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## **SITTING IN THE SUN**

*By Sibylle Ehrlich*

I accepted the challenge that Isaac threw out.  
How do we feel sitting in the sun?  
“Oh, that’ll be fun,”  
I said out loud.

In the sun and under my tree  
I watch the squirrels play merrily.  
I hear the sparrows chirp above.  
That’s music that I truly love.

The ants busily work in their green grass.  
They carry bits of nothing as I watch them pass.  
What do they carry from here to there?  
I wonder about them as I sit in my chair.

Having grown up in northern Europe  
Where warm sun is rare,  
I relish feeling it as I sit in my chair.  
It is warm on my back. It is warm on my face.  
Summer or winter: this is God’s grace.

## **DINNER DATE**

*Isaac Rehert*

The notice announced  
simply that she had died  
and gave a future date  
for a memorial service.

I thought a little about her  
as I passed into the dining room.

I recall now how I used to see her  
there just about every evening  
and still remember the short  
history of a friendship that she gave me.

“I wait here every evening  
for my friend Mary to get  
here. She’s on a walker and  
doesn’t get around too well.  
We’ve become good friends  
although we didn’t know each  
other before coming here. We’ve  
come here from different places.  
I’m from Detroit, she’s from  
Philadelphia. Now  
we eat dinner together every  
evening. A long time now. She’s  
become my best friend. I believe

she needs me. She'll  
be looking here for me as I'm now  
looking for her. I believe both of us  
need one another."  
I'm not sure I would know which  
of the diners on walkers is her  
friend, Mary.

I pray, Mary, that  
by now you have found  
a new friend for your  
daily dinner date.

### **OBSTINATE**

*By Lili Kouo*

English is not my mother tongue,  
I spoke Chinese when I was young.  
I often hear a word I do not understand.  
My friend called me 'Obstinate', not meaning to offend.  
The Oxford Dictionary is my oracle.  
It says 'self-willed', 'stubborn', 'inflexible'.  
My friend says softly, I mean 'obstinate like a mule'.  
Now I understand. A mule is hard-working, and useful,  
Loved by all, except when 'obstinate.'  
Mule is Mule, Lily is Lily, we can relate:

**I am 'obstinate like a mule.'**



## THREE MINUTES

*by Maggie Babb*

What if I said to the UPS driver  
*Tom, can you stand here*  
*for just three minutes*

*while I read a poem to you*  
You don't have to say  
anything you don't have to do anything  
except stay standing

Would he be legally bound  
to give me three minutes no  
corporate would know maybe  
a cop would be a better choice  
Don't they have to listen  
to a tax paying poet  
why else would they be called  
Peace Officers

Or maybe  
my doctor the next time I go  
maybe the nurse would  
listen it's only three minutes

I wonder if the postman would  
give me three minutes if there  
wasn't too long of a line  
at the counter or a librarian  
would be willing in a solidarity  
kind of way

the checkout girl probably  
isn't a great choice she  
is already too stressed  
without having to listen to  
a poem but maybe  
the girl at the bakery counter

if I ask for two sticky buns  
it would take her about  
three minutes to wrap them

my dog is good at listening or  
at least looking at me  
we've gotten up to *seven good*  
girls that could do for a haiku  
maybe my parrot will have to do  
except I don't want to hear  
my words coming back at me  
all day

## **Echo Farm**

*By Maggie Babb*

At the stove braising ribs stands a mother.  
Evening light straddles the barn.  
Across grazed fields the girl rides her pony  
choosing to wait under the trees  
for her trusted confidant, the moon.  
Around her play the elementals.

They come in different shapes, these elementals  
imperceptible to the mother  
who denies her connection to the moon  
and seldom ventures into the barn  
or wanders out under the trees  
where stands the trusty little pony.

This little dappled grey pony  
is envoy to the elementals  
who live among the trees  
unacknowledged by the mother.  
A sanctuary masquerading as a barn  
waits ready under the cold moon.

In all her rich fullness the moon,  
protector to the child and pony,  
conducts lessons in the barn  
under the gaze of the elementals  
standing between child and mother.  
All around guard the trees.

Deep rooted and wise, the trees  
oak, pine, hemlock, apple, serve the moon.  
Unnoticed, they minister to the mother  
who allows the child to have the pony  
prearranged by the elementals  
under the cover of the barn.

The old stone and timbered barn  
still stands among the trees  
tended by the elementals  
and the waning, worm moon.  
Long gone is the pony  
and the fretful, absent mother.

The moon reflects the memory of the pony.  
The absolved mother sleeps under the trees  
while the elementals watch over the barn.

## **In Joy**

*By Jane Elkinton (Sings to the Moon)*

I say breathe deeply of the morning and its dewy breath.  
Believe in its promises of love and clear thinking.

I say embrace lustily the songs of the trees, the murmurs of pines,  
the arbor hymn.  
It is all your being, and the ebb and flow of *qi*.

I say drink fully of the wine deep and red that calls to your veins as  
it warms your belly.  
Let loose your mind beyond the shades of convention,  
know of yourself the immovable, true, no other than all.

I say love noisily and boisterously into the brazen world.  
Love with your body, even a compassionate caress,  
love with your eyes, your words, your smallest acts.

I say lay yourself open, vulnerable and accepting  
the bridegroom of unknowing.  
It is the woman's art, the generously kind intuition of Being Here.

In Joy

## **Star**

*Janice Dykacz*

“A star danced, and  
Under that I was born,”  
from Shakespeare,  
Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice.  
We are born  
under the sun,  
life-giver and illuminator.  
We are born to dance.

## **Sky Woman**

*by Janice Dykacz*

The creation story  
Of the *Anishinaabeg* people  
Tells of Sky Woman falling  
Through the stars  
Of the Pleiades (Seven Sisters)  
Constellation  
Through a black hole  
And appearing on Earth.  
The story is captured In dance,  
Showing the infamous  
Canadian declaration of 1876,  
Prohibiting traditional  
practices by  
indigenous peoples.  
Words on a screen  
Stay intact and  
Then slowly crumble away  
In the dance performance.

