

Also . . .

By Layne Beaty



Pastime for a Summer Evening:

Guessing what time the new tall, black-poled street lights will turn on. They react to darkness, you know, like so many of us. Collington is not an airport, according to Judy Mutty, fortunately still our director of environmental services. So there's no need to light up the night sky, like the round white globes do. Judy knows about airports, too.

Some clever old ads we'd have liked to save
So, whatever became of Burma Shave?

Given their well-known appetite for socks, why do washing machines seem to digest just singles and not pairs? Or maybe they sometimes do.

Young Doc: "Good news, Dad. I cured old Mrs. Finicky of all those symptoms she's had for so long."

Old Doc: "You lunkhead! It was her symptoms that put you through medical school. And your brother is still in pre-med."

Are You Being Served?

Well, yes. And isn't it amazing how the dining staff remembers our names and often our preferences in drinks and desserts?

Remember this one?

She: "We have been very close for 30 years, Plato, don't you think we should get married?"

He: "Golly, Portia, who would have us now?"

And from the minstrels: "My mother once had a terrible accident."

"Yes, I see that she did."

Herb Gordon, our pundit-in-residence, tells of the high school teacher who was observed carrying a compass, a protractor and a graphical computer and so was charged with possession of weapons of math instruction.

Memorable Mots

First, do no harm.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

First in war, first in . . .

First, last and . . .

Be not the first . . .

"Who's on first?"

High school teacher: "Galen, your handwriting is deplorable."

Galen: "It's okay, Miss Spencer. I plan to be a doctor."

Button-down collars can be almost as much a nuisance as buttoned-down minds.

Most of us are now at an age when "way to go" doesn't mean the same as it used to.

My grandfather made his own fly swatters. They were long-handled, lethal, and didn't pollute.

Deer, Oh! Deer

By Faith Jackson

They were here first. Repeat after me and try to remember, they're a pain in the whatsis, but they were here first.

Deer are territorial creatures and do not move from their rightful place easily. They may be disturbed and annoyed, but they tough it out. We have seen herds of from three to seven roaming through these lush acres of meadow and woods, their habitat long before we Collingtonians came.

Deer fox raccoons beaver rabbits ground hogs squirrels chipmunks snakes geese and an occasional bobcat, abounded. They had plenty to eat and drink and privacy, away from interloping colonials and their multiple servants, who came in the 17th century. It was an amicable relationship until those folks began to control the animal population with judicious hunting, and land clearing for miles of rows of tobacco and corn.

With housing developments crowding in on every side, robbing the deer fox raccoons beaver rabbits ground hogs squirrels chipmunks snakes and geese of their habitat, our space is invaded.

Two weeks ago they foraged through Helen and Bob Gordon's garden in the 5000 cluster.



Hosta is the food of choice for deer and they delighted in munching up most of Helen's green-and-white hosta border. Last week a specimen large leaf hosta in a large ornamental pot on my patio, only eight feet from my sliding door, was stripped neatly of all of its foliage. What remained was a neat collection of clipped stems resembling a porcupine. On closer inspection of my own border garden, twenty-four more had the same bristly look. Any plant in the way got stepped on to

gain the prize. Deer are not the only scourge. One opinion lays the blame on our passel of ground hogs; one has been seen scuttling across the croquet court. And yes, the prevailing rabbits and chipmunks do like impatiens and petunias.

What beats me, though, is this: when there has been so much rain and the shrubbery in the woods is so green and fulsome, why are the critters creating havoc with us? Because our goodies are better?

While I was pondering this, a new problem

came to torment me: moles. Walking on the ground about my place can make you seasick. Half of the mole population of Mitchellville must be making the runs. Hilda Jay has provided some potent Mole-Knot.

After viewing the wholesale damage around me, I bought two expensive Deer Repellents and sprayed generously. I put the patio light on to let

them know Big Mama is watching them. I'll let you know if it works. Meantime, I think we must choose some different garden material if we want to cohabit without further trouble, with deer fox raccoons beaver rabbits ground hogs squirrels . . .



"Denny"

The illustration on page one comes from the pen of Diana Kalmus of Apt. 367.

Known professionally as "Denny," her maiden name, Diana is an illustrator and caricaturist who worked for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance from 1945 to 1960. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania with a Master's degree in Fine Arts, she studied for five years at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and is the recipient of numerous prizes for her work. Welcome to the Collingtonian, Denny.

Can You Commit?

Woodmore Elementary School, just ten minutes up the road from Collington, is in need of mentors for some of its students. The main

requirement is time -- a commitment of 1 to 1-1/2 hours on the same day each week.

