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The Broadmead Journal of Poetry and Prose



Fall 2016

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The Broadmead Journal of Poetry and Prose

Fall 2016

The Broadmead Journal of Prose and Poetry is produced by the Writers Group of the Broadmead Residents Association. It consists of writings submitted by Broadmead residents and associate members. At the present time we expect it will appear in the fall and spring of each year. Residents who wish to submit poems and prose articles should email them to: *broadmeadjournal@gmail.com,* and also place a typewritten copy in the mailbox designated Writers Group.

Editorial Committee: Jim Butzow, David Diorio, Flo Dunlop, Tom Kelso **Editorial Consultants:** Sybille Ehrlich, Jean Wilson

Cover Art: Photo taken in 1972 by Jim Butzow of the bam, silo and outbuildings at Holly Hill Farm as it was then, now part of Broadmead.

BRA Writers Group Broadmead 13801 York Rd., Cockeysville, MD, 21030

Electronic Irreverence

One morning
when it was warm enough
to open
all the windows and doors
in
my garden apartment,
I could clearly hear the birds
as I looked out over
the lush-green grass.
I reverently lingered
in this pervasive peace
the entire day.
If I had played
any man-made music
in this sacred sanctuary,
it would have been a sacrilege.

Aggie Merrick

Fred and Ginger

Hey, Fred and Ginger!—Who knows—
I may some day, when I'm awfully low,
lock up all the doors and windows
of the house, and re-run all the videos
I have of you—all the Flying down To Rios,
Top Hats, Swing Times, Shall We Dances, and Robertas,
to keep me ever Carefree company on my toes.

I'll play them over and over, and suppose
never coming out again into the clunky do-si-dos
of world. I may partner razzmatazz
of hatrack, Fred, as you did. I may jazz
the ceiling, floors, and walls of some recluse's
inexplicable room, deft peroration of solos
of my terpsichorean life, before the segues
of all practices and routines.

You have the keys
of bass-and-treble clefs, the openings to final codas
of choreographed interludes and breaks—Pandros
of planned entrances, extricates of exit strolls
to light and love, from mere twinkly
I can do that too, after many tries—reprise
The Way Your Smile Just Beams, Ginger, close
to me as Cheek-To-Cheek, amid the Cariocas
of your joie-de-vivre.

I can da-capo vertigos
of stairways, Fred, spiralling to that blond goddess,
Ginger, at the top of pantheons' cosmetic gloss
and glamour. I can subside, eventually, to finales
of Fox-Trots, waltzes, ending all of us
to graceful walk-offs, fateful glides, as
satins, silks, patent-leathers, and tuxedos
of performance bring down curtains of crescendoes
of the past.

Smoke gets in my eyes,
Fred and Ginger, when your lovely flame dies,
never again to Change Partners in the Piccolinos,
Continentals, heart-throbbing tempos
and refrains of Kern, Gershwin, Berlin—Cole's
Portering of audiences to sophisticate in-the-knows.

I hear you, see you sing and dance, transform the prose
to poetries of your magic twirl and pose—
the ballrooms, Central Parks of snows,
the USOs and RKOs of primal Let-Yourself-Gos.
But, I will never leave the matinees, the late-night videos,
the double-double-features of the supralunar duos—
the twin Fred and Ginger spectres of the rose.

Marvin Solomon

Emily's Room

I make a tent of sleep
so as not to hear the nervous fingernails
of ice upon the windows turning into
sleet, then snow, whose seamless quilting
dresses me in white and drift of dream.

Appointments to be kept with vague
anxieties of slippery hills unplowed,
larders empty of summer's store, laid
by for such emergencies, kids sledding
those same hills gone creature-friendly, sleighs

of families of unfear—these pillow
uneasily to billows of undream, blanket
where I disappear in garden, street, and house
of self where I cannot be found, but hear faint others,
muffled, gloved, shovelling the search of me.

Marvin Solomon

Black Cat *forSueCarnell*

Yes, he is a pretty cat.
Some people say
a spectacularly pretty cat
shiny black the way he is
like a chunk of polished ebony.
Neighbors call him Maria's cat
and I'm the one who feeds him.
But since he's learned the trick
of opening and closing my front door
he comes and goes in and out of
my house as he pleases.
But this warm time of year what seems
to please him most is lying sprawled
on the sidewalk out front. You know—
you've met him there—
sometimes stretched into a yawn
other times into the twist of a pretzel.
Don't try then to pet him—that's
his privacy hour. He won't purr for you.
In this life he's not partial to whatever
puss-emotion causes that expression
of puss-contentment. He wouldn't like it.
Just walk around him—give him his space
to live this one of his nine lives
as he sees fit.

We are not his first life. We've had him—
that is, he's lived here with us-—
for two years now. We got him at the pound.
Before us, before this life as a sidewalk cat
he had lived as a lap cat. His owner had trouble
walking and from kittenhood on his place
was to be always on her lap. When he first came
he tried doing that with us. But we're not
lap people. I guess you'd say we're
live-and-let-live people. So being adjustable
his present life has become what it is.

See there—I notice the front door tipping
slightly open. Here he is. Make way.

Isaac Rehert

The Broadmead Poetry Class

on Bastille Day

In our poetry class, for the session on July 14
since the calendar told us it was Bastille Day
we agreed to join the friends who presented
us the Statue of Liberty by becoming part
of their liberty celebration.

Having guessed that some of us would profit
from some brushing up on what actually
happened, we invited a former professor
among our group to provide us some
historical background. Then, together
we sang the Marseillaise.

Gray-haired men and women, walkers
parked by the door, canes on the floor
or on the table, hearing-aides turned on
to highest volume, having read the words
in English and discussed them—now they
rang out with Allons enfants de la patrie
in French. (We had the text, in both English
and French, a copy for each person.)

One of the joys of attending a class
in a retirement center like Broadmead
is that, for nearly any text, invariably
there will be some participants who
remember specific facts or images
from their first time around and are eager
to instruct or to perform.

