



Now we know whence cometh new names for some of our health facilities. Stacey Guthrie, health services administrator, and Gail Kohn, then our executive director, driving back from a professional event in Roanoke one day, decided that they liked the idea of regional names. So, we have Shenandoah, Potomac, Chesapeake and Brandywine. And, oh yes, there's Arbor, pleasant haven.

Let the Games Begin, Again.

And what games there are! About a dozen different ones all at the same time (couldn't fit croquet and tennis into the new game room that day, March 23.) Pastime-prone residents popped in for punch and participation in games from bingo to bridge to poker to pinochle to other table-top talents. Franklin Newhall screened a Collington film of yore. The room is the setting of his regular Monday and Tuesday cinematic choices, anyway. Art Longacre, Recreational Committee chairman, was busy at the poker table. Ruth Coale-Turner was making sure that no one missed the affair.

We Rejoice in Our Faith

But now we must share this successful writer with the universe. Her publisher has put a website on the internet praising Faith Jackson's novel, *Meadow Fugue and Descant*. It's a handsome color page with her picture, the book's cover and some quotes.

One definition of the word "Iraq" is "cliff." Maybe Saddam Hussein jumped off of it, or should have.

Kids Often Get it Right

Like Nima Titlow's grandson announcing that she was moving into a country club. When she moved in and saw, despite her impaired eyesight, how her daughters had decorated her cottage, she agreed with the lad.

Now that Edith Knife has arrived from Ridge, N.Y. and moved in next door to Walter and Jean Sharp, we are pleased to reinforce our position on the cutting edge of things.

Memorable Mots

A new broom sweeps clean.
 "Brother can you spare a dime?"
 "St. Paul is appealing, St. Peale is appalling."
 "Is Everybody happy?"
 "Hey, Bobareeba!"

Abraham Lincoln held that a man's legs should be just long enough to reach the ground. We can wish that all of our subsequent leaders had adopted that measure.

Remember these?
 "Who was that lady I saw you with?"
 "That was no lady, that was my wife."
 And
 "Waiter, what's this fly doing in my soup?"
 "Sir, I believe that's a back stroke."

No time for telemarketers? Put 'em on hold.



Vol. 15, No.5 A monthly publication of the Collington Residents Association May 2003

Senator Percy! Mrs. Percy! Welcome!
 By Faith Jackson

Between the *Time Magazine* cover story in September 1964, written by no less than Collington resident Murray Gart, and this one in *The Collingtonian*, stretches one long, rich life of business, public service, and now retirement.

Senator Charles Harting Percy, "Chuck," and his wife Loraine Guyer Percy, are still only part-time residents here, spending two or three days each week and the rest of the time at their Georgetown home. Both agree they'll be happy to be here permanently.

"We love the people," they say, "and not having to cook!" Their daily routine will fit right in to life on the Hilltop when they settle into Cottage 5014. Chuck is a six a.m. riser who walks his dog for an hour every morning, showers and breakfasts. Then he and Loraine read the Bible together. A life-long Christian Scientist, he is deeply religious.

He plays tennis, and both Percys swim regularly. They met and courted on the ski slopes of Sun Valley and Switzerland. They married and settled in a house on Lake Michigan with Chuck's son and twin daughters, whose mother died in a tragic accident, and together had a son and daughter. Theirs is a long and

deeply committed relationship, closely involved with each other's family and professional life. Loraine also shares her husband's gift for making you feel an instant friend. Chuck's

mother was a concert violinist; there was always music at home and he plays the piano.

Loraine, who is putting together a stunning house with light, bright colors, paintings and prints from world travels, looks forward to painting and working with flowers, keeping up with some Washington activities and joining many here at Collington.

Chuck Percy was known as the "richest kid who ever worked

his way through college. . .operating a business that grossed more than \$150,000 a year. His parents once claimed he sold magazines at five and won a YMCA salesman award at seven!" (Thank you. Murray Gart, for writing this for me to lift). But nobody waved a magic wand and handed Charles Percy his successes. Ingenuity and enterprise he had in full supply, but the real push, he said, came from "sheer necessity." Just say "Great Depression." Then picture a boy in his teens who loved and admired his father, having to see him devastated by The Crash. And then finding inspiration in the way



Senator Charles Percy
 Photo by Elsie Seetoo

he struggled to feed his family.

