

Mother's Day is May 14!



Village Life

May 2006
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A NEWSPAPER FOR ASBURY METHODIST VILLAGE

Residents, Associates, Families & Friends
www.asburymethodistvillage.org

Mother's Day Memories

*"M" is for the million things she gave me....
"O" means only that she's growing old,
"T" is for the tears she shed to save me,
"H" is for her heart of purest gold;
"E" is for her eyes, with love-light shining,
"R" means right, and right she'll always be,
Put them all together, they spell "MOTHER,"
A word that means the world to me.*

—Howard Johnson (c. 1915)

Gathered by Anne Porter, Mund

"My most memorable Mother's Day was in May of 1951—not a time for hearts and flowers a la Hallmark, but an experience of life. On the day before Mother's Day, my mother died after struggling with failing kidneys for several years. Several days later I gave birth to my second child and first son. New life and death converged in one week."

—Sally Duncan

Sally Duncan and the son born in 1951. Inset: Sally today.



"This happened about forty years ago, but the memory is still very vivid in my mind. My husband had never been the neatest housekeeper when it came to putting his tools away after using them. For years I complained because I could never find a pliers or a screwdriver when I needed it. One Mother's Day, he presented me with a beautifully wrapped package. Inside was a new pair of pliers for my gadget drawer in the kitchen. I still have them today and smile every time I get them out!"

—Peggy Boulton



Peggy holding her husband's picture and the pliers.

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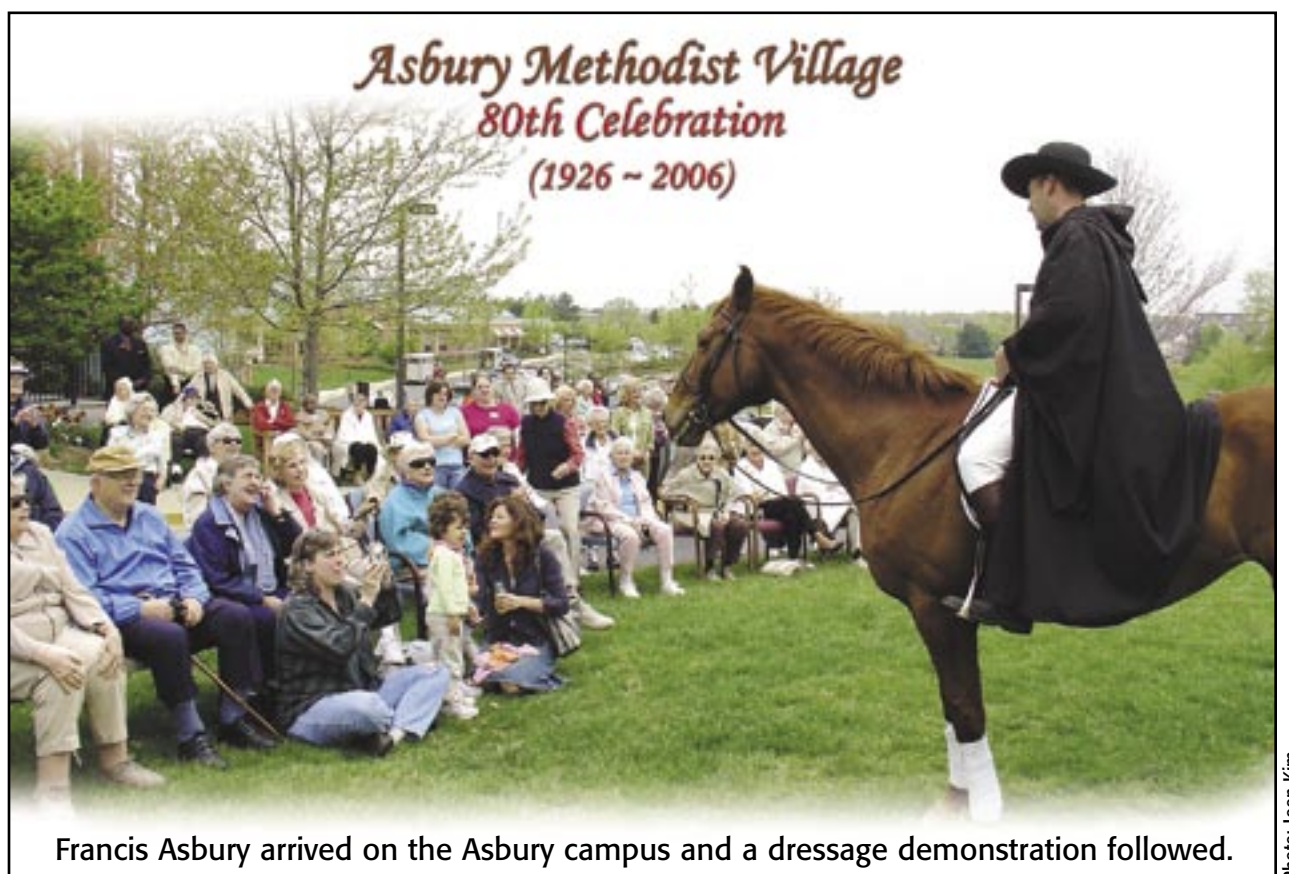
Horses and Butterflies

By Marjorie Brugger, Trott

Alive, Alive-o. Unlikely metaphor, I know, but I hear it and feel it. I hope you were there to see it all unfold on Friday, April 21, the final day of events in the week of 80th Anniversary activities.

As I walked down the arcade toward Kindley, the residents and guests were there enjoying a barbecue. Pungent fragrances filled the air. Excitement was building awaiting the arrival of Francis Asbury. Gaithersburg's Mayor Katz was already there. Suddenly, from the green hillside a reddish brown horse galloped into our midst carrying a man in a black cloak and large hat. Francis Asbury had arrived! Mayor Katz greeted him and proclaimed this to be Asbury Methodist Village Day in Gaithersburg.

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Francis Asbury arrived on the Asbury campus and a dressage demonstration followed.

David Denton's piece "Walking Back into the Future," reminded me of my small connection to "Gaithersburg Home," now Asbury Village. Also, that I have been an admirer of Margery League Hughes for about 70 years. In the 1930's she had a golden voice, and was a member of the Senior Choir at Epworth Methodist Church, 13th and North Carolina Avenue, NE. The minister at that time was John Paul Tyler, not Taylor, as indicated in the Denton feature.

Dr. Tyler and Margery evidently got the whole of Washington Methodism stirred up about Gaithersburg Home, particularly Epworth Hall.

My Mom, Florence Crawford Nelson was a member of the JOY (Jesus, Others, Yourself) Sunday School Class at Epworth. That group, and other similar groups, in Methodist Churches around D. C., gathered Kirkman Soap coupons, for which they received perhaps one-tenth of a cent each. Mom must have been a coordinator for the program, because at times, our living room was filled with baled Kirkman soap coupons, ready to cash. All the funds went to help build Epworth hall. Mom didn't live long enough to enjoy living at Gaithersburg Home, a place she dearly loved.

There's more.

The young people of Epworth made frequent visits to Gaithersburg Home to entertain the guests there. On one occasion, about 1935, we loaded a bus at Lincoln Park, and rode to Gaithersburg, and there presented a spoof on Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. One James Payne was Hamlet, and I played the role of Laertes, Ophelia's brother. Alas, I can't remember the other members of the cast. At the end of the play the stage was filled with "dead bodies," as happens in several Shakespeare offerings. After our stellar performance, refreshments were served to everyone present, and a good time was had by all.

To this day, Margery and I correspond, and reminisce about those years at Epworth. She is a great lady, and it was a pleasure to learn that she is still contributing to life at Asbury Village.

G. Douglas Nelson

My compliments on all on the activities and planning around the 80th Anniversary of Asbury Methodist Village. Today was a very special Chapel service dedicating Park View Apartments. The music from our resident choir to the outstanding accompaniment of the Heims and very special solos by Lydia Skinner along with an outstanding

message from our new Bishop John Schol were very special. 92 year old Jack LaLanne's message about fitness and healthy eating reinforced the wellness programs in the Rosborough center. I wish all of you could have been there. The campus is beautiful, the buildings sparkling, and the food has been outstanding around all these events. Tomorrow there will be more, including ice cream in the afternoon all around the campus — so join in and celebrate. Great coordination and leadership David, Martha, Alexis, Toni and entire team! God Bless you all; and God Bless our wonderful residents!

*Ed Thomas, President/CEO
Asbury Communities, Inc.*

Message from Sgt. White, Gaithersburg Police Department

In the month of April there were 50 incidents of car invasions in the City of Gaithersburg. While doing a check on the Asbury campus, officers found 25 unlocked cars and then stopped counting. To protect your property, please be vigilant about locking your car doors, and never leave your car running while unattended.

A New Peg on the Board

Peggy Barrow, a new resident in the Park View apartments, has been elected to the Asbury Foundation Board of Directors. Peggy has a long association with AMV, both as a nurse at Wilson Healthcare Center and a longtime member of the Asbury Guild, serving as president from 1982-1986. She continues to be actively involved with all projects of the Guild. In an ironic twist, one of Peggy's most notable accomplishments while president was her participation in coordinating the move of 111 residents from the 201 building (now Administration) to 211 (now Park View). She took hands-on, personal responsibility for 14 residents. Little did



she imagine at that time that she and her husband Sam would someday be residents of that very building!

Through her many years of association with Asbury Methodist Village, Peggy comes to the Foundation board with understanding and appreciation for its primary mission — raising funds to ensure the continuance of the Benevolent Care program. In eight decades of serving seniors, no one has had to leave their Asbury Methodist Village home due to outliving their resources though no fault of their own. Asbury Foundation warmly welcomes Peggy Barrow as she expands her volunteer commitment on behalf of all Asbury communities.

Asbury Citrus Fruit Program Ends — for Now

The Asbury citrus fruit program has concluded for this season. Many thanks to the building coordinators for taking orders and delivering fruit:

Marian Kawata/Diamond
Tom Lowery/419
Hugh Woodward/Park View
Virginia Odor/Trott
Virginia Offutt/Edwards-Fisher
Bob Bergman/Mund
Ann Hall/Villas

In the fall, watch for the 2006-2007 season announcements on AVTV Channel 95 and your bulletin boards. November we'll have pink grapefruit and navel oranges. Prices to be announced. Let's hope Mother Nature produces fruit next season as delicious as we had this season. And remember, every box you order earns 50 cents for the Asbury Benevolent Fund. This past season we earned \$120.50.