The assistant principal can help you pick the day and decide on morning versus afternoon. Ardyce Asire, a 10-year resident, has been enjoying this volunteer work ever since she arrived. She'll be glad to talk to you about it at Ext. 7348.

Bequests

Summer brought our Collington Residents Association a windfall of bequests from three residents who recently died.

The late Gwen Edwards left a bequest to the Residents Association which, when the estate was settled, came to \$8,333.33. Gwen stipulated that half of this sum go to the Music Committee and half to the Landscape Committee.

Two other sizable gifts were received this summer: the heirs of Richard VanWagenen sent the treasurer a check for \$1,000 and the estate of Ms. Elizabeth Rice, another \$1,000. Elizabeth was a sister of the late Dorothy Lally.

The Collingtonian

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What's in Our Name: Collington?

By Louis P. Dolbeare

Well you may ask, for a quick survey of the subject -- the title of which is adapted from Shakespeare -- has convinced me that there is a deal more here to explore than immediately meets the eye of the traveler or researcher.

A short travelogue about Colington (just one "l"), Scotland with appropriate historical-literary notes has come to hand, prepared by friends of Mary and James Potts of Cottage 5105. It is too long to quote in its entirety. Here are excerpts.

"In 1670, just a little more than 30 years after the founding of the colony of Maryland, a Scottish immigrant named Ninian Beall patented 300 acres on the east side of the Patuxent River and called it 'Collington.' Beall had fought for Charles II in the English Civil War, and had been taken prisoner after the battle of Dunbar. The prisoners were shipped to the English 'plantations' by Cromwell's government and compelled to serve a

seven-year indenture which was virtually slave labor. After winning his freedom, Beall came to America, having voluntarily indentured himself to one Richard Hall in order to gain passage. He quickly established himself in the new colony, became a surveyor, and eventually acquired over 12,000 acres of land.

"Although Beall named several of his patents after towns in Scotland, we can only guess at his connection with Collington. The British town of that name (spelled 'Colinton') is now a suburb just southwest of Edinburgh. On the main street

a sign "Parish Church," points down a long steep flight of steps. At the bottom, fully three stories below, you on a narrow street in another world. A river, the Waters of Leith, flows quietly under an old bridge . . ."

According to this material the village was also linked with the childhood of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose grandmother lived there. Young RLS played by the Waters of Leith, floating toy boats and imagining pirates.

Testing the stretch of your imagination, now picture Harry Smith, then the lawyer for a retirement community aborning in Prince George's

County, now a resident in Cottage 4117. Harry was faced with the necessity of filling in a blank on the incorporation papers that called for the name of the community. He pulled "Collington" from the ether, the board approved; here we are!

Let us close with a glance at a geographical neighbor in Prince George's County, for we live in a rapidly expanding area where, in spite of the apparent

sloth of contractors, developments do occur, changing names and locations that once would have been thought of as immutable. The world wide web provides the information that there is now in Collington, MD a grocery warehouse, at the junction of Leeland Road and Route 301 employing 719 people.

A town of some size in Herefordshire, England is named Collington, but there seems to be no tie to "us."



The stairs at Collington

Close Quarters

By Gloria Ericson

Well, not to put too fine a point on it, I'm a closet claustrophobic. Wait! Strike that word, "closet." It has a bad connotation for us claustrophobics -- as does "elevator." So, of course, I moved to Collington where I must ride an elevator almost every day.

Oh, how I yearn for the elevators of yesteryear -- those nice airy cages that were porous enough to see out of, and drafty enough so that you didn't worry about being able to breathe even if you got stuck for an hour. But, most importantly, those old elevators had *operators* -- people you hoped had graduated *summa cum laude* from elevator school and would know exactly what to do should something go awry.

Modern elevators are stainless steel hermetically-sealed rocket ships which you are expected to lift off the runway all by yourself. My *modus operandi* when I enter an elevator is to immediately place my hand over the "Door Open" and "Alarm" buttons and leave it hovering there until the perilous journey is over. I particularly like it when another passenger joins me. That way I'll have company should we get stuck between floors. Of course that means I'll have to give up half the available oxygen, but I figure it's probably worth it.

