

CALRA FREE PRESS

Cadbury at Lewes Residents' Association

VOL.8 No.3

AUGUST 2015

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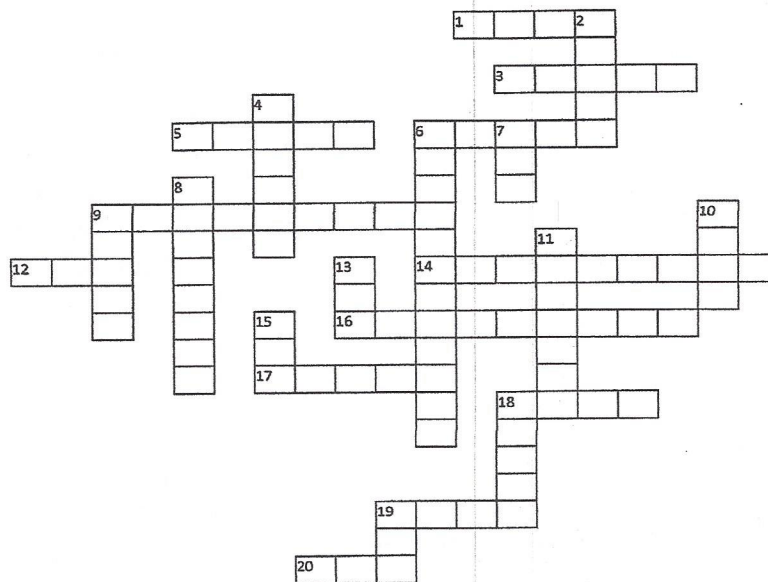
Monthly Board Meetings:

Second Monday

Association Meetings:

Third Monday

From the President's Pen— *A Cadbury Name Game Challenge!*



Down

- 2. CALRA CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
- 4. CALRA PAST PRESIDENTS
- 6. AUDITORIUM
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Across

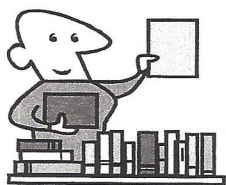
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- 17. DIRECTOR OF SUPPORT SERVICES
- 18. DINING SERVICES DIRECTOR
- 19. BEEKEEPER
- 20. SHUFFLE BOARD ADVOCATE

Happy rest of the Summer -

Jane T Lord, CALRA President



Helen & Jim Berg, Apt. 108
Chase Coale, Apt. 122
Joan & Charles Hayes, C37
Katherine & Warren Lind, C36
Mary Agnes & Tony Manyak, C26
Mary Pritchett, Apt. 203
Rebecca Rogers, Apt. 202
Mary Ann Stock, Apt. 123



LIBRARY LINES

The library at Cadbury comes in two parts: the upstairs room and the Quiet Room on the first floor. The Quiet Room houses the library's spiritual and religious books. There readers will find spiritual classics of many religions and denominations, numerous daily or special seasons spiritual books, an entire shelf of different Bibles and another shelf of Bible history. Then, too, there are many Quaker books—history, spiritual concerns and practice, of Quakers as a group and as individuals.

The books in the Quiet Room are easily borrowed—just take the book you want to read and return it upstairs when you are finished with it. Do remember to return books when you have finished with them.

One of the books in the Quiet Room, currently on the top shelf for display, is "The Power of Goodness." It is unlike any other book of which I know. It is a tri-lingual book—English, Chechen and Russian—with stories for children, some from literature, most from children's real stories. The stories often capture the excitement of action, the joy of seeing from new perspectives and the encouragement of witnessing small acts that make big differences.

One of the stories the children most liked when the book was being tried out with them is "The Mosque" by German Kuznetsov-Valin (page 46). Only five pages long, it is a lovely story, one that provides a clear setting with specific images, such as the storyteller and his friend drinking "tea, flavored with buckwheat honey." It is about the mosque that "graces the bank of the river Medyanka, which flows by the village of Medyana in the district of Nizhy Novgorod." American readers don't know such customs and places, but by presenting them so clearly and simply, the author makes the readers feel as if they are in some specific place, watching two distinct people having an indigenous tea, one of the persons telling the other a story. The story ends softly: "The storm was over. It was time to go. Before I left, I looked around the room once more. A beam of sunlight set the Rashida Mosque in the photograph glowing with all the colors of the rainbow" (page 49). After hearing this story, Imashka, a Chechen child, asked, "So, not all the Russian soldiers are bad? After all, he could have died or drowned!" (reported in School 33, Grozny). Stories can change people's lives.

