After the never ending winter which we are coming out from under, summertime, with it’s warm intoxicating lushness, cannot come soon enough. This is a special time, rich in color, smells, sounds and memories.

Summertime is synonymous with vacation time. Children, no longer harnessed to the rigors of school schedules, are liberated, freeing families to explore far off and exotic wonderlands, or the increasingly popular “stay-cation” which has us visiting special places closer to home.

Summertime also spells abundant flower and veggie gardens unlike any other time of the year. It enriches our palates and entices us to gather with family and friends to share in this overflow of the senses thereby creating memories for future reference and reflection.

Take a moment now as you read the articles and stories to think about what Summertime And The Livin’ Is Easy means for you — maybe — “Fish are jumpin’ and the cotton is high?”

Cathy Wright
OUR SUMMER STORIES

NIGHT TRAIN TO BESSARABIA:
(Our hottest summertime train trip.)

In the late 1990’s my son and his wife applied to join the Peace Corps. After over three years of changes and delays, they were finally sent to the Republic of Moldova, the former Moldavian Soviet Socialist Republic. Ukraine seized its outlet to the Black Sea so Moldova was a landlocked country between Ukraine on the east and Rumania on the west. This area was once known as Bessarabia. In the 1990s Moldova still functioned like the old Soviet Union, with corruption, crime, and the KGB secret police. The economy was bad and the people were hungry. The men mostly got drunk and beat up their wives. The McKennas were assigned to teach English to young teenagers in a small city close to the border with Rumania. It had been one of Russia's "secret cities" and was not shown on the Russian maps because it had factories producing armaments or scientists doing nuclear research.

School was closed during the hot summer so my son and his wife had the month of July off for vacation. Ann and I were invited to come backpack around Eastern Europe with them and we accepted. (We were more active and adventurous in those days.)

We flew into Bucharest, Rumania and took a night train to Moldova. Fortunately, I paid for a whole compartment for six to be used by only the two of us and, after learning there was no food or drink sold on board, I bought a couple of big, two-liter bottles of water and a big loaf of hearty bread. No mushy, white Wonder Bread is sold in Europe!

In our compartment, I tried to open the window and discovered it could not be opened. This was going to be a sweltering hot ride. As the train headed east, I walked up the corridor beside the compartments. There were six people, probably three couples, in one compartment. Two of the men had stripped down to their under-shorts and a big, blonde woman was down to her slip. Farther up the corridor there was a window that was pulled down about eight inches from the top. Some passengers were standing there, the shorter ones on their tip toes, stretching their noses toward the fresh, cooler air from outside. The big blond in the slip squeezed in between me and the guys in their shorts and held her nose high to get a whiff of fresh air.

Ann and I had a tolerable but not really comfortable night, with each of us stretched out on one of the benches for three at each end of our compartment. In the morning we had bread and water for breakfast. The train pulled into a big rail-yard with a sign bearing the name of our destination city. I started collecting our belongings to get off, but the conductor came by and motioned for us to sit down and relax. A woman with a tweed skirt came by. She looked like a Communist labor leader right out of Central Casting. We knew it was a woman because my son had told me that Moldovan men did not wear mustaches. She looked into our compartment and said something like, "Health inspection." We assured her we did not have anything like Black Water Malaria or Mexican Hoof and Mouth Disease and she seemed satisfied. Next came a man in civilian clothes who said he was "Customs." I had been warned that he would try to steal all $100 bills as, "Not legal to possess here," so my big bills and traveler's checks were in a waist wallet under my under-shorts. When he demanded, "All dollars! All dollars!" and made me empty my pockets he got the $10-15 in one and five dollar bills I carried there for crooks like him. Before he left, a KGB major in uniform came in, sat down beside me, appeared to chew out the customs man in Russian, and then started acting like my best friend. It was the old "Bad cop, good cop" routine.

While all this was going on, our railroad car had been shifted, lifted and moved around a lot.