That's what happened this year
on Bastille Day for the poets of Broadmead.

Isaac Rehert

Oh Lord

I woke early to see Your face, feeling bound by time and place
Raising arms to touch Your hem, I glimpse Your love, lose it again!

I fall to my knees, my heart cries out
How can I reach you?
I can't shout from here to heaven, so far away
Please dear God, come touch me ... today!

I lie before You flat on face, more clearly now I sense Your grace.
What a strange thing this loving You
The lower I get the clearer the clue.

So humble me God, call me low
'Cause the higher I rise, the farther You go!
Quiet my heart, please keep me still
Till at last I die ... until... until...

You give me drink, my cup You fill
Then You'll lift me up, we'll join until
We find another soul seeking You, and I go to serve as I'm called to do.

Thanks for emptying this physical wonder
Quieting pride and finding far under
Your love in my hunger, Your heart in my heart
And sending the power to live out my part.

Gay Block

Stonehenge

Giant stone megaliths
Representing priestly powers
Postured to predict the movement of sun, moon and stars
Prediction not as solid as the stone
For over the centuries, change became gradually measurable
Mistaken priests predicted wrongly, losing credibility and power
Enraged tribes slaughtered them
Peaceful farmers and herders became warrior tribes
Built forts for protection

Palaces for their own glory
And the quiet pastoral life
With communal efforts to live a belief system
Faded with their faith

Flo Dunlop

December Meeting

We wait:
Silently the quiet eiderdown of peace descends
Intention sweeps busy minds clean
Incidentals drift away
Our “manger” awaits His coming

Flo Dunlop

Holocaust

I longed to tell her about the wars
in which I'd never been,
about the bodies I had never seen,
about the anger I should not have had...
but did.

They were, after all, my people who had suffered.
Could I tell her I was outraged for them,
for all they had endured?
She'd look t me and think it silly.

I think she'd chide me for the arrogance
of thinking that I really understood their plight.

Stanley Feldstein

Epitaph

Mourning a fallen tree
Leafy memories fill the void
In the empty, timeless sky

Flo Dunlop

Eve's Last Words

a midrash

A lifetime ago I was sent
Out of the Garden.
My memories now are faded
And dry, but they come alive
And clear with the joy I knew
In the Garden.
I feel the fresh breeze of the day
As I walk
In the Garden.
I taste the thickness of mists
That come from the
Face of the earth
In the Garden.
I hear the rush of
Waters of rivers
As they splash and
Quench the thirst
Of the Garden.
I see brilliant colored brightness Of fruits
hanging heavy
In all trees
Of the Garden.
I smell the warmth of bodies
Of all the cattle and the fowl
And the beasts as they Roam freely
In the Garden.
My ancient heart lifts and dances
At the memory of pleasures
Of the Garden.
My ancient heart tears and
Breaks and crumbles at the
Memory of anguish
In the Garden.
A lifetime ago I was driven
Out of Eden.

Sheila Myers

Russet Sails

The evening sun coasts lower
down through seas of clouds
its fire spread out more and more
brushes to the very edge
flashes out below the crest
dubs day-end fogs for russet sails
to fly silently above the dell
where captured fast my eyes—
always set to cruise abroad—
are held long into the afterglow

There holding well the kindled sails—
stowed on I drift along with them
whatever course there might be laid—
my racing heart is stilled to sense
the unforced motion of the waves
nor seeks to know the heading set
or what the depth below might be
where every compass points far out
all winds divided more and more
where these sails dive and roam

Oceans of air we cross to sift
through steams of vulcan peaks
over atolls reefs and seabank bars
orchards fields of rye and wheat in seed
vinyards standing ripe in vintages
then settling down into slack air
my chariots acquit their passenger
to drink the quiet draft of night
as they disperse again to mist

Jim Butzow

Suleymani Mosque

The calligraphy's gesture is the only
Relief in the stark architectural tone,
Centering prayers inside the devout,
Not allowing the noise of
Statued forms or painted image.
Huge hall, enormous power,
Each worshipper with carpeted
Spot for kneeling and standing prayer.
Platform for muezzin and central
Space for imam to lead the faithful
In a unison of movement in praise.
Above, rings of lights hover like
Haloes over the room, glass shades
Spaced by dark ostrich eggs passively
Urging spiders to leave the holy space.

Jane Elkinton

Dilemma

Of increasing decline aware,
A gracious offer made. Accept or decline?
“Ah—there’s the rub.”

Activities here are of my choosing,
Livable, bearable and knowable.
The populace has names remembered;
Though some are, Hi, Good Morning, Hello.
The conversation trends are
Friendly, humorous, and knowledgeable;
Some are unstoppable.
The nutrients are adequate and various
Thanks to the ingenuity of
Leroy and Gustof
Why leave to travel?

Future needs are being provided
Improvements to current usage appear.
Fine and dandy but what about
The long miles of travel—can I?
Clothes for how long,
Luggage square, round, large, small?
Problems to resolve.
The deadline approaches.
We live but once,
So without compunction
Do it.

Arvo A. Saarnijoki

In Her Steps

A cookery a rookery
My Mother's cook bookery.
Garden yielding delights
Mother Earth provides
        Colored from red to orange
        And yellow and green.
Supplement with salt and pepper
A touch of mayo and sour cream—
        What a delight.

But not yet.
Vegetables cooked yesterday have disappeared.
There is no peeler to be found.
Peeling "cukes" a la knife
No longer slices round.

The Savior arrives.
Utensils appear and veggies cooked yesterday
Are there to peel
Tastefully blended into
Salad of the beet, carrot, potato and onion.
Salt softened cucumber and sour cream.

Ambrosia!

Arvo A. Saarnijoki

Flounder

The verb
Struggle, thrash, flail, splash,
Twist and turn, writhe and squirm.
Why the name? Given to only this fish?
Does a flounder flounder more than
Bass or sunfish, mackerel, pike?
I've seen those floundering
On the floor of the boat Gasping for air.
Poor fish.
I tried not to step on them.