Here is brief synopsis of a group of children's comments after hearing the stories read to them:

"There are moments in these stories where we can do the same."

"They teach us to act."

"Yes. They teach us to be kind and to help one another."

"They show us another way."

"They show us that love is important."

"It is good for us to know about children in other places in the world."

“They give us ideas for our lives”

The compilers of the Chechen/Russian/English edition were fortunate to make contact with an art school in the bombed Chechen capitol, Grozny. The children provided beautiful illustrations for some of the stories. The book in Cadbury's library ends with pages of children's art forged from the heightened experiences of children surviving war and the remarkable skill of young people who often pour hours into creating art when trauma grips them.

The Chechen writer Musa Akmadov reminds readers that “What happens at the start of life's pathway has enormous influence on our destiny, or as a Chechen proverb says: ‘What you witness in childhood is like an inscription cut in stone.’” Or, as Russian writer F.M. Dostoevsky said, “No revolution whatsoever could ever be worth a single teardrop from a child's eye.” Children yearn for generosity, kindness, and the opportunity for creative work, and they find stories and creative work comforting, even healing.

Psychologists and teachers worked with the stories from the Power of Goodness to develop teaching guides for the adults who use the stories with children. Their work was highly successful, more countries wished to be involved, and the project grew beyond the original volunteers and contributors. There are volunteers such as those who translated and edited the stories, designers who worked on the cover and the endpapers, and those who have put the information on the web or contributed financially. Donations have come from such groups as the U.S. Peace Institute, Moscow House, Friends International Library, Peacebuilding UK, and many others, too numerous to name.

People such as Pete Seeger, who wrote an introduction and contributed his song “Oh, Had I a Golden Thread,/ and needle so fine/I'd weave a magic strand/of rainbow design/of rainbow design . . .” (pages 530-32) have helped the book along

Today, The Power of Goodness is a non-profit organization working in collaboration with Friends Peace Teams in Asia West Pacific and Peacebuilding UK, and relies on volunteers from around the world to continue the work. The work presently involves expanding the number of stories to include some from children who have undergone trauma in other places, such as Indonesia and

Palestine, preparing a version of The Power of Goodness to be published in the United States, and distributing a curated traveling exhibition of artwork by children ages 6-20 from Chechnya, Russia, Europe and North America, work that illustrates stories of nonviolence, healing and reconciliation. The last, curated by Nadine Hoover and Dawn Bennett, recently opened at the MostArts Festival at Alfred University in Alfred, NY, and will be held over for students to view at the beginning of fall semester.

Disclaimers: Nadine, director of Conscience Studio and Coordinator of Friends Peace Teams in Asia West Pacific, is the daughter of Dean and Sharon Hoover. Dawn, owner of the Rogue Carrot, an organic food store in Alfred, has fifteen years of curatorial experience in Chicago and Baltimore. The ash frames for the story panels in the art show were built by Dean Hoover in the shop at Cadbury at Lewes. Sharon Hoover became involved in the project when she was asked to recommend changes and updates needed to publish the book in the United States, subject to international copyright law. Those involved with the project hope that you enjoy the book and its story.

Sharon Hoover

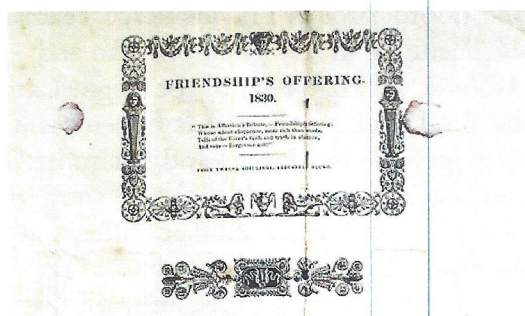
Your Book's Dust Jacket

Did you know that your book's dust jacket may be even more valuable than your book? Well, maybe not, but at minimum, it adds measurably to the value of the book itself. Though once intended simply as temporary and disposable protective covers for expensively bound books, dust jackets have become valuable additions to a book, sometimes making the books of no value to collectors without one.

Prior to the late 18th century, possibly even up to around 1820, books were typically published without any cover at all. Gradually some books began to be published with some kind of sheath, perhaps a pasteboard box open on one or both sides or ends, and the genesis of a dust jacket was planted.

