

The

Collingtonian

Vol. 7, No. 10

Mitchellville, MD

December, 1995

NEWS & VIEWS

Retreat into the Future

There were no crystal balls. No turbaned swamis. Just residents, staff and Board members coming together at a Retreat on November 11 and 12 to create a vision of how Collington will look and function in the year 2005--ten years from now. A "facilitator," Diane Burwell, gave structure to the process and Ann Gillespie from AAHSA sketched out facts her organization has gleaned about the world's aging population and what moves are afoot to provide for its well-being. Three groups participated: the Executive Committee of the Residents Association and its Housing Representatives, staff directors, and members of the Board of Directors.

After the briefings, the three groups separated to compose lists of the things that are happening now of which they are proud--things they would want to carry into the future--and things they might like to leave behind. Each group was able to identify five items in each area which they considered to be of primary importance. Good communications among committees and staff placed high on the residents' list, with a need for further improvement noted.

(Continued on Page 2)

Our Star at San Antone

Margaret Martin of Collington's Fiscal Review Committee, a statistician experienced in the field of Economics, starred at the 34th Annual AAHSA (American Association of Homes and Services for the Aging) convention in San Antonio October 30 to November 2.



Margaret Martin

She was among the eight representatives from Collington--two Board members, three Administration representatives and three residents--who spread the good word about Collington and picked up nuggets of information at the meeting. Dr. Sandra Charles and Art Longacre represented the Board. Gail Kohn, Kathryn Brod and

(Continued on Page 4)

(Retreat -- Continued from Page 1)

On Saturday morning when lists compiled by the Board, the staff and the residents were compared, the similarities were greater than the differences.

Board member Howard Stone, who is also County Executive Wayne Curry's Chief of Staff, remarked that it was a welcome change not to be discussing a stadium.

He spoke of the economic difficulties facing the County, which were pinpointed by another Board member, Donna Cochran, who oversees social services for the aging in Prince George's County. Shortfalls in the County budget will sharply curtail these services to the elderly, she said.

Gail Kohn divided the participants into four groups of 10 to 15 members each, and it was time to get down to brass tacks. Consisting of a mix of Board members, staff and residents with one member designated as facilitator, the groups brainstormed about their vision of the future. Challenged to produce not only their vision but to present it in an original manner, all rose to the occasion.

One group, in which Burt Dougherty was facilitator and Bob Browning participated, produced a prayer for our future with responses from the "congregation." Sample: "(We ask) A method for acquiring the funds to achieve the plan," Response: "Lord Hear Our Prayer."

Another group, John Jay facilitator, staged an interview between "prospective residents" and "staff." Louise Eckerson, for example, played the head of Health Services. Postulating a Newt Gingrich presidency in 2005, they saw a future full of challenges.

Still another group with Mary Jane

Cullinane as facilitator pretended they were members of a 50th Class Reunion of a Prince George's high school. Fanny Jeffrey unveiled a future Collington which included greater economic diversity among residents, stronger ties to the County and a more flexible method of paying entrance fees.

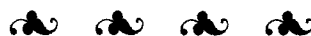
Another group composed a 2005 marketing brochure entitled "Welcome to the World of Wellness at Collington." The word "retirement" was banned on the premise that in the future people will continue to work at computers in their homes and the retirement age might well advance to 75 years. Computer work stations in each unit at Collington were forecast.

Presentations were received with great good humor, with facilitator Burwell pointing out the many similarities in all of them. The focus was essentially the same: a sound fiscal base, increased involvement with and integration into the life of Prince George's County and a strong emphasis on fitness and wellness. Reduced Government spending will necessitate a restructuring of Collington's health services.

A reorganization of the Board of Directors, it was believed, might lead to more than one Board, each with more specialized tasks. The Residents Council needs to look at committees where functions overlap and strive to improve communications with residents. In fact, improved communications among residents was a particular concern.

A full report of the entire proceedings will soon be made available so that those who are interested can learn in full detail what happened at the 1995 Retreat.

Frances Kolarek



• Down the Anacostia with Paddle and Camera •

by Tom Street

If it's late October, it must be the semi-annual Collington-St. Barnabas' canoe trip. Shepherded again by our all-time favorite "Larry" Harris, Rector of St. Barnabas, but minus the instigator of this and previous trips, Mary MacMartin, in hospital after a serious operation, ten hardy Collingtonians braved the early morning chill for the trip to Bladensburg Marina.

