

The

Collingtonian

Vol. 5, No.7

Mitchellville, MD

Oct. 1993

News & Views



SPELLS HAPPY HALLOWEEN

Dorothy Cannon likes to celebrate holidays. "That greenhouse window," she says, "well, I find it irresistible. When a holiday comes along I have to get busy and decorate it."

As Halloween approaches Dorothy is getting the string of eight pumpkin lights out of the attic, along with a large collection of Halloween decorations--witches, pumpkins, skeletons--the whole works. And, since a lot of work goes into trimming the window, Dorothy leaves it decorated for at least a month.

Last Independence Day, red white and blue lights in the shape of shields glowed gently on the collection of firecrackers and other doodads.

Thanksgiving is, of course, easy to work around. And at Christmas Dorothy shoots the works with strings of Christmas tree lights, a small creche and orna-

ments hanging from red and green ribbons. One thing is certain--each year's production is different from the last one.

The Easter window is especially eye-catching. Dorothy has a string of small bunnies that light up. Fancy Easter eggs and chickens and the whole Easter-basket panoply is on display.

Fortunately, Dorothy moved in at the very beginning of Collington and opted for a fold-up attic stair. Her daughter climbs up and brings down and puts away; otherwise there would not be storage space enough to accommodate all the ornaments she has collected over the years.

Her cottage is no. 1107. If you take a stroll one October evening, you will enjoy Dorothy's Halloween window. FK

MaCCRA?

What's MaCCRA?

Oh, no, you say, not another acronym! However, this is one that residents of Collington should remember. It is shorthand for the Maryland Continuing Care Residents Association, and is open to residents of life care communities in Maryland, 8,000 strong, including Collington.

Its purpose, "... is to strengthen the Maryland code to protect and enhance the rights and financial security of continuing care community residents while maintaining the viability of the providers ..."

The State organizer and President is Robert M. Sparks, a Broadmead resident, who heads a fast-growing organization with 500 members. Doyen Klein is President pro tem of the Collington chapter, assisted by Edith Hunter, State Secretary, and Marion Camp, who helped write the By-Laws. Seventy-three Collingtonians have already paid their \$15 annual dues.

Originally, various churches established "homes" for the care of their elderly clergy and members, the Quakers being one of the most active in the field. More recently, a growth industry has sprung up, attracting many large corporations. Laws governing both non-profit and commercial enterprises vary widely from state to state.

In all cases, residents sign a contract

for services, and in most cases do not "own" anything. What is purchased is insurance.

This investment represents a large percentage of a resident's assets. And it is to protect this investment that MaCCRA believes there is room for improvement in state laws. All contracts between residents and providers of care should make provision for the protection of residents' investment. MaCCRA encourages close cooperation between residents and providers. It feels we, as voters, should use our clout in the state legislature to forward such ends. E.A.



Co-Editor MacLean Opts for Bigger Writing Role

Mary MacLean, who served as Co-Editor of *The Collingtonian* with Margaret Wertz, disappears into the Maine woods with her Scottie, Mischief, early each summer. And so we were not able to properly mark her transition from editor to writer.

It is our pleasure now to welcome her to the staff. Asked how she got involved with *The Collingtonian*, Mary said: "I always liked to write." She was a frequent early contributor to its pages and we hope to see her by-line in the future.

Before coming to Collington, Mary was Academic Dean at the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She is a

in Upper Marlboro, and is actively involved in its current accreditation process.

The Lucero system has captured her imagination and she spends several hours a week at Collington with this project. And she has managed to find time to become highly skilled at basket weaving.



Four Honorees:

Without them there would have been no Collingtonian:

Jane Wall, who says: "I was never editor, you know," launched the publication.

Margaret Werts and Mary MacLean served as co-editors over its most of its life.

Each received from John Jay a framed certificate of appreciation at the September Residents Council meeting and a round of grateful applause from the audience.

Bob Willing, who edited *The Collingtonian* briefly before he stood down in order to stand up at the altar, arranged the certificates and the ceremony. His loyalty to the publication, his excellent photographs, his enterprising reporting, and his enthusiasm for dining-out have given *The Collingtonian* much of its flavor. Thank you, Bob Willing.

The First of Many

Emily Abouchar



The Music Committee under its enterprising Chairman, Newton Blakeslee, opened the musical season at Collington on Sunday, September 19, with a song recital.

