

THE *Lathrop Nor'Easter*

A Quarterly Publication by the Residents of The Lathrop Communities
at Northampton and Easthampton, Massachusetts

Series II: Vol. 1- 2

A Community Converses

Winter 2016

ART AND ARTISTS AT LATHROP



Amsterdam Canal Houses (1998)

By Judy Van Heyst

On the Cover: The Artist

As far back as she can remember, Judy Van Heyst has always been an artist. Her mother, who was a painter, gave Judy the freedom to be creative and to accept people as they are, including her. What a gift! Early in life, Judy, in recognition of her aspirations, was designated "the painter" in any organization she joined, including the Girl Scouts.

Bob Goldman was Judy's high school mentor. He encouraged his students to honor who they are and to work hard with their talents. Her father, who taught mathematics at her high school, was not certain that Judy had a great talent and thus was reluctant to have her pursue a career in art. But Mr. Goldman told him, "Your daughter is an artist."

Judy earned a BFA in art education at the Philadelphia College of Art during the 1950s. Of that period, she has said, "There everything was

taught and filtered through the arts, and again I learned the importance of thinking creatively." She is passionate about her love of painting as well as teaching art. She has worked with public school students in PA and NY, has taught adults at the University of Pennsylvania's Institute in the art therapy department, in evening classes at various public schools, and in workshops in her own studio.

One and a half years ago, Judy and her husband Hans moved to Northampton Lathrop from Taos, NM where they had lived for 12 years. In Taos, Judy belonged to three art galleries, and competed and served as a judge for the annual show of the Taos School of Art. In addition, Judy assisted with the children's art program at the Harwood Museum of Art, an unusual and wonderful place to work. The Harwood's permanent collection pro-

vides a unique record of both the community's rich multicultural heritage and Taos' role in the development of seminal American art.

The Art

Working in collage had been at the center of much of Judy Van Heyst's art. *Amsterdam Canal Houses* is the first collage Judy ever created, in May, 1998. It is small, just 8" by 9 3/4", comprised of oil pastel, printed and handwritten papers. The work was inspired by the Van Heysts view from the second floor window of an old canal house they were living in on the Singel Canal in Amsterdam.

Interview by Nancy Steeper

God's Nose

A child whimpered in her sleep until, awakening, she felt the wet, cool nose of her dog. She had been dreaming of falling in the company of angels, of losing her way with strangers. Tomorrow would be another day but for now the child knew the cool, wet nose of God and the dog knew everything it needed to know.

Wil Hastings

Yes, It Really Is About You

Contributing to The Nor'Easter

It's about the poems you write, about the vignettes you've related for years but have never recorded, about the foul ball you caught with your *other* hand (or maybe dropped with the favored one), about a chance elevator ride with a celebrity du jour, about that epiphanic moment when it all became clear, about the first sight of the phantom of delight who changed your life, about that time in the Great Depression or in the War of Your Choice, about your genealogy searches, about your travels, about your work or profession—in short, about what interests you to write, and you know better than we do what that is.

Send your contributions and questions to:

Noreaster@lathrop.kendal.org

We prefer contributions written in Word, PDF, or RTF format, but if you have sagely avoided computers and email, get in touch with the Editorial Committee's Coordinator. As a Lathrop resident, you will know how.

The Lathrop Nor'Easter

Noreaster@lathrop.kendal.org

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Arlene V. Jennings

Arlene and Berry, a golden retriever, arrived on Gold-enchain Lane from Brooklyn, New York, in August. There was a beautiful tuxedo cat as well, Tucker, but he answered the call of the Massachusetts wild, headed out one evening, and has not returned.

Arlene's daughter Kate, granddaughter Tess, and son-in-law Doug are the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow that brought Arlene and Berry to Northampton.

Arlene's winding road to Lathrop began back in 1939 in Kansas, meandered to Missoula, Montana, during her high school summers and then to college. From then on, there were many stops along the way. Briefly... Seattle and Ann Arbor, Michigan, for grad school (French literature, Romance linguistics). Bucharest, Romania, on a Fulbright to write a (never completed) dissertation on Romanian phonology.

