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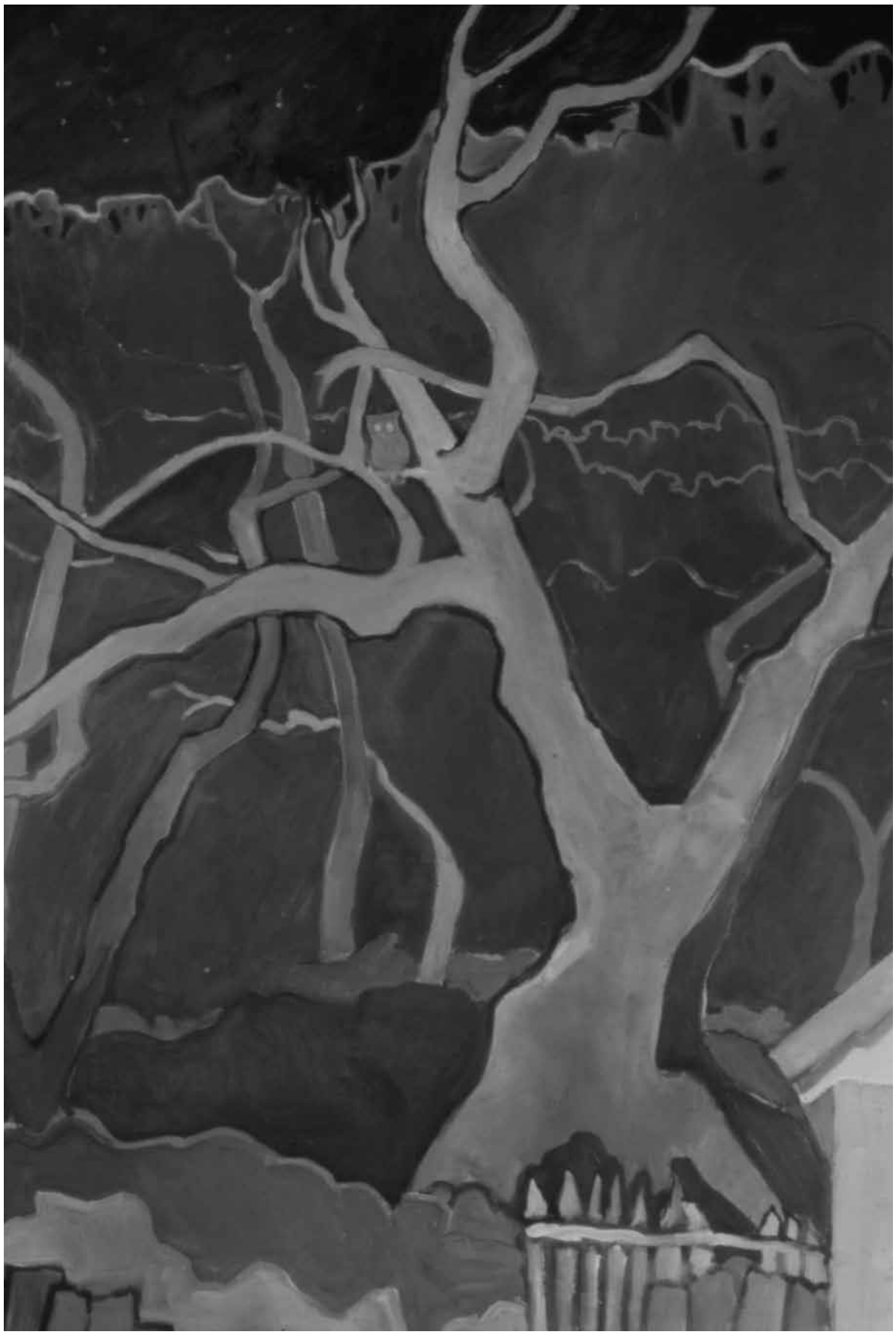

Bird Watching *by Ellen Burgoyne*

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Cover Artist

Our cover artist for 2005 is Ellen Burgoyne. Ellen Burgoyne loves to see people smile. She reaches out to quell sadness through her art, and hopes that she can provide moments of quiet pleasure sparkling with fantasy and mystery. Burgoyne cites Robert Frost's little poem "The Secret Sits" as especially inspirational for her:

We dance round in a ring and suppose, But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.

Centerfold Artist

Malia Deshotel is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting and Drawing at Shepherd University. She loves drawing; caring for her African Clawed Frog, Bufo; and sharing misadventures with her boyfriend, Leon. E-mail her at kinnazu@yahoo.com.

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BEGINNING AGAIN

With Intelligent Design And Love

By Randall Tremba

(For Mary)

I'm not certain about monkeys, Pat Robertson, the Kansas State School Board, or any thing else in this bloomin' world, but the biblical story of creation (Genesis 1:1-2:3) *is a product of intelligent design*. If only those who read it in this country were half as intelligent. But, then, it's a big country and people are free to be as blind as they'd like to be.

It's no big secret that the Genesis story of creation was composed in the sixth century BCE in order to inspire the dispirited Jewish people who had fallen into darkness and despair. They were reeling from massive devastation inflicted by the Babylonians on their beloved Jerusalem — not unlike our own shock and horror after 9/11. In such times we need someone to stand up and sing: *Come on, come on, come on, rise up.*

And in that distant time and place, a Jewish poet stood up and sang his heart out for his demoralized compatriots. *In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, there was darkness and chaos. And God said, Let there be light.*

And there it was.

Sometimes all we can hope for is another day. The night may be long but the sun will arise. *Behold! It is good.* It's the way the Spirit works over time — slowly but persistently.

And it's what we do for others when their night is long. We light a candle and speak a word of hope.

And so there was light. But still there was no place in the watery world to stand. *And God said, Let dry land appear.*

And there it was.

Sometimes we need a solid place to stand, to get our head above water and take a breath. *Behold! It is good.*

It's what the Spirit does and it's what we do for others when troubles overwhelm them. We offer a shoulder to lean on and speak a word of hope.

There was land and sea and sky. But still no life in sight. *And God said, Let the land, sea, and sky swarm and teem with life.*

And there was life in great abundance and great diversity. *Behold! It is good.* Not overnight, but eventually it all comes together and life flourishes again. And again.

It's what we do with each other when time allows. We create, we build, we invent, we discover, we compose, we paint, we fiddle, we dance, and collapse in a heap of laughter for it is good, it is good, it is so very, very good. *Oh, and did I tell you?* (The poet puts a quivering finger to his lips.) *We are made in the image of this clever, loving, and bodacious God.*

Now isn't that a hoot and a half?! I mean, nobody knows for sure, but why not believe it anyway for all it's worth!

Behold, behold, behold, the poet exclaims through the voice of God. *Behold! Look again and again! It is good! Can't you see?*

The power of goodness in the earth is the same goodness within the human heart. We may be crushed like grapes and broken like bread, but we hold our broken lives in the presence of Love. We wait. We pray. We listen and begin again. We are part of the earth and the earth is good.

OK, OK, I know, there's more to the human story than pure goodness and light. But this is the first word, the first tale in Genesis and even a monkey can see it's not about history, biology, or geology. It's about faith, hope, and love packed in the human heart. And that's why we can rise up and begin again. And again.

MY CITY OF RUINS

Bruce Springsteen

As performed for
America:
A Tribute to Heroes
September 21, 2001

There is a blood red circle
on the cold dark ground
and the rain is falling down
The church door's blown open
I can hear the organ's song,
but the congregation's gone

My city of ruins
My city of ruins

Now the sweet bells of mercy
drift through the evening trees,
young men on the corner
like scattered leaves,
the boarded up windows,
the empty streets
While my brother's down on his knees

My city of ruins
My city of ruins

Come on, rise up!
Come on, rise up!

Now there's tears on the pillow,
darlin' where we slept
and you took my heart when you left
Without your sweet kiss
my soul is lost, my friend
Tell me how do I begin again?

My city's in ruins
My city's in ruins

Now with these hands,
with these hands,
with these hands,
I pray, Lord
With these hands,
with these hands,
I pray for the strength, Lord
With these hands,
with these hands,
I pray for the faith, Lord
We pray for your love, Lord
We pray for the lost, Lord
We pray for this world, Lord
We pray for the strength, Lord

Come on
Come on
Come on, rise up
Come on, rise up
Come on, rise up

Meeting Frank Welch

Thomas Harding

Photo by Thomas Harding

Frank Welch

How much do we really know about people? That is the question that struck me after I interviewed Frank Welch, Public Works Director for Shepherdstown.

Before we met for a chat, all I knew was that Frank was the go-to guy for anything to do with sewer lines, garbage pick-up, speed bumps, and residential parking signs in Shepherdstown.

Frank Welch — dark blue worker pants, light blue "Shepherdstown Public Works" collared T-shirt, caboose torso, thinned-out hair. But who is this guy that the town depends upon so much?

I drive my oversized Chevrolet Silverado pickup truck — a great source of pride and joy for a lad born in the crowded streets of North London — across the tracks to the east side of Shepherdstown. I hang a left and bounce through the gate of a 10-foot-high wire mesh fence that protects the town's sewer plant. Frank works out of a trailer home, turned office, next to the gigantic orange circular sewage tanks that dominate the plant.

Frank welcomes me in and we get right to it. "How did you end up in Shepherdstown?" I ask. "I grew up in Kabletown. I have spent 57 years in Jefferson County. I got my first job at Rose Hill Farm when I was 14. I milked cows twice a day, as well as doing other farm chores. It was very hard work. You had to be gentle with them, talk to them softly."

Frank leaned back in his plastic chair and chuckled to himself. "I once left the plug out of the large container that collects the milk. After I milked all 70 cows I found out that all the milk had drained away! I was so worried. But the farmer was good about it. 'Mistakes happen' the farmer said. That was a useful lesson to learn. As long as people work hard at their jobs, then there is no point being too harsh on them."

I asked Frank about school. "I went to Charles Town High School. I studied Political Science at Shepherd College. I was the first person to go to college in my family. I had a small scholarship, but I didn't get much support from my family to attend college. I never finished my degree."

After college, Frank went to work at the Badger-Powhatan factory in Ranson with his father. Frank's father was the foreman at the factory, and they walked to work and back every day. "I liked working there," says Frank. "This was the first time I got to know my dad. My parents were divorced, and I was able to build a friendship with him."

I ask Frank about what happened next. Frank becomes more serious. He tells me he received a letter for the draft. It was 1969. The letter came as a surprise. He was shocked. A month later he got orders and went to Fort Bragg for basic training. Thirty days later he was in Vietnam. A few days after that he was in the jungle. "I was scared to death. The stink and the smell of the place was terrible. It is hard to describe. Most Vets remember the smell, gunpowder, engine fuel and . . ." he trails off.

Frank traveled by C130 with a young man from Tennessee called Harrison. They trudged through paddy fields to get to the barracks, which was little more than some stilts buried in water. "The first day we were assigned tasks," Frank continues, "Harrison was put on Point Crew, and I was put on Machine Gun. The other guy didn't make it. He was picked off by a Viet Cong sniper. I have always wondered what would have happened if I had been on Point Crew."

Things went from bad to worse. Frank's Ninth Division Unit went into Cambodia. United States planes dropped Agent Orange from the air, and Frank's unit went to see if there was anyone in the area after the drop.

"We would go through areas where Agent Orange had been sprayed," Frank says, "I learned later on about all the problems the spray had caused. My diabetes has been linked to the exposure. A lot of my friends have problems as well." He pauses, looks out of the window, and adds, sotto voce, "I went to Vietnam full of hope and duty. Now I mistrust certain politicians."

