

The

Collingtonian

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NEWS & VIEWS

Kathryn Brod. . .

She Conducts a Symphony

by Layne Beaty

Music hath many gifts and to us Collingtonians it hath given Kathryn Lasley Brod. (It rhymes with "road.")

It happened this way. When she was four, she was taken by her mother to nearby Oberlin from their home in Norwalk, Ohio, for weekly lessons in piano and organ. She became a popular performer and accompanist.

A professional career in music seemed the natural course, but she loved music so much that she decided to keep it as an avocation to enjoy. Matriculation at Oberlin College seemed logical too, but "It was too close to home," teenage Kathryn decreed.

Instead she enrolled in Kalamazoo (Mich.) College as a mathematics major. (The affinity between music and math has been noted before.) There she partly financed her college expenses by playing accompaniments to voice majors. Then came the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Business and a master's degree in

finance.

Nowadays, with that background, she orchestrates the harmonious performance of a large part of Collington life as director of resources and chief financial officer, a product of numbers, knowledge and nuances. In a 1990 issue, The Collingtonian published a profile of



Kathryn when she was comptroller and finance officer. Added duties in recent years have considerably increased her area of responsibility.

As one of several department heads reporting directly to Executive Director Gail Kohn, she oversees fund raising and marketing as well as

human resources (except for staff development and training). More on that ahead. Read on.

How did she get into retirement community work? She left her Ohio job and, with her husband Tom, whom she had met at Wharton, moved to Baltimore's Charlestown retirement community

where Tom became executive director.

Kathryn signed on as a part-time bookkeeper and soon became a consultant. (She says she never learned book-keeping in school; she was a theoretical mathematician. Apparently her theories worked!)

When Tom wearied of day-to-day operations he joined a company then involved with the budding Collington's finances. By that time Kathryn had discovered that she enjoyed nothing as much as helping people in a retirement community (music, maybe, excepted), so she enlisted as a consultant at Collington in February 1988 B.C. (before the campus.) When the finance officers job opened up, she applied for it and got it. The other duties followed in due course. She praises Gail Kohn for her encouragements to grow in the job.

For the most part, day-to-day functions of her departments are performed by staff members, but she reviews the journal entries into the monthly financial statement, preparing forecasts of Collington's financial strength and cash flow, the stability of Collington and the goals it has set.

She reports to the outside community on Collington's financial strength and admits that a highlight of her career was working with investment bankers who were responsible for refinancing Collington's bonds, thus saving Collington a bundle when interests rates fell.

Another highlight was coordinating Collington's efforts to become accredited by the Continuing Care Accreditation Commission. That exercise required a self-study of governance and administration, residents' life, finance and health systems. It brought the four

areas into sharp focus for her.

Residents who participate in Collington affairs get high marks from her. "Residents bring such a level of experience and expertise," she declares. "If the staff made all the decisions without their input I know we would not have the quality of community that we have."

"What is marketing as it relates to Collington?" she was asked, referring to one of her assignments. "It's a combination effort to provide public relations as to who we are and what we do, and at the same time to fill a unit when it becomes vacant. Public relations affects our fund-raising efforts, it affects our marketing and it affects our hiring."

Some of this involves stimulating appropriate attention by the media, attendance at off-campus meetings and site visits to other like institutions. Such visits have proved to her that resident participation has put Collington way ahead of others. Also, she says she gets "all puffed up" when she visits other retirement communities that don't allow pets. "I am proud that we allow pets." She has a cat at home.

Hobbies? Well, her husband, Tom, an investment banker in Washington, three children at home: David, Meredith and Anna, 11, 8, and 3, and cross-stitching. As a biennial major project for the kids, this year after reading "Mr. Popper's Penguins," she cross-stitched a penguin project showing all the penguins that ever existed. "I call cross-stitching a craft for people who aren't creative, as long as you can count." So says the math major. She also plays the piano for her Presbyterian church services near Columbia, and when it gets an organ she'll play that, too.

The Enhancement Fund

by Tom Street

This is whence the funds came--for the hedgerow (The Collingtonian, March, 1995), for the deer-proof fence and for landscaping--from the Enhancement Fund.

