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The
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of Poetry and Prose

SPRING 2021



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STILL NEAR, LUCINDA

By Isaac Reher

Today we celebrate Lucinda,
Sculptor-in-glass of Cluster B.
Her home is full of beautiful things
as far as the eye can see.

She greets neighbors and friends,
sharing their sorrows and joys.
Most friends are pretty girls,
But some of them are boys.

Lucinda is moving away from us,
Her new home will be Taylor Heights.
We'll miss having her in our friendliness club;
Cluster B will be different, both days and nights.

So, best wishes Lucinda and love to you,
in your new household adventure here.
We will always feel love and happiness
In the knowledge that you are near.

HARD HAT
By Isaac Reher

And what did you do today
to make the world a better place
as a result of your having been
alive in it?

That man in the hard white hat
and thin yellow vest - you can
be sure he was doing it, throwing
empty cardboard boxes into the
loading end of the pickup he had
left parked near the new unfinished
entrance to the old community
center building we old residents
had gotten used to.

Yes, he passes the test, he's
making the world a more orderly
cleaner place,
from behind a steel woven wire fence
that keeps walkers like me shielded
from dirt and danger. I have been
observing that workman in his hard
hat cleaning and ordering his
assigned little portion of the world.

And though that man in the hard hat
may be thinking only of paying the rent
this week, this elderly observer knows
he is also making a disheveled construction site
into a clean and orderly place
and carrying the images home with
me to tell others about them

PASSING YOU ON MY WALK,
DURING AND AFTER COVID

By Sue Baker

How do I know thee?
Let me count the ways.

I know you by your jacket's hue,
Blue or grey or maybe red.
I know you by your shoulders' slant,
Your stride, the way you wear your cap.
Your mask - if it is different,
Your cane or stroller, shuffling gait,
Hands in pockets? Clasped behind?
We pass. I ponder. Was I right?

How shall I know thee
When the masks are gone?
Your face familiar, not your name?
Perhaps remembered eyes or smile.
Your hair, when seen, will be a clue.
Your voice if you just say 'hello'
May help me recollect
All that I knew pre-Covid.

FOUR WRAP-AROUND, OPEN SONNETS

By Maggie Babb

The poet's pencil
travels across vast landscapes
explores hidden caverns
all the while contained on a
single small page. the poet's pencil
asks questions that unlock
doors then invites the conversation
to stay as long as necessary
the poet's pencil is deceptively
humble being simple graphite
and wood. its lowly stature grants
it entrance to the most
secret places
the darkest corners

the darkest corners
come in threes three
days three nights
three decades more likely
for the stranger who is me
to be released from the
bounds that have kept me
invisible even to myself
when have I actually been
safe. Isolated pockets
here and there stripped
away to reveal a raw
nakedness mocked
and ridiculed

and ridiculed
because I've been consumed trying to survive
no more surviving. I choose
thriving. I choose seeing what
lies hidden from plain view
the wildness the beauty the
balancing forces of life
digging the thistles out of
the compost in my little garden plot
turning over the rich soil
removing the spidery roots of
weeds making ready for

whatever I will plant come Spring a
new season with its roots in the old

a new season with its roots in the old
nourished by the rotting of the
no longer needed gently layered
with straw and leaves some
minced words long regretted
chopped kale stems
recurring dream motifs
and semi-rotted manure dug
from the back of the cow barn
nothing is wasted in due time
with turning oxygen rain
everything will transform
will cycle back to be the cradle
the matrix for what comes next

ODE TO THE BLACK SNAKE

By Maggie Babb

a shaft of afternoon sun
pierces through the cobwebs
to reveal it glinting in the corner
under broken picture frames

the attic almost empty now
echoes as I walk
across rough boards where
farm hands once slept

no more old riding boots stiff
with dry rot, tents
sleeping bags
bluet camp stoves
llama fleeces
off to the mill
great grandmother petticoats
brass bed frames, crumbling
trunks all shedding
their histories

I kneel
your discarded papery skin transmits
a thrill
my fingers trace
impossible delicate oval scales
engineered for travel

I want to learn
how to un-know
everything
how to slough these tight
ideas I want to learn how
to look for

the tiny snag
to catch them
up behind my ear
to find some abrasive corner
some immovable anchor
then, slide myself forward

is it just a matter of allowing grace
letting what I think I know
to glide off?

THE LILY POND
By Lily KOUO

I am sitting on a bench,
Watching ducks swimming in the lily pond.
Moonlight illuminates the sky,
Stars are twinkling overhead.
The gentle breeze embraces me.
I can smell the sweet scents from the wild flowers.
I can hear the birds singing far behind me.
God created this place for you and me.
Let us enjoy but not destroy it.

IAMBICS

by Paul Olson

Out of the gray
and white of that cloud continent which lay
over our world at morning and now flies
eastward across the lake to whiten other skies,

A lonely gull
Swoops down to skim the anxious waves where dull
rock-sterile ridges yield no slightest trace of likely
objects for a seabird's search. Yet race

Or ignorance
Of what a man calls wise, or his intense
Delight in seeking and in soaring gave
Him cause to soar and seek above the opaque wave.

SEGESTA (SAPPHICS)

by Paul Olson

There in shaded quiet is still a refuge
from the summer's fury and from the valley's.
There the stones have memories; there, immortal,
sings the cicada.