## **Good Grooming**

*by Susan Saunders*

A whole lot of preening goes on in this world.  
Placing all those feathers, fur, and hair,  
Each and every stray strand in the right place,  
Takes time.  
Cleaning the dust and detritus from surface and crevice,  
Especially between the webbed or taloned toes,  
Takes patience.

Let the tasty fish flop,  
The tantalizing bug buzz,  
Right under your nose,  
Left around your ear,  
Audacious thing!

Ignore the sights and sounds that holler "Soup's On!"  
Let the golden opportunities pass.

This body, these feet, this face, these ears, these whiskers,  
These feathers, this fur and hair,  
This life support suit  
Needs and wants dedicated attention  
To work like a well oiled machine.  
Besides putting one's body in order feels so good!

Scratching the itches, stretching the limbs and wings  
And neck, picking the nits, Takes care.

Ok. All done. I'm ready.  
Bring on the next wandering food option,  
Or----- maybe----- a nap.

## **Why a Poem?**

*By Susan Saunders*

A poem, at least for this neophyte poet,  
Is only going to appear in the moment.

Experience remembered, no matter how numinous,  
Loses a lot when later clothed in a word wardrobe.  
And anticipation of future encounters,  
lacks the impact of immediacy.

My poem this morning is this:  
The plashes and plops of the two-tiered waterfall,  
The waxing and waning chirps of the insect chorus,  
The wavelets of light reflected off of the water,  
Dancing on the underside of the leaves,  
The silky billowing tresses of the willow,  
The seamlessly smooth slide of fish through the pond,  
The glides of bugs, dots of light on the water's surface,  
Occasionally turning contentious—bug bumper cars,  
The morning air, remarkable for what is absent—,  
The traffic noise, grit, and odors of the city.

Then the doubts.  
Haven't a billion people already described all of this in a jillion  
ways?  
Why should I enter the arena?

No reason beyond the poem itself.  
Making word pictures out of what I see,  
Hear, taste, touch, smell and dream,  
Is one way for me to Be.

## **SUMMER SOLSTICE**

*Gwen Marable*

Listen! The sun speaks.  
Golden words spill over our shoulders.  
Feel! The sun shoots red hot arrows  
Igniting our spirits, radiating energy,  
Manifesting power in our bellies.  
Reach! With long arms, hands open, to catch, to hold  
The riches of Solstice.  
Oh, orange orb,  
Heat our hearts to the passionate possibilities of the season.  
Light our lives with your streaming, yellow rays.  
Look! Our path is being by the presence of the Sun.  
Guided by solar light, oh Ancient Source of Power and Life,  
We salute you!

## **CLOUDY SOLSTICE**

*Gwen Marable*

Sometimes the sun  
Must wear a mask  
Of clouds  
And  
Rain must fall to mingle  
With our tears  
Then we smile  
As we remember how  
The sun appears if  
We just wait awhile.



## **MY COMEUPPANCE**

*By Aggie Merrick*

I was trying to tell him  
why I didn't go  
to the Latino outreach meeting—

It was at night. . .  
. . . in a bad neighborhood. . .  
I have a poor sense of direction. . .  
I'd never been there before. . .  
. . . didn't know anybody. . .

I let out a sigh,  
looked him in the eye  
and said  
I don't know  
if I can really tell you  
why I didn't go.

Yes, he said in a soothing voice,  
I understand.  
Sometimes it's difficult. . .

Oh, thank God, I sighed again, he understands. . .

Sometimes, it's difficult, he continued  
to distinguish  
between laziness and fear.

## MY SISTER'S FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

*By Aggie Merrick*

If I could write the way my sister  
Cha arranges flowers,  
I'd be quite content.  
Her sense of color, line and balance  
never disappoint me.  
No matter what kinds of flowers  
she uses,  
her arrangements,  
large or small,  
are always graceful works of art.  
She never mashes her material together  
in funereal heaviness.  
Hers is a light touch.  
If I could arrange my words  
the way my sister  
composes her finely edited floral essays,  
I'd be quite content

## **SPRUCE**

*by Flo Dunlop*

Spruce, that beloved all-green  
evergreen.  
Quietly accepted, even ignored in  
spring.  
But acclaimed in winter's dull  
gray days.  
As the green which glows  
through the coldest time.  
Inspiring us with its insistence  
on life and growth,  
Providing shelter and warmth  
for birds.  
Giving hope for the coming of  
the greener spring.

## **WINTER**

*By Mary Ellen Saterlie*

A lone leaf shudders  
A bleak bird flutters  
The sun goes  
The wind blows  
Then, SNOW

## **Wild Strawberries**

*By Elizabeth (Susie) Fetter*

(October 2, 1936 - March 21, 2019)

*(Excerpted by Bob Fetter from Susie Fetter's journal written in July 1983 about her happiest experiences...one of which took place in 1969.)*

The day was hot and sultry. We were tired and in a state of low energy following a reunion weekend at Swarthmore College. The children were 3 and 1/2 and 7 years old. For some reason, we had turned onto the wrong road, which became dirt and seemed to be leading nowhere. The heat and fatigue made us somewhat irritable about this error. We experienced that vague aimlessness that accompanies low energy. As the car moved more and more slowly because of the increasingly rough road, the outside began to penetrate the confines of the car. The growth along the roadside was a tapestry of flowers and greenery; the hot, sweet fragrance of a June meadow overcame the car smells.

I exclaimed "...There must be wild strawberries. Let's see." Somewhat reluctantly, the family piled out of the car and stepped into the tangle of growth next to the road. Not only were there wild strawberries, this was the best crop I'd ever seen, with brilliant clusters abundantly sprinkled throughout the meadow as yet undiscovered by the birds. Although I had searched for wild strawberries many times, this was a relatively new experience for the rest of the family. The effect of discovering these red jewels free all around us shook off the lassitude we all had been feeling, and created the most connected, centered feeling we had ever experienced.

The call of the lone bob-white served further to heighten the experience. In silence and profound concentration, we gathered two quarts of fruit... a huge quantity of wild strawberries.

