goes and which stronger one stays. That care is extended to her customers. It is amazing how much thought Diane puts into her planning and processes. When selecting what to grow she keeps meticulous records on what was successful and what was not. She ponders on how her customers prepare their meals. In a given week she wants to offer variety. “No one wants just greens”, she stated as she continued to manicure some red cabbage seedlings.

So how does the process begin? In late fall Diane starts to think about the upcoming season. “You don’t realize how much time it takes to decide what to order and then order your seeds for the next year.” Diane estimates that her seed investment is about one thousand dollars spread among two large companies, Johnny’s Seeds and Fedco Seeds, and also a few smaller companies who offer unique products. “And then there are supplies to order and deciding on what infrastructure projects are planned for the new season,” she noted.

Last year Cobblestone Farm had close to 70 members. At the present time Diane has 40. She is reminding last year’s members who have not presently renewed to do so but right now she has shares to offer if you are interested. Cobblestone Farm’s variety is pretty extensive. From seven verities of onions to multi greens there is a lot of creativity is plant selection. In February, Diane starts with the loan of green house space where trays of plants are started. At her home soil blocks of lettuce, bok choy, lettuces and fennel germinating in her kitchen, and many trays are



Diane Dorfer of Cobblestone Farm in Mansfield Center.
Dennis Pierce photo.

under a low tunnel in the field waiting for soil conditions to allow for planting. Cobblestone Farm is located on Bassetts Bridge Road right down from the intersection of Rt. 195. There web page which contains a lot of information can be found here: <https://cobblestonefarmcsa.com/about/> Check out the CSA offerings and the variety of plants that will be offered this season. Diane’s contact information is also listed there.

As I have written about many farms in the Quiet Corner of Connecticut we always have to remember to support our local farmer. Over the next 10 to 20 years, nearly one-third of Connecticut farmers are likely to exit farming. The 137,000 acres they manage and 1.6 billion in land and

agricultural infrastructure they own will change hands in one way or another. It is up to us, the consumer, to make a difference and invest in the future of Connecticut Farmlands. So, what to cook? Spinach is one of the first arrivals at a Saturday Farmer’s market or the first delivery at your CSA. When it is the variety that is long and tall you can tell its freshness by it crunchy stalk. When rubbed

together it squeaks like a pair of new shoes on a tile floor. If larger stalks are not available try this recipe with another variety. I can bet you have not had the a basic, homemade, creamed spinach. Trust me it tastes completely different from that frozen stuff out of a box.

Classic Creamed Spinach Serves 4

Ingredients:

- 1 ¼ cups of milk
- 1 small onion, peeled and chopped finely
- 1 bay leaf
- 6 black peppercorns
- 2 lbs. spinach
- 4 tablespoons of butter
- 6 tablespoons of all-purpose flour
- 4 tablespoons of heavy cream
- 1 pinch of nutmeg
- Salt & pepper to taste

Directions:

Pour milk in a saucepan with the onion, bay leaf and black peppercorns. Bring to a boil then decrease the heat to low and cook for ten minutes. If using spinach with tough stalks, cut off the leaves and discard the stalks. Wash thoroughly and dry. If using smaller bunch spinach trim off most of the stems and rinse in cold water. Dry with paper towels. Steam with a little water in the bottom of a pan. Only for a minute or two. Remove, drain and rinse under cold water. Remove as much water as you can and then chop finely. Melt butter in a non-stick sauce pan being careful it does not burn. Add flour and stir until the flour has a nutty taste. This is the basic step for all cream sauces. This is called a roux. Take pan off the heat and slowly add in warm milk while straining out the bay leave, onion and peppercorns. Place pan back on the heat and keep stirring with a whisk and the mixture will now begin to thicken as you stir. Reduce heat to a minimum and periodically stir. Do this for about 15 minutes. At this point make sure that the mixture does not burn on the bottom of the pan. Stir in the cream and chopped spinach add salt and pepper and nutmeg.

I believe that every meal should be made with the care, with passion and the using the best ingredients you can obtain. Cooking is not only about the recipe but using ingredients at the right time of the year, respecting them when you cook and serving them simply, for family and friends.

If you have a suggestion or a farm or a local grower you would like featured in a future column drop me a line at Codfish53@Yahoo.com. Peas be with you.

Calling All Music Creators and Performers

By William Rood Jr.

Do you create original music? Have you visited local venues that advertise the best live music, but you are still left disappointed? Do you hear the same musicians and the same old cover songs all performed the same old way? Do you perform music but have trouble fitting in with the local music scene?

We’re forming an organization for those who create and perform original music here in Eastern Connecticut, those who wish to create their own music in the future and eventually for free-thinking individuals who support independent music. This group will not be about making money, discovering the next big star or offering harsh doses of criticism and songwriting advice. Rather, we want to challenge the musical status-quo while offering encouragement and positive places to showcase new music.

The plan is to start an initial online group. After assembling a core group of artists, we will start an open mic stylized event. By building our grassroots strength in numbers, creative types can share their music both online and live.

Performing original music has unique challenges. As powerful as it may sound, how do we attract audiences to new music? Performers may hesitate to share their newest creations. It can frustrate artists and business owners alike when the venues house limited audiences brought by an upstart musical group. We aim to create new solutions to this dilemma and change people’s thinking.

Will you be a part of this vital effort? We’re looking for artists who believe in this mission. To help me know you better, please send me some links to your music by way of streaming services such as SoundCloud, YouTube, Hearthis, Spotify, etc. Tell me a little bit about yourself such as a short biographical overview, musical influences, or your creative philosophy to ctoriginalmusic@gmail.com.

Please also note that I will not criticize your music or send unwanted or unsolicited advice. I will not judge your music based upon stylistic biases or preconceived notions. All musical styles are welcome.

I only ask that you have some recorded original music (with appropriate language for local opportunities) to share and that you can perform some of it live when that time arrives.

WTG ‘Beauty and the Beast’ Auditions

Submitted by Robin Rice

The Windham Theatre Guild will hold open auditions for their summer musical production of “Disney’s Beauty and the Beast” Monday and Tuesday, May 7 & 8 at 7 pm at Windham Middle School, Quarry Street, Willimantic.

Director: Pam Pellegrine
Music Director: Ken Clark
Choreographer: Ava Molnar

Auditions will include vocal, dance/movement and acting. Please prepare a musical number, NO MORE THAN 90 SECONDS in length, for the vocal audition. Bring sheet music. Piano accompaniment will be provided. Readings from the script will be provided. Dress comfortably for the acting and dance/movement activities. Rehearsals begin: Wednesday, May 16th.

Production dates: July 21-23; 27-29; August 2-4

For more information: please contact Pam Pellegrine at ppellegrine@sbcglobal.net

Casting Requirements:
4-6 Adult Female Primary Roles 16 years and older
5-7 Adult Male Primary Roles: 16 years and older
Adult Ensemble Roles: 16 years and older
1 Child Role (Chip): 7 to 12 years old
Youth/Mix Dance Ensemble: 12 years and older

For detailed character descriptions, visit windhamtheatre-guild.org.

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Reflecting on Despair

“We are born. We die. Somewhere in between we live. And how we live is up to us. That’s it.” Steven Ramirez

By Grace Preli

This month I have finally named a feeling that I have been playing with for quite some time; not all the time, not even that often, but enough to recognize it as something new and different. I haven’t known what to call the feeling and though I’ve tried to call it by many different names, none have seemed to fit quite right. However after much reflection and some help from a good thesaurus and an unlikely source I now know what to call this feeling: despair.

Appropriately naming it has let me know that it is there. Acknowledging its existence in my life allows me to give my focus to behaviors and patterns and processes tinged by despair that need attention. This doesn’t have to be a scary thing. Instead of feeling like an unwelcome stranger, despair now feels like a new friend.

The unlikely source of help in naming my feeling and thus the catalyst for this new experience came from an article in which Thich Nhat Hanh discusses climate change and our individual and collective responsibility. As inhabitants and stewards of Earth we are involved and heavily invested in the health of the planet. He says: “If we don’t deal with despair the situation will get worse. We have to accept this civilization can be destroyed, not by something outside, but by ourselves.” He continues: “Many people know what is happening but do nothing because they are just trying to survive. If you help them to sort out the inside, you help them to have hope, to have peace in themselves and suddenly they have the strength to come back to themselves...” Hidden within an article I wasn’t even going to read I found the root cause of so many insecurities, problems, fears and questions about life, about death, about my future. Not only had I just named my feeling but I found such a beautiful and apt description of what I was feeling. Finally named, it was time to get to work.

So many people are afraid of death, of dying, of the ‘great unknown’ but me, I’m more afraid of living. Where is this fear coming from? Why do I despair? I despair because I think my life won’t be good enough, long enough, Grace enough, _____ enough. I despair because I don’t really want to give away my power but there are times I feel that I do... not often, not all the time, but often enough. Giving away my power is a bad habit, a bad practice, and it scares me. I despair because sometimes I want someone else to make the decisions, someone else to navigate, someone else to live for me but I know deep down I can’t farm out some responsibility here or some power there. I despair because if I decide to live my life, really live it then I have to be in my power 110% of the time and be fully responsible for my life and this scares me too. Can I do it? Can I continue to do this for my whole life? What happens if I give my power away, what if I give my life away, to a job, or a person, a way of being that doesn’t feel right maybe, a bad habit or vice? How can I live my life in a way that doesn’t cause me to feel despondent and desolate?

Like Thich Nhat Hanh encourages, we must find ways to sort out the inside, so that we may have hope and peace and thus the strength to come back to ourselves. In order to sort out my inside feelings around death I had to further fine tune my question of fear. Why am I not afraid to die right now, today, tomorrow, but I am afraid of dying in eighty years? It’s because right now I feel that I am the best I can be in this moment. I’m right here, right now. I just had a great dinner, a loving conversation with a friend, a good walk in the sunset. I feel charged up, in tune, in my power. I realized that the fear comes from the future. Trying to picture being the best I can be in eighty years is like trying to picture infinity. I just can’t. So instead, I have to have faith in myself. If I’m being the best I can be right now, why wouldn’t I be the best I can be in eighty years? I can’t look back at my life having not lived most of my life. It’s not real! It’s not productive, it’s like being stuck in a funhouse hall of mirrors... everything is distorted and fuzzy and weird looking. After a while it stops being fun and I start looking for a way out. Tapping into a feeling of fear magnified by eighty more years makes me feel sea-sick and heart-sick, definitely not a good combo, so why don’t I just stop imagining it and be where I am right now? I know how it feels to not be in my power, how it feels to not be responsible for my life, I’ve felt it before, I’ve learned what fear feels like, now I’ve got to put that knowledge into practice.

I, and only I, will destroy my life. I, and only I, will live my life. Taking ultimate responsibility for my life means I am the only one who is going to seemingly ruin or destroy my life. Me! Not anyone else. Me! Taking responsibility also means I am the only one who is going to create

an incredible, beautiful, kind and loving life for myself. Will people help me, or hold my hand or walk beside me or maybe even carry me or push me or drag me along? Sure! But I’m the one who’s going to take my last breath and every breath in between. I’m the one, the only one, who’s going to get myself there. No one can breathe for me. No one’s heart can beat in my place. No one can live my life no matter how badly I might still subconsciously want them to.

Taking responsibility for my life means also taking complete responsibility for who I am right now. It’s ME that’s going to live my life, not some more amazing Grace or cooler Grace or some magical past or present Grace. Whatever I might one day be is all contained within who I am now. This body, this mind, this ego, this soul, THIS is what I am and it is what is going to get me from here to there. Part of taking responsibility for my life means realizing more fully my power. More fully what it means to be me. All emotions, all reactions, all actions, all thoughts, all experiences, I’m responsible for them all. If I don’t like what I’m doing, who’s responsible? Me. If I’m not satisfied in my work, my career, my life, my relationships who is responsible? Me. If I’m not doing what I’m here to do who is responsible for that? Me!

I’m not saying I’ve figured out all the puzzle pieces and am now going to live my life happily ever after and never despair ever again. That’s not realistic, I am human. But this realization has shifted things in profound ways. I found the shape of the fear that has always bothered me. By recognizing it as despair, I see the ways in which I have prevented myself from fully grasping my power and fully owning my responsibility for my life. I see the ways in which despair makes me fear living, fear the future and fear being me! Understanding the role despair has played in my life is a key piece in recognizing and honoring my relationship with death, with life and with my purpose. Honoring my despair is necessary to take ultimate responsibility for my life and to continue to strive for a full embodiment of my personal power.

“Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our Light, not our Darkness, that most frightens us.”

— Marianne Williamson

Ed. note: Writer mini ‘Autobio.’: Grace Preli is a creative and punky 22 year old. She is, among other things, a painter, a writer, a creator and a healer. She is inspired daily by people and their individual and collective journeys. For her, each day is a chance to grow, change, love, respect and create with herself and our world, a beautiful, kind and gentle place.

Streetfest Time Again!

Submitted by Cassandra Martineau

Friends, citizens, music lovers, lend us your ears! Mark your calendars for the summer – Willimantic’s 3rd Thursday Street Fest is back for its seventeenth season, starting this Thursday, May 17th, from 6-9, and every 3rd Thursday from May through September. Come down to Main Street, Willimantic for the largest volunteer run block party in the region. Five stages of free, live music, fabulous Downtown Willimantic restaurants and retailers, plus vendors and food trucks from all over Connecticut! What could be better? How about free parking and free admittance, as well?

New this year, Willimantic’s 3rd Thursday Street Fest is going green. Food vendors will offer compostable plates. Locations will be provided for composting, recycling and garbage. Friendly volunteers will be on hand to help with the new system.

Feeling the community spirit? Be part of the crew! We are always looking for volunteers to help for a few hours here or there. Whether you are interested in a short assignment or a seasonal commitment, contact Cassandra Martineau at publicity@willimanticstreetfest.com. Volunteers will be fed!

Come for the music, stay for dinner and shopping! We have a special area with kid’s games, plus an outdoor beer garden for adults. Fun for all ages! Remember to check out our web page for up-to-date information about performers all year long: <http://www.willimanticstreetfest.com/>.

Contacts: Event Coordinator: Jean deSmet, info@willimanticstreetfest.com, (860) 576-5139
Media/Volunteers: Cassandra Martineau, publicity@willimanticstreetfest.com (860) 230-6209

Arriving Home

By Dean Williams

They say that you’re home when everyone knows your name. By that definition, the Big Y Supermarket, on Storrs Road in Mansfield, is my home. The second I walk in, someone shouts, “Hey Dean, how about paying your bill?” Or, “Dean thanks for spilling the milk. Now I gotta stay until midnight, cleaning the mess.” A few more episodes like that and Dave Cournoyer will say, “Dean, just go away!”

So, what I must do is reform, which is easier said than done. (Frankly, I haven’t had any idea what the previous sentence means. Do you?) Oh, reforming? Maybe I can. I’ll try. Okay, starting at the meat counter, I ask the butcher if he can please sell me a half-pound of ground beef. He says, “Sure, Dean, but only because you said ‘Please’.” So far, so good. (Which also baffles me. What does that mean?) Anyway...