Thank you again to all the orderers and workers.

—Joan and Dan Muller, Villas

VILLAGE LIFE

Happy Mother's Day from the entire staff

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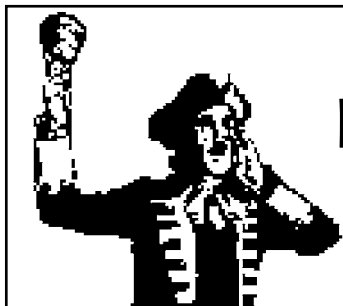
"The mission of *Village Life* is to provide timely, interesting and entertaining news about the lives, concerns and activities of the people who reside, work and volunteer at Asbury Methodist Village."

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Communications Department

Mary Lou Luff, Diamond, went to Charlottesville, Virginia to talk about medicines during early times, wearing one of her homemade costumes, of course. This all came about because Norma Gutttag sent a copy of Mary Lou's book to a friend living in a Westminster retirement community. The friend was so fascinated by the book, she invited Mary Lou to come to talk to her community. In the meantime, Verla Cook gave Mary Lou an old "laundry stick" which she will incorporate into her talk. **Marilyn Grotenhuis** drove Mary Lou to Charlottesville.

Norma Barr, Diamond had friends visiting from Fort Wayne, Indiana. Later Norma is going to visit her son in Pittsburgh. They plan to do a lot of sightseeing there. Judy, a daughter of **Marilynn and Marshall Grotenhuis**, came from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina to visit her parents. Over the Easter weekend Susan and her husband came from Rochester, New York to spend some time with Marilyn and Marshall.

Ruth Lane's daughter spent Easter Day with her mother... **Gladys Schreck, Diamond**, went to Pennsylvania to visit a daughter over Easter... **Carol and Scott Brewer, Diamond**, have done a lot of traveling lately. They were at an Elderhostel in Florida, visited in California and Staunton, Virginia. At home they are bike riding when the weather is good. **Katie Buyukunsal, Diamond**, spent two weeks caring for her grandson while his parents were out of town. **Mary Mount, Diamond**, had an eventful Easter—time with family, including a brand-new great grandchild.



Village Life Bits and Pieces

Wonder what your neighbors have been up to? Here are all the little bits and pieces that add up to happy times on and off the Asbury Campus.



Alice Smith with seven of her eight grandchildren at the gathering.

In late April **Jean Newman of Building 419** spent a week in Corolla, on North Carolina's Outer Banks, with her four daughters and four grandsons celebrating the marriage of her youngest, Andrea, to Wayne Tympanick. Wayne owns a rental property in a golf community and they rented two other homes for the occasion.

The dining room at Hefner served more than 400 people on Easter. There were a large number of family groups. We observed friend **Peg Friend and family and Mary Hine** with a large family table. The newly arrived **Henderson and Patricia Booth** had daughter and son-in-law. **Virginia and Arthur Rabenhorst**

had at least three generations at their table.

A few days after Easter, people in Hefner's Purple Circle were entertained by a violin recital by Johnny Hatzenbuhler from Heidelberg, Germany. He and his mother come to see his grandparents **Jean and George Hatzenbuhler of Diamond**. His father has been visiting his parents for several weeks.

In March **Mary Thickstun from Building 419** celebrated her 80th birthday at the Rosborough Center with dinner and thirty-one extended family members. The birthday was a catalyst for a family reunion. They came from nine states: California, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Michigan,

New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maryland. Mary was the fourth child of six of the late Harold and Edith Fisk, with only two still living. Her younger sister was unable to attend. Each of the original six siblings was represented by two or more children, grandchildren and even great-grandchildren. Everyone brought reminders of their past—especially pictures and memories of "the old days." It was a joyous occasion for all, with memories to last a lifetime.

Alice Smith, Mund, was born on the same day that Asbury Methodist Village was founded 80 years ago! And her family made sure that she had an exciting birthday celebration to rival Asbury's. They invited her to join them at the Marriott Seaview Resort near Atlantic City, N.J. on the weekend of April 15th, where they had reserved three villas to house the entire family. Two sons and a daughter, their spouses and seven of her eight grandchildren were able to be there to celebrate. Together they visited Atlantic City and Smithville briefly, ate breakfast in one villa, lunch in another and enjoyed a wonderful dinner in the resort dining room. Afterwards, Alice had a pile of gifts to open and two chocolate cakes (what else for a Swiss Miss?). To top it off, her daughter had taken digital pictures all weekend and with the aid of a portable digital photo printer was able to put together a pictorial history of the party in time to present it to Alice before she left to drive home.

—*Marjorie McFarland, Diamond; Gordon Allen, 419; Anne Porter, Mund*

The Play's the Thing

Some of us at Park View have been consumed of late by preparing a program in celebration of Asbury's 80th Anniversary. It has been filmed by the gracious and expert villa-dwelling Mullers, Dan and Joan.

The positive effect of the effort has been to keep the unruly element at Park View occupied, and thus not as free to wreak havoc on those who chose not to engage in a ludicrous, shameful, hilarious, embarrassing, under-rehearsed, over-enthusiastic venture.

Kudos to the McKennas for their imaginative props. And *Brava!* To Judy Bankson, who stitched a glo-

rious banner, which will have its place of honor in the lobby of 211 forever and ever, amen. It more than off-set the outrageous behavior of her husband! John was not satisfied with the job of manipulating a colorful, plump mallard puppet masquerading as a goose—on loan from Joanna Davis—but had to confuse the issue by introducing an entirely different species at the last minute—a pied-billed grebe! (I ask you?!!) My Henry, deer Henry, behaved appropriately for a dog with antlers. Rocky, true to himself, played a dog.

Sam Barrow was an irrepressibly intrusive baritone barely controlled

by George Karras whose duties also included that of pom-pom boy. His ego does not seem to have suffered by this questionable role. All for art!

The moon was given a star turn by Roseanne Broughton, and vocal support was supplied throughout by Mead Karras, Anne and Cliff Swain, Martha Diamond, Frank Gardner, Nancy Caldwell, Elizabeth Harvill (ma to Rocky) and Harlene Buchanan as well as those previously mentioned.

I must say I thought the whole thing was a HOOT! Keep up the bad work, gang.

—*H.M. (Henry's Mom or Her Majesty)*



Oh Deer, it's Henry...a dear of a dog but not really a deer!

Food for Thought: The Magical City



Pastoral Care

By Martha Brown,
Director of Pastoral Care

Once there was a man who had grown weary of life. He was tired, uninvolved, unengaged, and felt his life had little meaning. So one day he decided to leave his home town, his ancestral village, to search for the Magical City where all would be different, new, full, and rewarding.

On his journey he found himself

in a forest. He settled down for the night, took out his sack, and had a bite to eat. Before he turned in for sleep, he was careful to take off his shoes and point them to the new direction toward which he was going. Unknown to him, however, a jokester came during the night while he slept and turned his shoes around. When the man awoke the next morning he carefully stepped into his shoes and continued on to

the Magical City.

After a few days, he reached his destination. He came to the Magical City. It was not quite what he had imagined it to be. In fact, it looked somewhat familiar. He found a familiar street, knocked at a familiar door, met a familiar family there, and lived happily ever after.

What we are seeking is often right where we are, Dorothy.

Holly Trees for Barbara

By Jeanne North, Trott

On a bright, sunny April morning, family and friends of Barbara Albertson, former Mund resident who died last year, gathered near three holly trees planted in her memory in a grassy area in back of Park View. The American flag was flying on the pole nearby, bright yellow flowers adorned the foot of the trees, and a nearby plaque identified them and gave the name of the person they honor.

Donations to the Asbury Foundation from friends of Barbara provided for the purchase of the trees, chosen in remembrance of her passionate love of the natural world and her objections to the removal of a holly tree near her window in Mund.

Present at the ceremony were Barbara's son, Skip Albertson, from Olympia, Washington; her daughter Lynne Albertson, with her husband, Tom Wall, and daughters Genevieve and Patricia; Doug Myers, President and CEO of the Asbury Foundation and Leta Loring, Mr. Myers's Executive Assistant; the Rev. Martha Brown, Director of Pastoral Care; Andrew Applegate, Asbury Apartments and Villas Administrator; and a number of friends of Barbara's.

After a welcome by Doug Myers and brief remarks by friends of Barbara's, Skip Albertson, Barbara's son, read the poem she wrote about the



Photo: Hal Gaut

holly tree that was published in *Village Life*. The ceremony concluded with prayerful thoughts and a blessing offered by Martha Brown.

The Last Supper

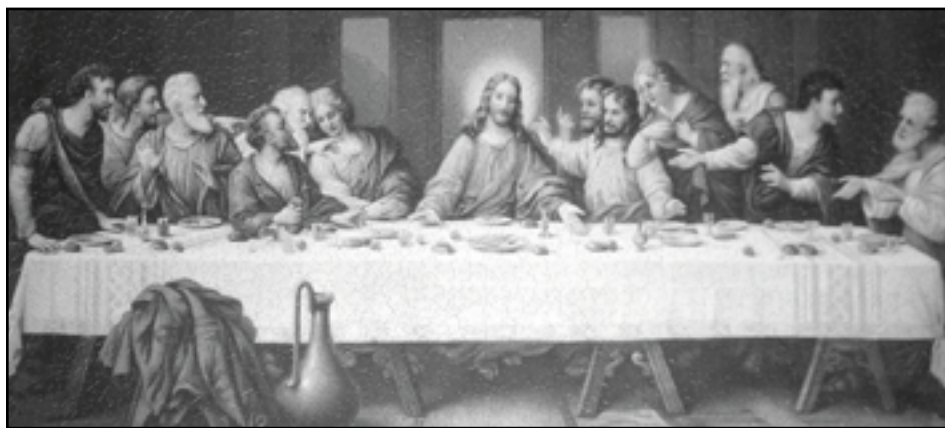


Photo: Hal Gaut

By Virginia Williams, Trott

I was fortunate to see the fifth floor's "Last Supper" puzzle fifteen minutes before Reverend Tom Kaylor took it to the Damascus United Methodist Church where it will be refinished in time for the Maundy Service.