“What good is the warmth of summer, without the cold of winter to give it sweetness.” John Steinbeck
OUR SUMMERSTORIES

I finally realized they were removing the train's Western European gauge wheels and replacing them with Russian gauge wheels. When railroads were built in Europe, the Russians set their rails at a different width than those in Western Europe because they did not want the Germans to invade Russia using Russia's own tracks. However, when the Germans invaded Russia in WWI and WWII, at the border they just laid a third rail to provide the same gauge used in Germany and continued rolling their trains full of guns, tanks, and troops into Russia. Despite that experience, the Russian gauge was still in use, at least in Moldova. Perhaps it was all done to provide jobs for railway workers.

Our children met us at the depot and we went straight to the food market. It was a pitiful sight with very little for sale. All we found to buy were a few wizened carrots. Our children had adopted a stray dog, nursed it back to health and bonded with it. When it disappeared they asked around and learned that some starving Moldovan had probably stolen, killed, and eaten it. The water in their area contained heavy metals so every night they filled a distilling unit the Peace Corps provided and ran it overnight to produce water they could use to drink and cook with the next day. I doubt that Moldova will ever become a popular tourist destination.

A few days after we arrived, the four of us took a bus through the backwoods to the nearest Rumanian depot and commenced several weeks of travel. We visited the Castle of Vlad the Impaler (You don't want to know how he got that name) in Rumania, saw Budapest, Hungary, Vienna, Austria, and Slovenia, which we liked a lot. This was just after the wars resulting from the breakup of Yugoslavia and the Slovenians sold T-shirts saying, "We make love not war." In Ljubljana, the Slovenian capital, we found a nice sidewalk café, where we ate most of our meals. It faced their cathedral, which was stucco painted yellow with white trim. Spray painted in black on the side was, "Give me Vera or give me death!"

Tom McKenna

SUMMERTIME ON MOKANSHAN

When I was a child in China, we lived in large cities with tropical climates. Women and children were sent to "hill stations" to escape the heat and diseases that accompanied summer.

My father put us on a train bound for the foothills of Mokanshan. There we began the hike or a ride in a sedan chair to a hill station founded by the British. Much of it had been bombed by the Japanese in World War II but it was still a delight of cool breezes and bamboo forests. There were a few cottages, a church, and a swimming pool. In the morning we awoke to a sea of golden clouds. I imagined this

"Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of the water, or watching the clouds floating across the sky, is by no means a waste of time." John Lubbock

||
was the way heaven would look. In our explo-
rations, a friend introduced us to an herb we
called "rabbit tobacco" and we were shown how
to make little pipes of bamboo. We kept the
"tobacco" in little tins at the dinner table. My
parents did not seem concerned when we
would light up after dinner. After a couple of
puffs, we choked until we were quite red-faced
and soon gave up the habit.

These were lovely summers, which ended
when our home in Suzhou was bombed. We
were rushed to gunboats in the river and es-
caped to safety. We fled to Shanghai. Although
Shanghai was under siege by the Communist
Army it was an international port city and we
were evacuated on an American ship. Our life
in China came to an abrupt end and the sum-
mers on Mokanshan became a distant memory.

Ann Dwyer

“O, Sunlight! The most precious of gold to be found on earth.” Roman Payne
OUR SUMMER STORIES

OWL’S HEAD
Dave and Joy Richards’ favorite summer hike is the trail up Owl’s Head in Groton State Forest. Dave and Joy have taken this hike almost every summer since 1970. How does the trail incline continue to increase each year? Our grandsons Joshua and Matthew joined us on a recent hike and had fun at the top. What a view!

LOCKED OUT IN ITALY
Two years ago, Harry and I rented an apartment in Italy for a month. We went to the market daily to buy food for our dinner. Nobody in our apartment building spoke any English. I speak Italian only when I figure out what to say in Italian. One night we left our apartment to take a walk and left our apartment key inside. The Italians who lived there figured out our problem and wanted to get the fire department to tear down our door. This would have cost a lot of money. A man who lived in the apartment building knew the name of the person who rented the apartment. He called her and soon we were back in the apartment.