Arlene married Bob Geis, an American foreign service officer in Bucharest, and they took a posting in Guayaquil, Ecuador, where Arlene taught applied linguistics to English teachers. A home assignment in Chevy Chase, Maryland, followed, but the opportunity to return to Bucharest to open the first American cultural center behind the Iron Curtain cut that short. Daughter Kate was born in Wiesbaden, (then) West Germany in 1969. The next stateside assignment lasted just long enough to set up house in Reston, Virginia, before diverting to Monterey, California, for a year learning Russian in preparation for an assignment to Leningrad, USSR.

After Bob and Arlene divorced in 1978 Arlene followed a job with Pan Am to New York. When Pan Am's future looked dim, Arlene moved on to



Inter-Continental Hotels, where she became corporate Director of Training. Her work at both Pam Am and IHG involved frequent travel to all corners of the globe.

Retirement from corporate life brought still more travel as Arlene founded and operated Global Training Solutions where, among other projects, she simultaneously juggled the openings of luxury hotels in Moscow and on Bora Bora.

When Arlene remarried in 1988 she had lived in her East 69th Street apartment for four years—longer than in any abode in her life until then. She and her husband, Blase Katterhagen, continued to live in the city but also in a lovely mountainside log cabin in Tyringham, Massachusetts. In 2004, the apartment in Manhattan and the house in the Berkshires were traded for a historic home in Boerum Hill, Brooklyn, where Arlene still keeps a small apartment with the main house let to a tenant following the death of her husband.

In the late 1990's, Arlene discovered the thrill of genealogy and retired again to have the time needed to track down her ancestors. In 2006, she became a board-certified genealogist. She has served on the boards of the National Genealogical Society and the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. Having discovered the migration trails of her great- and great-great-grandparents, who were early settlers in Kansas, she began to focus on the women among them and determined to discover her umbilical line (mother to mother to mother...). Three trips to

Yorkshire and several publications later, she is still stuck on Mary Langdale who must have been baptized about 1685 in East Yorkshire. Beyond Yorkshire, her Kansas pioneer great-great-grandmother Eliza Ann Hart connects her to many among the early Quaker settlers of Pennsylvania. John Hart who was a Quaker preacher, later a Baptist preacher, and a member of the Colonial Assembly from Philadelphia County is her 6th great-grandfather. Thomas Holme, the first Surveyor General of Pennsylvania (among other offices) who created the plan for the city of Philadelphia, is her 7th great-grandfather. William Penn himself is her first cousin nine times removed (which means there are nine generations of difference between Arlene and William to their common ancestor).

Both Arlene and Berry are excited about being here and getting to know many new friends. We look forward to seeing you at the Meeting House or on our woodland trail.

And There?

Now that we are here,
poised for flight
at the lip-edge
of the universe,
or better said, now
unlearning our primordial grasp
of earth,
that we may fall deep away into
that night of silver suns—
now that we are here,
vain and hopeful of
our human uniqueness
let it not be
that in the paradox
of forever
we are also alone.

Irving P Rothberg

(Originally published in the *University of Kansas City Review*, Winter, 1959)

Reflections the Day after My 75th Birthday

By Joan Cenedella

The worst aspect of getting older, I've decided, is seeing oneself as old in the eyes of others. Suddenly people shout at you as if you were deaf, reach out a hand as you step off a curb, stare at you with pity when you struggle to find the name of the movie you were about to recommend. I have begun to think about the image I project at 75 and have developed some simple strategies to offset the telling deficits that come with age. Here are some of my best tips, which I would like to share with you.

First, when you wake up, once again, in the middle of the night with a stabbing cramp in your right calf muscle, try not to wake, with a shriek, your partner or your dog; lie on your back and bend your right knee up to your chest; grab the top of your foot and move it forward and backward to release the cramp; grimace; if this doesn't work, roll quietly out of bed and as soon as you can straighten up, walk around until the cramp subsides, which it will. Crawl back into bed and spend the next hour getting back to sleep.

Next, when you finally notice the patches of scalp that show through your hair the next time you wash it, dry your hair vigorously with a towel and work through it with your fingers, shaping it and pulling it away from your head until it expands and dries, concealing the thinness; do this periodically throughout the day and evening. Avoid reminiscing about the rich thickness of chestnut hair you once had.

