

**LAURELMEAD
JOURNAL**

**VOLUME XII ISSUE 1
JANUARY 2022**

The aim of the Laurelmead Journal is to enrich the enjoyment of living at Laurelmead by presenting articles about the history, governance and setting, with profiles and memoirs of both residents and staff.

While editors retain the right of selection, we urge all residents to offer any stories, poems, articles, letters to the editors or memoirs they wish to submit.

Please send your submissions to nickynichtern@gmail.com, put in Rosemary Colt's mail cubby #209, or send to rosemarycolt@gmail.com

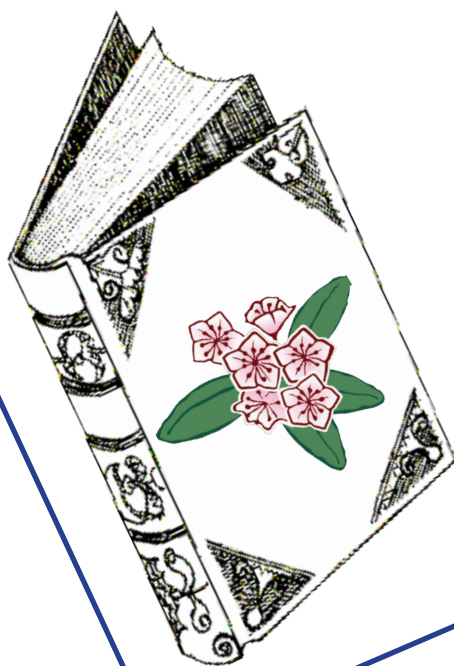
Articles should not exceed 600 words in length.

Editors:
Rosemary Colt
Sylvia Craft

Throughout this issue you will find "lists" that residents were asked to compile and submit. What topic? Any lists that they had that were rumaging through their minds!

Cover Art: Ruth Samdperil

Production and Design: Nicky Nichtern



THE LAURELMEAD JOURNAL
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WALKING IN THE WOODS

by Joel Becker

Soon after we moved here in May 2018, I discovered the woods behind Laurelmead. I walked the ups, downs, twists, and turns of the trail until it ended at a pond behind Butler. Looking at the river was hypnotic-surrounded by the sounds of nature, chipmunks, squirrels, ducks, hawks, and other birds. In November 2019, I was prepared for hiking in the snow. I had my Elmer Fudd hat, ski gloves, glove liners, goggles, long underwear, gaiters, hiking boots, fleece socks, hiking poles and quilted ski jacket.

Then, early one morning, while speed walking in the hallway, I found my legs would not work. I panicked, took my blood pressure fearing a recurrence of a serious neurological disorder (which had been resolved by a vegan diet): it was all over the place. I called my neurologist who said that disorder could not have occurred so suddenly. By the time I visited my PCP, my BP was normal, and I didn't mention the walking problem thinking that it would resolve itself. It did not!

Next, a bad case of flu: to Miriam and rehab. Then recurring pneumonia which left me very weak. My daughter said I needed to eat animal products. I did and that did bring on the neurological disorder. I went back to vegan and that problem was resolved. The recurring pneumonia required a bronchoscopy to remove a congealed pea.

After a second visit, my neurologist said walking problem was psychogenic. I didn't know what that meant and therefore didn't believe it. Next, a spinal surgeon at Kettle Point – (X-rays, multiple MRI's) who said spine, although malformed, was not the problem and in any event he wouldn't operate. I visited a neurologist at Brigham and Women's, the head of Neurosurgery at RI Hospital. and had a televisit with a neurosurgeon in NY. The first two concurred with previous opinions: the last was too eager to operate on my cervical spine (no cautions).

While this was going on

a. I accumulated: grab bars throughout our apartment, an upright walker, a three wheeled walker, crutches, canes, an electric scooter, a massage gun, a wheelchair. Enough for a medical supply store. We had a hydraulic lift installed in our Subaru so we wouldn't be limited in destinations.

b. I started what would be 9 months of physical therapy. My therapist asked what my goal was- unequivocally it was walking in the woods again.

c. I continued to do what I could to keep in shape in the pool. I bought a flotation belt, ankle weights and webbed gloves to work all extremities. I brought CDs to the pool so I could listen while working out. Susan, and her crew encouraged me, showing me novel ways of walking with my walker.

d. Many cycles of improvement, deterioration improvement.