The fish Flat,
Triangular,
Funny looking.
Tell me, Mr. Flounder,
Did someone step on you? And
How come both your eyes are on top?
No longer on each side, where they started?
Your brown upper side makes you hard to see,
While your almost-white lower side camouflages so
Predators below confuse you with the lighter sky above.
Yet somehow you were hooked, and became

The food
Broiled, baked, or Florentine,
Garnished with parsley or lime.
No longer funny looking.
Delicious.

Sue Baker

The Question

The question raised in meeting was
"How do we know our God—
Does He have and does He use that fearful hurtful rod?"
We used to scare ourselves to death
When thinking of that stick
But then we learned that "rod" meant "rules"
And so we took our pick.
How calm and happy we can live
With love to teach and to forgive.
God wants his children to delight,
To live beneath His power and might.
Moreover we must love each other,
Mother, father, sister, brother.
But most important to our health
Each must learn to love herself!

Flo Dunlop

Miriam

By Frank Iber

Miriam acquired paralytic polio in the late 1940s and required an iron lung or other breathing assist devices continuously ever since. She was one of the first patients placed in a new Commonwealth of Massachusetts Hospital built in Boston for rehabilitation. Built for 600 patients, it had fewer than 200. All employees were state civil service. The budget was adjusted each month depending upon the average census. I was the chief of Medicine and principal administrative medical officer. In this capacity I supervised Miriam's care for 5 years starting in 1968. A Chief Executive Officer (CEO) managed the budget and approved all hiring; patronage was rampant.

Miriam was slight, weighed less than 100 lbs and required total care. Most nights she was in her iron lung. Days were spent on a rocking bed which rocked her head down, feet up, then rocked head up, feet down that provided breathing, and permitted access for necessary care. While on the rocking bed she could speak clearly; she had daily bathing, skin massage, muscle exercises and help with toileting and feeding, all by external hands. She read books using a special device that held her book and turned the pages when she moved her head to the side. She listened to music and news on portable radios adjusted by staff or visitors. When her door was open and she was on the rocking bed she encouraged and welcomed visitors. She acquired polio at age 19 and now almost 30 years later still looked 19 years old, her skin was pale and wrinkle free. Her attendants did her hair nicely and applied makeup, and at her insistence often changed her hairstyle. She adored most staff and they loved her, everyone feeling uplifted by her cheerful positive outlook despite her handicap. She knew most staff and visitors by the sound of their footsteps or voice. My presence in the corridors was always recognized by my rapid foot steps or my voice. She loved and invited conversation from anyone who stopped by. She shared news about hospital and staff activities and willingly discussed what she heard on her radio or was reading. I was surprised when I first met her that she knew the names and interests of my wife and children. Her up to date conversation was remarkable but her craving for company was continual. She had no close relatives and few visitors from her distant past.

I initiated new programs in liver disease and alcoholism that doubled the occupancy of the hospital that increased both the budget and jobs to be filled. These endeared me to the CEO. A recovering alcoholic named Larry wandered into Miriam's room during his initial hospital stay and enjoyed her companionship.

Each day he spent time with her while she was on the rocking bed discussing the challenges of his and her lives. When he completed his 14 day detoxification and was to be discharged, he volunteered for a long term research study that extended his stay in the hospital for three additional months. Thus he continued his daily time with Miriam. Their platonic relationship was considered important to both by all of our staff.

Larry was immature and playful and became a harmless prankster. The staff was mostly tolerant and amused by his antics. One morning he concealed himself behind the artificial greenery in the hospital lobby. When police officers arrived for a break from their squad car route to enjoy a subsidized breakfast and walked eagerly into the hospital, he jumped out with a toy pistol and shouted "BANG You're Dead". Since he was well known, this was taken as a joke by most policemen, but one sensitive neophyte placed him under arrest for assaulting an officer and took him to jail. In short order he appeared before a judge and was sentenced to one year in the Suffolk County jail. Miriam was devastated by the loss of her daily companion and mad as hell about this unfair outcome. Like the smoke signals of warring Indians, she verbally mobilized her extensive contacts. They arranged an emergency hearing with the judge and organized the hospital to convey her in her emergency portable breathing apparatus to the hearing. The portable respirator was a metal device enclosing her chest like a partial ancient suit of armor and operated by a 200-pound battery pack.

Miriam and her portable respirator were loaded into a van to reach the courtroom. She was accompanied by the CEO, four hospital attendants and myself and two police officers to support her case. She astonished the judge by the widespread organization needed for her first and only departure from the hospital in nearly 30 years. She clearly presented the importance of Larry to her life and the true nature of his prank. The two police officers emphasized that the event was a harmless prank which they enjoyed, I certified the importance of her relation with Larry supporting her wonderful adjustment to her paralysis and the CEO testified to the morale boost she provided to all of the staff with her continued optimism about her life. The judge changed Larry's sentence from jail to one years probation under Miriam's daily supervision. The CEO responded with a paid part time job as a cleaner including room and board at the hospital for Larry.. When this sentence was completed, Larry became a full time employee of the hospital and continued to visit Miriam daily until she died, 49 years after her paralysis first developed.

Reflections On Time And Memory

by Sibylle Ehrlich

"We shall not cease from exploration, and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time."—T.S. Eliot[1]

Since my college years I have periodically pondered about the concept of time. Why are the childhood summer vacations clearer than the memory of the vacation I took three years ago? And isn't the time between summer and Christmas much shorter now than it seemed when we went to school?

Of course, we know there is the chronological time—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—and there is the "kairos", the "aha moment", God's time cutting vertically into the linear one. Or, as Eliot puts it, "The intersection of the timeless moment". Much has been said and written about that, both theologically as well as philosophically.

I am thinking in more personal terms. And memory and its tricks play an important role in this. Don't ask me which book I have just finished reading. I have no idea. Yet I can recite the titles of a book series I had read eighty years ago as a child. In fact, the emotions I felt reading those books are much clearer in my mind than those I felt reading last week's book.