Now, try to remember, as you reach for the telephone to call her, the name of your cousin, whom you grew up with. If you can recall her last name, say it out loud and the first name will follow. Otherwise, ask yourself what letter her first name begins with. A letter that you are certain is correct, say 'S,' will pop into

your head. Using the technique of free association, run through all the feminine given names you can think of: Sherry, Sue, Sandra, Sandy, Scheherazade, Sally, Sharon—until you run out. If none of these works, you could of course be wrong about 'S.' In that case you have two options. One is to remember that the harder you try to remember her name, the less likely it is that you will, so don't call her just now. The other is to call her and say "Hi Sweetie, how are you?" and go from there.

Next time you get out of your car, straighten up very slowly, no matter how stiff you feel, and stand still; pretend that you are occupied in conversation if you're with someone or that you are examining a ding in the side of your car if you're not. Meanwhile move your hips around very subtly as in a belly dance until you think you can move forward gracefully with your head high. Then, move forward gracefully with your head held high.

When you're lying on your back doing stretches, raise up your arms, palms forward, and notice the droopy lines running obliquely from the base of your thumb to the crook in your arm; twist your arm back and forth from your elbow and see how the lines resemble the bark of certain trees; ask yourself when this happened. Then, get rid of all your short-sleeved tops.

Finally, in conversation with others, if you find yourself in the middle of a sentence and frantically searching for the next word you wanted to say, don't panic. Just smile and say "hoo-ha" if it's a noun you're looking for, proper or common, as in, "I saw hoo-ha the other day" or, "Please put that hoo-ha on the table." This keeps people from thinking you're losing it and instead they think you're

very funny. I've been doing it for years and it works.

In fact, I've been practicing all these techniques for several years, ever since I turned 75, and I find they work. Try them and I think you'll thank me.

Janet Sibley



I was born and grew up in Flushing, New York, attended local schools, and

worked briefly in New York City prior to my marriage.

In 1945 I married Donald D. Sibley, a bomber pilot during WWII. In civilian life he was an illustrator. We have three children: Linda Attoe, a physician practicing in New York City; Diane Sibley, a graphic designer (retired) in Ashfield, MA; and Mark Sibley, an artist and designer in Camden, SC. We have five grandsons and three great-grandsons.

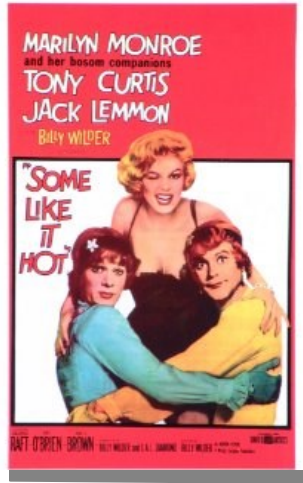
When my children were young I was a stay-at-home Mom. I was an avid gardener, seamstress, knitter and mastered many other handcrafts. For many years I was very active in my community, volunteering and serving as an officer and committee member for various organizations. After my children left home, I worked in many capacities, my last job being a bookkeeper.

During my marriage we first lived in Syosset, Long Island. We then moved to Connecticut in 1957, to Roxbury and then to Litchfield. I am now happily ensconced in #301 at the Inn at Lathrop.

Nobody's Perfect but *Some Like it Hot* Comes Close

By David Morrissey and Joan Laird

Some Like It Hot is Billy Wilder's 1959 classic satire of the rigid gender roles, stereotypes and sexual mores of post-war American society masquerading as comedic farce. Two out-of-work jazz musicians, bass player Jerry (Jack Lemmon) and ladies' man, gambler and saxophone player Joe (Tony Curtis), witness the 1929 St Valentine's Day



massacre in Chicago. Desperate to get out of town to avoid the mob's leader, Spats Columbo (George Raft), they dress in drag, change their names to Josephine (Curtis) and Daphne (Lemmon) and join an all-female band traveling by train to Miami for a gig.

On the long ride to Miami, the boys, who must remain in character or risk being thrown out of the band and off the train, fall for Sugar Kane (Marilyn Monroe), the band's singer and ukulele player. Sugar is off men—particularly saxophone players. Upon reaching Miami, Joe, undeterred, steals the wardrobe of the band's male manager and, channeling Cary Grant, passes himself off to Sugar as an impotent and emotionally-damaged oil millionaire.

