

The

# Collingtonian

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## NEWS & VIEWS

### Collingtonians to Woodmore School

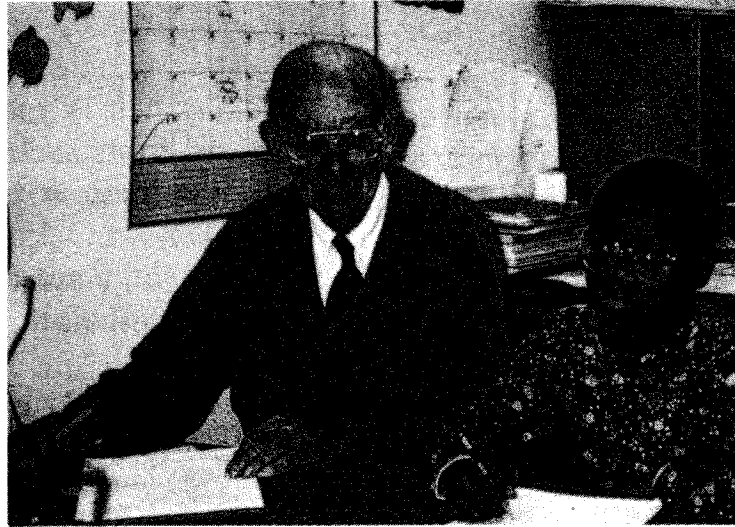
by Anne Catherine Walker

"The relationship is very beneficial," says Mrs. Beth Hadley, Principal of Woodmore Elementary School, "in all its aspects, the Special Friends, the assistance with the science projects, and the collection of grocery receipts. The Special Friends program has many side benefits not always apparent to the Friend, such as giving the student a sense of belongingness and making him or her more receptive to the classwork. It has been effective in helping students with problems."

Mrs. Hadley has been principal about as long as Collingtonians have been helping out. In 1989 Audrey Bass was looking around for some way to be helpful in the community outside Collington. She called Mrs. Hadley and started tutoring in reading. She also made up visual aids at home for

the kindergarten. Wilma Martin volunteered to tutor in 1991, and she and Audrey started calling it the Special Friend program in 1992. Three volunteers helped in 1991 and the numbers have varied over the years from as few as one to as many as fifteen at any one time.

"It's a combination of one on one tutoring and encouraging students to have more confidence in themselves," says Wilma. She was coordinator of the program until the last six months when health problems intervened. Cynthia Parker has taken over. She has the advantage of



Allen Marvel with Woodmore Student Chrystal Garrett

having had teaching experience, which neither Audrey nor Wilma had had, although Wilma had done some tutoring of adults. She feels that the program is not

so much straight tutoring as encouraging the kids to have confidence in themselves and heightening their sense of self-esteem.

Cynthia's teaching background is helpful in coming up with ways to get around obstacles. In the case of a student who had been told he couldn't read, and therefore didn't, she used his interest in sports as a lever. She brought in clippings from the sport section of *The Washington Post*. He read the first one fairly well and the second even more fluently. He was amazed and very pleased when she told him he had been reading a newspaper written for adults.

Mary MacMartin led nature walks before a health problem sidelined her for a while. She tied them in with what the students were learning in class, like colors for instance, or measuring size of objects such as trees. The school has ample acreage for useful walks of this sort. Peter and Mary Heinze have helped in the library, getting the books listed on computers and helping to put books on shelves. In the early days Nate Bass served as judge at science fairs, and Peter Heinze, Karl Wirth, and Frank Nelms have carried on with it. M. E. Wallen manages Collington's collection of grocery receipts, which this year amounted

to \$47,850 - about one sixth of the total the school got from all sources and enough for them to buy a new computer.

The program is part of Collington's Outreach Committee's activities, with the Special Friends operation a subcommittee headed by Cynthia, the grocery receipts by M. E., and other activities as opportunities offer.

(Other staff members participated in writing this article.)

## A Thousand Strong

"Over a thousand members for the first time," so announced Bob Sparks of Broadmead, President of the Maryland Continuing Care Residents Association (MaCCRA), at its Council meeting here March 13.

"We need to get the point across to our representatives in the Maryland Senate and House," he said, "when they take up SB543." This is a bill fostered by MaCCRA and coordinated with the managers organization and with the State Office on Aging. It sets out requirements for operations of CCRCs, including providing for residents participation.