## Flames Seen Around the World: Paris, April 2019

*By Bill Breaky*

A faint lingering smell of smoke hung over the Left Bank on the morning of Tuesday, April 16, 2019, as we traversed the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter towards the Seine. As we approached the river the streets became more crowded and when we reached the Quai de Montebello where the Pont au Double was closed off to anyone but firefighters and police, we mingled with the hushed, shoulder to shoulder crowd of Parisians and visitors. All eyes were directed across the river to where the huge decapitated bulk of Notre Dame stood.

It was the morning after France's "9/11," when one of its most iconic, beautiful, sacred places, that had stood there for centuries, had suffered a catastrophic disaster. This was no terrorist attack and no political issue was involved, although Paris has had more than its share of both in recent years.

The horrific conflagration in the structure of the roof had been triggered apparently by an accident, possibly an electrical fault or a discarded cigarette as craftsmen working hundreds of feet above the ground finished up for the day on the evening of the 15<sup>th</sup>.

Pictures of the blazing cathedral roof had been flashed around the world as people everywhere watched aghast. Among the crowd of Parisians and tourists on the quai that morning there was a sense of disbelief of what they were seeing with their eyes, and enormous sadness that this beloved cathedral, "The Heart of France," which was, thank God, not a total ruin, was nevertheless damaged in a way that would take years to restore.

Twenty-four hours earlier, on the Monday, we had wandered around that part of Paris, enjoying Spring sunshine and taking photographs until we ended up in the square in front of Notre Dame, in a line that snaked towards the security guards at the entrance. Once inside, we were transported into a different world, awe-inspired by the soaring columns, the stone arches of the roof, the glorious stained glass, the liturgical setting, the side aisles and chapels with their monuments and sacred statuary. It was an experience we shared with the hushed crowds of visitors, some of whom were "doing Paris" and had never seen anything like this architectural marvel. Others had come in an attitude of worship, even pilgrimage. Some simply absorbed the beauty and grandeur of the place; others marveled at the accomplishments of medieval architects, craftsmen and artists who, without any

machinery or power tools or modern technology had created this masterpiece that stood on an island in the Seine for more than seven centuries.

Every stone was precisely fitted to its neighbors; the forces acting on the columns, arches and buttresses were precisely calculated. The stained glass shone through all those years with a bright and glorious light. The last thing that occurred to any of us there that day, as an ail the previous days that people had visited Notre Dame, was that before the sun set that night there would be a raging inferno high above, causing worshippers to flee, but that, because the stone arches were so well built, the inner stone vault would not collapse except for a few holes, through which charred embers would fall hundreds of feet to the floor.

There was a sophisticated fire alarm system in the timbers of the outer roof, but the person monitoring the system was new on the job and misinterpreted the information he was receiving. So, there were delays in responding, and by the time the men and women of the Paris fire department rushed high up to the roof, and a flow of water was established, the fire was virtually out of control. However, they fought the flames with dedication and skill and prevented the fires from spreading to other parts of the structure, which could have led to truly catastrophic collapse.

So, on the Tuesday morning Notre Dame still stood. The main structure had sustained severe damage but will eventually be repaired; religious and artistic artifacts were largely unharmed. But the view from the riverbank was profoundly sad and it will be years before any visitor or pilgrim will be able to share the experience that so moved us the previous day.



# GHOSTS

*By Richard Goody*

In the early 1950s and 1960s, Helmuth Klose was a close friend of my wife and me. German by birth, he lived with his wife Rita and three sons in a lovely thatched cottage in Haslingfield outside Cambridge, UK, opposite a picturesque medieval village church. It was, and is, a peaceful, English, country idyll.

But beyond this idyllic life were the appalling events of the 1930s associated with the names of Hitler, Lenin and Stalin. These were his ghosts.

Helmuth was a stocky man, cheerful, friendly and hardworking, probably about 40 years old when we first met. When we knew him, he was employed as a technical assistant in the Zoology Laboratory of the University of Cambridge. Helmuth's bright eyes, his demeanor, and his conversation all said that here was an educated and intelligent man, educated well above the lowly status of a technical assistant.

We soon discovered that he had a complex history. When in Germany, Helmuth was a devoted member of the Anarcho-syndicalist movement. This was a left-wing movement, not as well-known as the Socialists and Communists, which believed that all central governments were part of a plot to suppress the working classes, and that power should be shared at the factory level only. As a political philosophy it was anathema to both Fascists and Leninists. And life for such dissidents in the 1930's was often 'nasty, brutish and short'.

So, Helmuth left Germany, and went to Spain to take part in the confrontation between the Government and the Franco fascists. He enlisted on the Government side. Unfortunately, because of Soviet intervention, the Government cause soon became the communist cause. For Helmuth, this was a case of 'out of the frying pan, into the fire.' He found himself a participant in a dirty war in which he had no stake and no friends, and he stood to be crushed between two behemoths.

Helmuth eventually found himself a refugee, on the run from both Communists and Fascists. The European War loomed. Helmuth was exhausted and disillusioned. He wanted peace. He chose England as the best place to find that peace and managed to find his way there.

But peace was not to be. Soon after he arrived in England, war was declared on Germany and he became an enemy alien. At that time enemy aliens were usually shipped off to Canada or India where they could do no harm. Exceptions were made for Germans with anti-Nazi records who could help with the British war effort. Helmuth qualified because he had a job working as an agricultural laborer. So, he stayed, and fell in love with the peace and beauty of the British countryside. Here, in the company of British workers, was where he wanted to spend the rest of his life.

Late in the war years he met Rita, a young Englishwoman volunteer in the Land Army, and they married. After the war was over, Helmuth found work as a technical assistant at Cambridge University. He had become skilled with his hands,



particularly with carpentry, but also with agriculture. The former became his work and the latter his hobby. Apart from his German accent, he had joined the British working class. In the peaceful English countryside, he had found his home.

In his spare time, he modernized his cottage with his own hands and cultivated its large garden. He and Rita had three children, all boys and all brought up to do manual work. No German was ever spoken in the house. His early life was forgotten.

When we left Cambridge our contacts with the Kloses became occasional. They did not travel outside Haslingfield, so we went there when we could. Sometimes we brought German delicatessen from Cambridge. Helmuth liked my wife, Elfriede, and acted as a kind of godfather to our daughter, Brigid, when she was young.