Never heard of it? Not surprising, for it is new this year. Here's how it all came about.

The Residents Association has found itself in a progressively healthier financial condition since benefiting from the income of the Opportunity Outlet since August 1991 (The Collingtonian, June 1993). Before then, excess items were sold at an Annual Sales with the proceeds going fifty-fifty to the Association and to the Fellowship Fund.

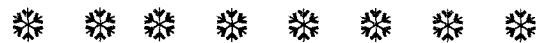
With the Residents Association now getting all of the income from the Opportunity Outlet, the excess over operational needs was going into reserves which were carried forward each year. In January 1994, the Council decided to hold the level of reserves to \$15,000 and distribute the surplus with 75 percent going to the Fellowship Fund and 25 percent going to the Outreach Committee for distribution to worthy social welfare institutions in our area.

Then last April the Council thought "Why not use some of the surplus for enhancement projects here at home?" And voila! The Enhancement Fund was born, full blown, \$5,000 worth.

At its May, 1994 meeting the Council passed the word that proposals for uses for the Fund should be sent in. And at its August meeting it agreed to slice the

melon three ways--\$2,000 for the Hilltop Garden fence, \$2,000 for Landscape and \$1,000 for the Lake and Trail hedgerow project.

The "Op Shop" produced \$11,065 in fiscal year 1992, \$13,334 in 1993, and \$24,524 in 1994. What the Association budget will look like for 1995 is speculative at this point, as to how much of it will be realized, but the preliminary estimate is that the "Oh Oh" will produce \$19,000 and that \$5,000 will again be available for the Enhancement Fund. Verbum sapientibus.



Small World Notes

Lois Young was maid of honor at Art Longacre's wedding to his late wife Peggy. Both girls were in the WAVES at the time.

Judy Kidney and Kathryn Brod's father-in-law knew each other at their Dayton (Ohio) high school.

Janet Beal and Layne Beaty worked together at a U. S. Trade Fair in Tokyo in 1968.

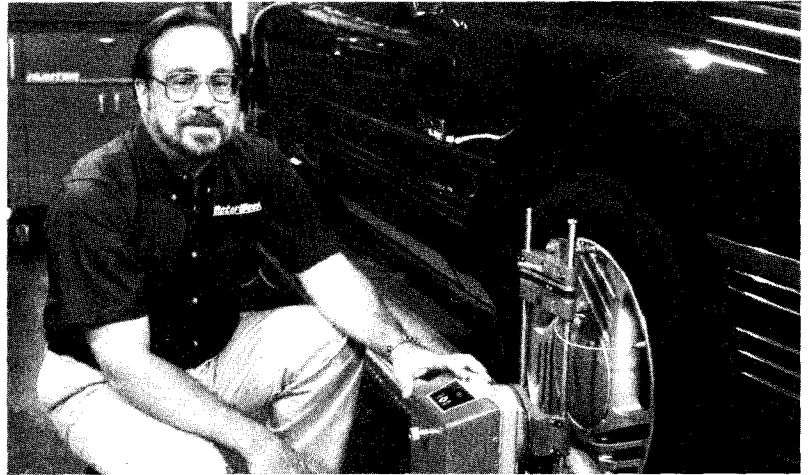
Did You Know?

That Marie Summers has been nominated for Prince Georgian of the Year, 1994? Marie served the Town of Cheverly 18 years preparing meeting agendas, town meeting minutes and handling paper work for the Mayor. She began volunteering at Prince George's Hospital Center in 1974, reporting for work every week day.

Notable Neighbors:

Pat Goss

by Frances Kolarek



From grandmothers to groupies, Pat Goss attracts the fans.

For years Collington's Judith Street of Cottage 1015 has been tuning in on Saturday morning to Pat Goss's radio show (WRC-980 on your AM dial), when he answers questions about cars and their mechanical problems. "He's so patient," Judith says, "and he genuinely tries to help. He's on the side of the consumer."

