



Thank you for all of your comments about why and when you came to EastView, etc. These will be published in our special June issue focused on our 10th anniversary.
—*The Buglers:*

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

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

俳句 A Haiku Tribute to the Dogs of EastView

Angelika B.



Annie a spaniel
living with the Chapmans now
big welcome to her!



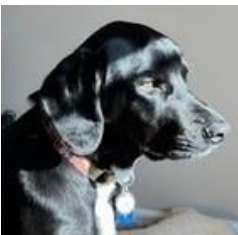
I'm Lady Sophie
small with personality
I deserve respect.



Pretty maid Betty
spoke sweet nothings in my ear.
I understood her.



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



Gentle soul Buddy
a sweet neighbor at EastView
so glad you are here.



Orvis my neighbor
a man with an attitude.
He knows who he is.



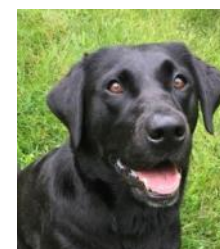
Calm and steadfast Chance
Are you our favorite canine?
may you live forever.



Wild puppy Willie.
Pure joy of being alive.
It is contagious.



Stately Dame Zoe.
First EastView resident dog.
We owe you respect.



Lucy! Warm welcome!
a black lab here at EastView.
how soon can we meet?

Pat C.

I grew up in and attended school in New York City and then went to what is now SUNY College in Albany, NY. My parents were able to pay my college room and board, and I did get financial help to pay other expenses like books. I majored in English and minored in History and Education in preparation for teaching high school English when I graduated in 1957. A bonus was meeting my husband, Bob, while at college.



Bob and I lived in Newark, NJ, for 21 years, during which time we raised our two children. I taught English at Barring High School and eventually became Chairman of the English Department. After that I worked at Rutgers University as Dean of Students at the College of Nursing and Assistant Dean of Special Reports. Later I worked at Prentice Hall, where I helped teachers, instructing them in the use of the material they had acquired.

My husband worked as an administrator in foreign affairs for the Ford Foundation. He traveled overseas and worked in programs focused on voting, housing, and education. Fortunately, I was able to join him during my own summer vacations. I recall our trips to such wonderful foreign countries as Egypt, Kenya, South Africa, Japan, France, and Germany, as well as throughout the U.S. It was AMAZING!

I am very proud of our two children. Frank, our son, is a Dr. of Gerontology and lives in Atlanta, GA, with his wife and two children. Ashton graduated from Syracuse University. Lauren attends a small college in Georgia. Our daughter, Nicole, is Dean of Admissions at Middlebury College. She has regional responsibility for applications from high schools in AL, AR, GA, KY, LA, MS, SC, TN and WV. She is the reason I am here at EastView.

Six years ago and after sixty-two years of marriage, I unfortunately lost my husband. About three years ago, a stroke left me confined to a wheelchair, but my speech is fine and my brain is still working.

In 2019, I moved to EastView to be close to our daughter. Every night Nicole and I talk on the phone, and she visits me once a week. I enjoy living in this community and have made some wonderful friends here. Ann Ross, Ann Barker, Frank Winkler, and I often eat Wednesday or Thursday dinner in the Terrace Dining Room. The staff is most helpful in plating our meals and getting second helpings if we so desire. Overall, the food is okay, but breakfasts are always the best! I often take the Thursday scenic rides, and sometimes Jim (from Enhanced Services) takes me to see my favorite local waterfalls.

I am grateful to my family for having initiated my move to such a warm and welcoming community as EastView.

Will W.

My fiancée, Danielle, describes me as very kind, funny and clumsy. We have been together for most of our adult life, so she probably is correct. Danielle and I spend much of our time laughing about nonsense that only we would find funny, and we are



often speechless during potential kitchen disaster moments that never come to fruition. For example, recently I set a full water bottle down on the counter with nearly 50% of it hanging off the edge. She then proceeded to take a photo and send it to me with the caption "Living on the edge today, I see." She jokes with her friends and family that she actually has three children—our two boys and me.

Typically, you can find us at home playing games, visiting family, or competing for the biggest fish at our favorite fishing spots. I do not like to admit defeat, but I do take a little credit for the fact that my boys sometimes out-fish me. They have a great teacher! Fishing season and football season are undoubtedly the best and that is undebatable. I have been obsessed with both for a long time. The San Francisco 49ers keep me entertained for half of the year and fishing the other half. I have been lucky enough to see the 49ers play in person at Gillette Stadium against the Patriots. I hope to see them play again someday.

