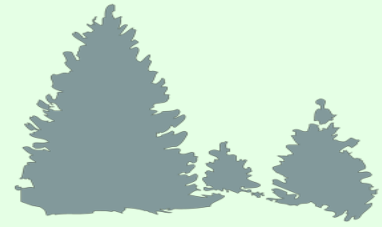


Life On the Ridge



Notes from Parker Ridge

*This Issue is devoted to Life at Parker Ridge during Covid 19,
where we are “down but not out.”*

For the Duration

By George G. Robbins

The President has said that our country is fighting a war against an invisible enemy, referring to the Covid-19 pandemic. I thought back to the time during World War II when we had to make substantial changes to our way of life in order to further America’s war effort. It seemed to me that there were some similarities in the things we were asked to do, or not to do. There are also some things in our current crisis that are quite different from that real war situation.

Back then our travel was greatly restricted, as it is now. Gasoline and tires were scarce and rationed, and seats on planes and trains were prioritized. There were rules to follow, and although there were some cheaters, most people willingly complied. We were asked to salvage old pots and pans made of aluminum to be reprocessed into bodies for airplanes. We gathered scrap iron to be melted down and forged into steel for ships, tanks, and guns. If the question was asked: “How long do we have to do this?” the answer usually was: “For the duration”, meaning for the duration of the war. The goal was clear: sacrifice now to ensure the ultimate victory.

Now the invisible enemy can be anywhere, and people can carry it without knowing it. The principal effort against it is to try to prevent its spread by separating ourselves from others. This is working to help protect us from others, and to protect others from us as possible unknown carriers. Here in the Inn at Parker Ridge, we have our own rules to accomplish that purpose. We greatly appreciate the efforts of the staff as they care for us, so we observe the rules for the benefit of all. The rules restrict our movement, and socializing with other residents, but they are more than worth it if we keep Covid-19 away from us.

We now hear the slogan: “We are all in this together”. It reminds us that we are all at risk, and that each of us must do what we can to defeat the virus. The burden falls unevenly, however, as medical personnel, first responders, grocery clerks and others have needed to accept greater risks in order to serve and protect us. This includes members of our staff who do grocery shopping for us and pick up prescriptions from the drugstore, for example.

There is another dimension to our forbearance involving personal grooming, and even keeping regular medical appointments. Some of us have already canceled medical procedures or regular office visits with doctors because they involve risk of exposure. I have not had a haircut for two and a half months. While it may be said that I am “follicly challenged”, I am getting very shaggy around the edges. I am sure that the ladies would appreciate the services of a hairdresser at this time also. But although the Governor has allowed barber shops and hairdressers to open, with certain limitations, we residents of the Inn are not allowed to take the risk of going to their shops. Perhaps Tim can arrange for someone like Carrissa Butler to serve us here, but that is not yet definite. If not, then....

So, once again, the question may be asked: “How long will we have to do this?” The President recently issued criteria which should be met before we “open up our economy again” and has left the interpretation and enforcement of those criteria to the governors.

The next day, as protestors challenged the Michigan governor’s rulings, the President tweeted: “Free Michigan”. No matter how or when our economy is restarted, each of us will have to judge for ourselves how much risk we are willing to take in order to do the things that we want, or need, to do. As yet there is no vaccine and no fully tested effective treatment.

Our concern is not only for our own safety, but that we must avoid inadvertently bringing the disease to others. Anyone who thinks that our economy will “snap back” in a few months to the level it had reached at the beginning of this year is delusional. However long it takes, may God give us all the wisdom and determination to endure...for the duration.

(Editor’s note: This article was written shortly before Parker Ridge adjusted its rules including permitting Carrissa Butler to resume her salon services provided both she and her clients wear face masks. From appearances observed, she has been busy.)

The Parker Ridge Newsletter hopes to foster the spirit of communication within the community. Our goal is to entertain, inform, and amuse. Volunteers and submissions are welcome.