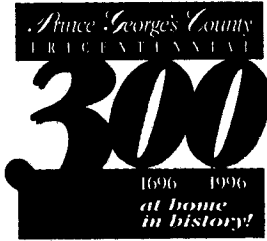
The Council is made up of two representatives from each of ten chapters. Mr. Sparks has been in touch with comparable organizations in eight other states, with a view to coordinated action on national legislation.



(Left) Taken at the MaCCRA meeting, this photograph shows four Collingtonians. On the left can be seen Doyen Klein and John Jay, first vice-president. Center is Edith Hunter, secretary, and to the right is Marion Camp, president of the Collington chapter.

## •Belair - A House with a History•

by Edward Behr



Half a dozen miles from Collington, on a hillcrest in Bowie, stands one of this

and brass chandelier. A spiral staircase with ornate decor leads to the second floor. On the first is a series of multi-purpose rooms, usable as parlors or for sleeping or dining. Most rooms have marble fireplaces and those facing south enjoy floods of sunlight.

country's finest inheritances from the Colonial era. It is the Belair Mansion, an outstanding example of Georgian architecture, with a 2.5-story central block built about 1765 and two wings added later.

After some years of neglect, Belair has been handsomely renovated. It has been open to the public since last summer.

The house fairly brims with history. It was built for Samuel Ogle, who served three terms as provincial governor of Maryland, and was designed as his country estate, an escape from the rigors of life in Annapolis. (At one time fourteen



Belair Mansion

Ogle children lived at the estate.) Earlier in this century Belair was owned by William Woodward, whose horse-racing stable bred such famous winners as Galant Fox and Omaha.

The mansion stands on several grassy acres graced with towering cedar, holly, and tulip poplar trees. A row of tulip poplars was planted in the eighteenth century, at a time when the estate stretched over 2,100 acres.

At the front door a visitor enters a greeting area adorned with handsome woodwork and the gleaming new glass

Despite extensive renovation, much of the house is still the original. The lofty ceilings and 15-inch-thick walls are unchanged. There are old doors with old hinges, windows of poured (not rolled) glass, with interior shutters to keep out heat or cold. Though most rooms lack the original furniture, a mahogany sideboard and a sofa from the early days still remain.

There are other reminders of the eighteenth century - an Ogle family coat of arms, a set of silver bearing the family crest, documents signed by Samuel Ogle, and a portrait of Benjamin Tasker, who

managed the estate after Ogle's death.

Below is the cellar, with mighty brick arches supporting the walls. And, yes, there is a wine cellar. But an attempt to grow grapes for wine on the estate ended in failure.

The Woodward era at Belair ended in 1955 with, as a brochure says, "the tragic death of William Woodward Jr." The brochure does not elaborate. What happened was this: In that year William Jr. was living with his beautiful young wife

at their estate on Long Island's North Shore. One night Mrs. Woodward thought she heard an intruder in the house. She got out of bed, picked up a pistol and went into a hallway to investigate. She saw a dim silhouette, shot - and killed her husband. Months later, New York newspapers printed a picture of the widow. That beautiful face had aged at least a decade.

To reach Belair from Collington, turn left onto Lottsford Road, then left again onto Enterprise Road (Md. 193). Go north about three miles and turn right onto Annapolis Road (Md. 450). Go east almost four miles and turn right onto Md. 197. Almost immediately turn left onto Tulip Grove Road and you'll soon see the mansion on your right. It is open on Sundays from noon until 4 p.m.

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### •Three Gentlemen from Trinidad•

Sam, who grew up on the West Indian Island of Trinidad, nodded contemptuously at the falling snow and says, "It's a joke. That's nothing." The snowplow is clearing the parking lot at the Clock Tower for the sixth--or is it the seventh--time this winter. County schools are closed. And Sam, with his soft Island accent, is calling it "a joke?"

"It's not even cold," he adds. Sam, I learn, left his home in Port of Spain when he was eighteen and moved to Edmonton, Alberta, ice hockey headquarters. He can be scornful of our "little" snows.

Trinidad lies south of the Windward Islands just off the coast of Venezuela. "Sugar cane fields and forested hills embroider Trinidad's 1,864 square miles," the atlas says.