Elevators, however, aren't the only enemy -- anything that smacks of entrapment will do: the "House of Mirrors" at an amusement park, the outdoor boxwood maze, etc. Speaking of mazes, as a cottage dweller that's the way the apartment wings strike me: corridors running off

in myriad directions and all looking alike. It keeps me from trying to find out exactly where 333 is -- the current location of the library. The fact that 333 is exactly half of 666 has nothing to do with it since I am not superstitious -- although I realize that an opened umbrella in the house portends death, and dropping bread on the floor means someone is coming hungry, and for crossed knives, don't even ask . . .

Then there are airplanes -- they're right up there with elevators. Actually they're *above* elevators -- by about 30,000 feet. I fly when I have to, but I try not to have to. I mean, despite what the physicists say, any fool can look at one of those obese 747s and know that that baby shouldn't be able to get off the ground let alone stay aloft. But somehow it does and manages to serve drinks at the same time -- which makes me think that that's what I need -- a drink -- because this whole topic is very stressful and I think I'm starting to hyperventilate. . .

Kudos for Mary Olmsted

When Mary Olmsted was serving as the first U. S. Ambassador to newly-independent Papua New Guinea, a freshly-minted Foreign Service officer named Robert W. Fitts joined her staff. She saw him as a promising candidate for higher things. It is a good feeling to be proved right.

Last month Mary attended the ceremony in which this same young man was sworn in as Ambassador to -- you guessed it -- Papua New Guinea by Secretary of State Colin Powell. After the ceremony, Secretary Powell sought Mary out and congratulated her on her service with the State Department and as a pioneering ambassador.

Celebrating Our



Fifteenth Anniversary

The fifty-seven Collingtonians who courageously moved into a not-quite-ready-for-prime-time community in 1988 and who still live among us will be honored in September when David Zwald, interim CEO, awards each of them a 15-year pin.

The ceremony will take place at the Ice Cream Social on Thursday afternoon, September 18 from 2:30 to 3:30 in our Courtyard. Also invited are the three staff members who have been at Collington for fifteen years -- Helen Cole

in Environmental Services, Jennifer Foster in Administration and Ann Hammond, Marketing.

The Board has been invited to join all residents and staff members in this celebration.

Second Vice-president Carolyn Browning is responsible for arranging the party, outgoing president of the Residents Association Jack Yale will be Master of Ceremonies and the Collington Singers will entertain with a few songs.

Our traditions are in good hands -- carried on now as they have been in the past.

"Vibrant and Energetic -- That's Collington

When Katherine and Robert Jordan moved into apartments 244/46 last February they were delighted to find themselves living in a "vibrant, energetic place," in contrast with some of the other retirement communities they had looked at.

The Reverend Katherine Jordan is full-time rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Beltsville. Robert, now retired, was an academic librarian, a profession which took the couple to Ethiopia for two years on a grant underwritten by the USAID program. The people of the country and the environment had a sharp impact.

After their return, Katherine found herself thinking more and more about the the ministry as a calling. In time, she entered the Virginia Theological Seminary where she was a student

of professors Barbara Hall and Murray Newman, both now Collingtonians.



Katherine Jordan

Katherine is the only fully-employed member of Collington's contingent of Episcopal clergy. Others, now retired, include Dr. Newman, Clem Welsh, who once headed the College of Preachers, and John Evans, whose career involved him closely with Collington's early years. F.K. (Photo by Elsie Seetoo)

June Vote Set a Record

Iladene Filer, with 167 votes, won a seat on Collington's Board of Directors in the June election, which brought out voters in record numbers.

Ruth Dixon garnered 91 votes, and Suzanne Embree, 38, for a total of 296.

"To market, to market. . ."

By Faith Jackson

Collington, to state the obvious, has a new look. Fifteen years after opening our doors, we are into New! New! and New! Some new leadership, new dining room, new chapel, and a stream of new residents in our handsome new apartments and cottages.

But, hey, we still have the "original" places, too. These cottages and ground floor apartments, with established gardens and surrounding greenery, have a special ambiance, thanks to the people who live in them. This lived-in look which we hold dear is one reason why, we think, Collington tops the competition of continuing care retirement homes across the country. And, equally precious, is the "historic memory" of long-time residents and administrators. However, in an increasingly crowded field we share the common problem: to keep our spaces filled.

Enter Spectrum Marketing, out of Gastonia, N.C., on a two-year contract. Michael Boozell, our Marketing Director, does a split week between us and a similar community in Winchester, Virginia. But four other people are in the marketing office, full force. Before Spectrum, Ann Hammond was our marketing director, a one-man show – "a director without full time troops." She did, however, have a secret weapon: us! Five residents were "marketers," each on duty one day a week and every fifth weekend. We took visitors on the tour, invited them to sample our consistently good lunches, and answered any and all questions about what

it's like to live here. We left money matters to Ann.