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Codgers Corner	Marshall Smith Dale Neuman Bob Crosen
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Feel free to contribute your thoughts & ideas by contacting any of the above

Avoiding the Virus — Reflections

By Tim Thomas

The evil corona virus, with its COVID-19 disease, is out there. We cannot see it, but we are assured by multiple media sources that it is present among us. We are told to stay home, leaving only as necessary. What does this mean for our daily lives? Self-isolation is a currently used phrase to describe the situation. Sorties from our Parker Ridge cottage are to be limited for necessities so that the arc of travel would include the Post Office, doctors, the bank and the grocery store. Other businesses in Blue Hill, including restaurants, are closed. As cottage residents of Parker Ridge, we are now barred from the Parker Inn and the activities that might take place at that location. So what does a cottage resident do to fill his or her day? One easy to do activity is watching television, especially the news about the track of the virus. However, that can become repetitive and tiresome. We can read a book which is good for a while. And, to seek explanation for our present condition, we can ask questions such as:

Where did this virus come from?

Did it really come from a bat in Wuhan, China which bit a pangolin in a market place, the pangolin then being cooked and eaten by a Chinese family (or do they eat them raw?)

Where is Wuhan, China—a city with more people than New York?

Why does a relatively small group of nursing home residents near Seattle become the starting point for an endemic of immense proportion in the United States?

The spread of the disease leaves no hiding place. We are witnesses to a pandemic which might reach us wherever we may be.

Recorded history has stories of other plagues. Boccaccio in 1350s wrote about persons in Florence attempting to flee the black plague. Daniel Defoe wrote about the London plague of 1665, and there are numerous written accounts of the influenza endemic of 1918-1919. A friend has sent to me the text of a letter written from southern France in 1919 by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

In the letter, Scott Fitzgerald says he and Zelda are taking refuge in an apartment, that no one is in the streets, that he has stocked the apartment with various alcoholic spirits, and that he intends to live through the endemic in an intoxicated state. In fiction, Poe's *Masque of the Red Death* reminds us that a plague can follow and find us wherever we may go.

In a different context, think of the Emperor of Byzantium in the year 1453. He is standing on a parapet on the walls of Constantinople which is the last vestige of his empire, the Ottomans having occupied the surrounding parts of the empire. Looking from the parapet, he can see across the water at the presence of the Ottoman hoard led by Sultan Mehmet II. However, the Emperor knows that the City's walls and its other defenses are impregnable and the hoard will not enter. But it does, with terrible consequences.

At Parker Ridge, we are practicing self-isolation, maintaining social distance, washing hands and more. Have we thereby created a virtual wall which the virus cannot breach? Is the virus lurking on South Street at the foot of Parker Lane? Will it, like the Ottomans, find a way through our virtual wall? We hope and trust that it will not, and we do what we are told.

Suppose that, in time, the United States and the rest of the world have fended off the virus, and we return to life as it was before the pandemic. Where did the virus go? It may have run out of people to afflict, but it could still be present, to appear again at some later time. A vaccine would be helpful.

From the Internet

What word is spelled incorrectly in every single dictionary?

Answer: Incorrectly

Guest Poet for this Issue is Dale Champlin, daughter of Claire Shaw

Pledge

—after Jehanne Dubrow

Now we are here isolated, you in your precinct
and I in mine, swearing allegiance to our segregated lives
in this illness riddled hour of uneasy dissonance,

many transgressions bubble up. Where is
our shared country? Where is our outrage? If you
were my child, or my brother or my grown son,

how differently I would feel. There is such a gulf
between us. We sit on two ends of a spectrum in uneasy
mutual distrust. We are killing you, you say

and I can't prove otherwise when no one is kneeling
on my neck and I'm not in the morgue or in a trench
in some borrowed island. If I were a patriot,

I would fly our shared flag at half-mast. I would share
your outrage, I would burn a cross on my own lawn.
I would welcome the weight of the noose. I pledge

to our republic, for however long we stand,
I will join with you and welcome a reinvention.
We will lift our faces, together, toward a new beginning.

Dale Champlin
3:48 pm June 1, 2020



*Spring in all its glory
Summer home of Larry Flood & Tyler Knowles*

Rebuilding the Path on the North Side of the Inn

Peggy Smith again has captured photos of views around Parker Ridge. Here are some she took as the first re-build of the path around the north end of the Inn begun in mid-June. The original path, which was removed in preparation for the new surface, was built in 1992, more than a quarter of a century ago.

