

# Village Life

April 2012  
Volume 19 Number 3

A NEWSPAPER FOR ASBURY METHODIST VILLAGE

Residents, Associates, Families & Friends  
[www.asburymethodistvillage.org](http://www.asburymethodistvillage.org)



Photo: Hal Gaut

## Beloved Community: Pool Party, Tree Planting, Stories and More

By Jan Garman, Diamond

If you happened to pass by the usually-deserted-on-Sunday pool area at the Rosborough Center on March 18, you might have been surprised to hear sounds of music and laughter. That's because teenagers from Gaithersburg High School, along with Asbury residents and associates, were enjoying water volleyball, bumper boats and water basketball. Later on the group moved to Parker Hall where they feasted on tacos, played more games and engaged one another in conversation. These teenagers, who have met with members of the Beloved Community Advisory Committee several times, come from a group at the Bohrer Park Community Cen-

Continued on page 2



Photo: Hal Gaut

## This Month in the Gallery

The Rosborough Cultural Arts and Wellness Center is home to an ever-changing gallery of arts and handiwork created by our residents. Stop by and see what's new. With 12 display cases to look at, there's something for everyone to enjoy. Here's this month's sampling of art.



Marilynn Grotenhuis, Diamond  
Counted cross-stitch



Jim Utterback, Villas  
Photography

## Asbury Wildlife Habitat Project Celebrates Recertification

By Peter Cascio,  
Courtyard Homes

On Monday March 12 our Wildlife Habitat Team served light hors d'oeuvres and champagne in celebration of recognition by the national Wildlife Habitat Council of Asbury's completion of the two-year program. With this recertification our Wildlife Habitat Team embarks on its third venture toward a three-year recertification in 2014.

The ceremony was initiated by Wildlife Habitat leader and resident co-chair Anita Taylor who noted that Asbury got started on the path to certification with the one year program 2008-09. This successful recog-



Regional Wildlife Biologist Katie Basiotis helps an Asbury resident inventory species.

nitiation was followed by the two-year program 2009-11 just finished. Next is our current endeavor toward the three-year effort for recertification.

David Denton, our Executive Director, then spoke on how it was all started by John Timberlake and

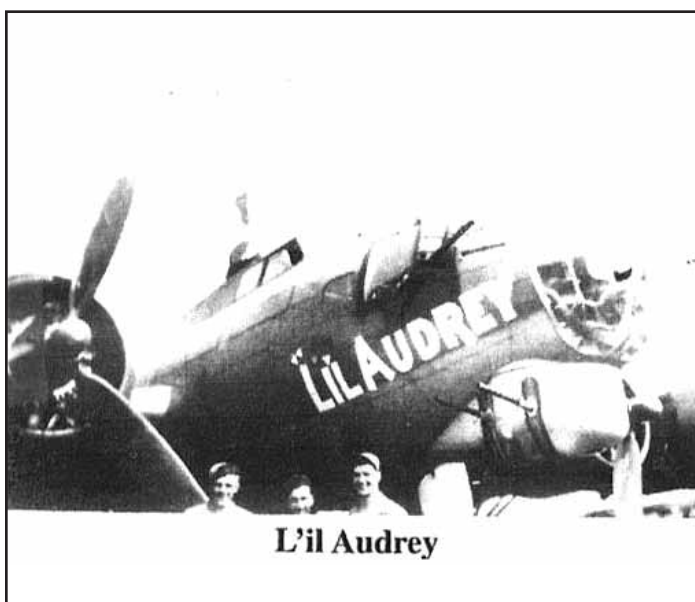
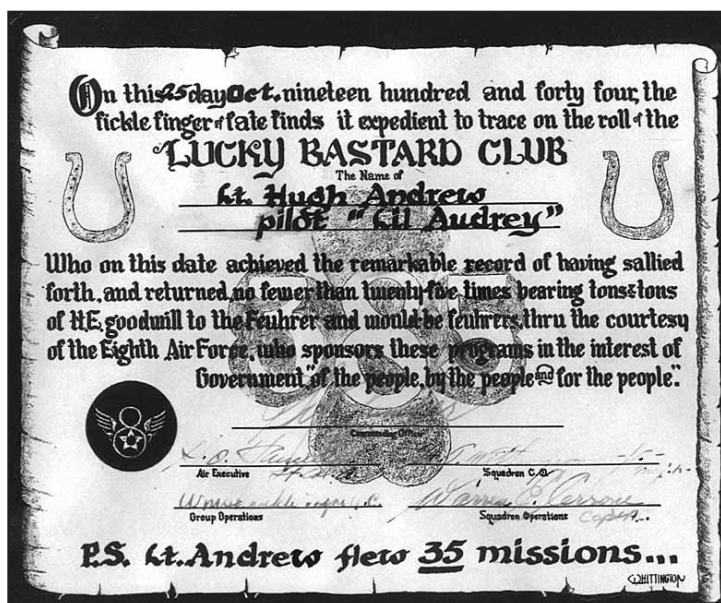
Lydia Page (co-chair with Anita now) in 2006 with a petition for a bird sanctuary signed by 100 residents. He was compelled to approve and the rest is history.

Robert T. Johnson, President of the Wildlife Habitat Council related to us how his staff travels the globe searching for people and organizations anxious to protect and perpetuate the natural environment. They now have over 2,000 facilities globally with 657 active participants like Asbury.

Other speakers were Regional Wildlife Biologist Katie Basiotis,

Continued on page 12

## Letter to the Editor



Linda, I thought you might like to see a certificate which was very, very hard to qualify for. At the time I received the certificate I was also awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross. I also dug up a picture of the B-17

in which I flew most of those missions. "Lil Audrey." Enjoy...Hugh Andrew

P.S. I don't expect to see this in Village Life!!!!

*Note from the Editor:* Hugh, expect the unexpected!

## COMMUNITY

Continued from page 1

ter under the leadership of Maura Dinwiddie.

Most of these young people were born outside of the U.S. and are anxious to get to know Asbury residents who have lived through US history that they only read about in their textbooks. They, in turn, have fascinating stories to tell us about their lives. One project that will soon get under way is a sharing of these stories in either oral or written form. The intent is to start small with only five or six students and five or six residents and expand from there. If there are readers who would be interested in participating in such a project, they can contact this writer.

On Saturday, April 21 from 9:00a.m.-1:00 p.m. the group has invited Asbury residents and associates to Bohrer Park to help them plant trees and to join them for a picnic. Watch for more information closer to April 21 (rain date is April 28). Trees and planting supplies will be provided by the City of Gaithersburg. In the meantime, dig out your garden gloves!

Longer-range plans of the Beloved Community include a mentoring project with students from Gaithersburg Elementary School whom teachers identify as needing a positive role model in their lives and someone who can provide a listening ear. It is hoped that some of the teenagers from the Bohrer Park group will work with Asbury residents, providing a bridge between grade-schoolers and seniors. A small group of people from the Advisory Committee has

met with teachers and a vice-principal of the school and found them enthusiastic about the idea.

Asbury gardeners are serving as advisors to a group of youth and parents who are planting a community garden on East Diamond. During April members of the Asbury Wildlife Habitat Team will be introducing a group of second to fifth graders from Gaithersburg Elementary School

and their photography teacher to Asbury's seventeen-acre certified wildlife preserve. These projects are done in collaboration with Carolyn Camacho of Identity which serves Latino youth and their families. Anyone who has questions or an interest in joining Beloved Community activities can contact Hal Garman at 6436 or hgarman1@gmail.com.

The Apple Group is now the

# The Apple Corps

## 2012 Spring Semester

### iPad Classes

Mondays in March and April, 2:30 - 3:30 p.m.  
March 12, 19, 26 (2 hours), April 2, 9, 16, 30  
Cost: \$35 for 8 hours of class

### Intermediate Apple Classes

Mondays in April, 4:00 - 5:00 p.m.  
April 2, 9, 16, 30  
Cost: \$17 for 4 classes

Smithey Technology Center, Rosborough

Note: No Classes on April 23

contact: [jeannenorth@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jeannenorth@sbcglobal.net), x6794  
<https://sites.google.com/site/asburyapplecorps/home>

## VILLAGE LIFE

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Norma Barr, Diamond

Bob Bernero, Wallace

Gladys Sillcox, Edwards-Fisher

Al Tholen, Park View

Marilyn Carter, Courtyard Homes

Help Wanted, Kindley

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**Diamond:** Alma Stewart  
Mac McCullough, Edith Isacke,  
Jan Garman and Hal Garman

**Edwards-Fisher:** Joan Dunlop,  
Rosemary Pasek, Luella LeVe and  
masses of April hugs to Betty Goen!

**Mund:** Gil Snyder, Jack Brinley  
and Anne Porter

**Park View:** Duane McKenna,  
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**Trott:** Jeanne North, Hal Gaut,  
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and Marolyn Hatch

**Wallace:** Keith Steele and  
Mary Waldron.

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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."

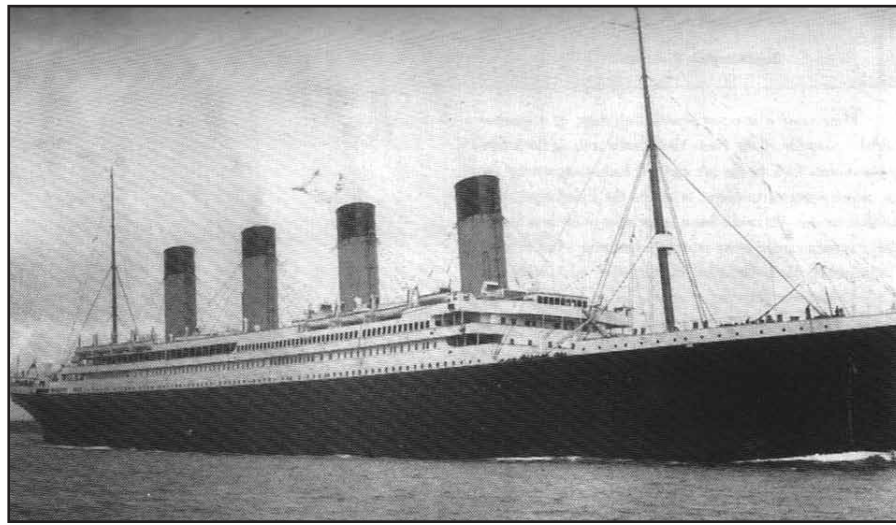
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# 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversaries in March-April: The Titanic Went Down, the Cherry Trees Arrived

By Rod Mills, Mund

The 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of anything comes around only once, so you don't want to let a big one slip by unnoticed. This year, in late March and mid-April, we will have two of great note. It was April 15, 1912, when the *Titanic* sank in history's most remembered disaster on the high seas, taking 1,500 persons to their icy deaths. Also in 1912, Japan sent to Washington a gift of over 3,000 cherry trees, the first of which arrived in late March, and which have delighted millions of viewers every year since.