Frank's Ninth Division Unit was pulled from Vietnam after nine months, and he was reassigned to the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Division. He was sent home just short of his one-year service. He landed in California. "When I got off the plane in San Francisco, I was spat upon by anti-war protestors. They called me names. I didn't care. I just wanted to get home." Frank's dad picked him up at Dulles Airport and drove him home. He spent the next 30 days on the couch with a bottle of Canadian Club.

After service, Frank tried the factory again, but he couldn't deal with it anymore. He got a job as operator at the Charles Town Wastewater Plant. He mowed, scrubbed, learned the business. He spent 14 years there. Then he heard about the job in Shepherdstown. It was 1986. Shepherdstown had a new plant. Frank adds, "I always wanted my own plant, and this was a great opportunity for me."

Frank became more involved. His supervisor was kind enough to invite him to meetings and strategy sessions. Then, in 1990, the supervisor died suddenly of a heart attack. Frank was made public works director, a post he has held ever since. "At first I was very scared," says Frank. "I didn't think I could do the job. I'm not sure I even know enough now. Everyday I learn something new."

Frank tells me that much of the focus of his work now is new housing. There will be over 600 new water hook-ups in the next two or three years he tells me. I ask him what he thinks about the rapid development taking place in the area. "In many ways I am anti-growth. I don't like seeing all these farms being sold and turned into housing developments. But on the other hand, I understand people need places to live and farmers should have a right to sell their land."

Frank and I go outside to take photos for the article. I ask him to smile. He is not giving any away today. He wants to be remembered as serious and dedicated. I ask him what he is most proud of. "Rebuilding the water plant. It really needed it." And then he adds "Also providing fire hydrants to the East End. In the olds days, the Fire Department had to run the hoses across the railroad line, and the trains had to be stopped while the fire was being put out!"

Frank walks me to my truck. I ask him if he is thinking about retirement. "No!" he blows. "I'm only 57. I go to the Shepherd University gym every day, I keep myself healthy." Then he stops for a moment and adds, "I am thinking about going back to school, though, and finishing my degree. What do you think? You think I should?"

And that is what makes Frank Frank. In the same moment both strong and vulnerable, totally closed to a change of job but open to self-improvement. What an asset he is to Shepherdstown. God bless you, Frank Welch.

Thomas Harding *has had a portfolio career including environmental activism, television production, and most recently real estate sales with Greg Didden Associates. He lives in Shepherdstown with his wife and two children.*

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December 2005

Dear Reader,

You hold the future of the GOOD NEWS PAPER in your hands. This is our *one and only appeal* for financial gifts. With your help we can keep a good thing going into a twenty-seventh year.

The first issue of the GOOD NEWS PAPER was published in May 1979 with a press run of 1,000 copies. We now print 13,000 copies and mail nearly 12,000. Virtually every mailbox within five miles of Shepherdstown gets a copy — and, by request, hundreds more from Maine to California and Alaska to Florida. Nearly 20,000 people read each issue.

The GOOD NEWS PAPER is free because dozens of people — writers, editors, typists, photographers, illustrators, proofreaders, and designers — donate their time and talent. Check out the funky, funky sketch of Shepherdstown by Malia Deshotel, gifted illustrator and cartoonist for the Shepherd University *Picket*. Copies suitable for framing may be purchased at the Shepherdstown Visitor's Center.

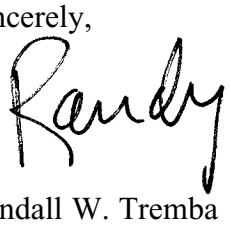
The GOOD NEWS PAPER not only reads well, but looks good, too, because of an experienced and talented production team including senior (as in long-term; not old!) designer Melinda Schmitt. We are grateful for the donations of artistic and graphic services by HBP of Hagerstown.

This year we inaugurated a new and exciting serial feature. Playwright Hope Maxwell Snyder created an original play just for GOOD NEWS PAPER readers. The story, "Lullaby for George," almost reaches the end in this issue. Hope leaves us hanging. But the complete play is available as an eight-page tabloid (while supplies last) at One Two Kangaroo Toy Store in Shepherdstown. Get enough free copies for a read-along session with family and friends.

Volunteers keep the cost of producing this community magazine to an absolute minimum. Each quarterly issue costs about $3,000 to print and mail. That adds up to $12,000 for the year. Our Business & Service Directory brings in $4,800. The several religious communities of the Shepherdstown Ministerial Association contribute another $1,500. The rest — $6,000 — must come in gifts from you.

And your gifts do come in — ranging from $5 to $200. Please send your gift today. You may use the enclosed self-addressed envelope (if it hasn't fallen out!). Make checks payable to the GOOD NEWS PAPER, or simply GNP, and help keep a good thing going.

Sincerely,



Randall W. Tremba
Executive Editor

P.S. *Give a gift subscription* to your friends or relatives. Absolutely free, of course. Use the handy coupon on page two. They'll thank you for it.

Where Are They Now?

Former Jefferson High School Graduate Very Successful As Head Guidance Counselor

Gail Woods

Editor's note: *This story continues the series on Jefferson High School (JHS) alumni who have succeeded in their jobs and careers. JHS, a consolidation of Charles Town, Harpers Ferry, and Shepherdstown high schools, opened in 1973.*

"And the Wayne White Educator of the Year Award goes to Ms. Carla Hunter, from Jefferson High School, in Jefferson County, West Virginia."

For her tireless efforts, her creative approach, and her outstanding successes in raising the college-going rate of Jefferson High School students, this prestigious award was presented to Ms. Hunter in Ohio in mid-October when she represented West Virginia at the West Virginia Access Center for Higher Education (WVACHE). The states involved include those from Appalachia, such as Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, and West Virginia, plus Washington, D.C.

Ms. Hunter is Head Guidance Counselor at Jefferson High and supervises a staff of four, three of whom are new counselors.

A native of Shepherdstown, she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hunter, and attended Shepherdstown Elementary, Shepherdstown Junior High, and Jefferson High Schools. She earned her Bachelor of Arts in Psychology at West Virginia University and her Master's in Science and Family Resources. At the present time, she is working toward a second Master's degree at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va.

Before she returned to Jefferson High School in 2002 as a guidance counselor, she was employed in a number of leadership positions: Coordinator for Odyssey House, a group home for girls in Morgantown; a counselor for the Shepherdstown Youth Center; the lead drug and alcohol counselor for the Harpers Ferry Job Corps Center; a guidance counselor at the high school; and now as Head Counselor.

Throughout her career, Ms. Hunter received a number of honors and awards. She was selected to present her Master's thesis at an Educators' Conference in Switzerland; her alcohol and drug program at the Harpers Ferry Job Corps was named the "best in the region;" and she received 100 percent perfect evaluations from the Job Corps evaluators. This is the second time she received a grant from WVACHE for her work. This year's coveted award as Educator of the Year was based on her encouraging students to seek post-secondary education. In fact, last year, she and a co-worker were instrumental in helping to raise Jefferson High School's post-secondary education rate from 54 percent to over 70 percent.

Carla Hunter
Photo by Lars Wigren

Ms. Hunter attributes her successes to the education she received in Jefferson County Schools. She remembers a fifth grade teacher at Shepherdstown Elementary, Mrs. Miles, who gave her the opportunity to test out and move to an accelerated class at the school. She also remembers Mr. Clark, a junior high school teacher at Shepherdstown, who taught her how to take notes and prepared her for college. At the high school level, she says a social studies teacher, Mrs. Mariland Lee, encouraged her to study psychology. She comments that she did not have a single "poor teacher" as she traveled through the Jefferson County system.

In high school, she was as involved as she is at the present time. She was a member of the Jefferson High School Band, the Student Government, the Key Club, and served as chairperson of several student committees.

Ms. Hunter decided to pursue a career in education to help students realize they can do whatever they wish. She said she is grateful that her family, her teachers, and community leaders encouraged her to go to college, although she was the first in her family to do so.

As a community member, she is involved with her church, the Asbury United Methodist Church in Shepherdstown, where she teaches a Sunday school class. She is also a member of the Christian Education Team, which includes Bible study classes, Vacation Bible School, seminars, and workshops.

She is a member of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, a public service sorority, and she is trying to charter a chapter in the Eastern Panhandle. This sorority, comprised of more than 200,000 predominantly African-American well-educated women, was founded in 1913 by 22 students at Howard University. The purpose of this organization is to use the collective strength of the group to promote academic excellence, seek scholarships, provide support to the underserved, educate and stimulate the establishment of positive policy, and highlight issues and provide solutions for problems in their communities. Delta Sigma Theta, in which Ms. Hunter is quite active, is committed to public service projects, such as scholarships, the Habitat for Humanity, education, women's health, economic empowerment, home ownership, and other service projects relative to the area it serves.

In addition to her work in guidance at the high school and her involvement in a full-time graduate program at George Mason University, Ms. Hunter works two other jobs: one in the Evening Transitional Program, a program designed for students who need extra help with academics, and another at the Lane Bryant store in the Hagerstown Mall on weekends.

Crediting her family and the Jefferson County School System for helping her, Ms. Hunter has high praise for her school years here. In addition to her involvement with the school system in her own right, she followed her brother Craig as an employee of Jefferson County Schools. Her brother was hired as a track coach and now teaches at Jefferson High School. He attended the same schools as his sister. Their family members were always involved with the schools and encouraged both of their children to pursue higher education and set goals for their futures.

Ms. Hunter says, "I think Jefferson County Schools are very underrated. There are so many misconceptions and rumors about our school system, and especially about Jefferson High School; and none of them is true. We have excellent programs in our schools. Our students can get a quality education here. Look at the numbers of our graduates who have gone on to college or the military and have been highly successful. You can't do that if you have not had a good educational background in elementary and secondary school.

"I do think we could use more parent involvement, especially on the high school level. We need to create a more solidly cohesive community, composed of all school employees, students, parents, and community leaders. Yes, it does take a 'village' to raise children.

"To show you how appreciative I am of my education here in Jefferson County and how loyal I am to this system, I would work in no other school system in the area regardless of the money involved. That is how committed I am to Jefferson County Schools."

Her ultimate goal at Jefferson High School is to see the after-high school education rate rise to 100 percent. Again this year, she is working toward this goal by providing experiences for the seniors that will enable them to secure scholarships, seek financial aid if needed, and plan for the future. As she often tells them, "Graduation is just one goal in a long line of goals students should have for their lives."

Gail Woods *is a teacher at Jefferson High School and part-time public relations specialist for Jefferson County Schools. She has been teaching English language classes in Jefferson County for more than 40 years, and had the pleasure of teaching Ms. Hunter when she was at Jefferson High School.*

Restoration Man

Claire Stuart

Photo by Lars Wigren

Bill Marshall

Bill Marshall's old farmhouse is easy to miss. It hides down a dirt lane that winds off into trees and brush just outside of Shepherdstown.

Marshall's parrot, Libby, cocked her head and fixed me with an intense, intelligent stare as she stepped onto my extended finger and walked up my arm. "She's trained to go after gold and diamonds," laughed Marshall.

Fortunately, my earrings were just silver, so the parrot settled on my shoulder and made soft cooing sounds in my ear. Marshall said that she can talk but seldom does unless she is bored.

You might have seen the bright red parrot visiting with Rusty Morgan when the film *Parrots of Telegraph Hill* was playing at the Opera House. Libby is often spotted riding on Marshall's shoulder as he strolls around town. When people see Marshall with Libby on his shoulder, they usually ask him whether he's concerned that she might fly away. He said that he answers, "If you were there, would you fly away?" He added, "Of course, some people reply that they would."