At work, you can find me in the kitchen, where I prepare breakfast, lunch, and dinner for the residents at EastView. I graduated from Middlebury Union High School and have been cooking ever since. I have nineteen plus years of experience with ten years at EastView. I enjoy providing delicious meals for our residents and take pride in making sure they are well fed and happy.

Laura F.

I was born in Midland, MI, but moved to Salisbury, VT, when I was four. My schooling started with kindergarten in Salisbury, followed by grades 1-3 in Bridport, grades 4-6 at St. Mary's, and graduation from Middlebury Union High School in 2012. In high school, I ran cross country and was a thrower on the track and field teams. After high school, I went to CCV and earned an Associate Degree in Liberal Studies. I have taken additional courses at Northern Vermont University and hope to get my bachelor's degree in the future.



I started working at EastView the end of June 2014, nearly nine years ago. I work as a dishwasher and have been doing behind-the-scenes food prep and other tasks. Overall, I'd say it has been great! I love the camaraderie of our dining team and it makes the hard work fun!

Outside of work I enjoy swimming, skiing (downhill is my favorite), hiking, and martial arts training. My family are avid hikers and skiers, too. We do many of these sports together. My primary interest is martial arts, which I have pursued since 2004. I have a second-degree black belt in Taekwondo. My favorite aspect of this training continues to be forms or patterns and the kicks!

Willie*Linda S.*

We had been forewarned. Many of our friends here at EV were quite frank about the perils involved. Yes, we listened carefully, nodding our heads in agreement. Of course, it would be foolhardy, at our age, to begin such a long project. No, we did not look forward to extra work both inside and outside the house. We understood that constant supervision would be necessary, but after all, we had done it all before (albeit many years ago). We observed other EV residents in situations similar to what we were considering, and they all tried their best to put a damper on our evolving plans. But...there was really no hope, no real decisions had to be made. From where we stood, the only future we foresaw was rosy, full of joy and laughter. After all, what could go wrong? So, yes, we decided to get a puppy.

We drove (yes, we drove) down to South Carolina to pick him up. (I would like to confirm that SC is really a very long way from VT). On the way down, we considered names for the puppy. There was no choice in the matter, he was a "Willie" through and through. He sat on Paul's lap virtually all the way home. We finally made it back here to Middlebury and ... there was snow on the ground! Never having seen snow before, Willie jumped right into it, shoving his entire head into a pile, then racing around our front yard, exploring and checking things out. We smiled, we laughed, we were delighted. Our Willie was home!!

Ah yes, all of the warnings our friends had given to us were true. He had no manners, he jumped on people, his energy was endless, his bark was so loud that it was capable of shattering crystal. But what he lacked in manners, he made up for with his silliness and playfulness. Just watching him play with his toys brought smiles to our somewhat weary faces. Of course, he had some difficulty figuring out what a "dog toy" was, and in the process, he ate two TV remotes, four pairs of prescription glasses, one pair of Paul's shoes, and countless socks. One of his favorite games was (and still is) stealing various articles of clothing and running around the house and then the backyard with it, showing it off to anyone who would stop and watch him. He also revealed that he was hoping to get a job as an excavator, so he practiced by digging about 100 holes in the backyard – yes that's the same backyard that we had landscaped last summer. (We are considering purchasing small land mines to discourage this behavior.) Oh yes, I almost forgot - he is smart – smarter than any dog we have ever had (Willie is our 19th dog since we were married). He can open any door in the house, he is tall enough that he can put his front paws on the kitchen counter and reach for anything that happens to be there, e.g. homemade cookies, biscotti, defrosting meat, you name it, he can reach for it.

So now Willie is one year old and full grown. He is still lacking in manners, but we are gaining on it. He still steals clothes and food. He still barks so loudly that we may need to report him to the EPA due to his noise pollution. BUT...he makes us laugh and smile many times each day. He cuddles in bed at every opportunity. He still loves to be chased as he runs about with our underwear. He still is digging in the backyard. We have fallen in love with him – and we can replace the prescription glasses, the remotes, the shoes and socks, and the other articles of clothing he has "stolen" from us. (We plan on waiting a bit before we replace anything. A bank loan may be needed if Willie continues to destroy any more "toys"). All in all, we think Willie has been a wonderful addition to our family - we wouldn't have missed it for the world.

The Gardens of EastView — A Tour

Holly S.