Much later on, my wife died, and things also changed in Haslingfield. Brigid and I paid a surprise visit, only to find that Helmuth had suffered a major stroke. He was capable of little more than lying in bed. One step at a time he came downstairs to visit us. Rita had warned us: Helmuth had lost his English and could only speak German. This was a tragedy because, in his transition to an English life, he had spoken no German to Rita or the three boys, and German was not a language taught in a village school. His family could only talk to him with signs.

Brigid and I could both speak German badly, but well enough for a conversation. Our conversation was necessarily banal, but Helmuth clearly enjoyed it. His voice broke when it came time to say goodbye. He grasped Brigid's hand and did not let go. She waited and he slowly released his grip. "Alles Gutes" were his last words to us.

A few years past and we learned that Helmuth had died. Only Rita was there next time that we visited.

We knew that he was buried in the churchyard, so we went there before going to the cottage. We had difficulty finding his grave because the name on his headstone was Ken Klose.

I knew from earlier days that his English workmates could not handle the name Helmuth and called him by the common working-class name, Ken. In that peaceful churchyard, I was struck by this testimony to his wish to leave the past behind.

We crossed the road to the cottage. Rita was sitting at the kitchen table, and here a dramatic surprise was waiting. On the table was a very good, life-sized bust of Helmuth. Rita had a strange story to tell. Two German professors had asked if they could come and speak to her. They were researching the pre-war Anarcho-syndicalist movement in Germany. They soon came across the name of Helmuth Klose, one of the most important intellectuals of the movement. He was their poet, and a small book of his poems had survived, which they gave to Rita. Amazingly, they also brought her this bust that we were looking at. It is hard to believe that it could have survived the violence, destruction, and chaos that I saw in Germany in 1945.

This has been the story of a good man crushed between two brutal ideologies

that competed for power in the 1930s. Miraculously, he survived. But his ghosts have not yet been exorcised.

## **ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE**

*By Sidney M. Levy*

Seneca (1 BC- 65 AD), the Greek philosopher, who wrote “On the Shortness of Life” calls to mind the fact that life is short and “True happiness is to enjoy the present, without anxious dependence upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest, satisfied with what we have, which is sufficient, for he that is so wants nothing. The greatest blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach. A wise man is content with his lot, whatever it may be, without wishing for what he has not.”

Another of his profound statements is “Non est ad astra mollis e terris via”-There is no easy way from the earth to the stars.

## OUR BROADMEAD TWINS

*By David Diorio*

Have you run into one of our Broadmead twins in the Centre or on the cluster path, her name on the tip of your tongue, Gay or Gwyn, but you wondered which one? They look tantalizingly similar, identical twins. As mirror twins, one is right-handed, and the other left-handed. Birthmarks appear on opposite sides of their bodies and faces. They smile alike, walk alike, and even grin in delight alike as they watch you struggle to identify them.

But, despite their identical appearances, Gay and Gwyn are very different people who have struggled all their lives to find and explore their individual identities.

Their mother dressed them identically from birth with sweet little white gloves and patent leather shoes, calling each the apple of her eye, which made exploring their individual identities difficult.

They were raised in the Jewish tradition and were hardly aware of their differences as children. Gay was more extrovert and more willing to experiment with life than Gwyn. Their mother loved the theater and enrolled them in the Children's Experimental Theater, which helped them develop some individual experimentation with feelings and identity.

They continued to dress alike through two years of college but started buying different 'dating' clothes to have twice as many pretty outfits. They had accepted a scholarship to Harcum Junior College in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania to study medical technology and graduated after a year of clinical training in Germantown Hospital, to become medical technologists in 1958 at age 21.

Then they worked in the same laboratory for three years and dated two men who were good friends. Gwyn first fell in love with Jerry and married him in March 1960. His friend, David, proposed to Gay six months later and, as she laughs, "He kept me up until 4 am trying to persuade me to marry him." Exhausted she accepted because living at home without Gwyn was strange and uncomfortable.

The two couples rented apartments in Baltimore, and communicate often, but when Gwyn had her first child a year later, Gay writes in her memoir that, "I

couldn't relate to that at all!" That is when she and her husband decided to move to California to figure out who they were without parental input.

This began their fifty-five-year separation. Gay and her husband moved to San Francisco in 1961 and the twins continued to communicate daily, first by phone and then by sending audio cassettes back and forth in the mail.

There also was a remarkable psychic connection which clearly was exemplified when Gay's fourth child, Jessica, became very ill in 1970.

Gay recalls, "Gwyn phoned me in tears saying something was terribly wrong with Jessica! How could she have known? I hadn't told her that Jessica was in surgery having 85% of her liver removed because of cancer."

Gwyn remembers being shaken by a powerful feeling while sitting at her typewriter one day that Jessica was very ill and then desperately phoning her sister. She couldn't explain where this feeling came from. Science at this time has no explanation for how such psychic communication can occur between twins or anyone.

Tragically, Jessica died in 1973. Gay was shaken to her core. She could not understand why God would take her little girl as well as the hundreds of dying children she had observed during Jessica's twenty-one hospital admissions. She began drinking and smoking pot, living as a California hippie of the '70's. This and so much pain caused her husband to move out of their home, and Gay continued working her four jobs (medical technology in three labs and dressmaking). She and Gwyn stayed in touch and visited when possible.

Then, Gay relates, three and one-half years later, after Jessica's death, an angel appeared to her at 8 am in the bedroom as she retired for a few hours after a night shift. She heard unworldly music, opened her eyes and saw a ten-foot angel to her left. She jumped out of bed in fear and the angel touched her, filling her with "hot liquid love." The angel took her hand and gave her a quick tour of heaven. She didn't know what to do with this experience but realized there were spiritual dimensions she didn't know anything about.

Later, in 1976, Gay had the opportunity to go to a "Death and Dying" seminar and was introduced to the reality of God through another vision and audible experience explaining Jessica's short presence on earth. It brought her great peace, and "the foul language, drugs and alcohol were gone immediately from her life."