It was the *Titanic's* maiden voyage from England to New York; she and her sister ship *Olympic* were the largest and most luxurious ships ever built up till then. Their owners, the White Star Line, never really said they were unsinkable, but experts felt that, with their system of watertight doors, the chances of their ever sinking



The *Titanic* in a photo taken during her sea trials.

make a long gash in the hull, as was generally believed until explorer Robert Ballard's amazing 1985 descent to the wreck. But it did pop a lot of rivets, which was just as calamitous. The vaunted watertight doors had a fatal flaw: they did not extend all the way up as high as the main deck. Thus, if more than four compartments from the bow were flooded (as

was the case), the ship would settle enough by the bow so that the water inside would slosh over the tops of the doors into the next compartment. This, of course, would intensify the problem and lead to the inevitable final result. The *Titanic* sank in two hours and forty minutes

after hitting the berg, southeast of Halifax, Nova Scotia, breaking in two as she began her plunge to the bottom some 13,000 feet (2-1/2 miles) below.

The event changed one thing forever. The *Titanic* had lifeboat capacity for only about one-half of the combined number of passengers and crew, and since that day every commercial ship has been required to have lifeboat capacity at least equal to the maximum number of persons allowed on board. For various reasons, not all of the lifeboat capacity that the *Titanic* did have was utilized. Just

over 700 survivors were brought to New York, almost all picked up from the *Titanic's* boats by the Cunard liner *Carpathia*, which had heard the *Titanic's* SOS, then seen the distress rockets as she raced to the scene dodging icebergs. But it was too late to save the great many who, at the last minute, had jumped into the freezing ocean and then succumbed to hypothermia.

This April, many cruise ships will visit the waters above the wreck site, and hold ceremonies to honor those who perished on that terrifying night.

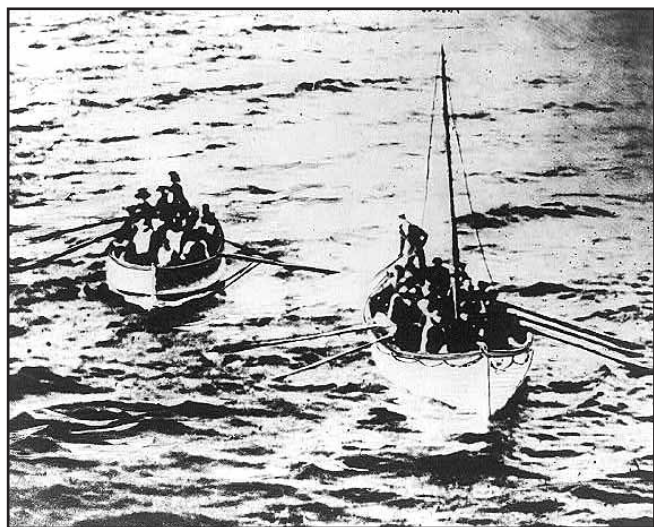
On the infinitely happier subject of the cherry trees, in the early years of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century Dr. David Fairchild, a plant expert at the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, experimented with Japanese cherry trees and found they grew well in Washington, D.C. As a result, in 1909 First Lady Helen Herron Taft and Mrs. Eliza Scidmore of Washington, both long-time cherry tree enthusiasts, had a few such trees planted in downtown Washington. When Japanese officials learned of this they persuaded the Japanese government to offer a gift of 2,000 cherry trees from the Japanese people to the American people.

But in early 1910, when the first of the scheduled 2,000 trees arrived in the United States, they were found to be diseased and

insect-ridden, and virtually all had to be burned.

The chagrined Japanese immediately made another gift offer, upping the number of trees to 3,020. The new offer was implemented two years later. The first of the 3,020 trees were loaded onto a Japanese freighter and shipped to Seattle, Washington, where they were transshipped into insulated railroad freight cars, arriving in Washington on March 26, 1912. The very next day Mrs. Taft and Countess Chinda, wife of the Japanese ambassador, planted the first two trees at the south end of 17<sup>th</sup> Street, N.W., and they are still there along with a plaque. The rest of the 3,020 were planted almost entirely at the Tidal Basin and on Hains Point, a few being placed on the White House grounds. Of the total, 1,800 were of the species known as Yoshino, the other 1,220 being of 11 different species.

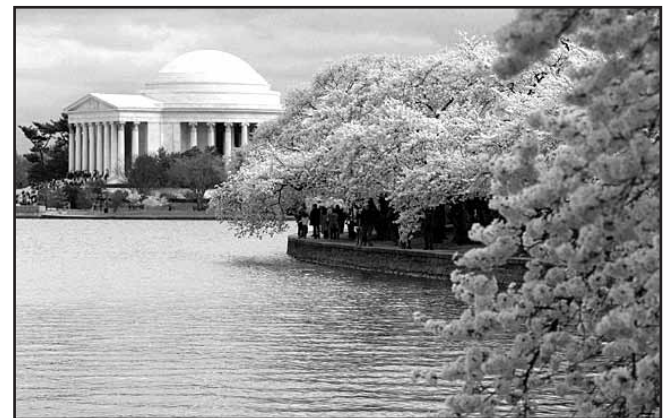
Over the years the cultivation of Japanese cherry trees in the



Well-filled lifeboats from the *Titanic* approach the *Carpathia*.

were virtually nil. As the *Titanic* moved through the western Atlantic on the clear starry night of April 14, Captain Edward Smith and his officers were fully aware that the ocean around them was strewn with icebergs. But they did not slow down better to avoid them. Contrary to popular misconception, the *Titanic* was not built to be a fast ship and was not trying for any transatlantic speed record. However, they didn't want to delay the scheduled welcoming ceremonies in New York.

The iceberg that they grazed shortly before midnight did not



Cherry Trees celebrate 100<sup>th</sup> year since their arrival.

United States proliferated. In 1965 Japan gave 3,800 trees of the Yoshino variety towards Lady Bird Johnson's beautification program—but they were American-grown trees, and were planted on the grounds of the Washington Monument. Some of the original trees have died. In 1986-88 private donors in the United States gave \$101,000 to buy and plant 676 new trees to replace original ones that had died.

The first Cherry Blossom Festival was in 1935. The stone lantern that is now lit to start each Festival was given to us by Japan in 1954, and the model of the Japanese pagoda in the Tidal Basin was given to us by Japan in 1958.

# Adding and Subtracting

A salesgirl in a candy store always had customers lined up waiting while the other salesgirls stood around with nothing to do. The owner of the store noted her popularity and asked for her secret.

"It's easy," she said, "The other girls scoop up more than a pound of candy and then start taking away. I always scoop less than a pound and then add to it."



Martha A. Brown,  
Director of Pastoral Care



Photo: Jan Garman.

Left to right Anne Porter (Mund), Betty Lou Allen (Wallace), Louise Kolb (Edwards-Fisher), Ruth Gibson (Parkview), Edna Hargrove (Trott), Dorothy Tedesco (Mund), Annette Fletchall (Edwards-Fisher)  
Absent: Betty Jean Morgan (Diamond), Marilyn Carter (Courtyard Homes), Cathy Manning (Villas)

## Used Book Sale on Asbury Campus

By Maria Roberts, Courtyard Homes

The first day of the used book sale of the American Association of University Women (AAUW) Gaithersburg Branch will be open exclusively to residents of Asbury Methodist Village.

Conveniently located in the Rosborough Center Community Rooms from Wednesday, May 9 to Saturday, May 12, this annual event is presented in cooperation with Asbury Methodist Village.

Over 20,000 books ranging from classics to nature, science fiction to Jewish interests, art to business, as well as CDs and DVDs, will be available. The collection, including

biography; books for children and youth under 15; fiction; and history, is truly exceptional. There will be something for everyone and most books are priced at \$3 or less.

The sale will be open May 9: 9am - 5pm; May 10 and 11: 9 am - 8 pm; May 12: 9am - 2pm. On Saturday, May 12 books are sold at \$10 for a bag.

Mark your calendar now for the bargain event of the year! Proceeds of the sale support AAUW's work in providing scholarships for women as well as mentoring and advocacy for women and girls. For further information, please call (301) 840-1258.

## Have You Thanked a Bulletin Board Person Lately?

By Jan Garman, Diamond

As a former elementary teacher, I used to wear a tee shirt that said, "If you can read this, thank a teacher." I am reminded of this message when I consider the job of those volunteers who daily update the bulletin boards in Asbury's living units. The good news is that Asbury is a busy place with lots going on. The bad news for the keepers of the bulletin boards is that is that day in and day out, they are confronted with new notices, some days a trickle and some days a deluge. They must figure out how to post these notices in some semblance of order in a space that is usually too small. Too often, their work is taken for granted. Most of us check the boards without giving much thought to the time and energy of the faithful workers who make it all possible. There are even those among us who never bother to look at our local bulletin board and then complain that "we don't know what's going on."

At the invitation of the Communications PAC, I recently convened a meeting of the Bulletin Board Chairs. I discovered a group who take such comments in good humor and enjoy their jobs. Many have been doing it for years. When asked how long she had done the daily bulletin board posting, one woman replied that it had been so long she could not remember when she started! Although some buildings pass the job around, in many buildings, this daily chore falls to only one or two

persons. In at least one building, the Council's Executive Committee has adopted a definite set of requirements for the notices to go on the boards, but in most living units, it is up to the bulletin board person as to when to post notices. Because of space limitations, most notices cannot be posted more than two weeks in advance. Notices of ongoing activities that last all year present a real challenge. Ideally, they should remain up all year, but practically, the limited space is needed for more current events.

**Residents need to remember that ALL notices must go the receptionist in each building.** From there they go to the bulletin board person. For persons designing bulletin board notices, there is a set of guidelines sent out by AMV's Communications Director, Linda Aber. Basically these guidelines state that the notice should be the standard vertical 8-1/2" x 11" sheet in easily readable print; black on white is best. It should state the name, date and location of the event, the name of the sponsoring group, a contact person with their extension, any cost, whether or not the shuttle bus will be running and a "sunset" (removal) date for the poster. The complete list of guidelines can be obtained by emailing Linda at [laber@asbury.org](mailto:laber@asbury.org) or calling her at ext.4106. **In the meantime, how about giving a big THANK YOU to your building's bulletin board person?**

## T'AIN'T FAIR

By Bob Yount, Villas

Sometimes something happens that riles ones sense of fairness. Most of the time we keep quiet and go on about our living, but then there are times we feel compelled to say something. An automobile accident which was my fault, and the insurance company's following actions, instigated these remarks.

