



In conjunction with the July celebration of EastView, we hope you will submit a few words about why and when you came to EastView. Has EastView met your expectations? Do you enjoy the varied programs and activities? We look forward to your comments.
—*The Buglers:*

Angelika B.
Phil C.
Max K.
Bob P.
Ron R.

Linda C.
Lois K.
Russ L.
Nancy R.
Cari B.

Play a Simple Melody

EastView Orchestra to Do This and More

Chris P.

In our short history the EastView Community Orchestra has presented six concerts. Our seventh concert in April will feature seven sing-alongs. (Masks may cut the volume, but not the spirit!) One highlight will be a contrapuntal arrangement of Irving Berlin's *Play a Simple Melody*. Charlie R., who surely has an ear for good songs, suggested this piece to me in December, and it has quickly become one of my favorites. Orchestra members and some drop-in residents have been learning the two parts, and our audiences will be given a brief workshop on the two melodies before a guaranteed rousing rendition! You'll also be invited to sing along on many more (lyrics provided). One is Bill Staines' *A Place in the Choir*. Others include *The Glory of Love*, *Let Me Call you Sweetheart*, Leonard Cohen's *Hallelujah*, and *Try to Remember*. Paul will sing *Some Enchanted Evening*, and undoubtedly he'll wave you in for your vocal support. There will be at least two more songs—we suppose with the possibility of audience participation. Angelika B. and Betsy L. will sing two German Folk songs ... in German!

The banjo will lead two instrumentals, one an original simply called "*Prayer*," from a suite of tunes composed in memory of a student I had in the early 2000s. Our strings and chimes sections will help carry the melody on two waltzes. One is a Pete Sutherland composition *Sunday River Waltz*. Pete, a longtime leader of Vermont's traditional music scene, died this past fall. The other waltz *The Mountains Between Us* was written by Greg Boardman, a friend and long-ago bandmate of mine in the 70s. Greg is a longtime leader of Maine's traditional music scene!

Connie's rendition of *Mira*, a song from the musical *Carnival*, is bound to touch your hearts, and we're bringing back the *Ukrainian National Anthem*, in a symbolic gesture of support for our fellow humans in that country.



All this with the masterful piano accompaniment of the indomitable Dottie K.! You'll have three chances to attend the concert. We've scheduled an open dress rehearsal for Good Friday, April 7th, at 1:00 pm. The two concert performances will be Monday and Wednesday, April 10th and 12th, at 3:00 pm. It's sure to be at least one of the best live shows in town that day. We hope you'll attend—
as often as you'd like!

Janet & Fred G.

In 1935, my (Janet's) father went into business manufacturing women's coats and suits under the label of Zelinka-Matlick. Fred's dad was the buyer of coats and suits for Martins, a small specialty store in Brooklyn. His dad was my dad's first customer, and they became fast friends.

Fred was born in 1936, grew up in NYC, attended Fieldston High School and graduated from Bates College in 1958. Our connection started then, when he and his parents visited my family in Great Neck, NY. I had just finished my freshman year of high school.

After college, Fred went on to work for his cousin in insurance, and eventually became one of two principals in a larger insurance firm. I graduated from Syracuse University in 1965 and worked for a short time in advertising and for a photographer.

Fred and I met again through our families, married in 1968, and lived in NYC. Following the birth of our first daughter, Leah, we moved to Chappaqua, NY, and remained there for 35 years. Our second daughter, Dena, arrived in 1972. During that time, I dabbled in many crafts, took a diamond grading course from the Gemological Institute of America, and volunteered at the Bronx Zoo for 17 years. We played tennis, skied, traveled to Africa and South America, and retired to Cornwall, VT, in 2005.