Andy works in the Deli section, even though he’s a CPA. Why he doesn’t get a job with a huge accounting firm is beyond me. Maybe it’s because he is engaged to a celebrity, and he wants to do her taxes. Good luck Andy, guess who keeps her money in a Swiss bank?

Amanda used to work in the Bread and Rolls Division, but she has quit her job at Big Y because I don’t buy Artisan bread anymore. “Why should I stay,” she says, “Dean doesn’t come here anymore.” Darn it, Amanda, if I’d know about that, I’d buy Artisan bread every day...no, twice a day!

Hillary, in the Pharmacy Department, remembers me from when we met 28 years ago at the Plainfield Big Y. She had purple hair then, and still does. Ken, Chief Pharmacist, and a good guy, objects to the orange hair, but he puts up with it because I like it. So does Debbie, and she and I agree on everything!

Keith, in the Dairy Division, goes to the trouble of going into the Cooler so he can find the Half-and-Half cream I like. (Like? It’s the only brand I’ll drink!). Craig always checks to be sure my brand of yogurt is on the shelf, is cold, and is very fresh. Why? Because I always call him by name. Erika sometimes runs into me with her motorized folklift, but it doesn’t hurt much. Why? Because she always says, “I am so very, very sorry, Dean.” Justin, who meanders through the corridors, looks innocent, but is actually lost. So if he sees me, he asks for directions.

Kara is the Go-To person in Customer Service. She ALWAYS knows my name. We swap lies, and laugh about Angelina’s Antics. (That sounds like a song, doesn’t it? I wonder what those antics are. Wait Randy knows! But he will only tell you if you ask him to rhyme! For example: “Are her antics just semantics, Randy?” “No, he replies, “They are frantix.” Close, but no cigar.)

Ed and Edwin are twins, and neither one of them knows my name. (Sorry guys, your pink slips are in the mail. Goodbye.)

The greeting card lady won’t retire, even though I don’t think she needs to work.

Karl and Tom, who work in Produce, are generous, wealthy, and wise. How do I know? Karl buys my breakfast every third year, and Tom knows the dialogue from ‘Dirty Harry’s’ iconic scene. (They also know my name).

Matt, in the Sandwich Section, sez, “I love my wife, Dean!” Well that’s good Matt, seeing as how you are married to her.

Paul, sometimes bagger, sometimes cashier, is of good cheer, all year, Why? Because I told him to.

The flamboyant guy who stocks fresh bread is crazy about my Mustang. When I told him it was just waxed, he ran to the window to take a look. Man, them Mustang fans!

Which leaves Dave Cournoyer, the Ultra-Manager of Big Y! There are none better, not in Connecticut, not in New England. And yes, Dave knows my name. Home at last!

(Post Script One: Big Y employees tend to hang around for years. Maybe it’s because ‘The Manager’ works hard himself, treats the employees fairly, and gives HUGE raises each year). (Just kidding owners of Big Y).

(Post Script Two: Those of you whose names I’ve forgotten, you may call me...anything you want EXCEPT Dean. Okay? Good).

The Neighbors paper
Locally Written
Locally Wread

4 Ways Time Can Affect Your Future Financial Goals

By James Zahansky, AWMA

When the topic of financial targets come to mind, you need to educate yourself to use the right investment tools that will help you accomplish your goals. Time may be the common denominator between any goal and the plan to achieve that goal. Considering how time impacts your investments and goals could be an important factor for Planning Well.



Time component in your financial targets

The first reason is that the older you get, the shorter your earning potential is. As you age, you would agree that there will come a point where your earning capacity will start to diminish as you close in on retirement. You would have a hard time putting in overtime at work or even aggressively chase down clients left and right for weeks and months at a time. You might also start to slow down with the management of your business as you try to spend more time with your family or you are simply prioritizing your health. In all these, you are slowly losing your earning potential and if you have not been saving in the past, it would be more challenging to do that as you get older.

Secondly, as time passes you lose out on the potential of compound interest. Compound interest is the key to making yourself financially successful. Take your credit card usage for example – whenever you send out a late payment, you would notice that your total amount due for the next month swells up. This is the power of compound interest working in favor of your lender. The interest payment was added to your principal amount and accrued interest for the succeeding month. This is a quick way to get you in the red. Now switch it up and imagine you get to make investments early in life – compound interest would work in your favor as you earn interest on interest over time. The longer you get to do it, the bigger the amount gets.

The third way is when you are making payments for a longer time. When you start late in life with your goals and your dreams, there is a big chance that you get to finish some things late as well. This can complicate things especially when they are not aligned with your timeline in your financial goals. Take buying a house for example – as it remains to be on top of the dream of most consumers to own a home, there are some who are just too afraid to take the plunge. If you keep on waiting and finally decide to take out a 30-year mortgage loan at age 45, you have to keep paying that until you reach 75 years old. Same with a car. This is not to say that you should just go ahead and take out loans left and right in your youth. The bottom line is to factor in the repayment timeframe, so you are not tied to many payments down the line.

The fourth way is for your children. Yes, you need to put a premium on your children’s financial future for two reasons – their financial stability and your peace of mind. Their financial stability will mean that they will have the tools they need to manage their finances on their own. When this happens, you have peace of mind knowing that they have the training to make good financial decisions and that they would not be knocking in the middle of the night asking for help. But again, this is one of those financial goals that looks at time as an important factor. The sooner you get started, the better they learn.

Using time to your financial advantage

Here are a few things you can look into to get you to use time to your financial advantage.

Start early. With investments, funds or any other financial plans, you need to start early. This again points to the power of compound interest and using it to your advantage in reaching your financial goals. You might be trapped in that cycle of trying to wait for the right time to dabble in investments because you do not know enough, do not have enough or just plain scared. There are options you can choose from depending on your risk appetite, so you get to manage your anxiety when it comes to investments. The important thing is to start early so you can either learn early or earn early. You may also seek a financial advisor to do the investing for you based on goals you want to achieve. There are a lot of factors that goes into planning to reach your financial goals and in all these, time plays an important role. You may consider how it affects your financial decisions and how you can use it for your unique situation.

Plan Well – Understanding how time plays a role in your finances may help you map your personalized path toward achieving financial life goals.

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Springing Into Community: New Plans For The Youth CORE



Windham Youth CORE Members collaborating with UCONN Interns to learn about social justice:
From left to right: Katherine Perez Quinones, Darrien Singh, Breanna Maxwell, Mackenzie Hill, Dominique Courts, Ruby Rodriguez, Ivette Lopez, Aylen Valencia, Gabriela Lopez Barreto, Noah Grover, Greg Doukas, Malakai Poulin, and Darian Spearman
Contributed photo.

By Malakai Poulin

Spring has brought with it a refreshing change in season and GROW Windham’s Windham Youth CORE Program (“Cultivating Opportunities, Resources and Education”) has been buzzing with new energy. You can find them around town selling hot sauce, getting their hands dirty in their Thread City Family Garden at Lauter Park, and planning some exciting community events in their office. The youth program, which consists of high school-aged youth as well as a few graduates, has been steadily expanding this year. Along with substantial growth at the Thread City Family Garden, the Youth CORE has also been working to expand its newest initiative: “Certified Community”.

The Certified Community initiative sprouted from a brainstorm that took place last summer, which paved the way for not only a curriculum, but also a way to create a sustainable food system as well. “I remember thinking about all of the values and concepts I’d like to see in my vision of an ideal community. For me, Certified Community is an attainable way to work towards that.” ~Malakai Poulin, Youth CORE Member. Created by the Youth CORE as a way of supporting and advocating for locally grown produce, Certified Community began as a way for the Youth CORE to market its own locally made products such as its sofrito and hot sauce. However, the initiative has since grown to recognize other businesses, people, and programs working to improve Windham’s local community by investing their time, money, and efforts into the local ecosystem. “Certified community is basically about getting businesses and individuals involved to support their community by investing and taking back the local food system.”~Mirella Sanchez, Youth CORE Member. In fact, the Youth CORE has been hard at work creating the very first awards ceremony to recognize the businesses and people that do just that, both inside and outside of food system work.

The awards event, CommUNITY/CommUNIDAD, is the first of its kind. Like all Windham Youth CORE enterprises, this event is entirely youth-led, and provides members of the program a chance to express their ideas and show what they are capable of accomplishing. Sally Milius, the Director of GROW Windham, has been consistently inspired by working with the program: “This event, and the other enterprises of the Windham Youth CORE, are a testament to the impact that youth can make when given the space and opportunity to lead. They are

creative, effective, have fun, and really care for each other - I learn so much working with them.”

Though CommUNITY/ComUNIDAD has required the help of everyone in the Youth CORE, the backbone in the cultivation of the ceremony has been Ruby Rodriguez, a Youth CORE member who runs the Community Engagement Enterprise. When asked what she was most excited about, with regards to Certified Community, she replied: “I am most excited to see the inspiration.



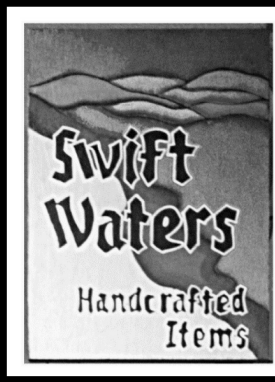
Windham Youth CORE Members Selling their wares at the Willimantic Farmers' Market:
From left to right: Ashley Ramos, Malakai Poulin, Destiny Sanchez, Timothy Hill, and Ivette Lopez
Contributed photo.

People will get to reach out into their community and see that someone is watching, and they are not doing it for nothing.” ~Ruby Rodriguez, Youth CORE Member.

It’s safe to say that CommUNITY/CommUNIDAD will be nothing short of inspirational. The event will recognize several people and businesses who have contributed their energy, time, and resources to improving the Windham community. Several people from the Willimantic area have been nominated, including Dagmar Noll, Vania Galicia, Sister Mary Jude, Ilda Ray, Rose Laurie Field-Santiago, Jean de Smet, and Sacha Gomez-Alicia.

The program is also offering awards to local businesses in Willimantic that support community development: Pleasant Pizza, Tony’s Pizza, O L Willards, Cash True Value, The Willimantic Food Coop, and Dragon’s Blood Elixir Hot Sauce. There will be a panel discussion where attendees get the chance to learn more from the nominees, as well as networking sessions, interactive discussions, and of course, some refreshments. The awards ceremony CommUNITY/CommUNIDAD starts at 6:30 PM, and will take place on May 10th at Eastern Connecticut State University in the Betty R. Tipton Room.

In addition to events, the coming of spring also means that the growing season is on its way! If you would like to volunteer to work in the garden with us, or even just get involved, send us an email at: info@growwindham.org. Don’t forget to look for our Certified Community items around town and at the Willimantic Farmers Market, which include Sofrito and Frog Fire/Fuego de Rana Hot Sauce – all made by locally grown kids, using locally grown ingredients. Additionally, the Youth CORE’s Mackenzie Hill has been hard at work creating a new line of greeting cards. So, be sure to look for them at the Willimantic Food Coop, Farmers Market, Third Thursday, and other community events, as the proceeds from the greeting cards go directly to the Youth CORE. The Willimantic Farmers Market takes place on Saturdays from May 27th until October 28th from 8:00 am - noon, come show your support for the Youth CORE as well as several other local vendors. If you would like to keep up with the Youth CORE on a regular basis, follow us on facebook @windhamyouthcore.



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When Relationship Issues Become “A parent”

By Marc S. Nee, LMFT & Carla S. Ricci. LMFT

In my experience, one of the things that we tend to do as people is to gravitate toward things that are familiar. Knowing what to expect helps to minimize anxiety and increase our sense of comfort. We do this in many ways, from the food/restaurants we choose (always going to places we know or ordering foods we know we like,) to things we buy based on brands (I’m not sure this brand I’ve never heard of will work as well as this other one I know...) and activities we engage in (I don’t quite know what to do with myself if all the treadmills are taken when I go to the gym - I don’t like any of the other machines (even though I’ve never actually used the rower...) Despite the variety of potentially fresher, healthier and varied options available to us, we tend to gravitate to the familiar, even if it’s not always the best option.

As a couple’s therapist, I see this trend in our choice of partners. We tend to be attracted to, and attract people to us, that on some level are familiar and therefore comfortable. On a subconscious level we find those familiar traits attractive. It is because of this tendency that many of us end up with partners that have many of the same characteristics of people in our immediate family, and in particular, to our parents.

If you’ve been joyfully unaware of this concept, I can understand if this theory makes you uncomfortable. After all, who would choose to marry their mother or father? If we have had difficult family dynamics, it’s hard to believe we would do this. We may even believe we seek out and are attracted to the opposite of what we know, and point to personality differences as proof. While we may choose partners who appear to be very different than the family we grew up with, over time, the similarities in the dynamics (not personalities) start to become evident.

The therapy field is chock full of varying theories, on the “whys” and the “hows” of this, and that is a different discussion than is intended here. For the purposes of this article, for most of us, it is simply that these are the primary relationships that have helped forge our belief systems about how to get along in life. They are the most impactful relationships both physically and psychologically, that any of us will have. It makes sense that when we recognize these traits in others, we respond as we always have.

So why is this a problem? If we have no unfinished business with our parents, and /or childhood, and growing up was mostly positive or uneventful, it may not be a problem. If we still have an axe to grind, or have been unable to extricate ourselves from the emotional tether of our parents however, these issues often show up in our relationships with our partners.

When a client or couple recognizes for the first time that he or she has married someone with mom’s temper, or dad’s distant nature, and that they are reacting more like a rebellious or scared child than a rational partner, it can be a tough pill to swallow. Once the pattern is recognized however, it can help bring clarity to many of the difficulties in a couple’s relationship, which are often a re-enactment of an old dynamic that we are still trying (unsuccessfully) to resolve.

So how does this look? Although there are many variations, one possible scenario ends up with one member of the couple taking on more and more of the responsibilities, and the other less and less. Eventually the imbalance is great enough that one or both of the members are frustrated and resentful. One of the partners can feel unsupported and overburdened, more like a parent taking care of a child, while the other partner feels controlled or they don’t have any “say,” and nothing is ever “good enough” in the relationship.

In this parent-child dynamic, one partner resents having to take care of everything and the other often fluctuates between deferring and rebelling. Deferring passively usually means letting the parental partner get their way. Deferring actively usually means arguing against the parental partner to gain some power in the relationship. As you might imagine, both parties end up feeling unsupported and unappreciated. What is less evident in this situation, are the perks – the one up or parental partner gets a lot of power in this dynamic – they get to make a lot of the decisions for the couple or family and do things the way they most like, while the one down or child partner doesn’t have to take on much responsibility and has more individual freedom. Correcting this imbalance takes work on both sides, the “parent” has to be willing to relinquish some control, while the “child” needs to be willing to step up and help out more, but it can be done.

Here is an example of how this dynamic showed up in my office. I had been seeing this couple for a few of months and this theme had been in the air. One session it finally boiled over and was explicitly spoken.

Her face was beet red and as she stood over her husband (who sat slouched on the couch like a beaten dog). Using her finger as a pointer, she shook it at him to emphasize every word. “ I’m sick and tired of waiting for you to step up and be a responsible part of this family!” she railed. “ I have to do everything!”

I asked him if this was how she usually talked to him when she was upset with him. “Yes,” he replied.