Shun the golden valley and spurn its weeping,
from the anguish ancient as these same granite
hills that parch the vine with their stony fire
Find a path upward,

through fields where yellow wheat has long since fallen,
yielding its own straw, but for all the labor,
for the love and sweat of the anxious planting,
yielding no harvest.

Listen on the height to the words of sorrow;
listen to the accents of rage, the hollow
sounds from the city. Then turn from the city;
turn to Segesta.

There a temple stands, offering serenely
to the vanished gods such a gift of beauty
as when it first rose in the noon of hellas
for an oblation.

Now no vibrant string, nor the wailing pipe, nor
Dionysian food wounds the holy silence.
But the steps are broad and the stately columns
Cast a broad shadow.

(Our resident, Paul Olson, passed away on January 18, 2021)

CHAIR

By Libby Champney

This chair is not my mother's.
She bought it when she moved into the condo.
She read in it; she watched TV.
It held her up till she no longer could,
until her crumpled spine called sharply
for lying down — on the bed, in her coffin, underground.
And now the chair is mine.
I've made it mine by wearing a hole
in the right arm after losing the covers
she had made to protect against this
shocking and improper revelation of
what's underneath.
But I've also added some things — first,
my husband, and then a footstool that
he carved by hand and upholstered with
the found arm covers. All should be well.

I sit in the chair now and do what everyone does:
I think of my mother. I wish she were here.
I wish I could ask her questions — and that she
could answer them — truthfully, with full self
awareness and understanding, which surely,
after all this time —

I know my daughters will not
want this chair. And even if
they did, they would not know
the right questions to ask any more
than my mother knew, or knows, the answers.

ANOTHER AUTUMN

By Libby Champney

Aging,

the leaves curl and drop,
revealing the essence
of trees — the lustrous bones:
slender spines, or thick and twisted,
arms snaking at odd angles
as they elbow their way toward up,
somber, lean, brushing the sky.

Some brightness remains, clinging
red and gold
mottled limbs enlivened
till the last shreds fall.

Beyond the skeletons, the spreading fields —
most are fallow, dull; but some are green
with winter wheat.

POETIC LICENSE

By Anne Fogg

Well, I don't have one
but, so far, that hasn't stopped me
from writing poems.
(At least I think they're poems.
Who knows what a poem is, anyway?)

Many have remarked on my use of imagery.
For example:

"The sun shines in the heavens
as yellow as an enormous poached egg;
The clouds are as soft and cool
as scoops of Dairy Queen ice cream.
The ocean waves froth and foam
like a vanilla milkshake."

Yes, I like food images because
they are to be savored
like my Aunt Janie's cherry crisp.
(except she used to forget
to take it out of the oven
before it burned).
It was crisp all right,
as in burnt to a..

It didn't taste very good,
especially the time she forgot
to put in the sugar.
But we pretended to like it
so as not to hurt her feelings.
Bobby (my brother)
and I would scoop it into our napkins
when no one was looking
and dump it down the disposal
while the grownups
drank their coffee in the living room.

I wonder.. has anyone treated
my poems like that?
(Surely not)!
If I don't have a poetic license
does that mean my poems are illegal?

Might I be arrested and put on trial
for operating my poetry
without proper authorization?
If found guilty and sent to jail
I'd have plenty of time to write poems
and I might finally get them published
in the prison journal.

This could be the beginning
of an illustrious career.

THE CROWS

By Anne Fogg

A wild wind blows
the whirling snows.
Upon a tree a flock of crows
align in military rows.
Motionless, they seem to doze.
Or else perhaps they simply froze.

A glimpse of beady eye that glows,
A twitch of wing: which clearly shows
that in their veins the blood still flows
beneath their inky feathered clothes.

How long each holds his stony pose!
Then with a flap, the leader rose.
He croaked as though expressing woes.
All follow him as off he goes.
Where they're headed, no one knows

A CAUTIONARY TALE FOR KNITTERS

By Ann Fogg

When Sal had knit 300 socks, (that's quite a load:
One hundred fifty pairs)
Her knitting box then overflowed
and filled the whole downstairs.
She paid no heed. She knit some more,
her needles clicking as she climbed
up to the second floor.
But the fiber, undeterred,
kept filling up the space.
When it reached her bedroom door
she headed up one level more.
The attic, the last place to go,
except the roof, which wasn't flat.
(Slippery too, from ice and snow)
She knew she couldn't manage that.
At dinnertime she heard a noise
and gave a startled hoot.
Great clumps of yarn had followed her
and blocked her exit route.
She raised her needle like a sword
and took a fighting stance.
She shouted swear words and she roared
as yarn climbed up her pants.
Some strands she slashed died on the floor
but more kept coming, more and more.
At last, exhausted, she succumbed.
The fibers whispered and they hummed,
twining round 'til she was bound.
Her cries were muffled, not a sound
emerged so no one heard her attempts to form a word.
Indeed, with yarn her mouth was full.
Poor Sal, alas, died in the wool.

Moral:

Don't let this horror be your fate.
Don't let your scraps accumulate.

FLIGHT
By Anne Fogg

As the wind whispered in the dry grass
I saw two ravens dive and stall mid-air.
They dropped like stones to make a pass
along the beach, skimming the dry sand.
Then heaven bent again, they soared.
No sound, no flap of wing.
Silence like a liquid poured
over the fields. To the very air they seemed to cling,
their flight as smooth as glass
sliding through cloud and over hill.
The wind now sleeping in the grass
And all the world around is still.