Ann works happily with Spectrum now as Move-in Coordinator and brings to the group her own historic memory.

Kassie Foundos is Senior Marketing Counselor. With six years of experience working with senior housing in Severna Park, she is vice president of Foundos and Associates commercial real estate and property management in Annapolis. She is the youngest, best-looking mother of four and grandmother of two ever seen in these parts and remarkably even-tempered. Technically the boss, she knows how to work with people. "We are all working on the same page," she says. "We all have ten-hour days here; we are not clock watchers. We understand the mission. We pool duties and ideas."



Kathy Foundos

Marketing Counselor Holly Mitchell agrees. It is extraordinary how well her personality meshes with Kassie's. They work together like old friends, but, no, Holly answered a small ad in the *Washington Post*, and came on board. A military child who grew up in this country and abroad, Holly's professional life has been in the marketing field, nine years for AT&T among other jobs. Holly knows Collington inside and out. Her mother and her aunt live here on campus, in side-by-side cottages.

Linda Chaplin is office manager and marketing assistant. Young and enthusiastic, she's "soaking up how everything works." Among other duties, she handles logistics for the lunches held every two or three weeks for prospective residents. About twenty people at a



Learning: From Basics to Digital Photographs

If you have ordered a computer, it has arrived, and is now sitting in your den, glaring at you and all you can do is glower back, the answer is right here on campus. Leave a message for Mac Shawe at PCSeniors on 301-552-2316 to sign up for classes that begin in October in Cottage 4102.

In classes limited to six members, each student sits at a computer. Beginners with no knowledge enroll in highly-structured, basic courses which include: Introduction to Computers, Word Processing I, Database and Spreadsheet. After taking a course there, Lois Jackson says she was able to use the Library computer to produce a letter.

Students with a modest knowledge may take Word Processing II or Genealogy, (a software program that lets you organize a family tree) or learn how to use e-mail.

This fall a course on how to get all you can out of your digital camera will be taught. You will learn the language -- "high resolution," "scanning," "cropping," -- and find out how to print your pictures, and the kind of paper and ink cartridges to buy. That's valuable information.

The cost is modest, but there is the requirement that all students join SeniorNet, "a non-profit organization of computer-using adults, age 50 and older." Its mission is to teach older people how to use computers. The dues of \$40 per year entitle you to participate in the PC Seniors computer classes.

Using Your Computer



Have Fun While Learning

Now you are talking AI Folop and his free Friday afternoon classes. They tend to range all over the scope of your computer's capabilities. AI believes that we should have a relationship with our computers. An emotional one.

For long years a devotee of the PC, AI branched out recently and got a Macintosh. He mastered it in fifteen or twenty minutes -- Macs are easy -- and includes this system in his witty talks.

Held in the Game Room at 1:30 p.m., classes are open to anybody who walks in and takes a seat. An enjoyable hour will follow.

Mah Jongg Anyone?

By Eva Yale

Whoever said playgroups are for children did not know Collingtonians.

These days one finds four of us in the Ivy Room on Thursday afternoons happily shuffling, mixing and arranging Mah Jongg tiles. This ancient game dates back to Confucius and was considered a pastime only for the aristocracy.

Very little time or effort is needed to master the elements of the game and we have a wonderfully patient teacher in Rita Newnham. We now have one table of four -- Rita, Sarah Demetrowitz and Jack and me -- but we'd like to add another table since we have two sets of tiles.

If you'd like to join our group, call Rita on Ext. 5125 and she'll fill you in.

Three Cheers for Health Services

By Penny Vickery

If you woke up on the kitchen floor from a dead faint at 1 a.m. (having never before fainted) you might reach the conclusion that something was radically wrong. That's what happened to me in the early hours of a Saturday morning in August, but not wanting to bother the nurses before dawn, like an idiot I crawled into bed and waited. By the time I called the clinic and got Phyllis Lopez, the nurse on duty weekends, I was in deep trouble.

Phyllis was wonderful and completely professional. In no time an ambulance had arrived and I was on my way to the hospital.

Seventeen years ago, when my husband Hugh and I first heard about Collington and learned what "Life Care Community" meant, we were impressed by the idea of independent living and, then, if necessary, assisted living and nursing care. As Hugh had already shown signs of heart problems, this was important to us.

Over the years, Hugh had several hospital stays and returned to the Creighton Center until he was well enough to come back to the cottage. Eventually, he had to have both legs amputated and that's when Collington really stepped in and not only gave him wonderful care but taught me how to cope with the situation so he could live at home with me.