Edward Percy was a banker. Listen as the son tells the story: "Everyone in the neighborhood lost their money in that bank [the Rogers Park National Bank, which never recovered after the Bank Holiday in 1932]. . . Father was caught as a share holder, double stock liability. . . liable for twice the value of his holdings under Illinois law." But while other men were jumping out of windows, Edward, "considered too old at 40 to get a good job, went to work for a grocer by day and a seedy hotel in Chicago by night as a clerk." Thirty-five dollars a week, to support a family who never saw him.

Let us not forget Chuck's mother who turned an accident -- 100 pounds of sugar that were left by mistake as part of their welfare ration -- into sand cookies at 12 cents a dozen, which Chuck sold. Money from sand cookies, and later angel food cake, augmented father's salary and lifted the Percy family off relief. But it didn't happen overnight.

That was when Chuck went to his Sunday School teacher, a Joe McNabb who was the "head of some company," and asked him to please help his father. Mr. McNabb did, although times were difficult for him, too. And he took an interest in the boy, giving him one job after another, helping him up the ladder. Edward was still working there when his son, Chuck, designated by Joe McNabb to be his successor, became president of Bell and Howell in his early twenties. And remained there for 28 years.

Charles Percy's meteoric rise and job offers around the world are legendary, but for this

writer who cannot count beyond her fingers and toes, the real story remains: True Grit. Family loyalty, compassion, perseverance. Pride can wait.

When, according to Murray Gart, Milton Eisenhower began to recruit successful young businessmen to go into public life, the President offered Chuck the job of Secretary of Commerce, among others, but his answer was a respectful "No, sir. But I'll run for office." Ike said "Fine, when you do, I'll support you." He kept his word. Although Chuck lost a race for Governor, he won a seat in the Senate and remained for 18 years.

It was hard, he admitted, when he finally lost an election. He had been head of the Foreign Relations Committee and agreed with his predecessors: the position was a killer. It demanded that you care more for the world than for your constituents.

He went on to found Charles Percy and Associates, remained on many boards, lectured, and kept an active interest in everything around him. And heaven knows, he has lost none of his smooth urbane ways: At Collington, he has won a landslide majority.

The Collingtonian
10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD 20721
Phone 301-925-9610
The Collingtonian is published monthly
(except July and August)
by the Collington Residents Association, Inc.
Editor: Frances Kolarek
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Guest Contributors: Mary Witt, Grace Langley
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ted: "Having residents' perspective on health care services is critical when considering future changes."

As for Collington's future, she believes the board is committed to "continuing the tradition of Collington's being a step ahead of the rest of the CCRC pack," and "everyone -- residents, staff and board -- must be equally committed to that singular goal."

She also serves on the Board's Search Committee which is seeking a replacement executive director.

No More Level I, Level II

On the back page Layne Beaty tells how the names came to chosen for the new units in our Health Center. Stacey Guthrie explains below where each unit is located and its purpose:

On the Third Floor -

* Brandywine: Two-room units which are expected to be licensed for both assisted living and skilled care, assumed occupancy by couples

On the Fourth Floor -

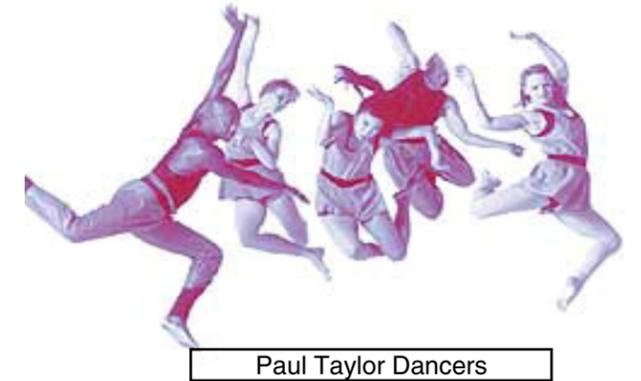
* Garden Unit: Is expected to remain as is, but get a face lift. This unit is licensed for both assisted living and skilled care. Residents residing there will stay put.