He explained that Libby is very friendly. He can pass her around to children and not worry. She has a calm nature and isn't bothered by much. "She's not intimidated by big dogs, but little yap dogs ruffle her feathers," he said. She also dislikes the sound of metal wheels on pavement.

Libby and Marshall got together about five years ago when Marshall was renting out some property in Pennsylvania. The tenants had the parrot and didn't want to pay the $100 deposit he required from pet owners, so they sold her to Marshall. Marshall describes her as an adolescent at age eight. He said that she could live as long as 80 years. "At the time, I had a greenhouse with tropical plants," said Marshall, "and I thought it would be nice to have a parrot in there."

He and Libby took to each other immediately. She didn't stay in the greenhouse long and quickly took up residency in his house.

Marshall arrived here a little over three years ago from Bethlehem, Pa. He was attending a family reunion, visiting a long-lost cousin he had never met before, a person related to his 90-year-old mother's father and just rediscovered living in Kearneysville. Like so many others who come to the Panhandle by chance, Marshall fell in love with the area and decided to make his home here.

Two antique cars that Marshall is restoring — works in progress — came along with him. There is a 1951 Bentley that he is converting from right-hand to left-hand drive and a 1941 Cadillac that once belonged to Robert Oppenheimer, father of the atomic bomb. You can sometimes spot them outside of Marshall's workshop in the defunct gas station just outside of Shepherdstown on the road to Kearneysville.

Marshall, who made his living restoring "anything old," recalls that he used to say, "I restore houses, cars, antiques — anything but people because they have to restore themselves." However, after a long spiritual journey, Marshall finds himself tackling that very job. "I had no idea I'd be doing that when I came here," he said.

The most significant transformative experience in Marshall's life came a long time ago, although it didn't truly take root until recent years. It was in 1978, when he died. He explained that he was driving a 1949 Triumph roadster when, "the steering box let loose, and the car flipped." His girlfriend was thrown free but Marshall wound up face down on the macadam with the car on top of him. In one of those superhuman, adrenalin-fired moments you hear about, his 90-pound girlfriend lifted the car off him. Before losing consciousness, he recalls his life passing before his eyes as he flashed through the stages leading to death: shock, denial, bargaining, and finally acceptance.

"I didn't see any lights or tunnel," he said, "but my whole life passed before my eyes. It was the fastest/slowest thing I've ever done. The scariest/most peaceful thing I've ever done."

Marshall, clinically dead, found himself conscious in a hospital intensive care unit, floating around the ceiling looking down at the nurses and doctors working on his body.

"I tried to get their attention but nobody could see me," he said. "Actually, I enjoyed flitting around in the air until I felt a jolt that brought me back to my body." He says he is no longer afraid of dying, but the experience set him off on a journey to rid himself of anger and become all he can be.

When he moved to the area, Marshall started meditating with Nan and Marty Broadhurst and joined a Buddhist study group. During a discussion, he mentioned his near-death experience and some other out-of-body phenomena he had experienced.

Marshall was invited to an open house in Winchester. There he learned about a class in intuitive healing, which he subsequently took. He explained that intuitive healing was a method of removing blocks in one's self and other people — to heal and find the God self. The course gave him new direction. "It was the most transforming year of my life," he said emphatically.

Self-analysis brought Marshall to the realization that restoring *things* had been vicarious for him. They represented himself and his need for restoration. Now he is helping his teacher-mentor teach a class here. "I don't want to restore inanimate objects the rest of my life," he maintained. "I want to restore people." Marshall explained that intuitive healing involves sending light and love into people, if they are receptive, to remove physical, mental, and emotional blocks, using energy.

"Thought is energy," he said. "You must get out of the left brain, which is judgmental and analytical but not healing, and into the right brain for acceptance and infinite love."

He went on to say that there are many methods of intuitive healing, including Reiki, quantum touch, healing touch, and others. His course uses the Teleios Technique, utilizing light and love to heal. He explained that *teleios* is Greek for perfect or whole. The Teleios Technique was put together by Dr. James C. Cox, a theologian, psychotherapist, and teacher. Marshall was ordained last winter in the Community of the Whole Person. It is a spiritual organization set up in 1972 in Washington, D.C. by Dr. Cox. It draws on all major religions and focuses on healing and meditation.

"I have learned not to worry about the future," said Marshall. "Life is a path, not a destination. It is a path that leads to a new path." You can learn more about Marshall's course and the Teleios Technique at this Web site: teleiostechnique.com.

***Claire Stuart** loves to write about people, animals, and people with animals.*

The Secret Life of Peter Tompkins

Elizabeth Acosta

Near Shepherdstown, in an old, refurbished log cabin on a gravel road, with no sign or mailbox name, lives one of the area's most famous authors. He is world renowned as an adventurer, researcher, war correspondent, World War II spy, ecologist, and radical. He is the author of over a dozen books, featured in documentaries, and lauded on Web sites. He also has never been invited to speak at the university here, and has only once, in his many years as a homeowner in Shepherdstown, addressed any local public forum. That's quite all right, says Peter Tompkins. He's too busy speaking all over the world, and appreciates his privacy here. In fact, he prefers a low profile.

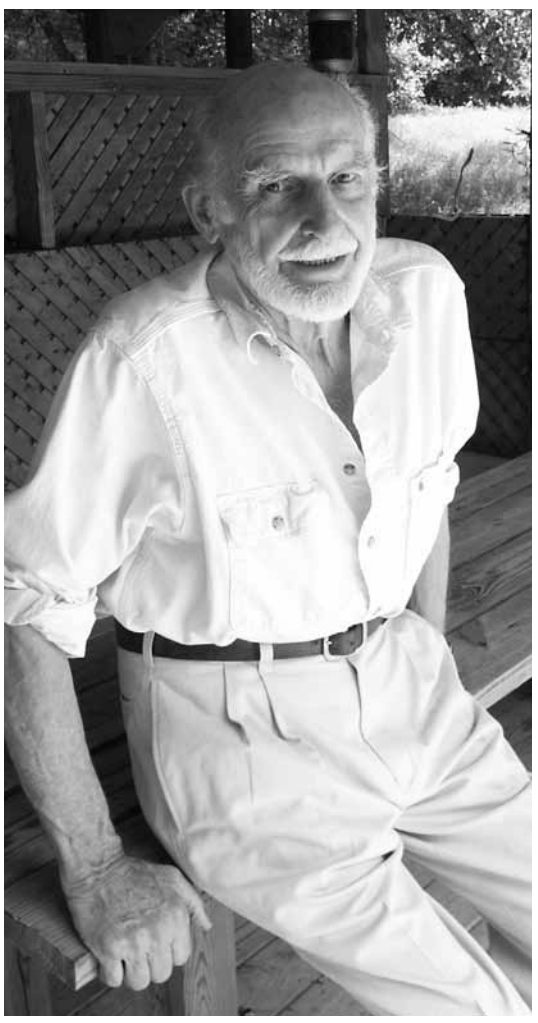


Photo by Lars Wigren

Peter Tompkins

What brought him here thirty years ago was a desire to leave the Washington suburbs. Tompkins says what keeps him here is the Shepherd University library. Very useful but small, it has allowed him to keep up the varied research that drives his agile but aging mind.

"In the 1970s I was living in McLean [Virginia] but I didn't like the look of things politically. So I figured it might be smart to get a place in the country. But near enough to my only reason for living in Washington — The Library of Congress, the shield of the Republic. If you have access to the information you can have the makings of a democracy. If you block the information, you have a bunch of zombies being controlled."

Keeping a low profile is something Peter Tompkins has been doing since the days in World War II when, as a correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, Tompkins was recruited by "Wild Bill" Donovan for the newly formed Office of Strategic Services (now the CIA). Having grown up in Italy and able to speak Italian flawlessly, he was asked to parachute into Italy. Tompkins had a scheme, and waited two years before going behind enemy lines. There he spent six months building a partisan uprising in Rome, and is credited with a campaign of espionage and sabotage that helped secure the Anzio beachhead. Recently he has published much of this story in a new book.

"This new book is about the rivalry between OSS and SOE, the British Secret Service. Wars are run more by the secret services, and now we have virtually all the documents. In London we found the mission reports and in the archives here, all the American intelligence. As I was in on most of the intelligence missions, I know the thing inside out."

While working on this book, Peter Tompkins and his wife and collaborator Maria Louisa, discovered a story never reported before. "I had written a book on fascism, but at the end of it, the description of Mussolini's murder didn't stand up. So we ordered every book on Mussolini and none of them made any sense except one by a man who said 'I killed Mussolini on orders from a British Secret Service officer.' Now how to validate it? We went to where Mussolini was assassinated and interviewed the eyewitness survivors. We filmed them all, put it all together, and there it was." The truth of the assassination, they say, is that Churchill had Mussolini killed.

The documentaries Tompkins and his wife created are being shown on Italian and British television. The publication of this type of research into events of 60 years ago is still important says Peter, sitting on the couch on his sunny back porch. "We are giving the much more authentic history of World War II than the garbage that is passed out by the generals who made all the mistakes."

As a topnotch researcher with an eye for the really important things, this has been the way of Peter Tompkins since those days in Italy long ago. While still a correspondent for the war, Peter was invited to join CBS by "one of the most extraordinary journalists I've known, and I've known a hell of a lot of them." Edward R. Murrow "had recruited me in Casablanca in 1942." I said, "'I would like to work for you very much, but I have to do this thing for Donovan first.'" This "thing for Donovan" — what an understatement. Working for Murrow was great, Tompkins said, and agrees with many people who believe that Ed Murrow was eventually treated poorly by CBS.

Peter Tompkins came to the public eye in the 1950s when he made a program for CBS on the mechanics of lie detection. His work with scientist Clive Baxter culminated in the 1973 best seller *The Secret Life of Plants*. This amazing investigation into the apparent consciousness of plants led him to Findhorn, Scotland where he met people who were, as they put it, communicating with the spirits that make plants grow. Then in 1989 he published *The Secret Life of the Soil*. This book, relegated to the gardening section of bookstores by an ignorant publisher's agent, describes no less than how to "rejuvenate the earth."

"We are pissing away all our topsoil into the Atlantic and Pacific. Rudolph Steiner's biodynamics is a method for recreating pure organic topsoil. In *The Secret Life of the Soil* is a whole explanation of how to farm. You have to get rid of all the chemical fertilizers, pesticides, and herbicides. These are destroying the topsoil and poisoning our selves and the animals. Steiner gave us an alternative. That sounds like black magic, but the fact is that plants grow healthy again and topsoil increases. In Australia it has taken hold because the farmers there saw results, and though they don't understand why it works, they happily run to the bank with their harvests. It's going on all over the world but not enough in this country because of the chemical companies."

Besides being driven by a desire to write about soil, plants, and the importance of nature, Peter Tompkins has written extensively about nature spirits—animate powers, which are beyond our ordinary perceptions. In *The Secret Life of Nature* (1997), Peter drew from recorded accounts throughout history, the visions of shamans and clairvoyants going back deep into ancient mysteries. He included modern studies by naturalists and scientists that present the view that nature spirits are not only real, but also critically needed on the planet. I asked him if he was hopeful about the condition of the planet today.

"No. But because I have one eye on the metaphysical it doesn't worry me a bit about what these petrochemical people are up to. They want to ruin this planet and we can't stop them. We'll have to make a better one somewhere else. We are not just flesh and blood, but we are indestructible spirits that are reborn."

Peter Tompkins goes on living one of the most varied and interesting lives anyone could have had in the twentieth century. He has recently returned from addressing the 2005 Fairy & Human Relations Congress. He is publishing a new book on fascism and airing groundbreaking historical documentaries. For a gentle, well-spoken, highly intelligent man, he has strong warnings about the future.