Daphne, meanwhile, is wooed by an aging, oft-married millionaire playboy (Joe E. Brown) who takes her out dancing and, intoxicated by a night of dancing the tango, Daphne accepts his proposal of marriage, figuring she can get an instant divorce with a large cash settlement. But Spats and his gang show up at the hotel, recognize Joe and Jerry, and a manic chase begins.

At this point the farce could become pure slapstick, totally obscuring the exquisite satire. But not to fear. Wilder,

using his 30 years of writing and directing biting comedies, orchestrates the mayhem towards one of the most surprising and memorable endings of any American film comedy, concluding with a satirical, gender-bending final line for the ages.

And how did this heady cocktail of satire

mixed with farce go down with the public and critics? Despite receiving a "Condemned" rating from the Catholic Legion of Decency, it had the most successful box office reception of any of Wilder's movies. The critics praised it then and its acclaim has only grown stronger since its release 46 years ago. And how did Wilder think he did? Well, here's the epitaph for his life and career that he wrote for his gravestone: "I'm a writer/but then/nobody's perfect".

Note: *Some Like It Hot* will be screened in January at both the East and North campuses. It can be streamed from YouTube and Amazon and is also available on disk from Amazon.

Black Point

A visitor at Black Point sat alone,
listened to the chatter of red squirrels,
noticed loons steaming north,
periscopes up,
drew breath in rhythm with a dog
at rest.

At dusk, an osprey swept in on gulls,
seized the dead fish they had loudly dis-
puted
and flew out of sight
as darkness slid into spruce-spired
bays, curled around legs, liberated bats
and claimed absolute silence from all
but the waves, like lovers,
licking the stones on the shore.

Wil Hastings

Telle Zoller



I was born in the Finnish Lapland north of the Arctic Circle and lived there until I went to study at the University of Helsinki. Since my interest had been foreign languages, it was natural for me to choose German and Scandinavian studies as my majors. These studies and my wanderlust took me to Sweden and Germany. I got a stipend to study in Munich for a whole year at the local university. This led to finding my future husband who shared my wanderlust. Together we took our two babies (2 and 1 years old) to Madison, Wisconsin. Originally, the plan was to spend only a couple of years in the USA but we fell in love with the place and people. So, we stayed, had our third child and all became citizens.

During the years in Madison and after the children left home, I returned to University and became a librarian, mostly at the University of Wisconsin Law School. As a foreign and international law librarian, I had contact with foreign students from a number of countries. Over time I became friends with many and still remain in contact with them.

My last two years in Wisconsin, I lived in a small community in the middle of a forest outside Madison. This started to worry my children. My daughter, who lives near Lathrop, introduced me to this community which felt just right to me. I was happy to find a lovely forest just outside of my windows which made the decision to stay here easy.

Autumn Journal

By Patricia Van Pelt

October, 2015

On the last day of September a cold front moved in from the north, colliding with warm humid air from the south.

The skies opened as though they could no longer hold their collective breath.

Rain. In buckets, in sheets, cups and pitchers. Roads were flooded in the valley and record levels of rain were reported. It was much needed water but coming all at once presented a challenge.

9 October

First frost in the valley. This is later than usual and is therefore producing a longer and later color season. In the Berkshire hills, on the high ground, the maple painters are beginning to brush their stately trees with swaths of red and orange and their golds are spreading down into the Pioneer Valley.

12 October

Columbus Day was picture perfect with cobalt skies, warm sunshine, gentle breezes, brilliantly colored trees, orange and red and gold.

15 October

The blue jays are back adding their brilliant blue coloring to the bright autumn leaves. Under the pin oaks in Butternut Lane, the blue jays

fight with the squirrels and chipmunks and juncos to gather the bitter acorns.

18 October

Jack Frost came with a vengeance. Temperatures dropped into the teens overnight, painting not only the grass verges a sparkling white but coating flower leaves with frosting and destroying baskets of geraniums still hanging on the porch. The sudden cold severed the tall zinnias and beheaded the marigolds in the butterfly garden. The morning glories lost all their delicate color, their leaves transparent and etched in ice.

23 October

Cool nights, sunny days and bright winds have brought our woodlands to a peak of autumn color. It is always amazing and ever varied. Though we know that it happens, and even how, it always leaves us astonished at such natural beauty, such variety of color. Breathe it in with wonder and delight!