The concept behind insurance is to spread the cost of the risk. Actuaries calculate the probability of death to great accuracy for people. Following that the insurance computes a premium for a policy. Casualty insurance, like automobile premiums, on the other hand, doesn't work that way. If something happens that costs

the insurance company money, they increase the premium to more than cover their loss over a three-year period. "Tain't fair." The actual cost of the repair was slightly less than \$1,200 but the three-year increase in premium is \$2,460. That's more than twice the cost to the insurance company. In my mind that makes them egregious dollar chasers.

For years, even decades, the company got paid when there were no claims. What happened to that money? In the end that isn't insurance, it's some kind of game where the buyer loses. One company has recognized "tain't fair" and reduces your deductible for accident-free driving. At least something is better than nothing.

If life insurance worked that way, you would have to pay your own death benefits after you died.

# ARE YOU AN AVTV Channel 955 FAN?

By Jean Hubbell, Villas

I am, and like to start my week with Asbury View which can be seen 14 different times in any one week and rarely goes more than half an hour. Surely any of us has one half hour a week to spend checking out what's going on through interviews and videos of events at Asbury. Then there are the prime time shows, each day being different but again, shown three different times on the particular day. There is a tremendous variety of programs shown on prime time. Sometimes those shows are of events, particu-

larly evening events, that some may not have had the opportunity to attend. Here's your chance.

Consult the AVTV Program Guide to see what's on. Watch the scroll. Between the scheduled programs mentioned the scroll runs continuously and gives all sorts of information to viewers from menus, new residents, announcements of meetings and events, and fun-to-see candid camera shots. You can see the entire scroll in about 15 minutes. There is even twice a day a provision for having the scroll read aloud to help those with low vision.

Then the movies. Every weekend there is a movie shown five different times from Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday. Are things too quiet for you on weekends? Watch a movie. And speaking of movies, the back of the Program Guide lists all the Monday and Friday afternoon movies shown in the Rosborough Theatre for the entire month. Sometimes residents put in requests and those are noted. Some movies are "golden oldies" and some very current. Something for everyone.

Also on Mondays and Fridays there are Keese-School-Sponsored

Videos - in March the subject was Great World Religions featuring Christianity, Judaism and Islam. Ever wanted to go back to school and learn something new? Here's your chance. Finally, if for no other reason, listen to the music for a pleasant sound in your own home. It is on all day and night. AAVTV can be a great companion, especially for those living alone and perhaps not able to get out too often. Now, isn't it about time you learned to appreciate what a great TV station we have right here at Asbury? No commercials either! (Except this one.)



## Theater and Travel Committee Schedule

4/30/12

Eyre Tour & Travel "Market Place"

All are invited. Parker Hall, 2:00 p.m. to 3:00p.m.

Come and hear about trips worth taking and make suggestions.

4/6/12, 4/20/12

National Symphony at the Kennedy Center (S)

Watkins x5765

4/29/12

Nat'l Philharmonic at Strathmore (S)

Klepek x5743

5/4/12

Baltimore Symphony at Strathmore (S)

Klepek x5743

5/5/12

Olney Theater—Saturday matinee (S)

Barr x5212

"The 39 Steps"

Arena Stage at the Mead Center (S)

Watkins x5765

Wednesdays at noon

6/13/12 "The Music Man"—Musical

7/18/12 "Like Water for Chocolate"—Musical

6/23-30/12

New England Islands—Cruise

Otto x5299

10/3/12

"Jonah" Lancaster, PA

Sexton x5768

10/6-13/12

Mississippi River Paddleboat  
Pittsburgh to Cincinnati

Otto x5299

10/23-25/12

West Virginia Train Trip

Otto x5299

12/3-7/12

River Walk—San Antonio, TX

Otto x5299

(S) Subscription Series

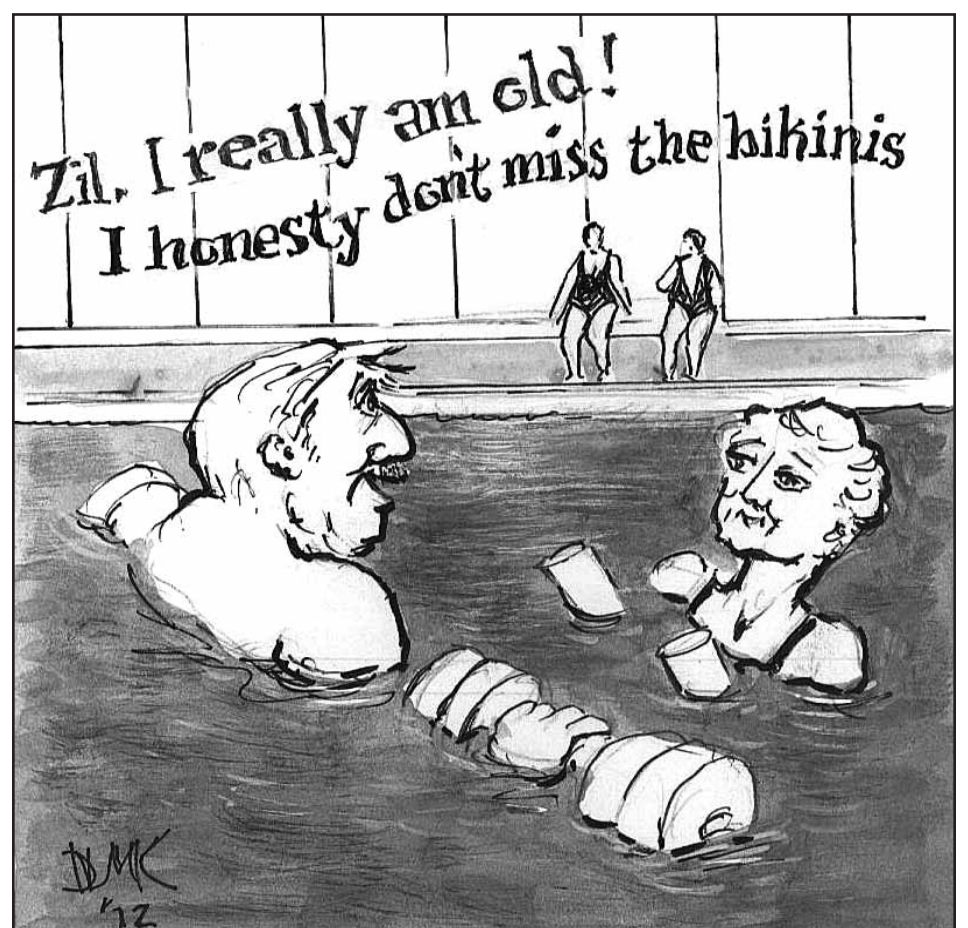
## Asbury Chess Club Days and Knights

By Jack Brinley, Mund

With furrowed brow and steely gaze the Asbury Chess club members assembled for their monthly meeting on Saturday, March 10. Wes Sandell, returning in fine form after a brief absence, took the measure of Dave Webster who resigned after putting up a valiant defense. Associate Charles Mustafa had a pleasant afternoon with three wins and no losses, quickly dispatching Bob Tedesco in two games and Jack Brinley in one. Mike Skiba qualified for the masochism award by tak-

ing on Wes Sandell and Duane McKenna, two curmudgeons not noted for either the quality or quantity of their mercy. Mike, who has only been playing for a few months predictably fared poorly, but gained in experience. Don't be discouraged Mike, even Bobby Fischer made mistakes when he was learning. Of course he was only four or five at the time, but maybe you can catch up if you try hard. Our next meeting is Saturday, April 14. We would like to have some players from the Villas as well as Diamond and Wallace. You can contact Jack Brinley at ext.5926 for more details.

## Mac and Zil



# She Can't Help It, It's Genetic

By Jack Brinley, Mund

I rarely read the column of Ms. Carolyn Hax which appears regularly in the *Washington Post* featuring letters written to her by women seeking her advice on how to deal with the emotional traumas experienced as they strive

to mold the relationship with their significant others more to their liking. Belonging to the octogenarian decade, I find the issues raised of little novelty, since they have already been encountered by me and resolved, occasionally to my satisfaction, but more frequently by my abnegation. However, my atten-

tion was recently caught by a letter containing a trenchant analysis of the difficulty which a wife encountered in getting her husband to do his putative share of the household cleaning. Her quandary is well summarized in the last sentence of her letter. "To be fair, I don't think he sees the dirt."

To be fair, the reason he sees no dirt is because there is not dirt for him to see. Unfortunately her genetic code lacks the Y chromosome which, conferring maleness, gives to its possessor the ability to inspect the house calmly and rationally and determine that there is no dirt. It should be made clear that the preoccupation of his spouse with dirt does not result from any deficiency of character, but rather from the substitution, in her genes, of an X chromosome, conferring femaleness, for the Y, a rather common occurrence which can be beneficial

or even critical in certain situations, but which frequently leads to an increase in marital tension when the issue is the need for household cleaning. Once it is accepted that there is no dirt to clean, and since a mind is a terrible thing to waste, it follows that the husband should not expend his cerebral energy chasing nonexistent dirt balls when that energy could be more profitably invested watching the football game.

However, an experienced husband understands that his wife's genetically programmed compulsion to see dirt has led to such a thorough cleaning on her weekend that there is nothing for him to do on his. Therefore he rewards her with a romantic dinner on his weekend, for example, at McDonald's or maybe even Bob Evans. After all, it takes so little to make them happy.



Photo: Jeanne North

Bob Tedesco, Merritt Techter, Dorothy Techter, Ruth Sylvester and Warren Ebinger face the music: Fitness Professionals PJ Petkovic, Alton Smith and James Warner Jr. (backs to camera) prepare to administer the tests

## It's Not Fair

By Jeanne North, Trott

Sometimes things don't work out. We can do everything right. Get a fitness evaluation. Listen to the recommendations of the trainers. Take a class to improve balance and stability. Pay attention. Be careful. And then, out of the blue, something happens.

Perhaps it's just a fleeting moment of inattention. Or you're distracted, thinking of something else. Hurrying. Or you didn't eat your Wheaties that morning. Or get enough sleep the night before. Or the fates conspired against you and you just didn't see that slab of raised concrete in front of you, you stubbed your toe, and down you went. Ouch. Right on that left knee. And it's been bothering you ever since.

I remember all too well feeling embarrassed, humiliated, at falling, right in public view. I had just returned from walking to the Gaithersburg post office, and it happened right in front of the Admin building. And who should come running up to help me but two Asbury associates. And then Wayne, calling from his car, "Ms. North, Do you want a ride? I can take you home."

I declined, of course. No way did I want to admit that I couldn't get up, by myself, if you please! (I could do that back then), and walk home.