* Potomac (Formerly Parlor): The residents who formerly lived here have moved either to the Garden Unit or Arbor. This wing will be reborn with 19 beds, including a family care room -- all licensed for both assisted living and skilled care.

* Shenandoah: This unit affords both assisted living and skilled care. Most residents here are residing temporarily while they recover from an illness or fracture.

Celebrating an Icon

By Faith Jackson



(Faith Jackson was a dancer, teacher and Head Mistress of the Academy of the Washington Ballet.)

Collington resident Sophie Clagett, who is Paul Taylor's sister, invited me to the opening of the Paul Taylor Dance Company and Houston Ballet at the Kennedy Center in April, and a superb performance it was, even more than the last time we went. I was alternately frozen in my seat as I watched incredible technical virtuosity and choreographic invention for which Mr. Taylor has been famous world-wide for nearly fifty years, and tried manfully not to jump up and down. The uptown word for these feelings is kinesthetic. I believe you have to be really dead not to react to Paul Taylor's work. I am grateful to Sophie for giving me the chance to tell him so.

Sophie recounts her favorite Taylor interview: "To what do you attribute your success, sir?" "Well," he thinks a minute, "I'm big, I've had a lot of luck, and I'm nice." Right.

That the reviews brought high praise was predictable. But I will cherish the "nice."

When we said goodbye, "Look after my sister," he said. "She's special."

A Message to Residents From David Zwald

Collington's Statement of Philosophy dovetails perfectly with the Quality First program of AAHSA -- the American Association of Homes and Services for the Aging -- which outlines seven areas of stewardship responsibility a continuing care community pledges to uphold:

1. Continuous quality improvement
2. Public disclosure and accountability
3. Consumer and family rights
4. Workforce excellence
5. Community involvement
6. Ethical practices
7. Financial integrity.

Our Board president, Dr. Sandra Charles, has committed Collington to the Quality First covenant, which underlines our determination to continue to strive for excellence until the CCAC accreditation can be restored.

Within two years at the very most, we will reapply to CCAC. Meanwhile, Dr. Charles and I have given our pledge to keep striving for excellence and delivering the vision of what Collington is.

With your support, we will succeed.

David M. Zwald
Interim Executive Director

Two Board Members

Pat Brubaker, a resident member of Collington's Board of Directors, has suggested that we, as residents, should know more about the members of our Board and *The Collingtonian* concurs. Of the fifteen members, three are residents -- Emily Torbert, Ted Hawkins and Pat. Emily's term is up this year and candidates

for a replacement are sought by the Residents Association Nominating Committee.

The original Board had 23 members representing five churches and two chapels in adjacent communities. As the years passed, it became more difficult to find qualified people to fill all these slots -- members serve without compensation -- and, too, the number proved larger than was needed to carry on the business of an established community.

Today Dr. Sandra Charles is President of the Board. As a member of nearby St. Barnabas' Leland Church she has been active in Collington affairs since the earliest days. Now she has the unenviable task of leading the Board as it reconciles the recommendations of the management consultants with the realities of life as we have come to know it at Collington.

Sandra came to this country from Jamaica as a young woman, and put herself through medical school, learning how to draw blood to pay for her tuition. Dr. Charles now holds the position of Medical Director at the Library of Congress. She is married to Dentist Wilfred Charles and the couple live in neighboring Woodmore. Sandra's mother, Moira Nelson, has lived in Cottage 1002 for a number of years.

Isadora (Izzy) Firth, a more recent addition to our board, is head of Mid-Atlantic LifeSpan, a position she has held for eight years, during which time the organization has changed its designation from MANPHA. Mid-Atlantic LifeSpan represents the interests of more than 300 facilities and programs that deliver housing, health care and related services to over 40,000 aging persons in Maryland and the District.

As chair of the Board's Health Policy Committee, Ms Firth recently attended a meeting of our Health Services committee and commen-

Our New Organ

By Gloria Ericson

A week or two ago as I was passing our new Interfaith Chapel I was stopped in my tracks by the sight of a beautiful wood carving. I went in for a closer look, saw the pipes behind it and realized I was looking at our new organ. I wanted to know more about its history and a number of residents have been helpful.