"It's spooky now to raise your voice. I, who have lived through fascism and Nazism, can smell it. So there is nothing new in this. The whole country is suspicious now, using the excuse of watching for terrorists.

"This material on Churchill and Mussolini isn't just a who-done-it murder story. It puts a new light on the Cold War and the history of the last 60 years. But it's not just idle talk. Just as *The Secret Life of Plants* is not idle, because if we don't do something rapidly about this planet — it's cooked! And all this going to war and such, it's a very difficult position we find ourselves in. So … we sit here quietly on the hill cultivating our garden."

Elizabeth Acosta *is the daughter of newspaper people and can't help following in their footsteps. When not working or studying at Shepherd College, she sings American popular standards with the trio Les Cochons Volant.*

Kids Page

This issue's young writer intrepidly pursues the truth behind a local legend, and her search for answers takes her along a physically, intellectually, and emotionally challenging path. Her efforts resolve some questions while, as most historians find, generating others.

— Hunter Barrat, Kids Page Editor

i seek dead people

Hilary Grabowska

Soon after we moved into our new neighborhood on Shepherd Grade, I heard that a cemetery was just down the road. No one could tell me much about it or exactly where it was, and I wondered why there was a cemetery in my neighborhood.

We had been living in our new home for a while before my dad and I finally wandered down the road to this mysterious, secret cemetery. After we had walked down the dark, neglected path, we saw crumbling walls, and as we walked through the crooked, rusty, iron gate, the sight of broken headstones, half submerged in the ground, came into view.

On many of those headstones, we found the name Chapline. We had just moved to our wooded neighborhood from Chapline's Choice. We wondered if there was a connection, and I decided to do some research.

I found census information in the Shepherdstown library, saw maps at the Berkeley County Historical Society, and talked to local historians. While there are still many mysteries to be solved, I have come up with some answers.

Captain Isaac Chapline sailed his ship *Starr* to Jamestown in 1610 with Lord Delaware, the first governor of Virginia, as his passenger. In 1622, Isaac and his family emigrated from England to the colonies. They settled near Jamestown, naming their plantation "Chapline's Choyce."

The family eventually moved to Maryland, then to Western Virginia, moving with the frontier. One descendant founded Sharpsburg. In 1751, the great-great grandson of Isaac Chapline, William, received 465 acres of land from Lord Fairfax on the Potomac River just south of what is now called Terrapin Neck. He moved to his new plantation four years before Thomas Shepherd would move to his tract of land that would become Shepherdstown.

While I was researching this information about the land, I went to the Berkeley County Court House to look at a copy of the original land grant. There I met Mr. Galtjo Geertsema, who is a surveyor. He had actually made a map of the area that showed the individual land sections of the 1700s. The grant was written in an old script and I couldn't read it, so he read it to me.

It read in part, "The right honorable Thomas, Lord Fairfax, has given, granted and confirmed unto William Chapline a certain parcel or tract of waste land situated upon the edge of Potomac River Bank containing four hundred fifty acres together with all rights, members and appurtenances."

What surprised me was that in the words of Lord Fairfax, my neighborhood is on what they then called "waste land." They called it waste land because it was wild, wooded, and wasn't farmland yet. But I don't look at it like waste land. I think of it like a magical place waiting to be discovered. I think it looks pretty much the same today as it might have looked during the time of the Chaplines.

I was able to answer my question about why there is a cemetery in my neighborhood with the help of Mark Madison, who is the historian for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and works at the National Conservation Training Center. In the 1700s and 1800s, it was cheaper to bury your dead on your own property. Why? When people decided to bury a relative in the church cemetery, they first had to buy a small plot of land. But if they buried relatives on their own land, they didn't have to pay anything at all. It was also easier to bury them on their personal land, because they did not have to move the coffin very far. Many people lived far away from the church, and transportation back then was difficult because they had to travel down bumpy dirt roads. Also, if people wanted to visit a dead relative, all they had to do was walk down a path to their family's cemetery.

Isaac Chapline and his wife are buried in the cemetery along with other Chaplines and a 16-year-old soldier named Daniel O. Driscoll, who died in the Civil War at Dam Number Four. I wonder why he is there — was he a relative? It is slightly unnerving, but also fascinating, to know that the people who are buried there used to live and walk on the ground where my neighborhood is. It also makes me sad to read the headstones and find out that babies died at the age of one month. One headstone reads, "Weep not, parents dear, I am not dead, but sleeping here."

I think that having an old cemetery in my neighborhood is exciting. Most people drive past it without realizing that it's there, but when I tell friends, they find it really cool. So if you ever get a chance to drive down the long and twisty road of Steamboat Run, make sure that you turn into a small parking area, walk down a dark path, go through a rusty gate, and look at the almost forgotten past of Shepherdstown.

(If you do want to visit the cemetery, please contact the Steamboat Run Community Association.)

Hilary Grabowska *is thirteen and in the eighth grade at Shepherdstown Middle School. Social Studies is her favorite subject because she finds it fascinating to learn about the past. She particularly likes learning about local history because of the way it affects her life.*

The iron gate and crumbling wall of the Chapline Cemetery.

The Chapline Cemetery, deep in the woods near Shepherd Grade.

Hilary Grabowska with the fallen headstone of Isaac Chapline, a veteran of the Revolutionary War.

Photos by John Grabowska

Lullaby for George

Part IV

Hope Maxwell Snyder

Artwork by Perk Hull

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Maria Gutierrez
single mother of thirty who works as a translator

Lila Gutierrez
Maria's daughter, 10 years old

Miguel Gutierrez
Maria's son, eight years old

Luis (Grandpa)
Maria's father and Lila's and Miguel's grandfather from Mexico

George
a macaw, middle-aged

Paul Thomas
Maria's boss, 37 years old

Vicki Smith
a retired neighbor

Marty Smith
Vicki's husband

Jim
a police officer

Juan
Miguel and Lila's father

Last issue, while the Gutierrez family was having dinner, Jim, a police officer, came in to arrest George. He drank some of George's special punch, and discovered he always wanted to be a painter. Lila, Miguel, George, and Grandpa talked about the importance of reading.

Act 3
Scene 3

The living room.

GRANDPA
Miguel, TV hypnotizes you; your brain goes to sleep. Remember how much television you were watching when I moved in? You couldn't even have a conversation.

LILA
It started after dad left. Miguel wouldn't talk to me or mom. He'd just watch television or play Super Mario.

GEORGE
People do that when they're suffering so they won't have to think about their pain. But the only way to heal is to look at your pain and let it take its time.

GRANDPA
It's called escaping from reality. But when you escape from pain, you escape from happiness. You lose feeling, all feeling.

GEORGE
Besides, Miguel, have you seen the things they have on television?

MIGUEL
Cartoons are good.

GEORGE
Some cartoons are too violent. That's not good for kids.

GRANDPA
Or adults.

GEORGE
The world is full of beautiful things. Why not celebrate those instead of sitting indoors watching commercials about pain medicine? Cereal full of sugar? Deodorant for the environment?

GRANDPA
What's better than wood burning? I love that smell.

MIGUEL
If TV is bad for you, why do so many people watch it?

GEORGE
I'll show you. Grandpa, turn the TV on.

Grandpa turns the television on. George, Lila, Grandpa, and Miguel sit on the couch.

George flips the channels.

COMMERCIAL
Clean and Sweet will make your room smell like fresh-cut flowers.
GRANDPA
And ruin your lungs.

COMMERCIAL
This cool new toy will make your life happier.

LILA
We know that's not true.

GRANDPA
Why?

LILA
Because when dad left, mom bought us a lot of toys, but we didn't play with them. They couldn't make us feel better.

MIGUEL
All right. Let's go to the library.

Act 4
Scene 1

In the living room, George reads to Miguel while Grandpa reads to Lila. The kids are in their pajamas. Maria walks in with her brief case. She kisses her children, goes to the kitchen, pours herself some juice, and tries to turn the TV on.

MARIA
It's broken!

She walks over to the television monitor and tries to turn it on manually. The TV remains off.

What happened? I'm going to miss my favorite program.

GEORGE
We decided we didn't need TV anymore.

MARIA
What? Are you saying you broke it?

LILA
No, we had a dismantling ceremony.

MARIA
What?

GRANDPA
George poured some of his special punch on it, and the truth came out.

MARIA
What truth?

GEORGE
That it's no good.

MARIA
You guys are going to have to pay to have it fixed.

MIGUEL
We bought you a book.

MARIA
Really?

LILA
Yes. George is going to draw a bath for you. Here's the book.

MARIA
Takes the book and reads the title.

How to Face Your Greatest Fears; it sounds like relaxing reading.

GRANDPA
You can always read Pablo Neruda's love poems. How's Paul doing?

MARIA
None of your business.

GEORGE
(Sotto voce)
He bought her a bicycle.

MARIA
How do you know? Have you been spying on me?

GEORGE
You better go get in the tub. I put some special salts in there.

MARIA
Let me guess. You saw them in the Neiman Marcus catalog. George. Don't you think you're becoming a compulsive buyer? I have a cure for that.

GRANDPA
What?

MARIA
Go back to the jungle.

LILA
You don't really mean that.

GEORGE
I will, once you're cured. Now, get in the tub.

Maria exits as the doorbell rings. Jim, the police officer enters. He's carrying a canvas.

JIM
Hey George, kids, Grandpa, look at my painting.

He shows them a painting of an exotic landscape.

GRANDPA
Nice. Did you copy it from a picture?

JIM
No, it came from my imagination.

GEORGE
That's what my home looks like.

JIM
It's for you. I wanted to thank you for helping me discover my talent.

GRANDPA
There is such a difference between a job and a passion, isn't there?

JIM
No comparison. I'm hanging my handcuffs up for good. I've already sold four paintings.

MIGUEL
That's neat. I never thought you could make money painting.

GEORGE
The world is full of possibilities. We all have gifts that the creator gave us. We should discover our talents and offer them to the world. Never get into a job just to make money, Miguel and Lila. Discover your passions and your talents.

Maria walks into the kitchen, refreshed after her bath.

MARIA
Let me see that.

She looks at the painting.

It's beautiful.

JIM
It's for you guys.

MARIA
Oh, no, we can't.

GRANDPA
Maria, what's wrong with accepting a gift?

MARIA
I just can't.

GEORGE
Don't you think it's time to stop grieving for your failed marriage, time to stop holding back? You are afraid to feel, afraid to get hurt. Open your heart to life again. Accept its gifts.

MARIA
You don't know what you're talking about.

GRANDPA
We all see the pain on your face. You can't hide it.

Maria starts to cry. Miguel and Lila hug her.

GEORGE
I think it's time for a little punch and some dinner. What do you say? Jim, do you want to join us? I made paella tonight.

JIM
Sure, if I'm not imposing.

GRANDPA
How long do you think it will be before Marty and Vicki show up?

GEORGE
Maria, why don't you call Paul and invite him to dinner?

MARIA
He's busy.

GEORGE
I happen to know he's not.

MARIA
It's too late.

The doorbell rings. Grandpa opens the door and Paul walks in.

PAUL
I was just driving by your neighborhood, and since I have Maria's bike in the truck, I thought . . .

GEORGE
You're just in time for a little paella.

PAUL
I love paella! You didn't order it from Neiman's did you?

GEORGE
Made from scratch. Lila and Miguel helped.

MARIA
Really?

GRANDPA
We're teaching them how to cook. We've given up on you.

MARIA
I can make a mean dessert.

GEORGE
Make it for Saturday, when we go for our bike ride. Jim, you want to join us?

