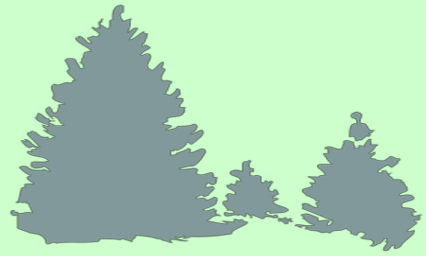


April 2022

Life On the Ridge



Notes from Parker Ridge



The Early Days of Parker Ridge

By Alma Mote, (with the help and guidance of Peter Dodge, Johnathan Chase, Lee Marville, and Rannie Sexton. Photo credits– John Rivers – cottage #53)

Parker Ridge is more than just a retirement community! To some of you, it is your home. To others, it is “Where my loved one lives,” “My place of employment,” “The place where I walk my dog,” “The place where I go to perform,” or “The place where I feel safe”. Parker Ridge is all of that and more!

Some of you may know how this community all came about and some of you may not. This article is my attempt to paint a picture of the genesis of Parker Ridge. I spoke to many individuals and collected information from Peter Dodge, Johnathan Chase, Lee Marville and Rannie Sexton. My goal is that after you read this, you will know a little more of all that occurred in order to provide a home for you to spend the rest of your years.

Parker Ridge retirement community, as we know it today, was a marvelous gift to the Blue Hill Memorial Hospital Foundation from Elaine McAlpin Tate. Elaine was known to the locals as Bunnie. Elaine and her husband Henry Clinch Tate lived in Manhattan, NY and raised their daughters in Fairfield, Connecticut and were summer residents of Blue Hill. In 1985 she gave 92 acres to Peninsula Health Development which later became the Blue Hill Memorial Hospital Foundation. It was her desire that the foundation would use the land to build a retirement home with the established Coastal Holdings Inc. as a subsidiary to develop this endeavor. Unfortunately, Elaine passed away in 1986, but her dream remained alive in the minds and hearts of Ken Jones and Bob Marville. They also desired for this community to become an integral part of the Blue Hill Peninsula.

(Continued on page 3)

The Parker Ridge Newsletter Mission:

To inform and entertain Parker Ridge residents with the goal of promoting community spirit and communication.

Our hope is to inform, entertain and amuse.

Newsletter Staff

Publisher	Alma Mote
Editor	Dale Neuman
Cottage News:	Bob Crosen
Nature's Corner	Peggy Smith
Poetry	Claire Shaw
Codgers Corner	Marshall Smith
	Dale Neuman
	Bob Crosen

Volunteers and submissions are welcome.

Feel free to contribute your thoughts and suggestions by contacting any of the above.



Executive Chef Matthew Ensworth

New Staff

By Alma Mote

Joan Bothwell joined our team on February 4th of this year. She is Alma's other assistant and works on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons in Parker Court from 1:00 – 4:30. She leads a Crossword puzzle and has begun a reading circle. She enjoys visiting with each resident one on one. In her own words... "I have lived on the Blue Hill Peninsula for over 30 years. I'm a retired social worker and worked for several years at the Island Nursing Home on Deer Isle. I live in Penobscot with my husband Steve and our newest Corgi – Tomten. In addition to primarily working in Parker Court, you'll see me at events elsewhere on the campus too."

Kelly Judkins began her employment here as the morning prep cook. More recently, she has accepted the sous chef position. She lives in Deer Isle and is a talented and loyal edition to our kitchen crew!

We are thrilled to have *Matthew Ensworth* as our Executive Chef at Parker Ridge! Matthew is a Certified Chef by the A.C.F; who partners with the staff to grow their personal and professional skills, through the language of food. After spending nearly two decades working in hotels, restaurants and country clubs as a chef, cooking for celebrities like Larry Bird, Lebron James, Michigan's former Governor – Jennifer Granholm (current U.S. Secretary of Energy), Gerard Butler and others, Matthew joined Parker Ridge and knows what truly drives the heartbeat of a community – FOOD! It's how you connect the people of a community together! Matthew has worked for The Jackson Lab most recently and lives with his family in Blue Hill. The best way to reach him with suggestions or comments is by emailing him. His email address is chef@parkerridge.com If you do not have access to email you can place a note in his inbox near the reception area.

Arianna Fanjoy is the newest addition to our housekeeping staff. She, her son and daughter live in the area. Arianna loves to go on walks and likes to travel. She enjoys her line of work and is happy to be apart of our staff here at Parker Ridge.

Jason Pederson has been a great addition to our maintenance team. He and his family live in Penobscot. Jason is a hard worker and loves to garden. He is creative and we are happy to have him as part of our Parker Ridge family.

The Early Days of Parker Ridge (continuation from p.1)

Peter Dodge, a local man, has retired after specializing in insurance and banking. I reached out to Peter asking him of his memories of the beginning of Parker Ridge. Peter informed me that the hospital family initially wanted a “for profit entity and alcohol rehab facility.” After substantial research, it was decided that was not practical. So, the Peninsula Retirement group was formed with Arnold and Lorraine Hanson of Brooklin spearheading it. “The group looked at several models of Retirement Homes, from simple associations to one entry payment with monthly fees but providing lifetime care and independent living to nursing care to when the resident passed away, the families would own their units. All the various models had some attributes, however in each case anyone we partnered with wanted too large a share of the action. We would have been a figurehead only,” Dodge states. “It was at that point that the hospital family set up Coastal Holdings, Inc. supported by Ken Jones and Bob Marville, to develop the profit arm of the business.