Residents on the north end have had to endure noise and fumes but look forward to the improvements which will make taking their walks easier to manage.





*Parker Ridge Puzzle Masters:
Lisa, Hannah, and Emma
&
The Completed Masterpiece*



JOKES

by unknown residents:

“Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, but when they lit a fire in the craft, it sank, proving once again that you can’t have your kayak and heat it too.”

A group of chess enthusiasts checked into a hotel and were standing in the lobby discussing their recent tournament victories. After about an hour, the manager came out of the office and asked them to disperse. “But why?” they asked, as they moved off. “Because,” he said, “I can’t stand chess nuts boasting in an open foyer.”

And from Patty Deetjen

A four-year old says—“Daddy, I’m going to get married”.
Daddy says— “Who are you going to marry?”
Boy says—“I’m going to marry Grandma. She’s pretty, she’s fun and she loves me!”
Daddy says—“You can’t marry Grandma because she’s my mother.”
The little boy replies—“I can, too, because you married my mother!”



*Marianne New—99yrs + 9 months
and still exercising*



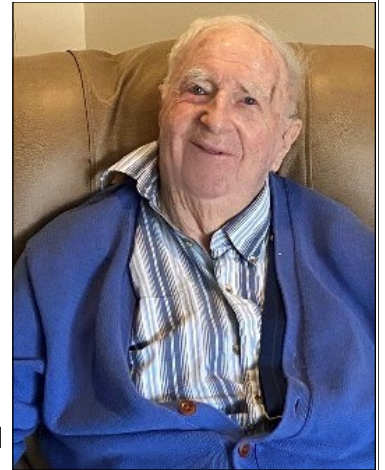
Reta & John Fox—Memorial Day

Malcolm Purvis – a Limerick ...

We've been in shutdown for weeks
Staying at home and off the streets
We are all wearing masks
When performing our tasks
So Zooming is now how we meets

OUR NEWEST RESIDENT

A long time native of Blue Hill - Tom Perkins moved in to Parker Court in May of this year. Many of you may know him as the former owner and pharmacist at Partridge Drug Store in the 60s and 70s. He served in the state legislature for 14 years. He and his beloved wife Mary Ann lived in a beautiful home over-looking Blue Hill Bay. The home still stands across the road from the Blue Hill Wine Shop. After retirement, they continued their life in Blue Hill being involved in the community, and traveled to Florida in the winter. In November of 2012, Mary Ann passed away, and Tom continued to live in Blue Hill in the summer and Florida in the winter. Tom is a wonderful addition to our Parker Ridge family. He is friendly, loves to talk about the past and has a great smile. Please welcome him to our community.



From the Internet

Can you name three consecutive days without using the words Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday?

Answer:
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow.



Ray Pata —Memorial Day

Nature's Corner Quarantined

By Peggy Smith

To eat my breakfast, alone, in my apartment did not intrigue me in the slightest, so I carried my yogurt and fruit into the sunroom. There, a dining room chair faced the settee. I turned the chair so that I could be eating my breakfast while looking out at the "natural surroundings." I propped my feet on the radiator and held my meal in my lap. I could see the lawn, the flowering cherry trees not quite yet in blossom, and the hedge blocking the view of the nearby cottage. For a greater view, I could look off to my right and see as far as the gazebo and the cottages beyond. I was interested to see the natural world when I looked out the window.

As I ate my breakfast, a pair of Robins landed on the open part of the lawn that was surrounded by the circle of the Pond Road cottages. Here and there the Robins would peck at the grass, moving ever closer to my viewing spot. Every once in a while, they darted up into the nearest shrubbery and seemed to be hiding from some unseen danger. Then, from somewhere behind the three-storied Inn, a group of Goldfinches swooped down and landed in that very same cherry tree in front of me. The Robins jumped back to the lawn and continued their search for something in the grass. The Goldfinches did not seem to want to sit still, but flitted from branch to branch. Occasionally, I could see that some of the birds were male, since the majority were beautifully festooned in bright yellow bodies and shoulders. The wings were black. I attempted to count their number, but their movement prevented an accurate count. They did not seem interested in any of last year's seeds. Then suddenly, one bird caught my eye. It was a very fluffy greenish baby. It stumbled through the branches, but was able to almost keep up flying with the adults as they flew into the cedar trees in front of my apartment.