Scene 2

Marty, Vicki, Paul, Jim, Lila, Miguel, Maria, George, and Grandpa have returned after their bike ride and picnic. They're in the kitchen.

MARTY
I'm wiped. The last time I rode a bike, I was twenty years old.

VICKI
Marty, you look younger already. A hundred thousand more miles, and that belly would disappear.

JIM
That was a lot of fun! George, lunch was delicious.

GEORGE
My pleasure.

MIGUEL
Mom, I had such a nice time with you.

MARIA
If I had known that you liked bike riding so much, I would have taken you sooner.

GRANDPA
Sometimes it's the simple things in life that make you happy.

The phone rings. Maria answers.

MARIA
Hello? I'll get Lila.

LILA
Hi, dad. Fine. When? Next Tuesday? Can't you come on Wednesday? We have a house-guest. No, you don't know him. George. Fine. See you then.

MIGUEL
I'm not going. I want to spend Thanksgiving with mom and Grandpa and George.

MARIA
You have to go, darling. It's his turn.

Scene 3

Wednesday evening, Lila and Miguel sit at the kitchen table waiting for their dad. George and Grandpa are cooking. The doorbell rings. Grandpa leaves to open the door and returns with Juan, Lila and Miguel's dad.

JUAN
Hi, kids. Ready to go?

Notices George by the stove.

What's this? Your new baby-sitter? Has your mother gone mad?

MIGUEL
Dad, meet George, our house-guest.

GEORGE
Pleased to meet you.

JUAN
Pulls out a kitchen chair.

Forgive me if I sit down.

GRANDPA
Would you like some of George's special punch?

He serves JUAN some punch, which JUAN drinks.

LILA
Good, isn't it?

JUAN
Loosens his collar buttons.

Yes, quite good. Could I have a little more?

GEORGE
But of course.

MARIA
From the bedroom.

Is he gone yet?

GEORGE
Not yet. Come join us.

JUAN
I'd like to see her. It's been a while.

GRANDPA
So, you have a girlfriend?

JUAN
No. I've been traveling a lot.

MIGUEL
Do you miss us?

JUAN
Of course I do.

Maria walks into the kitchen.

JUAN
Hello, Maria. How are you?

MARIA
Fine, thanks. And you?

JUAN
I met your new baby-sitter. What a strange bird!

MARIA
If he offers you some punch, don't take it.

GRANDPA
Too late.

The doorbell rings.

GRANDPA
It's probably Paul.

JUAN
Who's Paul?

LILA
Mom's boyfriend.

JUAN
Oh?

GEORGE
He's really a friend of the family's coming for dinner. Would you like to join us?

JUAN
I'd love to.

MARIA
Are you sure?

Grandpa walks in with Paul.

GRANDPA
Juan, meet Paul.

The men shake hands.

Jim, Vicki, and Marty walk in.

JUAN
Is this a party or what?

GEORGE
You could say that. Paul, now.

Paul pulls out a ring.

PAUL
Maria, this is for you.

JUAN
What? An engagement ring?

Author's Note: *The end is near. But not here. To read the ending, get your free copy of the whole play (while supplies last) at One Two Kangaroo Toy Store (136 1/2 E. German St.) in Shepherdstown. Take several and enjoy a fun read-along with family and friends.*

Also available by request from the GOOD NEWS PAPER at P.O. Box 1212, Shepherdstown, WV 25443

A Little Town With Lotsa Treasures.

Come Find Yours!!

A R T W O R K S

Marty Broadhurst: Explorations of the Mind

Nan Broadhurst

Marty Broadhurst has made a long journey from the physics lab to the artist's canvas by developing his own mind and intuitive skills.

Marty came to painting in his retirement years. His wife paints with a group of artists once a week. Marty would join them for coffee, go do his own thing, and then come back at lunchtime. Eventually, he became curious about why his new friends loved this painting thing, so he bought himself some paints and joined in the fun. His wife offered to help launch his efforts with ideas for books to study, classes to take, etc. But Marty said "No." He didn't say he wanted to read books or take classes, he wanted to *paint*. So paint he did. Occasionally he would look over the shoulder of one of his fellow artists, or perhaps ask a question or two. But for the most part, Marty is completely self-taught.

Marty grew up in Bethesda, Md., and received a physics degree at Western Maryland College and a doctorate at Penn State. He had a 30-year career as a physicist at the Bureau of Standards (now called NIST for National Institute of Standards and Technology). In this capacity, he studied the electrical properties of polymers, beginning as a research scientist and then moving on to management. He published extensively, and won many awards for his work. Throughout this time he engaged in analytical thinking almost exclusively. In this arena, one relies on mathematical formulas, physical measurements, and objectively reproducible experiments. He was used to working with strict scientific guidelines. To someone with this mindset, art is a study in frustration, with so many variables and options and largely subjective results. He wasn't interested in pursuing art, though he had an early penchant for playing the harmonica and singing in church and school choirs.

After he retired, however, and moved to Shepherdstown (and made new artist friends), his intrinsic curiosity led him to shift gears and explore other realms. He developed a desire to know the intuitive side of his brain. He read books on metaphysics and spiritual matters, and he and his wife have become involved in the study of Buddhism. Marty has always had a keen interest and talent for gardening, and he noticed how important intuitive skills were for working with plants. He has grown to appreciate and enjoy the role of color, shape, balance, and harmony in many areas.

When he first began to paint, his primary goal was to produce a recognizable subject. Now it is important to him to go beyond the resemblance, and to make a painting that is pleasing in the formal qualities of color, shape, texture, etc. He maintains a *don't-know* attitude, and has not developed a method or formulas. Rather he is searching within himself to find his own sense of innate aesthetics, proportion, and balance — to find his own expression that he is able to recognize only when it happens. Though he has participated in shows and sold some paintings, his focus is not on promotion and selling right now, but rather on the continuation of his adventures of personal exploration. He wants to experiment with different techniques, such as the palette knife and using the computer. He recently downloaded some painting software to see how that will work in trying new methods with color and design.

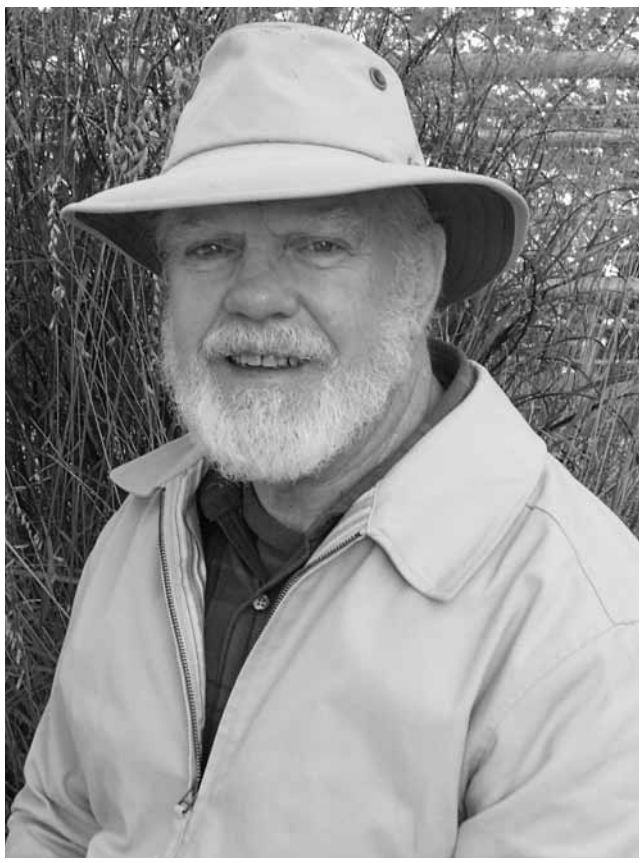


Photo by Nan Broadhurst

Marty Broadhurst

Most of Marty's paintings are landscapes done in acrylic. The subjects that have inspired him the most are water, rocks, and trees, though he occasionally tries others. Currently his style is direct and realistic, as well as somewhat impressionistic for the amount of detail he includes. His work has a primitive quality that is very appealing. His future work may include more people, and have more abstract imagery. He loves to paint outside in good weather, and with his friends who are generous with insights and recommendations and reluctant to criticize. He also loves to talk about art and look at art, and finds that he enjoys a much greater percentage of what he sees now than he did in his physics days.

Marty has participated in group shows of the Arts and Humanities Alliance of Jefferson County and of the Friday Painters in Shepherdstown, and at the juried Mill Show in Millwood, Va.

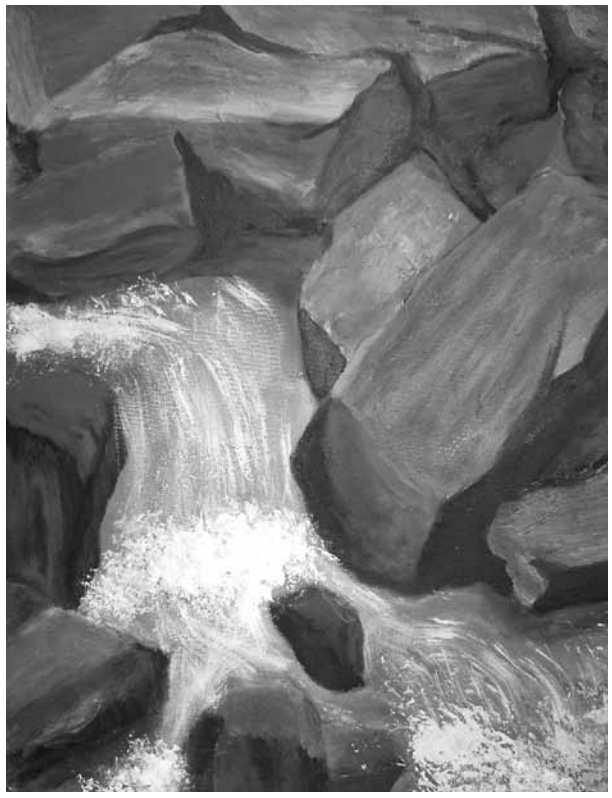
***Nan Broadhurst** is a graphic designer and artist, living in Shepherdstown and learning to be grateful for all life's lessons. (In the interest of full disclosure, the wife referred to above is, in fact, the author.)*