I then asked them to switch positions. For her to sit on the couch and for him to stand over her wagging his finger at her as he spoke to her. Repeating word for word what she had said. She looked up at him defiantly and he looking scared to death, but he gave a half- hearted effort.

“How’s it feel to be talked to this way” I asked the wife. “ Not good” she reluctantly answered. “And for you?” I asked the husband. “Scared, afraid I’m going to get punished.” He answers “By who?” I asked. “Who do you think!?” he said nervously laughing. “ Mom- don’t upset mom!”

I continued, “Did you feel this way as a kid?” “All the time! And now I get to feel this way as a husband.” He says with exasperation, and then asked to sit down. “ Not yet, just stand there for a minute” I replied I looked at the wife, and asked, “Does this remind you of anyone in your family history?” Wife: “Yes, this is how my dad treated us.”

“ So you learned this from your dad?” I confirmed. “How’d that work for you growing up?”

Wife: “I left at 18! She snorts, and now we’re here... so not great.” as she started to cry.

The moment was awkward, and then he hesitantly reached out and started rubbing his wife’s shoulder, mumbling. “ Its gonna be okay, we can do this.” In that moment he was no longer a scared boy with his mom, but a man comforting his wife and a sliver of balance had been restored.

To be fair, I also see the parent-child dynamic in reverse. I’ve had husbands come in to my office exasperated because although they feel like they are killing themselves at work, taking care of the bills, helping with the kids, and trying to support their wife’s various career choices and interests, they are met with contempt and blame. She complains that if he was “more this” or “a better that” than she would be happy yet the more he tries to help, the more upset she gets, often threatening to leave. He has become dad, and she is like a teenage girl that is struggling to prove her independence.

From her position, he is not trying to support her, but control her, and that becomes proof he lacks confidence in her. If he backs off, he is seen as unsupportive. For his part, he feels like he can’t win, but continues to ‘try’ because he’s sure if he tries hard enough he can “fix this.” Again, success starts with breaking the cycle by stepping out of the maladaptive roles and into their adult selves.

These examples and explanations are undoubtedly over-simplified, and not all couples in these dynamics are unhappy. These dynamics are not exclusive to heterosexual relationships (or even romantic relationships.) This parent/ child dynamic can show up in LGBTQ relationships as well.

My goal in sharing my experience is to help unhappy couples realize there is hope. A life of misery, or getting a divorce are not the only options. My hope is to help shed light on how easily and how often couples end up in unsatisfactory situations that can be remedied, if both partners are willing to work on their part. Every day I witness how our past is constantly informing our present relationships, in both functional and dysfunctional ways.

If things aren’t working in your relationships, or in your life, I invite you to stop and examine whether your past, and the things that are “familiar” are serving you, or getting in the way of the relationship and life you want. If you find yourself in the latter position, a skilled therapist can help you and your loved one untangle the past from the present, and put things in the correct time and place so you can see each other more clearly for the people you actually are.

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By EC-CHAP

If making up words is legal, April was “springter” kind of month... it brought April showers, snow, sleet, cold, and a couple of spring-like days mixed in. Despite the unusual weather conditions, it was a packed with talent, new programs, and an experimental use of space. They say “a picture is worth a thousand words”. So... in the space we are privileged to share, we’ll go light on text and heavier with images this month in the hope of expressing the experience of April and the excitement of what is to come in May 2018.

Engage the Senses...
EC-CHAP Board

April 2018 – A Look Back

EC-CHAP was pleased to offer an assortment of music, film, dance, theater, and the visual arts this past month! From the original musical works in folk, bluegrass, and indie with Lisa Martin, Horizon Blue, Kala Farnham, Glenn Kendzia, and Belle of the Fall; to world, classical, and jazz performances by Bruno Raberg’s Triloka and the Thimble Islands Sax Quartet we spanned the genre continuum.

We introduced our new Theater Series with the debut of “The Memory Play” written and produced by Jeremy Geragotelis, starring regional actors Oliver Kochol, and Kelly White.

Rebecca Zablocki, EC-CHAP Artist in Residence (AIR), curated our first collaborative show, “Mouthfeel”, featuring five ceramic artists from the Worcester Center for Crafts. Works featured functional and decorative pieces by Paige Ward, Faith Connor, Ian Petrie, Abby Nohai, and Jon Glabus.

Thanks to Pamm Summers and Joan Taraskiewicz, new exhibits were installed in the Gardiner Hall Jr History Museum, with plans to develop a research center and interactive displays in the near future.

EC-CHAP introduced an experimental use of space within The Mill Works as a focus of cultural development forming a concept of “availaflex” use. An example is a temporary space developed for fine art exhibition.

EC-CHAP’s monthly recurring programs were enjoyed and continue through May and June: Talent Showcase (2nd Wednesday); Social Dance with Kelly Madenjian (2nd Thursday); and Drum Circle with Bob Bloom (3rd Tuesday).

MAY PERFORMANCES

AN EVENING WITH SPIRITUAL MEDIUM MAURA GEIST. Friday, May 4th, 7:30pm

Maura has studied with various world renowned Mediums such as Lisa Williams, John Holland and Tony Stockwell. She is a Certified Psychic Medium through LWISSD, a Level II Certified Reiki Practitioner and Angel Communicator. Maura has been doing this work publicly for the last several years with the sole intention of bringing understanding and awareness of Mediums, the Afterlife and the Continuity of Life through One on One Readings, Radio Interviews, Live Events and Lectures in Connecticut, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island. This work is initiated with an open heart and the hopes of bringing Light and Love back into this world. A complimentary copy of Maura’s book, will be provided to the first 20 attendees. Doors 7:00pm / Event 7:30pm. Tickets \$15.00 Advance (online) / \$20.00 Door.



A CINCO DE MAYO DANCE CELEBRATION WITH KELLY MADENJIAN & BENTETU. Saturday, May 5th, 7:30pm

Come dance away Cinco De Mayo 2018 with Kelly Madenjian and live music by Latin band, Bentetu!

Bentetu is a Latin band founded by 2007, in Willimantic CT. It consists of seven members including Latin percussion, vocals, piano, and sometimes includes brass instruments. Bentetu performs mostly Caribbean, Latin jazz, and other Spanish music. The band has been performing since 2007, and has played in various venues, mostly in Connecticut, RI, and Massachusetts.

As an amateur competitor ballroom dancer Kelly won many USA Dance and NDCA titles; including 3 Amateur USA Dance National Rhythm Championships and 4 US National Nine Dance Championships. Kelly has appeared as an extra in two major motion pictures as well as speaking roles in multiple national commercials. Kelly is an Artist /Performer Member of EC-CHAP, and leads the EC-CHAP Monthly Social Dance Series (2nd Thursday of the month). Doors 7:00pm / Dance 7:30pm. Tickets \$15.00 Advance (online) / \$20.00 Door.



BRIAN SNEEDEN – LAST CITY: AN EVENING OF POETRY AND SONG. Saturday, May 18th, 7:30pm

Brian Sneedeen’s first collection of poems, Last City, has recently been released from Carnegie Mellon University Press (2018). His work has appeared in Beloit Poetry Journal, Harvard Review, TriQuarterly, Virginia Quarterly Review, and other publications, and translations of his poems have been published in international magazines in Greek, Albanian, and Serbian. This debut reading is a part of the EC-CHAP Poetry Series. Brian is a resident of The Mill Works Creative Community and Doctoral Student at The University of Connecticut. Brian will share works from his recent publication, “Last City” integrated with original music. Complimentary autographed copies of Brian’s book provided to attendees with paid ticket. Doors 7:00pm / Reading 7:30pm. Tickets \$15.00 Advance (online) / \$18.00 Door.



EC-CHAP Jazz Series:

VAL ROGERS – THE GREAT AMERICAN SONG-BOOK. Friday, May 11th, 7:30pm

Val Rogers is an accomplished jazz vocalist, entertainer, as well as a musician, arranger and conceptual artist. Born and raised in Willington, CT, Val brings her personality, uniqueness, classy-big band-era-style and professional entertainment banter with audience members to her hometown with the talents of pianist Bil Groth from East Lyme, CT and Mark Gehret from Old Saybrook on bass. Doors 7:00pm / Show 7:30pm. Tickets \$12.00 Advance (online) / \$15.00 Door. Special Senior Price \$10.00 at the Door.



EC-CHAP Acoustic Artist Series:
SEAT OF OUR PANTS (Folk / Bluegrass). Saturday, May 12th, 7:30pm

With their own eclectic style of folky roots homegrown right here in Connecticut, Seat Of Our Pants (SOOP) is rapidly becoming a household name throughout



the state and beyond. Their songs are both heartfelt and humorous, their harmonies heavenly, and they play an array of instruments you don’t see every day, with Mike on fiddle, Mark on Cajon, Jeff on bass, and Carolyn on whichever stringed instrument she decides to bring along for the night. Treat yourself to an evening of music that will leave you laughing, crying, and thankful that you decided to spend some time with this crew. Doors 7:00pm / Show 7:30pm. Tickets \$12.00 Advance (online) / \$15.00 Door.

BILL BENSON WITH TJ SWEENEY (Folk). Saturday, May 19th, 7:30pm

Bill performs around New England, singing about love, hope and passion, through inspiring lyrics and heart-felt vocals in the styles of folk and country His deep, brassy vocal timbre and storytelling style he draws listeners into his songs, evoking a mood that pulls you into the moment and offers retreat from life’s day to day chaos. Bill hosts and produces a Nutmeg TV cable show ‘Porch Time with Bill Benson’ - spotlighting singer/songwriters from around the state. Bill will be joined by TJ Sweeney.

Hailing from a small town in upstate New York, TJ has since spent his time throughout many areas in New England but still brings a small town influence to the stories he tells through his music. Blending a mix of folk, roots, country and soul, he’s drawn attention from many across the Northeast. Doors 7:00pm / Show 7:30pm. Tickets \$12.00 Advance (online) / \$15.00 Door.



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. Check our website frequently for new additions. Unless otherwise specified, doors open 30-minutes prior to show time.

Table reservations and cabaret seating available. Unless specified otherwise, all performances will feature Bring Your Own Beverage & Food “BYOB&F”™ - wine & beer ONLY (I.D.s Required). 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).

Did you know that The Packing House is available to rent for your event? Whether it’s a business meeting, a creative project, or a private function, we can support your needs in our historic setting. Call anytime for details.

The Packing House is located at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington, CT 06279. Parking is 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).

My Friend Margaret

By Kevin Pratt Jr.

I first met Margaret in 1998. March to be exact. She peeked her head out of her apartment just to see who I was, did not really say anything to me at all. As a matter of fact, she did not say anything to me for months. In all honesty, it took her over six months as my neighbor to even talk to me. The conversation was short and sweet. A simple hello or goodbye was only her response. It was like that for a long period of time. It was almost until a year later that she started to warm up to me. I found out much later that her generation never spoke to a disabled individual. Never interacted with them. Never talked to them at all because back when she was growing up you were raised not to speak to people with a disability or any kind of illness. They thought somehow they were going to be infected by the interaction.

I first started engaging in conversation with her because I didn’t want her to be afraid of me and I wanted her to get a different perspective of me. Basically I wanted to erase the stigma that she had of people in wheelchairs or disabilities. Looking back on it, I was quite successful at being able to change her mind over the years. As time went along she began to warm up to me more and more which I enjoyed. I will say back in my mid-20s and early 30s she did not like my choice of music and the fact that I used to play it pretty loud. I would hear subtle statements from my home health aide that she did not like the music that loud. Over time I began to respect her wishes. Truth be told, by this point I was in my mid-30s and I didn’t really care to play music very loud anymore. As a matter of fact to this day, I still don’t play music all that loud anymore.

The reason I’m telling you this story is because Margaret was not only my neighbor but she has become a good friend. Over the last couple of years she has started to fall more and more. So much to the point that the family has decided to put her in a nursing home. She is currently at St. Joseph’s Living Center which is about 2 miles from where we live. Now me being a good friend and concerned neighbor, I have gone to see her. Full disclosure I don’t like nursing homes. I’ve seen too many people and one of my good friends die in a nursing home. Those experiences totally put me in a bad place. Ever since being placed in the nursing home Margaret has been on my mind quite a bit.

I heard through the boyfriend that she is not coming back to her apartment, which in my opinion is totally wrong. Because she was never told, to my knowledge, that she was going to be a permanent fixture at this nursing home according to the boyfriend. I know she is scared and doesn’t understand what’s happening to her. On a personal level if she was my parent or relative and I had a say in the matter I would make sure that she was not going to spend her remaining years in a nursing home. Yes, I understand she’s going to be 88 years old in September. However, if she still has her faculties to some degree, I would not, if I were in her shoes, want to stay in a nursing home.

Why do children or family members feel the need to discard family members once they get to a certain age? Her oldest daughter is a little bit older than my father, who in my opinion, would be capable of taking care of her mother if she chose to. Her life is not that busy or complicated where she couldn’t take the time to care for her mother. I would understand if there was a danger of her mother running off or getting in a car and going about her business and not having knowledge of that. But her mother, to my knowledge, is fully aware of her faculties. Yes I understand we have moments of forgetfulness and stuff like that but unless you can prove to me that she has Alzheimer’s or dementia then she should not be in a nursing home. There are agencies out there that could have looked out for her on a daily basis.

Margaret still thinks at some point she’s going to come back to her apartment. What’s going to happen when she realizes that she’s never going back? How devastated is she going to be when she realizes that she’s

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T. King, Publisher

never leaving? As her friend and as her neighbor I can’t really say anything because I am not blood. I will say that if I were physically able of taking care of her I would definitely do so. Even though it took her a long time to warm up to me, I’ve grown to love her and respect her over the last 20 years. It feels weird and different knowing that she is not next door to me. My point of telling this story was to make people aware that your parents brought you into this world and took care of you for many years. They helped you through sicknesses, cuts and bruises and have been there for moral support through thick and thin. Show your family members or your parents the same level of respect when they get up there in age. Put yourself in their shoes. Would you want to spend your remaining years in a nursing home? I know I sure as hell don’t want to be in a nursing home when I get to be Margaret’s age. The unfortunate thing for me is I don’t have any children and I am not married. It is going to be difficult for me because who’s going to be there to fight for me when I get to be in the latter stages of my life? I know families are not perfect and understanding but keep in mind this may end up being you at some point or at some stage in your life. So always respect the people and loved ones around you even if they need a helping hand. Always have love and respect for the individual because it could happen to you.

Assault Hawks

By Angela Hawkins Fichter

Recent news items of interest to those in Connecticut have listed reports of assaults by hawks on people. Almost all of the attacks on people have been in Fairfield, and a few have occurred in Avon. I puzzled over the location of the assaults for a while. After all we in northeast CT have lots of hawks, but no attacks by hawks on humans. Then I figured it out. The people in Fairfield are rich. They eat filet mignon, so they probably taste better than people in Windham County, who eat hamburger. The reason Avon has had only a few attacks is that Avon is only upper-upper middle class, so less filet mignon, and we in Windham County are working class and hardly ever eat filet mignon.