Dear EastView people, oldtimers and newcomers,

Once again I challenge you to number or name all our campus gardens, that is, all the cultivated plots throughout the campus that feature shrubs and blooms during the growing season and that are not utility boxes or the creations of cottagers around their homes. And lest you fall short, I invite you to tour them and learn not only their names but also about the beauty they hold within them.

Let's start with the **Sign Garden** at the entrance to EastView. Here we will soon find welcoming daffodils, followed by day lilies all summer and mums late in the fall. An assortment of other lovely perennials including echinacea, nepeta, rudbeckia and salvia is on both sides of the sign.

Now walking east on a path toward the inn, we are beside the **Ribbon Garden**, formerly a gathering of azaleas that shivered in the cold winds and showers of "ice melt". They have ceded place to a sea of blue and purple – ajuga and salvia, preceded earlier we hope, by small clumps of dwarf iris and succeeded later by prominent clumps of big-foot geranium, red and purple echinacea and a few accents of delicate ornamental grasses.



Kline Garden

We have arrived at the Inn's main entrance. Here a crescent of yellow day lilies, lovingly tended over the years by our late resident Terry K. prefaces the two **Portico Gardens**, which mimicking each other, feature gorgeous white peonies and Siberian iris in June, and throughout the summer, backdrops of ornamental grasses and shrubs such as ninebark and Japanese spiraea, and the reliable echinacea, "big foot" geraniums, daisies and rudbeckias.

Turn right and proceed past the Inn's southeast entrance to take in our expansive view of the mountains. Now look left and down and find the small jewel of a perennial garden created by Dottie and Terry K. – with luck, Dottie will greet you from her leisure chair.

Continuing toward the dining terrace and turning sharp east for several yards, you come to the **Alpine Garden**, a gift of resident Deb V. and created by Joan Lynch of Inner Garden. It is surely the crown jewel of EastView gardens, filled with drought-tolerant cacti and other attractive and unusual plants. Look for the beautiful bridal wreath spirea in the late spring.

Returning to the inner perimeter path, we come to the main dining-room entrance and the **Terrace Gardens**, recently renovated by the Garden Arbors group. In May, they are awash in daffodils, a gift of former resident, Ralph N. Tulips have now been added to the spring show. They also boast peonies in June and now feature a growing collection of new plantings such as astilbes and dogwood, abelia, and potentilla shrubs.



Terrace Garden



Alpine Garden

A bit further north we have a group of raised beds for Inn residents hungry to work the soil. Imagine your own small bed here, planted with your favorite vegetables and flowers!

Pause now at our second dining terrace and the **MeadowSweet Patio Garden**. Tulips announce the spring here and are soon joined by more peonies, solomon's seal, daisies, nepeta and some sweet dwarf hydrangeas.

Let us turn another corner of the Inn, glancing east down the slope to the retention pond where birds collect and to EastView's prospering compost pile. As we walk northwest toward the Inn's main parking area, we can admire the river

birches that we pass on our left and the *Aspen Grove* on our right, which with the grass trimmed and some furniture added may soon become a small gathering and reading area.

Here we are at the parking lot and a plethora of cars. But lightening the view are more than a few bright garden spots, areas that may yet become gardens but in the meantime bring us pleasure from spring into late fall: a row of potted red geraniums greeting us along a formerly bare garage wall, Betsy L.'s inspiration; pansies in urns and beds of day lilies and multi-colored petunias along the entrance walks to MeadowSweet and GardenSong, all in bloom before the Solstice.

And look for a leafy green niche next to the northwest Inn entrance with early blooming biokova geranium asking for company. And here is another niche hiding honeysuckle and orphan plants to the left of the GardenSong entrance asking for inspired intervention; likewise, the row of dogwood shrubs and arborvitae muffins along the west side of the parking lot.

Rounding another corner of the inn building and continuing west, we pass *The Nursery*. A relatively new garden plot located on the former site of propane tanks, it is a shelter for plants in transition or temporarily homeless and offers its share of attractions, most of them candidates for adoption.

At last, we have arrived at the *GardenSong Garden*, a huge fenced area comprising at least four pathway-separated sections,



Carol S. in the GardenSong Garden

each offering a lovely diversity of plantings with bloom times spanning the growing season. A center island features a river birch and the fence perimeter area features viburnum, forsythia, willows and other shrubs. Residents Carol and Reggie S. have been the stewards of this garden for over ten years nurturing it, populating it with gifts, recruiting helpers to care for the



GardenSong Garden

growing collection and to tame the rosa virginiana. The garden can be accessed from the GardenSong neighborhood or enjoyed simply by a walk along the fence. It is the largest and most varied garden feature at EastView and well loved by its volunteers and regular visitors. And if you happen to meet Reggie in the vicinity he might graciously assent to giving you some details on how the garden has grown and thrived under his and Carol's stewardship.