For identification purposes, these early sheaths often had the book title printed on them, but

nothing more. Gradually more and more information was added. It was around 1829 to 1833, that something like today's dust jacket was first observed, in particular on books titled *Friendship's Offering* and *The Keepsake*. The earliest, dated 1830 for *Friendship's Offering*, shown in Figure 1, was made of silk and completely enclosed the book. Sometimes featuring flaps, these early covers really started to look something like today's dust jackets, and they increasingly provided more information about the book's content.



The real move to prominence of dust jackets seems to have occurred around 1920. Publishers themselves began to emphasize the value of these covers, sometimes making them a duplicate of the book's cover and/or providing fancy artwork as well as words. Graphic design of dust jackets became big business, as it remains today; examples are illustrated in Figure 2.

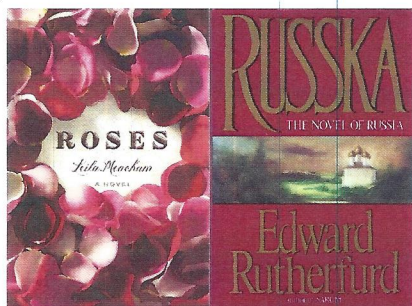


Figure 2 – Examples of current dust jacket
So hold on to that dust cover! It's where the money is.

For more detail, please consult
www.biblio.com/blog/2015/04/a-brief-history-of-the-dust-jacket

Gil Kaufman

To Cottage Residents

Cadbury has systems to ensure that residents can obtain help in the event they become disabled and are unable to reach their emergency pull cord or telephone.

Apartment residents have indicators attached to their doors that are checked by security personnel every morning to verify that the door has been opened in the morning. Cottage residents also have a system, but it is voluntary. Only five cottages are enrolled in the system at this time.

The System:

Call the front reception desk (644-6370) and enter your name and cottage #.

Every morning, call the number (644-6370) before 10:00am. The receptionist will check your name off the master list.

If your name is not crossed off by 10:00 am, the receptionist will telephone your cottage.

If there is no answer, someone will be sent to your cottage to determine if there is a problem.

If you are not enrolled in this program, please consider doing so, especially if you are a single occupant of a cottage.

Jim Sylvanus

WiiZARDS are CHAMPIONS

Each year in the spring our Wii bowling team enters a team in the National Senior League. This is a competition between elders residing in retirement homes, nursing homes, etc.

In the past, the WiiZARDS have won two Conference Championships but lost in the playoffs. This year 2015, we did not win the Conference, but we came in second and were the only team to defeat the then undefeated first place team. Fortunately our total score was high enough to gain our entry into the playoffs.

We were forced to enter seven players because some of our best could not play in every

game because of travel plans or injuries. The players along with their averages were Capt. Bill Gehron (238), Jeane Wampler (229), Elaine Showers (228), Vi Cribb (225), Sharon Britton (207), Bob Hein (193) & Muffy Brown (188).

There were 32 teams entered in the playoffs and we had to win five straight to win the championship and WE DID IT!

Some highlights: Capt. Bill bowled not one but three 300 games. In one game Bill & Jeane each had 300 games. Elaine & Vi returned and each produced high scores securing our WIN.

This was truly a team victory.

Robert E. Hein

The University of Delaware – A Pioneer in Education

Those of us who are not native to Delaware sometimes smile knowingly to others like us when we hear about the Delaware Blue Hens! The Blue Hens? It seems hard to root for a bunch of blue chickens. But did you know that the University of Delaware is credited with being the 8th oldest university in the U.S., founded in 1743 after only Harvard (1636), William & Mary (1693), St. John's, Annapolis, MD (1696), Yale (1701), Washington College, Chestertown, MD (1723), University of Pennsylvania (1740) and Moravian College (1742)?

And like William & Mary, UD can name three signers of the Declaration of Independence among its alumni, George Read, Thomas McKean, and James Smith (Delaware's three representatives to the Continental Congress; Read also signed the Constitution).

Like many older U.S. colleges, UD had a different name in the beginning, and it was not even located in Delaware!

Presbyterian minister Francis Allison started the school in his manse located in New London, Chester County, PA in 1743. In 1755 it was granted the name of the College, Academy, and Charitable School of Philadelphia, later simplified to the University of Pennsylvania (not today's University of Pennsylvania, which was founded in 1751). In 1752 Francis Allison was called by Benjamin Franklin to

be a department head at the Philadelphia Academy, so at that time the Synod of Philadelphia called Rev. Alexander McDowell to be the new rector. However Mr. McDowell's manse was located in Cecil County, Maryland, so the University was moved to his location. Then, in 1765, McDowell himself moved it to Newark, Delaware, essentially on the site of today's University.