In the early 1990s, Bob and Ken’s love and commitment to the Peninsula motivated them to push forward and make it a reality. Bob was a retired businessman who resided in East Blue Hill with his loving wife Jan. They, along with their two daughters, also enjoyed many summer vacations here. His entire professional career was working for the Rockefeller Center where he was Acting President at the time of his retirement in 1955. His experience and knowledge of real estate and banking made him a great fit for this project.

Ken Jones is a retired business executive who lived in Brooksville in the late 1980s and throughout the 1990s. He was the president of Coastal Holdings, Inc., which became the original developer and manager of Parker Ridge. The other Coastal Holdings Inc. board members was comprised of Bob Marville, Bob Stafford, Peter Dodge and Jonathan Chase. Interestingly, Rannie Sexton, and Rich Gurin, present cottage owners, were subsequent presidents of Coastal Holdings in the mid 90s.

Jonathan Chase, who is now a retired restaurateur and food expert now living in South Blue Hill, was the Chef. Jonathan had his hands full trying to ensure the meals high quality, not wanting to bankrupt Parker Ridge in those early years. In his words, “We needed a full house to make it work.” So, he along with the rest of the board of directors, planned numerous meetings, cocktail parties and social events supporting their idea. The hospital gave \$500,000 and Bar Harbor Banking and Trust provided the construction loan and the groundbreaking for the community was in 1991.

I recently spent the afternoon talking with Lee Marville, Bob Marville’s daughter. She had many memories of when Parker Ridge was being built. “Dad was never home.” She commented. But he would often say to her, “Come on Hot Dog!” and off they would go to Parker Ridge. She remembers walking into the library with items from their own home to help adorn the shelves. He wanted teacups on the mantle above the fireplace to encourage residents to come together, choose a teacup to make their own and sit down and share a cup with another resident. She and her father played the first game of pool on the pool table that used to be located the game room. During the construction and layout of the land it was important to him that the boulders that were dug up were placed around the property to add to the landscape and gardens. Lee handed me a write-up her father Bob wrote in the ‘90s for the purpose of marketing Parker Ridge. This is an excerpt from that: *“In 1992, constructed high on a ridge overlooking Blue Hill Bay, Parker Ridge Retirement Community began welcoming residents. This graciously designed community became a haven including an inn of 34 apartments and 13 assisted living suites as well as 24 cottages surrounding a village green. Since its inception, the residents have come to this unique property not only from the surrounding villages, but from various states around the country. Some residents are “locals” and some are from the generations of “summer people”, and others have discovered this community through research and visits to the area. Seeking a place of tranquility, beauty and cultural opportunities, they have chosen to call Parker Ridge and Blue Hill their home.”*

Peter Dodge stated, “Over the years, the board had a number of dedicated, talented members with the typical, broad experience of many who have retired to this area. The resident’s board was also equally blessed with dedicated and talented members.”

There is more to the Parker Ridge story! The next edition of *Life on the Ridge* will cover the year 2000 to the present day. Our Parker Ridge community truly is a ‘gem’ on this peninsula, and you are part of its story. Let’s continue to live a quality of life that makes life worth living. So keep on writing, singing, creating, exercising, painting and being kind to one another making a difference in one another’s lives.



Lisa Wood Lockhart, Dining Room Supervisor

By Bob Crosen

We are so sad to see our dining room supervisor, Lisa Wood Lockhart, leave us and wish her joy and success in all she may do. Lisa came to Parker Ridge in August of 2016, inheriting a great wait staff but making it even better during her time here. She has so many talents - - flower arranging, cooking, gardening, and brings a joyful spirit to the dining room. We very much hope she will continue to be a presence in our lives. She has developed wonderful friendships here with both residents and staff and will be very much missed by us all.

One of her greatest joys is her garden of vegetables and flowers, a treat to see during her annual garden open house. She and husband, Robert, share in the planting, care, and harvesting, supervised by their adorable dog, Annabelle. Lisa expertly cooks and cans and shares her bounty. Have a wonderful life, Lisa. We hope you return to Parker Ridge someday. You are much loved.



Parker Court Card Players

Every Tuesday at 2:00, these ladies get together to play Bridge in the Parker Court Dining Room along with volunteers, Annie Hayes and Cara Owen, Hertha Owen's daughter-in-law.

The card players, clockwise, are Nai Miller, Ramona Costentino, Louise McKinney and Jackie Dunbar

Editor's note about the story on page 9. *At Christmas time this year, the sixth graders of Blue Hill Consolidated School made snowmen out of socks and delivered them to our community to distribute to ALL residents. When January came around, some of the snowmen were placed in the planter near the reception area of the Inn. The Writers Group at that time, consisting of Marshall Smith, Dale Neuman, Peggy Smith, Tim Thomas, Pat White, and Bob Crosen were asked to write a story answering the question – 'What do the snowmen do when the staff go home for the day and residents are sleeping'. All the stories were very entertaining. We chose one for the newsletter written by Pat*

Spring Alewife Run along the Maine Coast

By John and Carol Rivers, Guest Contributors to this issue's *Nature's Corner*

Each spring, all along the Maine coast, one of Nature's more remarkable migrations occurs. Alewives, a member of the herring family about 10-12 inches long, swim from the ocean to the freshwater lakes to spawn. Unlike salmon, who die after spawning, the alewives will then return to the ocean to repeat the cycle.

