

# COTTAGE NEWS



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CONTRIBUTIONS FROM COTTAGE RESIDENTS

**MAY 2022 -- SPRING**

All articles are written by cottage residents



## SPRING EVENTS IN THE COTTAGES

### Larry Heinrich Aids Bethlehem Police Department

Mason, Larry Heinrich's police horse, visited Moravian Village. He and a gaily decorated jeep started at the apartments and traveled to Larry's Garden where his rider spoke about police horses and answered questions from a large audience of residents.

Looking back, Larry remembers being impressed by the work of the Bethlehem mounted police at the end of a typical Musikfest night. Four abreast they strode slowly down the center of Main Street and the crowds moved and, without fuss, left the area. He saw it as a very efficient and easy way to take care of what could otherwise be a labor intensive situation.

Intrigued, he visited the Barn, by Spring Garden School, where the horses are kept. It was a warm June afternoon and the grounds were filled with families enjoying a special day of fun and games. Larry watched the police and children intermingling comfortably without

any visible signs of fear. Again, he was impressed, "How wonderful!", he thought.





Horses at the Barn are well tended by volunteers who feed the horses, bring them hay and muck out their stalls. One of the volunteers was Deb Young, another Village resident (mother of Flash). She and Larry talked frequently about the fact that one could sponsor a new horse, if one were being sought. In time, a three-year-old, 1800lb Amish horse was being considered. He lived on a farm in Ohio, where he worked ploughing the land and, when not busy, he pulled a merry go round (remember, no electricity). Initially, Larry sought a name for the horse, unaware that he was already

named Mason and had lived with that name for three years. Larry decided it was a good name for a hard working horse so decided to keep it but with the addition of a middle name, Herbie. So, on a momentous Saturday morning at 9a.m., Larry went to his bank to get the money to buy Mason Herbie, whom he gifted to the Bethlehem Police Department.

**Thank You Lori**  
 Lori's Visit Warmly Greeted  
 by Cottage Residents





## Martin & Carol's Excellent Adventures in Papua New Guinea



Our presentation of our visit to Papua New Guinea (PNG) was a popular

event in the CEC with 56 attending over two days (including seven from the apartments and one life enrichment coordinator). Most of the trip was in the highlands where we saw many tribes including the famous wigmen.



Though they had a reputation as fierce warriors they were always gentle and friendly with us.



The most exciting part of this extraordinary trip was the sing-sing at the end for which groups from about 70 tribes dressed up with their long feathers, leaves, and shells and danced together in a large arena.



## Great Courses in the Cottages

By Martin Richter

It was about two years after our arrival in the Village when Tracy asked Judy and Judy asked me if I would host Great Courses in the Cottages. Great Courses (name just changed to Wondrium) sells hundreds of audios and videos of college level courses (available by DVD and streaming). Bob Burcaw had been hosting Great Courses presentations in the apartment house for some time, and it was quite

popular, with even several cottage residents, like Carol and me, joining an audience that nearly filled the room. By that time in 2016, the golden age of the Event Cottage, Judy was there to help plan and coordinate so many activities that weekdays were full; like the presentations by Bob Burcaw this Great Courses would take place in the evening.

It did quite well from the beginning. Then as now, the cottage residents love getting together with friends and neighbors for stimulating or food-and/or drink-based activities. But not all Great Courses were popular. One science oriented course taught by a brilliant Lehigh professor I knew ended prematurely. Everybody loved the energy of the lecturer, but quantum theory proved to be just too much. But other courses were great successes. The American West

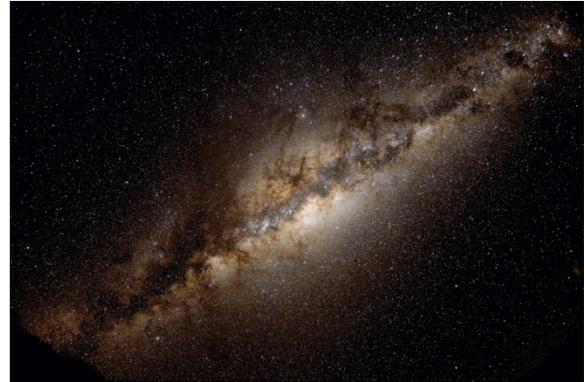


was one of those, oddly taught by an Englishman. That same excellent lecturer also taught another popular course on England, Scotland, and Wales.

Carol, my better half, finds most of the courses we present. She first looks for topics she thinks would be especially interesting to our residents (and ones that are not so long they overstay their welcome!). Topics generally fall into these categories: art, music, science, and travel. Then we consider only the ones most highly reviewed. We look, in particular, for courses that are visually rich, and with clear and likable lecturers. (Many of the Great Courses spend too much time showing the lecturer talking from that standard room with the green ivy outside the latticed window in the background.) We just finished watching “In the Footsteps of Vincent van Gogh,” a visually beautiful course



and an audience favorite, and we have just begun watching a course featuring beautiful Hubble space telescope images of our Milky Way galaxy,



After that probably the music of Tchaikovsky. After that, maybe a Great Tour of Greece and Turkey, or Masterpieces of American Art.

So come on down for Great Courses in the CEC on Tuesday evenings 7-8pm. The administration’s placing of another TV downstairs has enabled us to double our audience to 32 or more.