Just four years later, a charter for the school was granted by Thomas & Richard Penn, sons of William Penn, with the seal of the Counties of Delaware.

It seems the name carried by the school through the Revolutionary period was New Ark (or NewArk) Academy, and in 1834 it was merged with the New Ark College. Then, during the administration of Rev. E.W. Gilbert, the name of the college was changed to Delaware College.



Figure 1 – Recitation Hall, 1894; early main building of New Ark College

In 1914, the State of Delaware established a Women's College of Delaware, which not long after was merged with Delaware College to become the University of Delaware.

The College of Marine Studies here in Lewes was added as a part of the University of Delaware in 1970.

So...let's show those Blue Hens some respect!

For more detailed information, see *A Brief History of the University of Delaware*, anonymous, original edition 1940 & its newer edition

Gil Kaufman

Lewes and a Tale of Two Settlements

Did Christopher Columbus, the Italian explorer for Spain and David de Vries, of Holland, share a singular experience? Perhaps to those two alone of all the early adventurers to the New World that was indeed the case. Their shared tragic consequences were 140 years apart – one in 1492-93 the other in 1632-33. However, the similarities of both were dramatically parallel despite the intervening years.

Columbus made four voyages to America's shores beginning in 1492 and ending in 1504. Oddly enough each trip was more disastrous than the one before primarily because of greed, power, arrogance, ambition enhanced by the importation of disease. But it was Columbus's first trip that spelled the tragedy that was to befall de Vries those many years later.

The first voyage began as a remarkable triumph. He was the first explorer to cross the Atlantic Ocean to the New World and to do so without loss of life. He reports that "... nobody has even had a headache ..." and that was true for the crew on all three of his vessels. He believed, however, that he had reached a part of the East Indies, hence the name "Indians" for the native population, a determination he maintained throughout all four sailings. As the first voyage proceeded, troubles began to arise with his ships and the local inhabitants. Yet despite these difficulties near the end of his stay in the New World, Columbus decided that he would take advantage of his discovery by establishing a colony there to inspire more journeys to the Indies, most especially his own return. At the time, Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile had endorsed only one trip by Columbus. A colony in his New World would act as leverage, he believed, for a return visit early on.

Thus, there was built at La Navidad in present day Haiti a fortress using the boards of the Santa Maria, Columbus's flagship, lost when it ran aground on an all but invisible reef. It took ten days to construct complete with a moat and was

provisioned for more than a year for a complement of thirty-nine crew members who, presumably, elected to stay. It is difficult to imagine the mentality of those who chose to remain behind and who assumed their leader would return within a year.

Return he did beginning a second voyage in September 1493 with the objective of reaching the colonists on Hispaniola. For a second time he crossed the Atlantic, this time with a fleet of seventeen ships with 1500 on board, again without any serious problems. When he reached La Navidad he fired two shots to announce his arrival but only silence ensued. When Columbus went ashore to inspect the first known fort in the West Indies he found nothing had remained. The settlement was upended around which he found some unburied bodies. Later the Indians informed him that every man had died. The settlers had argued among themselves and with the Indians with the latter taking it upon themselves to rid their land of its Spanish occupiers.

Now fast forward some 140 years to 1632 when David de Vries, who was to lead a second expedition to the settlement at Swanendael, received word while in Holland that it had been destroyed by the Indians. And as in the case of Columbus's situation, all thirty-three settlers were dead. Captain de Vries did set sail in May 1632 and in December reached the destroyed colony. As expressed in his words "... (the settlement) was destroyed, found it well beset with palisades in place of breastworks, but it was almost burned up. Found lying here and there the skulls and bones of our people whom they had killed, and the heads of the horses and cows which they had brought with them, but perceived no Indians..." In this case, of course, the colonists had elected from the outset of their expedition to settle in the New World aware that others had already done so elsewhere.

Columbus, of course, was undeterred by his setback and went on to establish other settlements while de Vries held off any further try. He and his associates sold the land to the West India Company in 1635.