Titles, names, comments which people, particularly my parents, made, pop uninvited into my mind and I feel compelled to place them where I feel they belong. And "the end of all our exploring," says T. S. Eliot, "will be where we started and know the place", and the emotions and the feelings, "for the first time".

And so, "for the first time" I can relive moments of my childhood without the fears, the uncertainties, and often the hurts that I had felt as a child, for now I understand the context in which they occurred. I find this comforting and liberating. It is one of the unexpected gifts of aging.

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[1]The quotations by T.S. Eliot are from "Little Gidding" in Four Quartets.

Mysterious Correspondences and "Signs[9] m my Life

Do they really mean anything?

by Elborg Foster

My parents would have named me **"**Roland"if i had been born a boy.

When I was a young wife and mother, my husband, children and I moved to the Roland Park neighborhood in the city of Baltimore USA.

My childhood home was Pirolweg 10 in Breslau Germany. "Pirol" is the German word for oriole, and the oriole is the state bird of Maryland, where my Roland Park home was located. The plot thickens

On the first day I gardened in the Roland Park home where 1 was to spend some forty years, my trowel brought up a German penny of 1900. 1 know that the house was built at that time, and I imagine that the penny bad dropped out of the pocket of a German workman, fresh off the boat. The planting **was close to** the house.

I have sometimes wondered whether these connections constitute a mysterious "sign" that f was destined to live in this place, would let down roots and find happiness there.

But then, of course, who or what would have sent that sign, and to what purpose? I have come to believe that the true mystery here is the human mind, mine included, which finds pleasure in connections and correspondences.

` They are the stuff that poetry is made of.

Pamela's Memories of the Blitz

by David Diorio

"Churchill's booming voice came on over the radio 'We are at war!' We listened while we continued putting paper over our windows in the kitchen on a Sunday afternoon to prepare for expected bombings," Pamela Langham recalled. She was only ten years old then but remembers that day vividly, as she does momentous events that followed. It's history now, but for her it was very personal, The war shaped her adolescence from age ten to sixteen in ways she could not have anticipated.

Churchill's fateful September Sunday radio address marked, the start of World War II. The Blitz and the Battle of Britain, iconic moments in World War II history, were soon to follow, but not immediately.

"From September, 1939 to May, 1940, nothing much happened," she said. "I lived with my parents in a two-story house in the small town of Harrow, about ten miles from London and bicycled to school every day. My father took the train to work every day in the foreign exchange department of a bank in London. During this lull my parents had an Anderson shelter installed in our yard. It was dug into the soil, and covered over with mud, so that it looked like part of the landscape. It had steel panels and three bunks. I recall we were charged £7 for it, but poorer families could have one free.

I was eleven when the blitz began in May, 1940. Before the blitz we played at war at lunch time in school. Our family Anderson shelter had three bunks, and we slept there every night when the blitz began. I continued bicycling to school throughout the bombings, which happened mostly at night There were trenches at the school, very large, made of concrete, and we sat on wooden seats on them when we heard sirens and knew planes were approaching. Our school was never hit directly, but blast shock waves caused damage to windows and other structures.

My father continued working daily at his bank in London, and also worked nightly as a constable at the Tower Bridge area in London,

There were humorous incidents. Once, we were visiting my grandmother, and we heard sirens. My mother, aunt, grandmother and I all dived under the table and hit our heads! We were not hit by a bomb, but we all had terrible headaches!" she said smiling.

"Our living arrangements changed drastically with the blitz. A neighbor's house was hit. They had seen the bomber and came

running to our house. All they had with them was their pajamas. A delayed reaction bomb went off two hours later and their house was destroyed. The family, a couple and their young son lived with us for the rest of the blitz. We became very close friends, helping each other. Later on, after the blitz, they moved to a new house they had built.

Our outdoor shelter was bombed and ruined during the blitz, and we had a Morrison Shelter set up inside our house in 1941. This was a very large table-like structure with a cage construction built into the bottom. They were free for poorer households. We were fortunate that we didn't have any injuries. I didn't know anyone who was killed during the blitz except for a friend of my mother.

An RAF airman from nearby airbase, came to live with us in early 1941 along with two WAAF's, woman's air force girls,. One of the girls slept with me. We were all friends, we had a common enemy. I remember the music, but didn't listen to the radio much. We were very busy. I even did some nursing at age 12, massaged the stumps of soldiers who had lost their legs.

We didn't have time to be petty. School was often disrupted, and we had to go home early. It was difficult to do homework with a house full of people. The flier wanted to marry me. He was in his early '20's. I was fond of him but not in love.

"It was a nice time to grow up," she mused with a smile. I was startled. "During the blitz ?" I asked. "We were all in it together. We had to have stiff upper lips, she laughed. Churchill was wonderful, the right man at the right time. We cared for one other."

September 11, 2001

by Sally Bloomer

The decision to leave the group after breakfast at the Pearl Street Diner and go to Wall Street to see the opening of the Wall Street Stock Exchange at 9:30 meant that I was just four blocks from the World Trade Center when Tower Number Two was hit. Those of us arriving in the elevator on the first floor of the Exchange were ordered down and out of the building.

On the street looking up at the World Trade Center we saw flames lapping through the windows. Papers were falling slowly from above and large pieces of metal, not so slowly. I stopped to pick up a computer print out off the sidewalk. I made my way south toward my hotel, the Marriott Financial Center, located two blocks south of the burning building, still not knowing about the plane collision. I stopped in a group with a lady sitting in a chair and a man with two dogs all gazing upwards. Where are they now?

Suddenly there was a loud swishing sound. We all instinctively turned away and started running. I remember thinking "How fast must I run to escape this?"

Not long, for in seconds we were enveloped in a cloud of cinders and soot. I kept moving more slowly until with an outstreched hand I felt a brick wall and I stepped up on a curb. Nothing to do but stand there until visibility returned. Then in semi-darkness I wandered around wondering if I should head for the Jewish Museum in Battery Park which I had visited yesterday. That was a pyramid building shaped like a fortress. But it might be a likely target.