## OUR VILLAGE PEOPLE

### ANNEMARIE SLEDZ





## Random Thoughts

"Hail Mary" was my last bit as a movie extra. I'm giving up acting. I'm not giving up acting up. Feel free to join me.

I really want to talk about Don, my ex-husband. He died on March 12. Ours was a fairytale romance. We dated in Washington, DC in the sixties. John F. Kennedy was president. It truly was Camelot.

Our first date was a concert. He wore a tuxedo. I wore a beautiful black dress (it may have been Versace). I forgot my black umbrella in his car. So we had to meet again and again and again. He was a senior at Georgetown University. I was a year out of college, working at NIH.

We walked in the rain and sat in the sun. He read to me in an abandoned house in Georgetown. One of his favorite books was "The Little Prince" by Saint-Exupery. We looked at each other and bumped into lamp posts.

We visited museums, monuments and the Jefferson Memorial where we walked on cherry blossom petals from trees donated by a city in Japan.

He bought me "lollipops and roses" and asked me to marry him. We got married at Trinity Church in Georgetown, his freshman year in medical school. We lived in an apartment on MacArthur Boulevard.

Kelly was born his second year in med school, Cathy his 3rd and Don his 4th. All were born in Georgetown University Hospital. Tim came along 3 years later. He was born at McDonald Army Hospital at Fort Eustis, Va.

Don did a urology residency at St. Vincent's Hospital in Erie, Pa. He established a practice at Sacred Heart Hospital in Allentown. I commuted to Philadelphia every day for 4 years. I got my M.D. Four more years of travel to Reading, Pa and I became a radiologist.

We traveled extensively as a family-- the western US, Canada, Greece,

Puerto Rico, Costa Rica, Belize, Ireland, England, Scotland, Guatemala, St. Thomas, St. John's, St. Martin and Italy. One year we planned to go to Italy a second time. Donny refused to go. "I've been there. All they have are churches and old ladies in black."

Don and I were happily married for many years until we weren't. Then we were unhappily married, unhappily divorced and finally happily divorced. We even traveled together occasionally--Russia, Norway, Poland, Lafayette, La, Galapagos and Bali. Love lives on in Kelly, Cathy, Don and Tim. Eva, Ceci, Sean, Devon, Julia, Megan, Jacob and Daniel. Love to all. Spread it around.

YaYa (Ann Marie)

## Volunteer Activities

### Meals on Wheels

Nancy Stott



My husband Ken and I began our local delivery route for Meals on Wheels when we lived in the Walnutport area of Lehigh Township in approximately 2001, ten years before we moved to Moravian Village. The mission of the organization is "to promote the dignity and independence of older adults, persons with disabilities, and other homebound persons by delivering nutritious meals and providing or coordinating needed services."

In 2011, we began our current delivery route north of Elizabeth Street, between Center and Linden. Our route allows us to know our clients well and see if they are OK. We deliver food but also check on the overall welfare of clients. For example, is their home/unit too hot or too cold? Do they look unwell? We have even found clients passed out on the floor and have had to call for help.

On occasion, Ken and I have had the opportunity to sample the food. If a client canceled too late to stop their food being loaded, we were to give it to another person, if possible. If a Special diet was involved and no one else was available to take the meal, we were to eat the meal and fill out an evaluation form. That was when

we found out how delicious the food truly was!!!

THEN came the Pandemic. So much became complicated, and some volunteers and Group facilities stopped delivering. During the first several months, we delivered several times per week including the Bethlehem City High Rises and apartment buildings as well Bethlehem City and Easton routes.

A special need and service emerged from the Pandemic, calling into play my medical training (a Master's in Nursing) and my affiliation with the Medical Reserve Corp. through the Bethlehem Health Bureau. While Covid Vaccination Clinics and other sites started opening throughout the Valley, an important question about access emerged. How do homebound individuals get Vaccinated?? A problem to be solved, yes! The Bethlehem Health Bureau as well as their Allentown Counterpart stepped forward, putting together teams to go out into the community and help people without any other options/ means to get their Vaccinations as well as their Boosters. The Meals on Wheels client lists were perfect for identifying the homebound as potential clients for the vaccine.

I was pleased to be an integral part of the solution. My participation was

one of the most gratifying experiences I have ever had. Teams of 2 went to client homes. I went with pharmacists, physicians, and other nurses to the upper border of Northampton County and over to downtown Easton and Bethlehem. Client residences vary significantly, from very poor living situations to the most beautiful homes you have ever seen. The team's routine was to identify the person, ask safety questions, and give the vaccine ASAP. My team partner and I then had to stay during the 15-minute observation period (and of course do the forms). That 15-minute sit/wait/ conversation time was more slow paced than the regular visits and proved enjoyable for clients and volunteers!!

In conclusion, Ken and I are back to our regular delivery schedule, always hoping that the clients are OK. As we write this, the next Booster has been approved for Seniors, so will our teams be needed again??? Only time will tell.



## PETS PAGE

### CATS 'N COCKATIELS

Jasper and Carol Shiner Wilson, co-authors

*(In the interest of safety and decorum, the cats and birds sections are separate.)*

#### Part I: Cockatiels

I, Jasper, your canine interviewer of pets, never expected interviewing birds to be a magical experience. Yet I was transfixed as I gazed at an elegant, self-confident and poised female of pale yellow, with a lovely crest like the crown of a princess and the orange cheeks characteristics of Lutino cockatiels. She had returned to her cage after playtime, probably knowing I could admire her best as she posed above me on her perch.