In addition, people in NE Connecticut are feistier than those in Fairfield. After all when Israel Putnam was plowing his field along with his son and got word of the battle in Lexington and Concord, he just left his plow in the field and rode 100 miles (on his horse, not in his Lexus like an Avon person might do) to Cambridge to aid the Americans. He fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Windham County was filled with brave patriots. In Fairfield there were a lot of Tories, who checked the reports from the NY Stock Exchange every day, rather than risk safety of wealth or health by fighting. The same types of people live in those two counties now. Why do I say that? Well, the bird experts advise looking up at the hawk while it hovers and soars in the air, not ignoring it, because the bird likes to attack from the back. People in NE Connecticut automatically look up at the bird, because they are the ones who raise chickens, minks, or rabbits, all of which are eaten by hawks. The only minks in Fairfield are already on the backs of the humans, and people don’t even eat chicken in Fairfield.

The hawk called Cooper’s Hawk eats only birds. It is also called a chicken hawk. I have had neighbors both in Scotland, where I lived for years, and here in Hampton where I now live, who lost chickens to chicken hawks. To save the rest of their flocks, they had to protect the chickens when they were outside by a cage-like apparatus with chicken wire roofs and sides on their outdoor coops. Chicken hawk has come to mean, in popular terms, a person who is militaristic, but avoids any service of his own. Eisenhower is one president who fought in World War II, and then in his farewell address as president, warned the nation about letting a military/industrial complex run the nation. The last president to serve in combat in a military conflict was George H. W. Bush. Since then we have had presidents willing to engage in new military conflicts. If presidents grew up in rural areas, would they be inclined not to wage war, but rather to use tactics and diplomacy?



Cooper's Hawk
Contributed photo.



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Lincoln, Gandhi, and Natural Law

By P.K. Willey

Both lawyers, U.S. President Abraham Lincoln (1809 – 1865) and Gandhi (1869 – 1948) shared a deep commitment to natural law. This article briefly touches three points: religious creeds, equality, and labor that demonstrate similarities and expansions in thought on natural law by these great minds.

What is natural law? Natural law is one of the great universals of being human, something to celebrate! It’s adherence and exercise awes and overjoys us when we see obedience to it by individuals, or groups, in public and political theaters. Natural law lays the foundation for creation of a justly oriented society, culture, civilization. It is found in the human heart. To wantonly kill, cheat, steal; to be rude and inconsiderate, to tamper with the moral development towards natural law in our children: these are arenas that our inner reactions demonstrate to us the reality of natural law within ourselves.

Critics disregard the clear ties of natural law to universal morals and ethics, espousing instead ‘natural theory’, in which all people, without constraints of civil law, form their own social contracts or relationships based solely on the consent of individuals – a shortsighted view. Regrettably, like Locke’s interpretation of ‘pursuit of happiness’ to mean ‘property’, rather than alignment with Conscience, ultimately encouraging unbridled greed, this confused view of happiness has led to ‘freedom from all restraint’, leading us into social misery. Denial of natural law does not make it ‘unreal’ or ‘a theory’ or ‘non-existent’. We ignore natural law at our own peril. We are physically incapable of existing for a second outside of an interdependence whose scope knows no bounds, and within which are only obligations, duties, responsibilities to which we have rights to perform.

It was the acknowledgement of natural law that caused the globally unique United States Constitution, to replace power grabs that claimed ‘divine authority’, or by other despots, and tyrants, to initiate a governance system that started with the Declaration of Independence in 1776 (2nd paragraph):

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.”

For both Lincoln and Gandhi, denial of this essential equality caused them both to rise up into action. Both confronted injustice that was supported by political correctness. Lincoln’s USA was expressing increasing confusion between natural duties, and ‘belligerent rights’ that could suffer the existence of human slavery, and between happiness and property. Lincoln declared:

“[T]he real issue, [is] the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world.” “They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time. The one is the common right of humanity and the other the divine right of kings”—“the same spirit which says ‘you work and toil and earn bread, and I’ll eat it.’” “No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle.”

Millenniums of social ordering, drummed into Indian humanity, seemingly authoritatively referenced in ancient Hindu scriptures, produced a culture that fostered extreme inequality – ‘untouchability’ – amidst the same peoples (25% of all ‘Hindus’!), as being ‘natural’. It was, and is, political correctness gone to its extreme end of

unreality, leading to the corruption of everyone’s ability to exercise natural law, from birth itself. Gandhi decried the deviation from natural law by ‘untouchability’:

It is against the Fundamental Principle of humanity, it is against the dictates of reason that a man should, by mere reason of birth, be forever regarded as untouchable, even unapproachable and unseeable. These adjectives do not convey the full meaning of the thing itself. It is a crime for certain men, women and their children to touch or approach with stated distances, or to be seen by those who are called caste-Hindus. The tragedy is that millions of Hindus believe in this institution as if it was enjoined by the Hindu religion.

Both pulled upon their respective religious creeds which the majority of people in their country’s followed, to back up natural law. About the natural rights of those held as slaves, Lincoln stated:

“In the early days of the world, the Almighty said to the first of our race ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,’” and since then “no good thing has been, or can be enjoyed by us, without having first



Indian agricultural laborers. Gandhi adopted the same dress, and extolled agriculture as a necessary part of natural law.

cost labour.” It followed that “[all] such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them.”

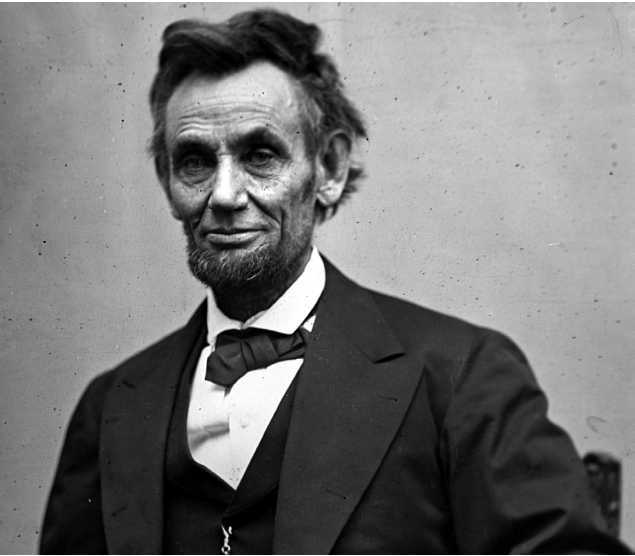
In India, Gandhi faced the end road of a civilization that had promoted and protected slavery for eons. The upper three Hindu castes sat with idle hands, looking down upon those who worked bodily for them, down upon the plethora of deeply skilled artisans producing the material goods they needed, the manual laborers who worked the soil producing food. The institution of ‘bonded-servants’ was/is hard-wired into the culture. Like many other religious and social reformers, Gandhi offered his interpretation of the Hindu scripture, the Bhagavad Gita:

When the Gita says that ‘rain comes from sacrifice’ I think it indicated the necessity of bodily labour. The ‘residue of sacrifice’ is the Bread that we have won in the sweat of our brow. Labouring enough for one’s food has been classed in the Gita as a yajna [sacrifice].”

Both Lincoln and Gandhi were to see agriculture, growing one’s own food, as ideal and essential, the best education. Talking of natural law and labor, in a land of then small, self-sufficient farmers, Lincoln stated:

“This leads to the further reflection, that no other human occupation opens so wide a field for the profitable and agreeable combination of labor with cultivated thought, as agriculture. I know of nothing so pleasant to the mind, as the discovery of anything which is at once new and valuable – nothing which so lightens and sweetens toil, as the hopeful pursuit of such discovery. And how vast, and how varied a field is agriculture, for such discovery. The mind, already trained to thought, in the country school, or higher school, cannot fail to find there an exhaustless source of profitable enjoyment.”

Gandhi was to make ‘bread labour’ an Ashram



U.S. President Abraham Lincoln saw agriculture as one of the best means for education, and part of natural law. Contributed photo.

observance or vow, setting a national example of learning to empathize with those who laboured daily for their livelihood by those whose caste thinking had prevented this simple awareness of natural law. By awakening awareness of natural law in minds and hearts, Gandhi wanted to purge Hindu society of its central defect: caste thinking. Philosophically, Hinduism, a ‘basket’ or ‘sponge’ religion, eagerly accepts the truth of other religions. Throughout his life, this ideological leniency allowed Gandhi to demonstrate the universality of natural law to the public through innumerable avenues:

“Reason too, leads us to an identical conclusion. How can a man who does not do body labor have the right to eat? “In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy Bread.” says the Bible. Bread-labor is a veritable blessing to one who would observe non-violence, worship Truth and make the observance of brahmacharya a natural act. “This labor can truly be related to agriculture alone. But at present at any rate everybody is not in a position to take to it. A person can, therefore, spin or weave, or take up carpentry or smithery, instead of tilling the soil, always regarding agriculture, however, to be the ideal. Everyone must be his own scavenger.

Evacuation is as necessary as eating, and the best thing would be for everyone to dispose of his own waste.”

Through Bread labour, Gandhi saw potential for a new society to arise in India:

“There is a worldwide conflict between capital and labour, and the poor envy the rich. If all worked for their Bread, distinctions of rank would be obliterated; the rich would still be there, but they would deem themselves only trustees of their property and would use it mainly in the public interest.” “Obedience to the law of Bread labour will bring about a silent revolution in the structure of society. Man’s triumph will consist in substituting the struggle for existence by the struggle for mutual service. The law of the brute will be replaced by the law of man.”

Gandhi was to expand the view of equality in natural law, awoken by bread labor, in a profound way:

“This observance, therefore, is not fulfilled, merely by making friends with ‘untouchables’ but by loving all life as our own selves. Removal of untouchability means Love for, and service of, the whole world and thus merges into Ahimsa. Removal of untouchability spells the breaking down of barriers between man and man, and between the various orders of Being. We find such barriers erected everywhere in the world.”

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

Hampton Artists at 34 North



Two local artists, both Hampton residents, will be exhibiting their work at the Gallery at 34 North Street, Willimantic through May.

Fuller's Farm (above) was painted by Brian Tracy.

His mini auto-bio:
I started painting with oils in high school in the mid 60's. The 70's was an art-free period. I started painting with watercolor in the 80's making Christmas cards. After retirement in the late 90's I went back to school and got a Fine Arts degree from UConn. I now paint in both oil and watercolor with a focus on landscapes. Farms and their barns and outbuildings are of particular interest because they are disappearing at an alarming rate. Many of the buildings included in my paintings are gone now, so I try to paint as many as possible while they are still standing. I also like to paint portraits, mill buildings and animals. Some influences: Andrew Wyeth, Winslow Homer, Sargent, Hopper, Cezanne and many contemporary plain air painters.

The great blue heron (at right) was painted by Janice Leitch.

Her mini auto-bio:
I attended Massachusetts School of Art (Massachusetts College of Art0. I was married soon after college and put painting on hold for about four decades while raising a large family. Around 2010, I reinvented myself as an artist embracing the visual beauty of rural New England. I have always been fascinated by the subtle nuances of light and shadow of the wild land and coastal regions of the East Coast. Large water birds have recently become a favorite subject. My work has been exhibited at various shows and galleries winning numerous awards. It has also been featured in two calendars. My work can be best described as 'realism with touches of impressionism.'



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Good Girls On Bad Drugs
Mark Mathew Braunstein

Addiction Nonfiction of the Unhappy Hookers

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New London,
Norwich, and
our two casinos

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Your Local Community Media:

Resources for Human Connection and Action

By John Murphy

Your Local Media and the Arts: Connecting the Community

This series will continue covering the locally-based electronic media channels and programs in our region—across all distribution platforms—radio, TV, cable, print and web-based. Valuable and relevant content is out there looking for audiences of common interest and value. The expression and energy of the arts in action can provide the message for the medium...and putting thought into action first is where change and unity begins. Sharing thoughtful change by creating unity in our daily lives is how we can build community. The music collective and program descriptions in this article were provided by the producers.

This month’s highlights include:
New Regional Musicians—Video Production Collective
Profiles of WHUS-FM/UConn Radio Programs
Make Music Day Connecticut 2018—A Solstice Music Festival on June 21!
Listing of Local Media Program Resources



The Swamp Stompers Contributed photo.

North East Musicians Collective

The North East Musicians Collective was inaugurated in January of 2108. The group was formed by two musicians from Ashford, Larry Gag and Bill Kerensky. “Our goal is to produce high quality videos of local bands from Northeast Connecticut and broadcast their recordings from the Charter Spectrum studio in Windham Connecticut. Channel 191.” Said Bill Kerensky
“We want to record local bands and have every musician trained to record other bands. We envision a pool of local artists helping each other get recognition. It’s all about getting organized so we can produce our own music and control our content.” Said Larry Gag.

After each recording session, the previous band members are requested to return to the studio to get trained on the video and editing equipment for the next recording. The goal is to create a pool of musicians to help record each other, as the project moves forward.

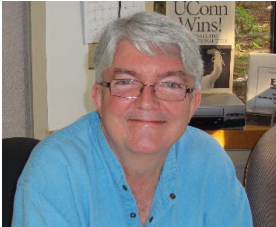


Bill Music Group Contributed photo.

“There is so much talent here in Northeast Connecticut. So many great bands and musicians. We think this is a great way to have local musicians support each other and build a collaboration within our community” Said Bill Kerensky” “it’s a great way to meet other musicians and build relationships.”
To date they have recorded three bands and are looking forward to recording other local talent. There is no charge for membership in the NECT Musicians Collective. If you would like more information, please contact billkerensky@sbcglobal.net.

**UConn RADIO
WHUS 91.7 FM and www.whus.org**

Fran Storch, N.D., Host/Producer of “Radio Naturopath” Wednesdays 10—11 AM



Fran Storch, N.D., is a naturopathic physician practicing in Mansfield Center, CT. She has been in naturopathic practice for over 22 years.
Her radio show, Radio Naturopath, has been on WHUS 91.7 FM at the University of Connecticut since 2002. It’s a call-in talk show about health and natural medicine. It’s where anyone can go and get some good information about almost any health issue and find out how the different naturopathic modalities can benefit them.
Fran talks about nutrition and helping you find the right diet for you. She is an expert in nutritional supplements. She also discusses and demystifies the other naturopathic modalities, such as homeopathy, herbal medicine, physical medicine, Chinese medicine, hydrotherapy, stress, reduction, and counseling.
Fran has a clear-headed and articulate approach to natural medicine that can make it accessible to almost anyone! You can get to know Fran by listening to her show live or anytime on podcast at whus.org, franstorchnnd.com, or Facebook and Twitter @franstorchnnd. You can make contact through her website, franstorchnnd.com, or call the office in Mansfield at 860-423-2759. Fran can help to bring you the best of science and nature!