Then there's MotorWeek, a Maryland Public Television show that airs Thursday evening. Pat has a regular spot which he fills with useful facts for car owners. He may, for instance, give detailed do-it-yourself instructions on how to repair a chip on the finish of your new car, caused by a bit of flying gravel.

A near neighbor of Collington, Pat and his wife Bonnie live on Enterprise Road. He has an automotive diagnostic center in Seabrook.

But just try and catch him at home. Recently he flew to Detroit and back on a Monday; took off the next day for Chicago; returned home Wednesday to write his column for a County weekly. Then he turned his attention to his own garage, and still found time to record a TV spot for MotorWeek.

To be ready for his radio talk show, which airs live both Saturday and Sunday mornings, he leaves the house before dawn and heads for WRC's Silver Spring

broadcast studios. But Sunday, when the show is over, he claims some private time. He and Bonnie take their power boat out on the Chesapeake Bay and unwind.

For the past twenty years, during the spring and fall when the weather is clement, Pat has conducted a series of evening classes for car owners who want to learn more about what's under the hood. Women flock to these courses. "I was a little surprised at first," Pat says. "But then I discovered that women are quick to make friends with fan belts and carbureters, and I enjoy their enthusiasm as students." He has developed a following of "groupies." "Sort of like a rock star," his wife laughs.

Pat's widely-recognized professionalism in the automotive world has won him consulting contracts with General Motors and Chrysler. On the other hand, the Consumer Protection Agency of Prince George's County retains him as a consultant.

Pat is much in demand as a speaker at fundraisers. Last year he judged a contest for high school students challenged to convert standard cars to electric power. "I like to see young people carry out new ideas." Pat says. "It gives me a good feeling about the future."

Apples for the Students. . .
What Does a Computer Cost?

What do those cash register receipts from the Safeway and Giant that we keep stuffing into the box on the Clock Tower Counter actually produce?

A call to the Giant supermarket, which calls its promotion "Apples for the Students," produced these facts.

Register receipts totalling:

\$85,00 equal a computer;

40,000, a 19" color TV

35,000, a VCR

3,500 to \$11,900, software

2,500 to 3,000, basketball or

football.

It looks as if we may turn over \$50,000-worth of grocery receipts to Woodmore School by the time the promotion ends on March 4 of this year. The school chooses its own "prizes."

Members of the Outreach Committee meet with individual students at Woodmore School to help with tutoring and serve as "Special Friends." They also act as judges in the annual Science Fair competition.

Collington contributed receipts totaling \$42,000 in 1992-3, a contribution for which Woodmore expressed its gratitude at a dinner when the school recognized everybody in the community who had lent a hand.

For some mysterious reason, Collington's register receipts slumped materially in 1993-4 period, but we are pleased to report that your contributions this year were higher than ever. Many thanks from the Committee and from Woodmore to all who contributed register tapes.

M.E.W.

Virtual Magic

by Margaret Martin

Last fall I bought a new printer for my computer, attached it, tested it and got it up and running. There only remained one step, to tell my computer what I'd done, so it could communicate with the printer. Much near-random searching of manuals and tearing of hair followed, succeeded by loud complaints to all who would listen.

Tom Street heard, listened, and suggested that his grandson who "knows something about computers" might be able to help. Visualizing some young expert in his last year of computer science at MIT, I welcomed the idea. Tom accompanied by son and grandso, arrived one morning and Grandpop, Pop and I stood around watching in fascination as Bryan accomplished in one hour what had stymied me for three months.

Afterwards, I was happy to sign 13-year-old Bryan's form attesting to one hour of Community Service for his 8th grade civics class.

Statistical Sprattfall

They say "Jack Spratt could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean."

On average, thus, both chests were flat
And waistlines both obscene.

But Collington's Rich munching-patch
Serves balanced diets daily.

So now, Spratts' chests and waist-
lines match.

Which way? Oh don't be silly.

RWVW

These Little Birds Didn't Tell

by Layne Beaty

As impressive as our valued Collington staff is with its dedication, efficiency, loyalty and friendly service, it may be that the longest hours are worked by the littiest--those two love birds constantly on duty in the Living Room of Creighton Center.