They often rely on fish ladders, a man-made solution that allows them to slip around dams and other impediments. Their numbers are on the rise, after plummeting populations caused by those obstacles to their passage. At the base of these falls, dams and fish ladders, large numbers of fish accumulate, and the frenzy begins. Bald Eagles, Ospreys, seals, gulls, herons, and others arrive in force on the rising tide, looking for an easy meal.

This bounty of fish is important for the predators, since it happens early in the season when they are nesting and raising young and need a reliable source of nutrition. Eagles have been rebounding in population, and one of their more recent prey is young seabirds, such as ducks. This food source of fish offers an alternative that is more ecologically sustainable.



Riddle: A doctor and a bus driver are both in love with the same woman, an attractive girl named Sarah. The bus driver had to go on a long bus trip that would last a week. Before he left, he gave Sarah seven apples. Why?

Answer: An apple a day keeps the doctor away!

Riddle: Four cars come to a four-way stop, each coming from a different direction. They can't decide who got there first, so they all go forward at the same time. All 4 cars go, but none crash into each other. How is this possible?

Answer: They all made right-hand turns.

THE PLAYERS RETURN FOR CHRISTMAS

By Tim Thomas

Following their successful Fall season (an afternoon of short dramatic vignettes), the Parker Ridge Players provided a bit of drama suited to the Christmas season. The date was December 23, and the location was the living room at Parker Ridge. The play was *Santa Flunks Retirement*, and dramatis personae were the following: Santa Claus—George Robbins; Mrs. Claus—Cherie Mason; Fairy Godmother—Dale Neuman (following the playwright’s suggestion that this character be played by a male); spritely elves (wearing shoes with pointed toes and bells)—Janet Pease and Tim Thomas; and Rudolph’s handler—Gretchen Hannah.

As the curtain went up (figuratively speaking), Santa was in a funk, bemoaning his lack of relevance in today’s electronic society. Mrs. Claus, in her ever-calming voice, sought to determine the cause and, in response, Santa described the essence of letters recently received. Among the letters, Santa mentioned the following as troublesome for him: Santa you’re getting fat; send Christmas wish list by e-mail (for which there is no computer at the North Pole); take back the baby brother that was last year’s gift and Santa has bad breath and should take some mints. There was, however, a letter from Debbie, age 34, who said she loves a man in uniform.

The letters had been read to Santa by the elves who complained a lot. They wore pointed red shoes with bells on them, but they told Santa they preferred cowboy boots which could be purchased online at Feet R US.com. They wanted to go to Las Vegas, and they wanted a color TV in the barn. They also told Santa that the reindeer were fed up with Rudolph who was always seeking publicity. Rudolph, by the way, was being presented to the audience by his handler, upsetting the other reindeer who called him names. With these and other taunting signals from his fan base, Santa was concerned that he should retire.

Suddenly, Santa’s Fairy Godmother appeared (as the playwright suggested seeming to be a male) and produced a letter from a great grandmother extolling the benefit Santa’s visits for her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. The letter did it! Santa agreed to carry on (while also asking for the phone number of 34-year-old Debbie). After curtain calls (figuratively speaking), the Players retired with the intention of reappearing in the Spring of next year.

In the afternoon of Christmas Eve, residents gathered in the living room to hear Cherie Mason read Child’s Christmas in Wales by the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. Seated by the fireplace, Cherie read the entire poem telling of the poet’s memories of Christmas including. “Whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six.” Cherie read with the empathy and sense of nostalgia the poem deserves as she ended with the poet’s closing recollection: “I said some words to the close and holy darkness and then I slept.”



Healthy Highlights

By Nancy Violette, RN, Director of Health Services

All About Feet...

I don't know about you, but I am very excited about the prospect of finding my summer shoes and sandals as warmer weather approaches. I am certain that all who have enjoyed Weston's exceptional foot care, are wondering what is being done to recruit someone to fill his shoes. I am happy to announce that the recruitment process has started. I have been in communication with a Registered Nurse, Certified Foot Care Specialist, who currently travels throughout the area to provide footcare to her clients. Please anticipate further communication regarding her availability at Parker Ridge. Speaking of feet, I would like to share some interesting and fun facts about feet, gleaned from <https://www.thegoodbody.com>:

1. Feet often reflect your general health. Abnormalities or pain in the feet can often signal more serious health conditions. So... if you are having problems with your feet, don't delay seeing your PCP or podiatrist!
2. The foot is an intricate structure containing 26 bones, 33 joints, 107 ligaments, 19 muscles, and tendons hold the structure together, allow the variety of movement we need.
3. Feet function best in their bare, or natural, state. The foot's natural shape is when the heel and forefoot are level. Your toes need to freely flex, extend and spread. Shoes commonly elevate the heel and constrict movement of the toes.
4. Women are four times more likely to have foot problems compared to men. Why? This is primarily attributed to the fact that women wear heels. (Western women started wearing heels in the 17th century after European men got the idea from Persian warriors) I did not check the source for this "fact", but I certainly was not aware of this!
5. Feet are your natural shock absorbers!
6. The average person walks 110,000 miles in their lifetime.
7. Walking is the BEST exercise for your feet. It also contributes to your general health by improving circulation, contributing to weight control, and promoting all-around well-being.
8. Shopping for shoes is best done in the afternoon, says the American Podiatric Medical Association. Your feet tend to swell a little during the day, and it's best to buy shoes to fit them then. Have your feet measured every time you purchase shoes.
9. Your feet may just be the most ticklish part of your body. That is because of all the nerves that live there.... If you can feel those tickles, it is one good sign you have healthy feet!
10. Bottom line: Taking good care of your feet is important for maintenance of good health.