Bobbye Kudzma's daughter, Penny Weeda, found the puzzle at a gift shop in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. She sent the puzzle to her mother, who is a puzzle enthusiast. Bobbye and Dot Hoyle worked on the puzzle two hours daily for

twenty-five days. In order to complete the puzzle by Ash Wednesday, they worked approximately five hours daily for the last three days.

The result is magnificent. It is a twenty-two by forty-seven inch "copy after" of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Although the coloring is quite vividly pastel, it still gives the aura of the original painting.

If you would like to see this "Last Supper" puzzle, you will have to visit the Damascus United Methodist Church where it will be on display.

IN MEMORIAM

Resident	Facility	Date of Death
Hilda White	E-F	03-15-06
John Harold Bauer	WHCC	03-17-06
Wallace Gedosch	E-F	03-17-06
Jean Ross	Villas	03-18-06
Jeannette Kitwell	Kindley	03-20-06
Neva Stefanelli	WHCC	03-28-06
Neil Wheeler	WHCC	03-30-06
Evelyn Brown	Diamond	03-30-06
Elizabeth Belt	WHCC/Home	03-31-06
George Furukawa	Diamond	03-31-06
Rosemary Bledsoe	Mund	04-03-06
John Long	WHCC	04-03-06
Neva Goldthorpe	WHCC/Kindley/Trott	04-03-06
Arline Tower	Kindley/Villas	04-04-06
Alfred Huber	Mund	04-04-06
Muriel DeAngelis	Villas	04-08-06
Jasper Baker	WHCC-Kindley	04-12-06

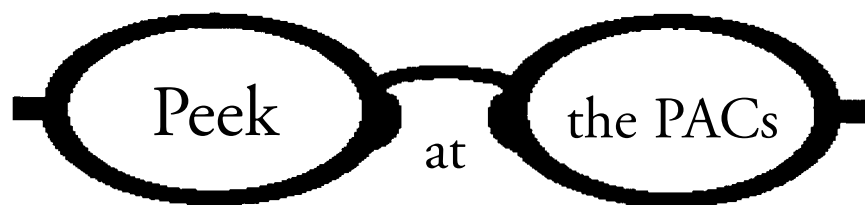
The Health Services PAC Tackles Walkers and Demystifies MIEMSS Forms

Do the subjects sound depressing? Or perhaps mysterious? No matter. They are important to many Asbury residents and at the March meeting, the Health Services PAC tackled them head-on.

First PAC members heard Rehab 1st Director Rob Grange discuss and answer questions on the proper use of walkers. Then Care Management Director Betsey Mason explained the mysteries of the MIEMSS forms, required by the State of Maryland to anyone wishing to stipulate to EMS personnel that in the event of cardiac arrest, they do not wish to be resuscitated.

Disturbed by the hunched-over posture of many walker users, PAC Resident Co-Chair Kathleen Link had invited Rob Grange to appear before the PAC to explain the different kinds of walkers and their proper use. Wheels? No wheels? Higher? Lower? Meshing the need for stability and mobility is the challenge of choosing and using a walker. Anyone needing a walker should get a prescription from a physician, and with a referral to Rehab, a patient can get instruction on the kind of walker most beneficial and the proper use of it.

Betsey Mason, with input from Dr. Robert Hartman, a Trott resident and PAC member, clarified the difference between the MIEMSS Do Not Resuscitate order and the Advance Directive. The MIEMSS



By Jeanne North, Trott

form (stands for Maryland Institute for Emergency Medical Services Systems) must be signed by a physician, and gives orders to EMS personnel who presumably would be taking a person to a hospital.

The Advance Directive, which must be witnessed but needs no physician signature nor does it need to be notarized, gives instructions to hospital personnel about treatment desired by patients under specified conditions.

Sample MIEMSS forms are posted on bulletin boards and are available at the Apartment Center, as are Advance Directive forms.

Codes are Out, Cards Are In: News from the SRT PAC

It's no secret. Lots of non Asbury residents—family, friends, favored work contractors—know how to get in your building. That's because many of us ('fess up, now!) have given the codes away, even though we were cautioned not to.

Pretty soon, probably in a couple of months, codes will be out and cards will be in. All you'll have to do to enter the locked door to your building will be to swipe your card. Simple as that. This is advance notice: practice carrying your POS card with you. The time is coming when you'll need it.

Already POS cards of authorized users of the Fitness Center can get you into the Center during prescribed hours. Soon the Technology Center door will be programmed to give entry in similar fashion, with a swipe of the card.

The added security afforded by restricting access in this way is something we should all welcome.

Other news at the April meeting of the Security, Reception and Transportation PAC: in response to resident requests, Transportation will run a bus to the Montgomery County Public Library at Montgomery Village Avenue and Lost Knife Road on the first Monday of every month. The bus will leave Kindley at 1:30 p.m., make a stop at 417, go on to the library and return to campus about an hour later. Villas residents wanting to ride along can call Transportation to be included.

Co-Chairs of the SRT PAC are Sam Finlay, Resident Co-Chair, and Walt Albright, Associate Co-Chair.

Good and Not-So-Good Numbers, and Some Surprising Suggestions

First the bad news, said Marketing Director Andrew Morgan at the March meeting of the Marketing PAC. Occupancy rate in the Mund/Edwards-Fisher/Trott complex have slipped, and are now down

to 88.6%. But, he continued, elsewhere on campus the numbers are strong, above budgeted figures, ranging from 94.6% at the Wilson Health Care Center to the Villas' rate of 100%.

Beyond the good numbers for Diamond, 419, Kindley, Wilson, Park View and the Villas, many new initiatives are in the works, said Marketing PAC Associate Co-Chair Morgan and Marketing Manager Michele Weikert:

- some adjacent apartments in M/EF/T have been set aside to be combined, to meet the demand of prospective residents for more space;
- Mund will have an Open House on May 20 to spark interest;
- The Marketing Department is "revamping" the wait list program to offer more enticements;
- 110 people attended a recent wait list luncheon and as a result, 5 apartments were sold. The recent Open House drew 160 guests and five additional apartments were sold;

Duane McKenna, a new resident of Park View, brought his enthusiasm to his first PAC meeting and proposed dances and wine tasting to liven up the Asbury scene. (His proposals were met with some surprise, though not displeasure.) Hmmm....

PAC Resident Co-Chair Earl Kragnes reminded PAC members that PAC members and other residents are always needed and welcome to help with Marketing events such as Open Houses and Luncheons. Contact: Michele Weikert at x4016 to volunteer.

BUTTERFLIES

Continued from page 1

After both left the scene, Reddemeade riding academy provided a show. Two riders put their mounts through the intricate dressage paces with precision and grace. Years of training are required. And at the end of the show a few of us followed the sidewalk up to the Sensory Garden and on into the Wilson Recreation Hall to join another group already there. The Hall was decorated to the "nth" degree to celebrate the Asbury Guild's years of good works with dessert, music, and a Butterfly Release. There our beautiful lady of many talents and boundless energy (who else but Lexi McKenzie!) led our sing-along with old favorites like "Bye Bye Butterflies" (not blackbirds). But where were the butterflies? Lexi opened a small white box. In the box were little white paper triangular "things." What is this—origami perhaps? Were these to fly in the breezes? How disappointing! Then she distributed them to Guild



Photo: Joon Kim

Butterflies are freed at the Asbury Guild Butterfly Release led by Lexi McKenzie.

representatives and Asbury officials. They were actually small packages with a picture of a butterfly on the outside—but inside, oh my! We carried the packages out to the Sensory Garden and at Lexi's signal opened them and let them fly. Mine contained a Painted Lady butterfly bright

brown and black with little quivering legs and wings. It moved to the top of my finger, tarried briefly, then fluttered off as I wished it *bon voyage*.

As I followed its flight higher up to the green hillside, I thought I saw a black-cloaked figure just disappearing over the top. Could it be Francis Asbury on his way to the next outpost, perhaps with a smile on his face?

I had hoped for a bright blue sky, but it was overcast and a damp chill was settling in. I got to thinking—it's sort of like life. There are sometimes gray skies, but sparkling moments like this brighten our day.

This 80th Anniversary Week has been a gift. I realize how lucky we are to be living at Asbury here and now with our rolling hills, trickling stream, lazy ponds, and woodland friends. Our beautiful buildings, our friends and associates, smiles on their faces, hugs and sometimes a shared tear—countless opportunities to learn, play and serve. And yes, our precious sparkling moments—horses and butterflies—Alive, Alive-o.

What's for Dinner?

By Jeanne North, Trott

On the Wednesday before the March Elegant Dinner, a dozen or so Dining PAC members trooped to the Crawford dining room for a tour of the kitchen. Greeting the PAC members was the crew of Asbury Methodist Village cooks, smartly turned out in whites: Executive Chef David Perlman, Chef Manager Cortez Wesley (campus-wide responsibilities) and *Sous* Chefs Oscar Mensah (Crawford), James Lewis (Hefner) and Rogelio Tiu (Kindley and Wilson) seated in the verandah area of Crawford for nearly an hour, PAC members listened to Chef Perlman's exposition on what goes into the preparation of meals at AMV.

For the elegant dinner, shrimp cocktail, beef tenderloin, lamb chops and filet of grouper, dishes that excite and delight Asbury residents. How much of each to order? That was the Big Question facing Executive Chef David Perlman as he prepared for the March 31 event. Not hard to make an educated guess, he says: you look at

comment cards, and at known preferences of Asbury residents, take into account the Friday night fish factor (March 31 fell on a Friday) and come up with a decision. With the two dining rooms (Crawford and Hefner) together expecting to serve between 660 and 700 residents, Chef Perlman made some calculations and ordered 200 pounds of shrimp, 250 pounds of filet mignon, 136 pounds of lamb chops, 140 pounds of grouper, 180 pounds of vegetables and 175 pounds of potatoes.

Before the actual tour of the kitchen premises, Chef Perlman explained some vital facts:

- fish and produce come in every day (except fish not on Sundays);
- staples and large pieces of meat arrive Mondays and Thursdays;
- he meets with Chef Manager Wesley daily, all Chefs weekly and all culinary cooks monthly, to talk menus and food;
- 85% of entrees are made from scratch, with notable exceptions being chicken cordon bleu (commercial product is excellent) and



stuffed peppers (Stouffer's product is good);

- kitchen doesn't add salt and doesn't add sugar to items; reinsert it in the database so he can use it again and others can use it as well.