Leah graduated from Colby College in 1992, and Dena from Middlebury College in 1994. Both girls became high school teachers. Leah is an accomplished horsewoman, who lives in Lima, NY, with her partner, Steve Peterson. Dena married her high school friend Matt Wootten in 2002 and moved to Cornwall at the same time Fred and I did—what luck! They have two children. Nora is a senior at Middlebury High School and Sam is currently a sophomore at the White Mountain School in Bethlehem, NH.

We've had many dogs over our 55 years of marriage; our first dog was a wedding gift! We currently have Betty, an English Springer Spaniel who is nearly two years old.



After living in Cornwall for thirteen years, we moved to EastView in November, 2018—one of the smartest moves we ever made. We've only lived in one apartment and two homes before living here. How lucky we are to be in such a wonderful, beautiful community.



Claire G.

A 96-year-old native of Brooklyn, Claire is a diminutive lady with a huge, engaging smile. She is surely the only resident of EastView who displays an Emmy statue honoring "Outstanding Achievement in Technical Direction/Electronic"



Claire presses cider at EV on a shelf in her living

room. The award was earned by her late husband, Martin (Marty) a graduate of Columbia University College of Engineering, who was technical director for ABC and Disney for the 1968 drama *One Life to Live*.

Claire graduated as a business major from CCNY and then earned a teaching certificate. She taught for more than twenty years in an elementary school in Nassau County; third grade was her favorite age group. She loved going to concerts and Broadway shows in New York City, often attending Saturday matinées with Marty or with friends.

Claire and Marty loved to travel. They visited China, Japan, and India, and found the most exotic places the most memorable. They liked to find small, local tours and move about on their own.

They had two sons: Bruce followed his father into technical directing in New York City. Marc went to the University of Vermont and is now a psychologist in Middlebury. His wife is Director of Red Cedar School, a private K-8 school in Bristol. Claire has four grandchildren, one of whom is now a social worker in Burlington and two great-grandchildren.

Marc urged Claire to move to Vermont and helped her settle into her apartment at EV. She finds the residents universally friendly and is delighted that people say hello even if she might not yet know who they are. She enjoys ViVa! meetings, Shawn's tech classes, the Great Decisions lectures, and she goes to any program that looks interesting, especially if it involves music. She is an avid reader and was happy to find the library. We are delighted that she found EastView.

Haiku

俳句

Now is haiku time
EastViewers are composing
Joyful gibberish!

Gordon C.

I once was agile
Could ride my bike all day.
Alas, no longer.

Lois K.

They call it P.R.E.S.T.O.!
Residents do anything
To entertain us!

Gordon C.

Change is difficult.
Doors closing and opening
Creating a void.

Jan W.

Do I know those eyes?
Greeting people wearing masks
Is a guessing game

Bob P.

Kiva my best friend
All dogs I meet are my friends.
I wish I had one.

*Angelika B.***In the spring***Nathaniel H.*

In the spring
lily-of-the-valley
blows white against the green
leaves of the eiderdown pansies;
squirrels deliberate over their infidelities,
and teach their children how to tease
nuts out of trees;
the amber-backed bull-frog blows his note
against the sky
and proudly declares himself paterfamilias
over the primary grades of Lamarck's
hierarchy of beasts;
the spider tries out his toes
in a little aerial ballet
as he spins his first web
of the season, in which,
if he's lucky, he'll catch
bluebottles and bees;
in the spring, the age
is awake again,
and sings itself to sleep every evening,
with a song from Corinthians
on love.

Back When, for Gary and Pat *Pete G.*

Every summer we trekked to the mountain;
drank its memories and felt its grace.
One foot after another absolving sin
against the unforgiving Falmouth Road Race.

The years have come
and passed us by.
We know not where to or from
these memories call us to laugh then cry.

Father Time has hit us hard
and left us T-Shirts and coffee cups
to touch and help us remember
that "Back When" we were, oh, so young.....

Robin*Holly S.*

Every March when you sing your
arrival amid sleet and bending tree-tops
a creation sky opens before me—
the hidden sun casting a glow
over ranks of dark cloud and hills
as you carol through the cedars.