We went on the regular Italian trains to many cities. Such a wonderful experience and we made many excellent Italian meals.

Gretchen Dale

SUMMER OF GOODNESS ~ 1955
I was a registered, trained lifeguard. I received my Lifeguard License in New York City at the Manhattan YMCA.

I lifeguarded at Jones Beach in the summer of 1950 with an experienced ocean life guard. He trained and instructed me on ocean lifeguarding. It was a great experience saving people who were over their heads in ocean water and waves.

In 1948, my parents sold their house in Jackson Heights in Queens County, NYC. They purchased a home in Rosendale, NY., five miles south of Kingston, NY. It is located ninety miles north of NYC.

Williams Lake is located in Rosendale. It is a very nice summer resort with a beautiful lake. I lifeguarded there the summer of 1948 and

Continued on page 6

“I love how summer just wraps its arms around you like a warm blanket.” Kellie Elmore
taught swimming lessons to children and a few adults. In 1949 I graduated from Kingston High School and that summer I lifeguarded at a reservoir resort just off the Hudson River. Again, I saved a few people who got into trouble swimming too far off shore.

The Korean War started in 1950 so I had to enlist in the military or get drafted. I enlisted in the U. S. Navy and served for four years from September of 1950 to September of 1954.

After being discharged in 1954 I attended college on the Korean G. I. Bill. Again lifeguarding came back into my life. I lifeguarded at YMCA pools while in college to make a few extra dollars.

But the best and most wonderful experience I ever had lifeguarding was in the summer of 1955. I accepted a lifeguard and swimming instructor job at the Westhampton Bath and Tennis Club in Westhampton, Long Island, on the south shore of the Atlantic Ocean. What a wonderful experience that was for me. I was very lucky to have experienced that summer of 1955 in Westhampton.

The club was expensive so only very wealthy families were members and also a few Broadway actors. I lifeguarded at the pool and on the beach where the Atlantic Ocean was located. We taught the members of the club how to ride the waves and swim safely in the ocean. I helped several swimmers get out of the water because the undertow made it difficult for them. The club members loved us and they said they felt very safe in the ocean because they knew we could help them if it got a little troublesome for them.

The club managers watched us swim and practice life-saving. I also was a diver. I could do a flip off the ten foot high diving board. I was a trained gymnast so it was easy for me.

I used to do a hand stand on the edge of the board and flip over or just push myself off the board doing the hand stand.

I also taught swimming to the children and some adults who wanted to learn the back-stroke and underwater swimming. The parents really liked us and on occasions would give us money or invite us to dinner in the excellent dining room the club had for the club members. All of members of the club were very good tennis players and they introduced me to the game of tennis.

All four lifeguards would put on a swimming and diving show for the club members. They loved it and could not thank us enough. They loved my diving and they would always ask me how I learned to do all those things. They would ask me to teach their children how to do some of the dives. I really enjoyed doing it because the parents were so kind about it.

One family offered to help me financially if I needed money to complete my university education. Most of my college bills were paid by the Korean G.I Bill, and I thanked them sincerely but they insisted I should accept their gift. I did accept it. They were truly wonderful people — very kind, very thoughtful, very giving.

All in all, the experience I had at the Westhampton Bath and Tennis Club in the summer of 1955 was absolutely God-given. I will never forget it. It was Americans helping young Americans to succeed.