Ah well, that was then, and this is now. Now is having another fitness evaluation and finding out that in the past year, despite making room in my life for Tuesday-Thursday Strength and Mobility classes with Alton, my scores on today's fitness evaluation are worse than they were a year ago. Bummer.

What now? I had already decided to try the pool again. But the new reality is I need to do more. I made an appointment to meet with Alton so he can lay out a new routine for me at the fitness center, geared to what I need to do to improve my walking. If I can swim (or at least try to swim) for half an hour twice a week, and spend half an hour or so on another day in the gym, would that help me get stronger and maybe be less likely to fall?

I would really love not to have to use the walker. But, and this is a big but, if I need it to stay safe, I'll use it. The bottom line for me: get stronger, get more fit, improve my balance and stability. Most of all: Keep trying.



By Dan Muller, Villas

A few weeks ago, I happened to have a conversation with a friend who told me some interesting things about her late husband. He must have been a great guy. Many compliments about how much he helped around the house, helping her with cleaning, in the kitchen doing dishes, and other household chores.

Then the conversation became somewhat less than complimentary.

It seems that she, for some reason, had to be away for a few days. Since he had been of such assistance to her previously, she had absolutely no qualms about his being on his own. He certainly knew where everything of importance for maintaining the house was kept, and he certainly was not at a loss in the kitchen. He often made sandwiches and even heated canned soup for lunch.

So she left him on his own.



When she returned, all seemed about normal, the house was generally clean, the bathrooms were spotless, and even the newspapers were in the recycle bin.

That evening she went into the kitchen to prepare dinner and was totally surprised.

She couldn't find anything. He had totally rearranged the kitchen. Not only the location of the pots and pans, and all of the condiments, but even the arrangement of the day-to-day dishes in the kitchen cupboards. Almost everything had been changed.

After some discussion of why, he explained that over many years of being married the kitchen arrangement was generally inefficient, and while she was away, he would surprise her by making her kitchen the model of efficiency.

When Joan read this she said "It happens to me all the time, and not only in the kitchen."

By Hugh Andrew, Trott

In late August 1945, just after the Japanese surrender, I was stationed at a small Air Base in Greenwood, Mississippi serving as an instrument flight instructor. Since WW2 was over we had stopped all training and most of us were considering whether to remain on active duty or get out and go to college.

With time on my hands I decided to check myself out in a single-engine advanced training plane which was just sitting there on the flight line and nobody ever flew it. I had never had a chance to fly it during cadet training for when we reached the half way point through we were arbitrarily grouped into those who would eventually fly multi-engine bombers and those who would fly single-engine fighters. Of course we all volunteered to become fighter pilots because that was where all the glamour was! But they needed bomber pilots a lot more than they needed fighter pilots, so guess where I ended up?

I tried to find some pilot on the base that had flown that airplane to check me out, but could find no one that had ever flown it. I checked with maintenance and they assured me the plane was ready to fly and urged me to fly it. So I decided to check myself out. I got the instruction manual for the plane and spent a few hours sitting in the cockpit memorizing where all the instruments and controls were located. When I was satisfied that I knew all the procedures I started the engine, saw that all the instruments were giving me the right readings, I called the control tower and asked for taxi and take-

## Just A Sunday Joyride

off instructions. Proceeding to the end of the runway, I was cleared for takeoff, pushed the throttle forward, started rolling and when I reached the proper speed for takeoff I gently pulled back on the control stick and left the ground. All was well so far!

I carefully gained some altitude, leveled off and started maneuvering the plane to get used to the lightness it took to handle it. After flying for the previous two years in nothing but heavy cumbersome multi-engine aircraft it took only fingertip pressure to fly this plane. After flying around for a half hour or so, I decided I was ready to try some landings. Landings require lots of hand, eye and foot coordination and you had better be able to do everything from memory because you can't reach out for the instruction manual and look up something that you forgot. I called the control tower for landing instruction and began my descent. Approaching the runway at about 60 MPH, I leveled off and put the wheels on the runway. I had just made my first landing! I took off again and, went around and made my second landing. I did this two more times and decided to call it a day. My first flight lasted about an hour and a half. A few days later I flew the plane again for another hour and a half. I then decided to fly from Greenwood to an Air Base about 100 miles to the South, right on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. I asked a fellow instructor pilot if he would like to go with me. Don was also a multi-engine pilot who

had not flown this plane during cadet training and thought this was a great idea. I didn't tell him I had only flown the plane a total of three hours (I felt it wasn't necessary to bore him with details).

The following Sunday afternoon I filed a flight plan to fly to Gulfport Air Base. Don and I went to the plane, putting Don in the back seat with myself in the front cockpit. I called the control tower, received my clearance, taxied to the runway and took off into the wild blue yonder! I climbed to six thousand feet and leveled off to enjoy a beautiful summer day. About 15 minutes later, Don sounded off with an expletive! Then he told me when he opened his canopy to get a little fresh air, the map flew out! I put the plane in a steep bank and looked down at the map fluttering to earth like a wounded butterfly!

I straightened up the plane and told Don I had looked at the map before we took off and told him if I flew due south until we reached the Gulf and then made a 90-degree turn to the east, we would find the base within the next 50 miles. To complicate the matters, neither one of us had ever seen this base, but one air base looks much like any other. Sure enough, a military air base came into view and it had to be the base we were looking for as there were no other bases, either Army or Navy in that area.

I circled the base, picked up the microphone and called the tower asking for landing instructions. No answer. I called again with the same

result. So I flew around watching the three runways, to see which runway was in use. However, it was a quiet Sunday afternoon and no planes took off or landed. So I picked out the longest runway and started my descent. I told Don to watch the tower and if they signaled us with a flashing red light I would pull up and try one of the other runways. However, no red light came from the tower and I made a nice landing. A follow-me jeep came out and led me to a parking area where I stopped and shut off the engines feeling pretty good about myself.

However, my feeling of euphoria was short-lived. Right after I had shut off the engine, a sergeant climbed up on the wing of the plane and told me that maintenance had gotten a call from the tower telling them to find out why I had not used my radio to get landing instructions. I told him I had tried to contact the tower without success. He stuck his head inside the cockpit, looked at the radio control panel and said, "Lieutenant, the radio was not turned on", and jumped off the wing without saying another word. It was just one of those embarrassing moments that can happen at any time.

However, nothing further came of it. I had the plane refueled, filed another flight plan, PICKED UP ANOTHER MAP, got in the plane and got ready to start the engine. At that point I turned back and told Don, "do not open your canopy this time". I then took off and we made our way back to Greenwood with no further excitement.

JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE DAY AT THE OFFICE

By Marolyn Hatch, Villas

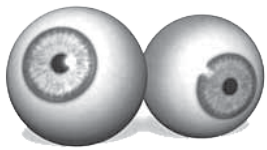
Apologies to parliamentarians great and small for the title. It seems, however, to fit the topic to the clichéd T. Consider for a moment what attracted you to the person that you married. To be sure, physique is a player. Hair is also enough of an attraction to have built an industry par none. One has to wonder how football players manage their false tresses, and women's hair now puts any male lion to shame.

Thus I maintain that it is the eye that is the most effective communicator and, therefore, that which most attracts us. But as with other attractive features, size is important. Large alone, however, doesn't draw us to the eye. Few of us have

## The "Eyes" Have it!

found large-eyed bugs such as flies or caterpillars appealing. Even the large-eyed deer had to be modified by Walt Disney

when he found his original Bambi drawings to have no appeal at all. Enlarging and brightening the eyes made Bambi not just a success, but the poster critter for romantic naturalists. Consider also the bear whose squinty, flawed eyes can't compete for the claws to attract attention. But also consider Smokey Bear. To be sure, the uniform and badge give Smokey a trustworthy advantage over his *au naturel* brethren. What women would not



agree that a crisp uniform whether military or a tux gives a man stature. But note that Smokey's makeover included some seriously attractive eyes.

Tennyson is known for his famous (and possibly plagiarized from Yiddish) quote "the eyes are the mirror of the soul." And when dating was not a contact sport, short cuts to a person's "soul" were important. Women have historically developed a language of the eye that is well recognized. How a *senorita* displayed the ubiquitous fan, directing attention to her most expressive eyes. The seeming modesty of the

courtesan was offset by the well-timed and effective rise of gaze. The Muslim burqa with its lattice-like, limited vision area demonstrates men's understanding that the eyes are primary tools for communicating and attracting. It is easier to obscure the eye than to deal with the consequences.

Females might not have been born with the plumage of the males or their resonating vocals, but thanks to Estee Lauder and the industry she fostered, they certainly make it up in eye shadow and long lashes. Ladies, just look around you tonight at dinner and remember to smile shyly as you look up. The eyes not only have it, but they are worth a thousand words.

# At "The Dump," The Beat Is Rumble, Roll, Shimmy and Sort

By Jeanne North, Trott

**"A** Trip to the Dump" was the working title of a story whose centerpiece turned out to be quite different from what I expected.

When a group of five of us Asbury residents took a trip to the Montgomery County Recycling Center on Highway 355 near Shady Grove Road, we found no mountain of trash in the middle of a field. Instead, we toured a 57,7000 square-foot recycling center where giant recycling collection trucks rumble up to dump their waste, which then rolls on conveyor belts and thence along a path of more conveyor belts past 24 workers decked out in helmets, protective vests, aprons and gloves, some with gauze masks, who sort the stuff we throw away.

Rolling past sorters through the maze of machinery, stuff lands on a screen that vibrates and shimmies bits and pieces of glass to a belt below, then continues on a path past multiple stations, past the Trommel, a spinning screen that catches bits of paper, broken glass and bottle

ly into appropriate bins, all to the rhythm of the clanking machinery.

Our tour group included videographer Dan Muller (Villas), photographer Howard Morris (Trott), environmentalist champions Bobbye Kudzma, Becky Ratliff and myself, all of Trott

When we first arrived, Mark Wheeler, Operations Manager of Maryland Environmental Service and our Tour Guide, took us to a reception room for an introductory talk while we waited for a busload of some 75 school children to finish their tour and board their bus. After that was the heart-stopping ride up to the mezzanine in the jerky, noisy elevator.

From our perch on the elevated platform (or "catwalk", as some might call it), we could get an overview of the complex of conveyor belts, the sorting stations, the steady stream of heavy recycling collection trucks, the yellow-hel-



A recycling collection truck dumps a load of stuff

Photo: Howard Morris

- If everyone in the US recycled just 1/10 of their newspaper, we would save about 25 trees a year.
- Five recycled plastic bottles make enough fiberfill to stuff a ski jacket.
- Enough energy is saved by recycling one aluminum can to run a TV set for three hours or to light one 100 watt bulb for 20 hours.
- Here's a sampling of what we can now recycle:
  - jars, buckets, tubs, flower pots
  - unbroken green, brown and clear glass jars and bottles: remove lids, rinse container, leave labels on
  - aluminum and bi-metal (steel/tin) food and beverage cans, aluminum foil products, empty aerosol cans
  - plastic bottles, containers and lids

NO PLASTIC WRAP OR BAGS; NO STYROFOAM OR POLYSTYRENE

Asbury recycles now; but yes, we can do even better!