Cautioning PAC members not to

touch any surfaces, Perlman led the way to the inner sanctum — the surprisingly small kitchen — where food is cooked, put on plates to be placed on the steam table, sped to the expediter and servers — and on to the residents.

On the ground floor of Crawford is the production kitchen, where a line of three cooks were preparing the Asiago almond-crusted chicken (a delectable concoction of chicken with Asiago cheese — much like Parmesan or Romano cheeses — and crushed almonds mixed in with the bread crumbs) that would be stored in a walk-in refrigerator over night, and returned the next day to the Crawford or Hefner kitchen for cooking.

Pleasing to the eye: salad dishes in a cooler, plates on a steam table warming, spotlessly clean stainless steel counters, alert, friendly faces, dishwashing machine well separated from the cooking area.

A complicated enterprise, feeding all of us. A hearty hand of thanks to all the staff.

Bellissimo!

By Joan Dunlop, Edwards-Fisher

On April 7th the Asbury Bells, under the superb direction of Jan Rex, played before an enthusiastic audience at the Hefner auditorium. They rang a program of well crafted selections featuring a variety of arrangements from favorite hymns to a Disney show tune. Joyce Maldarelli played the hammered dulcimer and the combination of bells and dulcimer was truly beautiful.

A bit of bell history was offered by Liz Van Billiard, followed by an intriguing exercise in bell changing. The audience joined in several of the selections and the final number featuring the bells with Marie Hoffman at the organ was a stirring musical conclusion. The ringers performing were: Marie Hoffman, Mary Fay Hoover, Catherine Hugh, Mary Ann and Roger LeGasse, Eleanor Munch, Anne Porter, Homé Reitwiesner, Harriet Renison Alice Smith, Liz VanBilliard and Marilyn Gaut playing when Marie Hoffman was the organist. It was a truly memorable evening of music.

Elegant Eating

By Paula Strain, Edwards-Fisher

The Elegant Dinner of March 31 was indeed elegant and certainly the most elegant of the past several years. The elegance was not that of the residents, as not many were in their bib and tucker but most were in their Sunday best. Instead, the elegance was that of the associates and the food.

At the Crawford Dining Room, the crowd of diners waiting to be checked in for seating was greeted by an associate in a lovely scarlet cocktail dress passing *bors d'oeuvres*. Dining Supervisor Mike Davis, dressed most handsomely as the maitre d', had spent most of the previous 24 hours decorating the room with poster-size photographs of movie stars of "our era."

Our dinner started with a shrimp cocktail, followed

by lobster bisque. A choice of three entrees was offered (I chose the filet mignon), accompanied by unannounced side dishes of Peruvian purple potatoes and squash the size of small melon balls. The superb meal ended with a chocolate explosion — a volcano shaped pudding dessert beautifully presented with a drizzle of chocolate artistically decorating the plate.

As the diners departed they were presented with a lovely flower as a remembrance of the evening.



Sightings

By Jeanne North, Trott

Spotted at the gray peaked-roofed birdhouse in the Fullerton's plot of land in the East Gardens, a lovely, rather nervous bluebird. Betty Mullendore, who recounted the sighting one night at dinner, thought the mama might have been nervous, because she seemed to want to lead the intruder away. Betty also told of seeing red-winged blackbirds at the lower lake.

Also sighted, on a bright and beautifully sunny morning in early April: a handsome mockingbird, perched on the roof of the shed, singing his heart out. But watch out for mockingbirds, says Ann Andrews; they will attack you if they're nesting, and "they eat my blueberries, and my strawberries, if I have any." Keep your distance, but listen: the song of the mockingbird is simply beautiful. But wait: what is that large gray ferocious-looking owl doing, hanging there in the East Gardens? Aha! Scaring away unwelcome guests, of course!



A "Star Spangled Banner" for Mund

By Anne Porter, Mund

Strains of the "The Star Spangled Banner" rang through the hallway of the Mund building as residents participated in the dedication of a new American flag on Tuesday, April 4th.

Gerry Corn had been concerned for some time that Mund was the only building in the three apartment complex that didn't have a flag displayed in their lobby. After observing what other buildings had, she took it upon herself to research where she could obtain the kind of flag she thought appropriate: a 5' x 7' flag with a gold fringe and gold cording on a pole topped with an American eagle. After taking a proposal to the Mund council for approval, she approached Andrew Applegate for advice as to purchas-



Photo: Jim Porter

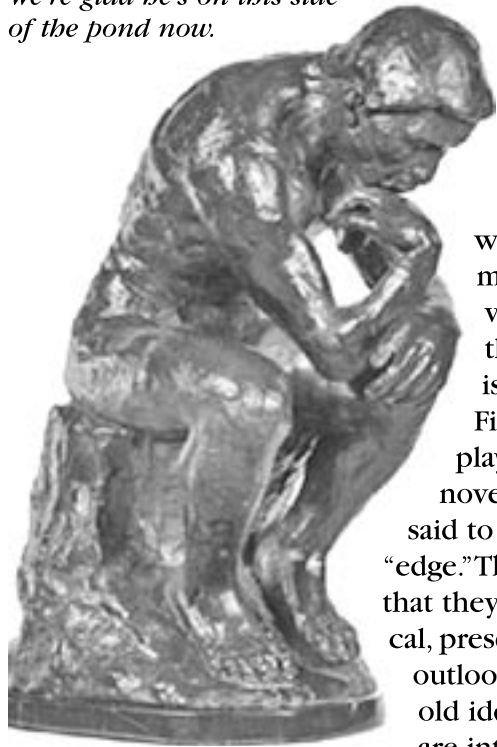
L to R: Joanna Davis, Administration; Millie Lang, Dorothy Farmer, Gerry Corn and Warren Ebinger, Chairman of the Mund Council

ing. He was happy to order the flag on behalf of the council and two residents. Millie Lang and Dorothy Farmer took it upon themselves to contribute the cost for both the American flag and a Maryland flag which was placed in Crawford dining room. Kudos to both Millie and Dorothy for their generosity!

After the Mund council meeting on April 4th, the residents moved to the Mund lobby, where Gerry read a statement about the history of the American flag. (Did you know that "the Flag of the United States of America is one of the oldest national standards in the world—older than Great Britain's Union Jack or France's Tricolor"?) The Pledge of Allegiance was repeated followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Our flag was home!



In this spot you shall find a variety of ponderings from a man who bails from the other side of the "pond." We're glad he's on this side of the pond now.



newspaper columnists fall into this category too. "Edge" means sharp and sometimes can descend into nasty.

It was not always so. It is a relief to turn back from the biting commentaries of today's columnists to the writings of Robert Lynd, whose articles appeared in the British newspaper Daily News, later the News Chronicle, from 1912 to 1947. He wrote essays of great elegance and fluency for those papers and a selection of them were published in two volumes under the above titles. A reviewer at the time mentioned "the apparently effortless ease with which, using anything for a motive, he can write that quiet, uncontroversial sense which offends none and pleases everybody."

"In Defense Of Pink," published in Great Brit-

A word very much in vogue these days is "edge". Films and plays and novels are said to have "edge." This means that they are critical, present a new outlook, reject old ideas and are intended to stimulate. Modern

ain in 1937, is the title of one of the essays in that volume. Robert Lynd was inspired to write it because of an essay that G.K. Chesterton had written in which he denounced the color pink. "Pink," G.K. had said, "seems to me the essentially false and negative color; because it is the dilution of something that is rich and glowing or nothing . . . pink is mere anemia in the blood of the universe."

In answer to which Lynd responded by extolling the good qualities of pink. "Pink is a color that mankind, or the English-speaking part of it, instinctively choose as the symbol of perfection" and he gave example after example.

Titles of other essays in the book illustrate the whimsicality of his subjects and their wide range — "Railway Stations I Have Loved," "Thoughts of Umbrellas," "Changing One's Mind," are but three of them.

Another volume of Robert Lynd's essays, is "I Tremble To Think," published in 1936, and also is named after one of its contents. He wrote, "There are public speakers and writers of letters to newspapers who, when they wish to be particularly impressive, begin a sentence with the words: "I tremble to think." These people usually tremble to think what would happen if some ridiculously modest proposal were acted upon." Whereupon he goes on to make gentle

Idle Thoughts

By Reg Westlake, Villas

In Defense Of Pink and I Tremble To Think



Robert Lynd

fun of these folk. "People who tremble to think are usually, in my experience, as cool as cucumbers . . . I doubt whether they tremble, and I am sure they seldom think. They are usually people who are irritated by change."

(And they exist today. A recent letter to the *Washington Post* said that the writer was "stunned" by something that had been proposed. Was the writer really unconscious, lying on the ground? I think not).

Other essays in the collection — "The Pleasures of Dilatoriness," "Flat Earth" "Letters

To The Editor" are three more examples — bear out another reviewer's comment "he can write about anything under the sun with unaffected charm and rippling irony."

About the closest Robert Lynd came to writing with 'edge' was when he said, "Every man of genius is considerably helped by being dead." For he was a writer who made his points with gentleness. Where would we find gentle essays in today's newspapers? And would it not be nice if we could? What would Robert Lynd say if he saw our modern newspaper writers? It would certainly not be "I tremble to think." More likely it would be a defense of pink against the colors of red and blue.

Asbury's Fine Artists Abound

By Marjorie McFarland, Diamond

It is amazing to learn about the talents our residents possess. All over the campus we find a great variety of artistic expressions. Here are some of Diamond's residents who are creative, productive and of whom we are extremely proud.

Photo: Harry Lowery

Marshall Grotenhuis is Asbury's resident historian. When Marshall came to Asbury, he was appalled that there was not a definitive history of the place. There were a few small pamphlets here and there, but nothing of real substance. He decided to write a book and so *Asbury Methodist Village—the United Methodist Church's Response to Aging*," came into being. Marshall worked hard and long to make it complete as possible. In the last year, Marshall has been writing a sequel to cover the years since 1999. Interesting, the first chapter of the sequel contains some old historical data just found. From then on the sequel continues to the April 17-21 celebration of Asbury's 80th Anniversary. It is almost to the printing stage.