Ron Manizza, Host/Producer of “Bicycle Talk” Wednesdays 11 AM—12 NOON

Ron Manizza, the Ambassador of Cycling resides in Mansfield Center Connecticut and has been an avid cyclist his entire life. Former founder and owner of Rainbow Cycle Sport in Willimantic Ron has been involved with the bicycle industry for more than 40 years.
His radio show, Bicycle Talk, has been on the air at WHUS for about two years. The show talks about Bicycles, Bicycle Culture, Bicycle Advocacy, Upcoming News in Cycling, Bicycle Business, and the regional and national Bicycle calendar. Ron’s vast knowledge and experience on all things bicycle has made his show a popular listen both by locals and several people across the United States.
Frequent guests with a passion for cycling are often invited on to share their particular interests and concerns. Interviews with current and former professional bicycle racers have added an interesting touch to the show. The format of Ron’s show starts with his “Rant of the week” which adds a colorful discussion about everything from cyclist and motorist bad behaviors, to municipal shortsightedness in making the roads safer. Weekly mechanical tips are also of great interest.
Comments to the show and podcast can be addressed either on the Bicycle Talk Facebook page or by contacting Ron directly at Bicycletalk1@gmail.com Bicycle Talk broadcasts live every Wednesday morning on 91.7 WHUS ay 11:00 am. Past episodes are available on WHUS.ORG and on iTunes.

Make Music Day Connecticut 2018—A Statewide Solstice Music Festival on June 21!



The Solstice this year will be very special across our state as Connecticut joins the growing musical movement called Make Music Day. The Connecticut Office of the Arts is partnering with its regional service organizations (like Windham Arts) to join 71 other cities across the country on June 21, 2018—and over 800 cities in 120 different countries across the planet!
Much more information is coming on March 8 with the statewide launch of a dedicated website that will bring this great opportunity to everyone who makes or presents music in our region.
Each Make Music city is independently organized. As the designated Regional Service Organization, Windham Arts will coordinate local promotions and communicate with participants throughout its 36-town region. The website will always have the latest information available—at www.windhamarts.org.
What ties everything together is the nonprofit Make Music Alliance. When musicians and locations join Make Music, they go to their local city’s website and register using embedded matchmaking software, provided by the Alliance to each member city.
Using these tools, any musician can sign up, de-

scribe their music, and request performance space; stores, buildings, gardens, and other locations register to host these musicians, providing electricity, equipment, and promotion. Like an internet dating site, musicians and venues search through the listings to find each other and plan for June 21st concerts. The software then creates an interactive map and searchable listings for each city, displayed on the local site, and on smartphone apps for iOS and Android.
It all started 35 years ago in France. In 1982 when staff at the Ministry of Culture dreamed up an idea for a new kind of musical holiday. They imagined a day where free music would be everywhere, all around the city: street corners, parks, rooftops, gardens, and store fronts. And, unlike a typical music festival, anyone and everyone would be invited to join and play music or host performances.
The event would take place on the summer solstice, June 21, and would be called Fête De La Musique. (In French, the name means both “festival of music” and “make music”.) Three decades later, the holiday has spread throughout the world and is now celebrated in more than 800 cities in 120 different countries.
Amateur musicians of all ages and genres can play for some of the biggest crowds of their lives. Everyone can experience the joy of performing, even those without the skills or connections to find gigs in regular venues. Professional artists and presenters showcase their music to a new audience, reaching people who would never normally hear their work. The best of both worlds in celebration of what brings them together—music!
Local business districts attract customers by hosting musicians in front of shops and restaurants. For neighbors, it’s a chance to turn ordinary sidewalks and streets into impromptu stages, dance floors, and social meeting points, and bring their community together. For the city as a whole, it’s a way to attract tourists from other parts of the region to come experience the city’s cultural richness. And through the Make Music Alliance, it’s a way to showcase the city’s local music scene through a nationwide PR campaign and listings platform on June 21.
This celebration will be covered widely in local community media and anyone interested in participating in any aspect of this great event should contact me via email at: john@windhamarts.org. More information is available at www.windhamarts.org.
Other Community Media Resources for Our Region
A great deal of programming about the spectrum of local life in our region is available throughout the year. Watch, listen and read—and let us know you are out there. Connect for cooperative action!
Neighbors Newspaper/Magazine
Monthly print version distributed throughout 22-town region in the Quiet Corner
Available online in color at www.neighborspaper.com with full archive
Contact Tom King, Owner/Publisher, as neighborspaper@yahoo.com
Send calendar/event listings to “Attention Dagmar Noll” in Subject Line
Local Radio Programs
Windham Arts Radio Review, Wednesdays 5-6 pm on WILI AM 1400 and FM 95.3
The Pan American Express, Tuesdays 12—3 pm on WECS 90.1 FM and www.wecsfm.com
Guests invited! Email john@windhamarts.org
Charter Public Access TV Channel 192/NE Connecticut Area/North Windham Studio
For 24/7 on-demand access to CTV192 programs on the Internet:
1. Go to the website = www.ctv192.com
2. Open the Programming Tab and select “watch programs.”
3. When you open you will see a display listing current shows
4. Make your selections based on the channel, program title, topic or date and enjoy!
5. On the Homefront is also on Channel 192 Tuesdays 2:30 pm, Thursdays 8:00 pm and Saturdays 2:00 pm.
Remember the Charter Public Access Channel moved from channel 14 to channel 192. Make it a “favorite” on your cable channel remote control and take a ride with community TV—it’s free and worth every cent.
So that’s it for this issue. Thanks for reading!

John Murphy
john@humanartsmedia.com

Common Sense Car Care

By Rick Ostien

This last month I had a reality check. I always talk about things we take for granted. Well, I was reminded that people’s lives are at stake when you repair their vehicle. The brakes, tires, and suspension we repair need to be done correctly or failures will occur. The everyday routine we fall into lets us forget this. The technician should never forget this. The customer also should realize just how serious the vehicle repair business is.

This month’s topic is air conditioning. I know that I’ve written about this before, but this is the perfect time of year to review things. Many people have a limited understanding of how air conditioning is serviced and how it works. The air conditioner in your car is a large dehumidifier. It lowers the humidity inside the vehicle. The system consists of three major components: the compressor, condensor and evaporator. I’m not going to bore you with the nitty gritty of how everything works, but I will tell you that most operational failures are because of the loss of Freon. The loss of Freon is usually caused by some sort of leak. This could be a ruptured hose or connection, the air conditioner compressor, the condenser (which looks like a radiator mounted right behind the grill) or the evaporator (located inside the vehicle). Any part of the air conditioner that contains Freon can be the cause of the leak. When we service a failed air conditioner system we address the problem with the following process. The vehicle system is visually inspected for leaks first. The Freon also has refrigerant oil in it, so the technician looks for this oil leaking from any of the components. The technician would check the compressor next to see if it turns freely. If the system has no obvious leaks and the compressor turns freely, the technician then attaches pressure hoses to the system. The pressure gauges read liquid and gas pressure or the low and high side of the AC unit. If the system has pressure readings, the technician then tries to engage the system by powering the AC compressor. If the compressor engages when bypassing the safety pressure switches then the system is evacuated and refilled with the correct amount of Freon and old dye. The oil dye is added to check for leaks. Once the system is working properly it is rechecked for leaks with a black light. The oil dye that was added to the system glows under a black light. The temperature is then checked at the air ducts inside the vehicle. The system that passes this service is rechecked in two weeks for leaks. If dye appears under the black light then further repairs are needed.

The air conditioning service that was just discussed takes about two hours on average and has a labor charge of \$111.25. I would caution readers to beware of quick ‘in and out’ service on air conditioning. The service process is not something that can be done quickly if it’s to be done right. Until next month...happy motoring.

Rick Ostein is the owner of Franc Motors in Willington.

News from the Gardiner Hall Jr. Museum

By Pamm Summers

Well, I guess I was wrong about spring arriving in my last article, but now I think it’s finally here!

We are busy updating displays in the Museum for your viewing pleasure but most importantly we are soliciting artifacts and relics for these new displays. We need threads and spools, any records of salary log books, correspondence with the Gardiner Hall Jr. Company, post cards and photographs. These items can either be loaned or donated to the museum, and all donors will be recognized for their support. We are also seeking a working computer with internet capability which will be used in the Museum’s research center (it’s a tax deduction for the donor). We hope your generosity will shine through for us.

Written recollections of the Mill will have a home in the office section of the Museum we hope to set up in the near future. A model of what the office of Gardiner Hall Jr might have looked like would be a very important addition to the Museum.



This section could use an antique typewriter, a candle stand, and telephone would be appropriate in a period office display. Please contact us if you have one of these items to loan or donate.

We would love for the public to come in with your suggestions on Tuesday mornings from 9:30-11:00. Help from the public about what you’d like to know about Willington’s early History is vital to building a more informative museum. Please send emails about potential loans or donations to: phbuldawgl@gmail.com and have a great month of May!

Prewitt Project Findings # 4:

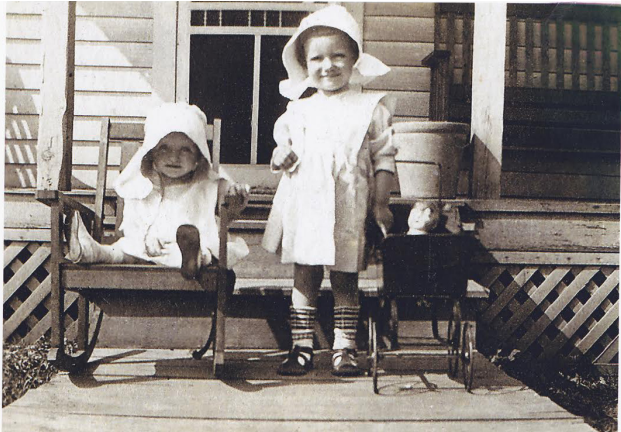
Discovering Clemma

By P.K. Willey

Virginia A. Stewart Prewitt’s Mother was Clemma Olive Lacy (1894-1984), born at Lacy Creek, Hazel Green, Wolfe County, KY. Her life and works were an extraordinary and unexpected find in the Prewitt Project. Clemma was the daughter of Alice Trimble, herself the granddaughter of the initial founder of the small village. Her father, James Lacy worked in a local store and was known for his very ‘fine carpentry skills’. At two years of age Clemma’s mother died, aged twenty-two, from tuberculosis. She grew up in the care of her father, grandmother, and aunts. These relations, particularly her surviving Aunts were to be of great support to her in her family life.

Searching for clues behind the external details of Clemma’s life, soon revealed what sheer heroines on the world stage American women in particular have been in the development of the civilization and culture of the US. However they got here, American women bravely, single-handedly, began creating, sustaining, furthering, a civilization that was primed towards raising children, the future.

Women literally domesticated our country, creating homes out of ‘primitive conditions’ that increasingly became nests of different arts, skills, music, self-governance, education, and culture, all by dint of very hard labour.



Virginia, eldest child (at right), sister Hazel on a rocking chair her Grandfather Jim Lacy had made. Their clothes were all made by Clemma. The two girls, were of great help to Clemma. Courtesy: Alice Stewart Matthews.

Grand-daughter Alice Stewart Matthews relates (in 2017):

“Clemma Stewart’s house did not have indoor plumbing until the early 1960’s, well after A.T. (her husband) died in 1956. I remember when the toilet and shower were added. My siblings, cousins, and I used the outhouse during the day and the “slop jar” at night for many visits.”



A. Clemma, in the 1930’s, Six growing kids, little time to spare. Courtesy: Alice Stewart Matthews.

Most American women, even if socially advantaged in rural America, as Clemma was, still engaged in an exhausting amount of labor to make their households functioning. Laundry done by hand, running water from hand-dug wells located outside the home, heating by wood until the 1950’s in most homes; it was endless; as soon as the kids could, everyone chipped in; in Clemma’s home there was pride in family teamwork.

“The family credits her sheer will and incredible work ethic as the reason the family was fed and clothed. She was known for her canning, quilting, gardening, and clean home...If they ate it, Grannie (Mother Clemma) Stewart and the children had grown it, she had canned it and cooked it; if they wore it, she had made it. She did not abide laziness or impropriety in her own family or others.”

Interestingly, observation of conditions for women in nuclear family situations today shows that despite technical innovations, in terms of exhaustive labor, little has changed for women faced with the daunting task of raising a family well in the nuclear pattern.

Added to this were pregnancies without end, until menopause, death, or restraint occurred. Clemma married at 21 in 1915, and within the space of 13 years had 6 children. Miscarriages are not known. After the birth of sixth child, Herbert Hoover Stewart in 1928, the good Dr. told A.T. that he felt Mother Clemma should stop having babies, she had had enough. A.T. stopped and ever remained a devoted family man. Do men today have this capacity? The answer reveals a national journey that bears thinking on.

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Joshua’s Trust May Events

Submitted by Angelika Hansen

Saturday, May 5 8am – 10am, Pigeon Swamp Preserve, in Lebanon. accompany birders, Mike Curtis and Dave Parry as they look for potential breeding and migrating species in this habitat. Walk is approximately 2 miles, easy. Bring binoculars and wear appropriate clothing for the weather. Please, no dogs or children under age 10. Limited to 12 participants. Register at activities@joshuastrust.org. Rain date is May 6.

Saturday, May 12 9:30 am join DEEP Master Naturalist, Deb Fields on the fourth in a series of five Wildflower Walks at the Hubbard Sanctuary in Chaplin. The focus of these walks is to study the progression of wild flowers during the seasons. Please, no children under 12, rain cancels. Directions: property is located behind Chaplin Town Hall (495 Rt. 198) just north of North Bear Hill Rd. and Chaplin St. Parking is straight ahead near the fence. For more information call Deb at 860-208-5459

Saturday, May 19 10am – 12 pm, Pigeon Swamp Preserve in Lebanon. Join Deb Russell to meet and greet the forest community on this moderate 2 mile walk and search for spring plants, animal life and talk about the forest dynamics. Please wear

appropriate clothing for the weather, boots, and bring tick spray. Dogs on a leash and children over age 10 are welcome. Limited to 20 participants. No rain date. Please, register at activities@joshuastrust.org.

Saturday, May 26, join DEEP Master Naturalist, Deb Fields on the fifth and last Wildflower Walk at the Hubbard Sanctuary in Chaplin. The focus of these walks is to study the progressions of wild flowers during the season. Please, no children under 12, rain cancels. Directions: property is behind Chaplin Town Hall (495 Rt. 198) just north of North Bear Hill Rd. and Chaplin St. Parking is straight ahead near the fence. For more information, call Deb at 860-208-5459.

Saturday, May 26 come build a Fairy House in the Bradley-Buchanan Woods behind the Mansfield Public Library. Bring any natural materials to build your own fairy house on the trail. There will be some supplies on hand to help get you started. Houses will remain in place until June 16 so you can come and visit to check for resident fairies. The Mansfield Library is located at 54 Warrenville Rd. (Rt.89).This program is sponsored by the Mansfield Public Library and Joshua’s Trust.

Visit our website for complete details and changes to schedule and facebook page for photos and more news.

Beauty and the Beasts

By Mark Mathew Braunstein
www.MarkBraunstein.Org

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

PART ONE

Some religious aspirants use drugs in their search for truth. Drug addicts use lies in their search for drugs. Heroin addicts especially are notorious for being sociopathic liars. Lying and scheming come with their territory. Because their drugs are illegal and they always are on the prowl for their next fix, their every move becomes evasive. If Patrolman Diogenes beamed his squad car headlights onto the streets of Willimantic in search of one honest person, at 2:00 p.m. he would find hundreds of candidates. But at 2:00 a.m., he might find only Jennifer.