PLAY THERAPY

By Paula Scheye

“You’re late,” she says, and turns her face away.
She can’t tell time, except as a cat
That wakes from sleep, stretches, licks a paw
To wash her whiskers, slides off the bed
And glides to the door, just as the key
Clicks in the lock. Today we work
On loss, the grief of a child abandoned.
A girl walks through an empty house, opening
Doors. No one’s there. She falls down the stairs
Crying. No one comes. I pick up the doll.
“Did you think I’d forgotten you?” She nods.
“Do we need an ambulance?” She nods again.
The doctor’s kit comes out, thermometer,
Stethoscope, needle, the tools of healing.
“Can I listen to your heart?” she asks,
her lips part in concentration. “What do you hear?”
“My name.” Her smile lights the room, the dark
places in my heart, today, twenty years
later. I couldn’t have told her then how long
her name would linger in my heart, how many
names and faces would take up residence
small hands leaving fingerprints like a house
that has been burgled, after the police are gone.

WINTER SOLACE

By Paula A. Scheye

The first line is the hardest
Gazing into the void
Or rather into a universe
Of sounds, words, meanings
Without a clear reason
To choose one over another
Except my own will
Or whimsy or impulse
Or memory or desire
To find words, names
For the buzz of circuits in my brain
Or for the sheer beauty of
A word choosing me
Falling into exactly the right place

Falling into exactly the right place
The maple leaf that slips from the tree
And drifts to the mossy bank
The acorn that buries itself in the ground
To break open into leaf and limbs
The shell of the robin's egg broken open
By the blue jay feeding its fledglings
The sparrow that tumbles from the sky
Even as God's eye marks its demise
The tree itself falling unheard
In the deep empty wood
And the snow that sifts through the twilight
Silently shrouding the tree as
Night falls over this fragile globe.

BLESSINGS
By Susan Saunders

Bless the Drum Majors for Freedom,
The ones who give their lives to bend
the arc of the moral Universe
towards justice.
Bless the Phillips and Elizabeths
whose children are bereft
while they are imprisoned.
Bless the Martins and Malcoms and Medgars
whose children cry
"Oh Daddy! Why did you have to die?"
Bless those who risk it all
for people they do not know
and will never meet.
And Bless those whose hearts and souls
are committed to the cause
of the heroes but who
choose a different path.
Bless those who stand and wait,
who dedicate themselves to
preserving and protecting the families
and communities they have been given.
Bless the ones who know that
seed corn must not be ground.

A FAMILY GATHERING

By Lily Kouo

From north and from west came my family,
To a peaceful and beautiful place,
Where ponies can live freely,
On the Assateague Island of peace.

We walked on the beach and swam there.
We climbed to face the sun's gold crown.
Wild ponies strolled without a care.
We sat and toasted marshmallows brown.

Children's laughing, crying tires my ears,
But we enjoy the home-cooked food.
And we are building bonds for future years,
That add to what we know is good.

The ponies live in peace and harmony.
Since they can do it, why not we?

PERCENT

By Janice Dykacz

Understanding percent
is your penance for Lent.

20% means

20 based on 100,

literally -- per cent.

For a 20% discount

on a \$100 item.

take \$20 off the price

and pay \$80.

If the item costs \$300,

then \$60 (or $3 \times \$20$)

would be nice and

you pay \$240.

For a 20% discount

on a \$50 item.

take off \$10 ($1/2$ of \$20)

and pay \$40.

And that is the zen of

20%.

HYPERBOLA

By Janice Dykacz

Our lives are like a hyperbola,

two parts, always separate.

The hyperbola begins with branches apart,

slowly growing closer but not touching.

Then, the inevitable, the branches diverge,

each going on a separate path.

I would like to pull back, to the close parts,

close yet separate.

SENTINELS IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD,
LONG GREEN, MARYLAND
By Ross Jones

The old, old, trees
Poplars, oaks and pines, are
So massive, round and wide
That you cannot put your arms around them.
They stretch so far upward, toward Heaven's Gate, that
Touching a passing cloud would seem easy.
In summer, they weave a lush green canopy]
Above the old stones.
While in winter their leafless limbs and branches
Rest patiently
Waiting for Spring's promised resurrection.
How many treasured souls
Have they gazed down upon
As each was carried gently and reverently
By loving family and friends
To a new and everlasting home?
How many tears have dampened their roots?
How many sighs have made their leaves quiver?
How many blessings have floated up among their branches?
Weeks, or even generations, later,
After the mourners have bidden farewell,
These royal sentinels, silent and proud,
Continue to carry out God's bidding
To provide shelter, comfort and peace
Upon all who rest among their shadows.

BEFORE DAWN
by Sings to the Moon (Jane Elkinton)

The icy voice of a single bird
lays bare the dark morning frost.

CLIMBS IN THE PERUVIAN ANDES

By Richard Goody

Part I: To the Base Camp.

It was mid-June, 1966, and I was 45 years old. It was very early in the morning and I could sense the tropics. I was stretched out in my sleeping bag beside a dusty two-lane road. There was a smell of Diesel oil.