Never mind that the Pilgrims mistook you
for their alien Old World robin,
that you travel with starlings, roost with grackles
and wake the neighborhood at 3 AM
mistaking the streetlight for dawn.

Like the bell that summons to devotions,
you sound my hours—daybreak and eventide
and the daily moments that otherwise go
unnoticed. You sing the rain in and sing it
away. You call for a mate and claim your space.
You promise me a garden— rich soil,
earthworms, flowers and legumes.

Then abruptly in August you fall silent,
staying around to raise young and molt,
form flocks and linger perchance into winter.
I may rejoice in laden vines and sunny skies,
goldenrod, asters and rosy hydrangeas,
but I mourn the celebrant's voice.

**April Birthdays**

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Bob P. 4/8 | David C. 4/15 |
| Elita D. 4/10 | Vivian D. 4/23 |
| Deem S. 4/12 | Bob C. 4/24 |
| Michele J. 4/12 | Rebecca C. 4/28 |
| Vanda C. 4/13 | Alice P. 4/28 |

The Artist's Perspective

Gail L.

"If you wait for perfect conditions, you will never get anything done."
Ecclesiastes 11:4

She did not start out as an artist. Tai H. attended Northwestern in the field of, yes, ENGINEERING. Later, after travel, marriage and two children, she earned a BFA from the University of Illinois, an MFA in sculpture from Mount Holyoke, and took classes at the Art Institute of Chicago. She has a Buddhist connection and flew light planes.

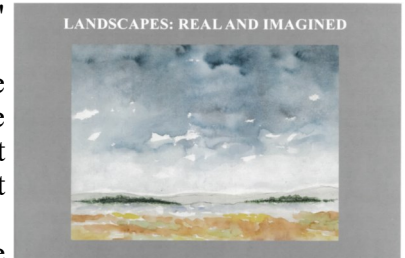
Tai mentions a willingness to be open, an awareness of the quality of the materials and how they interact. "It's more like a co-creation between the artist, the water, the paint, and the paper. It is *not* a casual hobby. It takes awareness and practice to make it happen."

About the exhibit: "I saw some techniques online, one of which demonstrated watercolor, landscapes, 'real and imagined'". I played with the paints to see what would happen. I wet the paper, covering controlled areas. Wherever the paper is not wet, it stays white. I dip a brush in water, then in paints, then onto paper. I can sponge off the paper if it's too dark. Then the paper is tipped to see where the paints run and the colors mix. When it doesn't work, I can use the other side."

Tai has a favorite quote from William Stafford, an Oregon poet: "One must be willingly fallible in order to gain a seat in the place where magic happens."

Admirers have applied the following adjectives to her work: ethereal, misty, celestial, spiritual, delicate, abstract. Tai's choice: "peaceful. There's a calm and order, yet movement and energy."

As a new art form, Tai is working with fabrics stitched together, and how their differing qualities react to dyes in the creation of art. We await the next chapter.



Gardening Notes

Cilla L.

"Doing the garden, digging the weeds, who could ask for more?" So sang the Beatles with their hit, "When I'm 64". Sure, the young Beatles were being a bit condescending about senior life, but it can be very rewarding to be outside on a spring day, working with the fresh earth to help young flowers grow and spread their beauty.

The EV GardenArbors Committee works with the grounds crew to add beauty to EV's public spaces. Although the grounds crew does the heavy work, the GardenArbors Committee needs lots of volunteers so that the lighter work can be spread among many hands. Soon there will be a general appeal for volunteers to join the GardenArbors Committee. In preparation, the next time you go to Agway, purchase some new gardening gloves.

"Will you still weed me, will you still feed me, when you're 64?"

Reiki

Reyna M.-R.

Atmosphere and every living thing hold energy. Even our actions, emotions, thoughts, and words we think and say out loud hold energy. Our experiences and encounters with people and situations have an effect on our energy body, on our Ki, and how we move about in the world. All of these might cause our energy to become off balance and this is where Reiki enters the picture.