The audience was delighted to welcome back baritone Raymond Brown and his accompanist, Deborah Morris. This is Mr. Brown's third appearance at Collington so his audience anticipated his usual carefully-selected program and first class performance. It was not disappointed. Mr. Brown introduced his songs with charm and informality, creating a warm, intimate atmosphere just right for a Sunday afternoon.

Excellent musician that he is, Mr. Brown put together a well-balanced program. "Bright is the Ring," his first number, delivered in his full rich baritone, served to capture the attention of the audience and alert it for what was to come.

His first group included the well-known favorites "September" and "Lost in the Stars" of Kurt Weill; "My Time of Day" and "My Heart Is So Full of You" from Guys and Dolls of Frank Loesser. The audience purred with delight.

Next came a group of Schubert songs, distinguished by the composer's graceful

(continued on page 4)

melodies and varying in mood from lively to tender. Mr. Brown's rendition was a tribute to his fine musicianship.

Deborah Morris followed with a brilliant performance of a Chopin composition. An accomplished pianist in her own right, she is a sensitive, sympathetic accompanist.

The program came to an end with a group of popular songs of Ives, Lehar, Kern and Hammerstein, all favorites, all beautiful.



County Churches Send Flood Relief to Iowa Town

By Betty Clark

Upper Marlboro, our county seat, has reached out to an Iowa town, also a county seat, devastated by recent floods. Humbolt, Iowa, which is located at the convergence of the East and West Forks of the Des Moines River, has never before experienced a flood and has no flood insurance. Many of its 5,000 residents are retired people.

Four Prince George's County churches whose membership includes a number of Collingtonians, headed the relief effort. More than \$16,000 in cash was contributed as well as eight tons of food and cleaning materials which were trucked to Humbolt. The clean-up effort goes on. Checks may still be sent to "Upper Marlboro-Humboldt Relief Committee" c/o First National Bank of Maryland, Box 60, Upper Marlboro, MD 20773.

Shw mae heddi?



By Gwen Edwards

I am half Welsh. My paternal grandparents were born in Wales and I inherited the Welsh love of choral singing. Since I went to my first Gymanfa Ganu (Song Fest) ten years ago, I have been singing Welsh hymns by imitating those around me.

Hearing of a Welsh Heritage Week at Towson last summer I leaped at the chance to learn more. And I did. At the end of the sessions I had more than doubled my knowledge of the language. Today I know nine or ten words instead of the two or three I brought to the classes.

Evening entertainment revolved around Welsh customs and culture. Noson Lawen--Dragon Night--featured faculty members doing comedy and music. Eisteddfod, the traditional Welsh cultural competition, featured lovely music as well as comical events like singing while holding your tongue.

This is one of the songs we sang:

While strolling neath the lleuad wen,
That means the silvery moon.
You and your dear cariad bach
You'll stop and have a spoon.
He'll whisper rwy'n dy gari di
And that means I love you.
Be he says that to everyone
From here to Timbuktu

(Shw mae heddi? means How are you?)

Birds, Bees, Frogs and Fireflies

By Ed Behr

Worried environmentalists are eyeing certain kinds of wildlife for clues to the health of Planet Earth. Here at Collington we can try to track some of the same creatures to see how our local environment is faring.

The fauna arousing particular concern are of four kinds: Frogs, honeybees, fireflies and migrant songbirds. Scientists believe all of these are declining in number in the U.S. and perhaps worldwide as well. And at Collington? No one is taking any censuses, but casual observation suggests some possible conclusions, reassuring or otherwise.

First, frogs. "In many parts of the world, a good frog is hard to find," the Smithsonian magazine has reported. "Many species are simply disappearing and no one knows why." But until Collington's Lake was drained this summer a few of our native frogs were hanging out near the gazebo, and some have continued to inhabit the drainage pond, announcing their presence in basso profundo.

Next, honeybees. Scientists have detected a decline in honeybee populations in various places--a source of worry to farmers who rely on the bees to pollinate crops. And eyeball evidence indicates a sharp drop in honeybee numbers hereabouts. Though bumblebees

still flock to Collington gardens, honeybees seem almost absent.

And fireflies? Experts report that these summertime charmers seem to be fading fast in North America and even in Japan, mainly from loss of hospitable habitat. "A decline in the ecosystem," says one environmentalist. Here at Collington we do have fields and woodlands friendly to fireflies, but there appears to be only a scattering left. A few decades ago, many Washington suburbs offered scintillating displays on summer evenings.