The road ran NE to SW, just inland from and parallel to the coast. On the east side the road gave way to a steep embankment leading down to the Rio Santa a swift, turbulent and dangerous looking river. It looked like a glacial torrent. There must be mountains nearby.

We saw them for the first time, about 20 miles away to our east, rising brilliantly and elegantly, like monstrous ice fangs, against the backdrop of a crystal-clear sky. Many of these peaks were unclimbed, the ultimate challenge to the mountaineer.

We were in northern Peru. The mountains, where we intended to climb, were the Cordillera Blanca, the largest of 20 groupings of peaks in Peru. It forms a straight chain approximately 180 km long by 25 km wide, parallel to the coast between 5 and 10 degrees south of the equator.

The southern latitude means that the northern climbing season corresponds to the Peruvian winter. That was ideal for us because a tropical, monsoon climate has a cool, dry winter with excellent snow and ice conditions in the mountains. Those who are familiar with the European Alps will recognize a marked contrast. Peru comes close to a mountaineer's paradise.

I must restrain myself from further discussion of Peru itself: its complex geography; the history of the Spanish conquest; the many differing Peruvian cultures; the archeology; and the anthropology going back thousands of years. Peru differs greatly from other cultures, and yet it is almost unknown apart from Lima, and the old Inca capital, Cusco. We came, not as tourists, but as mountaineers, with a focused interest in the peaks in the Alpamayo valley, one of a dozen valleys in the northern Cordillera Blanca.

Our party was assembled by the roadside: I; Don Morton, astronomer, and our most able mountaineer; Richard Wylie; and David Atherton. In addition, we had two invaluable Peruvian porters: Juan Zuniger and Marcelino Vargas. These men had been hired for us by a Peruvian friend, Cesar Morales. They were essential to the success of our expedition, and had the following duties, which they understood without asking. They had to hire donkeys, mules and their minders to carry a large pile of food and gear from the roadside at 9042 feet up to our Base camp at 14600 feet in the Alpamayo valley. They spoke the Andean language, Quechua, and had to deal with the Andean people whose land we must cross. They had to hire and fetch similar transport for our return journey. In between, they had to establish high camps for us up to 18044 feet. They were conditioned to such altitudes while we functioned well only at sea level.

Let me pause to say a few words about these Andean people. They descend directly from the Asian people who came to the Americas during the last Ice Age. They populate the Andes sparsely up to about 13000 feet, an altitude above which living becomes difficult.

They live in their ancient villages connected by ancient footpaths, which we used to access higher terrain. They are a completely independent race of people, living their own lives, and wishing, beneath their breaths, that we (Europeans) would leave them alone.

When Pizarro led his conquistadors to victory over the Incas he did not choose to pursue the losers into the high Andean villages. But left the people alone, and their descendants are still in the mountains, ruled by their traditional chieftains, subject of course to the overriding authority of the Peruvian government.

If the lives of the Andean people have been changed, it is probably more than anything by the introduction of the donkey for transport. Under the Incas there were no pack animals, except for the llama, which could carry less than a man. Man was, therefore, the Inca load carrier. Donkeys can carry large loads and are sure-footed in difficult terrain.

Andean men are small; most only come up to my shoulder. Nevertheless they retain the ability to carry huge loads. I have seen one staggering under the load of what appeared to be a small piano. I have seen them carry large loads up steep hillsides, which they often do at a run.

All of which makes them great as climbing porters.

We were now assembled and ready for the journey. First we had to cross the river. This involved a one-person gondola running on a small wheel resting on a steel cable. Propulsion was supplied by a porter pulling from either bank. On the eastern bank were approximately 20 donkeys with their handlers. We were soon loaded up and ready to go.

At the river our altitude was 10000 feet. We wanted to establish a Base camp in the Alpamayo valley at 14600 feet. This involved 3 days dawn-to-dusk slogging, crossing two 15500-foot passes and dropping once to 13000 foot. There was little vegetation. It was bleak. The sun blazed down from a clear tropical sky and there was no water. The scenery, apart from the magnificent mountains, was not particularly interesting. We passed through the Ruinas de Hualcayan. Signs of elaborate terracing could be seen up to 14000 feet with forts and aqueducts covering 20 miles or more. There was no sign of any serious anthropological investigation of these ruins, which have tentatively been assigned a date prior to that of near-by Chavin. 1500 BCE would be a good guess for the Hualcayan date.

Eventually we reached our campsite in the Alpamayo valley. The donkeys dropped their loads and returned to their homes. The site was unattractive with no vegetation and a surface of hardscrabble. But we had a secure source of drinking water, and a convenient small knoll for our tents. There were three small high-altitude tents each with space for two people, providing they left as much as possible of their equipment outside the tent, and draped spare clothing over their feet. At a high camp a tiny space could be created between the sleeping bags for cooking and melting snow over a small butane stove.

The compensation for this discomfort was the glorious mountains that now surrounded us. The largest was Santa Cruz, 21420 feet, and unclimbed. Next was the dramatic ice and snow pyramid of Alpamayo, 19520 feet. This peak had been climbed many times, and was called, by some, "the most beautiful mountain in the world".

In between Alpamayo and Santa Cruz was the huge snow/ice mass of Quitaraju, 19816 feet. This mountain had been climbed once thirty years ago. We intended to climb it for the second time.