What a pretty girl, this **Tina** (short for Leontine). Her human is Sally MacGowan, and her playmate Petey, Sally's Parsons Jack Russell. Tina came to Sally about five years ago from the Bird Mania store. Tina is a happy girl, spending her days grooming, eating, climbing on small wooden ladders, and flying about the room. She vocalizes little. Sally describes their relationship as companionable. Providing food, water and a clean cage bottom are basics.

But the most fun and unexpected thing to watch is this lovely little bird play with an energetic terrier. Petey does calm down for playtime, and Tina sits on his head or looks into his eyes, beak to nose, while Petey sits on Sally's lap. (I was so envious of this domestic scene, that I got on Carol's lap to get attention, too.) If Petey presumes, however, Tina pecks at him and tells him to shove off.

While Tina is a lady, Mary Brunner's **Sebastian** is a robust, assertive bruiser of a boy. A bit feral and "on the wild side," Mary claims, he will not sit on her shoulder and even bites if people get too close. A bit of a show off, he flew around Mary's living room as we were talking. He is a very vocal boy and must have his say. Mary claims that they have learned to be tolerant of one

another. She observes his behaviors and modifies the environment accordingly: for example, a little tent on top of the china cabinet for retreat and safety.



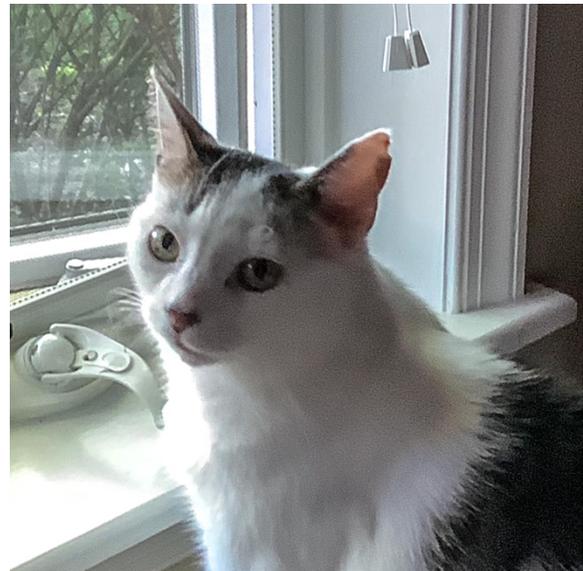
Huskie than the female cockatiel, Sebastian is a handsome gray with a prominent crest and orange cheeks. He came to Mary long ago, when an electrician brought him to her after her parakeet died. Now in his thirties, Sebastian has slowed down but still likes to chew paper and wood, and keep his beak sharp. In the summer, Mary takes him to a shaded spot on her porch.

When asked of life lessons we might learn from Sebastian, Mary thought a bit and noted “endurance.” He teaches us to take life “one day at a

time” and “to do our best.” Mary, an elementary school teacher for thirty-five years, is both teacher and pupil in her life with Sebastian.

## Part 2: Cats

The two cats in this issue have had difficult, even traumatic pasts, including abandonment, attacks by other animals, and dramatic changes in the ability to roam. Tigerlily’s mom, for example, abandoned her litter shortly after giving birth. Ellie was abandoned or escaped from her owner, nearly starving to death.



**Ellie**, a beautiful American shorthair with Siamese heritage, lives with Renee Roberts and Nancy Kostas. Svelte yet muscular, she has black markings on soft white fur and the head and ear shape of a Siamese. This “chatty cat” vocalizes incessantly. Conversational and persistent, she follows you around

and looks you directly in the eye to make her wishes known.

Renee is her main caretaker and gentle disciplinarian, making sure Ellie gets the right balance of wet and dry food, the latter moistened with water since this cat will not drink water on her own. Since Ellie, a cuddler and tv watcher, loves to sit alternately on Renee's and Nancy's laps in the evenings, her humans make sure to switch off where they sit to accommodate her wishes. An athletic girl, Ellie loves to run, jump and occasionally attempt to escape to the outdoors. Her favorite toy is a gray plush mouse which she stalks, charges, and tosses in the air with her paw.

Ellie is fortunate to be with Renee and Nancy. "I showed up starving at Jennifer Granda's farm. She fed me in the barn a long time, but when she brought me inside, her two male cats attacked me. Shortly after, she happened upon Renee, who was mourning her recently deceased cat and suggested that Renee let me visit just a bit." Ha, ha. As we all know, once you are in the company of an animal that needs a home, you are done for.



**Tigerlily**, a gray and black tiger domestic with tan tummy, lived with Angie and Larry Van Hise on a 140 acre farm. Abandoned soon after birth, she was bottle fed by the couple. Her best buddy was Stuart, another farm cat. In 2018, cats and humans moved to MV. These fierce farm cats were furious about their restricted movement and took their frustration out on cottage contents and residents until Larry and Angie relented, allowing them to wander outside during the day and return through the cat door at night. As many MV residents will recall, Stuart met his untimely end when, probably startled by the noise of an operating lawn mower, the mower struck him. After alpha Stuart's death, Angie notes, Tigerlily —also called TL— became more talkative and assertive. Of course, she remained "sooo soft to the touch."