There was more motion behind the cherry tree. It was another bird flying into the shrubbery behind the cherry tree. I drew out from my walker basket a pair of binoculars I have carried with me for years. I sat waiting for this single bird to move out from behind lots of brush. Finally, I identified it as a Catbird. I could see its beak open as though it was meowing, but the closed window of the sunroom blocked any sounds. A white-throated sparrow might have called it "drink your tea-a-a-a" since I could see its beak open and close. The Robins had paired up. The Catbird evidently was feeding some young, and perhaps soon the Goldfinches would all be raising families. It was an hour well-spent and my breakfast had been good.

Later, John Fox stopped me as I was going out for a walk and told me that he had seen a large woodpecker. I asked him if it was a Pileated woodpecker? And he said "yes." It sure looks like the birds of spring are back at Parker Ridge.



My Joyful Quarantined Life

By Lucifur Gurin

First, it probably would be helpful if I introduced myself since I haven't met everyone here at Parker Ridge. I am Luci Gurin, a Maine Coon Cat, and I am in charge of Cottage #66. Actually, my proper name is Lucifur. I was called Luci as a kitten because they thought I was a girl. Fortunately, the vet corrected that and Luci became Lucifur (that is the correct spelling) because of my gorgeous ginger-colored fur.

I am an indoor cat, so I am an expert on confinement. Call it quarantine if you like but either way I know how to live joyfully. There are three rules for joyful confinement that I have taught my humans during the last two month of their newly confined lives:

First---take advantage of the time at home by controlling everything...like the dog who lives here (you know, Buddy, the Springer) who chases me endlessly. I call it exercising the dog. Mom spends her extra time cleaning (I hate the vacuum cleaner almost as much as the Roomba Robot). The key is to meow really loud when you want something like a treat.

Second---Loud Meows can also control feeding schedules so start about 5:30 a.m. issuing instructions to all residents, awake or not. The dog follows my lead and starts whining about 6. It works; we get two main meals everyday and snacks whenever I rub against a human leg and purr quietly (noon and bedtime).

Third, and most important of all---sleep! This is what I do best and it is the most important thing my humans have learned from their confinement. Sleep in! Sleep on the couch (or bed) whenever you want. My human mom makes comfy cozy places for me; but my human dad has mastered falling asleep watching TV or reading a book. A selfie of me demonstrating the Third Rule is attached.

So, I can only hope all of you readers appreciate this essay based on my expertise in joyful living. It is shared with you at Alma's (Bless Her!) request.

From the Internet

What bird can lift the most weight?

Answer: A crane

My World

By Robert Crosen,

My world is both a very large and a very small one, both at the same time. It started in the very large place of New York City. But, this is not about places, but, rather, what forces have affected me, important moments in my life, and my interests.

My life has been filled with love and good fortune. How much was due to anything I contributed to the outcome I will never know. I was so fortunate to have marvelous and caring parents who shaped my character and provided superlative examples for me to emulate to the best of my ability. I was given an excellent education into which I wish I had put more effort. The jobs I have had gave me learning experiences and were very interesting and challenging. My work went from summer jobs as a hotel bell hop/desk clerk, a toll officer on a highly traveled bridge leading to New York, a factory worker, and then to a career in the insurance and bonding industry that lasted for a period of almost 40 years. It was a very complex job that dealt with a vast variety of people and situations. It began as an underwriting assistant and extended to managing a diverse insurance-handling branch office for a major company. My branch office here in Maine, serving northern New England, had a long record of profitability for my company which earned us excellent annual bonuses and recognition each year at our manager's meetings. But, most of all, I always felt I was performing a job that was for the betterment of society and contributing to the success of the country.

However, life is not all about work. I always felt that family was the most important thing in my life and I made sure to be at home as much as possible with my wife and children. My hobbies did not involve things that took large amounts of time away from home, rather, I pursued woodworking and restoring old cars, activities I could do at home. They were creative, especially woodworking, and I had great joy in making things that would be treasured possessions, maybe for generations, and giving them to friends and family. The gift of giving is one that gives the greatest pleasure.

