

The Second
Half Magazine
April 2020

Perspectives...

from later life learning

Contributions from The Second Half membership

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,



When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud
By William Wordsworth

Photo credits:
Barbara Gilstein (above); Sheila Koot (right)



TODAY

Today I'll lay my cares aside
or take them with me for a ride
not in the car or on a bike
but floating free upon my hike

along the path or down the Neck;
I haven't quite decided yet.
The air is humid: summer feel;
the water's grey, it looks like steel.

I watch the great blue heron glide
I'm glad I'm here to catch the ride.
I see some friends upon my walk
and so we have a chance to talk.

The breeze is sweet upon my back;
I see there's nothing that I lack
and so tomorrow, like today,
I'll take those cares to pave the way.

Betty Jeanne Nooth



Today I Wonder

Today I wonder
How long can we live six feet apart.

And do I put on a mask when I walk the dog.

Today I wonder
If this little cough might be
The dread virus sweeping the globe.

And who is possibly using all that toilet paper.

Today I wonder
How long can I watch our savings dwindle
To unbearably low numbers.

And do I wear latex gloves
When I shop for food.

Today I wonder
How long will it take
To provide good health care
For everyone.

And will I be forced to go
To the end of the triage line.

John Sorrentino
April 9, 2020



Did You Realize that The Second Half is Twenty Years Old in September?

The following essay is from Ellen Christie who has been a member of The Second Half since its beginnings

How The Second Half Began Ellen Christie's Memories

It is hard to believe that it has been more than twenty years since Shaleen Barnes from the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth (UMD) had the idea of creating a lifelong learning program. It all started when I got laid off from my job. I became a part-time research assistant for Shaleen. She was working in the Academic Advising Office and had a grant from UMD to study information literacy. I really enjoyed working with her, but she was informed that my position had to go to a full-time student at UMD. Little did I know how this loss of my position would change my life.

When Shaleen and I sat down and she gave me the bad news, she handed me a small brochure from Brown University describing their lifelong learning program. She said that maybe we could start a program here at UMD. I had never heard of lifelong learning since my academic and professional experiences were in early childhood education.

To get started, one of the first things I did was visit Brown University and speak with the director of their lifelong learning program. He was very informative and gave me leads to investigate. One very important suggestion was to reach out to Elderhostel (now called Road Scholar). At the time, they were very involved with beginning their own lifelong learning programs that their organization continues doing today. I also had friends who knew about and participated in lifelong learning programs, so I began visiting those programs. I met with the program directors from Boston College, Harvard University, Cape Cod Community College, and the University of Massachusetts Boston. Each was very helpful and supportive, but I realized each institution was different. Yes, they all offered study groups, but each was unique in their structure, the level of support they received from their host universities, and their staffing. I knew we had to create a program that fit our needs here on the South Coast



So how to proceed? I gave a presentation in April 2000 to the UMD Retired Faculty Association and recruited a few professors. I called on some of my book group friends. Shaleen put me in touch with June Johnson who had wanted to start a lifelong program. These enthusiastic folks formed our planning committee. And we were off! Shaleen secured a grant from the University to provide funding for a mailing that went out in July. We had 5000 names supplied to us by the UMD Alumni Association and Elderhostel. From these mailings, sixty brave souls signed up for study groups in Fall 2000. And the rest, as they say, is history.

Below is the Curriculum and Registration Form for Fall, 2000.

CURRICULUM/REGISTRATION FORM	
<p>Membership in The Second Half entitles you not only to participate in the intellectual feast of the following seminars, but also in other cultural and social events. Membership benefits will be further detailed at the Open House.</p>	
<p>Cultural Extinction with Catherine Williams. We will look at how western technology and values have impacted on small tribal cultures in the world. Wed. 12:00-1:15 pm, 11 wks. 9/20-12/6</p>	
<p>Life Reflections with Carol Cummings and Julie Cleare. Participants will reflect on their lives, share these reflections, and write their autobiographies. Mon. 12:00-1:15pm, 10 wks. 9/18-12/4</p>	
<p>Local History Introduction with Martin Butler. This program will offer a glimpse at what life was like here during the last several centuries. Fri. 12:30-1:45pm. 11 wks. 9/22-12/8</p>	
<p>The Presidential Election in Perspective with John Carroll. We will look at the policy implications of the 2000 presidential election. Wed. 1:30-2:45pm, 6 wks. 9/20, 10/11, 10/18, 11/1, 11/8, 11/15</p>	
<p>Unraveling the Mysteries of Wine with Marianne Naedele. This seminar is designed to help you feel at ease with this wonderfully pleasant food compliment. Mon. 1:30-2:45pm, 10 wks. 9/18-12/4</p>	
<p>Sketching Outdoors with Herb Cummings. We will be drawing in various campus locations with critiques at the end of each class. Mon. 12:00-2:00 pm, 6 wks. 9/18-10/23</p>	
<p>You and Your Money with Jeffrey Fontes. If you want to make your money work, this introductory investment seminar is for you. Tues. 11:00am-12:15pm, 11 wks. 9/19-12/5</p>	
<p>Women and the Sea with Martin Butler. This program will consider the impact the sea and seafaring has exerted upon women. Thurs. 11:00am-12:15pm, 10 wks. 9/21-11/30</p>	
<p>-----</p>	
Name _____	Soc. Sec. # _____
Address _____	
Tel. # _____	Fax # _____ Email address _____
SEMINAR TITLE _____	DAY/TIME _____
1. _____	
2. _____	
The fee of \$95.00 is for a maximum of two courses.	
Method of Payment <input type="checkbox"/> Cash <input type="checkbox"/> Check (Made payable to UMD/ DCE)	
To pay by Mastercard, Visa or Discover Card # _____ Exp. Date _____	
Auth. Signature _____	
DETACH AND RETURN FORM TO: ELLEN CHRISTIE, THE SECOND HALF	
Division of Continuing Education	
285 Old Westport Rd.	
N. Dartmouth, MA 02747-2300	