Catching the ebb tide in six canoes provided by the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission, they set off down the admittedly turgid Anacostia. One intrepid soul, Hilda Jay, was in a canoe for the first time in her life. Another, Emily Baker, was seizing this day to celebrate her birthday.

Deftly avoiding the odd plastic cup or jug, they moved off down a channel surprisingly lined with solidly wooded banks of gaily colored trees. And unbelievably, great blue herons flew up ahead and carved the air with majestic sweeps of mighty wings; kingfishers scudded across, scolding as they flashed by. Past the National Arboretum's tailored grounds and into the Aquatic Gardens outlet for a quick look around, all was natural pleasure, aside from a briefly challenging stiff head wind, until the PEPCO heating plant loomed ahead.

Here a dredge was spewing out sediment and a floating U-shaped boom blocked the channel. Frustrated and at a

loss, the canoeists circled seeking a safe passage, but were stymied until a scow powered by an outboard motor put out toward them. The boatman laid the bow over the boom and eased each canoe



Autumn on the Anacostia

across the upstream side and again for the downstream.

The rest of the trip was uneventful, under the railroad bridge and out at the boat ramp of the Anacostia National Park and a picnic lunch at tables by the Anacostia Pavilion in sight of D. C. General Hospital, former employment

locale for two of the trippers, Emily Baker and M.E. Wallen. They mastered the wave of nostalgia that assailed them and the group moved in good order to help load the canoes on the trailer of the MNCPPC and head home in Larry's and Ken Shaver's and Bob Browning's station wagons that had ferried them there. Lulled with sun and wind and exercise, naps loomed large on the agenda for the rest of the afternoon. Some might even say well-earned rest.

Alex Dragnich delivered the convocation address at Monmouth College in Illinois in September. His topic was "Civil Wars and Foreign Policy: The Yugoslav Case."

A review by Alex of Susan Woodward's new book, "Balkan Tragedy: Chaos and Dissolution after the Cold War," will soon appear in a political science journal.

(San Antone- Cont'd from Page 1)

Bettie Flack from Administration and Margaret Martin, John Jay and Doyen Kline of the Residents Association completed the complement.

At a session on meeting CCRC market demand for flexible options in entrance fees Margaret and Gail filled roles as faculty. Margaret's presentation giving resident views was, in this reporter's opinion, a model of lucidity on a subject which he has always found murky. It earned rave reviews from many participants. Margaret stressed the importance of keeping residents fully informed and the considerable interest that residents have in equity between themselves and future generations of residents.

Out of 167 study sessions, more than 20 were being held simultaneously in any two-hour period. Art Longacre, filling in for Norman Prince, Chairman of the Board's Finance Committee who was unable to make the trip at the last minute, attended sessions on fund raising, board operations and the impact of managed care on finances.

Kathryn Brod taught in an intensive session on accreditation. Bettie Flack concentrated on learning all she could about how to conduct self-accreditation because she will be leading the Collington staff through its quinquennial self examination. Doyen Kline took in the sessions on resident participation and empowerment. John Jay was Moderator at one of these, filling in on short notice for an unexpected vacancy.

Commercial firms which sponsored the conference and exhibitors which supply the health care industry, cosseted the conferees admirably with various entertainments.

Bananas

by Anne Cadman-Walker

"Yes, we have no bananas"--the old song.

But at Collington, "Yes--we have four cases of bananas a day," says Dining Room Production Manager Kevin McInerney.

Kevin explains that each case holds about 90 bananas, (or 40 pounds). "A case costs about \$14.50 (12 cents to 13 cents each) and is delivered by Hearn & Kirkwood of Glen Burnie. "We go through three cases a day--with one left over in the Salad Prep area where in 24 hours they will turn yellow," he explains, adding "We get them green and store them."

Kevin did not say there were enough bananas to keep Collington residents swinging through the trees. Some wag made that comment.

But Kevin did say "We follow Chiquita Banana's advice--and 'never put bananas in the refrigerator.'" However, that advice has recently been questioned by H. Paul Murray of Arlington. Writing to the Washington Post, Murray says: "It does not hurt bananas to be in the refrigerator. It simply slows down their ripening. Chiquita's song was a promotion by banana growers and importers to have customers keep bananas out of refrigerators so they would ripen quickly, be enjoyed and replaced by new purchases."

"Most of our bananas come from South America--and the price could vary from \$14.50 a case to \$10--depending on economics. Bananas become more expensive if there are border clashes," Kevin adds.