And now:

Instead of speed walking in the hallways, I've started climbing stairs, regular swimming, and the hot tub.

But best--I'm walking in the woods again! I've tried out most of my winter weather gear. My ski gloves were not warm enough. I bought mittens. My long underwear and turtlenecks did not have holes. My boots and fleece socks escaped Covid.

I collected a load of plastic bottles last month with a long-handled grabber. (Dorothy was upset that I tried to clean them so I could recycle them.) Now I can experience nature unperturbed by junk.

Next????



BOOK LIST
I'D HEARTILY RECOMMEND TO FRIENDS
(and one of them to enemies even more fervently)
by Dan Daniels

The Library Book by Susan Orlean

Being Wrong: Adventures in the Margin of Error
by Kathryn Schulz

*Destiny of the Republic: A Tale of Madness, Medicine,
and the Murder of a President*
by Candice Millard

*Grammar for a Full Life: How the Ways We Shape a Sentence
Limit or Enlarge Us*
by Lawrence Weinstein

The World in a Phrase: A Brief History of the Aphorism
by James Geary

On Tyranny: Twenty Lessons from the Twentieth Century
by Timothy Snyder

Working by Robert A. Caro

*A Pilgrimage to Eternity:
From Cambridge to Rome in Search of a Faith*
by Timothy Egan

WHERE I'VE BEEN AND WHERE I'LL GO

by Rosemary Colt

It's been some time since I've put pen to paper—call it the pandemic effect. Every time I opened the paper or turned on the radio or the TV I heard another voice bemoaning how the isolation (or close proximity of family members or chaos or loneliness or whatever) has stifled the creative impulse. I can't say that's what ailed me but exactly what has—I can't answer. I've resorted to watching Netflix, organizing old photographs and jigsaw puzzles, that is, when I can keep the cat away from the the pieces.

My personal pandemic began in March of 2020 when a cruise from Athens to Venice with a friend was cancelled; I'd envisioned the trip as the last installment of a lifetime of travel, one that began when I crossed the Atlantic for the first time in the summer of 1954, between junior and senior years in high school. My father had a Fulbright grant to join a group of specialists in American culture at Cambridge University and my mother and I tagged along.

My father exchanged his cabin class ticket on the Queen Elizabeth I (the crown ship of the Cunard fleet) for three berths in the depths of third class—D Deck I think it was; he bunked in with two other men and my mother and I were housed with a retired nurse. Yet there were some modest luxuries; for instance, saltwater baths were drawn for us by a stewardess outfitted in a white uniform. Luckily, I had some school friends in First Class and I made my way upwards every day and had a wonderful time with them.

The ship landed at Cherbourg early on a foggy June morning. I went up on deck to hang over the railing and when the coast of France loomed up out of the mists it was love at first sight. My mother and I

disembarked there to connect with French relatives while my father went onto Southampton and Cambridge, where we joined him a few weeks later. Every moment of that summer was magic, even in a France and an England still showing the scars of the war. Even the bad English food had its charms; who could resist my favorite, a pink and yellow teacake layered with pink almond paste.

After that memorable beginning I traveled for the next three summers—to Italy, to France and to England again. The best of those trips featured the company of my future husband, who was an equally enthusiastic traveller with a family that was also on the move. A few years passed and shortly after we were married we spent a few weeks in Italy, followed by two months in London while he waited to go into the Army. Then came the babies—three of them—and it was some years before we crossed the Atlantic again. Then in the late '60s, my parents invited me to go to England with them and I caught travel fever all over again. My husband's parents followed suit with an invitation to ten magic days in a villa on Lake Como.

When our daughter was fourteen my husband and I took her to Switzerland, Italy and England and she too caught the travel bug. Our two sons followed suit, but however much they enjoyed themselves, I don't think they were as enthusiastic. However, the elder of the two now lives in Paris with his French wife and the younger spent a year in India with his (American-born) Indian wife. As for my husband and me, we spent money we probably shouldn't have seeing as much of the world as we could, especially Western Europe. We rented houses on the Rhone and in Tuscany and Provence and one wonderful March, an apartment in Paris; we took two barge trips in France and a riverboat on the Rhine. We went as far east as China and our last trip together was on a riverboat in the Netherlands

Then my husband's health began to fail and before I knew it he was gone, leaving me wondering if I'd ever travel again. Then one day a friend asked me to go to Israel with her in ten days; I couldn't pack fast enough and off we went. After that I went to Florence and India and to Portugal last but hardly least, to Africa with my daughter; I loved every minute of those trips because they made me feel alive again.