During our years before retirement, we traveled throughout our country, Canada, and Europe. We traveled many times as a family and always spent part of our vacations at our family camps on Beech Hill Pond in Otis, Maine.

That's the large picture. But, joy can also come from the small things we observe in life. Yesterday, Claire and I took a walk on the path by the dog yard and stopped to rest on the bench nearby. We enjoyed the bright blue sky, gentle spring breeze, and the vastness of the Parker Ridge complex. A movement on the ground near our feet caught our eye. A small earthworm, almost an inch-and-a-half long, obviously dead, was moving slowly towards our bench across the tarred surface of the path. Looking at it more

closely, we saw that a lone very small ant was dragging the worm by the front end. We were amazed by its strength and endurance. It would occasionally stop and then start up again with renewed vigor. Soon, another ant joined it, and after touching noses and a walk around to size up the situation, joined its fellow worker in taking home a prize for their whole community, somewhere behind our bench. That was a lesson in life we will remember forever. Even the smallest and meekest of us can perform miracles if we have the will. And, a task always goes better if we work together.



*Inn Residents visiting with Cottagers:
Bob, Claire, Terry & Marshall*

Keep your face always toward the sunshine – and shadows will fall behind you...

Walt Whitman-Poet

Ode to the USS Parker Ridge

By Robert Crosen

Oh, the beautiful and majestic ship, USS Parker Ridge, sailing the rolling seas! Tall masts with billowing sails make an impressive sight as it rides the crests of the waves, spray flying, and a tall brave captain at the wheel. You are a fortress of comfort to the many passengers that are enjoying this cruise into the sunset. We come from many areas, some near, and others from far-away lands to join in the companionship that comes from the spirit of adventure, commonality of interests, joined together on this wonderful ship to see the world together. We stop occasionally at intriguing ports, venturing off in the longboat, captained by another able skipper, to absorb the culture and variety of entertainment arranged for us by our most talented cruise director. We explore exotic casbahs, dark and romantic cafes, and watch dramatic presentations put on by masters of the theater.

Back aboard our handsome craft, we are treated to lavish feasts, roaming minstrels, and cared for by an attentive crew. We have games of chance, wild athletic events, pampering in the spa, and even quiet times before the fire, sharing our life experiences and having easy banter with our peers. There are friendships made, maybe some occasional flirting, sometimes love blossoms. We are always surprised by what we have in common and what we want to get from this excursion. It so often comes down to sharing and helping each other to make the passage easier. We all know we are going to complete our sail happier and more fulfilled than when we cast off from the dock.

We have a hard-working and dedicated crew attending to our every need. The workings of the ship are given careful attention, barnacles scraped, sails and ropes mended, and everything kept ship-shape. The galley produces feasts that are impossible to resist, just what we expect on this first class vessel.

We know that at some point we are going to have to return to our home port, but this is an experience we would not have missed for the world. Sail on proud ship, care for us, keep us safe, and pamper us on this glorious journey.

(Editor's note: This was written circa 2015 but is still relevant today in 2020.)

From the Internet

You spot a boat full of people but there isn't a single person on board. How is that possible?

Answer: Everyone on board is married.

Parker Ridge Activities Department

By Dale Neuman

This is the second in our series to visit with the departments that help make and keep our community a great place to reside. I interviewed the three people who are the department: Emma, Chris and Alma.

Our interviewees have a total of 34 years of experience at Parker Ridge, with 26 in Activities. Alma has been in Activities for 15 years, Chris for 10 and Emma for one. Both Alma and Emma worked as servers in the dining room prior to doing Activities while Chris started as the weekend van driver and was part of the crew that had to help residents up and down the stairs for the six-weeks needed for elevator repairs some years ago. Alma also was a server and then cook in Parker Court before moving to Activities.

Prior to working here, Emma worked at Bagaduce Lunch and Hiram Blake Camp. Alma worked at Tradewinds in the Deli and had several part-time jobs. Her primary efforts, however, were spent raising her boys. Chris had many prior work experiences. He owned a machine shop in Urbana, Ohio that made surge brakes for the military. For 15 years, he owned a boarding stable. He now owns a boatyard and, for a while, sold outboard motors. He also worked for Friendship Cottage and became the full-time van driver here when the regular PR driver left.