Reiki is an ancient and effective way to offer out and receive healing in an energetic way. I like to say that Reiki holds the energy of love and light. In Reiki, the practitioner activates the energy of universal life force within herself/himself and then transfers this love and light to the recipient. This kind of energy can help bring balance, wellness, stability, relaxation, and stress reduction to our own body energy. There are no risks with Reiki.

I was first introduced to Reiki in 2010 as a way to help me manage illness and disease. Then I received a master level in attunement and began offering Reiki in my community in the hopes of sharing the magical power of light and love on a larger scale.

On Tuesdays from 11:00 am - 1:30 pm and Fridays 12:00 pm - 2:00 pm, I am offering Reiki (free of charge) to any EastView resident. Please sign up for a 20-minute session at the Concierge Desk. If you have any questions, feel free to e-mail me at reyna.mricher@yahoo.com.

Energy Geopolitics and Climate Change

Gordon C.

We have a chance to weigh-in on the issue of Energy Geopolitics. EastView has scheduled an informal discussion of this issue on April 26. I hope this article and the one in the Great Decisions book will help us reach some useful understanding of our climate future.

Many of us have taken steps to minimize our carbon footprints or have made firm plans to do so. The media, advocacy organizations and other sources have provided valuable information. We've also influenced state and local governments and other entities to buy electrical replacements for fossil powered equipment, buy renewable energy and other carbon reducing measures. This is vital work which should be replicated elsewhere.

But the ugly truth is that we are just nibbling at the edges of a vastly graver, and seemingly intractable, global problem. The world gets 75% of its daily energy needs from fossil fuels—that's 75% every day of every year! Yet millions of humans with vested interests don't want change. To name a few:

- ~Corporations having facilities and infrastructure for drilling, fracking, refining, distribution and sales
- ~Manufacturers and users of fossil powered equipment—18-wheelers, jet airplanes and container ships
- ~Millions of workers
- ~Countless investors, financial institutions, insurers

Compounding the problem are countries whose economies depend on trade in fossil fuels and countries lacking the resources for change. Redirecting this global hodgepodge may seem like an exercise in futility. As individuals you and I would get nowhere. But acting collaboratively there's hope. Fortunately there are several organizations with global reach that are actively engaged in facilitating change. They deserve our support. To name a few:

- ~350.org uses protests and asserts pressure for legislative action.
 - ~*Natural Resource Defense Council (NRDC)* works to safeguard the Earth, its inhabitants and natural systems.
 - ~*Environmental Defense Fund (EDF)* does science-based studies for protection of natural systems.
 - ~*Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS)* uses science-based analysis to guide decision makers.
 - ~*Greenpeace* uses peaceful protest to advocate on climate issues.
 - ~*Friends of the Earth* advocates for threatened rainforests and terrestrial and aquatic life.
- These and other organizations with similar goals need money. More importantly, they need us to demonstrate peacefully, attend legislative meetings, write letters and add our names to petitions.

Where do we go from here? I look forward to hearing your thoughts during our April 26 meeting.

It Might Have Happened at EV

Cyrious Knott

In early spring, just over a decade ago, when the final touches were being being completed for the opening of EastView, Grump Gabber liked to drive by to take a look at how much progress was being made. One afternoon, he stopped to watch two men with shovels from the landscaping crew. One would dig a large hole, and then the other would fill it back up again. Curious, Grump got out of his car and asked one of the workers what he thought they were accomplishing.

The answer: "Well, normally we're a crew of three, but the guy who plants the trees is out sick this week."

A Thank you to Staff:

Dear EV Staff Members,

We truly cannot thank you enough. EastView is a unique and wonderful place, and it is made so by you. We have gotten so much help from all of you, given with such care and love. Where else could so many people from all walks of EastView life volunteer to walk a dog three times every day? Friends and family we talk to can hardly believe that we have not met one person here who is not caring, cheerful, and efficient. We will always remember our EastView experience with gratitude.