Why Maine colleges don't have spring break

First, you need spring.

Gas prices are getting out of hand

There was an attempted heist at the art museum. It seems the gang was Baroque and needed Monet. But they didn't buy enough of Degas to make the Van Gogh so they all got arrested.

Blacky or Blackie? – That is the Question!

By Len Parrott

Blacky or Blackie was born under a local farmhouse in 2018. For about a year she was thought to be a 'he'! However, Blacky was pronounced a 'she' at her first trip to the vet, so she became Blackie which did not bother her a bit! As a matter of fact, not much ever bothers Blackie. Food and safety are the main concerns. Food is number one and she eats a lot and safety is why she does not gain weight. Blackie is a feral cat. Feral cats are wild animals and they hunt for a living, but there is a 'catch' - they are hunted too .



In this local area (Parker Ridge) we have Bob Cats, Coyotes, and Fisher Cats, all of which love to eat cats. On several occasions I have had to play 'Dr. Patch Up'. Blackie is a wonderful patient; she purrs in high gear as I tend to her wounds and she recovers quickly. Back to eating, Blackie has an ingrown clock. I feed her twice a day – 8:30 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. and she knows what time it is – give or take about 30 minutes. She knows my car's motor sound. So, why do I do this? Purpose! If one does not have purpose, they may not have love, courage, and peace. It is my reason for being!

New Residents

By Alma Mote

Hub and Pat White moved to Parker Ridge in October of 2021 to apartment 309. You can read their biography in the resident biography book located in the library. Hub and Pat are a wonderful addition to our community. Hub has shared his collection of movies and artistic talents with residents and Pat's beautiful, felted creations have amazed us all.

Stewart and Julie Pierson moved to Parker Ridge in October of 2021 to apartment #312. Stewart is a retired Episcopal Priest and a talented piano player. Stewart has frequently played the piano at dinner and we have truly enjoyed listening to him. Julie was a clinical social worker until retirement in 1998. They moved here from Vermont. They were both active volunteers for Habitat for Humanity and Julie was also a volunteer for Home Share Vermont which helped Seniors match with a guest to share living space by moving into their home in exchange for rent and household services. Julie has enjoyed getting involved in the knitting group. Stewart and Julie are often seen walking their dog Jasmin as they are keeping in shape and enjoying their life here at Parker Ridge. Jasmin just celebrated her 11th Birthday on Monday April 11th, feel free to wish her a Happy Belated!

Sheena MacPherson moved in February of this year to cottage #54. Sheena also has a biography in the resident biography book. She has easily adjusted to our community being involved in the Poetry Group, the Writing Group and the Book Club. She recently had the opportunity to go on a trip to Machu Pichu. She will be showing pictures and talking about her trip in May. Stay tuned to the activity calendar for details.

Cricket Evans is our newest resident. Her son and daughter-in-law helped her move into Apt. 304 on Friday, April 1st. Cricket had spent some time here before and enjoyed it so much, she decided to move in. Cricket's personality and fun spirit will add a lot to our Parker Ridge Family. She enjoys playing cards. We look forward to getting to know her better.

Gas prices are getting ridiculous: I went online to check the value of my car and it asked if the tank was empty or full.

The Snowmens' Adventure

By Pat White

Darkness had settled over Parker Ridge. Snow had fallen all day and was still drifting down over the surrounding trees and gentle hills. The residents had all enjoyed a good meal and sumptuous dessert in the dining room. The room, once lively their conversation and piano music by one of their group, was dark and quiet now. Feeling satisfied and planning separate evenings, the residents departed down corridors and returned to apartment homes where their names were on the doors and personal items of interest were shown. The ladies who played cards after dinner in the private dining room had also long since returned to their own apartments for the night. Quiet reigned, except for perhaps a few random snorts and snores of individuals caught up in sleep, and perhaps in dreams.

The five snowmen, who stood guard on a ledge by the front door to the Inn, kept still until they were sure all residents were asleep. Then, Bobo, the leader of the group, whispered, "I think we can relax now." Daló, Marso, Pego and Timo all gave a sigh of relief. "Just in time!" said Pego. "I thought my stuffing had turned to stone." "What's on the agenda?" asked Daló. They all looked around and thought about that. "I think we should take advantage of the snow and get some fresh air. It's very good for the lungs, you know," said Marso. "I don't think we have lungs," Timo said. "But it would certainly be good to get outside. If we are careful and don't get caught, no one will sue us for neglect of duty." "Maybe the other snowmen in the apartments would like to join us," said Daló. "The question is how to do it. Let's have a plan of action."

They collectively pondered the problem. "We could....No, that won't work. Maybe we could..." "OK," Bobo said. "Let's get creative. If we stand on each others' heads, the snowman on top can reach a door handle" "I know just the apartment for that," said Pego. "There is a man called Verge who lives on the first floor. He sleeps like a rock and has a door to the outside." "Sounds like a plan," said Daló.