Potomac Peace

Stine Barn

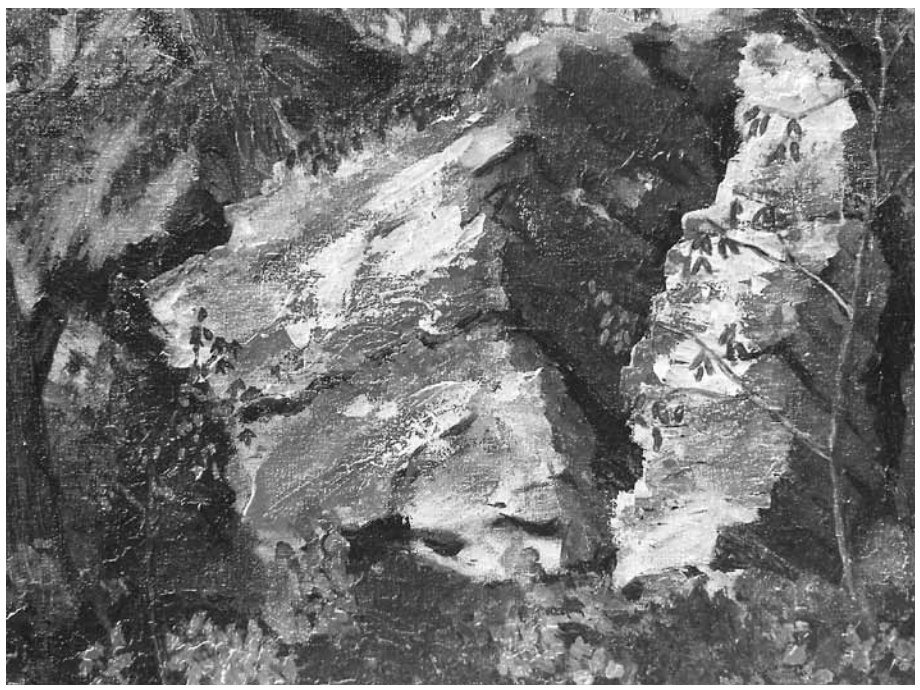
Rock with Birch

Morgan's Grove Springhouse



Town Run

Ice Falls at Harpers Ferry



Terrapin Neck Rocks

Towpath

Hazel
A Sweet Nut to Crack

Virginia Provenzano Winston

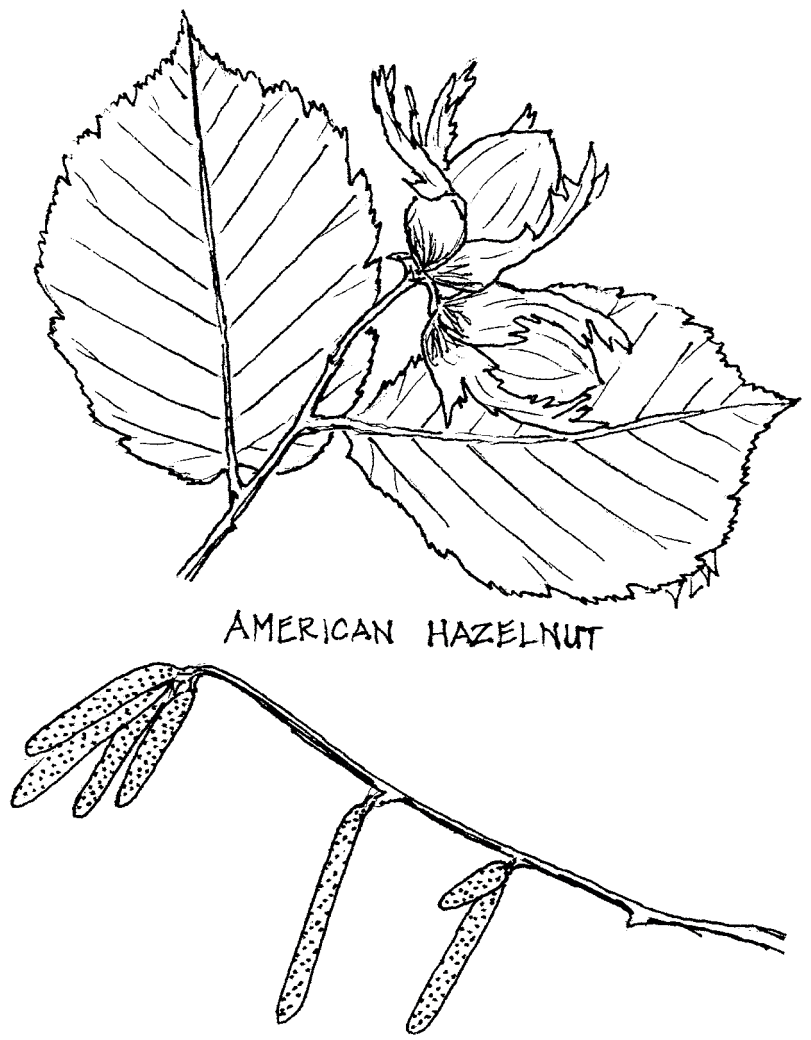


Illustration by Virginia Provenzano Winston

Corylus americana, American Filbert or Hazelnut, and Corylus cornuta, Beaked Filbert, are the only two representatives of their genus in the Eastern U.S. These tall shrubs are members of the family Betulaceae (Birch), and have several cousins in Europe and Asia.

Their names seem to have many origins. The genus name Corylus may have come from the Greek *korys* meaning helmet or hood, which well describes the husk surrounding the nut. Hazel comes from a similar meaning in the Anglo-Saxon word *haesel* for hood or bonnet. The name filbert may originate from St. Philbert whose feast day is August 22, about the time the European nuts mature. The common usage here in the east is Hazel to describe the native shrubs and Filbert to label domesticated orchard plants.

Wild Hazels have a broad range; they are found growing from New England and southern Canada to northern Florida. They grow throughout West Virginia as thickets along woodland edges, in rock breaks and along fencerows. They are adaptable to pH, can tolerate dry to moist soils, and thrive in sun to light shade. As a group, they suffer from many insects and diseases, but none too serious. One exception is the Japanese beetle; Hazels seem to be a favorite of these marauders.

What do these shrubs look like? The American Hazelnut grows 10 to 15 feet high by eight to 10 feet wide, multistemmed, with a rounded top and an open, leggy base. It will form a thicket by suckering from the roots. Its leaves are deciduous, simple, alternate, broad ovate with a fine double-toothed margin. They are two to six inches long by one to three inches wide, dark green in summer and turning yellow-green in autumn. Nothing showy.

Also not showy are the female flowers, tiny and inconspicuous in early spring. The male catkins are more impressive. They develop dense and slender, up to three inches long, in the fall, hanging on the bare branches all winter. As Alice Lounsberry described, "wild Hazel growing in the southern mountains in 1901 — when its catkins begin to loosen and its golden pollen to fall — proclaims loudly the coming of the springtime."

The Beaked Hazel is slightly smaller overall (four to eight feet high and wide) than the American Hazelnut. This shrub is native to Canada and south to Missouri and Georgia. Though also found throughout West Virginia, it is less common than the American.

Just because these plants are fairly sturdy, but not particularly showy, why would we want to include them in our landscapes? It's the nuts — these are sweet and nutritious for both man and beast. The American Hazel produces a half-inch rounded nut set in an involucre, or husk, which is composed of two ragged edged, leaflike, downy and deeply notched bracts, and these mature September to October. The husk that covers the Beaked Hazel's nut extends one to one-and-a-half inches beyond the nut forming a slender beak, thus the common name.

Many creatures have come to depend on these nuts for their autumn harvest. Squirrels love them, bluejays have been known to strip an orchard over several days; also, chipmunks, grouse, quail, pheasants, deer, crows, and wood ducks all enjoy the bounty.

We humans appreciate the nuts for their sweet, delicate flavor. Who among us hasn't enjoyed a cup of hazelnut coffee or even a piece of chocolate candy with a hazelnut center? Want a quick, no-cook candy? Combine one egg white with two cups powdered sugar, two teaspoons softened butter and one teaspoon vanilla. Work in two cups chopped hazelnuts and roll into balls. Watch them disappear.

The nuts can be ground into flour and combined with corn, wheat, or oat flours to make hotcakes, cookies, breads, and other dishes. At a fine restaurant, you might find hazelnut torte on the menu — a dessert made with ground hazelnuts, strong coffee, powdered sugar, and many egg whites, all baked into a light confection.

By now you may be hungry enough to rush out and buy several Hazelnut bushes, but there are a few things you should consider. First, look around the countryside near you this winter and try to locate a Hazel thicket by their telltale catkins. Then next fall, take a basket and hope to beat the squirrels to the tasty nuts. It is certainly possible to purchase hybrid Filberts that boast larger, tastier nuts. Indeed, most of the commercial orchards located in Oregon are composed of such hybrids, which have been developed using the European Filbert, Corylus avellana, as well as other Eurasian species. Many of these hybrids, however, are highly susceptible to Eastern Filbert blight, so it becomes necessary to find those that have been shown to be blight-resistant.

In the early 1900s, before supermarkets and coast-to-coast food shipping was common, hazelnuts were gathered in the fall, like black walnuts, and sold in the local markets. But in earlier times than that, the Native Americans, and later the European settlers, found many more uses for these wild growing shrubs. As a medicine, tea was made from the bark to treat hives and fevers, and as a poultice for wounds, tumors, and skin cancers. The strong, supple wood was made into farming implements, poles, hoops, and fishing rods. Sap from the plant was used for staining. The twigs were used as a substitute for yeast when soaked in fermenting liquor and charcoal — not the large chunks made for smelting iron — but slender sticks for drawing. Painters and engravers prized hazel charcoal above all others because it worked freely and erased well with India rubber.

If you are lucky enough to find a wild Hazel thicket on your property, enjoy it for the bounty it provides, and for the wildlife it attracts.

Virginia Provenzano Winston *helps folks design their gardens with habitat for wild creatures in mind. To aid in planting these gardens, she also has developed a small, native plants nursery: Landscape Design and Gardens, 1121 Hollida Lane, Martinsburg, WV 25401; (304) 267-6924; provenzano4@earthlink.net*

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

Non-Science and Nonsense
The Intelligent Design Debate

Mark Madison

Ignorance more frequently begets confidence than does knowledge: it is those who know little, and not those who know much, who so positively assert that this or that problem will never be solved by science.

— Charles Darwin
The Descent of Man (1871)

Last Wednesday I taught evolutionary biology to Shepherd University undergraduates, and four days later I taught Sunday school at a local church. I had no difficulty keeping the subject matters of *science* and *spirituality* in their proper classrooms. Alas, anti-evolutionists seem incapable of this most simple distinction, let alone the even wider founders' concept of separation of church and state.

Evolution is the guiding principle of the life sciences. Countertheories, such as intelligent design or creationism, are useless pseudoscience, little better than astrology or phrenology that have no place in a textbook or science classroom. I apologize for the bluntness but there has been far too little clarity in the recent debate about so-called *intelligent design*.

Biologists have often declined to debate their critics, noting that physicists do not have to regularly debate believers in, say, witchcraft or a flat earth to explain the physical universe. The vast majority of biologists hold anti-evolutionists in similar disdain. Almost all research and academic biologists believe the debate over evolution was settled 146 years ago when Darwin published *The Origin of Species*. At its core, evolution by natural selection can be understood by four observable natural laws:

1. More individuals are born than can survive.
2. These individual possess heritable variations, which may affect their struggle for existence.
3. Favorable variations will tend to be preserved and increase.
4. The accumulation of these variations can lead to new species.

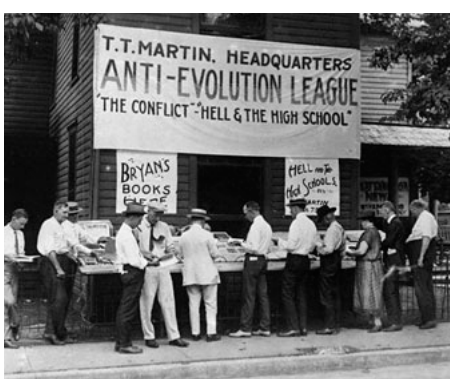
From these simple laws came a wonderfully complex theory that continues to engage and amaze the best scientific minds in the life sciences. With virtual unanimity among life scientists about the veracity of evolution, its opponents had to attack it in nonscientific arenas. Here is where history repeats itself.

Eighty years ago in Dayton, Tenn.,

1882 cartoon of Darwin from Punch *magazine.*

town boosters decided to challenge a recently enacted law forbidding the teaching of evolution in the state's public schools. John Scopes taught about human evolution and was charged with a crime. Soon "The Monkey Trial" became front-page news as William Jennings Bryan went to Dayton to support the anti-evolution statute, while Clarence Darrow went to Dayton to defend Darwin. Although Scopes was found guilty of violating the anti-science statute, it didn't take long for Darrow to make a monkey out of Bryan. In a setting based on facts and argument, the creationist story was hard-pressed by Darrrow's cross-examination. This episode marked the end of the public debate on the subject and seemed to relegate the debate to history.