God Bless America in the good old 20th century. Don’t change America! Bob Quinn

“Bees do have a smell, you know, and if they don’t they should, for their feet are dusted with spices from a million flowers.” Ray Bradbury
OUR SUMMER STORIES

Bob Quinn doing a swan dive in Westhampton

Bob Quinn and Cathy Her parents owned a lot of NYC

ACTIVITIES

COLEY WOODLANDS’ ART GALLERY

This winter, our art gallery exhibited a great variety of photographic pictures featuring landscapes, animals, winter scenes and other topics which were not all treated in a conventional way with masks and frames. The artist, Trine Wilson, chose to have some of her work reproduced on canvas which gave her a chance to enhance her work with color to achieve a special light effect. This was the case with a forest scene which glittered with light as if there were buds on the trees. Outstanding was a picture of a deep yellow tulip shining as if it was backlit. A photograph of a beautiful sunflower, with a few drops of water hanging like shiny little ornaments at the end of some of its petals was enhanced with an extra drop. A photograph of kale had some water drops, (maybe left from washing) sitting on its leaves reflecting light and shadows of it surrounding. One of these reflections could have been that of a person. In total, I never realized how much just a drop of water can become an optical source of reflection.

In the exhibit were also a number of conventionally framed winter scenes – an imposing cardinal with his wings spread wide looks like he is flying right out of the frame. With much patience the artist caught shots of chickadees, one of which was bravely enduring the cold, while another had its head tucked under his wings and looked really miserable. All by itself was a big picture of a majestic egret with his head and his beak bent down and his whole body wrapped into the gray and white plumage of his wings.

With some beautifully framed restful winter scenes, it was in total a great exhibit offering to everyone something to like.

Agnes Lintermann

“Oh, the summer night has a smile of light and she sits on a sapphire throne.” Barry Cornwall
ACTIVITIES

A RIDDLE

A Riddle: When could you have seen someone wearing an Easter bonnet while in the “gutter” holding a fine hand blown glass? Answer: If he or she had been a participant in one or more of the following activities:

Wii Bowling - Exercise, skill, hearty laughs and fellowship combine for a great activity. Jane and Debbie Lowe, Dave and Joy Richards, Jane McCauley, Janet Clear and Cathy have been striving to stay out of the “gutter.” Strikes and spares have been on the rise as skills and mastery of the game improve, but do not feel intimidated if you wish to join the bowling romp. The game can be played as an individual, in pairs, or by teams. Watch the activity list for days and times and join in for an hour or so of fun. This activity is guaranteed to “bowl” you over!

Ziemke Glass Works - On Monday, March 30th, Cathy, Debbie Lowe, Dave and Joy Richards, and Jane McCauley visited the Ziemke Glass Works in Waterbury Center. We watched molten glass be blown into fine glasses while questions were answered during the process. The gift shop displayed myriad pieces in various colors, sizes and uses, for display and sale. Prior to arriving at the glass works, we stopped at Harvest Market and Stowe Kitchen and Bath. Arriving at Ziemke’s via back roads was entertaining and fun. Wonderful activity!

In Your Easter Bonnet - On Wednesday afternoon, April 1st, ladies gathered for an afternoon workshop creating extraordinary Easter bonnets with Cathy’s artful guidance. It was a “no holds barred” event as scissors, glue guns, staples, yarn, stuffed animals, etc., etc., etc. were used to turn creative imagination into colorful, whimsical and fun bonnets. The ladies wore their bonnets for an Easter Parade just before dinner on Saturday, April 4th. As David Kamien provided accompaniment, everyone sang and voted on “the grandest lady in the Easter Parade.” Linda Adams was voted to have the grandest bonnet “with all the frills upon it.” Other ladies participating in the workshop and Easter Parade were Jane McCauley, Joy Richards, Ann Williams, Janet Clear, Debbie and Jane Lowe, Annie Winter, Gretchen Dale and Renee Brown. Thank you ladies for the light-hearted entertainment. The Easter Parade promises to be an annual event. Start saving your “frills” for next year’s workshop.

Dave Richards

“It is the month of June, The month of leaves and roses, When pleasant sights salute the eyes, And pleasant scents the noses.” Nathaniel Parker Willis

Making and modeling Easter Bonnets
FEEL THAT EFFORT!