And so my friends, we have reached the end of our tour and I have lost count of the gardens. No matter! I hope you have been inspired to take a closer look at the bounty that will soon be on display throughout our common areas and perhaps even to participate in its nurture.

It Happened at EastView

Russ L.

One of Angelika B.'s friends recently had an interesting experience at the doctor's office. When she approached the receptionist's desk, she was asked the usual questions about her age, black lung disease, and so on. One of the items on the list was "occupation."

Angelika's friend responded, "Hooker."

The startled receptionist looked up at the proper-looking older woman. "Did I hear you say 'hooker'?"

"Yes," the lady replied, "I hook rugs."



May & June Birthdays

Linda C. 5/7	George K. 5/31
Vera F. 5/11	Fred G. 6/3
Dick H. 5/13	Angelika B. 6/4
Fran A. 5/15	Judy M. 6/4
Julie N. 5/17	Patsy C. 6/11
David I. 5/18	Dottie K. 6/12
Barbara G. 5/20	Paul S. 6/14
Holly P. 5/20	Linda P. 6/17
Chuck M. 5/21	Mark B. 6/23
Russ L. 5/21	Dick H. 6/26
Buzz B. 5/25	Caris C. 6/29
Ron R. 5/25	Nathaniel H. 6/30
Patricia B. 5/27	

It Might Have Happened at EastView

Cyrrious Knott

When MeadowSweet caregiver Felicia Bliss read about the experience of Angelika's friend in *It Happened at EastView*, the story brought back a memory of an incident that occurred ten years ago when Felicity was working at Porter ER.

One day a man came to the reception desk and said that he had shingles. ER was busy that day so the man had to wait a half hour before he was taken to an examining room, where the nurse told him to undress and don a johnny. After another half hour went by, the physician on duty came in and said, "I hear you think you have shingles."

"I do have shingles," the patient replied. "They're out front in my truck. Where should I unload them?" When the doctor looked surprised, the man replied, "Isn't this EastView?"

俳句 Memorial Day Haiku

Gordon C.

Decorate their graves,
Soldiers who died in service.
Memorial Day.

Mothers protested:
"Stop wars! Let our sons come home!"
Now called Mothers Day.

A Look Abroad: Courageous Women

Russ L.

Three weeks into the Russian invasion of Ukraine, a broadcast on Moscow's government-controlled Channel One was interrupted when a woman rushed on camera carrying a sign that read "No War!" and "Russians Against War." That woman was Marina Ovesyannikova, one of the channel's editors. She was fired the next day. Ovesyannikova, a mother of two children, next appeared in Red Square carrying a sign reporting the number of children killed in Ukraine. Then she posted a video condemning Putin's aggression. Placed under house arrest, and facing a likely long prison sentence, she undertook a harrowing escape, along with her younger daughter, to her current location in Paris.

Miroslava Breach was a Mexican investigative journalist who became renowned for her fearless work uncovering the links between drug cartels and politicians in the state of Chihuahua. She did so openly and boldly, declaring, "If I die it will be complete and in one blow." As she was completing a major investigation in March of 2017, she was murdered in her SUV as she waited to take her son to school. (Google "New Yorker, Breach," for an excellent article on Breach and efforts by other journalists to solve her murder case.)

Nasrim Sheyki has taken a different approach to championing the protests of Iranian women who are challenging Iran's oppressive regime. She does so through political cartoons. Sheyki had to leave Iran in 2017, but she continues her visual efforts from the United States. (See the accompanying cartoon.)

Others did not escape. Indian journalist Gauri Lankesh used the weekly newsmagazine *Patrika*, to report excesses of the extreme Hindu nationalism of the Modi regime. Gauri was murdered as she was entering her home in 2017. Maria Ressa reported on the brutality of the Duterte regime in the Philippines through her digital news outlet, *Rappler*. Duterte had her arrested in 2020 for "cyberlibel." The case still has not been resolved. Meanwhile, Ressa was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 2021.

What do these women have in common? They all are, or were, journalists working in a profession where men hold two-thirds of the jobs. Men have the numbers, but women more than hold their own in having the courage to accept high risks to report the truth.

Nasrim Sheyki's cartoon: Women's protest after the death in custody of Masha Amini, who was arrested for improperly wearing a headscarf.