Larry tends to TL's culinary needs and whims, including great variety in her Fancy Feast. Around 7:30 a.m., she walks all over the bed and licks Larry's face until he gets up to feed her. Angie reports that when she's reading in bed, TL likes to walk up her legs, stop on her chest and stare into her eyes. Dad Larry, by the way, is the "soft touch" and mom Angie the disciplinarian.



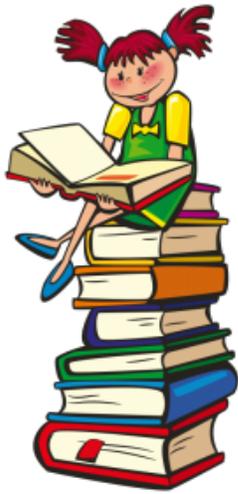
No plush mice for this girl! She brings actual critters like mice and chipmunks back home, taking the prey into the bedroom where she guards then devours it.



Both cats were charmingly social, welcoming Carol's gentle extension of her hand to let them check her out. They both enjoyed being scratched underneath the chin and behind the ears, just like Jasper. Of lessons we might learn from these felines, Ellie's humans claimed: "Get to know people, be approachable, don't judge up front." From Tigerlily, her humans noted: "Slow down and relax, take a nap, explore life."



*If your pet wishes to be interviewed,  
please contact Kathy Toseland.*



## BOOK REVIEW

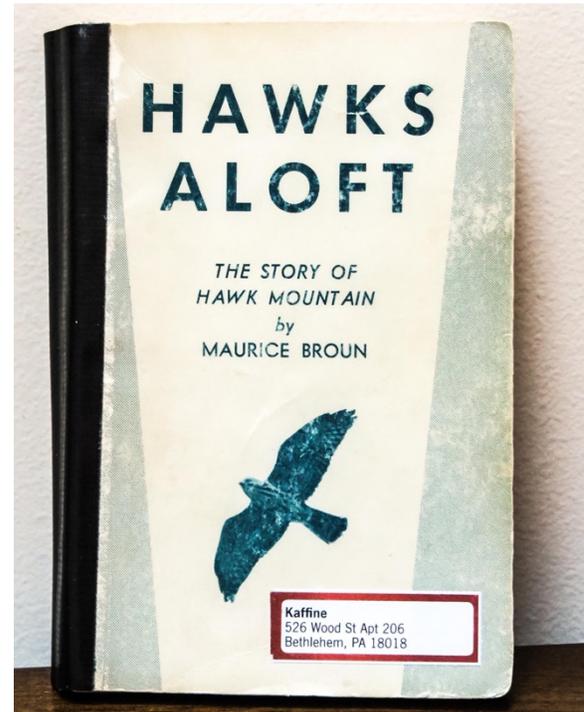
### Hawks Aloft: The Story of Hawk Mountain

by Maurice Braun  
Martin Richter

I only knew Helmut Kaffine as a participant in Tonya's exercise class in the Main Dining Room of the Big House. I noticed that before class began he was often reading from what looked like a very old book, the binding secured with a carefully attached piece of dark brown duct tape. It was the story of the birth of Hawk Mountain Sanctuary. Although I have been an avid birder since I was 9 years old, that still didn't seem like it would be a very exciting read. But one day he offered to lend it to me, adding that he had read and reread it many times himself. So, to be polite I took it, and brought it home.

And what a book it was! So beautifully written with descriptions that brought the mountain and its views, plants, and animals (not just hawks) vividly alive, together with a warmth and love of all the mountain's inhabitants, that it

became for me a unique and wonderful experience.



Originally published in 1948 (when I was 11 years old) Helmut's book was from the fifth printing in 1960. There is a preface by Roger Tory Peterson (author of one of my favorite bird books) and mention of an early visitor to the mountain, Richard Pough, the author of my beloved green covered first bird guide (I am astonished at the emotion I still feel when I think of that bird book from over 70 years ago!). The story as told by Braun, is both dramatic and heartwarming.

It begins with drama, the prevailing attitude toward hawks as "vermin", killers of nice animals to be hunted to reduce their numbers and for sport. And what better place to hunt them

than the Lookout atop Blue Mountain where they drift up right in front of you by the thousands. The picture (the book is illustrated with several vintage photos) of hundreds of dead hawks laying out in rows on the ground is heartbreaking. When a philanthropist and bird lover buys the top of Blue Mountain to create a wildlife sanctuary the hunters are furious. Long the greatest of sites for hunting Hawks, the hunters rebel against the loss of their hawk-killing ground, sometimes violently, but in the end the sanctuary wins out.

Much of the book is about how the author, Maurice Braun, becomes the curator of what became Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in 1934, and continued in that role for decades to come. We meet the odd set of characters who already live there on the mountain, and the old, isolated, and flawed house they were given to live there on the mountain. I loved the warmth with which Braun spoke of the animals that lived there in the area with them: "The great horned owls serenade us with their resonant hooting on many late afternoons ... gray squirrels and opossums come to enjoy their share of the persimmons ... the raccoons that help the robins to strip the big cherry tree in back of the house ... red-backed mice and short-tailed shrews occasionally seek

food right at the kitchen door. Marvelous little beasts, they can disappear into their snow-tunnels as fast as you can blink an eyelid." He even spoke warmly of the Alleghany wood rat also known as cave rat that made its home in the cellar of their own house! He described with affection how gentle these large rats were (20 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail) and how he found them fascinating, even with the vast accumulation of nesting materials and piles of food they brought into their cellar. And, of course, the wonderful flights of the hawks and eagles coming in close over the ridge during migration season.