On Monday and Thursday mornings from 9:00 – 10:00, a faithful group gather in the Exercise Room to stretch, lift, push, pull, kick, etc. etc. etc. With guidance from Cathy, the program refutes the old exercise adage “No pain, no gain.” Whenever possible, attend the exercise program for an hour of fellowship, fun, many laughs, and best of all — staying active physically. We all have our individual limits physically, so we keep one another encouraged just to exert a best effort. Best wishes for whatever you choose to do to be active physically, but we would love to see you at exercise class.

Dave Richards

THE TRIP TO SHELBURNE MUSEUM

On Friday, the 27th of February, Cathy took three of us on a day trip to the Shelburne Museum. We went to the new Pizzagalli Center, a very contemporary building for showing the exhibits we went to see. One exhibit was Kodachrome Memory: American Pictures 1972 – 1990, and the other was Natural Beauties: Jewelry From Art Nouveau To Now.

The pictures were interesting and lovely in black and white. They were mostly pre-1990, many of which were much older and showed life at work and life in general at that time, including some from Vermont of 1970’s Hippie Colonies. All of the photography was by Nathan Benn, former National Geographic photographer, in a gallery which was especially lit for photographs.

After the photo exhibit we went downstairs to the beautiful showing of jewelry. The room was large and dark but full of elevated glass boxes. Each box was perfectly lit and held pieces of jewelry made of tiny precious stones of different kinds and colors, coral, precious metals and materials. They all had a nature theme showing birds, nests, snakes and animals very delicately put together.

Both the photography and the jewelry exhibits were very lovely and unusual. We then went to the gift shop, and like all museum gift shops, it was wonderful and full of everything from clothing to books and toys — a gift for everyone.

On the way home we had a delicious lunch at Pauline’s, which is a charming little café where we ate on a glassed in porch. We feasted on soups, salads and sandwiches. The service was perfect and relaxed. We all thought it was a wonderful way to spend a winter day.

Annie Winter

“Dirty hands, iced tea, garden fragrances thick in the air and a blanket of color before me, who could ask for more.” Bev Adams
ACTIVITIES

Osher Lifelong Learning Institute – Winter 2015

The winter Osher lectures included their usual variety of interesting talks. They are listed below:

Thomas Jefferson, the Man, The Mysteries - Robert Nixon
The Vermont Way: A Republican Governor Leads America’s Most Liberal State – Jim Douglas
Woof! Dog Communication in the Human World – Deborah D’Agati Helfrich
Circle of Sawdust: The Mud, Myth, Mayhem and Magic of Circus – Robert Mermin
Designing with Native Plants – Charlotte Albers
Selected Reptiles and Amphibians of the Stowe Area – Professor James Andrews
Beyond Belief: How Religions You’ll Never Believe in Can Change the Meaning of Your Life – Professor Michal Atkinson
…at war over a few acres of snow: The Role of Archaeology in Understanding the French and Indian War – Andrew Beaupre, MA, RPA
From Russia with Love – Professor William Cotte

Each lecture, no matter the topic, was absolutely fascinating. Whoever picks the speakers did a good job. The Jim Douglas talk was standing room only and he showed a sense of humor not always evident during his administration. Rob Mermin’s lecture on Circus Shmirkus made me want to run away and join the circus myself. Professor Jim Andrews is working on a demographic study of reptiles and amphibians throughout Vermont. So if you are walking in the woods and see a frog, toad or snake, take a photo and send it to him. There are a lot more kinds of frogs than I ever realized.

So in the fall you may want to consider attending one or all of the Osher Lectures on Wednesdays at 1:30 P.M. They are $5 each or $30 for the season. You won’t be disappointed.