But it is a strange fact of history that the death of all the inhabitants of both settlements should occur in essentially the same manner so many years apart. From the time of Columbus through the settlement of Swanendael there were, of course, other failed colonies. One, Ajacan, founded by nine Jesuit missionaries in 1570 on the Chesapeake Bay was also destroyed by Indians. Perhaps some half dozen others succumbed due to harsh weather, disease, internal dissention or attacks by rival powers. But the distressing similarities between the demise of La Navidad and Swanendael – each lost within a year, with about the same number of settlers, all men with many remains unburied, completely wiped out and through misunderstandings with the native inhabitants with both awaiting the return of their leader – is striking.

As great as Columbus's discovery was, as these two efforts make clear, the process of exploring and settling this New World on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean was not going to be an easy task as history bears witness.

William J. Gebron

Reflections by Three former Students

*Helen Dougherty Miller,
Jim Bazzoli, and Alan Ward*

We graduated from the same high school, and this brief comment recounts some of the unique and memorable qualities of that school, Alexis I. DuPont High School, located on Kennett Pike north of Wilmington in New Castle County. As we begin, however, we must tell you that in this new century A.I. has been newsworthy in Delaware as our state's Chief Justice Leo Strine's high school alma mater; and more frequently for the achievements of its renowned marching band - at President Obama's first inaugural parade, eight Rose Bowl parades (a record), four St. Patrick's Day parades in Dublin, Ireland, seven New Year's Day parades in London,



England, as well as high school football games. We didn't go to that high school; it is a much larger school in a new location. It is arguable, we think, that the new A.I. shares some of its predecessor's musical and other educational traditions.

Our A.I. (now Alexis I DuPont Middle School) is the oldest public school in the state of Delaware. It opened for grades 1 – 12 in 1894 in a building financed largely by a gift from the DuPont family honoring Alexis Irene DuPont, one of the three family members who transformed DuPont from a manufacturer of explosives into one of the world's premier chemical companies. The school building was, and is, notable for its unique architecture – a scrollwork façade, with 24 inch thick stone walls, called, legend has it, the “old castle on the Kennett Pike.” It has been enlarged and renovated, with key funding from the DuPont family, and housed all twelve grades until the new high school was opened in the 1960's.

We three attended A.I. in the years 1944 – 1948, as World War II was ending. A.I. students were from mostly suburban/rural parts of northern New Castle County and had diverse, middle class, economic backgrounds. Students had diverse ethnic and religious backgrounds, as well; but at this time in Delaware schools were segregated, so there were no black students. There were several well-regarded private and preparatory schools in northern Delaware, which attracted students planning for college; less than half of our classmates went on to college. A.I. also conditionally admitted young men living in the State facility for orphans and other juvenile wards of the county. A.I. was a small high

school compared with others in Wilmington and the county; our graduating classes in those years had fewer than 75 boys and girls. Helen lived close enough to walk to school; Jim and Alan, and most students, rode a bus.

A few of the A.I. teachers had been teaching there for many years. Walter J. Yingst, who taught the basic and advanced science and math courses began there in the 20's. His classes in Physics, Chemistry, Trigonometry and Calculus were comprehensively organized, his tests unforgiving. Rotund, attired always in a dark blue vested suit, white shirt and a bow tie, Mr. Yingst commanded attention and decorum in class and familiarity with the assigned topics for study. Former students never forgot his behavioral prompts, e.g., "It's the empty barrel that makes all the noise," or his trademark response to a student beginning an answer in class "I don't think ... - "That's your problem, you DON'T think!" While not unsympathetic to struggling students unused to the rigors of his classes, he was regarded almost universally as unfriendly to all but the brightest boys, and very few girls. High grades from Mr. Yingst were achieved with hard work and careful preparation.

Mr. Durkee might be more representative of changes in secondary education that were beginning as the war ended, and young men began teaching at schools that during wartime years had mostly female administrative and teaching staffs. He was a short timer at A.I., taught senior English classes, and was the high school principal for a year or so before he moved on. He, too, commanded respect from students, not so aggressively as Mr. Yingst, and he had the invaluable talent of making reading and writing interesting, in part by communicating quite informally – sometimes humorously – with students. In one class focused on Shakespeare and romance, he cautioned the boys, when writing love letters, always to begin "My darling ... and ladies and gentlemen of the jury." Boys he thus amused were pleased by his attention; girls thought him charming.