Their happy togetherness is an upbeat for us all, compensating in a way for the dreary story of their arrival during Collington's fledgling days. Having been acquired by an engaged couple as a symbol of undying love, the birds were marooned when the romance foundered (The Collingtonian, May, 1992). Like most of us, they found a welcoming haven here.

Questions abound. Are our little friends male and female? It would seem so. Such birds are monogamous, we are told. Do they have names? Should they? Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Heloise? Sonny and Cher?

How old are they? They won't say. How long do such birds live? Most parrots live a long time and these two are distant kin to the larger colorful talkative avians. We have not ascertained whether they are of the *agapornis* strain from Africa or maybe the *forpus* from South America or some other, like the *melopsittacus undulatus* of Australia. Again, they won't tell us. Most love birds, we read, are from the latter. But no "G'day mate" from them.

Befitting celebrities, they have three homes (cages) and depend on a carefully coordinated retinue of fellow Collington staffers for their daily well-being.

Christy Allen Roberts, Secretary to the Director of Dining Services, (appropriately) keeps birdseed in ample supply..

Helen Cole of Housekeeping assigns members of her staff to uncover and clean the cages and fill seed containers between 7 and 8:30 a.m. seven days a week. The roving Security man on duty covers the cage for the night. Security chief Jason Felder says they sometimes get reminders about this from night owl residents.

Obviously the little cuties like it here. They have never gone on strike, nor called in sick, nor tried very hard to leave. However, one day in January Carol Kernan of Housekeeping, who usually transfers the birds to a clean cage, happened to pass by and noticed one of the lovers enjoying the freedom of the Living Room. Lovers spat? Seven-year itch, maybe? After a short chase, fleet-footed Carol scooped him/her up and returned him/her to the cage.

Says Carol, "Some people don't like to pick them up. They peck at your hand. But it doesn't really hurt. I like the little things." How did the bird get out? He/she won't say.

Resident Lauriston Taylor, held in awe for his ability to get the birds to ring their little bells, claims no special bonding with them. He says, however, that after he tried various other persuasions, eventually he spoke to them in English (pidgin English?) and they responded.

To this untrained ear his appeal sounded identical to the birds' response before one rang a bell. Did St. Francis of Assisi do as well?

RINGMASTER

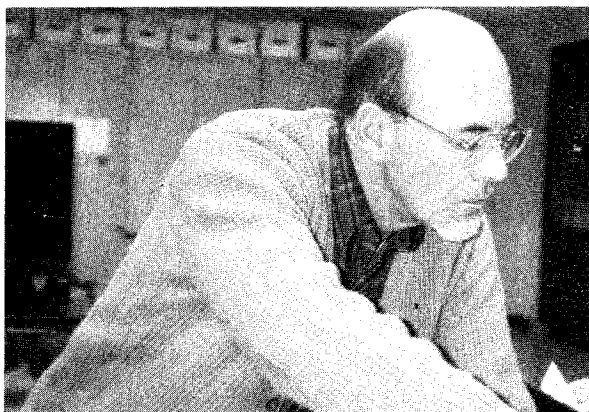
by M.E. Wallen

When Jane and Doyen Klein in the spring of 1993 announced that the Rev. Bruce Eberhardt of the Church of the Nativity (Camp Springs) had offered us the use of a two-octave set of handbells as well as the services of David McCahan, their choir master, we really had no idea how lucky we were. For Mr. McCahan, who instructs us in the use of the bells, is not only musically gifted. He is utterly reliable, turning up like clockwork for practice, bringing the bells with him. He is also patient, forgiving and funny.

Thanks to these attributes, the Bell Ringers were able to participate in Collington's Christmas program for the past two years.

And, expanding their horizons, the Collington Bell Ringers have been invited to take part in a musical event with international connections. Each May, Mr. McCahan organizes and helps conduct Nativity's grand concert when the Korean Methodist Church, the African American First New Horizons Methodist Church and the Episcopal Church of the Nativity alternate their choirs and soloists.