Sam's complete name is Shurland Samuel, but he is known to most of us by the name he wears on his shirt. It was at his suggestion that Desmond Manzano came to Collington. Desmond, who like Sam works for Environmental Services, grew up on the southern coast of the Island, worked as a linotype operator and also set type by hand. When he came to the United States in 1991 he applied for a job at a print shop in New

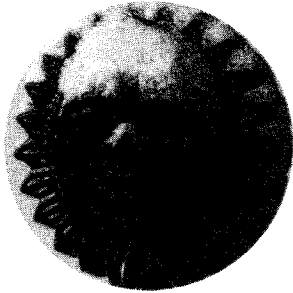
York, citing his experience as a linotype operator. "They still have those things?" his prospective employer asked, incredulous.

When Desmond first arrived at Collington he was assigned to a variety of jobs, one of which was helping Kevin Shaver put up the fence around the Hilltop Garden. He has steadily worked his way up to a supervisory position. Desmond's 17-year-old daughter is enrolled at Morgan State "studying to be a teacher," he says with pride.

Yet another native of Trinidad is Winston Alvarado who once worked as a full-time security guard before leaving Collington for a job with the government. He still fills in on weekends or holidays.

Winston, who was a member of the Trinidad police force, came to this country as the result of the heart defect his daughter was born with. His wife's sister had married a Marine from the U. S. Naval Station near Port of Spain, and had come to live in the States. She urged her sister to bring the baby here for surgery, and in time the whole family followed.

Winston sometimes suffers a touch of homesickness. "From where I used to live," he says with a wistful smile, "you can look across the water on a clear day and see Venezuela. It's so beautiful." FK



March 8--  
The Last.  
HURRAH!

"For lo, the winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth;  
the time of the singing of birds  
is come, and the voice of the turtle\* is  
heard in our land.\*\*"

And the voice of the redwing  
blackbird, and the killdeer and many  
others in our neck of the woods.

Actually, our doves have been around  
all winter, but without having much to  
sing about, like the rest of us. In point of  
fact, theirs is not much of a song,  
sometimes described as cooing, in a  
minor key that gets them called Mourning  
Doves. But at this point, any harbinger of  
spring is a good one, as witness the  
biblical notice it received.

It is possible, of course, that the dove  
making its voice heard in Judea had a  
more melifluous song. What Roger Tory  
Peterson in his "Eastern Birds" lists as a  
Turtledove is a "Ringed Turtle Dove,  
origin unknown, domesticated widely."  
Webster's dismisses the whole question  
thus: "Any dove of the genus *Turtur*, a  
bird characterized by its devotion to its  
mate and its young, and recognized by its  
plaintive cooing note."

So its mention in "The Song of Songs"  
may be more apt than one might have  
supposed from the general downplaying  
of the quality of its song. Actually, it is

particularly poignant for those whose  
recollections hark back to the early 40s  
and a play that was running on Broadway  
at the time, called "The Voice of the  
Turtle." It was about young love and  
separation and, but one does tend to run  
on and must resist the temptation to  
reminisce...

\* Rendered as "turtledove" in some  
versions, but not in the King James.

\*\* Sol 2:11,12

## Ginseng Song

We have it on bad authority that there  
may be coming a new increment of  
income for the Fellowship Fund. A  
subcommittee of the Lake and Trail  
Committee has been interested in what  
the *Washington Post* described in a  
January headline as "A Newfound Passion  
for Ginseng: Wild Root's Premium Price  
Drives Harvesting Frenzy ...." The prices  
of this plant "used in Southeast Asia for  
centuries to treat everything from  
stomachaches to impotence doubled this  
year to as much as \$500 a pound."

Realizing that Collington residents  
have no need for an aphrodisiac - read  
that either way you wish - and that there  
is little need for curing such a primitive  
ailment as the ordinary stomachache, the  
subcommittee would grow the product  
for the Fellowship Fund. To offset some  
of the collateral ginseng-root damage,  
Collingtonians could send their usual  
Fellowship Fund donations to  
International Planned Parenthood instead.

A questionnaire is being developed to  
determine community opinion.

## •New Books•

Some recently donated (1995-96) books added to the Collington Library.