The snowmen proceeded to send telepathic messages to the snowmen in the building, saying they were welcome to join in the fun. Before long, the lobby was crowded with snowmen ready to go out into the snowy night. "Right this way," whispered Timo. "And please be very, very quiet. We don't want Verge to wake up and call 911, or whatever he would do to report a breakout of snowmen."

One by one the snowmen filed quietly to the door of apartment 104. Quicker than they could say, "Let's go!" they jumped up on the next snowman's head until they were up to the door handle. Verge didn't budge or make a sound. A big pull on the handle and the door opened. They were out the door in a flash and quickly closed it again. "Oh, it is so beautiful out here, and it smells so fresh and moist and delicious. I love snow. Now we can be real snowmen!" Marso said. Pego was already rolling along towards the slope in front of the building, saying "Wheeeee!" This was echoed by the many others who decided to join the outing. They grew fatter and fatter as the snow collected on their bodies. "Look at me!" "Look at me!" "I'm a real snowman now!" Daló looked around, counting the the snowmen and recording the event in his mind so he could describe it to others who might be interested. It was a fantastic sight.

Finally, tired from all the rolling and "Wheeeeing," with the threat of dawn coming, the snowmen ambled back to the outside door of Apartment 104, shook themselves off a little, then climbed on each other to reach the door handle. Quietly, quietly, quietly, they passed through the apartment and made their way to the tabletops and windowsills where they usually spent their days. They looked forward to the kind glance and hugs of their owners, but would never forget the delight of rolling in the fresh snow and tasting its frozen deliciousness.

Bobo made sure his "troops" were on guard duty at the entrance. "Well done!" he said.

Verge woke up and wondered where the little puddles on the floor came from. He didn't have a dog.

CONGRATULATIONS to Tim and Sharon!

Tim Chandler of Ellsworth, Maine and Sharon Marley of Saint John, New Brunswick were married on Good Friday – April 15th, 2022, and honeymooned in Costa Rica.



“Sharon and I began meeting on the border roads at Hodgen, Maine and Union Corners, New Brunswick in late April of 2021. Dating was very unique under COVID – 19 being in two different countries with borders closed due to the pandemic.”

“I began visiting Sharon in Saint John once Canada opened its borders to vaccinated USA citizens in August of 2021. We had a great time exploring New Brunswick together which is very much like Maine. We have traveled to Florida twice to meet my family in Pensacola and Fort Lake, Florida. Sharon will shortly begin the process of immigration to the USA and we will be residing in Ellsworth.” *By Tim Chandler*

When the box with my Halloween costume arrived, it was empty. I called the company and asked where my Maid Marian costume was. “We’re sorry, ma’am. We’ll send your costume tomorrow,” the representative said. “In the meantime, feel free to keep the Lady Godiva costume you got by mistake.”

Poetry Corner

Two poems by Parker Ridge Residents

Winter Walking (Sneakers Optional)

I wake in the morning
And up I do sit.
What shall I do
To keep myself fit?

Snow and hard ice
Cover the trails;
The wind is a-howling
In stiff angry gales.

I won't go outside -
I can't take the risk
Of falling and breaking
A cervical disk.

I ponder my choices
And decide there and then
To walk the long hallway
Again - and again.

Off I go on lap number one;
Before you know it, it's done!
Another round, and good for me,
I circle back for number three.

I pick up my pace,
Mask firmly in place,
And continue my workout
With a smile on my face.

Five becomes ten
And my calves are a-stinging
Nine more laps
And my legs are a-singing.

The end is quite near
So onward I strive -
THERE! Twenty long laps
And I'm still alive!

No medal awaits me
Though athlete I am;
Just coffee and toast
With strawberry jam.

There is a message in this
That you clearly can see -
To feel good and be happy
Walk through winter with me!

Ann Lape
Parker Ridge
January 2022

Lightly

Almost at the crest, the sky approaches
I have acute awareness of form, texture, odor.

Taking in every nuance
Registering the small things.

The descent is difficult.
Land sliding away from my feet.
A panic need for the horizontal.
Landscape perceived in stopped time.

And you before me
Treading nimbly.
You turn and understand at once
My frozen fear.

With the grace of Michelangelo's Jehovah
You extend your arm
And your magic at the same time.
"Lightly. Lightly" you offer.

Wondrous effect always
One word repeated
And the fear dissipates

Now on your final descent from life
You do not share whatever fear lies behind your serenity.
Am I saying "Lightly, Lightly" to you
Or to myself?

"Go lightly. I am with you."
A whole life in that.

Barbara Alweiss

Easter Brunch 2022

“A glorious, sunny Easter Sunday with Spring revealing early signs of renewal. What a perfect time for Parker Ridge to take a tentative first step to reopen its dining room to family and friends of residents, with a delightful Sunday Brunch. We enjoyed its good food, friendly welcome, and time together to catch up on news, and to share hopes and plans for the future. It was another example of the spirit of the staff and residents of Parker Ridge.” *George Robbins*



“It was such a joy to be able to spend Easter brunch celebrating with our beloved uncle George Robbins last Sunday. We used to regularly be his guests for Sunday brunch and he so enjoyed hosting us. During the pandemic, we have been limited in our ability to visit with him and have missed his company. We are so grateful that Parker Ridge reinstated this tradition and we felt very comfortable with all the safety precautions. We have suffered so much loss and time with our elders during these last two years, that we are eager to celebrate together. The meal was delicious as always – especially the desserts!”