David McCahan--pronounced McCaghan, is if a bone were stuck in the throat--was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania in 1937 and grew up in Port



Royal where he attended a Presbyterian Church. However, he got his degree at Maryville College in Tennessee, majoring in history and music, and fell under the influence of "a musical gang," as he says, the Canterbury Club of St. Andrews.

One of the three owners of a pipe organ firm (Lewis and Hutchcock, Inc.) Dave is unmarried. He divides his time between his pipe organ business and his musical duties at the Church. He comes to us as a volunteer, unpaid but not unsung. Like many of us, he was once a

Federal employee in a distant clime. For eight years during the sixties, Dave worked in India as an accountant for the

CIA. In 1969 he took on the responsibilities of organist and choirmaster at the Church of the Nativity. Though he is an accomplished pianist, the organ is his great love and prime occupation. He lives in College Park and enjoys swimming, hiking and oil painting.

If you would like to try bell-ringing, Dave McCahan always welcomes newcomers and is a competent and patient teacher for those with little musical experience. Anybody interested in bell ringing is invited to join the group on the second and fourth Mondays between 7:30 and 9 p.m. in the Creative Arts Room.

Historic Houses Ornament the County

by Edward Behr

As Prince George's County prepares to celebrate its 300th anniversary in 1996, attention is turning to local history and to the County's rich architectural heritage.

There is hardly a better place to glimpse the County's past than in its historic houses. Dozens of them still survive, dating from the 18th century and the early 19th. Several are grand, even elegant, mansions listed in the National Register of Historic Places. Some are not far from Collington. A few are open to the public and well worth a visit.

At Darnall's Chance, just east of Schoolhouse Pond in Upper Marlboro, a visitor is propelled back to the early 18th century; the house, perhaps the County's oldest, was built by Col. Henry Darnall about 1700 and recently restored. It was probably the birthplace of John Carroll, the first Catholic bishop in America.

The house is brick, one and a half stories high, with dormers in a shingled roof and two chimneys at each end of the house. The projecting central bay is unique in a Maryland house of this height. With its small mullioned windows, the house almost has a medieval air.



Darnall's Chance

Adjoining it are a well house and a dairy house. Behind it an 18th century vault, recently uncovered, contains the remains of several owners and their children.

Inside, the main floor boasts 13-foot ceilings and handsome woodwork painted red and dark gray. Upstairs are four bedrooms. The house was among the first to have rooms set aside for specific purposes. A portrait of Col. Darnall shows him profusely wigged; underneath the wig his head was shaven. The house is partly furnished with high-style English furniture. It is open to the public most of the year.

Two miles or so west of Upper Marlboro lies the Clagett Farm, long owned by members of that well-known County family and now belonging to the Chesapeake Bay Foundation. It is a spread of some 300 acres of rolling farmland crowned by a hilltop house oddly known as The Cottage.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 8)

Some cottage! It is a white clapboard frame plantation house built in three stages, in telescope style: the first and biggest section dates from about 1840, a smaller one was later added to it and finally a still smaller kitchen wing was added to that. The cornices of all three sections are adorned by handsome jig-sawn brackets. There are five chimneys in all; every room has a fireplace and one is complete with the original black marble mantel, nicely repaired. Ceilings on the main floor are 12 feet high.

Outside, the house is framed by huge oaks and surrounded by terraced lawns and slow-growing English boxwood. On the hillside below is a unique ice house whose oval brick storage space extends nearly 18 feet into the ground. Nearby are old tobacco barns.

Alas, The Cottage is not generally open to the public. It houses the farm offices and is only sparsely furnished. The Foundation sometimes uses it for environmental education. The farm itself is run as a model of environmentally sound agriculture.



More Love in Bloom

Ruth and Roger Dixon

by Al Rosen

"We built houses next door to each other in Hollin Hills in 1952 . . ." Thus started the close friendship of two families: Ruth and Bob Strong and their two sons, and Roger and Nancy Dixon. Sadly, Bob died six years later; Nancy two years afterward.