George Hatzenbuehler is shown here with one of his works—a torso of a woman. It was molded from clay, glazed and fired to harden it. This piece was shown at the April 2005 exhibit of Asbury Artists at the American Association of Homes and Services for the Aging. The works were shown for six months. George showed a ship he had made at last year's Art Show in the Hefner Auditorium.

Photo: Harry Lowery



Harry Lowery, photographer has a challenging question: Do you know what this picture is? If you live in Diamond, you will know that it is a picture of one of the double windows in the arcade leading to the Hefner dining room. The outside window was broken and shattered into this pattern. With the sun shining through it is truly lovely. Harry specializes in photography and makes many pictures for Village Life with his digital equipment.



Florence Lee has a gift for growing beautiful flowers. Here's Florence with some specimens from her plot at the Asbury Garden. She is especially interested in Dahlias and chrysanthemums. During the summer, Florence shares her flowers with bouquets at the Hefner dining room entrance.

The Arts & Crafts Exhibit—Open for All to Enjoy!

By Jeanne North, Trott

This month visitors to the Hefner Auditorium will be able to admire works of various media. This is what you can expect to see:

Oil paintings, by Duane McKenna, Rosemary Ross, Josephine L. Seelig, and Elizabeth Vail;

Watercolors, by Jean Allen, Marion Corddry, Carol Dennis, Margot Dibble, Mary Ann Dimond, Jean Emery, Margaret Hua, Lois Lord, Ruth Lotz, Pat Mundy, Robert Rab-

son, Ruth S. Smith, Peg Wells, Frances Winston, Dr. Carl Weiss;

Various fibers, knitting, crocheting, quilting, needlepoint, braid, weaving, by Jean Allen, Dr. Leona Bachrach, Judy Bankson, Jeanette Crockett, Irene Fiege, Doris Fleener, Marge Geary, Heidi Glang, Marie Greene, Marilyn Grotenhuis, Mary Fay Hoover, Dot Howe, Jean Howell, Ruth Lane, Margaret Lawless, Teresa Ma, Rose Melton, Eileen Rabson, Robert Rabson, Betty Shima, Ruth S. Smith, Mary Thicks-

tun, Isabel Westlake, Fran Winston, Isabel Westlake, Jean Young;

Photography, by Ann Andrews, Scott Brewer, Carroll Creitz, Selene Smith;

Wood carving, by Rex Nester

Craft, by Dr. Ray Weiss

Paper, by Carol Cade, Hope Marindin, Phoebe Pfaehler

On Thursday, May 10, some of the artists and craftspeople will be demonstrating their work. Watch the AVTV scroll for exact times and activities. Then come visit!

By Anne Porter, Mund

Duane McKenna, Artist

Duane McKenna is a resident of Park View. He was born in Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, majored in art at the University of South Dakota and ever since has been using his training and his talent to record his life. Seventy-five sketch books are filled with scenes captured during 30 years of travel. His apartment holds many examples of his work in oils, acrylics and mixed media. He has also done a plaster frieze, wood cuts and has one piece displayed outside his apartment which is a relief carving in wood of St. Luke. The other three



Photo: Hal Gaut

Duane McKenna, Hearts for art's sake.

New Artists at Asbury

gospel writers are in the possession of his children. You may have seen the valentines he has drawn every year for his wife Elizabeth which are currently on display in the Rosborough gallery. Shown in the photo—a picture of the march on Washington in mixed media and the relief carving of St. Luke.

As Duane and his wife Elizabeth awaited their move into Park View, Duane managed to partially fill a sketch book with scenes of the work that was going into the building where they would soon live. The book is filled with lively sketches of the workmen, of various views of the building as the work progressed, of concerts and events they attended and, near the end, of the view over the ponds from their sixth floor apartment.

John Eberhard, Park View

The most recent drawing John has made is of the Park



Photo: Hal Gaut

John Eberhard, talented artist with an architectural background.

View Apartment Building, where he and his wife of 55 years, Lois, are now residing. It is a pen and ink drawing colored with water colors and depicts the entrance on the chapel side of the building that their apartment overlooks.

John began his working life as an architect, but after designing 100 churches, he wanted more education and went back to school for an MS in Industrial Management at MIT. Since then he has had nine careers, including serving in the Department of Commerce during

the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, working at the National Bureau of Standards, serving as Dean of a new School of Architecture at SUNY in Buffalo, doing research in solar and wind energy and in Neuroscience, and most recently, he was a scholar in the Biology Department of the University of California at San Diego.

He began drawing in 1984 when, he says, he had a sudden urge to draw, sat down outside the Library of Congress, studied the building and began to draw it. He found he had a real gift for seeing the detail and that if he gave himself about 20 minutes of uninterrupted quiet, the picture would be in his head and he could then put it on paper. He has the gift of being able to draw a building or group of buildings from any perspective, having once studied it. On the wall of his living room is a drawing of Lafayette Park as seen from the White House portico (even though he was actually sitting on a chair in the park. Although his drawings are full of straight lines, he does not need a ruler. All the lines are drawn free hand.

Rosborough Gallery Exhibits

By Marjorie McFarland, Diamond

The Cultural Arts PAC is doing an excellent job in exhibiting works of Asbury artists in the Gallery of the Rosborough building. Here are some of the new exhibits you won't want to miss.

Ruth Lotz (Diamond) is showing a large painting and a work done with graphite.

Judy Bankson (Park View) shows a number of quilted works. There is a great piece showing three ladies.

Elizabeth Vail (Trott) is an abstract expressionist painter. Her work is lovely.

Duane McKenna (Park View) shows a number of drawings from his sketch books compiled during his travels.

John Eberhard (Park View) has fascinating drawings of villages and buildings taken from one angle while looking at them

from another angle.

Rex Nester (Villas) makes furniture. There are pictures of much of the furniture which Rex built for his house. There are also a number of small carvings and a wonderful wooden puzzle with a ball enclosed. How did he do that?

Carmenze Curci (Villas) does many kinds of handwork—beaded, crocheted, embroidered.

Eileen Rabson (Diamond) is a weaver and probably wishes that she had not given up a special loom when she moved to Asbury. Her exhibit shows some of her woven scarves and shawls.

Burton Rush (Trott) shows samples of his photography. Beautiful!

Hope you will be enticed to visit the exhibit the next time you are in Rosborough!

Quite a Quilt

"The John Wesley Quilt," sometimes referred to as the Asbury quilt, was made in 1850 and bequeathed to Asbury Methodist Village in 1960. A rare and significant quilt in The Baltimore Album style, the Quilt has been on display in a variety of places—The Baltimore Museum of Art, Lovely Lane Museum, and others. On April 19, 2006 the quilt came home to Asbury Methodist Village, where it will be safely kept with the other Asbury treasures on Williamsburg Lane. Potomac resident and Quilt expert, Judy Shapiro, whose mother, Jeannette Crockett, resides at Asbury, first noticed the quilt in a storage room on the Asbury Methodist village campus and recognized it as a Baltimore Album style quilt.

"In February of 2003 I was blessed to unearth the quilt, which had been stored for 35 years," Ms. Shapiro said. She saw a corner of a rolled up quilt in a storage room and recognized the telltale red color, which she identified as a Baltimore Album Quilt. Indeed it was the John Wesley quilt from the Old South Baltimore Church, complete with a penned portrait of Mr. Wesley and other blocks of great interest. The quilt was presented February 14, 1850, to the departing pastor of the church, Reverend Vinson." Ms. Shapiro, and a team of quilters have been in the process of duplicating the patterns on the quilt. Ms. Shapiro gave a fascinating talk in the Jones Chapel at Epworth Hall on the Asbury Methodist Village campus on April 19 as a part of the week-long 80th Anniversary



Photo: Hal Gaut

Welcome home Asbury Quilt!

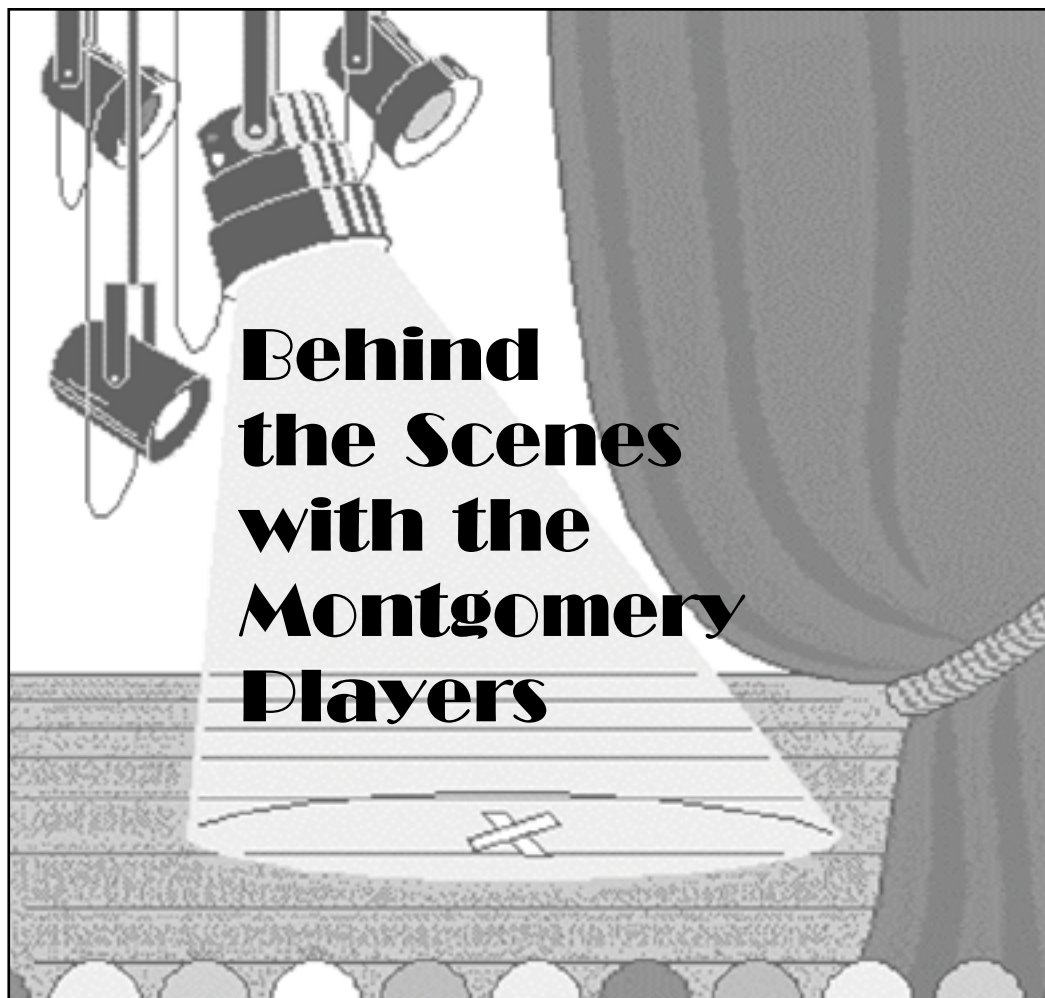
By Reg Westlake, Villas

Among the benefits enjoyed by Asbury residents are the performances by the Montgomery Players at the Rosborough Cultural Arts and Wellness Center. Asbury has a theatre, the Players had lost theirs, and a happy marriage has produced the "Montgomery Playhouse at Asbury." The Players used to have a theatre off Quince Orchard Road, at which Asbury residents attended the dress rehearsal for each show free of charge. Now they can enjoy the show itself in their own theatre and still free of charge.