Debbie Lowe

“Summer afternoon—summer afternoon; to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language.” Henry James
ACTIVITIES

THE AFRICAN CHILDREN’S CHOIR

On a recent Friday morning, eight of us set out for Burlington to attend a concert by the African Children’s choir at the Flynn Theater. Since the van couldn’t fit everyone, Debbie and Jane Lowe rode with Dave and Joy Richards in their car. Annie Winter, Gretchen Dale and Jane McCauley were in the van with Cathy. We all trooped in along with hundreds of school children. The kids were having a great time and the din was dreadful, but it was a happy noise.

Then the concert started and we all settled down to watch the children’s spellbinding performance. About 30 little children aged seven to eleven are in the choir coming from six countries in Africa. Thirty years ago in Uganda, Ray Bartlett started “Music for Life” which provides education from elementary school through university for orphans in those six countries. Former choir members have become doctors, lawyers, teachers and scientist in countries where literacy is low and unemployment is high.

For an hour the children’s choir sang and danced and smiled without stop. Some boys also played the drums. In the places where I lived in Africa, babies naturally picked up the rhythm of dancing by being carried on their mothers’ backs while the mothers were dancing. And just about all day every day I could hear drumming or women pounding rhythmically as they pounded millet or cassava into flour. So I felt very nostalgic as I watched and listened.

Afterwards, we went to Chef’s Corner in Williston to have a light (!) lunch of sandwich and or soup. Tuscan chicken soup was the soup of the day. The real attraction of the place, however, was the beautiful and tasty pastry!

KINDER KIDS

This past winter, a particularly cold one, was brightened and warmed up considerably by the visits of all three kindergarten classes from Stowe Elementary School. Luck was with them as they, their teachers and aids walked the short journey here on days the weather broke and was more benevolent towards them. Once in the building and safely up the elevator, the class would divide up into small groups of three, four or five children and sit with a resident who would read to them from books provided by Jeff Descales, the kindergarten teacher who hatched this idea three years ago. After several rounds of stories, cookies and lemonade were served and we could chit-chat with the children and take photos. We so love and enjoy the Kinder Kids’ visits and look forward to next year and a new batch of children.

Debbie Lowe

“*She wore her yellow sun-bonnet, She wore her greenest gown; She turned to the south wind And curtsied up and down. She turned to the sunlight And shook her yellow head, And whispered to her neighbor: “Winter is dead.”  A. A. Milne*
ACTIVITIES

MANSION HOUSE MAPLE SUGARING TRIP

Mansion House sugar shack is not your parents’ sugar shack. True, it’s waay out in the country up the side of a mountain by a rough track that almost mired us in mud a couple times. The young Dodges, Gidget and Peter, still work hard on their family’s generations-old operation. To begin with, there was light blue tubing streaking around trees and through the woods. In addition to gravity, a pump is used to help suck sap through the tubes to the pump house and then up to the sugaring house. Just inside, a reverse osmosis machine transforms the sap from 2% sugar to 11-12% sugar. This saves a lot on the fuel. And the fuel here was oil. Then there are tubes leading from the arch through filters and into metal barrels.

We still got tastes of the fresh maple syrup, tasting as good as Vermont maple syrup always has, and I bought a quart to take home. Labeling maple syrup has also changed. I bought a quart of “Golden Color – Delicate” syrup. In the old days that was “Grade A Fancy”. This is made at the beginning of the season. Then comes “Amber with Rich Flavor”, a good all round syrup. “Dark Color with Robust Flavor” is better for cooking. At the end of the season comes “Very Dark Color with Strong Flavor,” The Dodges sell this grade to companies.

It was a great trip which Jane, Pat, Janet and I really enjoyed. We’re grateful to Cathy for getting us safely there and back.

Debbie Lowe

INTERESTING EDIBLES

On February 13, 2015 Cathy Wright gave a talk on “interesting edibles.” These foods are healthy substitutes for our less healthy traditional foods. We started with a protein drink which was low calorie and vegetarian, and almond buttered rice crackers and rice cakes. The protein drink was made with almond milk, coconut water, vegetable protein powder and fruit. We also had a locally made “artisan” soft cheese. This tasted good with the Kalamata olives and mango fruit that she served with it. My personal favorite was the humus with olives on the crackers. We finished with dark chocolate and orange pieces and as everyone knows, dark chocolate is good and good for you!