Not a day passes when I don't think of the places I've been and give thanks for the richness of the memories. In the last year, however, my lust for travel has begun to fade. This was clear to me few weeks ago when the subject of going to Paris came up at a family gathering. My daughter and her husband and I had talked idly about renting an apartment together to be near my son and his family, who live just outside the city. The pandemic put a stop to that idea but my daughter thought it was time to revive it.

The following morning I began searching the Internet for rentals and I contacted an agency my husband and I had used. I was shocked at the size of the price tag for what we were proposing; then I read the newspaper that reminded me of what I already knew, which was that Covid was going to be alive and well in France for the foreseeable future. To my astonishment, next came the realization that I wasn't so eager to venture forth. I doubted my energy for roaming around a city. Could I spend hours in a museum, eat in restaurants day after day, adjust to a strange bed and a time change, let alone survive two long flights? The answer was a sad but definite "no."

In summary, I deeply regret that such a wonderful part of my life is over; on the other hand, I'm eternally grateful for the opportunity to see so much as well as for the memories that will continue to enrich my life until its end.

REFRIGERATOR LISTS

by Claire Hatch

So, the topic for this Journal is lists. Any lists.
And there are many. What comes to my mind is childhood lists.
The dreaded “Refrigerator List!”

When I was 12 and my brother 10 my mom worked 2nd shift. Dad would be home from work by 5:00.

So that meant when my brother and I got home from school we had an hour and a half to do our “chores!”

And “The List” was taped to the refrigerator.

And mom always called at 3:30 to make sure we were home and did we see “The List?”

Simple chores. Fold the laundry in the dryer. Go to the store to get milk. Take the trash out. Set the table for dinner. And my brother and I would always argue who would do what chore!

Now, years later where would we be without our lists!

Grocery list.

Things to do list.

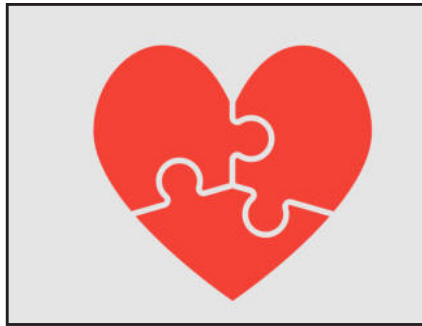
Check it off the list!

Last minute check list.

Christmas list.

A list of things to do.

The “List” goes on and on.....



LOVE LISTS

By Marlene Denessen

As a mental health counselor, I often encounter folks who are on a quest to find the perfect mate, most of the time on e-harmony.com. I almost always lead with a suggestion. Make three lists, each with ten items. List number one should contain (ranked in order) those qualities that would be undesirable in a partner. The most sought-after characteristics should appear on list number two, and the third list should be composed of items from each of the first two lists that are uncompromisable – the “nevers” and the “must haves.” (Usually, the first two lists are the reverse of each other.) I then suggest that under no circumstances should the items on the third list be disregarded.

Folks usually take the first suggestion seriously (seldom the second) and spend some time preparing their lists. I find the items on the second list to be the most interesting. A healthy lifestyle, shared values, financial stability, and all the other usual suspects are frequently within the top five items. Good looks do not seem to be very important. But the one response that is always near or at the top is fascinating. Both men and women identify a great sense of humor as a most desirable asset. What do you think?

ANYWHERE I HUNG MY HAT

by Nicky Nichtern

1945 - 1948: 289 Second Avenue, NYC

1948 - 1961: 15 Stuyvesant Oval, NYC

1961 - 1964: 61 West 9th Street, NYC

1962 - 1964: 91 Bay State Road, Boston, MA

1964 - 1968: 514 Fleetwood Drive, Norman, Oklahoma

1968 - 1970: Baptist Church Road, Yorktown Heights, NY

1970 - 1972: 68 Bari Manor, Croton on Hudson, NY

1972 - 1984: 212 Cleveland Drive, Croton on Hudson, NY

1984 - 1986: 61 West 9th Street, NYC (again)

1986 - 1990: 3 Pomander Walk, NYC

1990 - 1997: 102 West 75th Street, NYC

1997 - 2000: 105 West 73rd Street, NYC

2000 - 2004: 20 Nordica Drive, Croton on Hudson, NY

2000 - 2003: 347 Third Avenue, NYC

2003 - 2004: Kips Bay Plaza, 333 East 30th Street, NYC

2004 - 2015: 66 Alton Road, Providence, RI

2016 - Ad Infinitum: 355 Blackstone Boulevard, Providence, RI

HOW DO I FEEL LIST

by Lowell Rubin

You want to know how I feel.