The Montgomery Players have a long history. They started in 1929, only 3 years later than Asbury itself. The Washington area has a large pool of people interested in theatre, either as performers or helpers behind the scenes, on whom the numerous community theatres draw for each show. This is fortunate as a large number are required each time. The Playhouse production team for "Murder on the Nile," their latest show at Rosborough, numbered over 40, many of whom doing more than one job, from the producer and director down to the load-in/load-out crew, and a cast of 19 players. There is a Board of Directors of 19, some of whom do things for the production team and 'muck in' with the painting and carpentry crew and the loaders before and after each show.

The Board has a play reading committee that chooses the shows for each season. For plays they look for something well-written, with audience appeal and requiring no more than 8 or so speaking parts. They have found, however, that musicals are the favorite with audiences.

The performers are recruited through the audition process. The program for the season is published, enabling potential performers throughout the area to see what interests them and present themselves when the auditions for each show are held. At present there are, in addition to the professional theatre companies, over 99 community theatre groups producing theatre in the greater Washington area, and so they have many to choose from. It makes it a challenge to select plays because all theatre companies are trying to do the same thing: make



Behind the Scenes with the Montgomery Players

the current customers happy and try to make new ones interested in their productions.

Finance is always a problem and is particularly so at the present time. There is a budget of \$75,000 a year. Every person that acts on stage and works backstage is unpaid, with the exception of orchestra members when a musical is produced, but there are significant expenses to meet. For every show, with a few rare exceptions, royalties must be paid to perform that show for each and every performance. This is in addition to the payment for each script that has to be purchased. This is not inexpensive for straight plays, but for musicals it is very costly. Production costs for a musical like Gypsy, Evita or The Sound of Music can be upwards of \$20,000. To make the musical cover costs it has to sell out for several performances, which is becoming increasingly difficult to do. And there are many other expenses. Over \$24,000 a year is required for a warehouse in Gaithersburg to store lumber for sets, costumes, props, lights, sound equipment, and to build the sets. Rent is also paid to Asbury for the use of the theatre and

there are utilities, advertising, royalties, costumes, truck rentals and other things.

The primary sources of income are ticket sales and donations. The Playhouse gratefully acknowledges



es those individuals who support the arts in Montgomery County through their generous charitable donations, and names the donors in its program - 'Angels' (\$300 and up), 'Patrons' (\$100-\$299) and 'Supporters' (\$10-\$99). At this time of financial stress it would particularly welcome additional donors. The Board will be exploring grants and more intensive fund raising efforts in the coming year.

Asbury residents figure in the list of donors but more general assistance could perhaps be provided by following the example of the Keese lectures, where a \$2 fee is charged, and by volunteering a small contribution when taking advantage of the free admission. Residents can

also help in selling tickets at the Box office, taking tickets and overseeing the donations for candy and water at intermission at the performances at Asbury. They should leave a message and their phone number at 301-977-5751 and it will be directed to the right party.

There are other ways in which our residents can help. Asbury has all the talents (think of Campus Capers) and The Playhouse invites residents to try their hand at acting, directing, building a set, learning about costuming, lighting and set design, etc. The Playhouse is mounting a One Act Play Festival at the Gaithersburg Arts Barn this summer and has two or three one act plays that are in need of directors. This is a golden opportunity for anyone who has ever wanted to direct to 'Just do it' and the person to contact is the Executive Producer Amanda Marie Imhof, e-mail amimhof@gmail.com.

There will also be auditions for the One Acts, and this again is an opportunity for actors one and all to come and try out and act. The Playhouse says that prior experience is not needed.

The backstage crews and lighting and sound technicians are another part of the theatre scene. This work is the heart and soul of the production as the "tech" as it is called must be so invisible that the audience doesn't know that it is there. If there are residents who are interested in becoming "techies" or who are "techies" but need to get back into it, they should contact Amanda Marie as above, or Board President Rhoda Sakolsky, e-mail RaisaBayla@comcast.net.

Not only is the Playhouse a great boon to our residents but it is a valuable Marketing asset and increases the attraction of Asbury over other retirement communities. To help Asbury provide support to the theatre company and provide a conduit to give theatrical opportunities to Asbury residents, the Playhouse has formed a group called Friends of Asbury. Efforts are now in hand among residents to see how best to reciprocate this initiative and to ensure the continuation of the Montgomery Players legacy.

The Playhouse can be contacted through its website www.montgomeryplayhouse.org or by leaving a message at 301-977-5751 or by letter to P.O.Box 3490 Gaithersburg, MD 20885

Dangerous Things We Did (tsk tsk)

Come on, 'fess up! You look completely innocent now, but didn't you even once, way back when, of course, do something just a little too daring to admit to if your parents demanded to know where you'd been and what you'd been up to? Village Life staffers aren't scared a bit! Here are a few tales to share reflecting that youthful sense of immortality.

My Daredevil Boyhood Buddy

By Gordon Allen, Bldg. 419

In my early school days I had a close friend, Dick, who was much braver than I. Late one winter afternoon he led me, on skates, along the local river that was frozen only on the edges, close by open running water.

Another day we came upon a raccoon caught in a steel trap and decided to free it; he tried to hold the animal while I tried to open the trap, but the animal was not at all appreciative and took Dick's thumb in his teeth; I vividly remember him swinging the raccoon and trap in the air trying to free his thumb. We forgot about the raccoon and sought out a first-aid station; we had never heard of rabid raccoons.

On another day after lunch at his

house his mother delivered us to school. As the car started away Dick jumped onto the rear bumper and I tried to follow, but was too slow. I was holding the bumper with both hands, dragging my feet; I had to let go of the bumper, and landed face down on the pavement. My badly scraped face carried the marks for a long while. The last time I heard about Dick, during WWII, he had joined the merchant marine as a seaman.

Dangerous Things We Used to Do

By Reg Westlake, Villa

It was an abandoned slag heap from a disused copper mine in Devon, England, a relic of the days when mining for copper, arsenic and other minerals prospered in that region. The heap was composed of sandy brown hard packed ore and was ridge shaped, measuring some 50 feet from front to back and tapering off at the top. It stood about 60 feet high. At the foot there was a narrow tunnel all the way from front to back, about 3 feet wide and 3 feet high. Why it was there, and who made it, I don't know.

The slag heap stood on derelict ground and the area in front of it was a favorite playground for the

village boys, of whom I was one, about the age of 10, in my school holidays.

Boys being boys, one of the things to do was to wriggle through the narrow tunnel to the other end. So I did the same. No thought was given to the danger of the roof of the tunnel falling in and burying anyone in the tunnel. Now, some 80 years later, and knowing of the mine disasters that occur, I shudder at the very thought of doing what I blithely did. Where ignorance is bliss.....Fearless at 10. I have another adjective now!

Pranks and Chain-Yankers

By Mary Anstead, Villas

**Disclaimer—Although these things have happened, the author does not claim responsibility for any or all or these devilish acts. How about YOU—have you ever:*

■ Pushed over an out-house - with someone in it!

■ Transported the whole baseball team in the back of a station wagon - six kids crowded in the deck and four in the back seat!

■ Made a little opening in those ketchup or mustard packs so common at the fast food eateries, laid them on the table and 'accidentally' pushed down on them as a 'friend'

walked by!

■ Lowered the commode into the deep end of the swimming pool!

■ Called the local drug store to ask if they had 'Prince Albert' in the can. Upon a 'yes' answer, told them to let him out!

■ Transported seven people home from college for Christmas in a Volkswagen rabbit!

■ Ridden in an open deck of a pick up truck!

■ Extended your head out the window of a train while on a journey risking the possibility of having your head knocked off or getting a face full of the soot from the coal car powered engine!

■ Played 'marbles' with tiny bits of mercury in the chemistry lab when the teacher was otherwise distracted!

■ Played baseball without a batting helmet!

■ Ridden horses and jumped without a helmet and 'body armor'!

■ Participated in Cow tipping - tapping the rear end of a sleeping cow

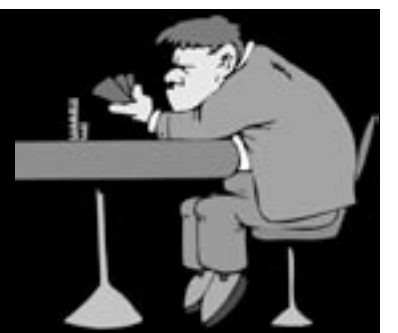
■ Ridden a bicycle throughout Manhattan!

■ Played mailbox polo - reaching out the window of a moving car while knocking down a mailbox!

■ **CROSSED THE STREET!**



It's a Guy Thing



By Dan Muller, Villas

During the winter months, the Villas have a round robin bridge tournament.

Last month, we hosted two women. So there I was at our bridge table surrounded by three women. Under these circumstances, I practice discrete silence.

The table conversation among the women between hands went from décor to shopping for clothes to cooking and so on. Nothing interesting like automobile maintenance, computer technology, or repairing plumbing. At some point in the afternoon, the ladies began talking about their hair stylists. Each of them knew the name of the per-

son that did their hair, each knew where that person lived, whether or not they were married, if married, some anecdotes about their husband, how many children they had, how old they were, if working, about their jobs, or if going to school, where, and a lot about their health.