A First Aid van appeared out of nowhere. They pulled us in to sit down while we used inhalators, donned masks, and were given bottles of water. They then suggested that we move south toward the Staten Island Ferry. I thought I really did not want to go to Staten Island, but on second thought it seemed the wise thing to do. As the crowd moved slowly along I almost went down an incline into a tunnel, but was warned in time. I realized we were on the ferry when it began to move.

When we disembarked, a kind man wrote down the name of the only hotel on Staten Island and directed me toward the blue line. After a long wait and a long ride on the bus, I was in the hotel lobby jockeying for position to sign in. I was 54th on the list and after three hours had a room with a TV set! The wild rumors I had been hearing were confirmed. I now knew the facts of the plane hitting the Towers.

After a sleepless night, at about 8 AM I decided I was never going to get out of Staten Island sitting in a hotel room. Down in the hotel driveway were some gentlemen with two cars getting a battery charge. I struck up a conversation, which was not hard to do. I said if they were going south, I would like to go as far as they were willing to take me. They could drop me off at a bus station. At first they said they had no room, but I kept talking. They were going to southern Jersey since their two day job as voting machine service men had been interrupted. When they learned I had been so close to the tragedy, and just wanted to get headed toward Baltimore, they decided they had room.

We started out on the Jersey Turnpike going North instead of South until the coolest head among us pointed out the sun was on the wrong side of the car. About one-half hour along, Joe, the driver, a retired construction worker, asked me where I lived in Baltimore. “Well actually I live North of the city about twelve miles”, I said. Joe looked at Ed, a retired school teacher and said, ’’We’H take you home.”

After a little protesting, it was settled. I was delivered right to Broadmead’s front door. They had a cup of coffee. The history teacher asked that I make him a copy of the computer printed statement that I had picked up off the sidewalk after it fell from the sky'. It was dated and had the letterhead MARSH AND MCLENNAN, an insurance brokerage that employed 1,700 people on the 96th floor of Tower Number Two.

Dusk at Pog Lake

by Lynn Walbeck

It was during our second visit to Pog Lake that we discovered its special enchantment at day's end, but my family had fallen in love with the spot when we had first camped there four years earlier. Pog Lake had been recommended to us as the nicest site of several developed campgrounds in Algonquin Provincial Park, a vast glacier-carved wilderness lying about 100 miles north of Toronto. Algonquin, we were told, was a nature-lover's paradise. We were certainly not disappointed on that first visit. We found that the rolling, wooded hills and countless lakes, streams, and bogs of Algonquin were home to numerous species of wildlife, including bear, moose, and timber wolf. And there, in the southern section of this wild, rugged country, lay Pog Lake, sparkling in the sunlight of those summer days like a blue jewel, encircled protectively by forested green hillsides.

When the memory of Algonquin lured us back for a second vacation at Pog Lake, we were accompanied by three families of friends who were eager to share its beauty and adventure with us. We were lucky enough to find four adjacent campsites. They were nestled among the tall trees on a hill overlooking a secluded cove of the lake. Behind one of the campsites, a well-worn trail led off on a slanting descent through the trees in the direction of the cove, which reached toward us like a beckoning finger from the open lake beyond. But there was the work of setting up camp, getting organized, and fixing dinner before we could respond to the inviting beauty of our surroundings. After dinner, the eight parents gathered at one campsite to relax and enjoy coffee together, while the children, free from chores at last, set off en masse to explore the cove.

I don't know who was first to spot the beavers, but several of the children came stumbling back into the campsite, wide-eyed and breathless, to tell us of their discovery. The adults followed them down the trail, coffee cups in hand, and then along the bank to where the others waited, gesturing impatiently. They directed our gaze to one of the clumps of vegetation which dotted the waters of the cove. The beavers were feeding peacefully about 20 feet from where we stood on the shore, seemingly unconcerned by our presence. As enthralled as the children, we watched for a long while. We shivered as the air turned cool and damp, accentuating the heavy, musky odor of the marshy cove, but we were too fascinated to depart until darkness settled over the water, bringing down the curtain on our private show. From then on, beaver-watching became an evening ritual.

There was a magical, timeless quality about Pog Lake at dusk, and we stood quietly observing from the shore each evening,caught in the spell, We could easily imagine a native American of centuries past emerging from the tree - to stand where we stood, gazing upon an identical scene. Occasionally**,** laughter drifted across the water from the other end of the lake, bringing us back to the present; then all was still except for the background serenade of the crickets and frogs. Beneath the trees, darkness gathered. But in the open, grassy areas near the shore, there was still enough light to make out the small island of vegetation, the silvery wake of a beaver as it cut across the surface of the water, and the cattails bending in the cool breeze. Off to the right, where the cove widened to join the major part of Pog Lake, the surface of the water was a bright mirror- reflecting the dark outline of the wooded hillside beyond.

Nature added bits of variety to the entertainment she provided for us each evening in this setting: a pair of otters, who were more disturbed by our presence than the beavers; a loon winging overhead, sending its eerie, laughing cry echoing over the water; a brilliant sunset which bathed the cove in rosy hues. And yet there was the feeling that all this was an endless repetition of other performances on other summer nights. In this natural, unspoiled setting there was an overwhelming feeling of peace and a sense of nature's permanence and continuity. Perhaps we'll return some day, drawn by the haunting call of the loon and the beauty of the lake. In the meantime, Pog Lake remains fresh and clear in my memory, a place where the shadows of dusk engulf the familiar world and set the stage for a glimpse into the timeless world of nature.

There is No Time

There is no time
There is no space
Just expected grace

Kathryn Ward

Homecoming

by Anne Minkowski

"Please try not to say anything about how I look," he had said on the phone from Kennedy Airport,his voice sounding younger than we remembered after his eighteen months in India. How thin was he? Dachau-like specters began to haunt us.