In their closely knit community in Fairfax County, Virginia, "everybody played cupid." Roger and Ruth were invited to parties, dinners and other events. But they needed no help, for they were already meeting in town for lunch.

They were married after a year-long courtship. Roger then went into the Foreign Service and there followed four eventful years in Copenhagen and five in Paris where Roger served as Economic

Counselor. Back in Washinton, Roger worked in the Commerce Department and Ruth became president of the League of Women Voters. She made two tries for election to the D.C. Council from Ward 3. Later she launched a career in genealogy.

The Dixons will celebrate 35 years of marriage two days after Christmas.

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HAVE A NICE TRIP?

In the past year or so, three Collingtonians have come home from trips abroad with broken bones. What happens when you have an accident abroad? Edna Lingreen's experience offers both information and guidance to world travelers.

I Fractured My Pelvis in Paris by Edna Lingreen

No, that is not a song title. Rather, it was my response last year when asked "What did you do on your vacation?" The Smithsonian Study Tour was en route to Aix-en-Provence when I missed my footing at the de Gaulle Airport, hurtled through the air, and landed prone on the walkway. I was able to get up with help, but my left leg would bear no weight. I stood leaning against a wall until Moira Black, our tour manager, came along and took charge. I was placed on a stretcher and transported by ambulance to nearby Gonesse Hospital. There x-rays revealed that I had sustained two fractures of my pelvis.

At Gonesse, to my astonishment, I was put to bed without being undressed. (Moira had pulled off my shoes and pantyhose while I was on the X-ray table). Subsequently I was undressed and put into a hospital gown but I surmise the immediate concern was to give me some ease from the intense pain I was feeling. My pulse, blood pressure and temperature were taken. No other tests were done.

Since this was a French hospital, only French was spoken. Decades of non-use had erased any facility in the language I once had. Lying there I did remember "J'ai soif" and "J'ai faim" (I'm thirsty.

I'm hungry). Before Moira left I asked her how to ask for a bedpan. She didn't really know, but supposed "pee pee" would work. She was right because when I said "Il faut faire pee pee" nobody laughed and I got what I needed.

The next morning Moira arrived with the good news that I would be transferred to the American Hospital in Paris, an excellent facility where English is spoken and where, thank goodness, Blue-Cross/Blue-Shield insurance is accepted. Moira then left for Aix to shepherd her tour group.

Shortly a husky ambulance driver arrived, picked me up in his arms and carried me to his ambulance with his assistant carrying my feet.

At the American Hospital Dr. Olivier, an orthopedic surgeon, treated me with early mobilization. On the day I arrived he told me they would get me up in a chair the following day. I hadn't been in the chair long before the physiotherapist arrived with a walker. And as soon as I had mastered the walker he came with crutches. After that I walked the corridors several times a day on crutches, using the walker in my room. I even used it to take a shower three days after my fall.

Despite pain medication, getting in and out of bed was excruciatingly painful. Dr. Olivier assured me that my walking, though painful, would do no damage. The therapist came morning and afternoon; he even insisted on teaching me to crutch walk up and down stairs, although I told him there were no stairs

where I lived.

Even though I got excellent care in hospital, including French food tastefully prepared and attractively served, I came home with the tour group from Aix--in part for the practical reason that my suitcase had gone there and was coming back with the group. Moira called me every evening from Aix, so I never felt lonely or abandoned, but was part of the group in absentia.

(Next month: Edna Comes Home)

Maybe You Didn't Know. . .

When Grace Helms was a teacher she moonlighted for a time as a store detective.

Working in several Hecht's stores in Montgomery and Prince George's counties she developed skills for nabbing shoplifters which may have sharpened up her classroom management style. Or vice-versa.

Among her catches: several public officials, a school teacher, and one lady who had briefly attended the Sunday School class that Grace had taught. Obviously, the lady left too soon. (P.S. Nowadays, Grace reads *The Collingtonian* aloud once a month for residents with impaired vision.

* * * *

After majoring in music, Catharine Seybold co-edited several editions of the University of Chicago Press Manual of Style while she was a book editor there. She acknowledges that accepted Standards of spelling, punctuation, etc. do change over time, like other styles bending to tastes and usage. After all, we don't spell our river "Potowmack" any more. And what about ". . .Aprille with his shores soote. . ."?