There was one section of the book that I did not enjoy. Part 3 includes facts and figures (like details on how the direction of the winds affects migration patterns, special days of sightings, and listing of other detailed events that were memorable for the author, but I think you had to have been there to appreciate them.

Given the careful attention that Helmut had given to preserving this 62-year-old book, I was amazed to find that it could still be found on Amazon.com, still in print and available in hardcover, paperback (used and new), and Kindle editions! So, if this review has inspired you,

you can buy a copy of Hawks Aloft for yourself. Thank you, Helmut, for providing me with a surprising and welcome reading experience. [For information on today's Hawk Mountain Sanctuary visit [hawkmountain.org](http://hawkmountain.org).]

## Contributions from our Residents

### Pioneer Woman at a High Price

Ann Novajovsky

About a year and a half ago, I moved into my cottage. Now it's just me and two bathrooms only eight paces apart. Living the dream! Then reality hit. Here's the pioneer woman's saga.

Weary and worn from the exhausting move, it's shower time. Time to tryout the new plumbing and bask in a nice hot shower. There I waited and waited and waited and waited some more. Then almost miraculously, hot water appeared. Wow! Must be that the pipes need priming after a period of being unused. Surely that won't happen again!

Day two in my new residence was no day of rest. Hurry and scurry all day.

Time for my hot shower to unwind. Well, need I tell the 'rest of the story'?

By day three, I was much smarter. Now I have it figured out. No wasting time. I can have my teeth brushed before the hot water arrives. Still time to spare. New plan.

Day four I'm really getting into this. It is twenty eight steps to the kitchen. Fire up the fitbit and off I go. I can brush my teeth, start the coffee and get back in time for "hot" to arrive. (If I want to slow down, twenty steps from bathroom #2).

The marathon goes on. The challenge continues. Is it going to be me vs. the plumbing forever? I might be wasting water but I'm surely not wasting time.

Want to hear about my evening ritual? Can washing your hands and face with ice cold water be the latest beauty treatment? Am I more gorgeous than I was when I moved in? If not, I'll tell you later how to heat your washcloth in the microwave. Yes, the microwave. I might be forced into being a pioneer woman with no hot water but I know how to go high tech when I must.

Now, with the plea for continuous hand washing with soap and hot

water to defeat the spread of the coronavirus, the problem is more critical. Running the gallons of water many times a day before 'warm' arrives is wasteful and not cost effective. All this and I'm told there is no solution! Pioneer woman forever?

There could be an addendum to the story. The shower began to leak and the fixer guy spent hours putting in the replacement. He went away, smiling happily, that he finally succeeded in his mission.

When I went to use it, I ran water, and more water, and more water, waiting for the hot to arrive. I finally caught on. Now, red means cold and blue means hot. I didn't have the heart to tell him of my plight, so, if guests arrive, the sign goes up. **Beware.**

## Culinary Klutz

Previously published: Westways  
magazine, Los Angeles 1990  
Lois Bastian

The night my family sat down at the dinner table and chorused, "Aw no, not meat loaf again," I knew I was in trouble. It's not that they dislike meat loaf. It's just that I'd been serving it over and over again, along with my other old standbys like pot roast, fried pork chops, beef stew, and macaroni and cheese.

After enduring these monotonous menus for so long, the troops were about to mutiny. I'd have to make mealtimes more interesting—and fast. A home economics washout, I needed a tutor, someone to hold my hand and lead me along.

Then I thought of Gloria. All the neighbors call her Gourmet Gloria. Gloria is an excellent cook. Gloria has taken cooking lessons. Gloria can pronounce *pâté de foie gras*. And she was willing to help me.

Her first act was to make sure I had the proper equipment. A survey of my kitchen ensued.

"Where's your pepper mill?"

"I don't have one."

"Why not?"

"Because every one I've seen is the size and weight of a medieval battle-axe, that's why not."

She ignored my outburst and started a list of the things she thought I should buy. "I don't see a salad spinner either."

"I have a salad spinner—me."

"You?"

"I wash the greens, wrap them in a dish towel and take it out on the back step. Then I swing the towel in huge arcs. Centrifugal force throws off the water, and you know, I think the exercise also fight cellulite my upper arms."

She continued unabashed. "How about a crepe pan?"

“A what?”

“A crepe pan for making those very thin French pancakes.”

“Are you telling me that French pancakes can’t be cooked in the same pan as American pancakes?”

In no time Gloria added to the shopping list a food processor, an electric yogurt maker, a soufflé pan, a wok, a wire whisk and a marble rolling pin. And we hadn’t even begun to talk about food yet.

“Now,” she went on, “what have you been feeding your family?”

I hung my head and mumbled soothing about chicken and stew and macaroni and spaghetti.

“I can see one of your problems right away—the macaroni and spaghetti. We don’t call them that anymore; we call them pasta.”

“Does that make them taste better?”

“Well, it shows you’re tuned in to current cooking trends. Pasta is very in right now. Do you serve any other kinds?”