The most intriguing morsel comes from Bob Browning, former chairman of the Interfaith Chapel committee. He says there is a rumor that this organ -- which was used as a loaner to various churches while their own instrument was undergoing repair -- was once used in the famous Old North Church in Boston (remember "One if by land and two if by sea"?). It would be fascinating to discover that our organ had been heard in that historical New England church, and Bob is going to track down the rumor.

The organ was built in North Pomfret, Vermont by David Moore, Bob says, and its design name is "Celestial Bodies," because the carved ornament depicts the sun, the moon and the stars.

Ardyce Asire, another past chairman of the Interfaith Chapel committee, explains that it's a "tracker organ," meaning that it is manual, rather than electronic, and that the late John Fesperman, a former curator of organs and other musical instruments at the Smithsonian Institute, advocated the acquisition of an organ for Collington. He added to a generous contribution from another resident who requested anonymity, and presented this organ to us.

At that time our new Interfaith Chapel was



Celestial Bodies

under construction so Bob Browning arranged to have it stored at nearby St. Barnabas' Church until it could be installed here.

Dorothy Brown, formerly an organist at a Methodist church in Anne Arundel County, has already played at a Eucharist service. She says our organ has a lovely tone and that, in general, she prefers the sound of a manual to an electronic organ.

Ricky Evans, who will also play for us, concurs but says the instrument has its own eccentricities that need to be worked around. Both women studied at Oberlin Conservatory during their college years, with Ricky doing some post-graduate work. She was organist at the Church of the Redeemer in Glen Echo outside Washington, D.C. for some years and also played for Baptist churches in the Washington area.

Mary Ellen Hines, who is presently chairing the Interfaith Chapel committee, says she hopes to have outside organists give concerts. She'd like to see one a month to celebrate Collington's 15th Anniversary .

And all that the rest of us have to do, is sit back and enjoy this lovely gift.

Gardens Spring to Life

By Edward Behr

Spring came to Collington a little late this year. Our winter had been a rather tough one, with snow cover and freezing temperatures persisting more than usual. The first crocuses, supposed to bloom by Washington's Birthday, appeared some two weeks late. Our faithful forsythia and azaleas were lagging.

But our grass greened up by mid-April and our gardens were beginning to bloom much as usual. The carefully cut rows of forsythia in the 2000 and 2200 clusters bloomed artfully once again. Daffodils and tulips sprang up in many cottage gardens. Purple-flowering myrtle brightened others.

One of our standout gardeners, Faith Jackson, calls herself "a lucky girl" because so much survived at her cottage despite a harsh winter. Her camellias bloomed famously, false forget-me-nots were gorgeous and Lenten roses were spectacular. She planted new primroses and a willow olive hedge.

Warren Unna was another gardener inspired to add something new. This year he planted petunias, begonias and impatiens (both the New Guinea and the usual varieties).

Not far away, in the 2000 cluster, Aline Grayson's fine garden now displays a row of viburnum some six feet tall adorned with pink and white blossoms.

In many gardens, of course, such standbys as tulips, daffodils, primroses and myrtle have been brightening the scene for several weeks. In one bed devoted largely to herbs, a rosemary plant has been blooming brightly, if not

spectacularly. Nearby, newly planted basil is doing well, if not yet flowering.

Elsewhere on the Collington campus, there's more garden color to be seen -- more than *The Collingtonian* can report in any one issue. So keep watching. In one cottage garden in the 2000 cluster no fewer than 16 varieties were in bloom at once last June, though some were just starting and others fading.

CORE - What It Is?

Collington's adult day care program is called CORE, an acronym for Community Out Reach Expansion. Marrissa Phipps, in charge, issues a monthly calendar of the activities she schedules for those who need some help in organizing recreational activities. Through these activities, CORE provides a respite for caregivers, as well.

Chair exercises, Bingo, a Tuesday morning visit to the Interfaith Chapel, and a Wednesday morning puzzle session are among the events Marrissa schedules.