She studied the Bible for four years and then returned to college to become an oncology nurse. in California, Then, in 1988 she went into the mission field, teaching Counseling and Health Care with Youth with a Mission from Hawaii.

All this time Gwyn remained in Baltimore, working as a medical technologist in various hospitals and supporting her three children. She and Gay each have two girls and a boy they have raised; both marriages ended in divorce. Gwyn continues attending a Jewish temple weekly, her lifestyle remaining essentially the same while Gay's life became dramatically different.

Gay had another interesting experience helping her separate in her twinship from Gwyn when she attended a seminar that helped her face her fears.

Climbing a 50-foot spiked tree (in a harness) she asked God to help her separate from any unhealthy spiritual parts of the twinship as she leapt from the tree. She felt a great difference at the bottom! Even Gwyn noticed how different she was after that.

Gwyn phoned her in 2013 and suggested that they move together to Broadmead, adding, "We spent the beginning of our lives together, why not spend the end of our lives together?" Gay prayed over this and agreed. In 2015 they arrived in a cluster apartment to become our charming Broadmead twins, enjoying life at Broadmead, and living closely together despite their large individual differences.

## **THE GIRL WITH THE YELLOW STAR**

*By Paulette Trout*

*(This is the last excerpt from Paulette's memoir. In the prior issue she writes: "Suddenly one day, after two and a half years hiding in the attic, on September 2, 1944 - a bright, sunny day -the BBC announced Allied forces had liberated Brussels.")*

We almost immediately packed up our meager belongings, left the Hellenses' cursed attic, and took the streetcar home to our house. The screeching of the wheels on the tracks hurt my ears. Having been used to whispering for two and a half years, I was still whispering to my parents.

The big beautiful house on the hill, our former home, was in unbelievable condition. Like most nice dwellings in wartime, it had been "requisitioned" by the occupying forces and had served as a lodging for German officers. The stair railing had been sawn off. My father's high school diploma from the Philanthropin had served as a dartboard. And the landlord had taken the rest of our belongings into "protective custody." Nothing was left. Not a dish, not a toy, not a usable piece of furniture. The house was clearly unlivable. Besides, we really did not want to have any further dealings with that particular landlord.

We looked up relatives and friends. Most had been deported, including my mother's brother. The war had left behind its terrible accounting.

I returned to elementary school, in the fifth grade, where I belonged by age, having skipped the second, third and fourth grades in their entirety. I was painfully afraid of the other children, muttering and stuttering when called upon, and reserving my true feelings for my compositions, which would often win first place.

One day, one of my teachers accused me in public of having a ghostwriter who would pen my compositions since “they could not possibly have been written by the living vegetable attending classes. ” When my mother explained to her the unusual circumstances of my upbringing, my teacher apologized publicly at an assembly, which had the effect of embarrassing me even more, but at least I could reap the laurels I had earned.

Little by little, life went back to normal. My father was able to renew his former business contacts due to his impeccable reputation, business acumen and hard work. He again made a success of his auto parts firm. He was utterly delighted to be able to supply essential parts to the Allied Forces. A concierge, remembering us from some generous occasion act before the war, produced a decent apartment, a unique privilege in post-war Brussels. My grandmother and uncle came out of hiding after many adventures of their own and joined us in our new home.

Now again, Boma could bake her famous streuselkuchen when she accumulated enough ration coupons for butter, eggs, flour and sugar. Music took its revered place in our home again. The Steinway, lord of the apartment, rang forth the jubilant tones of Beethoven and Schubert, doubly audible in the nearly empty rooms, which had been sparsely furnished by the Salvation Army. My parents went to every concert in town to make up for lost time. They invited to our home countless British and American soldiers who attended the concerts, basing their hospitality on the gratitude we owed our “liberators.” Our guests ran the gamut) from the high-ranking officer, the inventor of the British amphibious tank, to a mayor of a famous Yorkshire town, to a farmer from Colorado who gave me rides in his jeep, to an incomprehensible bricklayer from Alabama.

Deeply indebted to the Allies, we invited as many as possible for meals in our home. My mother fixed them sumptuous banquets on our one gas burner stove. They, away from their relatives, enjoyed a taste of normal family life. By then I was an impish ten-year-old, and I willingly became the mascot of several British and American regiments. Finally, I could practice those English sentences painstakingly learned in the attic with my father!

My father’s import business took him to America on a visit. Having always been told that he was an American at heart because of the scope of his vision and his sense of organization, he fell in love at first sight with the United States and decided, in 1951, to move our family to California and to establish his business there. A new land, a new start.

Unfortunately, after two years in Los Angeles, my father fell victim to the ravages that the war had made on his health. Having recently been diagnosed as having diabetes and suffering from angina pectoris, he died suddenly, on Thanksgiving, of a massive heart attack. He was fifty-one years old.

My mother, still young, in a new country, remained truly inconsolable for many years. I was then sixteen, already in college, and I tried my best to help her. Bravely

and gamely, she picked up the pieces of her life for my sake and became an internationally respected designer. I went on to pursue a career in my adopted land, teaching French, my native language, at the University of California, Los Angeles, Columbia University, and Yale University.

All is quiet now on the peaceful Common in Cambridge. My two young sons, tired from their play, are wearily resting on a bench. These two, Americans by birthright, have the greatest privilege of all: growing up, head held high, little leaguers, part of a great big team, learning every day that democracy is to be worked at, that their vote which now elects the student officers of the school will elect the president and legislature of their country, that their voice will be heard and counted, that their fate is in their own hands. They have the great joy of growing up free, unafraid) knowing that in their own country there is no evil force, looming like the shadow of death and destruction, over their young Spring.

These memoirs were interrupted by the most eagerly awaited event: the liberation of Brussels by the Allies on September 2, 1944. There was no more time now for introspection: life was there to be lived to the fullest again. As the reader will recall, the preface to this work attempted to brush a general picture of the events that were to follow the liberation: my father's attempt at reconstructing the life of our family in war-torn Brussels and his desire for a new beginning in America. The reader may also wish to know why this book is only coming to the fore now, more than thirty-five years after its inception. Frankly, these memoirs have followed me around for that length of time. They were in Brussels, in Los Angeles, in Baltimore, in Paris, and finally in New England. Wherever I went in my professional peregrinations, the memoirs accompanied me like Chinese ancestral portraits or the penates, that Roman gods of the hearth, which they set up each time they moved.