The cable had come a few days ago: "Have jaundice; coming home." For twenty six hours he had been on a plane from Bombay to New York, wrapped in a blanket, lying across three seats. As he spoke we realized, with dismay, what an enormous effort he had made to drag himself out of bed, to terminate his fellowship, to get his exit papers, and to travel to Bombay from Poona in 100-degree heat. Only now did we learn that he hadn't been able to tolerate any solid food for three weeks.

How ill was he? What was wrong?

As we got in the car to go to BWI Airport, we reassured ourselves that he must be recovering or he wouldn't have been able to travel at all. Our eagerness to see him was intense after so many months of keeping track of him mainly by intuition. I had thought a mother would know if he weren't all right, but had I?

We parked the car and both went in, bracing ourselves, sharing the strain.

The time for his arrival passed, and we couldn't see the plane land. Were these people coming through the gate from his flight? We searched each face; what if we didn't even recognize him?

Behind a heavy woman I glimpsed the blazer in which he had so jauntily departed, and my eyes eagerly sought the face. Of course I knew him! but oh! if I hadn't known I was looking for him would I have recognized that yellow, hollow-eyed death's head? Yellowish eyes were screened behind unaccustomed tinted glasses, his self-conscious carriage gave evidence that our shock was written on our faces.

Would he recover?

How could he not recover? Didn't we have him home?

"You look wonderful!" we said.

King

by Anne Minkowski

My dog is semi-retired. Strangers at the door make him feel uneasy, but he barks lying down. A 105-pound German Shepherd, he is resting on his reputation. When he is coaxed to take his ceremonial walks around the neighborhood, people we don't know greet him by name. His stately gait is a far cry from his powerful stride of years ago when, fur rippling, he skimmed across vast fields with tireless enthusiasm. Now the only running he does is in his dreams as, paws quivering, his legs go through the motions of chase. He swims better than he can run now, and if he feels he is needed, will leap in and swim any distance to "save" one of us if we dive off the dock at our lakeside cottage in Ontario, forgetful that he is there. But then, drenched and exhausted, he is the one that has to be helped ashore. He still takes his duties seriously; he knows he is responsible for us. We have told him that he no longer need climb the stairs at night; that he can sleep on the rug in the dining room. But he will have none of it. Ponderously, he pulls his stiff hips up the steps, one by one, resting frequently, to take up his station outside our door. For twelve years I have slept soundly, while those devoted ears kept watch.

Nature

I have a tiny spider
Who has come to live with me.
Tho what it finds to eat in here
Is more than I can see.

I caught it in a jar
And took it out to play.
That was a silly waste of time
It came back in anyway.

I'm very fond of nature
Whether feather, fur or fin,
But on the whole I do prefer
When it stays out not in.

Sally Robinson
With apologies to R L. S

The Monarch

by Susie Fetter

The tiny caterpillar with its telltale white, black and orange stripes made the trip south in a mason jar on a stalk of milkweed for food. Its destination was a makeshift classroom in Mount Washington Pediatric Hospital. Here adolescents with long term illnesses were given a taste of "normalcy" apart from their daily regimens of medical interventions. The Hospital had limited space for a classroom, and the room they provided was small.

Anticipating the limits of the space and the expectations for the students I tried to provide some hands on experience for those who would come to school. A field trip around the grounds with the ambulatory kids yielded enough plant material for a terrarium, which we assembled back in the classroom. By this time, the tiny caterpillar had grown into a fat larvae and was ready to pupate. I brought the jewellike pupa into the classroom, placed it in the terrarium, and told the kids that in ten days there would be a big change. "Keep your eyes open for that change", I told the kids.

I had no illusions about how much teaching I could do in this atmosphere. The conditions of the children ranged from chronic to fatal and the reading levels were low.

Michael, a beautiful 16 year old, was confined to a wheelchair. His speech was blurred by a brain tumor, but his sense of humor made him a favorite of the staff. Lisa, face swollen by the steroids she was taking for juvenile arthritis was ambulatory. Sherry was wheelchair bound because of spina bifida. Albert had the most distressing condition of all. An unidentified neuromuscular deterioration had left him speechless and wobbly. His teeth were ground down to nubs, and he drooled a lot. His vocalization consisted of noises made in the back of his throat. He was usually smiling and his good nature made him everyone's pet.. Thus, even though I planned and provided lessons and prodded reading efforts, the most important classroom experiences were social. The kids cared for one another, and moments of humor and silliness provided a bond. Other teens came to the classroom, but these four were the most memorable to me.

As the days progressed, the bright green of the pupa had begun to darken, and I pointed this out to the students. One glorious day in late September, while the kids crowded around the table, Albert emitted his gurgle and rolled his eyes toward the terrarium.. There, emerging from the split pupa were the brilliant orange and black wings of the Monarch butterfly. None of us had noticed this miraculous event

except the most disabled among us. We watched as the creature moved its wings as if to prepare for flight. We had to release it, so the three in wheel chairs and one holding the terrarium followed me through the door to the green space outside.

Lisa removed the lid, and we all watched as the butterfly hesitated, then slowly rose from its confinement, spiraling skyward — up, up, until it disappeared. The looks on the faces of these desperately ill kids was an image that will never leave me. We were all lifted up out of our physical bonds into the soaring freedom of the flight of that Monarch. Who knows what effect that transcendent moment had on each? If only for a moment, these kids had a taste of normalcy and a sense of wonder. For me, it was a joy of the spontaneous and unexpected

Ephemeral Magic

by Ajax Eastman

Three days ago, I set out for my morning walk as usual, in the dark. It is the best time of day to be outside because one not only gets to see the moon in its many moods, but also to experience the quiet approaching of dawn.

At first dawn is the barely perceptible hint of light in the eastern sky which grows proportionately according to the sky's atmosphere. If it is foggy, first light is mysteriously eerie. If it is clear, the stars fade first, and then the shadows begin to fade and take a different form. But if it is partially cloudy, all sorts of wondrous things start to happen as they did the other day.