Jennifer’s dad was a correctional officer who had stood guard at several Connecticut prisons, but initially at York Correctional Institution for Women, where Jennifer later was imprisoned. Since then, as Connecticut Inmate Number 180256, she had returned eight more times to the state’s sole girl jail.

Jennifer’s mom mostly stood guard at home raising their three rambunctious daughters. A teenager during the hippie sixties, her mom named Jennifer after her favorite Donovan song, “Jennifer Juniper.”

Would you love her? Yes, I would so. Is she pretty? Yes, ever so. Few people and even fewer straight males could ignore Jen. Some male motorists not in the habit of picking up addicts off the streets of Willimantic stopped in their treads when they saw her. Jen overdosed with beauty embodied in her beguiling smile, her waist-length hair, her shapely figure, her graceful demeanor, her befitting attire, and her childlike facial features. Yet with time those qualities will fade. A woman might fend off signs of aging by resorting to Botox injections, tummy tucks, face lifts, chemical peels, laser treatments, or liposuction. But such quick fixes are ephemeral. Her only good looks that can endure all lifelong is her smile.

Rather than cast a streetwalker’s usual hook by staring straight into a guy’s windshield, Jen advertised her intentions with her smiley face. Skeptically, leering guys offered her rides. When she hopped into their cars and kept on smiling, they could not believe she was real. Indeed, this was not reality. This was Willimantic, and just before the crackdowns on its rampant sex and drug trades. Long-time residents may recall the outdoor lineup at the Jillson Square parklet facing Main Street. When a car pulled up, the girls seated on the benches sang out in unison, “Who do you want?” A John might not choose Jen only because she looked too gorgeous to be a street hooker. Up close and in his car, however, her track marks verified her induction into the ranks of heroin addiction.

Is she sleeping? I don’t think so. Is she dreaming? Yes, I think so. When too drugged to parade along Main Street, Jen sat in a daze on the garden retaining wall by Liberty Bank. Oblivious to prospective clients, Jen had to be roused by a honking horn. Entrancing while in a trance, she was nodding out. Even then, she smiled. Her smile made her shine. Some people find the most alluring part of a woman’s body to be her breasts, some her buttocks, others her face. Likewise about the most beautiful part of a woman’s face. For some it is her eyes, for some her lips, for others her lips curved into smile. Leonardo’s iconic Mona Lisa captivates us with her serene smile. But if a Hollywood starlet scantily clad in a bikini does not smile, her pinup is dead in the water.

For catching rides, the seasoned hitchhiker observes three rules of the road. A visible spot, a legible sign, and a friendly smile. When lacking a road shoulder and a sign marker, the hitchhiker can still flash a smile. A smile

will get you everywhere. In catching rides, streetwalking echoes hitchhiking. Yet few streetwalkers smile. Without a smile, they look sad, lonely, miserable, or mean. Because most are sad, lonely, miserable, or mean. Johns still pick them up because johns, too, are sad, lonely, miserable, or mean.

Yet even as an unhappy hooker, Jen smiled. Her smile filled half her face. Rounding out her face, her two cheeks, too, were shaped like smiles, totaling three smiles on one face. Despite her smile, she was hurting almost everywhere. As a child, Jen was repeatedly beaten by her dad. But he did not beat the smile out of her. As a sex worker, she was repeatedly robbed, assaulted, and raped by johns.



Jen at age 35. Photographed by the author.

Chronicle, Willimantic, Conn. Wednesday, February 20, 2002

Woman critical after stabbing

By ROGER B. SNOW
Chronicle Staff Writer

WILLIMANTIC — A Willimantic police officer Tuesday night interrupted a brutal stabbing that left a woman in critical condition. A local man has been charged with attempted murder and police are hoping witnesses will come forward to aid their investigation.

Police said that at 10:17 p.m., Officer Stan Parizo was on patrol in his cruiser on Main Street between Windham and Tingley streets, when he saw a young woman being stabbed by an assailant.

Parizo pulled over his cruiser and was able to stop the attack, police said. They said that after he handcuffed Michael Lee, 21, of no certain address, he administered first aid to the victim.

Parizo called dispatchers and requested an ambulance, which arrived in minutes.

Community Memorial Hospital and then flown by Life Star helicopter to Hartford Hospital, where she underwent surgery for multiple knife wounds to her head, neck, and torso. She is listed in critical condition this morning, police said.

They have not released her identity pending the notification of family members.

Lee was charged with criminal attempt to commit murder and first-degree assault. He was held on \$1 million cash bond and scheduled to be arraigned today in District Superior Court after being treated at Windham Hospital. Police said he was brought to the hospital for a psychiatric evaluation because of a wrist injury sustained during the attack. He is injured but not in critical condition.

Not about OD, then ER. OD, then ICU. OD, then DOA.

In a short span of four months before returning to jail for her ninth time, Jen was stabbed in the back, injured in a crash, and busted in a sting. Still, she smiled and bounced back. But she bounced only right back onto the streets of Willimantic. A poor man once said that a wise man can be happy even in hell. Were there prospects for a destitute prostitute to be happy in Willimantic? Not as a junkie sex worker hounded by cops, corralled in courts, fattened in jails, paroled to the streets, and then rendered into meat by johns. From corral to feedlot to slaughterhouse, a steer’s tortured existence ends in a Manhattan steakhouse.

From cop to court to jail to parole to street to john, a sex worker’s downward spiral began in a Willimantic stakeout.

In the school of hard knocks, Jen was a member of its honors class. In high school, if you are never tested, you neither pass nor fail the course. In real life, if you are never tempted, then you neither show nor disprove your honesty. On the streets, Jen was tested and tempted every day. Perhaps Jen was sincere with people only for lack of imagination. Her early rap sheet attested that she was a slipshod shoplifter who often got caught for it. Shoplifting is an ignoble crime that most thieves glorify by calling it “boosting.” But not Jen. She called her stolen spade a shoplifted shovel. Like many of her clan, Jen stopped shoplifting when she began streetwalking. She disliked slinking on city streets, but she disliked slithering in stores even more.

Despite riffraff, rip-offs and rapes, Jen neither cussed nor plotted vengeance. Even about the assailant who stabbed her in the back, she merely sighed, “Nightmares about being stabbed every night. But yet I can say I forgive Mike. Yet I don’t

forgive me.” While we effortlessly love our friends, only through benevolence do we not hate our enemies. Jen somehow fitted into the scheme of the underworld of little Willi, where dealers and addicts and sex workers all knew each other and knew the others’ schemes for survival and formulas for success. But few, if any, knew themselves. Jen included. She seemed incapable of lying to others, but every day she lied to herself. Every day, she was going into rehab tomorrow. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. For two years, she had been going into rehab tomorrow. Except on Fridays and Saturdays, when she was going into rehab on Monday.

Then Tuesday dawned and Jen yawned and she spit out the same tiresome excuses. The rehab that accepted her was too far away on the other end of the state or on the other side of the moon. Jen said she had no ride. Never mind that her mother or her sisters or her many johns, if asked, would drive her. Or that, when requested, some rehab centers and drug crisis hotlines arrange such rides. Or that Jen, if earnest, could hitchhike. Was Jen too stupid or just too stoned? What held her back? Total surrender to the drug? The unspeakable dread of detox? Jen was not the only one who lied to herself. Poll her street sisters and they, too, would say that they were on wait lists. Half of them to get into detox or rehab, half of them to get onto methadone. Expectant patients must call in daily to check for openings. But seldom did anyone phone. Not this morning nor last week. Maybe a month ago. Or a year ago. Or a lifetime ago.

Most addicts realize that resistance is useless because addiction is ruthless. That rehab is futile because relapse is inevitable. That methadone, while legal, is harder to kick than heroin. That heroin is hell and that jail, relative to heroin, is heavenly. “Rehab would have been better,” Jen admitted during her ninth stint in jail, “but thank God I’m here.” On the sizzling grill of the streets of Willimantic or behind the cold steel bars of York C.I. in Niantic. Under fire or in deep freeze, still Jen smiled.

Coming in the next issue of *Neighbors*, Part Two of Beauty and the Beasts: Jen’s life story in her own words and a tragic posthumous postscript.

The Easter Story: Fact or Friction - Part 2

By Conrad McIntire

In the Easter Story Fact or Friction-Part 1, that appeared in the April, 2018 edition of *Neighbors* I presented the essential facts believed by most historians surrounding the birth of Christianity. I will quickly review them and briefly touch on the material from the April article showing that one of the common theories held by skeptics, “The Legend Theory” is not supported by the facts. We will then finish a review of some other theories used by skeptics to try to get around the resurrection in this 2nd of a three part article.

Historians commonly hold to the following:

- 1) Jesus death by crucifixion under Pontius Pilate
- 2) His burial by Joseph of Arimathea.
The emergence of Joseph of Arimathea to request and bury Jesus instead of one of his disciples is most likely historical because the gospels report that the disciples had fled. The fact that this is embarrassing to the disciples is one of the historical tests historians use to determine truth. If the documents were ‘fixed” the disciples would have made themselves look good by burying Jesus.
- 3) The discovery of the empty tomb by some of his early followers.
- 4) The claim of post-mortem appearances to various individuals and groups. There can be dispute about how this could be but it’s generally not disputed that the disciples made these claims.
- 5) The original disciples sincerely believing that God raised Jesus from the dead despite their strong Jewish predisposition against this.
- 6) The conversion of Saul of Tarsus and Jesus’ skeptical half brother James. James was not a believer during Jesus’ ministry. Saul went from being Christianity’s greatest enemy to become Paul it’s major defender after he claimed to see Jesus.

THE LEGEND THEORY - A Brief Review

Basically, the theory attempted to argue that legends and stories grow up about Jesus hundreds of years after his death. The gospels are considered to be myth and not fact. There are several reasons why this theory has taken major hits. See the April edition of *Neighbors* for greater detail. They are outlined as follows:

1. Archaeological discoveries in the 20th and 21th century have served to knock the foundation out from under the 19th century skeptics who advocated the theory that the gospels were written 2- 3 hundred years after Jesus. A.T. Robinson who was a liberal scholar stated in his work, “Re-dating the New Testament: that “Every book in the New Testament was written before AD 70 by a baptized Jew.”
- The great archaeologist Sir William Ramsey whose investigations into the writings of Luke (who wrote the third gospel and the Book of Acts) led him to state, “Luke is a historian of the first rank... this author should be placed along with the very greatest of historians.”
2. It is a fact that none of the gospels or any New Testament document mentions the fall of Jerusalem to the Romans in AD 70, nor the persecution by Nero during which the Apostle Paul and Peter were both killed. This persecution took place in the 60’s AD. Now the Book of Acts of the Apostles, written by Luke, sets forth the record of the early church and its leaders. It is particularly a biography of Paul, his missionary partner and their journeys etc... Had Paul died before Acts was written, the author would have certainly mentioned his death. The gospel of Luke is earlier than Acts.
3. The New Testament documents show no sign of evolutionary development. There is not one manuscript of any of the New Testament writings that is really any different than the New Testament you read today.
4. There are several key passages in the New Testament documents which clearly indicate the records are the writings of honest individuals and not story tellers.
- a) The gospels list women as the first witnesses of the empty tomb as the first to see the resurrected Jesus. Now, the extraordinary thing about this is that in Jewish society women had such low credibility that they were not even qualified to serve as legal witnesses.
- b) The gospels give no indication that they were shaped by the early church because they do not address some of the problems that the early church was experienc-

- ing.
- c) The New Testament documents record material that was embarrassing to Jesus and to the disciples. Jesus had a radical attitude toward sinners, fasting, divorce, women, children, legalism and the Pharisees. He was also a carpenter from Nazareth, who died on a Roman cross. If it was the desire of the early Christian movement to convert Jews to their beliefs (which it was), then these things are embarrassing and wouldn’t have helped the cause.
- 5) The Christian movement grew early on. Nero was tarring Christians and using them to light up Rome at night, still others were crucified or thrown to wild animals. All of this was occurring in the 60’s AD. If the gospels were written hundreds of years after Jesus lived, then who were these people following and what were they dying for?
- 6) The geography of the New Testament documents is historical. Luke mentions at least 84 confirmed facts in the Book of Acts that have been proven true.
- 7) Quotations from the New Testament documents are used in the works of early church fathers. You can’t quote something that isn’t even written yet! The New Testament documents had to be early.
- 8) The gospels do not read like myth. C.S. Lewis the great former professor of Medieval and Renaissance Literature at Cambridge University referring to the Gospel of John stated:
- “I have been reading poems, romances, vision-literature, legends, myths, all my life. I know what they look like. I know that not one of them is like this.”
- THE HALLUCINATION THEORY
- The theory, in a nutshell, states that the disciples imagined they saw Jesus. They were experiencing hallucinations. There are several reasons why the hallucination theory has been rejected by both believers and unbelievers. Let me list the fatal flaws in this theory.
1. According to the writings of Paul, over 500 people saw Jesus after his resurrection (1 Cor. 15). Hallucination is basically an individual thing. I may imagine that I see someone standing behind you but if you turn around you will not see this person. How could a large group of people all hallucinate at the same time about the same thing? Hallucination is not a mass phenomena.
2. Hallucinations are also basically the production of individuals who are high strung and very nervous, whose imaginations get the better of them. Again, when one examines the witnesses of Jesus; resurrection one finds too much diversity in personalities for the hallucination theory to hold any water. Peter was a tough fisherman who often acted on impulses before thinking. Matthew was a politician and tax assessor, James a stolid and practical individual, Thomas a person who wanted concrete proofs, and Paul a well educated pharisee. The list could go on as one examines the personalities of the early witnesses but the thing that emerges as clear is that there is too much diversity in the personalities of the witnesses to give any credence to the hallucination theory.
3. Hallucinations are usually restricted as to when and where they occur. They usually occur in one place which has a nostalgic atmosphere and at a time which brings the person hallucinating to a reminiscing mood. Hallucinations also tend to occur over a long period of time. None of these, however, occur in the resurrection accounts. First, there are a great variety of times and places and the sightings stop after 40 days.
4. The New Testament witnesses made it clear they tested to find out if they were somehow hallucinating. Luke states that when Jesus first appeared to the apostles and those with them that they thought they were seeing a ghost. Luke records that Jesus told them to touch him and see that ghost does not have flesh and bones. Jesus also ate in their presence. (Luke 24: 36-43) Doubting Thomas would not believe even when the others told him they had seen Jesus. Thomas insisted he would not believe unless he too could touch and see the body of Jesus. Jesus invited him to do so. Doubting Thomas was convinced enough to later die for this belief! (John 20:24-29)
5. There are several key things that an historian studying the resurrection question and the hallucination theory must keep in mind when this theory is attempted to explain the disciples belief that Jesus rose from the dead.
- (A) There is one thing that is often overlooked when skeptics attempt to use the hallucination theory to explain the disciples belief that Jesus rose from the dead. That is the Jewish background of the early Christians. All of the first Christians were Jewish. This drastically weakens the hallucination theory in two key areas. First they would not have expected a resurrection of the body until the end of time, that was common Jewish thought.
- (B) It is very difficult to explain how James, the brother of Jesus, and Paul could have had hallucinations. The New Testament documents make it clear that they

- were not followers of Jesus before the crucifixion.
- C) Lastly, the hallucination theory collapses completely in one key area which makes all of the other points discussed against it unnecessary. The tomb of Jesus was empty. This a core belief of most historians believers and non-believers. Any hallucination would have still had the body of Jesus in his tomb. The disciples of Jesus first began to preach about the resurrection in Jerusalem only a short distance from where the body of Jesus was still laying if they hallucinated. The enemies of Jesus had every reason to want this story stopped as fast as possible. If the disciples had hallucinated then all that was necessary was to produce the body and cart it up and down Jerusalem. Christianity would have died in the cradle. Hallucination cannot explain the most fundamental fact in this controversy. The tomb of Jesus was empty.
- Any arguments against the hallucination theory outlined over the past few pages would seem to make such a theory invalid. However, putting all of these observations together all but makes the hallucination theory an impossibility. It just cannot do justice to the facts. We now will look at other theories that have been advanced to attempt an explanation for the birth of Christianity.