As for the songbirds that winter in the tropics and summer here or farther north, ornithologists see a general dropoff in numbers. They mainly blame destruction of forests in Central and South America. A recent National Geographic article bore the ominous title "The Silence of the Songbirds." Still, the wood thrush with its golden voice returned here last spring to nest once again. Red-eyed and white-eyed vireos have been seen and heard as well. But warblers seemed to be fewer at Collington this year. Or were they just more successful at eluding aging eyes?

Overheard on the Elevator:

". . .and if you go to dinner just twenty minutes later, you find a whole different culture."

A Death in the Family

By Jack Fisher

She had died during the night. Quietly. It was so like *Bubbe*, my grandmother. I was eight, and *Bubbe's* going was my first experience with death.

Bubbe was papa's mother, a tiny dried up incredibly ancient little woman who had been brought over from Poland not too many years earlier. A widow dependent entirely on her children, all of them married, all with large families, she had passed from son to daughter, to daughter, to son.

Bubbe took it all, the frequent moves, the changes in routine, without a word of complaint. She was the ideal dependent relative. All she asked was a place at the table, a bed, and a hook on the wall where she could hang her clothes.

She had been in our home for no more than a few months, not sick but frail. Very frail. That morning, early, as I passed her open door on my way to the toilet, I saw *Bubbe's* mouth had dropped open. He toothless jaw was slack. Her eyes were fixed in a glassy stare.

I dashed into the kitchen where Mama was drinking her second glass of *bavarka*, a strong tea whitened with milk. Papa had left hours earlier to put in a day's work peddling ladies' hosiery.

"*Bubbe* is dead," I shouted, excited, proud to be the first to bring the news, beating out my older brother Max.

Mama hurried to *Bubbe's* room

with me at her heels. She touched the cheek and hand, muttering "cold, cold," and closed *Bubbe's* mouth. She told me to get my breakfast and run down to the street to play. There was much for her to do and she didn't need me under her feet. My mother and I carried on a bilingual exchange. I spoke English, my mother, Yiddish. We understood each other perfectly.

Mother went next door to tell the news to Mrs. Gotesky, a widow with eight children. I tagged along as the two went to the corner drugstore where the telephone was. (Who had a telephone at home in those pre-World War II days? Only "rich people.") The telephone was for use when you had to talk to relatives, to tell bad news of a serious accident. Or a death.

And they came, the relatives--all women for the men were working. They came from Brooklyn, Hoboken, the Lower East Side. It was a large family and it got together only for must things--a wedding, a funeral.

Max and I waited at the El station at 110 Street and Third Avenue. We guided them to our tenement at Park and 112th and up the five flights to our door.

When the first relative entered our flat and shrieked "*Ai! Ai! Ai!*" I was startled, but as one woman followed another uttering the familiar cry, I came to recognize it as a ritual. The women

joined Mama in the kitchen to drink tea and talk about where *Bubbe* was to be buried and how the cost was to be shared. Later, when the men came, the discussion about sharing the cost of the burial service and the cemetery plot and the stone, was at times acrimonious.

And sometime that afternoon there was the required visit by the doctor who drew a stethoscope from his little black bag and put one end on *Bubbe's* chest to make sure she was really dead. He would file the necessary death certificate and

he charged one dollar. Mrs. Gotesky paid since Mama didn't have a penny in the house.

It was an exciting day, exciting because it was different. I couldn't get enough of it. But it was over all too soon. For Jewish custom required that the dead be buried the day the person died, if possible. That afternoon two solemn looking men dressed all in black came and put *Bubbe* in a plain pine coffin, as Jewish custom required, and took her away. And it was all over.

Remembering Departed Friends

Cornelia Marshall recently wrote a recollection of her late friend Dorothy Shaffer, remarking that "there are early residents who will be remembered not only for what they did or where they came from but for just 'being.'"

On a big table outside the Collington library are two loose-leaf volumes known as "Memory Books." In most cases they contain an obituary and the biographical material we supplied about ourselves. Such impersonal material cannot take the place of heart-felt memories written by a friend. Cornelia's tribute to Dorothy Shaffer has been placed in the "Memory Book."

Your own recollections of departed friends will be placed in the loose-leaf binders if you will leave them at the front desk with Priscilla.

New Largo/Kettering Library to Open in November

The branch library at the Watkins Park Shopping Center closed on September 15 when its lease expired. Had it not been for the efforts of the Friends of the Largo-Kettering Library, this neighborhood would have been left without any library.

As matters now stand, however, a new library building off Truman Drive, just beyond Prince George's Community College, is scheduled to open around the first of November. Shelving and other fixtures are being installed and the work is expected to be completed by that time.