*Editor's Note: Courtyard Homes resident Peter Cascio's background and education make him the ideal reporter for all things landscaping. He earned his first paycheck boeing weeds in perennial beds at the Peter Cascio Nursery for 9 hours a day, 6 days a week at \$.65 an hour. He graduated from Middlebury College and spent two years at the Harvard Graduate School of Design toward a master's degree in Landscape Architecture. Peter worked as General Manager and President of the Peter Cascio Nursery, Inc. for 30 years.*



Photo: Howard Morris

Above and at right, workers at a sorting station

caps, past the Air Classifier and Cyclone, where glass is separated from plastic by its weight,

All along the path of conveyor belts, the 24 workers, protected by their special gear, sort our stuff — paper, cardboard, cereal boxes, unwanted mail, catalogs, magazines, glass jars and bottles, plastic bottles, containers and lids, cans and lids, aluminum and bimetal cans and foil products — tossing each piece deft-

ly into appropriate bins, all to the rhythm of the clanking machinery.

Over time, more and more items are recyclable because more and more companies want to buy recycled goods, make new stuff and sell it back to us. The message from the Recycling Center: Recycling works.

Writes Montgomery County Recycles ([www.MCRecycles.org](http://www.MCRecycles.org)) in a brochure:



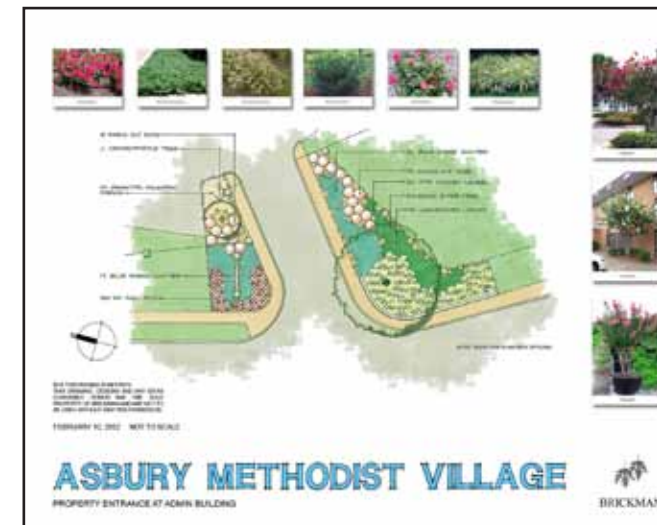
## Brickman Activity At Asbury – April 2012

By Peter Cascio, Courtyard Homes

In its initial approach to Asbury, Brickman decided that the best first objective would be to embrace the beauty of the campus and work toward improving it if they thought they could. They thought: first, please the eye.

Their beginning project was to tackle the appearance of the several entrances to the campus with more attractive landscaping and construction features. We can see that underway now. They expect to have it completed by April 6<sup>th</sup> in time for our Easter visitors.

The second project will be the continuation of the Russell Avenue fence around the corner and eastward along Odendhal. This constitutes a substantial upgrade and will yield a uniform look as well as a more substantial barrier to the black hole known as Lake Forest Mall.



Property entrance at Admin. building

Trott, Diamond and Wallace.

Discussions have been held for the additional wildlife plantings around a 25-30 foot deep thicket around the lower pond to promote an extended habitat to host our butterflies, bees, bats and beetles and feed our birds.

We have been selecting native plants to attract pollinators and that will give accents of colorful beauty to some of our more drab and necessary natives, i.e., black willows, red twig dogwood and brambles.

We talked about how Brickman removes all landscape waste from Asbury and takes it back to their Clarksburg base for recycling — everything!

Branches and logs are not only chipped into mulch, logs are split into digestible pieces by a great hydraulic press and then dropped into a tub grinder — a vertical chipper. Soil is also recycled. It is spread and sifted, then sterilized by the internal heating of spontaneous combustion. The vision is an overall five-year landscape plan which will probably never happen. It will never be achieved because it is a living plan, always under revision, constantly being improved.....and totally realistic.

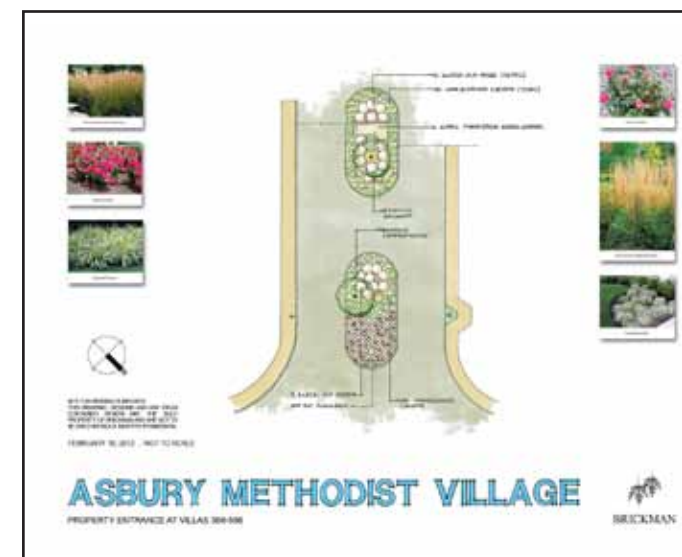


Property entrance at AMV West Campus

In consultation with the Wildlife Habitat Team, the Green Team, the Garden Club, the Outdoor Recreation Team and multiple building counsels, Brickman has encountered a myriad of ideas. (Is that Asbury or WHAT?) Over the next several months Brickman will attempt to capture all this input to organize into their overall plan.

Recent meetings with Brickman include the following:

We need to identify the invasive plants in the habitat not only to improve our natural landscape but also to meet the requirements of the Wildlife Habitat Council for our next certification. This includes the necessary destruction of the Phragmites reeds, oriental bittersweet, Japanese honeysuckle and multiflora rose (the big Norway maple will be allowed to self-destruct for financial reasons) along the upper pond. Also, pruning of the grand specimen plants here will be attended to as has been done for the larger campus trees around



Property entrance at Villas



# SARA Works!

By Jean Hubbell, Villas

I've heard a lot of chatter about our new SARA life-line-type emergency call system - it's so big, there are a lot of false alarms, the necklace breaks, etc. — but recently I had the opportunity to find out how well SARA does work.



I had not really planned to test the system but when I tripped in my bedroom, hit my head on a bookcase on the way to the floor, and saw all the blood that head cuts are known to involve, it seemed a good idea to press the button on SARA and let Care Management know it was not another false alarm but a true call for help.

It was also after 6 p.m. I am happy

to report that our night nurse Olivia arrived about ten minutes later and helped me stop the blood flow, banded me up, and then called and consulted my Kaiser doctor's nurse on duty. While she was with me Olivia also had me call my daughter whose name is listed as the one to be notified. In addition Olivia called the Housekeeping Department and requested someone to come clean up the bloody carpet and bathroom floor. To my surprise, within an hour a member of the Housekeeping Department arrived and took care of the clean-up while I obeyed orders to stay quiet. The next morning I had a call from Olivia checking up on me once again.

As a result of this experience, I give high marks to our Care Management staff and am thankful I was indeed wearing my SARA call button and was able to use it. I do not recommend seeking admission to the Asbury Fallen Woman Society (do we have one for men?) but it is truly comforting to know the SARA system works. I also learned - Watch where you walk



Luther Saxon and Betty Sewell, Asbury Singers

## Asbury Guild Celebrates Angels

By Alma Stewart, Diamond

When someone does something especially helpful for you, do you sometimes say "Oh, you are an angel!"? When my young children

Wonderful Life"?

Sophy Burnham, who will speak at the Asbury Guild's spring meeting, has had many encounters with angels. One of her most popular books is "A Book of Angels; Reflections on Angels Past and Present and True Stories of How They Touch Our Lives", published in 1990 and recently re-issued. A resident of Washington; D. C. and Taos, New Mexico, Sophy Burnham travels widely lecturing and leading workshops. She has won many awards for her books, plays, articles, and essays. In the past, she has worked with Roger Stevens at the Kennedy Center, and has also helped to found the Studio Theater. Her most recent book is "The Art of Intuition: Cultivating Your Inner Wisdom", published in 2011. She is an excellent speaker, and you will enjoy hearing her talk about angels and mysticism.

The Spring Celebration of the Asbury Guild will be held on Tuesday, April 24 at 10:30 A.M. in the Guild Memorial Chapel. Members of the Asbury Singers will take part in the program. A reception in the Park View Club Room will follow. Sophy Burnham will autograph her books, "A Book of Angels" and "The Art of Intuition", and refreshments will be served. The shuttle bus will drop you off at the Chapel entrance, and pick you up at noon at the Park View entrance. When you receive your invitation, you will need to call 6100 (off-campus 301-987-6100) to make your reservation.



Sophy Burnham, author

were going out into the world and encountering all kinds of scrapes and mishaps, but managing to avoid serious harm, I began to believe that each of them must have a guardian angel.

What does an angel look like, anyway? Does it soar through the air in a white robe and halo? Or is it quite ordinary looking like Clarence, the angel who won his wings in Jimmy Stewart's Christmas movie, "It's a

## Eight Tips To Prevent Falls<sup>®</sup>

The CDC statistics show that falls are the leading cause of death from unintentional injuries in the home. The following eight tips can help keep you safely on your feet.

### EXERCISE REGULARLY

Exercise is the only intervention that by itself reduces falls. Build strength and improve your balance and coordination. Obtain a Senior Fit test to evaluate your capabilities. Classes are available on campus, in your building as well as on AVTV for you to do in your home.

### TAKE YOUR TIME

Being rushed or distracted increases your chances of falling. Get out of chairs slowly. Sit

a moment before you get out of bed. Stand and get your balance before you walk. Use steady step stools that have a handle to grab.

### CLEAR THE WAY

Keep stairs and walking area free of electrical cords, shoes, clothing, books, magazine, and other clutter.

### LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF

See an eye specialist once a year. Poor vision can increase your chance of falling. Do not wear multifocal glasses climbing up or down stairs or walking. Improve the lighting in your home. Use night-lights to light the path between your bedroom and bathroom. Turn on the lights before using stairs.