Yes, I am sure you ask

because you think of me

as an old man. The way people

ask, when they hear I am a doctor,

“are you still working?”

What else would I want to talk about.

Yes I could tell you about

the pain in my lower back

across the iliac crests. It's

a dull pain. Strangely better

when I stand up. Lying down

can make it worse, so now I

take two Tylenol before I go to bed.

Then there is the numbness on

the bottom of both feet. It creates

a funny sensation when I swim.

There is some numbness in the first and second finger of
my right hand. I do have gout.

I get more tired than I used to.

But then I am older now.

I could tell you more,

perhaps you would

make a diagnosis. So far my doctor can't.

You might suggest a test or two. But that

would require more knowledge than you have.

It's quite alright you see.

We can find other things to talk about.

I am not committed to the subject of my health.

In fact it has become quite boring, even to me.

There is more to life, if you can get away from yourself.

That is both true and false. Don't we always get back

to ourselves. So tell me your story. What was it about

your knee? It's painful. It's hard to walk. I can understand.

For me it's sleep now, that is sometimes difficult.

So I write, as you can see.

LISTS

by Lester Shapiro

What those of us who are technologically challenged really need is a list of instant fixes for all of our computer/cell phone/electronic gadgets.

Is it one of those days when your computer refuses to respond to one of your possibly bungled commands? Well, there should be a list for that, ie: I damn well know what I did is wrong... fix it.

Or how about those instances when your cell phone won't cough up a number you're absolutely sure is in there somewhere? Wouldn't it be nice to look at the IT list and just tick the box labeled "Lost Numbers," and see it instantly materialize?

You're about to record a must watch event on PBS, but your DVR--- apparently with an electronic mind of its own---refuses to cooperate. Of course there should be a listed, easily comprehended response for such insubordination.

Or better still: as we blunder through the electronic age we should have a Siri to whom you can describe your problem and know that he, she, or it? will instantly resolve it for you. And you will not have to leave your apartment and ask the staff for help.



DREAM BASKETBALL TEAM

THE LAURELMEAD LIONS ROSTER

David Grant - Center
Jack Partridge -Power Guard
Bob Buttel - Shooting Guard
Peg Megowen - Forward
John Winkelman -Point Guard

Lowell Rubin - Coach

MJ's LIST

- 1099's

- Real Estate tax paid 2021

- Providence Property Tax return

- W2's

- All staff meetings

- Real Estate Tax "Paper Party"

(Documentation from new owners)

- LEEF year end financials

- 1094's and 1095's

- Worker's Comp Audit

- Window Master List

AND BRIANNA'S LIST!!!

<i>notes</i>	<i>to-dos</i>
Week of January 17, 2022	
This Week's Meetings:	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Building and Grounds (Mon. 1/17)	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Labels for Reception
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Board of Directors (Mon. 1/17)	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Update Website
<input type="checkbox"/> Budget and Finance (Wed. 1/19)	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Payroll
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> COE - Mrs. Russell - Meet the Candidates	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Meet the Candidates Flyer
	<input type="checkbox"/> Meet the Candidates Pkt.
Committee on Elections	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Photo Directory Updates
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Rotate Off, Reapply Letters	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Photo Directory Insert
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> BOD Elections	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Budget: Finance Minutes
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Chair/Vice Chair Letters	<input type="checkbox"/> Board of Directors Pkt.
	<input type="checkbox"/> General Residents Minutes
	<input type="checkbox"/> Annual Report 2022
	<input type="checkbox"/>



LAURELMEAD WINE TASTING

A new resident social group formed in October 2021 to enjoy wine tasting. The goal of the group is to share knowledge, learning about favorite wines, new grapes, varietals, styles or wine regions. The model for the group is one of shared responsibility. On a rotating basis, two members chose a wine theme, lead a discussion, then select and purchase the wines. The cost of the wines is then divided among the attending participants. Ron, Claudia and Sandra have been supportive and have provided suggestions and help with set up to encourage new ways to enjoy Laurelmead.