But now the anti-evolutionists have



An anti-evolution display at the original Scopes Monkey Trial (1925)

struck again. They have a new model of *Creationism 2.0* called intelligent design. Like the Holy Roman Empire, infamously not Holy nor Roman nor an Empire, intelligent design is not particularly intelligent nor a well-designed theory. It is unenlightened speculation that needlessly postulates an ethereal designer shaping the natural world. One of the beauties of scientific theories is their simplicity and elegance. A famous scientific principle called Ockham's razor suggests, all other things being equal, one should give preference to explanations that require the fewest number of assumptions. Evolution by natural selection is fully capable of describing the natural world without adding speculation or supernatural elements.

Now if people prefer *supernatural*

Clarence Darrow cross-examining William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes Trial (Source Smithsonian Institution)

history to *natural* history, that is perfectly well and good. We all have certain beliefs that defy rational analysis. That is why state lotteries make so much money and I still believe the Green Bay Packers can go to the Super Bowl this year. One of the greatest things about this country is people can believe whatever they want to, be it astrology or alchemy. However, that does not mean you can call it science, which has standards of factual evidence that are not usually met by reading tea leaves or studying intelligent design textbooks like *Of Pandas and People*. Anti-evolutionists, lacking any good theory of their own, try to insinuate their claims into ongoing debates amongst real scientists regarding the details of evolution. They seize upon contemporary debates about the origin of life or rates of mutation to discredit evolution. But the scientists actually involved in these debates do not resort to untestable claims regarding *designers*; that is the equivalent of knocking over the chessboard to avoid imminent checkmate. It also points out a critical difference between scientists and anti-evolutionists. Evolutionary biologists are working to fill in the gaps of a useful theory, while anti-evolutionists are exaggerating these gaps to support a countertheory, which itself lacks any substantive evidence to support it. The literary analogy would be that evolutionists are authors, while anti-evolutionists are book critics. While both are admirable professions they should not be confused with one another, as the anti-evolutionists would seek to do.

And herein lies the danger. Having failed to convince the scientists, anti-evolutionists have to use the backdoor of school boards packed with special interest groups to force their beliefs into science classrooms. Currently, the federal court in Harrisburg is hearing a case as to whether intelligent design should be taught in the classrooms of Dover, Penn. The anti-evolutionists' eccentric beliefs seem less amusing when they harm our children's ability to understand the complexity of the scientific world. Time that should be spent understanding the natural laws that govern the living world would instead be wasted on a ramshackle conglomeration of theology, speculation, and conjecture. If someone were to come into the math classroom and attempt to teach a new algebraic system without zeroes, parents would rightfully be aghast. So parents should be equally taken aback by those who would waste our students' school day with so-called intelligent design. These ideologues should be ashamed of wasting our precious legal and school time with a claptrap theory that demeans our courts and our public schools.

Anti-evolutionists continue to blame Darwinism for a lack of morality in the natural and social world. Yet if there are moral lessons in nature they are not likely to be found amongst those who twist facts into their own prejudices, but rather among those who bravely face the evidence of a naturally evolving world. This brave and beautiful vision of the natural world emerges most forcefully from Charles Darwin's conclusion to the *Origin of Species* (1859):

There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

Mark Madison *teaches environmental history at Shepherd University. He has taught evolution at Harvard and the University of Melbourne.*

Poems from the Sotto Voce Poetry Festival 2005

Ed Zahniser, Editor

Living It

I woke up this morning
feeling down,
seemed like God
walked on me;
with
dirty
feet.
Then I saw the sun
light up the frost,
on my
fence post;
and I
wasn't
down.
God don't walk on people
with dirty feet,
I only thought he did,
because I think like me;
not
like
him.
When morning quits coming
for me,
I can be God,
or frost
on
a
fence post,
or whatever
I want to be.

— Ken Crawford

Monday at the Zoo

Heart, show me brave things:
the miracle of the captive elephant,
the tiny hoof of the gazelle.

That fat gorilla in the cage
weighs all of 400 pounds
& knows neither luck nor love.

I witness his overt struggle
with the attention he shuns.
His staring is a mode of talk,

& the zoo's buzzing with new gossip
spreading like honey on bread.
The panda is not pregnant, and no,

the ancient tortoise has not yet died.
We're all welcome to solve the riddle
of why the tiger roars upon the rock.

— Sonja James

Jewelry and the Blacksmith

His head is no easy place to be:
the thought of a ruined city,
its crucibles cold,
its men sent plummeting —
a long fall from
the forges of heaven.

And so this place.
a shack
a lifetime of tools
carefully sorted
and two anvils
not what you would think

no heroism just
smudged hands
a commission to
keep himself.

Our talk meanders
through WWII, along
the inevitable issues of
craft and money

they offered me a loan, he says
but my father, who landed at Normandy,
said that money is just debt
and look at what debt can do —

metal indifferently set about
its gem, flashing in the sand,
the glare of the guns.

We are murderous, he says
because we love the truth
and cannot know it

cruel because
we cannot resist the fire.

So when I hand him
the shell with its
embedded pearl
and tell him how she
wants it cut

he takes me by surprise
suppressing a smile he says
I made a mesh once
fine enough to shimmer like rain
on her tears as she looked
on her lover's furious face:
war trapped in the trammels
of love

Yes, I have a saw subtle enough
for this job.

— Eric Quinn

Stone Gratitude

This is the way in Rome — no prayer
answered by the Holy Mother
should be forgotten. The wall knows
that Vincenzo Fillari is grateful
for the return of his son — long gone
to war, home now to cut the family brick.
The wall knows that Maria Teresa Paolo
feels the heavy growth of her womb
and whispers nightly, "grazie, Madre,
grazie" kneeling by her bedside.
Forever, the wall will remember.

She comes as they all do, dressed
for gratitude in somber black, a hat,
eyes trained to the future.
Her plaque reads, like so many others,
"Grazie, Madonna, grazie Madre,
fino a me, sono guinti miracolm."
Surely a miracle — the people
of Rome understand well a miracle,
and the way hard stone is made
to break into answered prayers.

— Christa Mastrangelo-Joyce

Rural Myths
For SR

I.

This is how to come home, if you must:
Remembering to keep the longbow out of
reach —
Hanging in the rafters — lest you go for it
When the mule deer presses her nose
against the window
On the north side of the treehouse, where
you write.
(She must know of human perfidy,
And how does she balance that knowing
out against
The barrier of aesthetic distance
The glass provides? What can she know of
glass?)

II.

The sixties live down the hill, behind the
trees,
On a swampy terrace very hard to find.
Only a dozen plants, and maybe three
Of those a size worth harvesting. Even so,
They all seem to be male — not worth the
effort
This year — and probably, in their
loneliness,
Not due to be around the next. Illicit
Pleasure in their mere presence grows a
smile
On my face anyway. I guess I'll take them
home.

III.

Dig a hole in the waning of the moon,
The grandmother manual says, and you
won't have enough
Dirt to fill it back up, but dig a hole
When the moon is growing
And you'll have a surplus. Physics alone
Won't suffice — we're too far inland for
the tides
To take the blame. Or credit. Enochian
magick,
Maybe. Or voodoo. Surely all those grand-
mothers
Wouldn't be simply lying in their graves.

IV.

The gravel pit is full of moccasins.
It doesn't matter that we've all heard they
Can't bite us underwater. Every one
Of us was baptized in a muddy creek
By a traveling man & we all believe
In terrors invisible. So we throw a stick
Of stolen dynamite in, then scoop the
stunned
Serpents out with branches, throw them
in-
To the field, & have a swimming hole. For
a day.

V.

The slaughterhouse is empty. The faint
smell
Of old blood lingers still, despite decades
Of ritual hosing down of concrete, block
And Tackle, the tough-loving nine-pound
sledge.
There's no one left who cares enough to
kill.
This is abandonment, and it isn't yours —
Or if it is, it's really no one's fault —
But you're still living. So many aren't, so
feel
Guilty, if you must. This is how to come
home.

— Paul Grant

Effigy

I.

And walked across Potomac into Thebes
and by the bridge watched birds scattered into sky
where dogs barked at the strange sight of horses
trotting down Fourteenth Street
down to the bridge.

Anacostia stirred;
those inmates, howled.
And the great coach crawled over the bridge

in the rain

toward Arlington. Lincoln sits here.
He cannot rock. Jefferson stands
and almost shifts from one leg.
He'd lean on a pillar but
The Monument glares. The Pentagon's
pentangular face reflects in almost sun
on almost water

and the horses neigh; cars move
and the carillon rings out on Haines Point
disturbing the man on the seventh green.

II.

They are burying the dead in Arlington.

They are changing the guard
at the tomb of the unknown. White-faced soldiers stand
ill at ease

and as the horses trample by
the sandstone tombs resound
and chandeliers quake
in Lee Mansion. Row on row

the little tombstones face the flag-draped coach
and stones drop
into new-cut earth.

And walked across Potomac into Thebes
where in the shadow of NRA
Luther salutes the pigeons. Fountains
and cupidons keep green the White House lawn
and at the Senate Office Building
it's five o'clock.

III.

Rameses would have found the words,
would have surveyed the scene and would have said
"Plant me in front of the Nile, let me
face upstream, and raise my tomb
with baboons on it, flanked by son
and Queen."

The pipe that feeds the pool is plugged

by dead leaves

and Lincoln-eyed the sphinx rests paws
upon the water where Rameses sits; he
cannot rock. Nefertari stands
and almost shifts from one leg. She'd
lean against a pillar, but the pillars are gone.

IV.

Then walked across the river into Themes
where, at five o'clock, the Senate stands
adjourned. At Karnak now the solemn women wail
and wolfhounds growl at donkeys in the street
where wrapped in winding sheet Osiris rides in state
across the bridge, beyond the gate
to the Valley of the Kings.

— Georgia Lee McElhaney

In the Wings

Waiting
Clothed in shadow
The bare feet reread the floor
The blacker dark sucks concentration to the center,
Hearts pound.
Pressing breath into slow circles.
Traces of songs before songs brush the mind
priming waiting muscles.
Then, color and sound slap the blackness
Reverberations burning out to white
Giving the bodies leave to fly.
The beginning is over.

— Quincy Northrup

Tsunami

the
syllables
smooth smooth
as water swish through
the wind of your mouth roll
out like a wave tsunami tsunami
tsu tsu tsu you purse your lips blow
out the name tsu tsu tsu soothing smooth
say it slowly na na na the crest rises rises rises
hauls back the coastal waters whoosh pulls off the clothes
of the shoreline comes in fast fast and low low too fast
to see to see hello hello mi mi mi the receding
receding into the mouth of its leaving its leaving
oh the delirious inconsolable grieving grieving
the muddy littoral the littoral is leaving
goodbye goodbye goodbye into the deep
the deep oblivious blue sea the sea
villages and towns are missing
tsunami tsunami tsunami
where can the missing
ones be the little
ones the little
ones

— Tom Donlon

Editor's Note: *These eight poets had poems selected to be read on October 15 at the Sotto Voce Poetry Festival in Shepherdstown. The following poems have been previously published: Tom Donlon's "Tsunami" in the anthology* Only the Sea Keeps: Poetry of the Tsunami*; Sonja James's "Monday at the Zoo" in* The Iowa Review*; Christa Mastrangelo-Joyce's "Stone Gratitude" in* Sunspinner Journal*; and Georgia Lee McElhaney's "The Effigy" in the anthology* A Controversy of Poets*. Donlon's poem has been nominated for a 2005 Pushcart Prize, a prestigious annual literary press anthology award.*

FRIENDS IN ACTION

Anne Conlan Founds Mentoring Group to Help Families Achieve Dreams

Hunter Barrat

When wrestling with a decision or problem, Anne Conlan frequently dreams about a solution. She then expends considerable energy to make it come true. Case in point: when she and husband Tom were considering moving from Rockville, they tossed about a number of possibilities that fit their criterion of staying within an hour of family and other connections. “Then I had several nights of dreams about Shepherdstown. We had been here years ago and always enjoyed our visits. I looked on the Internet, and we began investigating opportunities out here.” When their realtor showed them a house out in the Whitings Neck area, Conlan says, “I almost jumped out of my skin. It was perfect.”