Love,
Mark & Laura S.

Buglers Note: We wish you both all the best as you relocate to FL to be closer to family! We will miss you both ... and little Nat!

It Happened at EastView

Nancy R.

It was mid-December 2020, the height of the Covid lockdown. Ron and I had lived on Deer Meadow Drive for about six weeks. Word came that the cement mixer bedecked with Christmas lights that had been cruising area streets would pay an evening visit to EastView. At the appointed time it appeared, horn blaring. It was a glorious sight, but all that racket must have terrified wildlife.

Ron flipped on the porch light, noticed a dusting of snow on the walk, and fetched the broom. I was in the kitchen when he opened the door. Something whizzed by, and an instant later a small bird, a Pine Siskin, was perched on a lampshade in the living room. It was so perfect and so delicate, and it seemed quite calm, which could not be said for us.



It flew to the top of the kitchen cabinets and tried landing on a roasting pan stored there. It was slippery, and the bird returned to the lampshade. Then it tried the cabinets again, landing on a platter. Moving fast, Ron turned out the lamp and I turned off the kitchen lights. All that remained were lights in the hall and on the porch. The bird flew toward the hall, hung a left through the open door, and vanished into the night.

That might have been the end, but it wasn't. A few days later, Ron went for a walk. When he returned at dusk, a startled bird flew out of the wreath on the door, which must have been its nightly roosting place. No wonder it had come in so fast—it was right there. Thanks to Covid, we agreed we were unlikely to need to open the door after dark for the rest of the winter.

Time passed. Outside the kitchen window, we would see a Pine Siskin flitting about in the bushes near dusk. The wreath became encrusted with droppings. Spring came, and Pine Siskins departed for the summer. We threw the wreath in the trash and opened the door as EastView cautiously emerged from Covid.

When Pine Siskins come to our bird feeder, we remember our special bird and smile.

A Look Abroad: Sub-Saharan Africa

Russ L.

Cilla and I recently watched a *60 Minutes* segment on the story of SOLA, a boarding school for Afghan girls, featuring its remarkable co-founder and director, Middlebury College graduate, Shabana Basij-Rasikh. (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VJC9mbuA1K4>). The segment highlighted Shabana's heroic efforts to evacuate all 256 of SOLA's students and teachers, right after Kabul fell to the Taliban, to resume their schooling in Rwanda. Rwanda? Yes, the same African country where, in 1994, Hutu militia carried out the genocide of 800,000 Tutsis and moderate Hutus.

Rwanda has undergone quite a transition since the horrors of 1994. It has one of the world's fastest growing economies, and it ranks among the top ten countries in gender equality. It has made gains in life expectancy, while reducing poverty, inequality, and maternal mortality. It provides universal health care. That is not to say that everything is just fine. During his 22 years in power, President Paul Kagame has become a near dictator, with suppression of dissent and the jailing and murder of political opponents.

When we think about Sub-Saharan Africa, too often the images that come to mind are of brutal civil wars, starving children, and refugees living in squalid conditions. But there are other, more hopeful stories. South Africa transitioned from apartheid to racial equality much more smoothly than our own country's tortured transition from slavery and segregation. South Africa's "truth and reconciliation" approach is a global model for conflict resolution. Botswana, which has one of the fastest growing economies in the world, ranks among the top ten in the amount of its GDP devoted to education. Kenya has become an environmental leader in controlling poaching, deforestation, and pollution. In Namibia, 40% of the country is under conservation management and wildlife numbers are increasing. Nigerians have the highest rate of success in higher education in the United States among all immigrant groups, including Asian-Americans.

Parts of Sub-Saharan Africa are still plagued by coups, civil wars, kleptocratic regimes, and famine caused by wars and climate change. But, as spring arrives, it is refreshing to think about the successes as well.