I never really wanted to relinquish this diary, which was my own [written for me?] and never meant for publication, as explicitly stated in the Prologue by my father. For many years, I was unable to part with it nor did I want to share it. However, after my parents died, I decided that I wanted to recapture a part of this life that had been ours.

I sat down one day with a friend who is well-versed in the German language and read the school notebooks in my father's beautifully penned German. We were spellbound, both by the story the memoirs tell and by the style of this very cultured man, who would recite by heart, while cooped up in the attic, entire poems of Heine, Schiller and Goethe. Reading it, my friend and I realized it deserved a larger audience because, simply put, it is a document of the times, a piece of history.

## **MY DOUBLE**

*By Susan Saunders*

This past Sunday at Brunch my friend Sita said "There is a belief that everyone

has a double, someone whom they resemble.” That was a segue for me to share my history with my own doubles—a history that received a new connection that very morning.

When I was in my late teens and twenties I was flattered to be compared to Jacqueline Kennedy. I did not possess any of her style and glamor, but there was a similarity in the arrangement of our facial features.

In my thirties my husband bestowed on me a new comparison, one that still astonishes me and will definitely appear in the essay I plan to write titled “How Could I Ever Leave This Man?” We were watching *Brigadoon*. As Cyd Charisse and Gene Kelly ended their *pas de deux* in the meadow and walked off screen Larry turned to me and said— “Oh she walks like you!” The comparison would have blown me away if he had said “You walk like her.” But he increased the value of the praise many times by saying that Cyd Charisse had copied my walk.

Post menopause things took a different turn. I put on some heft and my hair got much lighter. I also wore it long and straight. Arriving at a gathering of friends I was greeted with the nearly unison comment. “You look like Mary Travers.” This was the older heavier version of the sylphlike Mary with the flowing blond hair we all wanted to be in the 60’s. But again, I could see some resemblance and was somewhat flattered.

This past Sunday I saw my most recent double. As I walked from the back-parking lot toward the Center at Broadmead, I was afforded a full-length reflection of myself in motion. Coming toward me was a large rectangular woman with a good deal of lung capacity. “God Bless America” I sang in my head in a deep contralto. Here comes Kate Smith! I am only lacking her magnificent triple chins but the delicious food at Broadmead should help me make up for that.

## **MY T-SHIRT**

*By Isaac Rehert*

Sitting at the entrance to the dining room a while ago, I was greeted by my friend Herb Clark, a Broadmead resident who seemed attracted to the picture on the front of my T-shirt. It was an exotic, multicolored scene with a few words printed in black around its edges.

Herb’s curiosity was no surprise. Whenever I wear a garment with a picture or a message, inevitably—as if this were an addiction— people are drawn to my front edge.



I could not answer Herb's question about the illustration. How could I know? You see, I had inherited the T-shirt from my late brother Matt, and he had never explained the illustration to me. For some reason, I believe the written words are in Bulgarian, although I don't recall that Matt had ever visited Bulgaria. He had visited Uzbekistan, but that country uses the Russian alphabet, which was not the one that appeared on my T-shirt.

In any event, I could not tell what the lettering on my chest might say when I wore it because, looking down, the words on my chest appeared upside down, as did the illustration. Besides, I don't know Bulgarian! Sorry Herb.

## **SISTER THOMAS —OUR OWN NUN**

*by Frank Iber*

Boston received a multimillion-dollar grant to remove public alcoholics from police responsibility and create a treatment program to largely keep these persons out of the jails and emergency rooms. I was its director. We were provided a shuttered, idle YWCA residence building for single women and undertook renovations to accommodate up to 200 men each night. We carefully examined all to identify the very few who required medical care in hospital. All others were bathed, dressed in clean pajamas and provided carefully supervised detoxification. This required three to ten days while they remained with us. At discharge one in ten chose further alcoholism treatment and directly entered a local facility, the majority departed to their own care.

In recruiting staff, we were fortunate to hire Sister Thomas. Her Order placed many sisters in jobs helping people in need. They approved our job and negotiated and collected her salary. She wore civilian clothes in her work except on Sundays when she wore the dress of her order. Her job was to staff a kitchen providing appropriate meals and snacks. She was responsible for hiring her staff who purchased, prepared and served all food. Her staff consisted of young women mostly identified by her order but supervised by Sister Thomas who worked 6 1/2 days each week.

After seven months of reconstruction, carefully observed by the neighborhood, we were prepared to open. We were besieged by ever increasing crowds of angry women demanding that our men-only facility accommodate women. For several days the demonstrators blocked access to the workers completing construction.

Our Board of Directors met at a distant site with the operational team. All planning had been for men only with one set of toilets and beds in very large open

spaces to facilitate observation by treatment staff. Our board was perplexed but Sister Thomas was prepared. She held up a 4 x 8- inch piece of cardboard which had "OPEN" written on one side and

"OCCUPIED" written on the other. She went out into the hallway and returned with a standard five-foot-high three-part folding screen. She suggested that all toilets could have a nail on the door to support her sign and a dozen screens could be obtained to provide privacy for interviews and dressing. The board accepted her suggestions and we opened one week later for both women and men.

Sister Thomas and her staff proved outstanding, providing tasty healthy snacks at all hours and serving tempting meals to those who were ambulatory and thick soups to those bed ridden. She and her staff were always smiling and conveyed an optimistic outlook to all clients. Sister Thomas walked by all beds with friendly words each day and called many returning alumni by name. She spent extra time with the women and at least half chose to enter further alcoholism treatment. Her order provided prepaid taxi rides to bring her to and from work. At night when she departed the center, she would invite any of her female staff who were leaving to ride home in her taxi on the order's dime.