~*Liz True* – niece of George Robbins

The Story of a Maine book, *From a Cabin by the Sea*

By Philip Seib

This is the story of a book, *From a Cabin by the Sea*, which can be found in the Parker Ridge library. The author of the book was my father, Charlie Seib, who was a journalist and a woodsman. The first was his profession, in which he rose to the high ranks – Managing Editor of the Washington *Evening Star* and later the Associate Editor of the *Washington Post*. Being a woodsman, however, was the avocation where his heart found its home.

He wrote this book during the early 1980s. For whatever reason, he made little effort to have it published. He printed out several copies (from the floppy discs that his computer used), created covers from neatly trimmed file folders, bound them with string, and presented my sister and me each with a copy. They sat in our bookcases for many years until we decided to offer the book to readers who we hope will find much to enjoy in its pages.

Charlie had written an earlier book, *The Woods*, about the precursor to his Maine cabin, which he built in Rappahannock County, Virginia in the 1960s. It was published in 1971 and received considerable praise from critics. He was only in his 40s when built the Virginia cabin, which was about a two-hour drive from our home in Washington, D.C. Retirement and its attendant introspection were far in the future, and *The Woods* is primarily the observations of an amateur carpenter and naturalist, influenced by Thoreau and others, who was seeking a haven for brief breaks from the pressures of a demanding job.

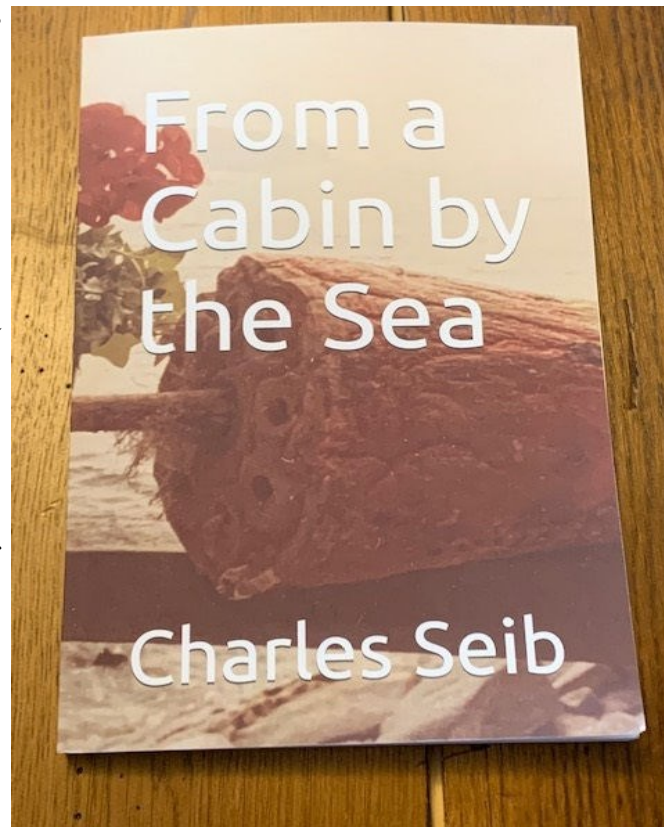
The story in *From a Cabin by the Sea* is more complex in several ways. It is meditation mixed with carpentry. My parents bought the land on Rackliff Island, near Spruce Head and Rockland, in the early 1970s. Retirement was in view and the clouds of uncertainty accompanying passage beginning to gather. By the time Charlie wrote this book, he had retired and was looking both backward and forward at his life. Most of us who live long enough will go through a similar process, although few of us will be blessed with surroundings as wonderful as those my parents enjoyed.

Charlie brought great resourcefulness with him to Maine. He was a self-made architect and builder; he had no formal training in either skill. He drew detailed plans for the Maine cabin and house on graph paper, and at one point when planning the house he made a model of it using popsicle sticks. And it all worked. His adventures in woodcraft are amazing to those of us who lead lives of despairing clumsiness.

He was also a self-made philosopher, which is the best kind of philosopher because it allows independence from doctrine. He immersed himself in the works of Thoreau and Montaigne, and in the writings of those who shared his appreciation of the natural world – Sarah Orne Jewett, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, E. B. White, Bradford Torrey, and many others. While in Maine he spent much of his time sitting on the cabin porch or on the bench amidst the spruce trees reading the latest prize he had found in one of the local used-book stores.

You might come away from this book with a desire to build yourself a cabin, or to journey along the Maine coast, or simply to better understand, in Thoreau's terms, the salvation to be found in wildness. Charlie enjoyed all those pursuits, and he would be happy if you shared them with him.

Two copies of *From a Cabin by the Sea* are in the Parker Ridge Library, and Blue Hill Books has copies for sale, as does Amazon.



40s when built the Virginia cabin, which was about a two-hour drive from our home in Washington, D.C. Retirement and its attendant introspection were far in the future, and *The Woods* is primarily the observations of an amateur carpenter and naturalist, influenced by Thoreau and others, who was seeking a haven for brief breaks from the pressures of a demanding job.