In many ways, Beatrice Harlor, the teacher who led A.I.'s highly regarded choir and directed its performances, including in those years four Gilbert

and Sullivan operettas, had a more obvious, lasting, influence on the developing tastes and interests of her students. Being a choir member was really desirable at A.I., maybe because choir required intermittent after school time and provided opportunities for boys and girls to become better acquainted and have fun together in enjoyable and relaxed circumstances. Choir was popular also because Miss Harlor and her students worked to a high standard of excellence. Some singers were really talented; all choir members became personally involved and committed to error free performance. The choir distinguished the high school in 1947 by having home and home concerts with Dunbar High School's all black choir from Washington, DC. Sixty or so years after graduation, Miss Harlor is fondly remembered. Members of her choirs are still singing arias from *Iolanthe* and *The Pirates of Penzance* (in the shower?).

Messrs. Yingst and Durkee and Ms. Harlor were outstanding, to be sure; but much could also be written about other teachers at A.I. who sometimes had a profound influence on their students. We cannot mention individually all the gifted (and not so gifted) teachers of Business Education, Industrial Arts, French, Spanish, Latin, Typing, Biology, Vocational Agriculture, Mathematics and other subjects; but we haven't forgotten them. Jack Clinch, who taught vocational agricultural courses, will be celebrating his 100th birthday this year and some of our former classmates will attend. Jack attended many reunions of the class of 1948. We particularly miss Vince Reilly, our phys ed teacher, and Miss Stewart, who tried to teach us French and Latin, both of whom have been regular guests at our almost every 5 year reunions.

Our brief time at A.I. was not just books, music and good teaching. We remember even now the adolescent joy we felt at school sponsored activities, the football, basketball, baseball, softball and field hockey games, the proms, the elections of officers, and the clubs – introducing a great many civilized pursuits, e.g., press club, bridge club, drama club, Future Farmers of America, rifle club, the Student Council, drivers training and the like. Being

older now, we have mostly forgotten the trials and pains of growing up; the fun, the excitement is still bright in memory.

Guidance in the sense of preparation for college was not a strength at A.I. That was up to parents. But A.I. was a good high school, with an interesting, often enjoyable atmosphere for learning, and an obvious commitment to the cultural traditions of tolerance, ethical conduct, and good citizenship. Looking back, we credit A.I. with helping us, in the sometimes turbulent teenage years, to develop better informed judgments about our own – and others' – potential for productive and satisfying lives. Some of our dearest, lasting friendships began at A.I. We feel lucky to have had our high school years there.

Buy the Sea Gift Shop



New Merchandise Coming !

Stop in and look around for some surprising new items as summer turns into fall in the Buy-The-Sea Gift Shop. We continue to look for attractive new merchandise for the Shop, and look forward to getting customer reaction to things being planned. Working with a small company that supports resident community gift shops, we are adding some new lines of jewelry and accessories that we hope will interest many of you. If successful, we will continue to broaden this line.

Our line of tee, golf & sweat shirts with Cadbury Lifestyles logo on them has started more slowly than expected, but some are on hand and we

expect to add more golf shirts to the now-available list shortly. Look in to see if we have your size.

In addition we have broadened our line of toiletries and over-the-counter medical supplies like hearing aids, aspirin and bandages to help you avoid the need to rush to the drug store when shortages arise on short notice. Stationary and office supplies are also available. And in these areas as well as any other, if you'd like us to carry something you don't see on hand, let our sales people know about it and we will see if we can accommodate your needs.

Sales have continued well through the summer and the Shop is turning several hundred dollars almost every month to support CALRA's activity program for residents. The nice flow of continued donations has helped but our reserves are pretty well depleted now so new donations would be welcome. Please think of the Gift Shop as an easy way to give new life to items you no longer need but are worthy of a new home.

Our sales staff continues to do an excellent job and contributes greatly to the success of the Gift Shop. We are very pleased to welcome Judy Simone as a regular sales volunteer and Joe Boyle and Shirlene Thomas as substitutes.

It's your shop! Stop in and see us!

Ruth & Gil Kaufman

Home-Making Life-Making in New Delhi, India

A Journal by Carolyn R. Christensen

Continued - October, 1993

I'm in the midst of reading Embassy, USAID, and Community Liason Offic (CLO) orientation handbooks. I rest from these by reading fiction and nonfiction books on India, like Gita Mehta's book, "A River Sutra." In it she weaves a story, set in the present, filled with myth, religion, poetry, gods, goddesses, and music. The richness of each page suggests how much I have to learn here, but it also reminds me of all the people I left in Jakarta. One of her characters, a Muslim mullah, says, "Such lives are like water flowing through our lives. We learn something from the encounter, then

they are gone. We never find them again.” Perhaps the same will be true of the people I meet here, and because of my Jakarta experience, perhaps I will be more aware of the fleeting and fragile nature of these encounters, prizing and appreciating them more. Why else travel? Why else read?