## Foundation Factoid: Did you Know?

You can honor or memorialize a loved one *and* help an Asbury Methodist Village resident in need at the same time by making a to the Benevolent Care Fund at Asbury Methodist Village

For further information, contact the Asbury Foundation at x 4050

By Gil Snyder, Mund

I had a "EUREKA" or "AHA" moment recently as I sat in my easy chair on a Monday morning recovering from eye surgery. I was considering what my next article might cover when there was a brief power outage soon to be followed by another; on the Friday before there had been a similar outage. I've been at Asbury since August 2005 and I've had more outages in that time than I had in over 37 years living in Wheaton. I will admit that those in Wheaton were usually longer in duration. The outages here at Asbury always seem to be the same electrical phase as I always have to reset the same clocks. Contrary to all the talk on TV and in the newspapers, I've always considered PEPCO to have a very reliable system overall, as I do Asbury. Enough on what got me to write on the subject of reliability.

In my some 70 years of life I've watched the reliability of most sys-



## RELIABILITY

tems increase whether it be in the automobiles we drive or the many appliances that we use every day. With regards to automobiles, there was a time that cars were recommended to have the oil changed and the fittings greased every 1000 miles. With the purchase of my first car, my father usually did this for me when I visited in Williamsport, PA. He also ensured that the car was tuned up on a regular basis; this tune-up included new points and sparkplugs along with rebuilding the generator.

When I bought my second car, I started to do all the work myself as my parents had moved to Ashville, NC where my father continued to work for the Weather Bureau. Now I was great on theory but had had

little experience with the use of all the various tools, but soon learned to do almost everything required to maintain cars including repairing and replacing radiators and mufflers. I continued in this into the 1990s. As cars got more and more reliable while at the same time becoming more and more difficult to get access to the various parts, I, a driveway mechanic, found it increasingly more difficult to fix problems as diagnosis and repair required more and more special equipment and tools. There is little I can do on my current car since I gave most of my tools to my son and besides, my body has become less flexible.

One of the other everyday things in our life that increased in reliability is the TV set. After I bought my

first color set I made many trips to the local Belmont Store to test tubes and purchase new ones. With a degree in electrical engineering, once again I knew theory, but had had little practical experience other than what I was exposed to in labs. I soon learned and was even able to align the color guns in older picture tubes. Once again as time passed and solid state electronics replaced vacuum tubes, TV sets increased in reliability while once again the equipment required for diagnosis and repair became more sophisticated and expensive. I essentially stopped working on all electronics except for those problems requiring only a volt/ohm meter. One of the current sets I have, I purchased in the early 1990s and other than replacing batteries in the remote control, I've done nothing.

Returning to the electrical power problem, I've been told that work has been done to minimize interruptions here at Asbury.

By Marolyn Hatch, Villas

The parade has long been a way to celebrate community. Who doesn't recall parades welcoming our veterans home, Independence Day in Gaithersburg, the DC Cherry Blossom Festival, or St Paddy's Day in our own Rio? The Rose Bowl Parade though is my favorite because in the middle of the Eastern winter, it celebrates the



spirit-lifting glory of flowers—literally thousands of them.

This past December, Jay and I decided that we would see it being created. It didn't hurt that Pasadena weather was in the 80s with clear blue skies and fresh air, not always the LA model. And while we spent a good number of hours at museums, our focus was on the making of those wonderful floats. Most of the floats are made by two commercial "pedal pushers." But we were introduced to the unsponsored float makers of the town of La Cañada Flintridge, home of a number of Jet Propulsion Lab scientists. These scientists pro-

## When Pigs Can Fly

vide the technical expertise for the town's float and clearly share the town's sense of humor.

The 2011 parade theme was "Imagine That!" a natural for the community. But La Cañada does not necessarily come up with the winning design for its float. Anyone of us could submit a written idea for a float. Such suggestions then go to town artists who, without consulting the originators, sketch designs. The local committee votes, and a final drawing goes into production mode.

A three dimensional drawing was made based on this year's chosen entry: "If Pigs Could Fly." Three flower-studded porkers were to be airborne over a farm scene complete with barn. The experienced float leaders decided what flowers, grasses and vegetables would give their float flower power. The man in charge of walls and walks had grown very tired of covering these expanses with various types of dried beans. So the previous year, he had tested the lowly potato in all of its colors by slicing them in half and nailing them to a large board outside his house. They weathered well and were a new addition to the art of the float.

Literally the last 48 hours, when

float volunteers worked under a bridge day and night, it was discovered that the buckets of beans expected to cover the small barn were inadequate. Should they make the barn smaller and distort the perspective or at this last minute not use beans?

Few of the flowers are US-raised, and flower brokers had already shipped tens of thousands of fresh-cut blossoms for the parade. But La Cañada was able to get enough red chrysanthemums, the petals of which are cut into quarter-inch pieces, to save the barn. They must have had a huge chili supper to get rid of

those beans.

So on a day that began in the 40s and by mid-morning had reached the high 80s, pigs did fly to winning the animation award. The parade was full of excitement including when one float nearly ran into the crowd and another winning float that actually had to be towed down the road.

But as is true of all parades, no one was looking for perfection. The spectators, many of whom spent the night lining the parade route, were enjoying each other's company and an hour of watching American imagination and creativity.

So if you are looking for something to do with your teenage grandkids, think about taking them to Pasadena to work on next year's La Cañada

### In Memoriam

Resident	Facility	Date of Death
Lila McGinty	Kindley/Diamond	02-20-2012
Janes Fones	WHCC	02-27-2012
Rashida D. Daruwalla	WHCC	02-28-2012
Albert R. Katoski	WHCC/Community	03-04-2012
Pien Chang	Mund	03-11-2012
Carol Barquist	Kindley/Wallace/Villas	03-11-2012
Reginald C. Westlake	Villas	03-13-2012
Arthur E. Armstrong	WHCC/Wallace	03-19-2012
Thelma M. Rogers	Kindley/Wallace	03-20-2012
Grace Marano	WHCC/Kindley	03-22-2012
John Williams	Kindley	03-22-2012

# Using Our "Sixth Sense"

By Lois Odle, Mund

To some of us who are, or have been, in close contact with a friend or family member who has a sensory loss, it seems there is sometimes an almost "uncanny" ability of such persons to comprehend what is going on, in spite of the lack of information they are receiving. Such abilities are sometimes referred to, half seriously, as evidence of one's having a "Sixth Sense." I recall one incident in my own family that seemed to illustrate this kind of special intuition.

Our only daughter had suffered a severe hearing loss due to birth complications, and we had been through many years of helping her learn language, become educated and live in a hearing world. At the time of this incident she was a college student at Gallaudet University, that remarkable institution for deaf students, located in downtown Washington, D.C., and was spending the weekend with us.

At our home in Bethesda we had a beloved Siamese cat named Sheba, who was by then a long-time member of the family. Sheba had become a dear companion for our daughter Barbara, since her older brothers left for college elsewhere.

Our home had an attached garage, through which we often exited to go to the surrounding yard and garden area. Sheba had learned to stand inside, in the kitchen area, by the door to the garage and yard, waiting to be allowed to go out and play. Then, when she was ready to come back into the house, she would scratch on the door to be let in. The outside of the door was covered with metal in order to be fireproof, and the faint scratching sound on the metal would alert us to open the door to admit her.

On this particular morning my daughter and I were sitting at the breakfast table, both absorbed in

reading the *Washington Post*, and Sheba had been let out into the yard. It was not long until I heard that familiar, but faint, scratching on the outside of the door near which we were seated. At that moment I was so absorbed in what I was reading that I decided to pay no attention, and was, I thought, careful to give no clue that Sheba was ready to be admitted.

Suddenly, my daughter arose from her chair and said, in the blend of sign language, gesture, and body language by which we communicated, "SHEBA WANTS TO COME IN."

I was astonished because I knew she could hear only such very loud sounds as that of a lawn mower, a large truck, or an airplane overhead!

I responded in disbelief, "DID YOU HEAR THAT?"

Her reply was, "NO. BUT I KNEW YOU DID!"

Of course, then we went to open the door and allow ourselves to be involved in welcoming Sheba.

This incident seems to illustrate the ability of some individuals, especially those with sensory disabilities, to reach beyond speech and hearing and the ordinary senses, to some other kind of awareness and understanding in order to get information about ordinary events of life, or even some very important happenings. I may have moved my head slightly, or my eyes may have flickered as I reacted to the sound, but I was not aware of giving any signal that I had heard the scratching on the door. Yet, she knew what was taking place.

It is an event such as this that can be used to show the existence of that kind of extraordinary sensitivity we call a "sixth sense," which many of our residents and friends may be using, or developing, in order to deal with their losses of some abilities.

general pleasure of working with Asbury Methodist Village.

The afternoon was topped off by Gaithersburg's Mayor Sidney Katz who proposed the final champagne (or sparking apple cider) toast in thanks to all involved in this great effort of protecting the earth for future generations.

## PROJECT

Continued from page 1

Stan Edwards of the Montgomery County Department of Environmental Protection and Lindsay Camacho from Congressman Chris Van Hollen's staff. They added to the

## Welcome New Residents



Photo: Tom McIlrath

### Stefanie Greene and Ron Reichel Park View 74, x6608

Stefanie and Ron moved from Bethesda to Park View Apartment 74 on February 15. The first impression upon entering their apartment is wonderful sunlight coming through 2-story-high floor to ceiling windows, very inviting on a cold winter morning.

Ron grew up in Bethesda, a graduate of Bethesda/Chevy Chase High School. He next attended Yale University majoring in Electrical Engineering. Before graduating he found his niche as a disarmament expert, not as a policy maker, but as the kind of expert involved in techniques for disarmament. While working for the Center for Naval Analysis, he was the only member of the professional staff without a doctorate. Today he still enjoys seeing the results of his work appearing on the news media. More recently, Ron worked for the Consumer Product Safety Commission where one of his major accomplishments was saving the BB gun from extinction.

Stefanie was born and raised in New York City. Following undergraduate work at the University of Chicago, she received her MD from Johns Hopkins. She interned at Bellevue Hospital in New York City and did her residency at the state hospital in Boston operated by Harvard University. Following her training, she moved to DC and worked at Children's Hospital. She was trained as a Child Psychiatrist, but when she went into private practice she practiced not only with children, but also with adults and families. Her other experience included working in managed mental health programs for Blue Cross/Blue Shield. Stefanie found her work with the CHAMPUS program for military families especially rewarding and an opportunity to make a real difference in her patients' lives.

Both Stefanie and Ron have children from previous marriages. Stefanie has two daughters, one a psy-

chiatrist in New York City, the other has a job offer at George Washington University in DC. Stefanie hopes that move materializes because it would result in two of her five grandchildren living in the DC area. Ron has a son who lives in Chantilly, VA and two daughters who live in California. He has four grandchildren. By pure coincidence Ron has a daughter named Stefanie although he and our new neighbor, Stefanie, had not yet met when she was born.