27 October

Hard frost again last night leaving the grass a sparkling white, especially where it gathers in sheltered dips in the ground.

Full moon tonight! All the world

preparing for Halloween! Even the flock of wild turkeys that flapped and gobbled past my window walked out of another world.

3 November

There has been a planetary dance going on over earth. Bright Venus, tiny red Mars, and mighty Jupiter have come together in a rare alignment.

Today they reached their actual closest points. On this clear early morning if you looked east you could see the three planets at about a hand span above the horizon. Perhaps they were responsible for the extraordinary clear and warm day. A fine welcome to November.

6 November

Temperatures reached into the high 70s. We did not turn on the heat this morning and are grateful for the cool indoors! In November! No one is complaining except that it feels out of step. We are put off balance when our world is not working according to its natural pattern. The warmth set new records in the Pioneer Valley, so 2015 will be remembered into the future.

9 November

In the clear cold night a crescent moon embraced the planet Jupiter.

11 November

Fields of pumpkins and baskets of encrusted gourds have given way to potted trees adorned with red baubles. Christmas? We are still looking up the family recipe for the turkey stuffing and the pumpkin pie.

The once brightly colored leaves now form brown crispy blankets over hedges and lawns. The fall cleanup truck with its wide elephantine trunk is eating up the detritus of summer.

It is too early for Christmas decorations!

16 November

Today we saw our first unruly skein of geese flying sort of south. Garbled and cluttered, they seemed a bit confused. There has been snow in the far north and inland lakes are frozen. Here bushes are laden with red berries. Withered fruits cling to bare branches. But there is also a forsythia bush which has sent out new growth and yellow blossoms!

21 November

Now that the trees are bare and their elongated limbs spread out against the faded blue sky it is fun to watch the squirrels speed across the branches as though they were a numbered highway.

The gardeners have planted the snow sticks! We hope that they

will not bloom but are grateful that they are there to mark the inevitable snows!

The setting sun has put on a rare color show across the wide skies of the Pioneer Valley. Later the harvest moon has risen to bless this land. We have a lot to be grateful for.

26 November

Happy Thanksgiving! This is the celebration of family and friends. It demonstrates the true spirit of America. It is inclusive and reminds us of our long heritage of

welcoming the stranger to our lands, lands where we ourselves were once strangers.

29 November

A hard frost last night. The morning awoke all coated in sparkles as if the stars had fallen down to cover grass and leaves and give us all shiny white roofs. The frost has also brought a sense of stillness to this Sunday morning; a quiet peace that is a far cry from the mercenary noise of Black Friday. A blessed welcome to December!



Judy Van Heyst/ Rain Forest Dream

Why Fight?

By Barbara Walvoord



It's a mild October afternoon. Autumn sunshine infuses the rolling meadow behind Mulberry Lane. Dry goldenrod and meadow grasses bend their seed heads in the gentle breeze. Along the meadow's edge, russet oak leaves cling to their trees, and red sumac staghorns reach for the sky. Serviceberry, dogwood, and chokecherry trees bend under the weight of their fruit, a feast for the chickadees, juncos, and bluebirds that flutter through the brush. Sharon and I hear the high *creee, creee* of a red-shouldered hawk, and later, as the sun goes down, we'll hear the *hooo hooo* of the great northern owl who lives here. The meadow seems full of peace.

But Sharon and I are ready for a fight. We have pulled on our tick-proof pants, long-sleeved tick-proof shirts, leather work boots, and hats. We are armored. We are provisioned: water bottles in fanny packs around our waists; bags of nuts in our pockets. We have our weapons: strong-jawed pruners and wick-toothed tree saws hanging from our belts, long-handled loppers slung over our shoulders, and heavy leather gloves in our pockets. We have chemical weapons: a sponge-applicator bottle containing 25% glyphosate herbicide capable of messing up the metabolism of a plant and killing it. We have chosen our battlefield: a small patch of ground at the west end of the meadow, where the ground slopes down through trees and shrubs toward Basset Brook. On that patch, alien invasive plants are taking hold, choking out the native plants.