The Activities staff have hobbies that range from restoring old cars and military vehicles to singing, gardening and playing basketball. In addition to enjoying casual singing, Alma sings in an ensemble called "Relentless Reign" that is the worship team at her church. She also enjoys gardening, photography, and firepit gatherings in her backyard. Chris is the vehicle collector and is also a gun collector. Sometimes he combines the two and has a vehicle with a weapon on it! Emma, who played hoops from Pee Wee League though her senior year in high school, also likes to shop and eat out--trying new foods. While Chris and Alma said it was hard to decide which hobby was their favorite, Emma was certain: basketball!

I then asked about their experiences during PR Activities programs--posing questions about their "most interesting experience", "most humorous", "most memorable" and so on. I found that their answers mostly turned on events or episodes where the experience was one more appreciated by a resident than one which was theirs alone. For Emma, with many fewer opportunities to observe and react, it was learning during Trivia about the pro football player nicknamed "The Refrigerator." He was a 300 lb. lineman for the Chicago Bears who became a running back for a single play and scored a touchdown. She enjoyed the subsequent comments by the residents. Emma's most memorable outing was a trip to Bucksport where she had a super-sized lobster roll, a whoopee pie, chips and more as she pursued another of her aforementioned hobbies!

(continued on page 9)

Parker Ridge Activities Department

Continued from page 8

Alma and Chris had the wider ranging recollections to consider since they had both been involved in many more activities over their years here. Each had a very specific memory from among their most humorous and most memorable. The most humorous for Chris was driving a female resident to Walmart to go shopping only to discover she was going there to buy bras. She apparently asked him for guidance on size and he declined. After she made her purchase and they returned to Parker Ridge, she discovered she had chosen the wrong size and the bras had to be returned. Chris was the one who had to take them back to the store for her.

Alma's most humorous was more recent and occurred during the trip to the Orono Brewing Company. It seems that some on the trip limited their sampling of the many types of beer available. Their tiny cups were then offered to others and, in the good tradition of helping others, Marianne New tasted the samples for them. As the group was preparing to board the van, Marianne quietly asked for help since, as she said, she was afraid she had become "a little tipsy."

The most memorable times for both Alma and Chris are quite similar and yet were totally separate events. Chris had taken a group on the van to Schoodic Point. In the group was a resident from Assisted Living who, while she could walk some, was required to be in a wheelchair for outings. Those in the group who could walk on their own had gone to the point while this resident sat in the van with Chris. Finally, the resident spoke to Chris and told him she would really like to go and sit on a rock at the point and asked if he would help her get there. He then drove the van closer to where they would have to go but parked in a "no parking" area so that he could use the wheelchair to get the resident out of the van. After the wheelchair was on the ground, the resident said she would rather try to walk than navigate the chair down the path. He helped her walk and she made it to the rock, sat on the rock for a while and then they went back to the van. As he was getting the resident and her chair back into the van, he saw that a park ranger had noticed that the van was in the "no parking zone" and seemed to be driving over to warn Chris or worse. But, instead, the ranger used his cruiser to block the traffic to make it easier for Chris to maneuver the van out of the space it was in and to another to let the others then board.

Alma's most memorable activity is quite similar. Hers was on a van trip to Cadillac Mountain. In the group were two women who were 100 years old: Marjorie Chesney and Trudy Porter. It was a windy and cloudy day. Trudy mentioned that she had never been to the summit and would like to try to go there. So, Ralph Pettie, another resident, offered to help her and they made it to the top. As they returned to the van amid cheers and applause, Marjorie announced that she was going to the top as well and started off the van. When someone offered to help her she said that she did not need anyone's arm and could make the walk by herself and she did! It seems that the two ladies had always been competitive, and this was no different.

Alma also loved the recent pot banging celebration we held.

None in the Activities Department has ever had to spend the night due to weather. But Alma did recall the night just last year when the fire alarm went off and it was not a drill. The control panel had indicated to the fire department that a sprinkler had been activated somewhere in the Inn but they could not find any places where there was water being discharged. After we stood around about an hour and they decided it was probably a faulty sensor, we were allowed to return to our places. But, several staff (including Alma) as well as a fireman stayed until early morning walking the halls just to be sure that it was only a faulty sensor.