We welcome Stefanie and Ron, and look forward to having them as new neighbors.

—Lois Eberhard, Park View reporter



Photo: Tommie Tralka

### Hugh and Margaret (Maggie) Mason Mund 701, x 5274

Hugh and Maggie Mason, who moved from Leisure World into their Mund apartment at the end of December, 2011, are not newlyweds but still have yet to reach their 11<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. They met doing volunteer work in Montgomery County after being widowed not long before. They had another experience in common as well—for each one, the U.S. Navy had been of prime importance in their lives.

The Navy was Hugh's principal career, a choice not unrelated to the facts that his father was a Navy veteran of both World Wars I and II and that he was born and grew up in Norfolk, Virginia. He passed tests and was selected for the Naval Academy in 1941, graduating three years later on a war-imposed accelerated schedule. His early years of active duty included several episodes that even when described in Hugh's laid-back style of communication were obviously exciting. His first ship, a destroyer, participated in three troop landings in Leyte Gulf, in the Philippines, in 1944. It provided fire support at Iwo Jima; and it was badly damaged and nearly sunk by a rogue wave in 1945. His second ship, another destroyer, had duties around Bikini Atoll during the atom bomb tests there in 1946. When the Korean War erupted Hugh, now a Lieut. (j.g.), was serving

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on an amphibious forces transport that rushed marines to Pusan, South Korea, to keep it

from falling, and then landed marines at Inchon to turn the tide of battle.

Hugh had his first command as skipper of an LST in 1954, when he was a full Lieutenant. After a turn as Executive Officer on a destroyer and some shore duty, in the 1960s and with the rank of Commander, Hugh was twice the commanding officer of a destroyer. During the first of these assignments the Cuban Missile Crisis erupted in 1962, and Hugh's ship was one that did "picket duty" around Cuba (north of it, in his case) to bar any Soviet ships from reaching Cuba. In the early years of the Vietnam War Hugh was in Hawaii, from where he was instrumental in building up the U.S. base at Danang in Vietnam. He retired from the Navy in 1968.

However, his retirement from the Navy was far from the end of Hugh's working life. He worked for 20 years for the Vitro Corp. in Aspen Hill, working on their defense contracts and other defense-related business. His home was in Rockville until the move to Leisure World. His wife Betty died in 1998.

Maggie was born and raised on a very large family farm in Chatham, Virginia partly devoted to growing tobacco. After high school, a year of business college, jobs in Richmond and Washington, D.C. and an unhappy two-year marriage, Maggie began a long, two-part association with the U.S. Navy in 1941. For 13 years she was in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery as secretary to the head of Psychiatry. In this period she met and married Larry Watson, a Navy medical corpsman and later warrant officer; they lived in McLean Gardens in the District and on Chase Ave. in Bethesda. Maggie stayed home for three years after their daughter was born, had another three years as a secretary at the National Academy of Sciences, and then in 1961 returned to the Navy, working in the Military Sealift Command as a supply specialist until retiring in 1976. Larry died in 2000.

Throughout her adult life Maggie has been a member of organizations that help humankind, notably the Chevy Chase Lions Club and the Woman's Club of Bethesda. Hugh was Treasurer of the Chevy Chase Lions Club for seven years. Maggie and Hugh met when they were both volunteering at the American Red Cross in this area, and they married

in 2001. They are both Methodists.

Maggie's daughter Kathy McHale, a longtime teacher, is now Assistant Principal at Walt Whitman High School in Bethesda. Hugh's four children are scattered—two sons in Texas and Alabama, a daughter in New York State, and another daughter right nearby in Rockville.

—Rod Mills, *Mund Reporter*



## David Smith and Patricia Van Sant Wallace 311, x4596

David Smith was born in Southeast London, England in 1930. He lived, studied and worked there through the war and the Blitz of 1940. He completed his studies at SE London Technical College in 1951 and began to work. After completing his military service with NATO in Canada, he took a position in Amsterdam where he met a young American girl there on a Fulbright Scholarship. They married and came to the U.S. where they raised five children and settled in the DC area. David's wife died in 2008.

Pat Van Sant was born in Baltimore in 1940. While her father was away at war with the U.S. Navy, the family stayed in Baltimore where Pat was educated in Catholic schools. Pat later went to the University of Maryland for her BA and MA in secondary education and history. Pat married in 1963 and continued a career of teaching and then as a reactor licensing assistant for architect-engineering firms here and in Boston.

In 1983, while hiking the Appalachian Trail with her husband, Pat suffered a disabling fall that led to many orthopedic problems. Her husband left her after the fall. Pat continued to work, living in a townhouse equipped with a chair lifter, a machine that proved to be troublesome. In 2010 Pat met David, a fellow parishioner at St. John Neumann, who offered to repair her chair lifter.

Pat and David came to Asbury in January of 2012. They are both Roman Catholics, members of St. John Neumann parish here in Montgomery Village.

—Bob Bernero, *Wallace Reporter*

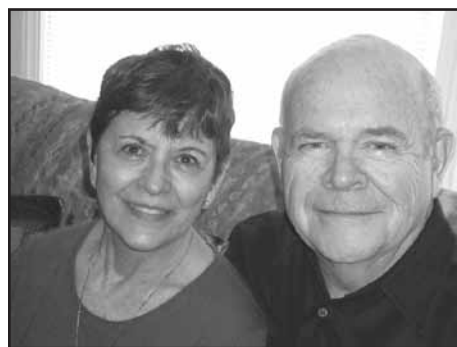


Photo: Maria Roberts

## Terry and Mary Herndon 412 Courtyard Homes, x6963

Terry was born in Russellville, KY, but the family moved to Detroit to escape the lingering effects of the Depression. After earning bachelor's and master's degrees from Wayne State University, Terry taught in the Warren, Michigan public schools. A pioneer in collective bargaining for educators, he became Executive Director of the Michigan Education Association. Subsequently he served ten years as Executive Director of the National Education Association, the largest professional association in the world. During this tenure he merged formerly separate black and white state organizations, increased leadership roles for women and members of minority groups and spearheaded the campaign for a cabinet-level US Department of Education.

Terry created Integrated Teaching Corporation to make the micro-computer industry responsive to the day-to-day reality of the classroom. After becoming certified in the employee benefits field, he served fourteen years as CEO of the Wisconsin Education Association Insurance Corporation and Trust, providing life, health, dental, accident and long-term disability plans for almost 200,000 educators and dependents. Terry authored *We the Teachers*, spoke at the Democratic National Convention and National Press Club, and appeared on nationwide TV. He has led or been a member of delegations to numerous international conferences.

Over a period of 25 years Terry served as Chairperson of the National Foundation for the Improvement of Education. A lay minister and Bible teacher throughout his adult life, Terry was a pastor of Journey's Crossing Christian Church in Gaithersburg for two years.

Mary was born and raised in Detroit and earned a degree in education from Wayne State University. She taught first grade in the Warren public schools where she and Terry met. Mary taught Sunday school for 30 years and was an accomplished bridge player, hostess, decorator and

also excelled in needlework. She and Terry have two daughters, one in San Francisco, the other in Kensington, MD. Their four granddaughters excel in basketball and their grandparents seldom miss one of their games.

Terry and Mary chose AMV because of the attractive campus and the design of the Courtyard Homes. Acclimating quickly, Terry was elected the first Chairperson of the Courtyard Homes Resident Council.

—Maria Roberts, *Courtyard Homes Reporter*

## Betty J. Loud Edwards-Fisher 407, x5856



Photo: Rosemary Pasek

In spite of the mild winter, we of Edwards-Fisher were anticipating the "January Thaw" when instead, to our delight, Betty J. Loud

arrived. She moved into apartment 407 on January 21<sup>st</sup> of this year. Betty was born in Malad, Idaho and received her BA from the University of Oregon at Eugene and completed her studies at the Institute of Merchandizing in New York City.

On the west coast Betty worked for J. Jacobs of Seattle and Olds, Worthman and King in Portland, Oregon while in the east she was employed by Lord and Taylor in New York City and then completed her merchandizing career at Pearson's Appliances in Fairfield, California. A widow, Betty married her "best friend and companion" Ted Loud in 1950 and thus spent fifty-seven years in Fairfield where Ted worked for the District Attorney. She has two daughters and a son who have made her the proud grandmother of six grandchildren.

Art is Betty's chief interest, with the emphasis on painting and sculpture. She loves to garden and is always ready to travel especially if it involves hiking and skiing. A Catholic, most of her volunteer activities are church-related. She has worked for the Holy Spirit Mother's Guild, and served on the Pastoral Council. Betty also devoted many hours to the adult education program sponsored by the Sisters of Holy Faith.

When it became time to look into options for retirement living, locating close to family was a major consideration. After conducting extensive research, her daughter, who lives

*Continued on page 14*

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nearby, joined her in concluding that Asbury could be a rich environment for Betty's interests and comfort. We Edwards-Fisher residents share this vision and work hard every day to make it a reality.

—Joan Dunlop,  
Edwards-Fisher Reporter



Photo: Jim Freeman

## Larry and Maria Roberts Courtyard Homes 437, x6986

Moving to Asbury from South Florida to be closer to family, Larry and Maria are still adjusting to the temperature difference. Yet Maryland is familiar territory as they met at Johns Hopkins, marrying in Baltimore 50 years ago.

Born in West Texas, Larry graduated from Southern Methodist University, receiving his Masters in Biology from the University of Illinois - Urbana and his doctorate from Johns Hopkins. He taught at the University of Massachusetts; Texas Tech University where he was also Department Chair; Florida International University; and the University of Miami. Larry helped organize the faculty union at the University of Massachusetts and was elected its first President.

Larry served as President of the American Society of Parasitologists, the Southeastern and Southwestern Societies of Parasitologists, and is currently President of the Helminthological Society of Washington. He became intensely involved with the work of the American Civil Liberties Union, most recently as Treasurer of the ACLU of Florida. An enthusiastic diver and underwater photographer, he traveled diving destinations around the world. He has been recognized in Who's Who in the World.

Maria and her parents fled Nazism and Communism, coming to the US as World War II refugees from Hungary. Graduating from Radcliffe College, she earned Master's degrees from Johns Hopkins and Texas Tech Universities in Biology and Public Administration, respectively. Her career encompassed administration and fundraising for health care, higher education and nonprofit organi-

zations. Maria and Larry have three sons and a daughter, all of whom have doctorate degrees; and nine grandsons.

Maria was elected to the local School Board in Massachusetts, becoming active in collective bargaining and promoting parental involvement in schools. Her feminist activities include helping women campaign for election to public office and serving on the Miami-Dade County Commission for Women. In this role, she pursued initiatives streamlining the County's child support enforcement program, and encouraging girls to train for better-paid, nontraditional occupations. During her time as Commission Chair she testified before the US Commission on Civil Rights on behalf of INS-incarcerated, asylum-seeking women who had been abused by their guards.