Thursday, October 21, 1993

Some days I think mornings, early mornings, are the best time of day in India.

Then about mid-morning today I went back to the Embassy to pick up the groceries I had bought yesterday and had been unable to pick up because the Commissary had closed at 2:00, only to discover that the Commissary opens at noon on Thursdays. I comforted myself with vegetarian lasagna at the American Club dining room and waited. And waited.

The young man I interviewed yesterday came back late this afternoon and suggested that he do the cooking and his wife do the cleaning rather than bringing in a boy to do it. He was essentially saying that while he wouldn't clean the bathroom, his wife would. Humm. I agreed that a couple might work out better than a cook and a boy. They will return for a second interview when Curt is here to talk to them, too, but that makes one more interview.

Today's events, while really not that bad, do make the mornings seem stress-free. Because Curt doesn't get home from work until almost 6:30 P.M. and darkness has fallen, we've begun walking from 6:30 to 7:30 in the cool fall mornings. At 6:30 A.M. only the moon is up, while most of Visant Vither continues to sleep. Guards, sitting at the gates, are still wrapped in layers of shawls, the birds are hushed, and even the dogs are quiet in the dust nests they've created on the side streets. Curt and I walk through the silent dark streets to a large park where tall trees, a dark tomb, and four grazing cows watch with us as dawn pinkens the sky.

Friday, 10/22

There is good news and bad news today. The good news is that I have hired Rajan and his wife Manju as my cooking cleaning, shopping, managing couple.

The bad news is that when Curt and I had our medical orientation today, we learned just how difficult it will be to maintain our health. The nurse practitioner urged us to be very strict in the kitchen - processing fruits and vegetables, boiling water, and washing our hands. She knows no place, even Africa, she said, where it is harder to stay healthy than in India.

Monday, 10/24

After two weeks in New Delhi we seem to be taking the next step in the process of making a home, finding service people, and creating a social life.

Curt's former Mission Director in Jakarta is presently in New Delhi, so Curt has invited him and another former director to dinner in two days. It will be a good trial for the cook....My first official hostessing will have an Italian flavor - - tiny pizzas for appetizers, spinach lasagna made from fresh pasta, salad, and coffee mousse for dessert. I hope Rajan passes the cooking test. If he fails in his culinary skills, it means I have failed in my personnel hiring skills.

Curt and I branched out into our community this weekend too, taking a half-day city tour and buying books, flowers, and fruit in Khan Market on Saturday and attending church again on Sunday. A lovely day, one we hope sets the tone for our life here.

Cadbury at Lewes is for the Birds, the Bees and the Butterflies

The saying goes that March comes in like a lion and leaves like a lamb. Well, April came in like a big bird. Marge Trupp looking out the workout room window saw a large bird dive into the back pond and flew away with a fish in its claws. She knew that it was an osprey and had seen many of them. The osprey is a large bird with up to a six-foot wingspan and primarily feeds on fish. You may see their nest on top of high phone poles. Three weeks

later a group of Cadbury residents were having lunch at Gillian's on the Lewes and Rehoboth canal. Ron Trupp mentioned that he saw two osprey drop into our back pond. Somebody asked how fish got into our man-made ponds without having feet or wings. Ron answered that birds bring fish eggs to our ponds from other water bodies

In early April Elaine Connell reported a delightful sight of a pair Canada geese with four goslings in the west pond. One adult led the way, four young followed and the other adult followed. You will never see this sight by our mallard ducks. The male mallard leaves the female when the eggs are in the nest. Mother mallard has the sole job of raising the young. The Canada goose mates for life and can live up to 22 years. The surviving goose never takes a new mate and remains with the flock. On a morning walk Jim saw the family at the far end of the west pond with mother among the reeds helping the young feed, while the male was up on the bank watching for predators. The Canada goose is a noble bird.

Elaine Connell reported that the green heron and great blue heron are back in the west pond. Quite a few residents walking along the west pond reported being terrorized by our red wing black birds. The male will attack from your back just above your head and scream. We have experienced it, feeling the air from their wings. Their young are nesting in shrubs around the pond and the terrorizing will stop when the young leave.