Cabin by the Sea is more meditation mixed with carpentry. My parents bought the land on Rackliff Island, near Spruce Head and Rockland, in the early 1970s. Retirement was in view and the clouds of uncertainty accompanying passage beginning to gather. By the time Charlie wrote this book, he had retired and was looking both backward and forward at his life. Most of us who live long enough will go through a similar process, although few of us will be blessed with surroundings as wonderful as those my parents enjoyed.

Charlie brought great resourcefulness with him to Maine. He was a self-made architect and builder; he had no formal training in either skill. He drew detailed plans for the Maine cabin and house on graph paper, and at one point when planning the house he made a model of it using popsicle sticks. And it all worked. His adventures in woodcraft are amazing to those of us who lead lives of despairing clumsiness.

RESIDENTS' POLL

By Marshall Smith

I asked Parker Ridge residents what they liked most about living here. The answers were very interesting.

One resident liked the scenery both from the library and his apartment. Nearby was the lawn and croquet court, with colorful shrubs and flowers in Spring and Summer. A little farther was forest land with beautiful Fall colors in October. In the far distance could be seen the mountains of Acadia National Park. Between the forest and Acadia was the water of Blue Hill Harbor and Bay where sailboats could be seen during warmer months.

All the residents were happy with the other residents. Most said they liked the people; that they felt like family. For many residents the friendly neighbors helped them get over the loss of a partner. One stressed that there was no one at Parker Ridge that he did not like.

Several also stressed the friendliness and helpfulness of the staff. Everyone I talked with said that Alma Mote makes Parker Ridge the place we all enjoy. The wait staff came in for special praise since we are in such close contact with them every evening for dinner. Everyone I talked with also liked the change of dinner companions every evening. Some felt changing once a week would be OK, but no one wanted to sit with the same people every evening (except designated couples).

While no-one was happy with the restrictions due to Covid-19, they all were impressed that we are unique among residential places in that we have not had any resident come down with the disease. We are all now enjoying not having to wear our masks at group meetings.



Did you hear about the monkeys who shared an Amazon account? They were Prime mates.

The Staff Appreciation Fund at Parker Ridge Retirement Community

By Darrell McNatt

Here, at our community, there has been an active fund drive every fall for several decades. It is referred to as the *Staff Appreciation Fund* drive for obvious reasons. A number of years ago, the residents decided to have the drive, in order to reward the hourly staff for their hard work, and their constant efforts to make life bearable for all of us. The “no tip” policy of management left residents with this option to do a little extra for the staff. A formula that takes the months of service, weekly average of worked hours, and the total amount of money collected, is placed on to an Excel spreadsheet. The spreadsheet data is then fed into a computer program created to determine the amount each individual gets based on those three factors. An independent outside individual has been tasked for a number of years to run the program that determines each recipient’s share.

The fund drive is administered by a group of residents that serves as a committee (with a chair and co-chair) that is responsible for passing out flyers and information, soliciting and collecting of funds, input and record keeping of the fund, banking of the fund, and most of all, dispersion of the checks to the hourly employees prior to the holidays. There is also a token gift card or check awarded to the management team individuals as well. The only required information provided by the front office is the staff names and times of service each year as required by the formula noted above. This solicitation activity will start in the fall and usually will be completed by the first week in December at which time notifications will go out to all the residents. There is no set requirement for donation to the fund. Each resident and their family may give whatever they feel comfortable giving. Nobody outside the committee will ever know what a resident gives, but there have been some kindly donations. This has always been a voluntary activity managed and administered by the residents for the staff. Help in printing the flyers and memos, putting them in the mailboxes, and the actual handing out of the checks to employees is carried out by the employees in the front office.

Mary and I have had the pleasure and the honor of administering this fund on behalf of the residents here at Parker Ridge now for over four years. We inherited this role from Tim and Judy Thomas who had maintained the fund for a long time. I am not sure what the time frame is but I think this activity has been going on for over twenty- plus years and maybe even longer. Every year has its challenges and COVID certainly made things a little tougher. But knowing how well the employees truly appreciate the extra money at year’s end made it all worth the effort. I would like to thank all the committee members who have been a part of this over the years for their support and help. Thanks to Bob, Claire, Malcolm, Dale, Ramona, dearest Patty D., Marshall, and everyone who has been so helpful. At this time, I must say that Mary and I have asked someone else to step forward and take over the positions of chair and co-chair of the fund committee. Dale Neuman and Marilyn Brosman have agreed to do so while Ann Lape and Mark Connolly will assist. Matters outside of our lives here are calling for our attention. We will still be available to help in whatever capacity needed while transitioning. Thank you again.

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Photo credits for this issue: Alma mote, John Rivers, Carol Rivers, Emma Crosby, Darrell McNatt, Bob Crosen and Dale Neuman

If we have missed anyone, please let us know and we will attribute in the next issue.

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Concert by GSA Jazz Band

By Mark Connolly

Our recent concert in the Living Room, provided by the George Stevens Academy Jazz Band “Tasty Bites” on Thursday, April 14th, was an event to celebrate the Parker Ridge Retirement Community’s new openness to the rest of the world in the wake of our fourth COVID vaccine shot (second Moderna booster) and the assurance that COVID infections in Hancock County had fallen relatively low.