A second crisis arose when one of her young food servers was caught in bed with one of our alcoholics primly surrounded by screens. I, our board chairman, and much of our staff were indignant and wanted proper retribution to preserve the excellent reputation we had already earned. Firing the employee with no recommendation and barring future entry by the alcoholic seemed inadequate to assuage our anger. Sister Thomas met with us, pointed out our unchristian and adolescent attitudes and suggested we carry out none of our reactions but verbally caution the principals that they were threatening the existence of the entire program. She further added "the girl is an excellent worker."

Again, her wisdom prevailed. Sister Thomas continued in this job for eight years and was by far the most popular leader in our program. With the wise assistance of our nun we met the goal of safely removing at least 9,000 street alcoholics each year from emergency rooms and police custody.

## **DR. LORENZO —A MAN WHO STUTTERED**

*By Frank Iber*

Baltimore had a Public Health Hospital before 1990 providing care for ships crews who came into our active port. Recruitment of doctors for its staffing was difficult due to US Government salaries, limited updating of facilities, and transfer of the most challenging patients to the cities two medical schools. The recurrent threat to close the few remaining Marine or Public Health Hospitals also made recruitment difficult. The Baltimore hospital needed a gastroenterologist and found one of their residents who was willing to work with them for four years if they could enter him into and paid for his GI training. They approached me with the offer to pay all expenses for this man to work two years in our training program to become a gastroenterologist. They hoped I would undertake this task to rescue them from their difficulty.. They pointed out that he stuttered under stress, but that their hospital was usually so calm that this was no real problem. I agreed to interview Dr. Lorenzo and meanwhile discussed the possibility of an additional trainee with my staff.

When he came for interview found a large, very nervous Afro-American man who was totally unable to complete a sentence, answer a question or communicate because of a severe stutter that totally prevented ordinary speech. I recognized that the interview situation was stressful and I arranged for a tour of our facilities with one of our current trainees. One of our faculty a few days later visited him in the Public Health Hospital while he was working . The interview in his hospital and the tour with our trainee both found very little stuttering and a friendly man capable of clear communication. Both of our staff reinforced the view of his direct supervisors that he was highly motivated to succeed and a hard worker.

After much discussion among ourselves and with his current supervisors we agreed to work with him in our program. Over at least six months, when he was asked to speak in a session in which I was in charge his stuttering totally interfered with his communication; when others were in charge his speech impediment was far less, but we all observed it was a diminishing problem. By the end of his first year

although still present, it was not a serious handicap even when I was in charge.

He had great hand-eye coordination essential in the manipulation of our instruments, studied steadily, and proved an excellent mentor of medical students . By the end of his second year, we felt he had learned the essentials of our field as well as any of our trainees and fully certified his satisfactory training.

At the very end of each training year our faculty gave a banquet to honor and praise those who were “graduating ” from our program. Usually a faculty person gives a short review of the strengths and uniqueness of each candidate and they in turn typically respond with praise for their training and for their teachers. When Dr. Lorenzo had been introduced and when it came to his reply he smiled, looked directly at me and said “I want to thank Dr. Iber for curing my stutter,” and sat down. After a long period of silence everyone clapped their approval.

## **My Great / Great Uncle Napoleon!**

(A Family Story)

*By Bernie Anderson*

William Patterson (1752-1835) was a man of high accomplishment. Born in Ireland he found his way to Baltimore as a shipping magnate and acquired great wealth. Patterson Park in Baltimore is named after him (he donated the land). However, he is arguably best known as the father of Betsy Patterson Bonaparte, the most prominent American woman of her era (1785-1879), whose life was divided between living in Baltimore and numerous places in Europe. However, her fame is mostly due to her marriage to Jerome Bonaparte, the younger brother of Napoleon (1769-1821).

(When Napoleon learned of the marriage he immediately nullified it, because he had other marriage plans for his brother.) Many books (and a few movies) have been written about Betsy. She was a woman of beauty and prominent in the social circles of Baltimore, Washington and Europe. She was a close friend of President James Madison and his wife, Dolly.

Betsy was one of eight children (and the only daughter) of William and Dorcas Spear (1761-1814) who survived to adulthood. Of the many books about Betsy, arguably the most notable one was that written by Alexandra Deutsch and published by the Maryland Historical Society (2016). The book contains a host of exhibits from Betsy’s life and some of her written notes. Of interest to my family history is a note (in Betsy’s hand) written in her aging years (on January 16, 1867 or when she was 82) and exhibited on page 79 of the book. The note reads in part (referring to her father, William): “His mistress Nancy Todd was in his house when his wife was on her death bed - and when expelled by Edward Patterson (Betsy’s brother) was succeeded in the same capacity by Somers by whom he had in his old age a bastard daughter.” Who was this “bastard daughter”, and what became of her? Could William have conceived other children out of wedlock?

How does this story relate to my family story?

The Anderson family from which I descended has a long history in Maryland,

dating back to the late 1600s. A William Anderson first came to America around 1670 from Northumberland, Scotland, as an indentured servant (to a man named Lionel Pawley) and settled in what is now Anne Arundel County.

He married and from this marriage there descended some ten generations of Andersons (I am in the ninth). Somewhere along the line of offspring the Andersons moved to what was then called "My Lady's Manor" in northeast Baltimore County. It is still recognized by many by that name.

The Anderson family story covers eleven generations (the first of the twelfth was born recently). I will reserve the telling of those stories for the future. For now, I will refer to the 6th generation of Andersons descended from William.

Leonard was his name - son of Thomas and Ruth Anderson. I don't know if he lived his entire life in the Cockeysville/Texas, MD area. However, he was a blacksmith with a shop on the northwest corner of Padonia and York Roads. He married Rebecca Lucas and together they had five children. Leonard would be my great/great grandfather. His wife Rebecca died in 1841 and Leonard subsequently married a woman whose name was Nancy Ann Patterson Null, a widow with two children. Nancy and Leonard had four children. Family stories passed down verbally from that time say that Nancy was somehow related to Betsy Patterson Bonaparte. Hence the connection to Napoleon (perhaps a bit of a stretch). My own research into this brings me to the part of the story that I began with above.

There is no official record (at least to my knowledge) of a "Nancy" being born in the Patterson family. My inclination leads me to suspect that the "bastard daughter", born from William's association with another woman, is the Nancy that married my great/great grandfather, Leonard.