The final question asked of each person was about suggestions they might make to residents about how to better enjoy the range of activities available to us. They all had to think as it was clear that they enjoyed being a part of our lives and they had fun when we had fun. So, they could find few to offer. They did indicate that they hoped residents would try some of the newer activities that are created and would even make suggestions for others that might be of interest. But I did sense that it would help them best if we did a better job of listening during instructions and reading the daily calendar posted on the white board each morning. The weekly and monthly printed calendars are important, but changes are only available on the white board. And, like many things, changes happen! They do not want us to miss things in which we have an interest.



Alma

Chris

Emma

From the Internet

Two mothers and two daughters went out to eat, everyone ate one slice of pizza, yet only three slices were eaten. How is that possible?

Answer: The group included a grandmother, her daughter and her daughter's daughter.

Codgers' Corner

(Guest column this issue is by a Cottager Len Parrot from an item sent to him by a friend)

I am a *Seenager* (Senior teenager).

I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 50 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car.

The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant, they aren't scared of anything, they have been blessed to live this long, why be scared? And I don't have acne. Life is Good! Also, you will feel much more intelligent after reading this if you are a *Seenager*.

Brains of older people are slow because they know so much. People do not decline mentally with age, it just takes them longer to recall facts because they have more information in their brains, scientists believe this also makes you hard of hearing as it puts pressure on your inner ear.

Also, older people often go to another room to get something and when they get there, they stand there wondering what they came for. It is NOT a memory problem; it is nature's way of making older people do more exercise.



Tyler Knowles and Rufus

Trail Report

By Larry Flood

Larry Flood, Rufus, and Tyler in that order have completed their exploration of all the official trails at Parker Ridge and found them a great pleasure. Bragdon Brook has a few challenges, but it is a pretty brook with clear water that Rufus enjoys without getting muddy. I thought that you could follow the brook down to Blue Hill Bay, but ultimately it is too boggy. If you then track back to the Jeep Trail you can reach Parker Point Rd and then crossing it take a loop that gets you down to the ocean. We are not clear whose land that is, but it has lovely big old trees and extends your walk. On the north side, the trail down to Clough Brook is much improved with a good bridge over it.

The Old Cart Road starts out fine, but deteriorates as you get closer to Parker Point Rd. There is an additional bridge along it, but sufficiently rotted out that even I cross it only hesitantly. After getting past this soon to be replaced bridge, one gets to the well marked Bannister Brook Trail off to the right. This leads over two older, but well built bridges, then bears left toward the east merging into the Ski Trail, which later joins the Jeep Trail. This makes for a very enjoyable loop that with Bragdon Brook on the other side constitute our two favorite trails. Rufus and I have now scaled the Tate Boulder as well. Rufus also greatly enjoyed the pots and pans banging and meeting more of the Parker Ridge gang, not to mention getting on TV. Finally, Rufus looks forward to joining up with his brother, Grindle, owned by Joyce Snow, who will be moving to Ledge Road later this year. All in all, it's a dog's heaven at Parker Ridge!!



Larry Flood and Rufus

Day After Day

By Dale Neuman

*Day after day, the routine plays on
When it is over will we cheer or frown?
Comfort in the new usual has settled in
Do we want to go back to when—?*

*A different usual marked most past days
As we came and went our separate ways
Restaurant fare, movies and more
Sometimes to pleasure, other times to bore.*

*A creature of habit needs but find anew
What he or she prefers unthinkingly to do
And a change oft repeated may come to be
The outcome one yeams now to regularly see.*

*And life will go on to a new drum's beat
We'll do things differently as we breathe, live and eat
Proper distances will no longer go unstated
Once the pandemic has abated.*

*Options to do what, where and when
Will never be the same again
Life will proceed with new maxims to heed.
Habits of the past will no longer our ways lead.*

*Our futures are changed undeniably
With a cloudiness and yet a clear certainty
Evolving undoubtedly
And even more quickly.*

(May 2020)

Dealing with our quarantine for the past several months: Some thoughts and items from residents, cottagers, and staff

By Alma Mote

The staff at Parker Ridge truly know how difficult it has been for some of you not to physically visit with your loved ones. We were always delighted to see the 'visits over the railings' for residents such as Louise McKinney and her daughter and Ray Pata and his daughter. Although it was a safe distance, unfortunately not all residents had the ability to do so. What might be possible for one resident but not for another didn't seem fair. So, with this 'rule' comes with a request to just be a little more patient as we strive to keep residents safe and healthy. Meredith has provided Facetime visits for families and residents by appointment. This has helped and on June 1st we added visits from the den using a radio device so residents can talk to their family member and see them at the same time. We hope by the time this newsletter is published; things will be able to change even more.