Those of us who lingered on, after our Thursday Continental Breakfast cart had returned to the kitchen, watched with some interest as the students bustled through the doors into the Living Room of the Inn to set up for the concert, carrying music stands, the electric piano, the vibes stand, the drum set, steel drum, etc. Then the rest came in with the saxophones, trumpet, guitars, drumsticks, music sheets, etc.



When all the Parker Ridge audience had gotten seated, and the band was readied, the GSA music director, Phelan Gallagher, introduced the participants and launched them into some tight jazz beats, and a series of solos by the students on their respective instruments with rhythm back-up. Jenna Blodgett covered both sax and vocals, Morgan Davis displayed his multi-instrument readiness on keyboard, vibes, steel-pan, and Tony Esposito played drums. Austin Chandler backed the group on bass guitar, with Andy Hipsky on guitar, Gabe Hall on trumpet, and Jillian Idrige on alto saxophone. Mr. Gallagher contributed his sax-playing to the group’s efforts.

After a number of toe-tapping numbers, the tight rhythms were capped by a finale tune made famous in the late ‘70s by Bill Withers/Grover Washington Jr., “Just the Two of Us.” Jenna sang the lyrics, and the band smoothly led us into a jazz-world treasured experience. We hope that they’ll be back.

In his late 80s, my father-in-law went to the DMV to renew his driver’s license. At one point during the road test, he approached a four-way stop, looked to his left, and cruised straight through the stop sign. “Sir! You didn’t look to your right,” yelled the frightened inspector. My father-in-law calmly shook his head. “That’s Mum’s side.”

MAPLE SUGAR HOUSE

By Alma Mote

On Wednesday, March 30th, residents were invited to a local Maple Sugar House run by Danner Curtis and his wife Dewey. Danner welcomed the group and explained the whole process of collecting sap and processing it into Maple Syrup. It was a nice windy Spring Day. Chris, Alma, and Emma also had the chance to participate. Danner's sense of humor and hospitality along with Dewey's kindness made the visit very pleasant and informative. Danner also talked about their blueberry business with an invite to come back in July to learn about the processing of blueberries. Everyone left with a bag of blueberries, and some 'won' a sample or purchased a delicious bottle of maple syrup.

This is the second year that Danner has been the maple syrup business. Danner built the house along with help from a local teenager. Danner and Dewey are very involved with the youth in our community and strive to make a difference in their lives. This was an enjoyable time, and we look forward to another visit in July.



Resident and Staff Hobbyists Display Their Work

(Editor's Note: The idea of having these displays came from Peggy Smith who felt we needed to enliven our space during the winter doldrums. Her idea has borne a great harvest as the reader will see here. We tried to get photos of each display, but we missed some and, to those who we missed, we apologize. Please see the next several pages for wonderful examples of the many talents among us.)

Peggy Smith – Wooden Sculptures

Bob Crosen – Wooden carvings/objects

Carol Rivers – Stamp collection

John Rivers – Photos

Jane Lawson – Her husband's wooden carvings and her own embroidery pieces

Tim Thomas – Miniature soldier collection and his own paintings

Marshall Smith – Photos from Florida vacation

Janet Pease – Baskets

Dale Neuman – Photo-based digital designs

Louise McKinney – Baskets

Cynthia Lay – Paper boxes and paintings

Philip Seib – Baseball Memorabilia

Dean Smart – Photos

Malcolm Purvis – Mementos of a Foreign Officer

Sheena Macpherson – Basket collection from the Marshall Islands



Carol Rivers



Marshall Smith



Peggy Smith



Louise McKinney



Bob Crosen



John Rivers



Janet Pease



Dale Neuman



Philip Seib

Church Bulletin Bloopers

Don't let worry kill you. Let the church help.

Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.

The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belzer, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Belzer.

The service will close with "Little Drops of Water." One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.

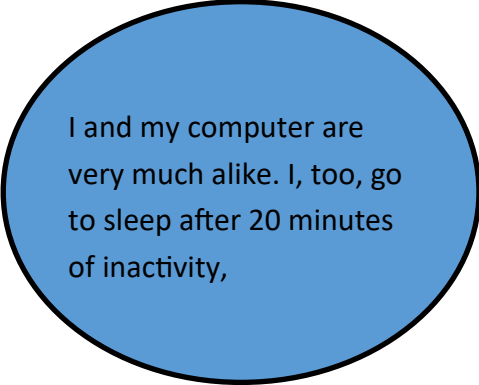
The preacher will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing: "Break Forth With Joy"

At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be "What is Hell?" Come early and listen to our choir practice.

The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind. They can be seen in the church basement Saturday.

The Eighth Graders will be presenting Shakespeare's "Hamlet" in the church basement this Friday at 7 p.m. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

The Senior Choir invites any member of the congregation who enjoys sinning to join the choir.



I and my computer are very much alike. I, too, go to sleep after 20 minutes of inactivity,

At the doctor's office, a 20-something man was trying to make an appointment for a Mrs. Brown. Try as he might, he just could not remember her first name. Frustrated, he left. A few minutes later, I passed him outside the office on the phone. "Hey, Dad," he said. "What's Mom's first name?"

When my nephew, Victor, was five, I took him to a local stable for a pony ride. He was very impressed that the stable hands were riding without a saddle. I explained to him that it's called riding bareback. When I returned him to his parents, they asked him how he enjoyed his pony ride. He excitedly told them that he saw grownups riding naked!