On the north ridge of Alpamayo, and hanging directly over our Base camp, was an unnamed peak with a challenging summit cone, 18700 feet high. It was not named on the available maps, but its Quechua name was known to our porters, Tayapampa, and so it is now known. Its ascent became part of our agenda.

Branching off to the north of the Alpamayo ridge was a chain of smaller mountains, the Pilancos, between 17000 and 18000 feet high. The Pilancos were not hard to climb, and we climbed them all. This was invaluable to us for acclimatization.

This brings us to the important question of oxygen, or rather the lack of oxygen. The human body needs oxygen, which it obtains from breathing air, by way of red corpuscles in the blood. Air contains 20% of oxygen.

The air pressure, and with it the oxygen it contains, decreases rapidly with altitude. For example, on the summit of Quitaraju the air pressure is one half of that to which we are accustomed at sea level. On Quitaraju you must breathe twice as fast for a given bodily effort. At our Base camp the pressure was about two thirds of that to which we were accustomed. This is enough to produce symptoms of altitude sickness. In the first place a splitting headache. Next is disturbed sleep. Cheny Stokes breathing is the onset of heavy panting which can prevent sleep. If the panting is bad enough it may induce water in the lungs which makes matters worse by further decreasing their capacity to take in oxygen. The problem feeds upon itself and can lead to death.

The best response to oxygen shortage is an increase in red blood corpuscles. Andean people have many more red corpuscles than sea-level dwellers. But if sea-level dwellers persevere, their red corpuscles can be increased. The climber acclimatizes.

We had no breathing problems at Base camp, which I attributed to the arduous journey up from the Rio Santa. Thereafter we improved each day until we could handle any Andean peak without oxygen problems. But for higher peaks, supplemental oxygen in cylinders may be desirable.

(To be continued)

LYNN BUCK REMEMBERED

By Bob Fetter

Calling us to write
Memories now on paper
All our stories live.

(Lynn Buck was the initial leader of the Writers Group)

VINDICATION

By Susan Saunders

I imagine most of us have beliefs we hold to be self-evident that we later discover to be false. The power of the Lone Ranger to raise people from the dead was one of my earliest absolute truths. Radio helped me hold onto this myth. The gunshots were audible, as were the groans of the villains shot by the hero. But no one ever died. I was seven years old before my Grandpa gently explained to me that the Ranger was an expert marksman and shot all the bad guys in the wrist.

I am no stranger to being proved wrong. However an article last Thurs., Dec. 10th, in the Baltimore Sun, written by Mike Klingaman, vindicated me in a belief that had been shot down every time I shared it. I firmly believe I attended the Greatest Football Game Ever Played, also

known as The Game of the Century.

Sports are not a major interest of mine. Watching a baseball or football game on TV is an invitation to a nice nap. However, being at a stadium in person is a different story. I have happy memories of lacrosse games at Hopkins Homecoming events and of a few baseball and football games at Memorial Stadium with my Dad.

When someone first mentioned to me “The Greatest Football Game Ever Played”, I confidently proclaimed “Yes! I was there!” “You went to New York for that game?”, he inquired. “No! It was right here in Baltimore.” My companion patiently explained to me that The Game of the Century was played between the Colts and the New York Giants, at Yankee Stadium in New York. The Colts won the championship from the Giants, 23 to 17 in the first sudden death playoff.

The recent newspaper article offered me some vindication. It was titled “The greatest game ever or maybe not.” It described the Championship game in New York. Then came this, “...it couldn’t top an earlier game played that season, a pinch-me comeback effort that sealed the title berth for the Colts and put quarterback Johnny Unitas in the record books.”

I was 15 years old in 1958. On Nov. 30 of that year my Dad and I were sitting on the 50 yard line of Memorial Stadium. We were also sitting in the top row of the upper deck. The temperature was 25 degrees. The wind chill index made it feel like 13.

As we left the house for the stadium my Mother suggested we take warm blankets. My 6’ 4” Dad agreed to take a small afghan forme. He said he would not need any extra warmth. He was wrong about that. I wound up trying to cover at least one of his knees with the afghan. Sometime early in the game we both lost all feeling in our feet.

The game was off to a terrible start. “At halftime the Colts slunk off the field, down 20 points to a so-so team before a sell-out crowd.” Raymond Berry, the hall of fame receiver, later said about that first half, “John couldn’t have hit a bull in the butt with a bass fiddle.”

“In the dressing room, Coach Wilbur Charles “Weeb” Ewbank was brief. ‘I’ve seen sicker cows than this get well.’” Then he wrote the number 4 on the blackboard. That was the number of touchdowns the Colts needed to win. Meanwhile in the freezing stands the people around us were considering abandoning ship. Many of them did. I was too numb to have an opinion. But boy am I glad we stayed.

The Colts scored once in the third quarter and three times in the fourth quarter while preventing the 49’s from gaining any more points. The tying touchdown came when Unitas “shoveled the ball to Lenny Moore, who raced 73 yards—a dizzying sprint that saw him change direction 3 times.... The extra point put the Colts ahead 28 to 27... With less than two minutes left the Colts struck again on a seven yard pass from Unitas to Berry—the 23rd straight game in which the crew cut had thrown for a touchdown.. (Unitas’ streak ran for 47 games, a mark that then stood for 52 years.)”