Beginning with the pinkish sky in the east, dawn began to spread its glorious colorful glow across the entire sky above and to the west.

It only happens once in a while, but that morning for a brief time, the tops of the taller trees were illuminated by the sun peeking through a sliver of an opening between the horizon and the clouds hanging just above, causing them to stand starkly in brilliant pinkish contrast to the black sky beyond. I could scarcely take my eyes off of the beautiful scene unfolding before me.

But the most beautiful scene of all occurred as I approached our house, because standing before me was our entire, enormous Sycamore tree, garbed in pure white, framed against that dark sky, as if it was glowing from within. It was a silhouette in reverse, white etched on the black background.

I was totally entranced and thrilled that I was there to witness that ephemeral bit of magic.

The Orchestra's Apprentice

by Phyllis Edwards Olson

Music conservatories were not immune from the wholesale draining away in 1943 of male students who were being drafted into the military. As a second year student at the Eastman School of Music, I arrived that fall to find so many of them gone that it seemed much of the energetic spirit of the place had vanished, too. It was a real letdown from the year before.

But here we were, young women willing and able to fill some professional positions that might formerly not have been available to us. In the musical world of that time the great symphony orchestras were all male except sometimes for the harpist. So it was with surprise and great excitement that I found myself being invited to join the bass section of the Rochester Philharmonic for three days of rehearsals and a concert. After years in student orchestras, I was to play as a professional!

First of all though I was told that I must immediately join the musician's union. This was daunting, partly because I was not supposed to let on that I was already offered a job. However, I summoned up my courage and found my way to the union office, which I remember as a large barely furnished smoke-filled room. Two men appeared who looked at me strangely but had me pay my initial membership dues and also raise my right hand and take a solemn oath of support for the union. That awkward business done, I was very relieved to depart knowing I was in and allowed to play.

With great anticipation I arrived on the stage at morning rehearsal time and met there my teacher, Nelson Watson, who was the principal of the bass section, and some other bassists, all middle aged to older men. On the stand was the bass part for Respighi's "The Pines of Rome", a tone poem for full orchestra. At the age of 18,1 had never heard of this wonderful work before and had no idea what it was like.

Looking at the part, I saw that the upper half of the first page was entirely composed of rests, our first notes appearing in the lower half under the rubric "in the catacombs". Not only that, but the bass section was marked divisi, that is, we eight bass players were to be divided so as to play several parts, quite an unusual arrangement. As we waited for the rehearsal to start, Mr. Watson went down the line assigning a different part to each stand of players.

Our conductor, Guy Fraser Harrison, took the podium and brought the orchestra to attention with a tap of his baton on his music stand. We were off! I began to count furiously the complicated, irregular measures of rests that filled the

first half of the page. It was hopeless! Veiy soon I despaired of ever being able to come in right. At that point the bassist on my right passed the word, sotto voce, “Don’t bother to count,” so I sat and waited.

Bright, loud and lively music filled my ear, played by woodwinds and brass and moving along rapidly in a whirlwind of rhythmic patterns. Mr. Harrison was conducting very energetically, but I had no idea where in the music we might be. However, part way down the page I saw an accelerando marked, and accordingly Mr. Harrison soon began conducting faster and faster. Then in the midst of all this loud and colorful sound, unexpectedly and startlingly the trumpet blared fortissimo a note that was jarringly out of tune!

There was a stirring in the bass section. Bows were lifted and put in place, left hands reached high on the strings. I went through the same motions and glued my eyes on the conductor, who was beating time faster than ever. Suddenly he whisked away all the bright sounding instruments, and wheeled toward the bass section, and with his right arm rising up in a giant arc over his head he brought his baton down pointing straight at ME!

I think I nearly fainted, my heart pounded heavily and felt like it dived down somewhere below the floor of the stage. Too numb to feel anything, I gradually became aware that my bow was actually moving across the string. In the background I could faintly hear the rest of the bass section, since Mr. Harrison’s baton was really aimed towards all eight of us, not just myself, and we were all playing.

At that point I tried to get a grip on myself and listen to the sounds around me. Horrible and dismal! In contrast to the bright, colorful noise that had just been filling the air, I thought we sounded like a line of bears growling and banging along inside of a hollow wooden log, trying to stay out of sight. I was sure that Mr. Harrison would stop and make us play it over.

But he did not. Out of the murky gloom I gradually became aware of music coming from elsewhere in the orchestra, an English Horn solo, some cellos and some other instruments, all somewhat distant, but still lightening the mood. My fears gradually vanished, as we in the cello and bass sections together began to play a series of measures in a ponderous six-beat pattern, repeated over and over. With every repetition we were joined by other instruments, the sound increasing gradually until finally the highest strings and brass joined in and we were again at full orchestra, moving along in the same pattern together in an enormous, thrilling wash of sound, as if on a path to glory.

But we never got there. Mr. Harrison gave the orchestra a full cut-off and there was sudden silence while he began to talk to some players. It was only a rehearsal, after all.

People In Flight

by Sonia Blumenthal

"Throughout history, natural and manmade catastrophes have produced refugees. Not until our day, however, has the refugee population reached such staggering proportions. Conditions of total war and of totalitarian government are primarily responsible for the plight and the flight. In the last twenty-five years, we have seen refugees all over Europe, in the Middle East and in the Far East. Their numbers are yet increasing so that it is impossible to keep reliable counts. In Germany alone, the refugee population amounts to between ten and twelve million."

Do these words seem to describe our current Mideast mass migration crisis? Actually, I wrote them over 55 years ago as a Bennington college graduate student for an article in the Bennington Alumni Quarterly*. My family had been refugees from Nazi Germany, and I knew the experience of being a refugee. After settling in America I worked for a while assisting European refugees. In my article I described my work for the World University Service in 1953, an international student organization, in one of the D.P. student centers they set up in Austria. I wrote:

"Three years ago, I had the opportunity to see how these people live in the 'countries of first asylum,' so-called. My job took me to Innsbruck, Austria. In our two barracks on the University campus, we carried on a welfare and cultural project for some one hundred and fifty D.P. students. Every day they came to eat an inexpensive meal, to read, listen to music or just relax in an atmosphere more friendly than the drab D.P. camp.