THE SWOON THEORY

- I have yet to encounter personally anyone who advocates this theory. It was, however, the subject of a book published in the 1960’s titled “The Passover Plot.” It is also the argument of some Muslims who claim that God would not have allowed Jesus to die. What the swoon theory attempts to say is that Jesus never really died on the cross but was still alive when taken down and revived in the tomb. He was revived and then came to his disciples who were so ignorant that they believed he was resurrected from the dead. This theory collapses under an avalanche of problems. No one survives Roman crucifixion. I could go into a lot of detail but I will just suggest watch the Mel Gibson movie “The Passion of the Christ.”

THE WRONG TOMB THEORY/ THE ROMANS OR JEWS REMOVED THE BODY THEORY/

THE TWIN BROTHER THEORY

- Dealing with these theories will be short because few serious skeptics would attempt to use them. I mention them only because I am making an honest attempt to cover every possibility to account for the Easter story.
- The wrong tomb theory attempts to say that the women who went to the tomb on the first Easter morning went to the wrong tomb. There they found the caretaker who told them Jesus was not there. Somehow the women got it into their heads and so did the disciples that Jesus had risen from the dead. This theory is absurd and only serves to indicate how far someone may go to try to explain away the resurrection account. Christianity could never have gotten off the ground with this theory or the theory that the Jews or Romans took the body. The reason it couldn’t have is because anyone could have checked out the correct tomb & produced the body of Jesus and destroyed the testimony of the disciples instantly. Again, it should be emphasized that the first Christian preaching was taking place in Jerusalem, not Hong Kong! The tomb site was only a few minutes away. It could have and certainly must have been checked. The Jews had every motive in the world to produce the body. It was one of their own members of the Sanhedrin (a sort of Jewish Supreme Court that tried cases which dealt with Jewish Law), that had placed the body of Jesus in the tomb. They knew where the body was and would have produced it if it was still there. They certainly would have done this if the women had gone to the wrong tomb and this somehow convinced the disciples. This theory further must reject the record of Luke which noted that the women knew precisely where Jesus was laid. (Luke 23:55) As for the Romans, no one has yet ever explained why in the world they would have wanted the body of Jesus, nor why they wouldn’t have given it to the Jews requested it, or how the Romans taking the body would have convinced the disciples that Jesus rose from the dead. Enough said.
- The twin brother theory is another wild attempt to leave reality. In this ‘theory’ Jesus has a twin brother who somehow finds his way back to Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion and guess who he convinces the disciples he is? Of course this wouldn’t explain the empty tomb either.

Conrad McIntire Jr. is the co-director of the Christian Apologetics Research & Education Service (CARES) and the author of the Book “Let Us Reason Together “ which covers this and other topics in far greater detail. Available on Amazon and the Morning Star bookstore in Manchester. He welcomes comments and questions at caresipeter315@aol.com

Our Community Calendar

Compiled By Dagmar Noll

May 2, Tuesday

Kids: Read,Rock & Rhyme, 10:30a.m. Books, rhymes, musical instruments, songs, movement, flannel board tales, puppets, finger plays and more for birth-24 mo. Audience (siblings welcome). Jonathan Trumbull Library, 580 Exeter Rd, Lebanon. www.lebanonctlibrary.org

May 3, Wednesday

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

May 4, Friday

Kids: Two Right Feet, 10:00 a.m. Pre-school age transportation-themed fun. Willimantic Public Library, 905 Main St, Willimantic. Register: 860-465-3082 www.willimanticlibrary.org
Medium: An Evening with Spiritual Medium Maura Guest, doors 7:00p.m. 7:30p.m. \$15-20. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us

May 5, Saturday

History: Eastern CT RR Museum Opening Day. 55 Bridge St, Willimantic
Tag Sale: Annal Pomfret Town Wide Tag Sale, 7:00a.m. Maps sold for \$1 at Pomfret Community School, 20 Pomfret St, Pomfret. Info: 860-974-1583 www.visitpomfret.com
Hiking: Pigeon Swamp Preserve Birder Hike, 8:00a.m. - 10:00a.m. Look for potential breeding and migrating species. 2 miles easy. Bring binoculars. No dogs or children under age 10. Register: activities@joshuastrust.org. www.joshuastrust.org
Textiles: Fibre Arts Day at the Mill Museum, 10:00a.m. - 4:00p.m. \$10. Quilt show opening, talks, vendors, demonstrations.. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. Register: 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org
Kids: Drop in & Create Saturdays, 11:00p.m. - 12:30p.m. Make-it-take-it crafts for ages 3+. Willimantic Public Library, 905 Main St, Willimantic. Register: 860-465-3082 www.willimanticlibrary.org
Live Music: Cinco De Mayo Celebration with Bentetu & Kelly Madenjian. **Doors** 7:00p.m. / show 7:30p.m. Tickets \$15.00 online / \$20.00 door. Dancing to a Latin Band. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.
Live Music: Duke York & Rick Spencer, 7:30p.m. - 11:00p.m. \$10. BYOB. Waldron’s Studio 88, 90 S outh Park St, Willimantic.

May 6, Sunday

Live Music: Jonathan Edwards, 4:00p.m. \$30. Bread Box Theater, 220 Valley St, Willimantic. Tickets available at the Willimantic Food Coop. Info: 860-429-4220. contact@breadboxfolk.org www.breadboxfolk.org
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. Non-sectarian, Buddhist-style sitting and walking meditations, teaching and sharing. Knight House, ECSU. Info: 860-450-1464 dmangum617@gmail.com

May 7, Monday

Kids: Time for Stories, 10:00a.m. Literacy program with stories, rhymes, flannel boards, finger plays, music and more for Ages 2+. Jonathan Trumbull Library, 580 Exeter Rd, Lebanon. www.lebanonctlibrary.org
History: Women’s Club Pot Luck Dinner & Talk: Viking Treasures from the Gustavianum Museum of Uppsala University, Sweden, 6:45p.m. Mansfield Library’s Buchanan Auditorium, 4 Warrenville Rd, Mansfield Center. Info: 860-429-0791

May 8, Tuesday

Live Music: Quiet Corner Fiddlers, 7:00p.m. Lakeview Restaurant, 50 Lake St, Coventry

May 9, Wednesday

Kids: Read,Rock & Rhyme, 10:30a.m. (See May 2)
Live Music: "Talent Showcase" – Come share your talents!, 7:00p.m. Free and open to all ages. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road,

Willington. Call in advance to sign-up (recommended) or sign-in at the door (time permitting): 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/3)

May 10, Thursday

Kids: Slime Time, 6:00p.m. Ages 8+. Willimantic Public Library, 905 Main St, Willimantic. Register: 860-465-3082 www.willimanticlibrary.org
Dancing: Social Dance Series, 7:00p.m. Tickets \$10.00 door. All levels welcome. Partner not required. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.

May 11, Friday

Live Music: Val Rogers (Jazz), doors 7:00p.m. / show 7:30p.m. Tickets \$12.00 online / \$15.00 door. Part of the EC-CHAP Acoustic Artist Series. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.

May 12, Saturday

History: Eastern CT RR Museum Mothers’ Day. 55 Bridge St, Willimantic
Books: Spring Book & Bake Sale, 9:00a.m. - 2:00p.m. Guilford Smith Memorial Library, 17 Main St, South Windham.
Hiking: Hubbard Sanctuary Wildflower Walk, 9:30a.m. No children under age 12. Meet behind Chaplin Town Hall, 495 Rt. 198. Info: 860-208-5459. www.joshuastrust.org
Kids: Puppet show, "Rumplestiltskin", 11:00a.m. & 2:00p.m. Ballard Institute & Museum of Puppetry, Ballard Institute Theater, 1 Royce Circle, Suite 101B, Storrs. Info: bimp.uconn.edu 860-486-8580
Kids: Drop in & Create Saturdays, 11:00p.m. - 12:30p.m. (See May 5)
Kids: Stencils & Sillhouettes, 2:00p.m. Includes an activity, craft, story and snack. Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. Register: 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org
Live Music: Opus 4 String Quartet and Friends followed by Duo Amadeae, 6:25 p.m. Free; donations accepted. Emanal Lutheran Church, 60 Church St, Manchester.
Live Music: Seat of Our Pants in Concert (Folk / Bluegrass), doors 7:00p.m. / show 7:30p.m. Tickets \$12.00 online / \$15.00 door. Part of the EC-CHAP Acoustic Artist Series. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.

May 13, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmers Market Mother’s Day Grand Opening, 9:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. Boy Scouts will be selling plants. Pompey Hollow Re, Rt 44, Ashford.
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/6)

May 14, Monday

Kids: Time for Stories, 10:00a.m. (See May 7).
Film: "Faces of the Enemy", 7:00p.m. Storrs UU Meetinghouse, 46 Spring Hill Road, Mansfield. Info: 860-428-4867

May 15, Tuesday

Skill Share: "Drum Circle with Bob Bloom" – Interactive drumming!, 7:30p.m. \$10.00 at the door. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. For information call 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.

May 16, Wednesday

Kids: Read,Rock & Rhyme, 10:30a.m. (See May 2)
Arts: "EC-CHAP Information Exchange Meeting", 7:00p.m. Eastern CT Center for History, Art, and Performance (EC-CHAP) . Interactive exchange of ideas. Discuss EC-CHAP mission, membership, program / support opportunities, solicit feedback. Refreshments provided. The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Information: 518-791-9474. www.ec-chap.org
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/3)

May 17, Thurday

Live Music: Angela Sawyer, Consumer, Child Labor Laws, Human Flourishing, 6:00p.m. - 9:00p.m. Willimantic

Records, 75 Bridge St, River Plaza, Willimantic.

May 18, Friday

Clean-Up: Willimantic Trash Mob, 5:00p.m.-5:30p.m. Help tidy up town! Bring gloves and bags to the Old Willimantic Cemetary and the VFW lawn next to Stop & Shop on Main Street, Willimantic. Info: 860-423-1878 bevishistory@yahoo.com
Poetry & Song: Brian Sneedeen, "Last City", Doors open 7:00p.m. Tickets \$15.00 online / \$18.00 door. Part of the EC-CHAP Acoustic Artist Series. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.

May 19, Saturday

Kids: Drop in & Create Saturdays, 11:00p.m. - 12:30p.m. (See May 5)
Live Music: Bill bensen with TJ Seeney (Folk), doors 7:00p.m. / show 7:30p.m. Tickets \$12.00 online / \$15.00 door. Part of the EC-CHAP Acoustic Artist Series. Snacks and soft drinks available. "BYOB&F"™ (Wine & Beer Only - I.D. Required). The Packing House at The Mill Works, 156 River Road, Willington. Info and table reservations call: 518-791-9474. www.thepackinghouse.us.

May 20, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmers Market, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. Meat, cheese in addition to seasonal plants. Pompey Hollow Re, Rt 44, Ashford.
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/6)

May 21, Monday

Kids: Time for Stories, 10:00a.m. (See May 7).

May 23, Wednesday

Kids: Read, Rock & Rhyme, 10:30a.m. (See May 2)
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/3)

May 26, Saturday

Hiking: Hubbard Sanctuary Wildflower Walk, 9:30a.m. No children under age 12. Meet behind Chaplin Town Hall, 495 Rt. 198. Info: 860-208-5459. www.joshuastrust.org
Kids: Build a Fairy House, 10:00a.m. - 2:00p.m. Build a fairy house at the Bradley-Buchanan Woods, next to the library on Route 89, Mansfield. www.joshuastrust.org
History: Mill of the Month goes to Noble & Cooley Drum Factory in Granville, 10:30a.m. \$15 for factory tour and Build a Drum. Carpool from Windham Textile & History Museum, 411 Main Street, Willimantic. Register: 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org
Kids: Drop in & Create Saturdays, 11:00p.m. - 12:30p.m. (See May 5)

May 27, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmers Market, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. Check out product on Facebook: ashfordfarmersmarket. Pompey Hollow Re, Rt 44, Ashford.
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/6)

May 30, Wednesday

Kids: Read, Rock & Rhyme, 10:30a.m. (See May 2)
Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation, 7:00p.m. - 8:30p.m. (See 5/3)

May 31, Thursday

Kids: Family Movie Night, 6:00p.m. Snack & beverage provided. Willimantic Public Library, 905 Main St, Willimantic. Register: 860-465-3082 www.willimanticlibrary.org
History: Lantern Tour, 7:00p.m. \$10. Old Willimantic Cemetary, Main St, Willimantic. Register: 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org

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Lazyspeak

By Tom Woron

I realize it’s not going to go away any time soon nor am I attempting to fight it and make it go away. It’s our culture’s new language I’m talking about. I will call it “Lazyspeak” or even possibly “Lazyish.” Although I truly believe this new language is here to stay, it’s very difficult to stomach at times. At least for me it is.

This past winter a text message appeared on my cell phone from a friend informing me of the lake he and another friend decided to go ice fishing at on the upcoming Saturday. “R U coming?” a subsequent text asked me. It’s very clear and obvious what the message was asking. Wishing to ice fish the particular lake mentioned in the original text, I replied in the affirmative. The reply from my friend came back: “Ok C U then. Paul will B there 2” This reply was also understood but...

Good Grief! Would it have been too much effort to type “Are you coming?” and “Ok, see you then.” and “Paul will be there too?” Okay, okay, it saved a few spaces and a few seconds it would have taken to press a few more keys on the keypad of my friend’s cell phone. But geezus, that looks so ridiculous, R U coming? C U then. And so on.

I know its human nature to seek shortcuts to save time, space and energy. That’s how contractions came to be developed in the English language. Saying a one syllable “can’t” instead of two syllables “can not.” “Don’t” in one shot instead of having to say two words “do not.”

Still in spite of basic human nature looking to say the same thing in less space with a little less effort, I still feel repulsed, for lack of a better word, by such things as “C U then” and “R U coming 2?” Is taking a lazy approach to text messages and e-mails in this day and age a part of normal human development? Apparently so.

When I was in sixth grade, history class covered ancient times beginning with the Sumerians in Mesopotamia a few thousand years before the birth of Christ all the way up to the 1400s A.D. in Europe and Asia Minor. We learned about the settlement of the British Isles with people from the European continent. Here’s where it gets really good.