I sat through all of this patiently not saying a word. Finally one of our guests noticed my silence, and in an attempt to include me in the conversation, she asked where I get my hair cut. I told them. They waited expectantly, but really I couldn't

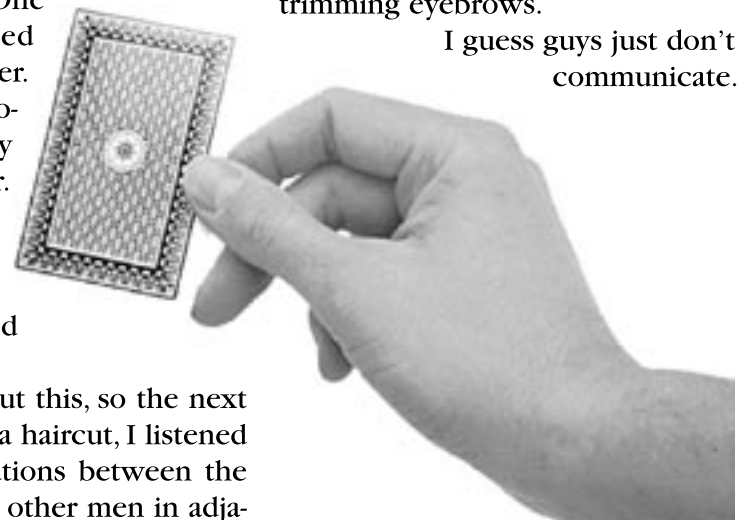
Bridging the Gap

think of another thing to add. Awkward silence. One of them asked who is my barber. I said that whoever is not busy cuts my hair. More silence. We picked up our cards, bid, and played the hand.

I thought about this, so the next time I went for a haircut, I listened to the conversations between the barbers and the other men in adja-

cent chairs. It was essentially silent except for the snipping of the scissors and the buzzing of the trimmers. One barber mentioned the weather, and another asked about trimming eyebrows.

I guess guys just don't communicate.



By Jean Hubbell, Villas

What is it about a total solar eclipse that compels otherwise rational people to travel half way around the world for a four-minute show? No one can really answer that except to say that once you have experienced one, it becomes addictive. No two are alike and there is no other celestial phenomenon quite like it. And so John and I, along with about 1500 others from 28 countries, headed for Libya where *Sky and Telescope* astronomers had determined the best opportunity existed for viewing the spectacular without being “clouded out.”

In our amazingly orderly universe, a total solar eclipse can be precisely predicted more than 500 years ahead and the best viewing locations determined. But since, weather is known for its surprises, *Sky and Telescope* staff enlist the help of Travel Quest International to take care of travel arrangements including an itinerary of more than just the eclipse ensuring much to be seen and done. For this eclipse, the adventure included cruising the eastern Mediterranean and seeing the ancient world at Pompeii, Italy, Syracuse on the island of Sicily, Alexandria, Egypt and a chance to see the marvels of the pyramids and sphinx before the main event at Tobruk in eastern Libya and then to Tripoli and Lep-tis Magna in western Libya, Malta, Salerno, and Milan.

It would be a trip to remember no matter what, but we were for-



Photos: Jean and John Hubbell

Totality is everything.

tunate and the eclipse was there in all its spectacular glory over the centerline in the Sahara south of Tobruk. Just what is this highly touted event? It happens when the sun, moon and Earth line up in that order and the moon's shadow falls on the Earth. Even more, the moon has to be just the right distance so that it totally conceals the sun. This happens only about once every eighteen months and not in the same location. That's the science of it (in a simplified nutshell) but as the experts on board the *Sinfonia* related in their various lectures, it is the total experience that causes people to see their second, third, and twelfth and thirteenth eclipse. For some in the scientific commu-

nity, interesting studies concerning sunspots and their connection to weather and relationship to solar flares are all reasons to see eclipses but to many others, the experience involves being with so many like-minded people, seeing all the equipment, being in other countries with different cultures and beliefs, feeling the excitement building as “first contact” occurs and the waiting for totality heads for its conclusion when protective lenses and glasses are whipped off and it is possible to simply stare in awe at the sun with its magnificent corona, the diamond ring effect, and the red prominences that sometimes jut out for distances many times the diameter of

the Earth. And the sunset at the middle of the day is unbelievable. The temperature drops, the sky is dark and planets are visible. The sounds of the crowd of watchers reflect awe, emotions hard to put into words, just sounds and cheers and clapping.

In Libya, the culture aspect began as soon as our cruise ship entered Libyan waters. All the liquor cabinets on board were locked for four days and dress code for women was given out — long sleeves to at least below the elbow, skirts or slacks to ankles, shirts to collarbone. Head coverings for women — any woman going into town had to have a scarf covering but those headed for the eclipse site were allowed to have any kind of covering on the head. We sailed into Tobruk amid much anticipation and were greeted by a large group of officials waiting on the dock. Some eclipse viewers went to the site overnight but the majority of us left the next morning on board a convoy of buses which had come from Alexandria, Egypt on a barge following our cruise ship. Tobruk, unlike Tripoli on the other side of the country, is not used to tourism and certainly not to the extent that they suddenly had it. We were headed out two hours into the Sahara with nothing in sight but sand — but not dunes — and all the buses and necessary items to support the 2,000 people at the selected site during this day. Many Libyans had come out to see for themselves what it was all about. Libyan Boy Scouts were singing and dancing, officials in dark suits (the tour folks were in long sleeve tee shirts and cargo pants and slacks) but no women that we noticed. Some of the officials stopped to see what I was looking at and were interested to see the snail shell, one of many there in the desert. They picked up one themselves. Later we all agreed that the Libyans were very gracious hosts, eager to please and get acquainted. When it was all over and we were leaving Tobruk — after dark — all the lights along the dock were blinking on and off and horns and sirens sounding off in a friendly farewell.

Our astronomy staff on board included one who put together a show for the next day composed of photos, digital, videos, whatever and whatnot. We were all awed again although we, of all people, knew that photos capture memories but nothing compares to being there and experiencing it. The next one is coming in 2008 in China. Interested, anyone?





Alice Smith, Nicholas and Alan.

MOTHER'S DAY

Continued from page 1

"My mother was visiting us all the way from Geneva, Switzerland. On Mother's Day, May 11, 1958, instead of being able to honor her, I gave birth to my son, Alan. Thirty-one years later, Alan's wife gave birth to her son, Nicholas, on Mother's Day, May 14, 1989."

—Alice Smith

"My youngest daughter, Martha Alexander and her family are water enthusiasts. They also know how much I love the outdoors and all



Rose's son-in-law, Bob Alexander, and Rose in the canoe.

things natural. On Mother's Day in 2001, they invited me to join them for a canoe trip on Antietam Creek. We clambered down a sloping bank and launched our canoe near Antietam Battlefield, and began a lovely trip south on the creek, which lasted for 1 ½ hours. My son-in-law kayaked back to get the car and drove down to pick us up. We ended the day with dinner at a restaurant on the Potomac River, south of Harper's Ferry."

—Rosamund Steere

"Some mother's days can be memorable for how bad they were and others have a uplifting remembrance. Many years ago, my husband took us all to a nice restaurant renowned for their popovers and good food. After waiting a half hour with three hungry children, we were seated and shown the special 'MOTHER'S DAY MENU' — ham or fried chicken or roast beef. I can make those at home! The bread basket was brought out with "mushy" white sandwich bread." Needless to say, we don't go out for Mother's Day any more!

A few years ago my husband and I were on a trip to Croatia during May. When we checked into the hotel with our tour group, the desk clerk was waving a letter and calling out my name. The letter was a Mother's Day card from my daughter. Whether the hotel thought we were somebody special or I don't know, but we were given the room (suite) that Queen Elizabeth and Laura Bush had stayed in on their trips to the area. The name of the pilgrimage church was Notre Dame de Pegragude! The special room was at Lake Bled in Slovenia (although part of a Croatia trip).

Another time, my husband and I were on a French immersion trip to south eastern France. Again, it was in May and during the time of Mother's Day. On the day before Mother's Day, I was called to the reception desk. There was a humongous floral arrangement from the same daughter who had sent the card on our other trip. Wow, did I feel like a celebrity! Since we were leaving a few days later, I was able to take the flowers and place them on the altar of a pilgrimage church in that area. Hopefully, each flower was a prayer.

This year, I will be home and who knows what will happen! I won't get my hopes up too high!

—Mary Anstead, Villas



Travel and Theater Committee Trips and Tours

Scheduled for 2006

Date	Event	Contact
May 18-20	Philadelphia	Otto x5299
May 24	Arena Stage "On the Verge"	Odor x5522
June 1	Strathmore Baltimore Symphony	Klepek x5743
June 1-11	Hawaii Trip	Otto x5299
June 2	Kennedy Center National Symphony	Otto x5299
June 10	Olney Theatre "Elephant Man"	Allen x6660
June 24	Kennedy Center "Mame"	Noto x5242
July 6	Annapolis Trolley Ride, Lunch at Phillip's Boat ride on harbor	Allen x6660
July 15	Kennedy Center "Little Women"	Noto x5242
July 22	Olney Theatre Jacques Brel	Allen x6660
Sept 11-15	Branson, Missouri	Otto x5299
Nov. 11-18	Cruise Charleston, SC/ Jacksonville, FL	Otto x5299
Nov. 27-Dec. 1	San Antonio River Cruise	Otto x5299

Lecture

By Dr. Walter Giblin

Dangers of Skin Cancer and Skin Care Measures for Senior Citizens

Wednesday,

May 10, 2006

(NOTE CHANGE OF DAY FROM THE USUAL MONDAY LECTURES)

2 p.m.

Parker Hall

Sponsored by the Health Services PAC

Lecture

By Rob Grange, Rehab 1st

"Walkers: How to Choose One, How to Use One"

Friday, May 12th

11:00 a.m.

Parker Hall

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



Photo: Jim Porter

Dorothy Jane Scrive Mund 707, x6447

Jane arrived at Asbury on February 14th, having moved from Myrtle Beach to be near her

daughter, who lives in Bethesda. She was born in Birmingham, Alabama, attended high school there and went on to Alabama College for Girls in Montevallo, Alabama where she majored in Psychology.