• Lake Full! •

November 15, a date to be cherished by all lacustrians, marks the first time in four years that Collington Lake has been full! Not only full but full to the brim, running over through its overflow outlet, performing its storm water management function as designed. At noon on November 15 the level measured 107.1 feet on the gauge on the side of the overflow tower. One hundred seven feet (above sea level, that is) is the designated "full" level. The steady rain that the nor'easter brought on November 13 and 14 gave the final boost to near-record rains in October and well above average in November, and that did the trick.

All concerned, County planners in conjunction with our resident experts, Charles Trammell, Jim Marshall, Franklin Newhall, George Dankers, and the contractor, can congratulate themselves. If it weren't so cold we could celebrate by tossing them in. Might have to settle for a little lake water applied to the top of the head.



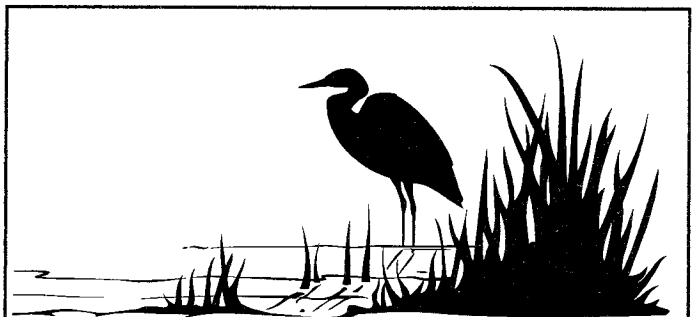
Final check-out for adherence to contract specifications by contractor who was ferried in a homemade catamaran fashioned by Cap'n Trammell and Cap'n Dankers out of two canoes.

•Revving Up for '96•

"A very satisfactory affair," said John Jay of the third annual meeting of the Maryland Continuing Care Retirement Association. He, as First Vice President, and Edith Hunter as Secretary, are Collington's representatives on the State Board.

The meeting was held here November 18 with 160 representatives attending from the eight chapters around the State. Collington's Auditorium and Dining facilities served the conference well.

"The speakers were good and the meeting concentrated on work being done to develop a unified bill for the 1996 session of the Maryland legislature," said John. There are a few loose ends still needing to be tied up before the bill is ready for consideration.



The Collingtonian is published monthly (except July and August) by the Collington Residents Association, Inc., 10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD. 20721-2734.

Editorial: Emily Abouchar, Layne Beaty, Edward Behr, Frances Kolarek, Conna Shaw, Ann Cadman-Walker, M.E. Wallen, Clem Welsh, Margaret Werts, Tom Street, Editor

Publishing: Anna Dougherty, Aline Grayson, Marian Jenkins, Frances Kolarek, Publisher.

Editorial Board: Edward Behr, Frances Kolarek, Jane Wall, Margaret Werts.

Ode to a Very Special October

by Leila Wilson

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue
Going where he had no clue.




He'd buttered up Queen Isabella
Until she thought him quite a fella
She had gold

And he was bold!
He gambled that the world was round,
No devilish monsters of the deep he found.
The Indies he sought for spices and wealth
But something went wrong in spite of his
stealth.

No riches he found, but Indians galore
Made life quite merry and never a bore.
They danced for rain on the Spanish Main
And all that dancing was not in vain.
But up popped the Norsemen with claims
they came first
Seeking new lands and wines for thirst
But their claims were destroyed in smoke and
in fire
When Amerigo Vespucci beat them to the wire.

Now - we've danced for the retrofit
Where Charlie Trammell has done his bit.

We got our rain for Collington terrain
Our Seventh Birthday to sustain.
Now--stretch your imaginations--
To salute Fifty Years of United Nations.

We'll call on the spirits of Halloween 
To save us all from things unseen
And join us in this October paean
In praise of birthdays many!

Members of the 4200 Cluster, which
hosted the October birthday party,
collaborated with Leila to produce this
all-inclusive Ode to Events of the Moment.

How Could the English Learn to Speak?

Now that English has become the
"lingua franca" of most of the world,
Louise Eckerson has shown us an
anonymous 112-line poem which helps us
to wonder how English got that way.

In a verse form varying from iambic
pentameter to limerick, it offers with
subtle humor about 500 examples of why
English is more difficult than, say
Arabic, which we have heard that little
children learn "with the speed of summer
lightning."

Here are some samplings from the
poem:

"Hear me say, devoid of trickery,
Daughter, laughter, and Terpsichore,
Typhoid, measles, topsails and reviles;
Scholar, vicar and cigar,
Solar, mica, war and far;
One, anemone, Balmoral,
Kitchen, lichen, laundry, laurel;
Gertrude, German, wind and mind.
Scene, Melpomene, mankind."