“I’m glad you asked me that. For years I’ve wanted to know why there are so many different shapes of macaro ... uh, pasta. It all tasted the same to me.”

“Don’t get so worked up. Cooking should be fun, and it’s easier when you keep some staples on hand—olive oil for instance.”

“I use corn oil.”

Gloria shuddered and directed me to buy a bottle of imported extra-virgin olive oil. How can something be extra virgin? I asked myself. Either it’s virgin or it isn’t; there’s no in-between.

“And you should have balsamic vinegar on hand.”

“I *have* vinegar. I have white vinegar, and I have cider vinegar. For Christmas someone gave me a variety pack with wine, tarragon and dill vinegars. How many kinds of vinegar can a person have?”

“I know this is difficult for you,” Gloria said, patting my hand. “But when you taste the difference that choice ingredients and proper tools make, when you hear the praise from your family, you’ll realize it’s worth all the effort.”

“Tell you what,” she continued. “I’m going to plan a dinner menu for you and help with the shopping, the cooking, everything. Then you can experience the rewards for yourself.”

The recipe she chose was called Stuffed Veal Supreme, translated from the original Italian, no doubt. It used ground veal, with nuggets of goat cheese, sun dried tomatoes and artichoke hearts tucked inside.

With everyone seated for dinner, I removed my masterpiece from the loaf pan and proudly carried it to the table, sure that I was on the road to becoming a gourmet chef.

After one look, my family repeated those immortal words, “Aw no, not meat loaf again!”

## The Lawn Care Dilemma

Angie Van Hise

(All quotes in this article are taken from The American Lawn: Is the Grass Really Greener? By Lauren Foltz in the Autumn 2021 Issue of Wildlife Activist.)

Green grass is a beloved part of the American landscape. It sets off other aspects of landscaping surrounding homes and businesses. “In modern society, the cultivation of lawns can likely be attributed to a feeling of belonging. Suburbia often looks like a singular property, a democratic, borderless expanse of grass that is each landowner’s to care for. However, this can create rifts if the landowners” do not hold the same sense of beauty or are not in agreement with how it should be cared for.

As a resident of the Moravian cottages community for almost four years and a member of the Landscape Committee for almost that long, I have heard many discussions about our lawn care. I would say we have three “camps” on this issue, Camp 1 those who want the most in lawn care, Camp 2 those who want

the least in lawn care and Camp 3 our lawn care administrative team. It is my hope in sharing what I have learned about lawn management and our environment that we would all understand each other better and be more aware of how our decisions impact our environment.

“The species of grasses that we use for lawns are not native...These grasses were imported by the colonists whose livestock did not thrive on natural grasses. These have made their way into the grasses that make up our lawns. Grass is a permeable surface, meaning unlike asphalt or concrete, rainwater can seep down through rather than immediately runoff. Unfortunately, compacting the ground by frequent mowing, combined with the shallow root structure of our lawn grasses can reduce infiltration by up to 91%. ...The infiltration capacity of nonnative grasses is better than a completely impermeable surface but it presents a problem when fertilizers and pesticides are used. Landowners often use more fertilizers than can be absorbed by their lawn grasses. It then sits on the surface and gets swept off” eventually into local waterways. “The nitrogen and phosphorus used in many fertilizers to encourage grass growth can cause aquatic plants and algae to grow too rapidly causing algal blooms. ...A

more environmentally friendly and cost-effective way to fertilize a lawn is to allow grass clippings and leaves to decompose where they fall...Maintaining a lawn is costly both monetarily and environmentally. It also takes time. American landowners have grown to accept these costs as a natural responsibility despite how unnatural lawns really are.”

“Spending more time between mowing and limiting or discontinuing the use of fertilizers are simple and effective ways to reduce environmental impact and save time and money without altering the lawn. However, the most effective way to not only minimize negative impact but also improve the environment is to replace some lawn space with native plants. Replacing lawns with native plants increases water retention, requires less water and fertilizer to maintain, reduces mow time, and supports native insects and birds.”

These three “camps” so to speak on the topic of lawn care here in the village differ in a variety of ways. Camp 1 wants both fertilizers and pesticides, mowing more frequently and grass clippings and fallen leaves removed. Camp 2 wants “natural lawn plants” (referred to by Camp 1 as weeds), no fertilizers and

pesticides and clippings to remain to naturally fertilize. Camp 3, our lawn care administrative team, wants the community to have a neat and healthy appearance, keep man hours reasonable, keep villagers happy and be as friendly to the environment as possible as they juggle all these balls. Currently our administration is researching the most environmentally friendly and efficient chemicals as well as mowing on a biweekly schedule, weather permitting, and at the end of the leaf season in the fall, shredding the leaves and leaving them on the lawns to decompose. Although I personally fall more or less in Camp 1, I would like to plant attractive perimeter beds along the street with natural plants to minimize our lawn space, attract birds and reduce runoff. As with everything in life we need to find ways to compromise as we live comfortably in community and be as kind to our natural surroundings as possible.



## Branching Out in the Village

Pat Moore Brown and Pat Lowman



If you hope to track down some missing branches of your family tree, it might behoove you to have a chat with our resident genealogy expert, Pat Brown.

When Pat decided in 2002 to take an early retirement from Rodale Press, she realized that, after working full-time for twenty-seven years, she would need something to keep her busy. Since she and her husband, Mike, had always wondered about their forebears, she turned to genealogy...and the rest (pardon the pun) is history.