### FICTION/DETECTIVE

Bradford. Love in Another Town  
Clark. Iced  
Cornwell. From Potter's Field  
Crichton. The Lost World  
Graham. Written in Blood  
Hart. Mint Julep Murders  
Hillerman. Finding Moon  
Kellerman. Justice  
Muller. A Wild and Lonely Place  
Pilcher. Coming Home  
Steel. Five Days in Paris  
\_\_\_\_\_. Lightning  
Tyler. Ladder of Years

### NON-FICTION

AAA. Europe Travel  
Quarles. The Negro in the Making of  
America. 3rd ed.

### DETECTIVE/PAPERBACKS

Andreas. Trial of Murder  
Evans. Dead before Morning  
Faherty. Live to Regret  
Livingston. Quiet Murder  
McNamara. Breakdown  
Woods. Deadly Obsession  
Yeager. Eviction by Death

### LARGE PRINT

Austen. Sense and Sensibility  
Dallas. The Persian Pickle Club  
Doere. The Tiger in the Grass  
Fitzgerald. The Great Gatsby  
Groom. Gump & Co.  
Perry. Traitors Gate  
Pilcher. Coming Home

### BIOGRAPHY

Maraniss. First in His Class . . . Bill  
Clinton  
Robertson. The Orchard

### March Birthdays

It couldn't be St. Patrick's because that was Sunday and the March birthday party was Wednesday. But it was the next best thing--Cabaret Night--with balloons and fancy hats and Bingo! courtesy of those accomplished Bingo! artists Junius Jeffries and Presley Evans (right).



## •A New Light on Level II•

Rita Chapman burst on the Collington scene last Fall and instantly scored a hit. "I was looking for an original idea for a holiday entertainment and got the idea of a costume show for dogs."

Rita has friends in the Pets on Wheels organization which takes friendly dogs to visit the elderly. They came with many costume changes, and Collington dog owners rallied to show their pets in yellow slickers, in tutus, in reindeer horns, and Redskins coats.

Residents from Level II of the Creighton Center, where Rita directs recreational activities, joined a large crowd of others to applaud the show. It wasn't Westminster--it was better.

Rita is a slender bundle of smiles and energy who radiates enthusiasm. She is looking forward to the reorganization and expansion of the recreational program on Levels I and II and is brimming with ideas. A native of Prince George's County, she started to study nursing in North Carolina, later switching to Therapeutic Recreation and Gerontology, a field, once discovered, she instantly embraced. She has been married three years to a college beau. The couple live in Fort Washington.

To mark Valentine's Day, Rita, with the help of other staff members, saw to it that every resident on Levels I and II got a rose attached to a heart with a Valentine greeting.

It is, however, not only the staff that contributes to the quality of life on Level II. A group which calls itself modestly "The Not-Quite-Ready-for-Broadway Singing and Dancing Society" entertains residents on Friday afternoons. Mary Ellen Hines, Hannah Crosswhite and Chuck Dell, who became involved with the ac-

tivity as a result of Ken Muldoon's inspiring performances, put a 70-page song book together. Tunes in it range from Clementine to Some Enchanted Evening, and the group which also includes Ken Muldoon, Martha Cox, Mary Price and Helen Cameron with Virginia Colony on the piano, do their off-Broadway thing.

"If we can just arouse a spark of interest or set a finger marking time--crack that wall of isolation--that's why we do it," Chuck Dell explains, "and we are amazed to see how song, dance and hugs make connections you wouldn't believe possible."

The Information Volunteers who answer the telephones on Level II and spell the usual operator have also become a part of the experience. They cannot help but interact with the residents. Stacey Guthrie is always pleased when residents on Level II and Collington's more active contingent are thrown together. She values the telephone volunteers because "they bring a taste of the real world to people who can so easily become isolated from the outside." Mary MacLean, a telephone volunteer with a long record of service on Level II, has forged special bonds with Mathilda Schelle, who, with Helen Turner are Collington's hundred-year-old residents.

But the resident who brings smiles to the face of Louise Blauvelt, Director of Nursing Services, is Dorothy Cannon. Dorothy, whose husband was long a resident of Level II, grew accustomed to going in to feed him every morning. After his death she saw no reason to break a habit that had become a part of her normal routine. She still goes every morning

to help feed those who cannot manage by themselves.

Art Longacre, of the Haiku group, wrote of her recently:

“She raises the spoon  
To the mouths of the helpless  
And extends a life.”