Most insects eat only native plants. Most birds need insects, not just seeds and nectar, to raise their young. And we need insects, too: a third of human food depends on insect pollination. To kill our native plants is to destroy many food chains. These invasive plants are enemies indeed.

On this battleground, Sharon and I will get down on our knees

to cut off the trunks and stems of invasive shrubs and trees with our loppers and saws. We will use our sponge applicators to coat their cut stems with deadly herbicide. We will pull their babies up by the roots and hang them on branches where they cannot touch the ground and reroot. No phoenix warriors here. But we will not spray or bulldoze. No civilian casualties.

And come spring, this small patch of ground will be renewed. The native wintergreen, mayflower, and wood aster will thrive; the native oak and maple seedlings will grow up; the serviceberry bushes will bear another crop of winter bird food. With the enemies gone, the natives can flourish. The insects will find their native plants; the birds will grab the insects for their nestlings; the food chain will work. Our fight will have been successful.

But the war is already lost. In the U.S. alone, invasive plants gobble up an area the size of Delaware every year. Invasive plants present the greatest threat to species extinction (along with development), says the U.S. government. Drive along our Valley roads and see the thickets of multiflora rose and the wetlands choked with purple loosestrife, which drives out turtles and ducks to create an ecological desert. Read that one mature purple loosestrife plant can produce a million seeds, each of which is viable in the soil for up to seven years. Read that nature has always spread its creatures across the earth; there used to be camels in the U.S., and mastodons. Read that climate change will change everything anyway. And know that someday these old Amazon warrior knees won't carry Sharon and me to the meadow, won't bend to the task.

In olden times, soldiers sometimes failed to get the news that the war was over, so they went on fighting. But we know the news, and still we go on fighting. Why?

I think about this a lot, and I don't have definitive answers--only musings. Perhaps, I think, I need to rise above the battle metaphor, above the moral judgment. Alien plants are not evil. They're plants, doing what living things do--fight to spread, fight to dominate. They left behind in Europe or Asia the insects and competitors that kept them in check, so now they can dominate with impunity. We humans are doing the same. In fact, we are the most invasive and dominating species the world has seen. So who's the enemy? Who's the righteous? Who's the native? Then, too, I read my Book of Revelations and my newspaper accounts of state department reports. No matter who dominates, dominance is self-limiting. Nature's correctional system is the four horsemen of the apocalypse--famine, pestilence, conquest, and war--and our state department knows they're coming. I un-

derstand the irony when I, the invader, fight other invaders. Nature corrects for invasion without my help, and nature will.

So if my work to dominate invasives is ultimately hopeless and futile, should I give it up? I think not. Someone has said that hopelessness is a place we can visit, but not a place where we can live. At least, I can't. Whatever cosmic wars are won or lost, I have my life to live, and I want to spend it doing whatever good I can discern, whatever lies at hand. Just because a war is unwinnable doesn't mean that people of good will can't achieve a measured good. Just because we can't win the war on poverty doesn't mean that I don't support my own local food pantry.

So among many possible losing wars--on poverty, on climate change, on greed, on prejudice, on human trafficking, on torture-- I have chosen this one thing--this fight to sustain native habitat and food chains, this fight to feed next spring's bluebird babies the insects they need. Don Quixote gave up fighting windmills (we know now that he actually should have been building them), and went home to tend his garden. Lathrop is my garden. It's bounded, manageable, and I can make a difference here. So I understand that what we at Lathrop are really doing is limited, anthropocentric, and temporal: to try to protect, for a while, on a small portion of our land, the ecosystems that are good for our human well-being.



Judy Van Heyst/Whitney

But more than accepting a limited and temporal outcome, I think I have to let go of outcomes of any sort. My work may not achieve even the limited outcome I had expected. Nature is nature and we are nature, and nature will go on despite us and after us. There's a freedom in this. I can relax. The final outcomes are not up to me--only the responsibility to act as I can in the present. In my best state of mind, I believe that the act, not the outcome, has to be my focus.

So here's where I am for now: My fight against invasives is not really a fight. It's a discipline, a spiritual practice. It is serious, complicated, difficult, and challenging. It asks me to make meaning from my life, though I am not sure what meaning to make. It asks me to rise above battles and winners, though I battle invasive bittersweet. It asks me to let go of outcomes, though I try to create some. It tells me that we humans and many of our fellow creatures are racing toward extinction, though I try to protect our food chains. It asks me to bend my knees to the earth, though I know that someday those knees will return to the earth. It asks me to be joyful in the moment, in the dance of the grasses, the cry of the hawk.