A Germanic tribe of people from Europe called the Angles began settling in the British Isles in the 500s A.D. after the end of the Roman Empire. The Angles called their newly settled land “Angleland”. Makes perfect sense, doesn’t it? However some students in my 6th grade history class asked if people called Angles settled in Great Britain and called their land “Angleland” then how did it get to be called “England?” The teacher gave us the answer. In time people just got LAZY and began to say a two syllable “England” instead of a three syllable “Angleland.”

So there you have it! A TEACHER said that people just being lazy began saying “England” and it stuck. I have not researched the beginning of the word “England” to verify if this is true but back then anything a teacher said was Gospel and not to be disputed as far as I was concerned. Did the beginning of today’s Lazyspeak have its roots in 500s A.D. Angleland?

Along the same lines as “C U then” and similar, in my view, lazy typed statements are a few words that aren’t necessarily new but are being used more frequently in modern day Lazyspeak.

In constant touch with my brother by text messaging on our cell phones, sometimes I will text him a question. He is not always going to know the answers to my questions. But his one word typed answer “dunno” when he doesn’t know drives me up a wall. Is it so difficult to type, “I don’t know” or simply “don’t know?” Ok, I won’t even care if he left the apostrophe out of “don’t” but, come on now, “DUNNO?” (I could have easily said “c’mon now!)

For a while I thought “dunno” was limited to my brother but lately I have noticed it in comments following news articles or social exchanges on the Internet. Another lazy word I’ve seen catching on is “lemme” instead of “let me.” Wow, saves one whole typed space! This isn’t all.

My brother’s and my Junior High School English teacher would be rolling over in her grave if she could see today’s Lazyspeak . Another of my brother’s texts that drives me crazy is when he wants me to actually call him instead of texting. The text would arrive on my phone: “Gimme call” OMG, Really!!!! “GIMME CALL!!!” Is it so hard to type, “Give me a call?” Actually I would think it easier and it’s definitely shorter to type: “Call me” Gimme call, if verbally spoken, has the sound of about a three-year-old child speaking.



“Dunno,” “lemme” and “gimme call” as well as the ages old “gonna” would certainly provoke a very loud reaction from our old English (Angleish) teacher of long ago. She was the same teacher who used to cringe over the line in the popular Rolling Stones song, “I can’t get no satisfaction.” Double negatives always aroused our English teacher if she heard one of her students speak in a double negative. Earplugs were sometimes needed for defense against her loud effort to correct us. This was especially true for any of us who were repeat offenders. Regardless, I used to wonder didn’t “I can’t get no satisfaction” really mean the singer was getting a lot of satisfaction?

Since a lot of communication and exchange of information is done on the Internet today, Lazyspeak is inevitably seen in online social media. In typed social media you can find plenty of Lazyspeak intended to save a tiny bit of space and a precious second or two of time instead of typing a full and grammatically correct statement. For example, a friend and I have membership in a few online social groups in which members share fishing stories, fishing related information and photos. Everyone on fishing social media groups inevitably loves to post photos of themselves holding fish that they caught for all to see. Comments on the photos from other members are always welcomed. As anyone who loves fishing knows, fishing can be a territorial sport. Most sport fishermen have at least one secret fishing spot where they’ve been successful. Fishermen usually do not want to reveal their secret locations to anyone except possibly to a few close friends. What’s the point of this?

Members of fishing websites or online social groups who share their fishing success stories and photos have at one time or another learned the hard way not to say in writing where they had their successful fishing outing. If they did, they would often then find a crowd at that particular location the next time they went there. Many fishermen will show off their trophy fish online in photos taken at the location of the catch but will not say where they are for just this reason. Sometimes I will recognize something in the background in other fishermen’s online photos that reveals to me exactly where they are. In a friendly way I might comment: “Nice fish you caught there. I usually do quite well in that very same spot.” In saying this I get some satisfaction (not can’t get no) in letting the fisherman (or woman) in the photo, who I probably never met in person, know that he or she isn’t fooling me by not revealing their spot. It’s all in good fun letting them know that I know precisely where their spot is. In doing so I will not reveal the location to other viewers. My friend will have some fun with this also. However, he will comment something like: “I no where u caught that.” I NO!!!!??? This is a typed comment not a sound recognition text. My friend did finish high school and I assume he learned that the word spelled “know” referred to knowledge. I have noticed that my friend frequently types “no” when he means, “know.” Is it so difficult to type two extra letters such a k and a w? Notice I am forgiving the “u” here and not making an issue of it being “u” instead of “you.” My friend isn’t the only one who types, “no” when “know” is what’s meant.

Over the last several years I have seen some pretty good, even comical, Lazyspeak in texts or e-mails either directed to me or simply in comments and communications of other people online. Examples: “I no u 4got 2 call me.” “I 8 b4 u came over,” “I have 2day off but I have a lot 2 do.” “B4 u go will u c 2 it the dogs r fed?” “I’ll c u b4 next Saturday.” “R u willing 2 go 2?” “Lemme c if ur included 2.” “Bring ur notebook 2 class.” (The lazy word “ur” can be used in place of “your” or “you’re”). On an electronic sign on I-91 I recently saw: U text U drive U pay. You get the idea. (U get the idea!!) Lazyspeak at it’s best.

I remember on the first day of tenth grade I ran into a friend I hadn’t seen since the previous school year. “I have English first period tomorrow,” my friend said. In the distant future will some student tell a friend that they have Lazyish for their first period class of the school day? Dunno.

To all our contributors-
Thank You!

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

Mother’s Day Bake & Gift Sale

Submitted by Pat Scheuritzel

The Friends of the Willington Public Library are having their annual Mother’s Day Bake & Gift Sale on Saturday, May 5th thru Saturday May 12th. We will have lots of scrumptious baked goods including gluten free baked goods and a number of terrific gifts for the Moms in your life. We will also have books of every kind and gift certificates to our Book Shop. The sale will take place in our reading room during regular Library hours. We are located at 7 Ruby Road (RT. 320) Willington, CT 860-429-3854

WTG Youth Program Presents Dear Edwina Jr.

Submitted by Robin Rice

Come see the future stars of the Windham Theatre Guild as they present the fun musical Dear Edwina Jr. Twenty-plus kids between the ages of seven and fourteen and their families have been rehearsing and creating sets, costumes and props since February to bring the Dear Edwina to life on stage. Dear Edwina Jr runs May 4th & 5th at 7:00pm at the Burton Leavitt Theatre, 779 Main Street, Willimantic. Tickets are just \$10 and can be reserved in advance by calling the theatre at 423-2245 or they can be purchased at the door.

St. Philip’s Annual Book Sale

Submitted by John Ryan

St. Philip the Apostle Church, Rt. 44, Ashford, will hold its 12th annual used book sale from May 12 through May 27. Open Saturdays and Sundays 8:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. and Monday through Friday 2:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. Books include biographies, fiction, nonfiction, religious, arts, cookbooks, reference, children’s, health, history, science, business, humor, old books, classics, crafts, videos, DVD’s, records, etc. Over 40,000 books from which to choose. Prices are \$1.00 for hardcovers and 50 cents for soft covers, with some specially priced.

Chicken Barbecue in Putnam

Submitted by John Ryan

There will be a chicken barbecue at the Knights of Columbus Hall, 64 Providence Street, Putnam, on Saturday, May 19, from 5:00 to 7:00 p. m. Fifteen dollars per person buys half a barbecued chicken, a whole baked potato, roll and coffee or tea. Eat in or take out. Proceeds benefit the Boy Scout Troop 21 Summer Camp Fund. For tickets, visits Joseph’s Jewelers in Putnam, or call (860) 928-7241.



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Each week, dozens of volunteers from all over Connecticut assist us in providing care to the deserving animals at our Sanctuary in Ashford. We hope you will consider getting involved as a Sanctuary volunteer.

Visit our OurCompanions.org for full job descriptions and volunteer requirements or call us at 860-242-9999.

Where to find the Neighbors paper

- Ashford**
Ashford Spirit Shoppe
Wooden Spoon Rest.
Terry’s Transmissions
Ashford Post Office
Babcock Library
KSK Market
Hope & Wellness
- 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**
Green Store
Lebanon Post Office
- Mansfield/Storrs**
Holiday Spirits
Bagel Zone
D & D Auto Repair
Storrs Post Office
Mansfield Senior Center
- All Subway shops
Starbucks
People’s Bank
Storrs Comm. Laundry
UConn Bookstore-Storrs Ctr.
Tony’s Garage
Changs Garden Rest.
Nature’s Health Store
Mansfield Community Ctr.
- Mansfield Center**
Mansfield Library
East Brook Mall
Lawrence Real Estate
Mansfield OB/GYN
- Mansfield Depot**
Thompson’s Store
Tri County Greenhouse
- North Windham**
Bagel One
Subway
No. Windham P.O
- Pomfret**
Vanilla Bean Restaurant
Pomfret Post Office
Baker’s Dozen
Weiss & Hale
- Putnam**
Antiques Marketplace
Putnam Library
Subway
Putnam Post Office
Ben’s Beans
- Scotland**
Scotland Library
Scotland Post Office
Scotland General Store
- South Windham**
Bob’s Windham IGA
Landon Tire
So. Windham Post Office

- Stafford**
Middle Ground Cafe
Subway
Stafford Post Office
- Tolland**
Birch Mountain Pottery
Subway
Tolland Library
Tolland Post Office
- Vernon**
Nature’s Grocer
- Willington**
Willington Pizza I & II
Willington Post Office
Willington Library
Key Bank
The Packing House
Franc Motors

- Windham/Willimantic**
Clothespin Laundromat
Schiller’s
Willimantic Food Co-op
Willimantic Pharmacy
Main Street Cafe
Design Center East
That Breakfast Place
All Subways
Super Washing Well
Willimantic Public Library
Windham Senior Center
Elm Package Store
Not Only Juice
Windham Eye Group
Willimantic Records
Grounded Coffee Shop
CAD Marshall Framing
Eastern Eye Care

- Windham Center**
Windham Post Office



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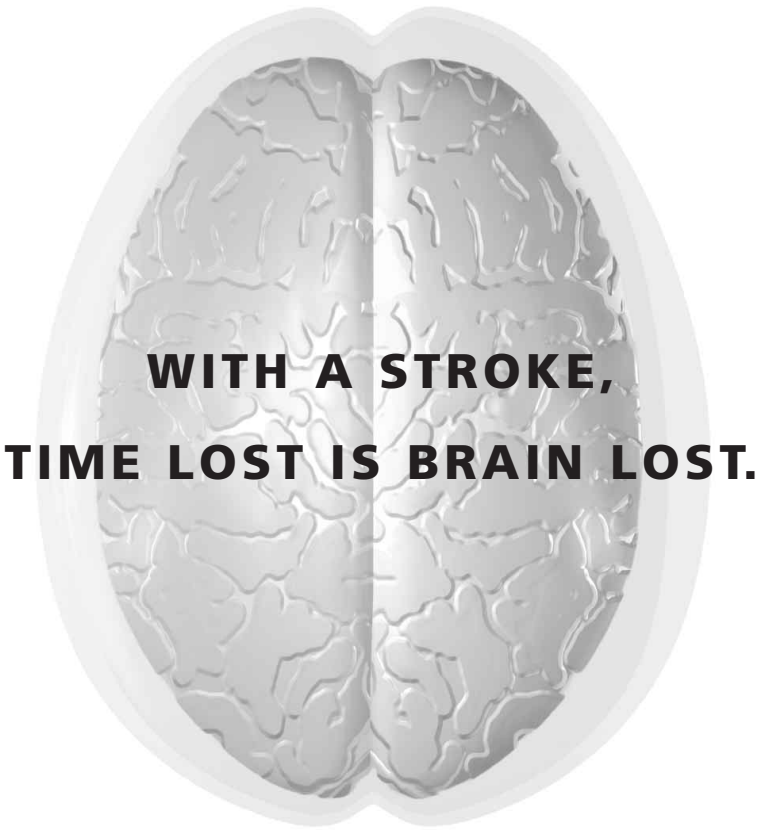
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HopeAndWellnessCT

Save the Date! Art and Garden Tour of Northeastern Connecticut

- Submitted by Suzy Staubach
- Sat. and Sun., June 9 and 10, 10 am to 5 pm
in conjunction with Connecticut Open House Day
- Twelve area artists will share their art work and gardens during the Art and Garden Tour of Northeastern Connecticut, June 9 and 10. The diverse gardens range from exuberant cottagey gardens to quiet meditation gardens to extensive vegetable gardens. Art includes paintings, jewelry, ornaments, sculpture, and ceramics.
For more information and a map: www.artgardenct.com
Facebook: ArtandGardenTourofNortheasternCT
- Participating Artists and Gardens
- ASHFORD
Karen dePersia, Ashford House Studio.
Historic home and barn, cottage garden by a river. Oil paintings.
10 Mansfield Road, 860-878-0337, Facebook Ashford House Studio
- Suzy Staubach, Willow Tree Pottery,
Cottage garden, Country pottery including birds, lanterns, and bells.
24 Bebbington Road, 860-287-8056, www.willowtreepottery.us, Facebook Suzy Staubach Willow Tree Pottery
- Barbara Katz, guest at Willow Tree Pottery.
Ceramic sculpture, pottery.
24 Bebbington Road, 860-230-6410, www.barbarakatz.net
- Dorothy Drobney, guest Willow Tree Pottery.
Digital Fine Art Photography. Saturday only.
24 Bebbington Road, 860-933-3653, www.ddrobneyphotography.com
Mark Drobney, guest Willow Tree Pottery.
- Laser engraved jewelry and ornaments.
Saturday only
24 Bebbington Road, 860-933-3652
- CHAPLIN
Jane Collins, Organic gardening. Oil and Watercolor painting
109 Bujak Road, 860-455-6251, www.janecollinart.com
- COVENTRY
Barbara Timberman, American cottage gardens, flowers, veggies, berries. Greenhouse. Water color painting.
1194 Main Street, 860-929-2112 www.barbaratimberman.com
- STORRS/MANSFIELD
Mary Noonan, Nature Sanctuary, goats, llama, mini horse. Aquaponics garden. Oil and Encaustic painting.
533 Chaffeeville Road, 860-429-5222
- Leanne Peters, Oil and digital paintings, prints and more.
Showing at 533 Chaffeeville Road, 860-933-2000, www.artandalittlemagic.com
- Shauna Shane, Flower garden and inspirational statuary and fish ponds. Original sculpture. Creative art and garden experience.
287 Gurleyville Road, 860-429-3646, www.sh aunashane.com
- WILLINGTON
Nancy Bunnell, Meditation garden with stream and pathways. Painting, prints and jewelry.
12 Red Oak Hill, 860-377-7817, www.ncbunnellstudio.com
- Midge Makuch, Spring flowers and greens. Beading, jewelry, home goods.
34 Old Farms Road, 860-933-2291, Facebook: TBG Accessories



If you suddenly have or see any of these symptoms, call 9-1-1 immediately:
Numbness or weakness of the face, arm or leg, especially on one side of the body • Confusion, trouble speaking or understanding • Difficulty seeing in one or both eyes • Trouble walking, dizziness, loss of balance or coordination • Severe headache with no known cause

Learn more at StrokeAssociation.org or 1-888-4-STROKE.



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