FK

## A Visit from Zeus

Every Thursday morning the Health Center is favored by a visit from the namesake of the supreme deity in Greek mythology, Zeus. He is about 18 inches high, has four legs and paws, a respectable tail that swings vigorously from side to side, short hair of a brownish tone, a friendly smile, and is attached by a leash to Dick Belenski.



Zeus and Admirers

He represents Pets on Wheels, a national organization, and shows obvious pleasure in visiting his friends on levels I and II. Dick Belenski has been bringing him since January. He retired shortly before that, was looking about for volunteer work and read about Pets on Wheels.

He had an interview and Zeus had a

session with the vets, and they were in business. They go to Villa Rosa on Mondays and Gladys Spelman on Wednesdays, and both enjoy themselves while they're at it.

## A Constructive Suggestion?

Before the Residents Association is a proposal to construct a ducking stool at the end of the pier on Collington Lake.

It will be put to use when gracious living, peace of mind and the bottom line at Collington are threatened by residents who:

Park on the yellow line at the Security and Courtyard entrances.

Put garbage anywhere except in the receptacles for that purpose.

Neglect to pick up after their dogs and, sometimes, cats.

Leave their clothes in the pool changing rooms.

Dip a spoon in Harvard beets and then in mashed potatoes.

Walk in the swimming lane in the pool.  
Drive too fast on the perimeter road.

Turn up late and delay departure to events.

Drive scooters as if they were Dodgem cars.

Gotcha!

In belated recognition of the day of the Irish--a Limerick:

When I went with the Duchess to tea  
It was just as I feared it would be.

For her rumblings abdominal  
Were simply phenomenal

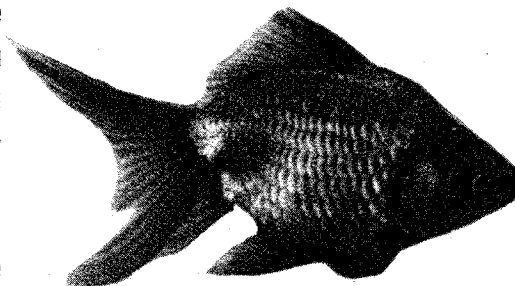
And everyone thought it was me.



# •Poissons Rouges•

by Tom Street

"What a funny place for an umbrella!" Remember that one, delivered while gazing far up in space and then yelling "April Fool!" at one's bemused victim? Or there was an elaborate nifty perpetrated here a couple of years ago when a memo appeared on the bulletin board inviting everyone to a meeting to set up a new committee whose role would be to form more committees. The meeting time 12:00 a.m. in Cottage 4113. Anonymous, of course, but its elegant invention suggested "A.R."

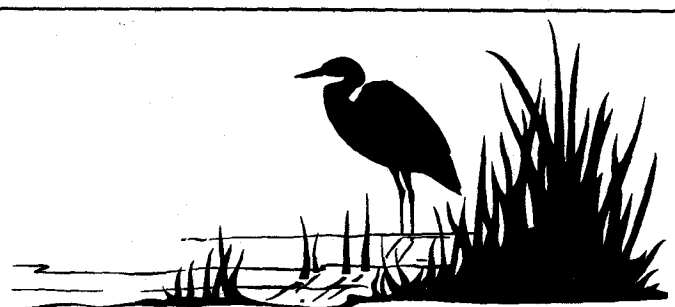


The tradition of the April Fool joke lives on, stronger in some countries than others. For instance, in France "poissons rouges," literally "red fish," or poissons d'Avril, were a big feature of the day. Even the French state radio, "ORTF," got into the spirit, broadcasting fanciful spoofs their staff dreamed up. In India the local equivalent was a festival called "Holi," sometimes spelled "Huli." The gag was to toss a bag of brightly colored powder, reds and blues, on some unsuspecting citizen. It could also be colored water; you had to watch out.

We are happy to report that the spirit moves us still here to the extent that it has now revealed the origin of the name "Collington." Careful readers will recall that last month's historical analysis left it up in the air, "a bird,?" But unusually dedicated readers will recall even farther back, to our April, 1995 issue and the brilliant piece of imaginative research by Clem Welsh, who unearthed, not to say concocted, the finding of the letters and

journals of an early settler, Col. William Collington. This nifty was so artfully contrived that it achieved the ultimate red fish accolade of fooling a good many people, not excepting a prominent member of the staff of the Collingtonian. If he were a Scot he would be called a "gowk," a person betricked on All Fool's Day, April 1. Katharine Kendall, our own Scot, remembers her mother saying to her "Don't be such a gowk."