A Book Sale to raise funds for the Friends of the Largo-Kettering library is planned for November 13. Books, magazines, records, etc. are needed by Jeannie Nichols, President of the Friends. Her telephone is 577-4328.

Executive Director's Corner

By Gail L. Kohn

How do you use the Collington Courier?

- Do you keep the calendar pages in a handy place to alert you to events you may want to attend? Some residents update their personal calendars with the aid of the Courier.
- Do you sign up for trips and events because you read about them in the Courier? Although there are other sources, the Courier is the comprehensive means of finding out about activities on and off campus and making advance plans.
- Do you use the Courier as a source for news of the Residents Association? Committees often use the Courier to inform residents of their activities. Summaries of Residents Council meeting minutes will appear in the Courier beginning soon.
- Do you keep up with staff department news reports and requests? The staff increasingly has used the Courier to tell about the status of issues, provide facts about rumors on campus, ask for help, and enlarge on past and future events.
- Do you decide what days you don't want to miss in the Courtyard Dining Room based on the menus? The week-at-a-glance with its very small type is useful to many residents but those with vision impairments can receive larger print copies by asking Priscilla Atkinson, Clocktower Receptionist.
- Have you noticed that the same illustrations are repeatedly used to draw your attention to specific events and Residents Association committee announcements? They are meant to help you quickly identify items you wouldn't want to miss.
- Do you use the (R) designation to identify items you may have already read? Repeated items, marked (R), are intended to save you time but alert others who missed earlier Couriers.
- Have you enjoyed the stories of residents who moved in five years ago? Reading about the early days has been a source of pleasure for newcomers and longtime residents.

The Courier has evolved over the years. Published since the summer of 1988, it now takes approximately twelve hours a week to produce, not counting the time the numerous writers devote to producing copy. The deadline for submitting copy to Executive Assistant Reta Grauel's desk is Tuesdays at 3 p.m.

The Courier has served increasingly as the best means of staying informed about Collington. It is used by staff, Board members and residents on campus or away for an extended time. And it impresses persons unfamiliar with Collington because it demonstrates what an active, interesting community this is.

Sweetie

By Bob Willing

Last May Marion, and I went to a Washington Humane Society Fund Raiser at an estate overlooking the Potomac. Greeting guests was a young lady who had telephoned us several times about adopting a dog. She had brought two dogs, a cocker spaniel and a long-haired mixed-breed dog which reminded me of my little West Highland White Terrier. We took one look at that little dog and fell in love with her.

We chatted with old friends, enjoyed a glass of wine, and admired the the view. When we decided to leave we took another look at that appealing little white-and-tan dog. A sign nearby suggested: "ADOPT A DOG." We turned to one another and said, "Let's." So Sweetie entered our lives.



Sweetie McChum Willing

Sweetie is definitely part terrier; she has a stubborn terrier streak. Several persons who have Lhasa Apsos think she also has some of that breed. As Marion says, "She is a true-bred Canardly. You can hardly tell what breed she is."

She waddles when she walks with her bushy tail corkscrewed over her rear end

like a Lhasa Apso. Sweetie has definite hangups. When a storm is approaching she trembles all over and hides in a closet. But with love and care, she has adjusted to her new home and jumps in bed with us during the night.

She is five years old and weighs 22 pounds. We can't imagine anyone abandoning Sweetie, but are forever

grateful that we found each other.

Annual Bazaar - November 12 - 14

Dates for the Annual Holiday Bazaar have been set to coincide with Collington's Fifth Anniversary celebration. Items for sale will be on display in both the Game Room and the Creative Arts Room.

Robena Taylor, committee chair, says: "Collington's enthusiastic and talented residents have come up with an array of

tote bags, gros and petit point, jewelry, ceramics, and baskets galore. If you have a project in the works, this is an early warning to finish it up."

The Lowly Worm, a stuffed toy which proved a favorite baby gift, sold out last year. More will be available this year, but Robena warns, "Come early for the best choices."

Taking Care of Yourself

by Debbie Titus-Baker

THE CLINIC AFFAIR:- Its' *Who's*, *What's*, *Where's*, *When's* and *Why's*.

Who . . .

EVERY Collington resident, ALL Health Care Staff, ALL Social Services personnel, and LOTS OF volunteers are all needed to make this affair a success!

What . .