Beth Reed, now retired but lending a hand as needed, and the other nurses and aides, as well as the physical therapy people, taught me how to get Hugh in and out of bed and in and out of the car using a transfer board. We used the same board to slide him on to the seat across

the bath tub, allowing him to take a shower, alone.

A battery-operated wheel chair enabled him to be completely independent. He could go back and forth to the dining room, the library and conference rooms for lectures and discussions and I did not have to be with him. And twice we took 3,000-mile trips to New England to visit family.

When my turn came in August I received the same excellent care. After a week in the hospital I came back to the Shenandoah Wing where I stayed for ten days. Everyone was wonderful to me, very caring and solicitous. I was particularly touched by the clinic nurses who knew Hugh and who have stopped by to see how I was getting along.

This is indeed my home, and I feel as if the people on the Shenandoah wing are part of my family. They spoiled me, helped me through my pain and made my stay there a happy one.

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In Print Again

Ruth Dixon, an accredited genealogist who practices her profession to this day, recently got a request from the *National Genealogical Society Quarterly* to contribute an article. Proud to be asked, Ruth wrote about her experience in the U.S. Archives, sorting and classifying Seamen's Protection Certificates -- documents issued to American mariners in the early years of the 19th century when British ships showed no respect for these new American citizens. The article is brief, pithy and to the point. It appears in the June 2003 issue.

time come for a tour of the model cottage and apartment, a panel presentation by resident Marketing Counselors, and others. An all-out handsome luncheon set up in the Game Room, under Bob Williams' eagle eye, is the capper, always enthusiastically received.

The Herrmann Advertising Company of Annapolis has been selected to formulate a print campaign, with future ads to be placed in *New Life Styles*, *Guide to Retirement Living*, and *Episcopal Life* magazines. They are also designing a new web site and doing mailings. Postcards by the thousand bearing color pictures of the campus are pouring out to prospects.

And there is a real bonus for resident referrals; Kassie is determined to keep resident counselors in the operation. "Who knows best?" she asks. "You live here. We go home at night."

Summer doldrums are over. Things are looking up.

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Virginia Knowles

By Kay Swift

Long before becoming a Unitarian Universalist minister, The Reverend Dr. Virginia Knowles, who moved into apartment 116 a few months ago, led a life of travel and adventure. With a degree from Ohio Wesleyan and a Phi Beta Kappa key, she joined the Foreign Service and was lucky enough to spend fourteen months in Paris during the early post war years of 1945-46. And she got hooked on foreign relations, travel and its perks.

Mexico City was followed by study at the

Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, which led to a job with the CIA. Meanwhile, she had married and given birth to twins. Another child came later.

Her religion called, however, and an apprenticeship led to a job in Religious Education and eventually as Religious Education Director in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and this area.

Looking for something that would increase her income, she joined the Office of Education and for nine years served as an international specialist, directing a Group Projects Abroad program which sought to bring to American education an understanding of non-Western points of view. Site visits took her to Morocco, Pakistan and India where one of her project directors was Collington's Ainslee Embree.

Noticing that her church was beginning to call women to the ministry, she entered Meadville Lombard Theological School of the University of Chicago, graduating in 1979 with her doctorate. Her first ministry was in California; she later moved around the country, settling in suburban Maryland. Although the move to the ministry proved "not wise economically," she has never regretted it. "It has brought me deeper reward and fulfillment than I ever expected," she says.

Having retired from a full-time commitment in 1992, today she finds professional fulfillment in officiating at weddings and civil unions and the odd memorial service. She still preaches in the area and serves on the board of the Unitarian Universalist United Nations Office. She hopes to become a member of the Prince George's County ACLU Board.

Retired? Virginia doesn't know how to retire!

Our Community: A Challenge from Edna Lingreen

"This Collington community --where we live our lives together and yet apart, where we welcome companionship but prize privacy, where we seek nourishment rather than deprivation, where offering and receiving give zest to daily living -- exists as this special community only through us. It is we, the residents, who create this Collington Community.

"Without our active participation, Collington would be the poorer. It is we who provide for

each other a library, musical programs, bridge, parties -- not to overlook the O.O. shop, Monday night movies and interesting speakers and fresh flowers."

Edna asks:

"What are you doing to participate in the life of this community? What makes Collington the place that it is, is the variety of opportunities for participating in and enjoying life. Come join in the feeling of connectedness."