We are sure many of you have more thoughts on how our lives have changed and what is becoming the new normal. We encourage you to talk about it with others and share your thoughts. Even if you think it is negative, do not hold it in. By talking about it to someone, you may gain a different perspective and so may the person with whom you visit.

From Bob Crosen

"The quarantine has been a blessing in some ways for me since I have moved to the Inn to be with Claire. We have permission, with certain restrictions, to go to my cottage during the days. It gives us a much-needed change of scenery and to take care of things needing my attention. We get some socializing at activities, walks outside, and seeing the staff. Parker Ridge is taking excellent care of us and I feel most fortunate to be here having our needs taken care of. I worry that our lives will never return to normal. I miss all our cottage friends!"

From Dale Neuman

Alma and Malcolm Purvis are making it possible for those residents and cottagers who wish to participate to attend a Zoom "virtual" cocktail hour on select Fridays. Those invited can join by way of their computers if the computer has a camera and microphone---and most laptops do. (A separate video camera with built in microphone can be purchased for a desktop computer.) It was fun for Inn residents to see some cottagers for the first time (and the reverse was also true) in almost three months. These Zoom parties continue to occur almost every Friday at 4:15 p.m. Let Alma know if you would like to participate.

From the Internet

A cowboy rode into town on Friday. He stayed in town for three days and rode out on Friday. How is that possible?

Answer: Friday was the name of his horse.

Thursday, June 18, 2020

Dear Residents, Families and Friends,

We so appreciate that family members and friends have been respecting our **"No Visitors"** policy on campus to date. We hope that our new "No Visitors" sign is more eye pleasing at our South Street entrance. We are happy to announce that beginning June 22nd we will now allow outdoor **Family & Friends Visitations** with either an Inn or a Cottage resident. These visitations will be hosted on the back deck adjacent to our main dining room under the awning. Visitations will be supervised by a Parker Ridge staff member.

Please continue to exercise common sense by adhering to good practices of social distancing and wearing of face masks. Let's continue to keep our residents **Happy, Healthy, Safe & Secure** by limiting the risk of COVID-19 spreading to our campus. Visitations may be suspended at anytime due to changes in coronavirus circumstances.

Family & Friends:

Outdoor Visitation Guidelines

There will be a two person maximum per visit with an Inn resident or a Cottage resident. The visitation will remain outside the Inn on the back deck under the awning.

6 feet of physical distance must be maintained at all times during the visit. This means no physical contact!

Visitors must wear a face covering or face mask for the duration of your time on campus.

Residents must also wear a cloth face mask (or other approved face covering) at all times during the outdoor visitation.

No meals / snacks are permitted during the visit as this would require the removal of the face covering.

Call the Front Desk at 207-374-5789 to schedule a half hour time slot. Speak to a Parker Ridge staff member during our normal business hours of 8:30 a.m. till 4:30 p.m. Please do not leave a voicemail to schedule an appointment.

Five daily time slots are available Monday through Friday: 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, and 3:30 p.m. If the visitor is scheduling the

visitation, it is the visitor's responsibility to communicate the appointment time to the Inn resident or the Cottage resident (and vice versa).

Health Screening of Visitor(s). Please DO NOT come on campus if you are sick with any cold or flu-like symptoms. You will be asked a series of questions and your temperature will be taken prior to meeting with your loved one. Hand sanitizer will be provided to the visitor. Visitor health screenings will be performed under the *Porte Cochère* approximately **5 minutes prior** to your appointment time. A Parker Ridge staff member will give you clear instructions to gain access to the designated visitation space.

Timothy G. Chandler, Executive Director & Administrator



Photo by Peggy Smith