Another case in point: in the 18 months that Conlan has lived in Jefferson County, she has founded and organized a chapter of Friends In Action (FIA) — a volunteer mentoring group that works with families in need, with which she was active in Montgomery County. “When we first moved here, we would be in Lowe’s or Wal-Mart, and I would see young girls with babies, and I thought, ‘We could use FIA here.’ It was like divine intervention. I felt called to do it.”

But then Conlan has made a career out of helping people make their dreams come true. As a certified life coach, she works with clients who feel they need a change of direction and helps them identify strengths, abilities, and core values. “We set a series of goals and determine what steps they need to take to get where they want to go to achieve their dreams.” Conlan says that being a good life coach has nothing to do with academic training or background. Her own includes a Masters in education and years spent in both the health care field and in sales and marketing. “You just have to have an innate ability,” she explains.

Perhaps hers springs from the fact that she grew up as one of 13 kids of parents who were socially active. They had met in the Holy Land, where her father was a British army officer and her mother was an American nurse visiting with friends. Her father became involved with several of the area’s orphanages, and he continued supporting one even after he left the army, married, and raised his family. Conlan recalls that her first conscious act of charity was for this orphanage. “I was in sixth grade. It was Christmas time, and I got a group of friends together to go caroling so that we could raise money for it.” Her father was always bringing home people who needed help, and her family habitually adopted another family to provide for at Christmas.

Conlan’s involvement with Friends In Action began through her church in Montgomery County. The group was looking for volunteers to become part of a team that was matched with a family for a year. The primary focus for the team was to help the family set and meet goals that would move them toward self-sufficiency. Each volunteer would work with the family on a particular aspect, such as setting a budget; tutoring — both school-age children or parents who needed help achieving a GED or other academic goal; providing information on community services or resources; organizing a chaotic household; finding adequate health care or a better living situation. “I saw how it fit into my job as a life coach, the whole concept of using and identifying gifts and talents, strengths, what it was in the participants’ life that made them special.” And this worked both ways. Volunteers also benefited through determining what it was they could do to help others. “I have a strong belief that people want to make a difference, they just don’t know where to begin. They get so wrapped up in their own lives that they don’t see what’s out there. When they’re invited to become part of a team, they can begin to use their gifts and talents to help others,” Conlan asserts.

Photo by Lars Wigren

Ann Conlan

When she decided to start up a FIA program in Jefferson County, she was able to draw upon the resources of the Montgomery County program. “FIA has provided me with a turnkey organization, in terms of paperwork, policies, etc. I couldn’t imagine doing it in a year without that,” Conlan explains. She also found that people here were interested in her idea. Someone she met suggested she talk to Geri Crawley-Woods, a professor in the Shepherd University social work department. “I met with her just last October. She was ready to jump out of her skin to get started,” Conlan says. “It was like a fireball, it just took off.” Now FIA has 10 board members. Four teams that Conlan recruited from area churches are serving four families.

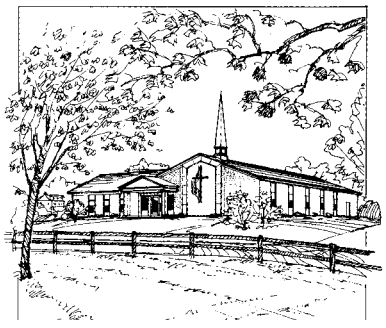
The process works like this. Agencies, such as Head Start; Women, Infants, and Children (WIC); Birth to Three; and the county school system refer families they think are ready and motivated to change. Conlan has found that in Jefferson County, most of these families are headed by young single mothers with several children. An FIA caseworker contacts the family and does a psychosocial evaluation to ensure that they are appropriate for the program. Over the next several months, the team meets with the family members, helps them establish goals, and maintains monthly contact to provide support so they can meet these goals. “Our purpose is to empower, not enable,” Conlan stresses. “We do not give money for gas or food, we show them where to find food banks, clothing centers, health clinics. We also help them set a plan so they can get away from having to rely on emergency services.” Mentors must be careful not to place their personal standards on the family. “During team training, we emphasize that they need to pay attention to a family’s personal strengths, such as courage, sense of humor, good parenting. Team members should look for positives and reflect them back. Many people we work with are not used to seeing themselves in any kind of positive light.”

Conlan finds that the most important aspect of FIA is the one-on-one contact it gives her with people. “It’s different than just donating a bag of food or taking clothes to a shelter. There’s something marvelous about human contact; nothing can take the place of human touch. It touches the spirit.” She acknowledges that it can also be painful and heartrending to see people in such dire circumstances. “I have talks with myself and with God. I don’t want to become hardened. I want to use the energy from my compassion to do something about it, not become frozen inside so I can’t help.”

Conlan has big dreams for FIA, and true to form, she is devoting herself wholeheartedly to making them come true. One of her top priorities is recruiting teams to serve the six families on the waiting list; another is fundraising. To meet these ends and raise awareness of FIA, she is speaking at area churches and service organizations and also appeared before the Jefferson County Commission. “Team members can volunteer as little as three hours a month; that’s enough to make a huge impact in the lives of a whole family,” she explains. Anyone interested in learning more can contact her at anne@friendsinactionjc.org.

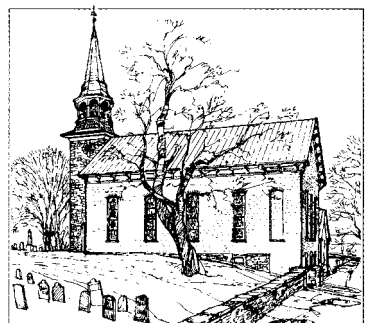
When she was 10 years old, ***Hunter Barrat*** *put a sign on her bedrom door: ‘“Need any writing done? Just call me. Reasonable rates.” She didn’t get many jobs from this, but 35 years later, she’s still in the business.*

Religious Worship and Education Schedules



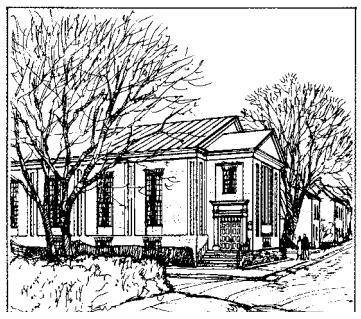
Asbury United Methodist
Rt. 480 (Kearneysville Rd)
Rev. Rudolph Monsio Bropleh, Pastor
Telephone: 876-3122
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.

Baha'i Faith
Entler Hotel, German St.
Telephone: 876-3995
Sunday Worship: 11:30 a.m.
Discussion Group:
1st & 3rd Fridays, 8 p.m.

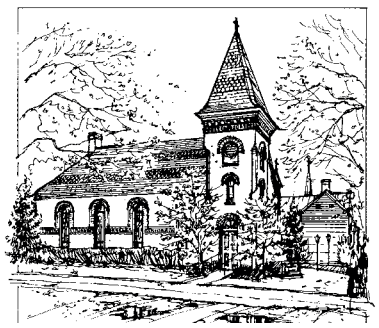


Christ Reformed U.C.C
304 East German Street
Bronson Staley, Pastor
Telephone: (301) 241-3972
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.
Sunday School for all ages: 10:10 a.m.

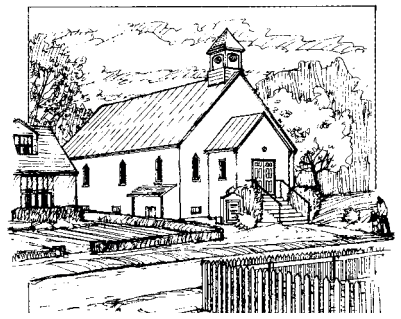
Christian Science Society
Entler Hotel, German & Princess Streets
Sunday worship & Sunday School: 10 am
Testimony meetings: 1st & 3rd Wednesdays
3 pm from September through May
7 pm during June, July, and August
Reading Room: 1st Wednesdays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Telephone: 876-2021
Sentinel radio program Sundays 7 a.m.
on WINC 92.5 FM



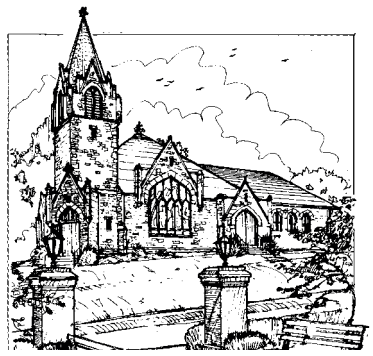
New Street United Methodist
Church & New Streets
Dee-Ann Dixon, Pastor
Telephone: 876-2362
Sunday Worship: 10:45 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



St. Agnes Roman Catholic
Church & Washington Streets
Father Mathew Rowgh
Telephone: 876-6436
Sunday Eucharist: 8 a.m. & 10:30 a.m.
Saturday Eucharist: 5:30 p.m.
Sunday School: 9:15 a.m.



St. John's Baptist
West German Street
Joe Liles, Pastor
Telephone: 876-3856
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m. & 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



St. Peter's Lutheran
King & High Streets
Fred Soltow, Pastor
Telephone: 876-6771
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.
Sunday School: 9:45 a.m.

St. James', Uvilla
Sunday Worship: 9:30 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.

Shepherdstown Presbyterian
100 W. Washington Street
Randall W. Tremba, Pastor
Telephone: 876-6466
Sunday Worship: 8:30 a.m. & 10:45 a.m.
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.
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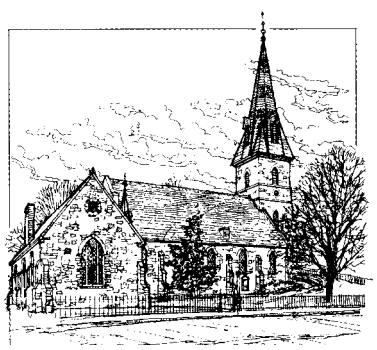

Trinity Episcopal
Corner of Church & Germans Sts.
George T. Schramm, Pastor
Telephone: 876-6990
Sunday Worship: 8 a.m. & 10 a.m.
Sunday School: 10 a.m.

Unity of Shepherdstown
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www.wideturn.com/UOS/page2.htm

Dear Readers,

I am throwing caution to the winds and mixing metaphors; I'm biting the bullet and reading the handwriting on the wall. After almost 25 years at Green Hill Cottage, I am leaving for the euphemistically named "Fairhaven Retirement Community." As one of my friends there said, "It's like a cruise ship that you never leave, but you know the ultimate port."

Some years ago I put in my reservation with the following demands:

1. I had to be able to walk directly outside from my apartment. No halls or elevator.
2. Since I have never lived anywhere where I could see another house, I had to have a view with no buildings around.
3. I had to be able to take Pippen, my elderly Spaniel, AND he had to take his cat. He has had Sam cat since he was a puppy.

I thought I was safe, but wouldn't you know it? Fairhaven met all my requirements; I am leaving on October 26. It is my hope to find my computer, my glasses, and enough of my wits to give you an update in our spring 2006 issue.

— Marge Dower
Fairhaven, M-123
7200 Third Avenue
Sykesville, MD 21784

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