Maria and Larry have enjoyed extensive travels, including Madagascar, Nepal, Siberia's Lake Baikal, the Galápagos Islands, and the Peruvian Amazon.

—Maria Roberts,  
Courtyard Homes Reporter



Photo: Maria Roberts

## Sidney and Katherine Smith Courtyard Homes 214, xt. 6881

Born in New Orleans and raised in Washington, DC, Sidney's undergraduate degree is from the University of Connecticut. He earned Master's and PhD degrees in Zoology from Howard University. After a postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Wisconsin he taught for two years at Morehouse College. After another two-year fellowship, Schering-Plough Research Institute in New Jersey, recruited Sidney to establish its new immunology program. His distinguished 35-year career there focused on cellular immunology, developing immunosuppressive drugs to treat chronic inflammatory diseases and suppress rejection of transplanted organs.

Sidney served as president of the Urban League of Bergen County and was also on the Board of the local

Girl Scout Council. He was also a trustee of the Valley Hospital, Ridgewood, NJ for 11 years, a member of its institutional review board, and biomedical ethics and patient safety committees. After retirement, Sidney pursued an earlier dream, earning a Master of Divinity degree from Drew University Theological School. During his last year in seminary, he fulfilled the duties of interim pastor at Grace Congregational Church in Harlem.

Katherine was born in Washington, DC and attended Miner Teachers College which later became part of UDC. Sidney and Katherine were married in 1958. After the family moved to Ridgewood, NJ she completed her undergraduate degree, later earning Master's degrees in Reading and Educational Administration. Katherine taught third grade in the same Glen Rock, NJ classroom for 30 years (one wonders if there's a plaque on that door now with her name on it). She was one of two African-American teachers in the system and served as substitute principal when needed.

Katherine and Sidney have four children, three daughters and a son, and eight grandchildren. One daughter is a physician in Gaithersburg, while their son and two other daughters are attorneys. Education played an important role from an early age as evidenced by a treasured family memory: Sidney's sister cuddling their infant daughter while reciting to the baby "The quality of mercy is not strained" speech from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Sidney and Katherine, welcome to AMV and its many educational opportunities.

—Maria Roberts,  
Courtyard Homes Reporter



## Elsa and Douglas McCallum Diamond 813, x 6584

Although Elsa and Douglas lived in North Bethesda for 45 years before moving to Asbury on February 9, 2012, they were both born and raised in Buenos Aires, Argentina and their four children were also born there. Douglas' father was a Scottish civil engineer and Elsa's parents were English. Douglas' five older

brothers all served in the British armed forces in World War II. One was killed on the Italian front and another was severely injured in Normandy. His father was the leader of the British community in Argentina and was knighted by King George VI.

Douglas became a Certified Public Accountant and went on to earn a doctorate in economic sciences from Buenos Aires University and then earned an MBA at Columbia University in New York City on a Fulbright Scholarship. He was an officer of two independent auditing companies and at a branch of the First National Bank of Boston in Buenos Aires. The family moved to this area when he became an operations officer at the Inter-American Development Bank in Washington, overseeing projects in many countries in South America and the Caribbean. Fluent, like Elsa, in both Spanish and English, he also learned some Portuguese while working on a project in Brazil. He has played many sports and is interested in international affairs and gardening.

Elsa earned a Cambridge School certificate in Argentina. She is proficient in shorthand in both English and Spanish and became a mathematics teacher in the largest English-speaking girls school in South America. While living in North Bethesda, she took many adult education courses becoming competent in upholstery, carpentry and Chinese and Italian cooking. Her sewing, knitting and hat-making skills are displayed in the costumes that she has painstakingly created for the dolls in her antique doll collection. Only a small portion of her collection resides in their Asbury apartment while most of them are in a climate-controlled storage facility nearby. Elsa has given conferences on antique dolls and plans to become a member of the Sugarland Doll Club that meets at the Rosborough Center

Assuming that they would reside in the U.S. for only a few years, the couple purchased a travel trailer and traveled extensively with their children visiting 48 states, Canada and Mexico. However their children all married North Americans and settled in the United States so Douglas and Elsa decided to stay in the U.S. and became citizens two years ago. They have seven grandchildren, six of whom live in this area while the seventh lives in the Denver area. They have continued to travel in Europe, Australia, New Zealand, China, Hawaii, Alaska and South America. In addition, Douglas

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visited the Soviet Union and Cuba in 1960. We are happy that they now call Asbury “home.”

—Jan Garman, *Diamond Reporter*



Photo: Olan-Mills Studios

## **Bruce and Virginia McDowell Courtyard Homes 425, x6977**

You might say that Asbury Methodist Village runs in the McDowell family’s blood. Bruce’s parents and aunt had lived at Asbury, so when he and Virginia moved into their Courtyard Home last July they found themselves in familiar surroundings.

Bruce, a lifelong Montgomery County resident, received his BA and PhD in Public Administration from American University and a Master’s in city planning from Georgia Tech. He played a major role in developing the highly influential Year 2000 comprehensive plan for the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission.

Twenty-four years of Bruce’s career were spent with the US Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, pioneering the now accepted concept of consultation among the federal, state and local levels of government. Reports generated by the Commission led to Intergovernmental Relations becoming a new academic specialty.

In retirement, Bruce is contributing to an on-line curriculum to be offered to practicing civil engineers seeking certification as sustainable infrastructure engineers. As the only non-engineer in this group effort, Bruce’s expertise introduces concepts of social equity, ecology and economics into the curriculum.

In great contrast to Bruce, Virginia grew up as a self-described Army brat, living in eighteen different places from California to Virginia, and in Germany three different times. After attending three high schools, she graduated from Manzano High School in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She then enrolled at the University of Maryland in Munich, Germany, transferring to

College Park after two years and majoring in interior design. In Germany Virginia had worked as a special services librarian qualifying her for work as a research librarian at the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission, where she and Bruce met.

The McDowells attend Faith United Methodist Church where Virginia sings alto in the choir and plays hand bells. Virginia has traveled to Guatemala and India, while Bruce has been to Nassau, Japan and the Philippines. Together they have traveled to China, Scandinavia, Russia, Europe, Israel and the Mediterranean. Their son, who lives nearby, specializes in formulating the marketing approach for web site designs. Their daughter, a geologist, lives in Oregon where their granddaughter attends the University of Oregon; so that state has become a frequent destination for the McDowells.

—Maria Roberts,  
*Courtyard Homes Reporter*



## **Peter Cascio and Barbara Ellis Courtyard Homes 420, x 6970**

Born in Hartford, CT, Peter celebrated V-J Day at age 13 with his first glass of champagne! After his BA from Middlebury College, and a Masters in Landscape Architecture from Harvard Graduate School of Design, he enlisted in the Connecticut Air National Guard (ANG) for fighter pilot training. Flying for TWA for a year, but furloughed with the advent of the Boeing 707, he returned to his family’s landscape nursery business and continued with the ANG. Peter and Barbara were married on Valentine’s Day in 1972.

Chosen for Air War College senior officer training in Alabama, Peter also earned an MBA degree from Auburn University. Work at the ANG Support Center on Joint Chiefs of Staff war exercises followed. At the Pentagon he was ANG Advisor to the Chief of Air Force Plans, and later undertook special projects for

the USAF Chief of Staff. Subsequent service with the US Army Corps of Engineers took him to Europe and Asia as an automated information system specialist.

Born in Pasadena, CA, Barbara majored in Psychology at Hollins College, later earning a Masters from Auburn. After a troubleshooting project for Massachusetts General Hospital she became the first woman and first non-physician to administer the Trauma Unit. During racial integration of an Atlanta department store’s workforce, Barbara’s assignment recruiting highly qualified African-American employees received support from Dr. Martin Luther King, and the workers she hired stayed with the company for years.

After further work in patient care, she became Assistant Director of the University of Connecticut’s new medical school. In the DC area, Barbara headed troubleshooting for Georgetown University and Greater SE Hospitals; managed a transplant organ recovery program; and was Director of Counseling for Planned Parenthood. A trained Hospice volunteer, Barbara has trained their dog Teddy Bear to serve as a therapy dog with hospice patients.

Peter and Barbara’s lives were touched with great sadness when their son passed away a few years ago. Their daughter who lives in Houston is currently expecting their first grandchild. Peter is Treasurer of the CYH Resident Council, member of the Building and Grounds PAC, Wildlife Habitat Project, the Green Team and the Village Life staff. You’ll find Barbara working out in the pool and serving on the nominating committee for Keese School.

—Maria Roberts,  
*Courtyard Homes Reporter*



Photo: Tom McClrath

## **Paul and Maxine Botting Park View 62, x4302**

Paul and Maxine moved from Darnestown to Park View on February 9, 2012. Obviously they were not strangers to the area. They knew about Asbury Methodist

Village(AMV) from its positive reputation. Paul had visited the Computer Center at Rosborough on several occasions and, equally important, they would not have to change doctors by moving here. So moving to AMV was an easy decision. Their son lives in Taos, New Mexico and their daughter lives a two-hour drive from AMV. This keeps their 10-year-old granddaughter close by and their daughter was able to give them enormous support when they were moving.

Maxine went to Miami University of Ohio, in Oxford where she majored in mathematics and statistics. Eager to leave Ohio for new horizons, Maxine applied for and got a job with the US Navy near Fredericksburg, VA. This was in the early days of computers and her math background was in demand. As she says, “There were no computer training programs in those days, we learned through on-the-job-training.”

Paul graduated from Hamilton College in Clinton, New York with a Liberal Arts degree in physics and mathematics. Attracted to computers, he took a job with the US Navy at the same location where Maxine was working. They met and married before moving to DC, then to Colorado Springs, Colorado and back to DC where Paul worked for the Computer Sciences Corporation.

Both Bottings love to sing and are members of the 70-member Gaithersburg Chorus. Another interest is collecting antique glass. But their big interest is gardening. Paul has already reserved a garden plot on the campus. They belong to the Rockville Garden Society, the North America Rock Garden Society (members tend to be serious gardeners and professional botanists), the American Hemerocallis Society that concentrates on day lilies, and the self-explanatory Daffodil Society. Paul’s main interest is hands-on gardening, Maxine is a show judge.

The Bottings are very happy to be at Asbury Methodist Village and are looking forward to their new lives here. We welcome them, and all the talents and enthusiasm they bring with them.

—Lois Eberhard,  
*Park View Reporter*



# Village Life

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## Jet to the Moon!

Photos: John Villforth

John Villforth was in the right place at the right time to catch this jet to the moon!