Still Bright

By Joan Cenedella

The bird was dead, no doubt about that, dead and perhaps frozen, lying on its side in the strip that would soon be lush with hostas brushing against the house but was now dusted with snow—a titmouse whose tiny, perfectly round eye was bright in the sun, still bright after whatever had befallen it, its gray feathers velvet smooth, its body utterly still, and I drew in a breath, then thought what to do with it—not leave it here, right at the back doorstep, not scoop it up and put it in the trash, thoughts I shook off like a dog shakes off water—and then came the memory of my sister in her black velvet dress, of getting her ready for burial and wanting to dress her in her white Laura Ashley nightgown but her husband wanting her in the black velvet, but really the question was why on earth did she want to be buried, such a surprise, and the image of her smothered, alone in her coffin forever is one that will never leave me, and remembering this I thought I would do what any child would do with this bird (though not say words over it or make a marker or invite friends); shelter it, pull on a pair of gardening gloves and take it in my hands to the back of the house across the snowy yard to the base of the shimmering green hemlock where the snow has melted in the January thaw leaving a circle of shiny, wet mahogany leaves, the perfect place to nest the bird and cover it just enough so air can reach it because who knows what the dead need.

Joan Gellar

Joan Gellar moved into 19 Spiceberry Lane on the first day of September, along with Boomer, her small but turbo-charged terrier. Joan, who was born in Brooklyn, earned a graduate degree in landscape architecture at UMass, entering the year after it became a university in 1948 and graduating in 1950. She must have lost her heart to the Pioneer Valley, because in 1992 after retirement she and her husband

came back and built Joan's dream--a log house in the woods.

Joan met her husband, a structural engineer, at Columbia while she was working on an MA in planning and an MS in engineering. She married instead of finishing her degrees, and eight years later they moved to Florida where her husband worked in the space industry. They lived in Orlando during that time, before Disney came to town. Joan says she couldn't wait to leave Florida.

They moved north to Westchester County, where Joan became the planner for the city of Mount Vernon when her youngest child was 12. Thirteen years later she retired as Planning Administrator for the city. When they retired, she and her husband

decided to choose a destination within 150 miles of Westchester. Joan's dream was to build a log house in the woods and to be self-sustaining. They found their spot in Belchertown and built the house, which was 500 feet up a steep hill and back from the road. They had a huge garden, fruit trees and bushes, and eight acres of land, with a fenced half-acre for their large dog.

Joan lived there for 22 years, even after her husband passed away, until their old dog died. She put the house on the market the next week, and moved to Lathrop a year later. She says she has had her farm and woodland life, and she's now "ready for people." Her daughters, both of whom live in Manhattan, would have liked to see her move back there, but she

explained that she didn't want to live the city life, preferring the Valley lifestyle.

She first heard about Lathrop from fellow rug hookers in a class at the Hill Institute who discussed Lathrop when it was just built. When looking at units here, she felt that if she wanted to refinish furniture she could use the garage for her workshop. She loves to cook and sew and attends the knitting group, bringing her rug hooking. She would love to meet other rug hookers, and is willing to help others learn.

Besides her two daughters, Joan has a son in Syracuse, NY, and two granddaughters, one in Washington, D.C., and the other in Manhattan. Look for Joan and Boomer taking strolls in the neighborhood.

Shirley and Al Cohen

Shirley and Al Cohen have come to us via Portland, ME and Boston, MA and for the past 50 plus years from Florence, MA. They have been married for 61 years and have three daughters and seven grandchildren living in New Hampshire, New York, and

California.

Al was a staff psychiatrist at the VA Hospital for four years before joining the faculty of what is now known as Westfield State University. He was a professor in the Psychology Department for 32 years, teaching both graduate and undergraduate courses. Al was instrumental in developing the Counseling Center, working as both director and therapist. He also had a private practice in Northampton.

Al enjoys reading in a variety of areas, playing pool, golf (sort of) and card games such as euchre and poker. Most of all he enjoys being with his children and grandchildren.