1. We will make sure our records are complete. In case of emergency we need to know your physicians' name(s) and have correct names and phone numbers for those whom we should call,
2. We will provide preventative health reviews which assure that your records indicate your medical history and updated medication information including the results of blood tests, weight and blood pressure,
3. We will provide flu vaccinations,
4. We will provide health-related educational materials.

Where .

IN THE AUDITORIUM, for the first time. We hope the change will eliminate the gridlocks that occurred in previous years.

When . .

FRIDAY,	OCTOBER	29	Mornings between	9 - 11:30
SATURDAY,	NOVEMBER	6	Afternoons between	1 - 3:30
MONDAY,	NOVEMBER	8		

You WILL be notified when your housing area is scheduled.

Why . . .

TO ASSURE THE BEST POSSIBLE HEALTH CARE FOR OUR RESIDENTS!



Two Haiku

*On nature elderhostel
Art eats weeds.*

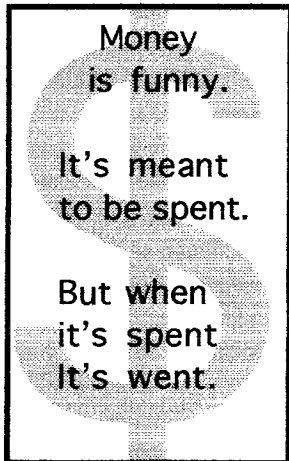
Ken emcees.

What an odd couple.

^ ^

*Silent observance
Majestic virgin forest
Cathedral of trees.*

By Art Longacre



Alice Radue

The Original Trick-or-Treat ?

By Helen Gunderson

When my grandfather was discharged from the army after fighting in the Civil War, he settled on a farm in Nebraska. He lived alone for a year, then married and brought his bride to live on the farm.

On one occasion he had to go to town for some supplies--an all-day trip--leaving this wife alone all day. It was grandfather's birthday, and his bride decided to bake him a cake.

She mixed the batter, baked it and cooled it. Just as she finished frosting it, the door opened behind her. Startled, she turned to see who was there.

In the doorway stood an Indian. He looked very big to my five-foot grandmother. He pointed to the cake. Grandmother thought, "Oh, dear! How can I cut into David's cake before he has even seen it?"

But she dared not refuse. She had cut a generous wedge to hand to the Indian, when he reached past her, grabbed the whole cake, and took off.

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

Editor: Frances Kolarek

Feature Editors:

Health, Helen Wood

Music, Emily Abouchar

Pets & Pictures, Bob Willing

Associate Editors:

Ed Behr, Jane Wall

Bob Willing

Reporters:

Betty Clark, Jacob Fisher

Mary MacLean, Carroll and

Conna Shaw, M. E. Wallen

Margaret Werts

Production & Distribution:

Anna Dougherty, John Jay

Marion Jenkins

Elma Tidwell



Halloween Party Fun

"Helping out at the Halloween Party is more fun than just going." That's what one of last year's volunteers said, as he signed up again for this year.

Help is wanted. Help is needed. And, you can sign up to help in the way that suits you best. Like to bake cookies? Like to open the door to a crowd of Trick-or-Treat goblins and ghosts? Or--scooter riders listen up--how would you be like to patrol the corridors and the clusters as a Trick-or-Treat guide?

Decorators! Come deck the halls with lanterns, spider webs, and bats. Are you a Deconstructionist? Help UNdecorate.

Hurry over to the Clock Tower desk and put your name on the dotted line to do what you want to do. There is even a "standby" category in case a volunteer falls by the wayside.

RECIPE FOR
A SUCCESSFUL PARTY:
The Individual Approach

By Jane Wall

Last year's Halloween party--when 110 residents signed up to do 175 jobs--represented a record turn out and resulted in a highly successful party.

So in late August, Mary MacMartin and M.E. Wallen, Hospitality Committee members in charge, sent a memo to Collington's Housing Representatives asking them to advise each member of their area about the Halloween party at the September meeting.

This gave everybody the opportunity again this year to sign up for specific jobs that fit their special talents. Their names have been entered in the book at Priscilla's desk.

Schedule of Events	
October 30, 1993	
6:30 to 7:30	Trick-or-Treat
7:45	Costume Parade and Judging
8:30	Surprise Entertainment
	Punch and cookies

Will we have outstanding participation at another Halloween party? If so, we may have proved that at Collington the personal approach is the way to go and that if you fit the jobs to our people, our people will be happy to do them.

Questions? Call:

Mary MacMartin - x7258
M.E. Wallen - x7210