Pandemonium ensued. “‘Unbelievable noise, unbelievable crush,’ said Berry. “It’s a miracle no one was killed.” It’s a miracle no one froze, especially those of us getting full benefit of the wind in the top row of the upper deck.

After the game I’m not sure how we got down the steps to the main level with ice cubes for feet. I do recall that regaining feeling in our feet was a painful experience. Dad and I were both hoarse from screaming for days after that game. “Gino Marchetti, the defensive end who received the game ball after the championship game [in New York] long contended that the earlier game was ‘the biggest game we ever played, and the one I’ll always remember most.’”

Sixty-two years later so do I Gino. So do I.

IT'S ALL A LIE AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!

By Joe Nietubicz

Imagine yourself in a large room filled with people. All the chairs are oriented toward the middle of the room. There is a space in the center of the room, about ten feet in circumference, with no chairs in it. In the center of that circle is a small table about waist high.

Have a seat. I place a coffee cup on the table.

"You people on the North side of the room, what do you see?", pointing to the table. A man stands and says, "I see a white round ceramic cylinder, three or four inches high, hollow inside and empty from what I can tell. I can't see the bottom."

"Great!! You on the East side, what do you see?" A young woman says, "I see much the same as North and also a picture of a vertical sword with a letter that I can't read." "Anything else?" "No. That's it"

"South?!?!?" "I don't see the picture. I see a bump or some such pointed at me"

"And West?" "No marks of any kind and a handle pointed to the South. Must be that bump she's talking about."

What we are demonstrating here is ¹ *Point of View*. In golf terms, it is called a 'lie'. That is, your relative position to the cup, in golf, is called a lie. North!? Are East, West and South telling the truth or are they lying, telling a falsehood? Do you believe them? Suppose they are telling the truth.

What else can we point out here?

Using the English language to communicate has its pitfalls. Words have a number of meanings. The English language is notorious for its imprecision, for obfuscating meaning. For example, "it's all a lie!" is not a lie! The golf ball lies 3 inches from the cup. When you get close to the door, close it. I read it yesterday, if I have to, I'll read it again today. Lie on the floor. Ask ten people to define the word "Love" and you'll probably get ten different answers. But the whole point of communicating in a language is to be understood! The communicator and communicatee need to be on the same page. They need to be reading from the same book.

Belief systems are based on what other people SAY is the truth. How do YOU decide if they are telling the truth; a feeling, their look, does it fit with what you already feel is true, do you know them to be a liar or truthful, or do you use other logic?"

What I'm talking about here is your relationship with life, a point of view. Our resolutions are taken for granted, argued over, fought over, etc. "There is a sale at Macy's" and "Trump is a good President". In the first statement, if you care, you get up and go and find out. The second is a judgement call, totally argumentative and with the advent of "False News," how does one tell? It all begins, with your first look at the object on the table and your listening to outside sources.

In your discussions with others about the object on the table, do you say, "I think," or "I see —," or "IT IS?" Do we express our point of view or SPEAK THE TRUTH?

Okay! Now, let's pretend that cup on the table is God and all the people in the room are Catholic, Protestants, Jews, Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists and Atheists. (Did I leave anybody out? Probably! And I apologize for that) and they are ALL telling you what they see AND they are ALL telling the truth!! God is NOT an argument. He or she is a composite! What is your experience of God or are you satisfied with working out your very own belief system? There is no right or wrong, or good or bad, anywhere here, only if you impose it.

How much do we "fill-in" based on what people say? I said, "coffee cup". How close did you look? How much did your mind fill in for you? North said, "it looks empty". What if I told you that it was really a porcelain cylinder painted to look like a coffee cup? Foul, you say. Unfair, you say. Before you judge me, — How many of us have said, "You shouldn't do that," or "Be a good boy/girl." "What a beautiful baby," "What an ugly kid." - What does ANY of THAT mean? All are voicing their point of view as the TRUTH!!

Do you say, "Don't do that (please), it makes me feel uncomfortable!" or "You are not supposed to do that!" Hear the difference?

You wanna know if some other point of view is telling the truth, get up and go look.

This is what I see from where I sit.

HOW THE BROADMEAD JOURNAL BEGAN

by David Diorio

I arrived at Broadmead in January 2015, drawn by the many activities here and the beautiful campus, feeling I had finally retired. Out of curiosity I attended the Writers Group meeting in February, and there met some interesting members, including Jim Butzow, who had similar computer skills to mine. He was an expert in desktop publishing and had also edited and published a literary magazine for the Renaissance program at Notre Dame, and was also a fine poet.

My computer expertise was with a desktop program called Ventura, while he worked with InDesign which was different but had the same capabilities. I had published and edited a Baltimore poetry journal, Icarus, and many paperback books but only wrote poetry occasionally. It was unusual for us to have the same combination of skills and we quickly became close friends, he was my best friend at Broadmead.

One day in February 2015 Marcia Reinke, the editor of the Voice, joined some of us at breakfast. She said she needed to get the writer's seminar "off her back," and did not believe The Voice should publish poetry.

She suggested that Jim and I put out a magazine for the Writer's Seminar twice a year. I told her I was advised not to take any responsibility when I first moved in. Bob Forster said, "You could do a little." Others said, "You have to learn to say no."