Jane Lowe

Janet Clear pets Kiwi, a dog awaiting adoption from North Country Animal League

“Nothing is more memorable than a smell. One scent can be unexpected, momentary and fleeting, yet conjure up a childhood summer beside a lake in the mountains.” Diane Ackerman
A very warm welcome to **MARTIN AND MARGERY ADAMS**, newest additions to the Copley Woodlands family. After long and varied careers, they are excited to be back in Vermont and the wonderful locale they know so well.

Margery is a native of Washington, DC and grew up in Silver Spring MD. Her parents were Dr. Randolph Hughes OB/GYN, and Margery, an accomplished pianist and Wagnerian Soprano. A graduate of Purdue University and the Business School at Harvard, Margery helped technical businesses communicate more effectively with their public. Her career involved shaping public relations for the government’s radioactive waste disposal efforts at the Nevada test site and other locations, including the Oak Ridge National Laboratories in Tennesse. She retired as a Vice President of the Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC). In the late 1990’s, Margery moved to Vermont to manage the Adams’ family home in Waterbury.

Martin is a native of Longview, Texas. His father, Albert, was a much respected lawman over the area; his mother, Veta, was known far and wide as one of the best cooks in Texas. He earned degrees in chemical engineering from the University of Colorado in Boulder, where he became an avid, accomplished skier, and from Texas A & M. Martin was commissioned as an officer in the US Air Force and served his active duty at Wright AFB, Ohio. He was hired by Exxon Corporation as a member of the Corporate Planning Staff and took on increasing responsibilities. Martin went on his own in the world of technology and management consulting, working for a wide variety of firms. He retired in the mid 1990’s to live at the family home in Waterbury, Vermont.

Martin and Margery have three children; Mason and Heather live in Vermont and Sallie lives in Florida. Five grandchildren, four of whom are Vermonters, are a joy and delight.

In 2013, the Adams published a memoir of Martin’s life entitled “The Chronicles of Martin.” It is a most interesting read.

Margery and Martin are most passionate about: the Lord Jesus Christ, their Lord and Savior; the seasons, mountains and climate of Vermont; their family; and Texas A & M football, baseball and basketball.

For the last six years, the Adams lived in Texas near the Texas A & M campus. They are delighted to be back in Vermont and to be a member of the Copley Woodlands family.

We are delighted to welcome you, Margery and Martin!  

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**DAVID COCHRAN**, one of our Texas Aggies, moved in February to live at The Manor bringing him closer to his wife. David made almost daily visits to see MaryAnn - come snow, sleet and rain, an attribute he developed as a young paper carrier in Texas. We wish them both well—as a devoted couple to one another, they are happiest when together.

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“A perfect summer day is when the sun is shining, the breeze is blowing, the birds are singing and the lawnmower is broken.”  James Dent
IN MEMORIUM

This is a poem I wrote for NICK PARIS on his birthday and I am dedicating it to the memory of him.

There once was a young man from Greece
who wooed Miss Eleanor piece by piece.
They moved in to Stowe
and from the get go
He charmed all he would get to know.
As a starter on Stowe’s golf course,
He became known with a great deal of force
and also a whiz on his skates
for the gold medal he still awaits.
So we wish Nick Paris all kinds of cheer
with positive signs for another year

We miss you Nick, your humor and your singing ability.

Ann Williams

CONGRATULATIONS CINDY FULLER

Cindy Fuller recently became the Finance Director for the Town of Stowe. Cindy and her mother, Carol, have lived at Copley Woodlands with their black Labrador Retriever named Honey, for the past three years.