Pat always knew all four of her grandparents were in Europe. By finding their immigration records from the 1910'a, she learned their

places of origin and one or more names of their family members. As for her husband, Pat found that his forebears had arrived in this country in the 1700's. Eventually, she was able to construct impressive family trees for all of Mike's grandparents.

Pat notes that because her family tree appeared on [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com) and FindAGrave (see below), "relatives from other countries found me." In fact, that was how her third cousin's mother-in-law, (who lives in Sydney, Australia) located her. When the Browns were vacationing in New Zealand and Australia in 2015, they took a side trip to Sydney to visit her third cousin's family and his mother-in-law who had made the connection. (Pasquale Colaluca's father, Michele Colaluca, who was born in Giovinazzo, Bari, Puglia, Italy, the birthplace of both of Pat's mother's parents, died in Australia shortly before the Brown's arrival. His wife, who was born in a nearby town, had died a few years before.)

Facebook, in fact, has been the venue which enables Pat to stay connected to quite a few members of her extended family, such as the cousin and her daughter who located her "through my FindAGrave memorials for my father and his parents." Pat and Mike visited that family in West

Virginia and learned much more about her Ukranian heritage than her father was willing to share. Pat keeps in touch with these family members through Facebook and learned much more about her extended Ukranian relatives through a Facebook family group.

“I also connected to some second cousins who live in Italy, one in Rome with whom we visited when we were there...and one who lives in Venice visited us in Pennsylvania as well as the cousin in Sydney,” Pat contends. “We hope to visit him and his twin brother in Venice some day but keep in contact through” (what else?!) “Facebook.”

During the past year, Pat did genealogical research for three of her friends at Moravian Village: Carol Hafner, Deb Young, and Pat Lowman. All of them had some knowledge of their backgrounds, but Pat was able to fill in some of the empty spaces. In Pat Lowman’s case, she created a memorial for her late husband through FindAGrave.com, which then enabled her to find information on his parents, grandparents, etc.

Pat says that she would be happy to share with other Village residents information on various ways to find

records of their extended families. The source she uses for most of her research is [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com), which does charge a fee, but she notes that other sources, e.g., FindaGrave.com, are free. According to Pat, our ‘neighbor’, Nisky Hill Cemetery, has over 15,800 graves, 94% of which have “gravestone photographs.”

(Shttps://[www.findagrave.com/cemetery/191449/nisky-hill-cemetery](https://www.findagrave.com/cemetery/191449/nisky-hill-cemetery))



Pat notes that learning dates and causes of death of your ancestors could also give you clues to health conditions you might have inherited. For example, her mother’s mother’s father (i.e., her maternal great-grandfather) and one of her mother’s male cousins died of colon cancer, which is why Pat and her brother get colonoscopies regularly.

So if you’d like to start a new hobby and fill in some branches of your family tree in the process, your best bet is to contact Pat Brown. You

might be surprised by how much you didn't know!

**STAFF FITNESS  
(AN OXYMORON?)  
Newsletter Committee:**

**POEMS**

**Exercise Classes at the CEC**

Pat Lowman

If you want to stay fit or perhaps lose  
some weight,  
The exercise classes we have here are  
great!

From zumba, to yoga, to tai chi and  
core,  
You'll leave every class looking  
forward to more.

Instructors are certainly skilled in  
their craft...  
We're lucky to have such a talented  
staff.

So check out the schedule... see  
what's offered when...  
Show up for a class... you will come  
back again!

**Tai Chi**

Pat Lowman

If you need relaxation and exercise,  
too  
A class in tai chi might be perfect for  
you.

Developed in China, precise and  
exact,  
Tai chi can restore all the balance  
you've lacked.

Somewhat like yoga, in tai chi you'll  
find  
A positive blending of body and mind.

Your "self" is the only equipment  
you'll need.  
The movements: unique and  
refreshing, indeed.

Arthritis will often occur as we age;  
Tai chi can that painful affliction  
assuage.

Joanne, the instructor, explains every  
move,  
Which makes it quite easy to get in  
the groove.

And speaking of movements... they all  
have a name,  
Like this one, called "parting the wild  
horse's mane."

“Respecting the moon” as you “polish the mirror”

Are also some movements that often appear.

If you want to be balanced and calm as can be  
You just might consider a class in tai chi.

## Core

Pat Lowman

If you feel that you want just a little bit more  
Of rigorous exercise...don't forget core.

Much of it's done lying down on a mat.  
It keeps your limbs limber and banishes fat.

You might need a blanket, some weights or a block.  
(The CEC closet has all that in stock.)

Denise demonstrates every movement we make,  
So there is no question which pose we should take.

So if you're determined to try something new,  
Remember that core is here, waiting for you!

## Yoga with Deanna



Kathy Toseland

I started doing yoga at age 17. My brother came home from Korea doing karate and introduced me to the idea of yoga. I scoured the main Brooklyn library until I found fairly unused books in the basement. My friend and I learned from these books and instantly found it worked as a sleeping aid and stress reducer during the difficult college years. Books were followed by tv gurus, then tapes, then dvds and in person classes and finally training to teach yoga. I have dealt with chronic pain since my forties and yoga helps me build strength without adding more pain. Just focusing on my breath relaxes me almost immediately. I love Deanna's class because she focuses on different areas of the body and mind every week (and she teaches you how to get up off the floor!). There's not much more I need.