And

"Finally, which rhymes with enough--
Though, through, plough, or dough, or cough?
Hiccough has the sound of cup,
My advice is to give it up."

The title of the poem is "English is
Tough Stuff." LB

There once was a new Collingtonian
Who had been a proper Bostonian
But weaned from the bean
He no longer is lean
And now is a perfect gluttonian.

T.S.

•Youth Serves •

You may have missed 24 sixth graders from Queen Anne School who were here one day in early November, because that was one of the miserable chilly drizzly days that kept everyone indoors who did not have a compelling reason to be outside. But fired by that elixir so long gone from us, youth, they and the several teachers who accompanied them, were undeterred and threw themselves into digging big holes for trees and clearing brush and building benches, among other jobs that Kevin Shaver had lined up for them. Among the group was Courtney Charles, daughter of Sandra Charles, President of our Board of Directors.

The trees, which you can now see to the right of the Security Gate as you leave Collington, are part of the bounty of the Residents Association's Enhancement Fund. And that Fund, as we need to remind ourselves from time to time, is the product of the devoted efforts of Hilda Jay and Georgia Paine--and helpers--in the Opportunities Outlet operation.

Rocket Scientist . . .

Our Richard Tousey, who was a solar physicist and did rocketry work on the V-2, was cited in Werner von Braun's biographical memoirs, to wit: "Among all the enthusiastic users of high altitude research rockets in White Sands at that time, the most consistent and untiring experimenter was Richard Tousey . . . (His) first--and historic--success came with a V-2 flight on 10 October 1946, on which he recorded the solar spectrum with a grating spectrograph down to a wavelength of 220 nanometers. Previously, balloon flights had provided spectra only down to 300 nanometers."

The purpose of the trees is to delineate the boundary between us and our neighbors, as well as to attract wildlife. This is in accord with our designation as an Urban Wildlife Sanctuary.

Thanks to lots of pizza to replenish their energy output, the 20 girls and four boys seemed to have undiminished vigor when they left and to be no worse for their experience in community service. We're grateful. They prompted this picture and this bit of doggerel, but don't blame them for that.



Mark Kirkeby and Mickey Howerton
Finishing Up Next Day.

These are the men who followed the boys
And girls who shared their joys and pain
In mud and rain to plant the trees
To mark the line so narrow and fine
And make a screen so handsome and lean
So we can know how far we go
And all will know, the wildlife too,
That these are the trees that we have
bought

With funds that come as well they ought
From the reserve, thanks to the store
Where people gave and others bought
To make the great enhancing lode
That all that jack built.

T.S.

•Windbreak Update•

by Betty Clark

Work is going forward on the first "tree island" designed to alleviate the strength of winter winds hitting walkers on "Broadway"--the long covered way joining the 4100 and 2200 clusters. Six ten-to-twelve foot tall Nellie Stevens Hollies will form the bulk of the barrier, with two red maples added for color. Fronting this display will be an envelope of shrubs including nandina, bayberry and cherry laurel.

Extending some 60 feet across and 45 feet deep, the windbreak will stretch from the rear of the 2107 cottage to the backs of the 4107 and 4108. Its location was established partly by observation of the north winds whistling through the chute over the area's great depression drainage basin.

Winter winds hitting the tree island are expected to rise in a loop which will lose much of its force as it extends beyond the walkway. According to a formula provided by the University of Maryland Extension Service, the length of the loop is 5 to 7 times the height of the trees. Nellie Stevens hollies are moderately fast growing and will be 15 to 25 feet high at maturity. Multiplying these heights by 5 to 7 gives a range of 75 to 175 feet from the sidewalk. Our island will be about 125 feet from the sidewalk. Its zone of comfort will be increasingly beneficial in future years, but "Broadway" in winter will never be like Coney Island in May.

Why not erect a solid barrier alongside the walkway, instead? That possibility was studied during the summer by the Landscape Committee's Windbreak Group

until the Property Committee advised against it for structural reasons.

More Small World Stuff . . .

Most of us know that Ruth Dixon, our new president of the Residents Association, is active in a variety of other endeavors.

For one, she is a certified genealogist (Collingtonian, June '95). For two, she is an authoress.

One evening she and husband Roger were having dinner with fellow residents Jim and Dora Marshall when talk turned to the biography Ruth is writing of her great grandfather, Mijamin Priest, whose Quaker ancestors came to Philadelphia with William Penn's group; in 1684.