The Friday sandwich-making project also falls under CORE. It's a useful, simple exercise -- mustard is spread on bread, and sliced bologna and cheese filling put inside. Latex gloves protect the sandwich makers -- and the sandwiches. Edna Lingreen delivers them to the First United Methodist Church of Hyattsville which distributes them to the needy and homeless through its Community Cafe.

"Creativity is no substitute for knowing what you're doing."

Spring is Here (I think)

By Gloria Ericson

A couple of weeks ago daffodils in all their glory suddenly showed up at Collington, and I thought, "spring has sprung." But a couple of days later I awoke to find each golden head drooping under an incongruous topknot of snow. What is going on here? After an atypical winter, are we also to have an atypical spring? I mean, *two* seasons in a row! Perhaps we should ask for our money back.

However, recent dog-walks with Jade have calmed me down a bit as I notice that hyacinths and tulips have joined the ranks of the daffodils. We stop frequently to sniff the flowers and for Jade to take care of the ubiquitous dried earthworms that are strewn along the sidewalk in curlicue shapes that look like Arabic writing. Jade carefully peels select specimens off the pavement and crunches them happily. She seems to regard the sidewalks as the McDonald's of dogdom, and I almost feel I should ask her if she wants fries with that. She particularly enjoyed these morsels during the winter when residual rock salt apparently gave them a piquant *je ne sais quoi* flavor.

Sorry. In this discourse on spring I didn't mean to get sidetracked into talking about worms, which could cause a barf reflex in my readers. Still -- we must remember, Class, that were it not for the lowly earthworm who so diligently aerates our soil and fertilizes it with its castings, we probably wouldn't even *have* the spring greenery we all love.

Our walks often take us up to the peripheral road where Jade sometimes stands stock-still and stares intently into the woods. I know that

means THEY are there. I can't see them but she knows the deer are there.

And sometimes, after a while they slip out of the woods and begin eating the grass on the slopes. Oh, for the olfactory powers of dogs! Wouldn't it be wonderful to have their sniffing abilities? Or would it? Could we deal with it? All of us must have a gazillion molecules of odors emanating from us at all times. I guess Mother Nature knew what she was doing when she let humans remain ignorant of how the world really smells. Only dogs can handle such honesty.

Of course it isn't just the deer who have emerged from their winter digs -- other little woodsy critters are stirring too. Only yesterday I stepped outside and got my first whiff of. . . skunk! Yes, I think it's definite that spring is here.

Frogmore Seafood Stew

The menu promised a *soupe du jour* called Frogmore Seafood Stew. Comments ranged from "I don't eat frogs" to "What on earth is that?" It turned out to be a thick, tasty stew full of corn and shrimp and other good things.

But Frogmore? We went on the internet and discovered that the Royal Frogmore Inn on Saint Helena Island, South Carolina, features this dish on its menus. And Dining Services, ever on the lookout for something to challenge our palates, spotted a recipe for it in *Southern Living* magazine.

The original recipe called for crabs in the shell but later versions mention that they are rather messy. Thanks, Dining Services, for sparing us this addition.

Tomsen on Afghanistan

By Grace Langley

Snowed out earlier, Ambassador Peter Tomsen's speech was rescheduled for early April -- and what a speech it was.



Peter Tomsen

With the competing war with Iraq, the situation in and our obligations to Afghanistan are all but forgotten, Tomsen said. Afghanistan is still a haven for terrorism and is the number one producer of opium in the world. The Trade Center attack was planned from Afghanistan.

A ring of Islamic countries continue to interfere with Afghanistan, Ambassador Tomsen continued. Saudi money financed *madrassas* (religious schools) taught by Saudi mullahs. When the Soviets withdrew, these students became the Taliban supported by Pakistani military intelligence. They supported a radical version of Islam rather than the tribal aristocracy which once before had tried a constitutional democracy.

We have made a puny effort to reconstruct Afghanistan; there are six U.S. aid personnel there. No road system has been started after a year and a half. There is an upsurge of violence against our troops. "Unless we do better with reconstruction, we will have won the war but lost the peace," he said.

Mr. Tomsen spoke of U.S. AID as a bureaucratic failure. Looking toward the future of reconstruction responsibilities in Iraq, he said the U.S. government has not had an effective development arm for years and the CIA is wrapped up in technology rather than human capability.