## Music, Laughter, Movement

### Zumba with Danny Grae

(Follow up to the Article from January  
Newsletter)

Carol Shiner Wilson



Oh, that joyous laughter! To hear Danny Grae laugh in between Zumba pieces—*I Got You, Babe, Dancing Queen, Night Fever*, the mystery wrap up song to identify, and so many more—is to feel the world open up. It's a celebration that invites all of us Zumba participants—seated or standing—to embrace life and community.

I have found that healing laugh a blessing from my earliest days at Moravian Village (September 2020) through sad moments surrounding my husband's death (June 2021 and after) through the current time. Zoom, inside the CEC and, best of all, outside!

Part of the fun and healing is the mutual teasing and verbal quips—always loving and respectful--, and each Zumba participant can tease or be teased, throw out a pun for a universal groan, or make a learned allusion just for fun. Danny has a sense of each participant as an individual, discerning their moods as

well as physical well being. Pat Bradt is “Booby” after the Blue-footed Booby and has hassled Danny into making sure he has an environmentally friendly water bottle. Angie van Hise can be a wild woman with some of her gestures, and she and Lona Farr have made such good progress after health challenges. Watch out for Charlotte Hartmann-Hansen and those weights! Count on Charlie Eisenhart for a rich baritone harmony as we sing away to songs like *Margaritaville*. Renee Roberts, Nancy Kostas and Anne Hogenboom are dazzlingly athletic. Gwen makes sure the music isn't too loud and has introduced “Barney Google” into the mix. In fact, Danny has incorporated several routines in response to participant requests. Every participant is a special individual to Danny, and that spirit infuses our caring for one another. Susan Grae cheers us on, as well.

Danny chooses the music carefully to give us variety in movement. And it is a pleasure to hear his rich voice sing along, interspersed with the helpful instructions: *flight attendant! back step/forward step!* (Chicken Dance) *beak, wings, wiggle!* My Dan would playfully tease me after a Zumba class by doing the beak and wing gestures.

Oh, that's right. Exercise. Since my very first class, I have appreciated the

great work out I've gotten at Zumba. Exercise for the body, the mind, and the spirit. I believe my Zumba mates share our enthusiasm and appreciation for our experience with Danny Grae.

## My Exercise in the Village

Martin Richter



Trying to keep this aging body going, I participate in several of the classes made available in the Village. Tanya's class provides a good mix of strength, stretching, and balance. It is held Monday and Wednesday at 11:30 AM in the Main Dining Room. Strength comes from working with weights and the TheraBand and doing some squats, stretching of shoulders and legs is done mostly while sitting, balance while standing on one leg (eyes open and closed) and "walking a tightrope", and a bit of cardio by several periods of marching in place.

Denise's chair yoga class is held Tuesday at 11:30 AM in the CEC. Stretching comes mostly from seated exercises for the hips and legs. But much of the class is done standing with sun salutations, warrior I and warrior II poses (my favorite part), and other poses which also enhance stretching, balance, and strength.

And then there is ping pong Monday and Thursday at 2 PM. The table, not quite flat but serviceable, can be found in the back room of the bottom floor of the CEC. Is ping-pong really exercise? Well, after an hour of playing we tend to be somewhat sweaty, tired, and breathing a little harder, so a bit of cardio as well as agility, and some eye-hand coordination as well. Skill level required – none really. We are not trying out for the Olympics, but we are fairly good at getting the ball back over the net; all are welcome.

And cornhole at 10 AM at the CEC ... well maybe not.

Add all that to walking around the cottage area and the adjoining cemetery – aging body is still going.

## Playing Bridge

Julie Brooks



While not exactly an exercise of the body, playing bridge exercises the mind. Perhaps you indulged in the game when you were in college; perhaps you learned it when you were in your twenties. My local YWCA held bridge classes while my youngest was in a gymnastics class for toddlers. Some of us from the class invited each other, along with our spouses, to come and play in the

evenings. The husbands picked up the game quickly, and we ventured out to the local bridge clubs. There are a significant number of players in the cottages. If you need to brush up on the game, Charlie Eisenhart gives lessons on modern techniques on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1 p.m. When you feel more secure, there is an actual 3-table game on Wednesday afternoons at 2 p.m. Why not come out and join us in the fun? And the mental exercise!

## **PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

**Nancy Miltenberger**

I will be “retiring” from my position as Council President in May. I want to thank all of the members of the Council, the committee chairs and their committee members for the support they have given me over the past two years. In spite of dealing with the Covid pandemic during this time, your Market Street Cottage Council has accomplished many things. To get a full report please attend the Annual meeting which will be held May 17 at 1:30 PM in the Dining room. If you are not able to attend this meeting, please remember to vote!

I also want to thank the Moravian Administration for getting us safely through these very challenging two years. My job as the Council President was to communicate our

Cottage residents’ concerns to the Administration. Tracy Patton and Dan Soos were always willing to meet with me to discuss problems we had in the Community. We did not always agree on the how to solve a problem but we were usually able to compromise and find a solution.

Thank you to all of the Cottage residents for working together to stay safe and active. Remember it may take a village to get things accomplished and we have certainly proved that to be true here in our Moravian Village Community.