A person thus tricked is someone who has been "gulled" and this should have alerted us to Col. Collington. The source of the "findings" about him was a Prof. Guller. Ow! Gotcha! Col. Collington's name must have been "redfish."



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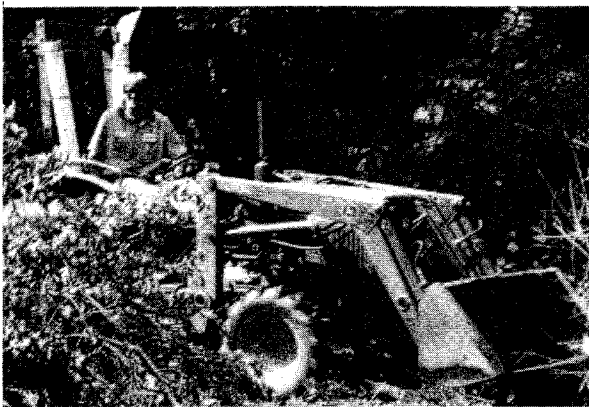
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## Send-Off for Mark

After seven-plus years of planting trees and shrubs, keeping cars, trucks, and tractors in good running order, plowing and shoveling snow in blizzards and below zero windchills, moving earth in 90-plus heat and humidity, and the myriad other jobs that fall under the heading of Landscape and Trails, Mark Kerkeby has taken a more sedentary, but no less challenging job in the field of mechanics.

Virtually the full force of Environmental/Support Services, spearheaded by Director Judy Mutty, turned out for a luncheon send-off at a nearby agreeable facility. Regrets and best wishes went with him, a skilled, willing, cheerful and all but tireless co-worker. He'll be sorely missed.

(Below) Mark, Summer Phase, on all-purpose tractor



## Right in the Neighborhood

**What:** A historic property coming to life; the ruins of two slave quarters of the Northampton Tobacco Plantation being preserved as an outdoor museum exhibit.

**Where:** In the Northlake development at Lake Arbor.

**Who:** Mrs. Iris McConnell, historian, and descendant of Hawkins family of Northampton.

**When:** Spoke here February 28; gave many facts, such as:

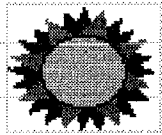
**Facts:** The Northampton Plantation was a 1000-acre tract. The Fairfax family maintained ownership until 1959. Northampton was an important tobacco plantation. Tobacco was the primary cash crop in Maryland. The Civil War changed the face of farming in Maryland. Tenant farmers on smaller holdings became more common. Two slave quarters, one frame, one brick. The quarters were built in the 17th and 18th centuries. The frame quarters were built in the 1790's. The brick quarters were built in the 1840's. They are the only known example of brick quarters in Maryland. TS

## Collingtonians at AASHA Meeting

The further realization of the ongoing growth and impending changes in the U.S. systems of health care was evident at the March 18-24 spring conference of the American Association of Homes and Services for the Aging in Washington.

Collington's envied reputation was evident in many of the personal exchanges between the estimated 800 convention registrants and Collington's small delegation of residents, executive board members and administrators. Forty-six states, plus the District of Columbia, Canada and South Africa, interfaced with representatives of some 100 exhibitors of services catering to care for the aging.

Approximately 135 events (workshops, public policy forums, meals, general sessions) treated a smorgasbord of subjects relating to all conceivable facets of meeting the needs of the increasing number of senior citizens, with marked attention to the growth of health management organizations and similar group enterprises.



### Now It's "Maestro Bob"

Hundreds cheered at nearby Prince George's Community College March 16 when it was announced that Collington's own music aficionado, Robert Willing, had won the privilege of conducting the orchestra at that evening's concert, a fund-raising marathon for the Prince George's Philharmonic Orchestra.

Not the whole evening's program, a stellar performance featuring guest trumpeter Vincent DeMartino, just the closing number by the orchestra. Bob had worn his black tie that evening, just in case.

Taking the baton from Music Director Ray Fowler, Maestro Bob swung it with verve and precision through a rousing performance of the Sousa march "Stars and Stripes Forever," piccolo parts and all, and finished at exactly the same instant that the orchestra did.

The near sell-out audience in the Queen Anne theater, including a regular contingent of maybe fifty Collingtonians, almost went wild.