Know Your Neighbor -- Joe Fromm

Relating his past experience to the present situation in Iraq, Joe Fromm in his April "Know Your Neighbor" talk, spoke about the occupation of Japan, where he was stationed in the period following World War II. He had praise for General Douglas MacArthur's leadership of the occupation and the respect he manifested for the people and their institutions. He also praised the Japanese, themselves, who cooperated with their occupiers to bring about a system of democratic government.

Joe's career as correspondent for *U.S. News and World Report* took him to sixty countries all over the world.

He told that he had met his wife in Hong Kong, they were married in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and their two daughters were born in London and have not fully shed their British accents.

Joe spoke about his Korean experiences and touched on his views of the Middle East. And he explained that he had once served in the Indian Army with a company of Ghurkas of whom he found himself to be the tallest man.

Some of those in the audience had trouble hearing Joe's remarks and we have a way to go before we have mastered the intricacies of the sound system in the Interfaith Chapel and game room. Edna Lingreen, who has coped with our auditorium sound system for many years, reminds that acoustics, not an exact science, has prompted Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center to do extensive renovations to improve theirs.

Adding Sunshine

By Helen Gordon

Step through any Collington entrance, and you find yourself in hallways lined with distinctive floral landmarks. You'll pass stunningly beautiful bouquets and floral compositions -- all the work of the Flower Committee's resident volunteers.

Under the guidance of Penny Vickery, chair and founder, some 45 women work singly or in groups as their time permits. Penny

came up with the concept of a Flower Committee when Collington had barely begun and promptly purchased a used water-cooled flower refresher from Columbia Hospital. This same cooler is still in use in the committee's elegant new quarters in the D wing.

When Penny is away visiting her children and 14 grandchildren, Ann Holmes, an artist in her own right with many cultural and artistic projects to her credit, takes on her responsibilities. Ann is at present teaching flower arranging here at Collington under the Prince George's Community College adult education program. Ann stresses color and structure and other aspects of her craft to students who compose their individual arrangements. The works of Collingtonians grace our own halls while students from outside take their work home, for a modest fee.

Almost all the flowers supplied to Collington arrive as gifts from outside sources. Collington has long enjoyed the cooperation of a local wholesaler who regularly delivers as many as 20 boxes of good but "past-date" flowers not sale-



able at florist shops. Similar supplies are provided by two local funeral parlors who call Maude Cahill to arrange for pick-ups by one of our seven resident drivers who have for many years volunteered their services.

Once the flowers arrive, Mary Jane Cullinane puts available "clippers" to work opening boxes and sorting through their contents to eliminate unusable flowers. They clip the ends of the good flowers, sort them and place them in the cooler for arrangers to work them into

arrangements and bouquets for display throughout Collington, not only in the hallways, but also in the Creighton Center and the Arbor. Once in place, "floral walkers" check them every day or two to replace dead blooms and add fresh water. Penny and Ann are around to provide input and advice as needed.

Who doesn't remember the gorgeous dining room bouquets created by Ann Holmes? Or Penny Vickery's wonderful Christmas tree with 30 red poinsettias that stayed fresh the whole season? Or Eva Yale's six-foot Ivy Lounge mantle arrangement? Or, very recently, the two tall arching bouquets flanking a bowl of yellow roses at the memorial service for Terry West?

Keeping the Committee's new workroom organized and adequately supplied rests with Sophie Claggett. Elizabeth Leitch serves as treasurer, Ria Hawkins as secretary. Ria didn't let a broken arm in a sling keep her from her duties as a "floral walker." We are all grateful for the work these women do. It adds sunshine to our lives.

A Visit to the Library

Most of us are beginning to find our way around in the new D-wing of the apartment building and can get to the clinic, the game room and the Interfaith Chapel.

We suggest you range a little further afield to Apartment 333, an original unit, where our library has settled in for the duration of renovations. The Bradford pear trees, which were planted some years ago in the apartment house parking lot, were in full bloom in early April and provided a lovely view from the third floor windows.