A Positive Response

Staffing the Country Store

When the call went out for resident volunteers to help staff the Country Store a large number of newly-arrived residents answered.

Lowrie Piercy was one of the first to arrive, followed shortly by newly-arrived Jeanne Gart. "It's a great way to meet people," Jeanne said, making change from the till.

Lowrie suggested the store stay open on Saturdays to let people pick up packages held in the store's closet.

Other new names on the list of volunteers include Betty Atherton, Herb Gordon and Sarah Demetrowitz from the 5000 and 5100 clusters. Add Louise Huddleston in a lake-view apartment and Ruth Atkiss, settled into a new D-wing unit.

Others are: Gloria Ericson, now known to us through her contributions to *The Collingtonian*, Skip Schaler, Mary Ann Pellerin and Jack Yale.

Found on the list of substitutes willing to come in a pinch are: Marcia Behr, Marty Blazier, Maria Colvin, Suzanne Embree, Edna Lingreen, Phyllis Sternau and Mildred Wycoff. The entire community thanks you -- sincerely and deeply.

Taking Care of the Mail

The departure last year of Darryl -- the letter carrier who knew Collington inside out and put misaddressed letters into the right boxes -- left us knee-deep in undelivered mail: dividend checks, love letters, legal papers, you name it. Lacking a unit number, a letter might be returned to the sender by the post office.

The late Brian Bucklee, newly-arrived, stepped in to sort things out, and Dolores Lewis agreed to be his deputy. Upon his sudden death, Dolores took charge of Project Mail. There were consultations with the Bowie Post Office, accommodations were made and little by little the situation grew somewhat more manageable.

Now, with Lowrie Piercy as No. 2 man, Dolores heads a corps of hard-working volunteers. But when 50 or 60 statements from Doctor's Hospital arrived bearing no unit numbers, as was the case on a recent Friday, it was Dolores who drew the job of getting the envelopes into the proper boxes.

Her volunteer helpers include Maude Cahill, Sarah Demetrowitz, Bud and Fran Dutton,

Margaret Martin, Dorothy Morthorst, Ruth Quarles and Judith Shaw.

Another service Dolores has performed is covering boxes of unoccupied units with plastic so they don't accumulate volumes of unclaimed material.

Again, our thanks go out to all our neighbors who pitch in to help in this important project.

☆☆ Stars For Leila Wilson ☆☆

By Faith Jackson

"I want to be of use," she said, simply.

Nine o'clock on poker night when most of Collington is tucked away, I had lost all the money I allow myself, and was heading home by way of the Flower Room. The door was open, lights were on, and there was Leila Wilson working away. Leila, who is usually on a scooter, or walking with a friend, holding her arm.

Tonight, however, she had parked her scooter at the flower room door and was on her feet, holding on to a table or chair, as she set about, on her own, to empty six large containers that had held floral arrangements from Gasch, the funeral parlor. The drill is to remove all flowers from their wreath or container, clip the end of each one and put them in one of our own containers, with sufficient water to keep them alive until the arrangers use them.

There is a lot more to it -- removing 'dead' Oasis, that green spongy stuff that holds flowers in place, putting it on the metal shelf beside the sink, dumping the little pieces in the tray on the floor, and rinsing the container to return to Gash.

When I showed up, Leila had emptied five containers and the place was awash from carrying new water vases from sink to table, and

emptying old ones. I was terrified she would slip and break her neck. While the two of us set about with towels and mopping up excess water, we had a lot of conversation and laughter.

"You get 18 stars in your crown, lady," I said when I first came in. She looked up at me with that way she has, head slightly bent. "How about 19?" "Done."

I shooed her out when I realized she had been working for two and a half hours, and mind you, it really is work. Leila is past ninety years old. "Leila," I said as she left. "Let's make it 20 stars." She smiled, and rode away.

For R/A President-Evans vs Parker

New names appear among those who are willing to offer their talents to the Residents Association.

John Evans who, with his wife Ricky, came to Collington a year ago, is a candidate for the office of President. John was a member of Bishop John Walker's staff in the years when Collington was a concept being debated, and decided upon by the Episcopal Diocese of Washington.

Cynthia Parker, a veteran resident, is also a candidate for President. She works to help those suffering from low vision. She has headed the Health Services Committee and has been active in the Drama Group.

Louise Huddleston, of the Lake Wing of the apartments, will take the job of Treasurer, uncontested, which John Jay has held for "too long" -- his words. Louise worked with Katherine Brod, Collington's first Chief Financial Officer, for two years before moving with her husband to a waterfront condominium on Kent Island.