### "Love Letters" on Our Stage

Few performances have won over Collington audiences as completely as last month's presentation of A. R. Gurney's "Love Letters," a two-character play about a lifelong off-and-on romance between an upper-crust WASPish boy-and-man and a sometimes troubled girl-and-woman of similar background.

The two actors were seated side by side on stage, and, as the story unfolded,

each in turn read aloud a letter just received from the other. Thanks to the professionalism of the Rev. Ralph Evans and his wife Beth, they made the relationship totally believable. The theatergoers were delighted

### Slavs and Women at Yale

"Pjervaj mi Pjervaj" was not what one would ordinarily associate with Yale, but that's what almost 100 Collingtonians heard at the St. Patrick's Day evening concert in the auditorium. No, it's not Gaelic; it's Croatian and means "sing to me." It was sung a cappella by close to fifteen women from the Yale community who sing folk music from Eastern Europe in almost every Slavic language. They formed the group the first year that women were admitted to Yale, dismayed to find that the Yale Russian Chorus had refused to go co-ed with the rest of the school. They were a smash hit.

### Photographer's Art

The East Wing Gallery is alive with familiar faces, caught by the camera lens in the hands of photographer Michael J. Colella, well regarded by many here for the excellent quality of the photographs he produced for our Annual Report.

He likes the Black and White image because it allows the viewer to focus on the strength of the image alone, without having to deal with a multitude of colors which he believes clutter the photo and are often printed incorrectly. Black and White images will last virtually forever, for many generations to enjoy. He has learned from the world's most prominent wedding-portrait photographer, Monte.

We're dealing with an impressive month here, one that moves from the ridiculous to the divine - from April Fool's Day (the 1st) to Easter (the 7th) and which includes the date of Shakespeare's birth and death (the 23rd), which he shares with the feast day of St. George, patron saint of England, soldiers, and boy scouts. The story of how St. George slew the dragon comes from the medieval collection *The Golden Legend*, and legend it is, but we remember it from all those pictures.

There are lots of saints with feast days in April. I like the sound of Agnes of Montepulciano, who died in 1317 and must have been a wise woman since she lived in Tuscany. And St. Francis of Paola (d. 1507) who had the gift of reading minds. And since we're on an Italian bent, there was Ambrose, governor of Aemilia and Liguria, who was elected bishop in Milan by acclamation even before he was baptized (d. in Milan, 397 A.D.). Nice material for a heresy trial, there. And of great importance Bernadette (d. 1879) whose day is April 10, and Katherine of Siena (d. 1380) whose day is April 30. We ought not to leave out St. Anselm (d. 1109) who was an Archbishop of Canterbury, and a good one. His day is April 21. And to end on a high note: St. Mark, evangelist, celebrated on April 25. Quite a month for saints.

"April" takes its name from the Roman month "Aprilis," derived from the Latin "aperio," and the hope that it is a month when the earth "opens." And "Easter" shares this ancient human concern, being rooted in the Anglo-Saxon "Oestra," goddess of the dawn, according to the "Venemous" Bede. Oestra's festi-

val came with our old friend, the vernal equinox, and the rising of the sun in the east, so Christian churches traditionally have their altars at the "east end" and greet the Easter morn without a pagan thought in mind. In the millennia before central heating, Spring was important, and still is in many parts, as tourists in the U.K. well know. The Jewish Passover, *pesah*, to which Christians closely tied the celebration of Easter, gives us the Latin form *pascha* for the feast, and so we have the image of the "paschal lamb," derived from the Jewish observance of the Passover. Easter can come as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. The Prayer Book says, "Easter Day . . . is always the first Sunday after the Full Moon . . . the Fourteenth Day of a Lunar Astronomical Full Moon." Taking pity on us, the Prayer Book then lists the dates of Easter through the year 2013, when apparently the world ends.

The Easter egg is an obvious symbol of the new life of resurrection, and has primitive roots not usually mentioned when eggs are rolled on the White House lawn. The Easter bunny, however, as laying eggs, is a late medieval notion and fortunately the church has never tried to weave it in to the liturgy.

Chaucer brought March and April together with the classic "Whanne that Aprille with his shoures soote / The droughte of March hath perced to the roote," but if you prefer a less antique style, the essence of April is caught by Christopher Morley: "April prepares her green traffic light and the world thinks Go."