"Most of the students realized that Austria had no future for them and they would want to emigrate sooner rather than later. The process of counseling had its painful aspects. It was not always easy for these young people to relate their dreary experiences behind the Iron Curtain in flight, or even in the new country that might offer to the D.P. no more than crumbs of charity.

"In letters to America I tried to give my idea of the D.P. situation: generally speaking, D.P. students were not exempted from the hardships which make up much, of a displaced person's existence. Rather, their special position in an unfavorable environment, intensified the moral and economic problems to be coped with. The social insecurity which characterizes-practically every D.P., leaves negative marks. Depending on the individual's natural being, some students become unduly shy, others excessively aggressive; some acquire a morbid, paralyzing outlook; others

assume a devil-may-care attitude. Few will speak their mind freely and when one or the other does, the tone is likely to be embittered and cynical. Often they keep above water with a perverted sense of humor that smacks of sarcasm.

"Students who have retained an optimistic outlook are few and far between. There is hardly one who is not haunted by cares for the future. Having been pushed around from one country to another, not wanted here, uneasy there, they have lost confidence, sometimes in themselves sometimes in the very institutions established for their benefit. Victims of questionnaires they have lost their individuality and with it, in certain instances their integrity...Foremost, I had to answer for myself the question: is emigration really the Solution in this "one world"? If an individual has material or spiritual problems, will he not have to face and settle them wherever he is regardless of geographical location? 1 have found satisfaction, reluctant satisfaction in view of my 'one world outlook', from the case histories of refugees that come across my desk and in the reports which recent immigrants give personally.

"To be sure, each individual must find his own modus vivendi. It would be foolish oversimplification, however, to assume that he is free everywhere to do so. Under such political conditions as prevail in certain countries of the world at present, the individual is not free—no matter how restrictively the term 'free' is interpreted. Citizens of these countries have become the proverbial pawns in the iron hand of government."

I look back on the young woman who wrote those words, and think about refugees today. Of course, there are differences between the refugees from the Soviet bloc I served then, and those fleeing civil wars in the Mideast today. Then there were no terrorists among the refugees; but other problems, economic and cultural are similar. I wrote in my article in 1955:

"It has become a habit to speak of the refugee as a problem. Yet, the refugee is an ordinary human being who, because of circumstances beyond his control, was forced—or forced himself—to leave his family and home, his community and his country, to seek new life elsewhere in the world. For all these men and women, be they farmers, laborers or merchants, scholars or artists, the decision to cut themselves off from home is indeed terrifying. Nevertheless, their opposition to totalitarian rule was stronger and impelled the move, however dangerous. Better to take the risk of escape than to suffer in bondage."

*

*Bennington College Alumnae Quarterly, 1955. Foreign Operations Administration Press Release: Assistance Projects of the U.S. Escapee Program, March 22, 1954.

Migration

I sat crossroads at the city gate
where travelers had come and gone
from early times of quiet settlement
safe made their sojourns close and far
to other towns bazaars and vinyard lots
awaiting trade of needed goods and news

Here is my city set upon a hill
bulwark in the journey of my life

Until one day the old gate madly burst
with people streaming out as from a fire
downhill into the wilderness beyond
tongues of water onto desert wilds
sucked down through the burning sands
faded wasted vanished cast to earth

With the whiteness of their bones
` *the parts the ravens rejected*

Some kept in flight by unknown paths
unmarked boundaries and farther on
from motherland in hope to cross the seas
for tribeslands known as tolerant
accepting visitors in grace and kindliness
as was their custom in the human law `
Gone is my faithful city soundly built
where saving justice used to dwell

You outside the danger would not know until so
many breaks were made the cordon reached
across the world stretching on and on to your
own shores when even there the neighbors
would fend off forbid the fleeing with another
wall
Where is the mother to all exiles now
by Babylons cast out upon the winds?

Jim Butzow

The Cathedral In the Trees

by Richard Goody

When I came to Broadmead a little over a year ago I immediately sought out a venue for my daily outdoor exercise, and soon found myself climbing the Ridge Trail. When I reached the ridge, I was amazed at what I saw: a large grove of magnificent trees. The trees were perfectly formed with straight unblemished trunks, each about three feet in diameter reaching up to a dense canopy approximately 120 feet above me. There was a deep silence except for an occasional bird song. I felt that I was in a cathedral.

This was my first experience with *Lireodendron tulipifera,* or the Tulip tree, also called the Yellow Poplar. I walk every day on the Ridge trail and as the trail and trees absorb me I feel a sense of elation, coupled to a sense of humility, as I also feel when in the depths of a great canyon in the Southwest, or or on the snow and ice slopes of a mountain in the Andes.

My mind went back to a visit to Barcelona a few years ago, when I saw the interior of Gaudi's masterpiece, *La Sagrada Familia.* Gaudi had achieved a miracle of design, replacing internal pillars and arches with trees, which humanized this huge church. I wonder whether Gaudi was inspired by a site like Broadmead's.

Natural beauty is often fragile and must be actively defended. This notably includes trees. Those on the ridge trail are in conservation and protected for future generations. Not so the adjacent Provenza lot, which also belongs to Broadmead and contains many fine Tulip trees. There is the possibility of conflict between the needs of development and the needs of the environment when plans for Phase Two of the Master Plan are developed. When these plans are available there should be a vigorous discussion about the proper balance. I hope to be involved as an advocate for the trees.

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This issue contains two poems by Marvin Solomon. *Fred cmd Ginger* previously appeared in *Pembrook Magazine* in 2002, and *Emily's Roam* **previously** appeared in *Poetry* in 1991. They are reprinted here with his permissi r

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