This struck a chord with Jim, whose father was the editor of Hinshaw's The National Cyclopedia of American Biography, the so-called "Bible" of Quaker family research.

Jim related how his father, Thomas W. Marshall, used his engineering office and staff to edit the six volumes and how his brother, Pat, alphabetized the thousands of names in the pre-computer days of the 1930's.

Now the full story of William Wade Hinshaw (he was also a renowned musician) and his works has been published in the Pennsylvania Genealogical Magazine, authored by Ruth Dixon.

At age 13 Lauriston (Laurie) Taylor was building telegraphic receiving sets for himself. At 16 he proved that "wireless" signals will indeed penetrate walls, by hiding his antenna in the attic during WWI. Later he graduated in electronics but became instead an atomic scientist. All of which prepared him admirably for his current active participation in the useful work of Collington's Woodshop.

•A Memorable Christmas•

by Dorothea Crook

The memories of my childhood Christmases are all somewhat delightfully alike. But the one year I especially remember was the one when the three of us kids needed a lot of new winter clothing.

It was ordered from Montgomery Ward and of course there were no surprises since things had to be measured, colors decided on, etc. The express man delivered the packages a few days before Christmas, but we agreed to save them for the great night so there would be more packages to open.

What an occasion that was! The routine was that each child, in order of age, starting with the littlest, got a package which he opened and showed off, before number two opened a package. And that year the new clothes not only had to be removed from the package, but modeled, so that it was a slow process. I seem to remember that the routine gradually broke down as a consequence of impatience.

In the end, everything had been opened and displayed. As we began to look around in order to select the book or toy on which first to concentrate, Larry gazed wide-eyed at the sea of crumpled paper, ribbon, every chair and table loaded, and suddenly broke into a wide grin, waved his arms encompassingly, and exclaimed in delight, "Oh, the muchness of it all!"



•Christmas Hazards•

by Leila Wilson

It was Christmas 1941 and I was at last more or less settled in a New York apartment. I had been shuttling about with my three-year-old daughter, visiting friends and relatives for seven months as an evacuee from Cairo. My husband had remained at our post awaiting the onslaught of Rommel across the Western Desert. On Thanksgiving Day our second child had arrived and Evan flew in that night by way of Lagos, Nigeria and Para, Brazil. He had his bucket seat on the first wartime plane to cross the



Atlantic carrying a civilian from the African theater. My first news of his approach was in a clipped cable from Para offering no timely information. Thus one way or another I was still in a bit of a frazzled state by Christmas time.

I was determined to have my three brothers and three favorite cousins to dinner. It was a very important occasion we all knew would not be repeated. My three "boys" were already licensed pilots, the male cousin was headed for the Navy, and Evan and I didn't know where we were going or when. Three-year-old Leila was utterly baffled. She had never before known any family members and had never experienced a Christmas. In 1940 we had spent a harrowing eighteen hours traveling home from six months as evacuees in Jerusalem. Two troop trains and a terrifying rowboat crossing of the Suez Canal had got us home by 3 a.m. on Christmas Eve. We didn't need any presents!

So I was a touch out of kilter by Christmas 1941. The day arrived and I started for the kitchen to deal with the turkey. Suddenly in a flash I knew there was no turkey. I had simply never ordered one. The horror of the moment was dismaying. The Foreign Service is full of surprises but so was New York in 1941. When my stupefaction subsided and reality took hold, I called Longchamps on the phone; it was a relaxed and welcoming restaurant I had known in the past. When the maitre d' heard my pitiful story, he said simply, "No problem, madam, what time would you like the turkey delivered?"

We had a wonderful Christmas.

The No Pipe Dream Christmas

by Dick Van Wagenen

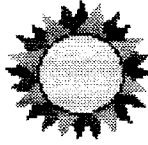
Many residents and veterans of the staff will recall the Christmas Flood of '89 in a way that Jean and I were denied. We didn't get to enjoy the exciting party because we were on the west coast. The day after Christmas came a phone call to Tacoma from Kathryn Brod: "Are you nice and comfortable?" Then she gently described the situation in Apartment 326/28 and suggested that we stay in Tacoma a little longer, since damage had already been contained as well as it could be. She was credible, as always, so we used our scheduled air ticket to return two days later. Yet she had been graphic enough so that when we did see the premises we were happily relieved.