Pairing the wine with food, sharing the experience in a friendly environment, learning, laughing and recognizing that a good wine is one you enjoy has set the stage and encouraged participants to take a chance and present. Tastings are casual and so far the two tastings, Riesling from around the world and Portugese wines have been enjoyed. In February, a Pinot Noir tasting is scheduled.

If you are interested in learning more about the group contact Lee or Bob Cookingham. Cheers!

RHODE ISLAND AND PAPER CURRENCY

by Gordon Wood

You all have heard about cybercurrencies and cryptocurrencies. Some of them can even be bought and sold in the markets. This shows that anything can be a currency if enough people believe in it. Most of us still rely on the good old greenback dollar. But for all those decades leading up to the Civil War, the antebellum period, as it is called, the United States had no national currency, no greenback dollars. Instead, we had thousands of state banks each issuing its own currency. By the eve of the Civil War, it is estimated that there were ten thousand different currencies flying about. Only after the Civil War did the federal government put the state banks out of the business of issuing paper currency and assume an exclusive monopoly over the issuing of paper notes.

All the different bank notes flying about in the antebellum period made conducting business very difficult. Shopkeepers even had books rating the reliability of various state banks. What would a Providence retail merchant do when he was presented in payment for some goods with a \$100 note of paper currency drawn on a bank in Nashville, Tennessee? Although the paper bill said gold or silver payable on demand to the bearer, the Providence merchant didn't want to go to Nashville to collect the gold or silver coin (called "specie," which most people acknowledged to be the only real money). So, he probably discounted the bill by 10 percent or so and offered the person presenting it \$90 worth of goods, and hoped that he could pass the paper bill on to someone else.

Actually, the supply of specie was so limited and people wanted money so badly that counterfeiting of paper bills flourished. Criminals fashioned fraudulent copies of the notes issued by the banks and slipped countless amounts of them into circulation along side the presumably more genuine paper. Storekeepers and businessmen often turned a blind eye to the counterfeit bills as long as people were willing to accept them.

All these different state bank notes came out of the circumstances of the Revolution and the new federal Constitution. During the 1780s many of the state legislatures, their power greatly enhanced by the Revolution, began issuing scads of paper money, which led to inflation. Wealthy gentry-creditors, who in the absence of banks acted as de facto bankers in their local communities, had lent neighbors and clients gold and silver, but found their debtors paying them back in inflated state-issued paper currency. This became one of the injustices promoted by majorities in the state legislatures that James Madison complained about in drawing up his 1787 Virginia plan, which became the model for the new federal Constitution.

Madison originally wanted the new federal Congress to have a veto over all state legislation in order to prevent the states from issuing any more paper currency. His colleagues in the Constitutional Convention realized that such a veto was impractical and instead substituted Article I, Section 10 of the Constitution, which forbids the states from doing certain things, including the issuing of paper currency.

If that prohibition had been strictly enforced, the antebellum economy would have been severely stifled. Since the supply of gold and silver coin was so scarce and the Jeffersonian-inspired limited federal government was not about to issue paper money, what was to be used as money? Instead, the states got around the limitation by chartering banks, hundreds of them, which in turn issued the paper money that farmers and entrepreneurs needed.

Our own state of Rhode Island had been the most notorious issuer of paper money in the 1780s, and for that abuse, the members of the Constitutional Convention widely condemned the state. Many members shared Madison's disgust at the way gentry-creditors had been so ill-treated by debtors who dominated not just Rhode Island's assembly but most of the other state legislatures as well. Fearing that the Convention would limit its ability to issue paper currency, Rhode Island refused even to attend the meeting, not that anyone cared. When Rhode Island finally joined the Union, it led the way in the creation of banks issuing paper

currency. By 1819 Rhode Island had thirty-three banks, nearly one in every town. As Pease's Gazetteer of 1819 pointed out, "the amount of banking capital here [in Rhode Island] is much greater, in proportion of population, than in any other state." Those banks were scattered all over the state, even in agricultural districts; Rhode Island was the only state in the Union, said the Gazetteer, to try this "experiment, as to the utility of the general distribution of banks."

Some of the banks issued more paper than was sensible. The Farmers Exchange Bank of Glocester emitted over \$600,000 in paper, but had only \$86.45 in specie to support these notes. This was too much, even for Rhode Island, and in 1809 the state legislature closed the bank, making it the first bank to go bankrupt in United States history.