The book stacks occupy the space once taken up by the apartment, itself, but the reading room spills out into a comfortably-furnished area that is brighter and more spacious than the former reading room. Bob McCarthy is making labels for the stacks to help us find our way around.

Congratulations to the Library Committee for a rapid and successful move.

Remembering Veterans on Memorial Day

As we think ahead to Memorial Day, Kay Swift suggests newcomers may want to take a look at the memoirs of World War II veterans now living at Collington. Kay assembled these chapters a couple of years ago and you will find them in a red ring-binder on a table in the reading room. Please don't take this book away. It's the only one we have.

Thank You, Karl Wirth

What do you need? A man's suit? A Chinese tchotchke? Brandy snifters? Greeting cards? A barometer? A cocktail dress? A bottle of shampoo? A coffee maker?



Karl Wirth enjoying a quiet moment in the library reading room.

The Op Shop not only sells *haute couture* (see April *Collingtonian*), its suits are priced at \$1.00, dresses are \$1.00, ties and socks, 50 cents. Other items are priced proportionately, and you will probably find anything in the world there. Hilda Jay will show you exactly where it is.

Making life much, much easier for the busy women working in jam-packed quarters -- Georgia Paine and Ruth Coale-Turner are also deeply involved in this project -- are some new clothes racks. Karl Wirth, a woodshop stalwart, has just constructed them and they are already packed with clothing, both men's and women's, leaving room for additional clutter -- er, merchandise. No two items alike.

Visit the Op Shop. It's an eye-opener. FK

From Our In-house Naturalist - Ed Behr

During the past winter some hungry deer intruded more than usual into Collington territory. Just north of the 2000 cluster and inside the perimeter road a band of half a dozen chewed off evergreen foliage on several shrubs.

Amid Collington's expansion some things don't change. Much as in past years, two Canada geese were nesting on the island in the lake in mid-April.

A Space Called Old

By Faith Jackson

The following was written for the Autobiographical Writing Class in response to the "prompt:" "What we could never have anticipated can bring us satisfaction that we could never have imagined."

If you repeat this sentence several times you get into the rhythm of it. It has brought me to recognize and appreciate a new space I have traveled all my life to reach, defined by that small word with limitless connotation: OLD. My space, without borders, is full of light, solitude and companionship, laughter, talk, music, gardens. Above all, time to read, and try to understand the incomprehensible. Might-Have-Beens, Opportunities Missed, Disappointments and Regrets are no longer acceptable. I only permit myself anger at the waste of our world.

Isn't it extraordinary how when the hour glass is running down we have more expandable space-time, to think, freely and at random, without a deadline. Who cares if we open our eyes in early morning to snow thick on the tall pines beyond the window, then pause to compare the difference between their thick green needles with the lacy leaves of the rose geranium in its pot on the sill? Who cares if breakfast comes four hours later or not at all, because books and words intervene. There is always lunch, or maybe not.

There are always walks around the lake and back, exploring the unknown natural world. Who cares when we come home? Outdoors welcomes talking out loud, venting and more often than not, repeating my mantra, two lines from Milton, learned in high school, that have

kept me from going under many times, and frankly hold me faster than the Apostles Creed, which I, heretic that I am, would begin: "I am awed by the mystery of creation of earth and planets and stars and all the galaxies," for which in another time I'd have been burned up.

Milton's two lines come from *Paradise Lost*, when Satan is roaring around shouting "I don't care" in choice language and magnificent rage at God who threw him out of heaven. Then he says,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

The next line goes, "What matter where, if I be still the same?"

I'll accept the "What matter where," but I absolutely do not want to remain the same. I want to grow in my mind, I want to search for the right words to express what I learn.

Of course I am aware that the curtain will fall on this space I have tried to describe. But for the sake of those I love I am making the effort to come to resolutions, to explain, make a statement. Of course I want them to live a long time and find their own inner space. Of course I want to be remembered. Of course I may very well lose my wits. But while they last I am happy as I never could have anticipated, or imagined, in the space I call "Old."

To A. Nonny Mouse -- *The Collingtonian* would be happy to publish your letter if we knew your identity. You may remain anonymous in print, but the editor must know who you are. Thank you for writing. Let us hear, please.

The Editor