While Al completed his graduate studies, Shirley worked as an administrative assistant at Boston University. The couple later moved to the Southern Illinois University campus at Carbondale. After they moved to this area, Shirley worked at Smith College, spending many pleasant years in the Foreign Language Department.

Shirley has been active in local organization and has been on the board of Hadassah for many years, the sisterhood of B'nai Israel Synagogue and is a member of the sisterhood book club. She has also volunteered at Cooley Dickinson Hospital and at the Senior Center. Shirley enjoys her regular bridge club and also substituting in other bridge clubs.

Shirley and Al love being with family and look forward to upcoming college graduations and weddings, as well as to the next stage of their lives—making new friends at Lathrop.



Angela and Richard Riel

Angela and Richard have advice for those thinking about moving to the Inn at Lathrop: "Don't leave too late!" After three months, they are still working to sort and consolidate all their possessions. They look very much at home in their cozy apartment, but decisions still need to be made on many items. The Thrift Shop tag sale will benefit greatly as Angela goes through the accumulations.

Angela hails from England originally, though she worked in Holland and Sweden before meeting Richard in Sweden, marrying, and moving to this country. They have lived in Huntington, Southampton, and Florida. For four years they had a B&B right in Easthampton, which they called Bloomsbury. Richard said his special position there was "porcelain engineer," as he was responsible for the bathrooms. They raised four children, two of whom live nearby, and the other two are in the Worcester area and in Corning, NY.

Richard went to Sweden courtesy of the U.S. Navy, on a trip that involved becoming ice-bound in the fjords. On a later extension of his naval service, his ship was sent to look for survivors from the debacle of the Bay of Pigs. They found no survivors to rescue. Before the navy, Richard had been a Sergeant First Class in the National Guard.

Angela and Richard say they are happy to be at Lathrop, even though perhaps they should have come here sooner. Angela is happy not to have to cook meals any more, and both say the food is "excellent."

Sharon Bard Rulf

Originally from Brooklyn, I moved to White Plains, NY when I was 16 years old. After graduating from Northeastern University in Boston, I taught English in NYC. My first year, I taught in a school in the East 70s where students were bussed from Harlem, (neighborhood kids went to private schools) and the next two years I taught on the lower East Side. I believe that I learned at least as much as I taught. After teaching for three years, I married my husband, a professor of applied mathematics at Tel Aviv University, and I lived in the Middle East for six years. We moved often as we raised our children, and each of my three daughters was born in a different country-Israel, the US and Canada. My husband was then employed in the US and we moved to Acton, MA. Another job-related move took us to northern NJ.

I spent many years child-rearing, and eventually went back to school for an MSW at Rutgers University.

Following that, I was a child study team social worker in Sayreville, NJ, a social worker in an early intervention program at Children's Specialized Hospital in Mountainside, NJ, and a NICU Social Worker at St. Barnabas Medical Center in Livingston, NJ. Finally, for the past 16 years, I was an early childhood social worker with the Elizabeth, NJ Board Of Education in their universal full day pre-school program.

Not long ago, I received a phone call from one of my daughters. She said: "What are you doing in NJ? You need to move up here (MA)." I was working full time then, focused on my job, had not really thought about retirement and certainly not about moving again. However, I quickly realized that it made a lot of sense. I was widowed in 2009, two of my children and their families lived in Amherst and New Salem, MA and another in Falmouth, ME.

I have five grandchildren ranging in age from 2 to 15. Traveling to MA and ME from NJ to see them was becoming onerous. Indeed, what was I doing in NJ? This is what precipitated my move to Northampton. Once the decision to retire and move was made, it wasn't difficult to decide where to go. It is really lovely to be able to see my children and grandchildren on an ongoing basis. Having experienced it myself, I know the value of growing up with extended family nearby. I am now able to enjoy my family while having my own space and a sense of community all at the same time.

I am happy that opportunities to follow lifelong interests of mine are so readily available. I plan to continue to provide support to families and children in need by volunteering in the Case Review program through DCF. Always an avid reader, I enjoy attending concerts, museums, and theater. The array of cultural riches in this area are impressive, and I look forward to exploring and enjoying them.



Judy Van Heyst/

Collage #1 Cuzco

The Lathrop Nor'Easter
100 Basset Brook Drive
Easthampton, MA 01027