Susie Fetter suggested we request funding from the Broadmead Residents Association. I said a little magazine could be put out for very little money by photocopying it on demand. Anything else would be a waste of money. I told them few people were interested in poetry today, and probably not many would read it. Finally Jim and I agreed to consider it.

At the next Writers Group Meeting, Anne Allen Dandy, leader, asked Jim and I if we'd start a literary magazine for the group. We agreed, and she asked for volunteers. Flo Dunlop, a poet but not an editor or computer expert joined us. We asked for title suggestions, and out of the creative mist came many names, but The Broadmead Journal of Poetry and Prose was accepted. We announced to residents in their mailboxes that the Journal was accepting

submissions, and so it began.

Jim and I were surprised at the high quality of submissions that slowly dribbled in. We got to work, and also found a few more volunteers along the way.

I designed the initial format on my computer desktop program. Jim liked my placement of poems and prose and said he would follow my layout, including inside and back covers, on his computer program. I told him we were a good team. He said, "I quite agree."

Jim said we could reproduce pages on the high-powered BRA photocopy machine, which was a mystery to me. I joined him in the BRA office, where he had brought a long worktable. A few people came in to make photocopies and had to leave when we told them the machine would be in use until tonight. They were not happy and, unfortunately, there was also a barn sale going on.

We worked quietly and got help from Flo Dunlop. We managed to finish the whole job by 5 PM. Jim and I carried three boxes of photocopied pages to his car and drove to a Glenburnie printer to get the covers printed and the Journals bound. The first issue appeared on the front desk of the Center in the Fall of 2015 to an incredibly positive reception. Copies were free but residents paid for extra copies.

Jim Butzow and I continued our close relationship working together on our two computers on the Spring and Fall 2016 Journal issues. But, by now we decided photocopying was too difficult and the BRA agreed to finance the printing.

Sadly, Jim Butzow suffered a serious fall in November 2016, and passed away in February 2017. It was a great loss for our community, the Journal, and especially those of us producing The Journal. But we have continued in his memory with my editing, three co-editors, and high-quality submissions from residents.

A FAMILY MEMBER I TRULY ADMIRE

By Peggy Tapley

My aunt, Norah Tapley, had osteomyelitis as a young girl in Canada, and spent many months in hospitals in the US trying to save her right leg.

Her hospitalizations separated her parents. Also, her father and his brother traveled to many places as the pipe company they worked for grew. My father, John Tapley, a civil engineer, followed in the same footsteps as her father. They supervised huge concrete sewer pipes being built and placed underground for many years. My father always said, "work is the best you can do for yourself."

Because of Norah's hospital stays (one in Baltimore, probably Johns Hopkins) she became interested in becoming a doctor at a young age and followed her dream.

Norah lost her leg due to gangrene as penicillin was not approved in the US until later. She graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts in 1945, and Columbia School of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City in 1949. She eventually became a radiotherapist.

Norah spent years at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, and worked at NIH in research for two years in Bethesda, MD. She was at Stanford University, California, for one year doing radiotherapy research. She spent the remainder of her career in Houston at MD Anderson Cancer Center. She worked beside Dr. Gilbert Fletcher, head of the cancer unit treating nose, eyes, and especially tongue and mouth cancers. If you smoked you had to stop if you wanted Dr. Tapley, my aunt, to treat you.

She wrote two books, taught at Baylor University, and examined doctors during their oral exams.

She was going to retire in 1981, but she died very suddenly on June 4, 1981, with her mother at her side. She was humble, never complained, had a sweet face and bedside manner, which I experienced twice.

LOVING MEMORIES OF UNCLE BUCK

By Linda Crowther

After my father died Uncle Buck came to our house often to fix plumbing problems and other things my mother and I couldn't fix. I would go out the back door as he came in the front.

My Mother would say "Don't you want to see Uncle Buck?" My answer was the same, "NO!"

He was always giving advice and opinions whether you wanted to hear it or not. At his funeral one of his nieces told me her husband always went to him for answers to his questions when he was a boy. Uncle Buck never failed to give him an answer whether it was true, or he made it up.

He thought buying stock was gambling with his money. But he bought ten shares in the management company when they didn't keep the apartment building up to his standards. He went to the manager, told him he was a stockholder, what he thought should be done and they went out and did it!

He bought a bright red car when he was 94. He took the five-year warranty. But he reassured the MVA person he probably wouldn't be back to renew his license.

It was a cold, snowy day when my mother had a stent put in her heart. There were seven of us waiting for her to go into the operating room. Much to our shock Uncle Buck came walking down the hall. Just then Mom came out on the stretcher. We all gathered around her. Uncle Buck at her head. My mother said to me "see that he gets home alright." Uncle Buck replied "Don't worry Sis. I'll see they all get home safely." What a big brother!

As the years went by, I grew to love my thoughtful, loving uncle. He brought me a beautiful bed jacket when I was in the hospital with appendicitis.

He and Aunt Clara had family reunions at their shore home. There were cookouts, boat rides. He could always be counted on to go fast to bounce us kids around. He grilled and burned corn. Everyone praised the corn and called it delicious!

When he retired, he planned to play golf every day. Then he heard we were building a house, literally. He told us nobody could play golf all the time. Then he came to our building site every day. He laid flooring, hung paneling, put up molding. He babysat my children and drove them to their activities. In his red car!! He helped plant and pick vegetables. All the while telling me how to do all of it better!