Hummingbirds seem to be late this year. But Ruth and Gil Kaufman have seen them in their back yard since early June. After dinner they sit in their sunroom and watch the hummingbirds feed on the blossoms of blue flowers growing at the window. What a delightful experience. By mid June there were many hummingbirds at Cadbury. They were feeding on our bright red bee balm plants.

The Goldstein's, the Hoover's and the Gehron's enjoyed seeing the bright red cardinals, finches, and the screaming mockingbird from their east wing apartments facing Gills Neck Road. Our last sighting was a mother mallard with six young ducklings eating grass near where our buses are parked. As we go to press, Karen Consolini saw the

mother mallard in the west pond with her ducklings following. She was reminiscing of the days when she could feed the ducks in the pond.

The Bees

Beekeeper Dean Hoover placed the new outdoor hive on the library balcony where it can be easily viewed from the library. Dean and Tom Lord placed the new bees and queen in the hive on May 10th. Sugar water was supplied until the bees build up their own food supply. Lynette Palen, Corp. Director of Communications, arranged for a contingent of first and second grade children from the Georgetown charter school to visit Cadbury to learn about our bees and butterflies. Bunny Guerrin met with the students to discuss the monarch butterfly. She reported that the students were attentive and had some knowledge about butterflies. She had a delightful time. The students were also fascinated by the bees and Dean Hoover said they asked questions faster than he could answer.

In late April, Dean and Tom Lord cleaned the old hive leaving it looking like new. On May 23rd Dean noticed that the library hive population had dropped. Two days later he discovered that the queen bee left the hive, taking bees with her. A Cadbury resident saw the bees swarming in the canopy of the Community Building. So the drones (male bees) start producing eggs for a new queen. Five queens were produced and a fight to the death started until one queen remained to rule the hive. Dean reports that the population is growing nicely and both hives are doing well.

The Monarch Butterflies

In May the butterfly garden plants were growing rapidly along with weeds. Office of Philanthropy Manager, hard working Patti Griffith along with volunteers Jan Bendrick and Lois Nickerson tackled weeding. That job will go on until fall. Next the soil was loosened and treated with plant food and mulch added. Some new plant material was added. Then the new butterfly garden became a challenge. The site had poor soil with construction debris. Cadbury contractor, Keith Ullman, removed all the poor soil and replaced it with the best of soil. Next Patti, Lois and Jan visited vendors for plant material for the garden. Windsors

Flowers were the only vendor to give a discount. Residents Lois and Jan were on hand with Adele Trout, Bunny Guerrin, Ellen Goldsmith, Judy and Don Burgess and Elaine Showers.

The new garden is long and narrow. It fits well in the area outside the assisted living dining room, facing the east wing pond and can be accessed from the parking lot. Elaine Glisson said that she has a perfect view of the garden from her porch and is over whelmed by its beauty. We are fortunate that Bunny Guerrin has volunteered to be caretaker of our new garden.

On garden day (June 21st) more volunteers were on duty to direct visitors and answer questions. Musicians played music in the gazebo on this beautiful day. At 5 p.m. Carol Holzman, Executive Director, dedicated the new pavers. Then Patti Griffith distributed the monarchs for release of over 250 butterflies many into the garden. Good eats and fellowship with piano music in the dining. Thank you Patti!

Frances and Jim Bazzol

IN MEMORIAM

Teddie Hull

Beverly Serrell

Mildred (Mickey) Spano

Jerry Tobin

Staff Member:

Vonshae Dowdell LPN Assisted Living



Puppy Otis

Otis Has Left The Building

Ruth & Gil Kaufman are sorry to have to pass along that Otis' arthritis finally got the best of him on July 8, 2015, when one of his docs from Savannah Animal Hospital put him peacefully to sleep. We know all of Otis' friends are disappointed too. He so much enjoyed seeing each one of you.

Otis was 15 years, 7 months old; that's about 115 years old if you believe dog-age estimates. He was a healthy and generally a pretty happy boy; only rarely was his tail not wagging as he walked around Cadbury.

Otis asked simply that any extra dog biscuits left lying around be sent along to his almost-friend-at-a-distance Molly Sylvanus or to his very best friends Lacey Bendrick-Nickerson or Morgan Burgess.

Gil and Ruth Kaufman



Senior Otis