Cindy has had considerable experience in municipal finance but she says that “accounting for a town government such as Stowe, with its myriad departments — police, fire, emergency, highway; water, sewer and electrical; parks and recreation — is much more complicated than in private business.” Although Cindy was one of about forty applicants for the position, she was chosen and we wish her well.

Marge Sands

“Cindy Fuller has moved into her new office as the Finance Director for the Stowe town government.”

“Summer’s lease hath all too short a date.” Shakespeare
TEXTING

Teens have their texting codes (LOL, OMG, TTYL, etc.) Not to be out-done by these SNK (snotty-nosed kids), long-suffering seniors now have their own texting codes!

Texting for Seniors:

- **ATD** – At The Doctors
- **TOT** – Texting On Toilet
- **LOL** – Living On Lipitor
- **FYI** – Found Your Insulin
- **BFF** – Best Friends’ Funeral
- **LWO** – Lawrence Welk’s On
- **TTYL** – Talk To You Louder
- **WTP** – Where’re The Prunes
- **BTW** – Bring The Wheelchair
- **CBM** – Covered By Medicare
- **GHA** – Got Heartburn Again
- **FWIW** – Forgot Where I Was
- **BYOT** – Bring Your Own Teeth
- **IMHO** – Is My Hearing-Aid On?
- **WAITT** – Who Am I Talking To?
- **DWI** – Driving While Incontinent
- **FWBB** – Friend With Beta Blockers
- **OMMR** – On My Massage Recliner
- **WWNO** – Walker Wheels Need Oil
- **LMDO** – Laughing My Dentures Out
- **GGLKI** - Gotta Go, Laxative Kicking In!
- **CUATSC** – See You AT The Senior Center
- **GGPBL** - Gotta Go, Pacemaker Battery Low
- **ROFL...CGU** – Rolling On The Floor Laughing…Can’t Get Up!

Hope these help!  

Dave Kamien

SERVICE WOMEN

Throughout our history, women have been among the patriots who have defended our land and liberty from every enemy. Many women served in the military, in occupations from pilot to nurse and in both peacetime and war. We owe all of them a special debt of gratitude for their part in advancing the promises of freedom. We do well to recall that we owe appreciation to our many veterans of military service who are women.

— Ronald Reagan, President’s Proclamation for National Women Veterans Recognition, 1988

Submitted by Jane McCauley

Thank you for your service Jane McCauley and Shirley Apperson!

“It was June, and the world smelled like roses. The sunshine was like powdered gold over the grassy hillside.” Maud Hart Lovelace
10,000 DAFFODILS

I leave it to you, dear reader, to discover the work from which coming on 10,000 daffodils is taken. But 10,000 or a dozen, have they not been glorious to behold after the long winter? In a garden, lining a walkway or wherever — they seem more splendid this spring than ever before. They beckon to the passerby and declare ‘behold, Spring is here, be happy!’

Dave Richards

POETRY CORNER

Every other Tuesday, we gather in the living room for tea and cookies and we bring various books of poetry. We have our guest poet, Bob Neilson, who writes his own poetry. We go around the group and read our choices. Assignments for next sessions often depend on the time of the year, seasons, holidays, etc. We welcome all to join us.

Ann Williams

SOMEBEWHERE SPRING

Lazing in the middle of nowhere,
Desiring to be elsewhere;
Left for somewhere
And suddenly found….SPRING!

Dave Richards

What an appropriate theme we picked for this newsletter almost three months ago, not knowing that this past winter was going to be endless — or so it seemed! The cold and snow got us all thinking about summer, and summer memories and stories fill this issue thanks to the following: Dave Richards, Cathy Wright, Ann Williams, Debbie Lowe, Jane Lowe, Annie Winter, Agnes Linternmann, Gretchen Dale, Tom McKenna, Ann Dwyer, Jane McCauley, Marge Sands, Bob Quinn and Dave Kamien. Thank you all for your contributions for another successful issue.

Gale Martin