On Christmas afternoon the Security staff called Shelby Austin, who summoned her maintenance troops from their homes and led them into battle. Our neighbor had noticed a sheet of water pouring into the corridor from under our apartment door. It had obviously been

flowing fluidly for a long time, soaking the carpet the entire length of the wing. The flow could not be stemmed until Abiodun James arrived and identified the shutoff valve. Other staff who are still among us were Kevin Shaver and Reed Harris. Reed brought his father, a member of the Collington Board of Directors The Reverend Larry Harris, and put a wet vacuum machine in his hands. Board members Harry Smith and Norman Prince also joined the party. The result was a thorough job of stemming the spread and sopping up. Furniture legs were lifted onto dry blocks. A dozen neighboring top-floorniks were evacuated to the Creighton Center overnight.

Considering that parts of two ceilings had crumbled and fallen in our apartment, Jean and I were astonished and thankful to find almost no damage to papers and hundreds of books. That part was luck. We were also grateful that staff had acted swiftly, sensibly and thoroughly to save almost all furniture and electronics. The entire contents of the unit was moved into two nearby empty apartments, where we lived for six weeks while ours was repaired and redecorated. Only the Grisards, two floors directly beneath, had suffered enough damage to cause their evacuation for several weeks.

What happened? The builder had placed the attic insulation below the water pipes instead of on top, so that cold air from above was invited and warm air from below was repelled. A sprinkler-system pipe had frozen and burst, as pipes are supposed to do, and had chosen Christmas to thaw at this one place. The insulation was eventually re-installed to protect all three wings of the building.



Music by Voice, Wood, Sounding Brass and Strings

Exhibits: Craft with Quilt and Camera

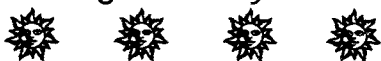
The Music Committee saluted Collington's Seventh Anniversary and the fall season with a double attraction for the last week in October and kept up a full-program in November.

The Rockville Community Brass Band led off on Wednesday evening with a program of traditional, baroque and modern selections. An introduction to the unusual instruments, the alto horn, the Flugel horn, the E-flat solo trumpet and the euphonium, added piquant attraction to the explanation that this is an English brass band.

Of particular interest was the presence in the alto horn section of our virtually own Ellen Jay, last appearing here with 37 French horns, doing her parents proud, and charming the rest of us.

The following Friday brought a graceful recital by talented neighbors from Prince George's Community College: Gary Kirkeby, baritone and Susan Ricci, pianist, plus flautist Peggy Blair. O.K., flutist to the general. Their selections spanned the centuries from the 17th to the 20th, from Telemann to Saint-Saëns. Another proud local note, Gary Kirkeby is the father of Mark Kirkeby, our talented Environmental Services stalwart.

November programs brought us Carmel, a guitar and flute duo plus the Collington Singers and the Bowie Sounds of Music, 15 women singing. The Music Committee has treated us generously.

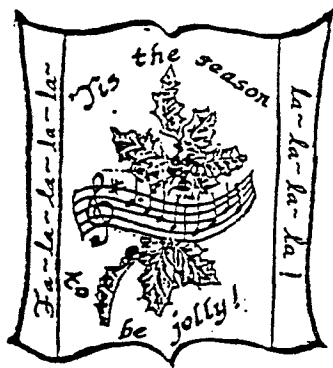


The exhibit cases in the Clocktower Lobby are vibrant with bright colors of African print materials pieced together in abstract free-form designs. Beverly Goggins, who works as a nurse education specialist three nights a week on Level 2, makes them from pieces of discarded curtains, sheets, her daughter's baby clothes, donated scraps, old dashikis and other African print materials.

Collections of objects d'art which peripatetic Collingtonians have picked up during their travels have graced the Gallery Exhibit Cases since Dorothy Skillman began the shows some years ago.



The photographs in the East and West galleries are the work of Martha J. K. Cline. Since she retired as Manager of the Town of Chevy Chase in 1991 she has been studying and getting formal training in black-and-white photography. She focused on infrared, primarily studies of her home and garden. Because infrared film records infrared radiation as well as light, there is a soft glow about every surface that emanates heat. This shows clearly in the exhibit, particularly in the garden scenes. Other pictures in the exhibition show evidence of her affinity for New Mexico and native Americans. Some scenes of the National Cathedral are close to home, and a few from Rome show a wandering bent.



*Let's make it
A Musical Christmas!*

Residents / Staff / Board

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Tuesday, December 19, 3 to 5:30

3 to 5:30 Christmas Goodies

*in the Auditorium and
Living Room*

4 ~ 5:30

*-Auditorium: Group Singing
and Instrumental Music.*

*-Living Room: Group Singing
around the piano*