In another book titled "Wondrous Beauty" (2014) the author, Carol Berkin, describes how Betsy considered her father. She writes that Betsy "in later years would write in bitterness and contempt of William's mistresses and his illegitimate child."

The dates associated with the above are consistent with this speculation. Note that Dorcas (Betsy's mother) died in 1814, Nancy Ann was born in 1814. William Patterson was 62 in 1814. (He was 83 when he died. Nancy Ann died in 1892 at age 78)

I have written to the Maryland Historical Society and specifically to Alexandra Deutsch requesting further information. I also emailed Carol Berkin (author of "Wondrous Beauty") asking about Nancy. I was not successful in getting any informative response.

My search goes on. Where it may lead I do not know. However, I find some satisfaction in exploring my family history and learning about the people who preceded me.

## MY THREE INSPIRING GRANDDAUGHTERS

*By Anne Allen B. Dandy*

My three older granddaughters have always been a source of inspiration for me.

My oldest, Reverend Robyn Vining, a minister of the Presbyterian church in Suburban Milwaukee, is also the Democratic State Representative for her district in suburban Milwaukee.

Last week her resolution honoring and assisting parents, guardians, and foster care workers of babies passed with bipartisan support. Her "Wisconsin Resolve" bill confronts a current infant marketing crisis. It also stresses the importance of expanding Medicaid to launch programs such as "Healthy Women, Healthy Babies," providing increased medical assistance for infants and their caretakers.

Robin also operates a photography business specializing in weddings and photographing young children. Her work is time demanding but, fortunately her husband, John, a theology professor at Governor State University in Illinois, often assists her, chauffeuring their teen-aged children, back and forth to their various commitments.

My next oldest, Sarah Patz, a psychologist, counsels young adults in her Denver office, close to their home. Fortunately, daddy also is often available to help with the care of their two young children.

Lastly, my youngest granddaughter, 28-year old Ellicott Dandy, shares a home in Seattle, WA with Alec, an environmental lawyer. Her exam for the Bar will be next August.

Recently she described her pro bono immigration project to me with the *Saw firm, Jones Day*, on the Texas border which she found very depressing. She is fluent in Spanish and was able to advise and assist a few refugees on how to deal with their border plights. "This period in our American experience is going to prove to be a disaster," she said.

I am so proud of these three brave young women, my granddaughters.

## **Music, Mahler, and Nature**

*By Anne Allen B. Dandy*

The Mahler Ninth Symphony was presented by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and directed by conductor Alsop on Sunday, June 9, 2019. Without any intermission it held the audience's spellbound attention for almost ninety minutes. The pastoral scenery and sounds of streams flowing, birds singing, breezes blowing were very much in evidence.

Early on the mood was joyful, later it became brooding and sad. The latter was probably reminiscent of Mahler's adored daughter, Maria, who died suddenly, very young, of diphtheria.

Some of the music harks back to an earlier composition, "Kinder Toten Lieder," death of children. Several of his own children died in infancy.

Mahler had mentioned to his dear friend, Bruno Walter, "I must be surrounded by nature to create music."

Many years ago, Walter and I attended an international conference on anesthesia in Vienna. We stayed with parents of our best friends, Dr. Peter and Eva Safar. Their home overlooked the vineyards of Greensing. Because I had been reading the biography of Andrew Bruckner, a contemporary Austrian composer of Mahler, we decided to investigate the gorgeous countryside. We saw many clear, bubbly streams, fields of wildflowers, unspoiled landscapes, gorgeous terrain and birds trilling away. In Amsfeldin we visited Bruckner's very old monastery where he had been their celebrated organist. We actually heard an organist perform some celebrated religious classics. The volume and clarity were impressive and overwhelming.

Bruckner dedicated all of his music to God and afterwards he claimed to have found true inspiration from the beautiful surroundings outdoors. Once again, we were reminded of the importance of nature to music.

## MY TREE

*By Gwen Marable*

Trees do not belong to us. We can love them, love the look of them, the way they're always there where we're used to seeing them, the way they smell, and change.

Then they're not there. Sometimes you know they're going to go. Sometimes they fall without sound. Or they crash to the ground and you hear the crash. Today David and James, came to my door, Biblical names to tell me they were waiting to tell me they were going to cut down my tree. It would not be mine anymore.

Not that it ever was. I inherited it with my apartment. It was a cedar sentinel guarding my front door.

I had watched it grow in the seventeen years I've lived here. I saw its top reach above the roof line. I've seen it heavy with snow, my personal Christmas tree. I tied it to the wall to keep it from falling. It waited for me each time I returned. Now it is not there. A stump remains, a raw wooden period reminding me of the end of what used to be. Around the stump, brown pine needles cover the earth.

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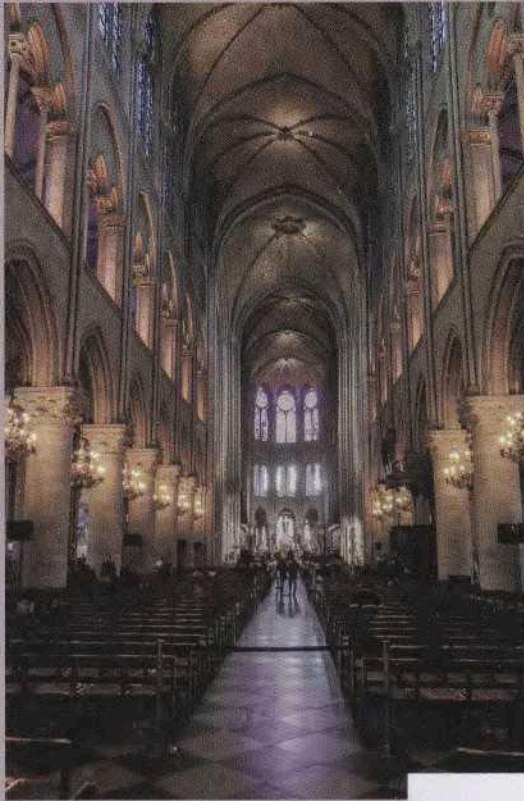
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riverbank was  
profoundly sad.”  
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