At a cousin's wedding, when he was in his nineties, he and I were dancing. He taught ballroom dancing at Arthur Murrays Dance Studio. One of his many depression jobs. I couldn't keep up with his fancy steps. He told me "Girl you need some lessons."

There were hardships and sorrows in his life, but I never heard him complain. He just kept going and taking care of the problems as they came along. He never gave up.

Uncle Buck lived to be 100. When he was 99, I asked him if he had any advice for living a long life and active life and doing it gracefully. Here is his last advice to me. I would like to share it with you.

UNCLE BUCK'S LEGACY

First, you must decide if you are going to let your brain or your body control your life. If you choose your body you won't get a lot done. Your body will say it hurts, it's tired I need to take a nap. If you choose your mind you will accomplish much more. Your brain will tell your body to get up even if it does hurt and is tired. It will keep pushing you to do the things that need to be done.

Second, keep a busy social life. Don't turn inside yourself because that will lead to depression.

Third, keep your body in shape. He lifted 9-pound weights and rode his stationary bike while he watched TV.

He told my mother to lift weights so when her legs gave out she would have a way to get up! His arms were so strong that he could lift our twenty-pound granddaughter straight up off the floor. You could see his muscles working as he did it. He was ninety-three at the time.

Thank you, Uncle Buck, for all your love and advice.

WHAT WAS ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC MOMENTS IN YOUR LIFE?

By Elborg Forster

A “romantic” moment does not necessarily involve an emotional turn in a love story, as the evocation of an almost mystical experience will show.

Bob and I were a young couple living in a funny little fifth-floor walk-up apartment in Toulouse, France. Both of us were working very hard on our degrees in archives and libraries, but when the spring came, we decided to have a brief vacation in an ancient village called Saint-Bertrand de Comminges, about which we had learned from a Medievalist friend. The village and its church were about 1 1/2 km from a tiny railroad station, so we walked to the village inn with our light luggage. It was the Easter weekend, and you should know that this was 1957; looking up the Saint Bertrand de Comminges website on the internet today presents a very different picture from what we saw. For example, there were only two other guests in the inn, an old lady and her young granddaughter.

The two main historical monuments in the village are the stately cathedral, a famous station on the pilgrimage to St. Jacques de Compostelle and a smaller parish church. I believe that this church and its graveyard were being renovated at that time. And what was so special about our visit was that it took place on a splendid Easter morning. Here we sat, all alone on a stone wall amidst the sounds of bird song and humming bees, and the cathedral bells calling the faithful to Mass. Bleached bones and even a few skulls were scattered on the ground, and from afar the Pyrenees, some mountains still covered with snow, loomed majestically.

After a little while I noticed a human figure surrounded by sheep in the middle distance. It was a shepherd in a long cape, and he stood there, immobile, with his knitting. In my mind I now heard the tender sounds of one of my favorite arias, “He shall feed his flock” from Handel’s Messiah. Poets call such an experience reaching a Thin Place, where they can meld time and space, sight and sound, and come close to the mysteries of the world. The sun-drenched cemetery at Saint Bertrand de Comminges was close to a Thin Place for me on that Easter morning.

WINTER SOLSTICE, 2020*

The first line is the hardest
Gazing into the void
Or rather into a universe
Of sounds, words, meanings
Without a clear reason
To choose one over another
Except my own will
Or whimsy or impulse
Or memory or desire
To find words, names
For the buzz of circuits in my brain
Or for the sheer beauty of
A word choosing me
Falling into exactly the right place

Falling into exactly the right place
The maple leaf that slips from the tree
And drifts to the mossy bank
The acorn that buries itself in the ground
to break open into leaf and limb
The shell of the robin’s egg broken open
By the blue jay feeding its fledglings
The sparrow that tumbles from the sky
Even as God’s eye marks its demise

The tree itself falling unheard
In the deep empty wood
And the snow that sifts through the twilight
Silently shrouding the tree as
Night falls over this fragile globe.

Night falls over this fragile globe The longest
night of the year Winter solstice. The dead of
winter

This year there are so many
Who couldn't breathe their way to another dawn
Who died in the darkness of solitude,
Fear, injustice, ignorance While I stood helpless, watching the planets
Align, meet in a blaze of glory A miracle of angle, distance,
And perspective that underscores how small we are I hold my breath.
Saturn and Jupiter Go their separate ways Oblivious to our dying planet.

Oblivious to our dying planet The cardinal still blazes in the dawn
Squirrels plant their acorns They live to live and then they don't.
It's happened before, life gone in a flash The crash of a meteor, the
choking Of the sun, most species gone And life goes on. We cling so
tightly To our tiny lives, forget the question Is not if or when but how
How we live, how we die It is a line drawn in the dust.
Cross it
The first line is the hardest.

*[*Editors' note: This repeat of "Winter Solace" here renamed "Winter Solstice, 2020" contains the complete, four-stanza poem. The poem printed on page 19 was inadvertently clipped. The editors regret the error.]*

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**THE BROADMEAD JOURNAL
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**BRA Writers Group
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**Jim Butzow
(Page 31)**



Photo: Sandy Butzow



**TEMPLE OF
SEGESTA,
SICILY**

There a temple stands, offering serenely
to the vanished gods such a gift of beauty ...
(Page 11)