All this paper money, which was capital after all, prepared the way for Rhode Island's extraordinary commercial success. In the course of the nineteenth century Rhode Island became an economic powerhouse. Inventions flourished, and more patents per capita were issued in Rhode Island than in almost any other place in the English-speaking world.

This extraordinary commercial development, in turn, attracted wave after wave of immigrants from Ireland, Canada, Italy, and elsewhere. By the last part of the nineteenth century, Rhode Island had become a major industrial center. The state dominated manufacturing in textiles, steam engines, baking powder, jewelry, silver, and small tools. Five factories - the Corliss Steam Engine Co., Nicholson File Co., Gorham Manufacturing Co., American Screw Co., and Brown and Sharp Manufacturing Co. - were the largest of their kind, not only in the United States but in the world.

It couldn't last; and in the twentieth century it all came to an end, and Rhode Island eventually acquired the reputation for being one of the states least hospitable to business.



PICKLES

submitted by Peter Lisle

Pickles are who we are becoming.

Pickles are usually made from cucumbers -
a warty, thin-skinned fruit produced by a creeping plant.

To be “pickled” can also mean to be intoxicated
(for short-term relief).

Pickles can be a plight, quandary, bind, jam -
troublesome awkward predicaments or humorous events.

Brian Crane has most aptly portrayed the latter
in his nationally syndicated “Pickles” cartoon as shown above.



TEN SONGS I LOVE

(in no particular order)

By Myrna Hall

LAURA

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN

SUMMERTIME

IF I LOVED YOU

SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

IT'S ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE

WHO ARE YOU NOW

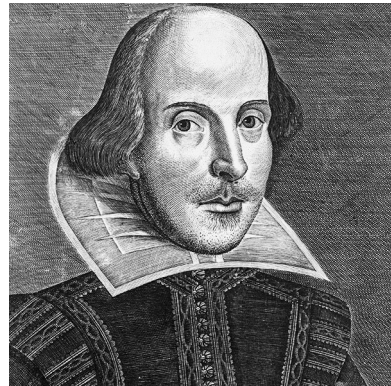
CORNET MAN

O MIO BABBINO CARO

I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE DINNER WITH...

By Ned Gammon

1. Wm. Shakespeare
2. John Quincy Adams
3. Wolfgang Mozart
4. Winston Churchill
5. Abraham Lincoln
6. Theodore Roosevelt
7. Elizabeth I
8. Johann S. Bach
9. Seamus Heaney
10. Eleanor Roosevelt
11. Frederick Douglass
12. Francis of Assisi
13. Beatrix Potter



WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL I... by Lee Cookingham

- wanted to be Dagmar OR
- Dale Evans (boot envy)

As a teen I:

- did not want to wear red eye glasses
- wished 'the nerd' would leave me alone

In my twenties I:

- wanted to look like Audrey Hepburn OR Twiggy
- wanted a blue work shirt or green army jacket
and the confidence to wear them and what they symbolized

From 30-40 I:

- wanted 5 minutes of quiet time during waking hours
- a girl friend to laugh with

Between 50-60 I:

- wished drive time between Rochester NY and NJ was shorter
- had spent more prime time with my daughters

60 and beyond I:

- recognized I will never look like Helen Mirren or Robin White but
more like my mom
- know I can never know enough to be an expert
- do not have the stamina or persistence to excel but can enjoy much
- ignore stuff and people that annoy me
- laugh when I see or hear something amusing
- read what I want and do not have to finish what I don't
- dream realistically
- still try to be socially appropriate
- recognize I may not wear a Purple Hat but appreciate woman who can
- hope that those I love, love me 1/2 as much-even with all my warts



CONTEST SUBMISSIONS

First Place

“Come back!
I’ve got the bagels
but you still have
the cream cheese.”

Norman Bolotow

Runner Up

“I hope this is the book
on survival that I ordered.”

Foy Ann Plohr

“Check it out! Prime can deliver anything...except a rescue team!”

MJ Holland

“Take it to Laurelehead..
that’s where we’re moving when we’re rescued.”

Sam Bender

“Pardon me... do you have any tartar sauce?”

Pat Garry

“Prime landfill!”

Lee Cookingham

“What’s your money on sweetheart? Toilet paper or ice cream?”

Nicky Nichtern



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