After graduation she went to work in the Accounting Department of the Southern Bell Telephone Company. Her future husband, Leon Scrive, was teaching flying at the local airport when she met him. He had come to the U.S. to teach flying to cadets in the Free French Air Force, since the French had no planes. At the close of the war he had to return to France, but two years later he was able to return on the immigration quota. Jane had waited for him and they were married. He found employment with a French woolen house which took them to Long Island, New York. Jane transferred to Bell Telephone there and worked in the Accounting Department until she found herself expecting her first child, when she resigned. She devoted herself to her family from then on.

Upon Leon's retirement they moved to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Jane has two daughters and a son and four grandchildren. She is a member of the United Methodist Church.

—Anne Porter, Mund



Photo: Martha Hunt

Mary Jane "M.J." Blane Edwards-Fisher #807, x5390 e-mail: VLBMOM@Erols.com

M.J. became a member of the Edwards-Fisher family January 30, 2006.

She was born in Elgin, Illinois. She graduated from Jacksonville, Illinois High School in 1941. Her education continued at Brown's Business College. This led her to a great position in the Business Office of the Illinois School for the Deaf.

The employees ate with the children and it was there that she started learning to sign. The first signs she learned were for food and dining.

M.J. met Robert Blane at her sister's wedding in February 1946. She married him in November 1946 in Brooklyn, New York. M.J. has one daughter who learned to sign before she entered elementary school. She teaches deaf children in Fairfax County, Virginia.

M.J. lived in her home in Bethesda for forty-two years and sold her home after she was widowed. She worked at the National Cancer Institute in 1966. She bought a condominium in Rockville in 2002. Knowing many of her friends live here at Asbury helped her to decide to sell her condo and retire here.

She is very interested in world events and has been collecting newspaper clippings since the kidnapping of the Lindberg baby in the 1930s. She has done various kinds of needlework and made crafts for church bazaars.

She volunteered in the North Bethesda Methodist Church where she has been a member since 1960. M.J. chaired the Board of Child Care and helped with church dinners, played hand bells, and took people to doctor's appointments. Welcome, M.J.!

After 33 ½ years in Silver Spring, the Bishops moved to Asbury on March 23rd. They chose Asbury because of the campus-like setting, the traditional appearance of the campus and the location—close to people and places with which they were familiar.

Wesley grew up in Kentucky and attended Murray State University for both his Bachelor's and Master's in Education degrees, and has taken additional course work in Public Administration at G.W. and American Universities.

After a period in the army during the Korean conflict, where he served as a Communication Specialist, he went on to make his career in Personnel Services with the U.S. Army, the Civil Service Commission and the U.S. Secret Service. As a volunteer he has served on various boards, committees and foundations for senior retirement communities and the D.C. Baptist Convention. He is a member of National Baptist Memorial Church.

Joan was born in Kansas City, Missouri and received her B.A. from Mercer University in Macon, Georgia and an M.R.E. at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. She spent the majority of her working life in the Baptist



Photo: Jim Porter

Joan and Wesley Bishop Mund 404

Church in Religious Education or as a Music Director at Wisconsin Ave. Baptist Church and Takoma Park Baptist Church. She also volunteered as Music Director at the National Baptist Memorial Church.

She enjoys reading, especially Church History, Theology and Spiritual Development; music, both classical and sacred; cooking and sewing. She is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Joan and Wesley have been married since 1966 and have one son, Scott, who lives in Laurel.

—Anne Porter, Mund



Photo: Martha Hunt

**Wallace E. Jobusch
Edwards-Fisher #607 X4543**

Boxes of books labeled Apartment #607 arrived long before Wally Jobusch moved into Edwards-Fisher and on January 23, 2006 they became part of his new life at Asbury. He had the perfect “growing up” environment during his early years in Collinsville, Illinois located across the river from St. Louis so he had a small town environment with ample exposure to the big city.

Wally received a B.S. in Architectural Engineering from the University of Illinois enabling him to practice as an architect and/or a professional engineer. Career highlights begin as Director of Facilities Planning (planning buildings and regional campuses) at Purdue University followed by a move to the Panama Canal Company (a government agency) starting as head of the architectural group and later as Chief of the Maintenance Division. When the treaty with Panama was implemented he resigned and became Director of Physical Plant and Facilities Planning for the University of Pittsburgh. Still busy even in retirement, Wallace did a few architectural consulting projects in Tucson.

Having served in the Marine Corps during WWII and the Korean Conflict, Wally is a retired Marine Corps reservist.

A widower, after a wonderful marriage of 55 years, he has two sons, one living nearby, and the other in the Midwest. A grandson and a great granddaughter are proud additions to the family.

His interest in music, both instrumental and choral, began during the school years when he was a percussionist (mainly tympani) and has made him an appreciative listener. Basic photography is something Wally enjoys.

Volunteer activities centered on aiding the hearing impaired through the service organization Sertoma (Service to Mankind). An Episcopalian by affiliation, Wally was drawn to Asbury because of its proximity to family. He made a careful analysis of similar retirement communities and with the agreement of his family Asbury was the unanimous choice.

—Joan Dunlop, Edwards-Fisher



Photo: Mike Hua

**James A. Robertson
Bldg 419 Apt. 306 x5317**

Dr. Robertson moved to Asbury on February 17, 2006. He was born in Schenectady, N.Y., December 15, 1924. At age 18 he joined the Navy officers V-1 training program there at Union College, then the V-12 program at Albany Medical College until the end of WWII and graduated in 1949. Internship and residency followed until 1951, when he enlisted in the Air Force and served in Japan as a squadron flight surgeon.

Upon his release Jim married Grace Dixon, a Red Cross nurse. On completion of their honeymoon she was four months pregnant, but not to wonder: it was a 6-month honeymoon; they had traveled from state to state and country to country visiting their friends.

On return he completed a residency in internal medicine at a hospital in Johnson City, New York. He then joined a group practice in Chenango Bridge, NY, doing the internal medicine, mostly cardiology.

However, the demands of the practice were not compatible with a growing family, eventually of seven children, so he found a position as a company doctor with IBM. While that included the usual routine duties of a company doctor such as examining new employees and evaluating disability claims, it also included most kinds of medical emergencies. He became responsible for the company’s country-wide medical program, supervising the practice of as many as 50 physicians. He retired in 1987 and continued at part-time until 1990.

He and Grace traveled more after he retired. He recalls a three-week tour of the British Isles, visits to Greece, Rhodes, Rome, and cruises to Alaska, Panama Canal, the Caribbean, and 15 days in the Mediterranean.

He last lived in Potomac. All but one of their seven children have their own families, and five live within 45 minutes of Gaithersburg, three in adjoining towns. He has 13 grandchildren. He did the customary community tasks in programs for kids and for the local homes association.

—Gordon Allen, Bldg. 419

Once Upon A Pond

By Lois Lord, Trott

One of Asbury’s best kept secrets? For me it has been the little pond with its graceful, swaying rushes, tipped by crests of feathery plumes in the fall. In the early summer, flashes of orange and black, the red-winged blackbirds dart among them, protecting their nests hidden below. If you are lucky, the tall blue heron is standing motionless, his neck and body blending into the background. Once, he was boldly posed majestically on the railing of the gazebo. Another time, walking on the path between the rushes and gurgling creek, I unknowingly startled him. There was a sudden arch of broad wings as they thrust upward and the heron soared above the rushes and over the pond.

Visiting children and joggers report they have seen three turtles swimming, with heads barely visible. At times two ducks have chosen to glide silently in the waters.

The rushes link the other vegetation, the trees and the gazebo into a peaceful, natural setting, providing protection for the wildlife. One may sit in the gazebo and relax with nature. It is the perfect viewing site from which to enjoy the privacy created by the rushes. This was not always here, but was carefully designed and needs human tending to maintain.

In the fall, the rushes are cut, leaving a few stems broken with plumes dangling or spread onto the path. But short stalks are always left to protect the new green spring shoots. A winter walk along the pond might find snow on a brittle plume. Ice sometimes covers the pond, except for a large opening where the water bubbles. Once I saw a pond full of geese; some sliding on the ice, jostling for their turn in the open water.

For seven years I’ve looked forward to the spring day when the sprouting blade of the rushes first showed. They never fail to appear. Last week things looked strangely different. The rushes had been cut, but where were the protective stalks? They were missing! Peering closely, I was amazed to see slender green shoots resembling ordinary grass. It can’t be that our ring of natural protection fostering wildlife will have gaps of city lawn, thus removing the protective blanket!

What will be the view from the gazebo — droves of geese, delighted to gain easy access to the pond? I do so hope I am mistaken in even thinking that the rushes might not appear next spring—that the best kept secret may no longer be well-kept at all.



Photo: Hal Gaut

Asbury Artists Gather for the Annual Art Show



ore than 46 artists and craftspeople from all over the Asbury Methodist Village campus will be exhibiting their works in the month-long show in Hefner

Auditorium during May, a month traditionally designated nationwide to celebrate Older Americans. Thirty-five of these artists and craftspeople gathered in front of the 417 Building on

April 19 for a photo.

Front row, left to right: Frances Winston, Dot Howe, Rose Melton, Selene Smith, Irene Fiege, Jean Allen, Jean Howell, Marion Corrdry, Mary Ann Dimond, Isabel Westlake, Ruth Lane, Margaret Lawless, Dr. Leona Bachrach, Mary Thickstun, Phoebe Pfaehler.

Standing, left to right: Margaret Hua, Mary Fay Hoover, Rex Nester, Carroll Creitz, Carol Cade, Rosemary Ross, Marge Geary, Doris Fleener, Jean Young, Carol Dennis, Betty

Shima, Jean Emery, Margot Dibble, Eileen Rabson, Peg Wells, Robert Rabson, Duane McKenna, Dr. Carl Weiss, Dr. Ray Weiss, Ruth Lotz Exhibitors not shown in the photo: Ann Andrews, Judy Bankson, Scott Brewer, Marie Greene, Marilyn Grotenhuis, Lois Lord, Hope Marindin, Pat Mundy, Josephine L. Seelig, Ruth S. Smith and Elizabeth Vail

—Jeanne North, Trott



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