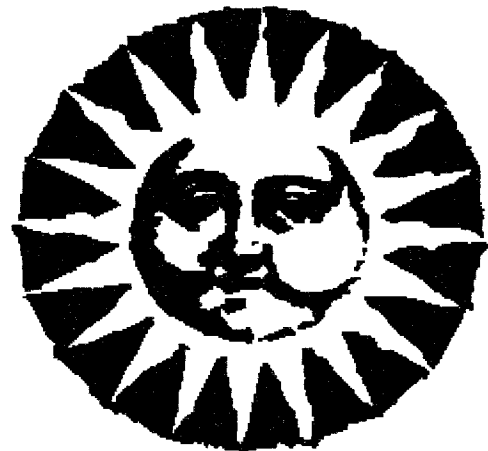
A Visit to the White House

Fourteen Collington women joined 500 other members of the Woman's National Democratic Club in a visit to the White House last January.

Each guest shook hands with First Lady Hilary Rodham Clinton who stood in the receiving line for over an hour. In the State Dining Room and the East Room banquet tables were laden with canapes and pastries.

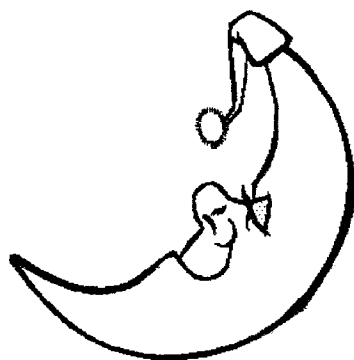
Mrs. Clinton spoke to the group in the East Room, concluding her remarks with a quotation from Eleanor Roosevelt which she keeps on her desk:

"A woman is like a tea bag--the hotter the water the stronger she gets."



Alex Dragnich's book, Serbia, Nikola Pasic and Yugoslavia, has been published in Belgrade in Serbian translation. The book deals with the highlights in the political career of Pasic, who was prime minister of Serbia when Austria-Hungary attacked in 1914. This is the second of his books that has been translated and published in Serbia.

Tuning the Telly--Suggestions from MPT



Friday, Mar. 3, 9-11 pm
Stunning aerial photography
from shore to shore--Empire
State Bldg. to the Grand Canyon.
A gorgeous spectacle.

Sunday, Mar. 5, 7:30-9 pm
Nostalgia Buffs! Mickey Rooney
remembers a time when the
milk man brought a bottle with
cream on top.

Sat., Mar 4, 10-11:30 pm.

Thurs., Mar 9, 7:30-9 pm

Sat., Mar 18, 4:30-6 pm.

Learn a new language! Speak
Internet! Are you are baffled
when your grandchildren
start talking about "surfing
the net?" This is a must
watch show for the clueless
newby.

The Light Side

Mormons found the Great Salt Lake
Away from trouble makers.
Then they said, "For goodness sake
We should have brought the Shakers."

Yoo-Hoo! Typewriter People

We hear that some people still
use a typewriter. Others know
where to find an endangered
item--carbon paper.

If you test each letter on your
typewriter with the old "Quick
brown fox..." sentence, you
might want to try something
different. How about:
"Pack my bag with five or six
dozen liquor jugs?"

Truth in Advertising?

Driving on the Beltway recently we
noted signs stating "Open Joints on
Bridge." Reflecting that a cold beer
would be nice, we slowed down and
looked in vain for a joint, open or
closed.

Thought for the day: Like the bird in
the gilded cage, prunes are more to be
pitted than censured.

AS OTHERS SEE US

There were the Scots who kept the Sabbath
And everything else they could lay their hands on.

Then there were the Welsh who prayed on their knees
And their neighbors.

Thirdly there were the Irish who never know what they
wanted
But were willing to fight for it anyway.

Lastly there were the English who consider themselves
a self-made nation
Thus relieving the Almighty of a dreadful responsibility.

(Is this Politically Correct? Two residents sent it in.)