A Trip to Porto
(for Joana Vasconcelos)

The sun rises mid-Atlantic
only three hours
after it set in the west.

An empty nouveau mansion
presides over formal gardens
dotted with wry modern sculpture
made from household objects and
scattered beneath the looming eucalyptus trees.

The crowd claps hands and sings
along with beloved songs artfully
played by the symphonic band
at the Casa da Musica in Boavista.

Everyone at the carnival
speaks a foreign tongue,
but I feel at home
as the Ferris wheel
rotates us high above the city,
high over the age-stained statue
of a lion savagely trampling
the stricken eagle of Napoleon.

Firework flowers bloom
over the Douro,
celebrating São João
as fire balloons
dot the sky above the city,
with the ancient tower
dark in silhouette.

Clem Brown



Woodcut by Paul Pasquariello

GARDEN OF MY DELIGHT

In the acres of my heart a garden grows.
There I savor the charms and risks
of growing things.

My beloved is a cactus and I a tiny finch
slipping between the thorns.
I stay for cactus blossoms
and delight.

Peony child, buds full, swelling,
not blooming and not blooming
until Ah! one day they gently unfold
into mind-numbing glory—
blossoms huge, hearty, generous.

Narcissus daughter, disingenuous blooms
hiding a poisonous root.
Or is she an iris, partially open, partially closed,
concealing the loving treasure within?

Spicy and rich, this daughter,
a profusion of chrysanthemums,
fireworks of color in my garden.
They last, it seems, forever.

My sister is Queen Anne's Lace,
Purple heart visible.
No need for a garden to grow in,
she thrives on the borders,
on the edges of things.
And her root is life sustaining.

Six buds wave in the wind.
Will this one be strong,
that one fragile?
Which one needs special care
and more nurture?
Curious, I wait, with wonder and hope.

I stroll through the garden of my heart,
cherishing first one, then another,
filled with the glory of growing things
and the little anxiety
that always accompanies love.

Eileen Sorrentino

Eleanor and Peter the Great

by Barbara E. Moss

I had just been let go. Ten minutes ago I was a sales associate in our failing department store. Divorced, with a little girl barely five years old, I needed to work. Tears rose in my eyes. I blinked them back and held my head high, I'd not let people know how desperate I was. I walked to the doors with my arms full of stuff from my now empty locker.

"Let me help you with that." He pushed open the door.

"Thank you."

"Eleanor was a queen," I heard a man say softly. I turned and saw a handsome stranger. He was tall with light brown hair. His gentle gray eyes sparkled.

"How'd you know my name?"

"You're a sales associate." He smiled pointing to the tag still pinned to my blouse.

"No longer." Now very close to weeping, I pushed quickly through the doors. I thought I heard him say "Me, neither." But I didn't look back and hurried to my car.

A week later I went to collect my final pay. To save gas and day care, my daughter Mindy and I took the bus to the store's employee relations office. There were several other recently unemployed people ahead of me. The line moved slowly. Mindy, really tired out from waiting, was getting whiny. A little girl with yellow braids let go of the hand of a man standing several people ahead of me.

She ran up to Mindy. "Let's play a game." They were about the same age and were soon running around laughing and making a lot of cheerful chatter. Some people frowned at them and their racket, but I was just relieved to see her happily occupied. Then my tired little girl slipped and skinned her knee. What crying and screaming! I got down to look at the damage. "It's just a scratch, honey." I fumbled in my tote bag for tissues. Her playmate knelt down next to her. "I'm sorry you got hurt. Daddy will kiss it and make it all better."

Her father turned around, squatted and patted Mindy's knee with a hanky. "Oh, I think this just needs a Mommy kiss," he said. I kissed Mindy's knee and cheek. "See, it's getting better already." By now Mindy was smiling.

"Oh, it's you, Eleanor!" It was the man who had held the door for me on my last day at the store. "I'm Peter Shaftig, by the way."

"Thank you so much for helping." I smiled into those soft gray eyes, very happy to see them again. He smiled back. A store employee hurried up with a band-aid and shoved paperwork and a pay packet at Peter, obviously wanting to get the troublesome, noisy kids off the floor and out of the building.

"This little girl belongs to Eleanor. Please expedite her paperwork too. Skinned knees call for ice cream, don't you think? And coffee for us--my treat?" My heart skipped a beat.

"That would be lovely," I managed to say between the girls' shouts of "Yay! Ice cream!" I did think it would be lovely, and it was.

Between scoops, Mindy and Yellow Braids, whose name was really Catherine, soon were great friends chattering away like little squirrels. Peter and I found we had lots to talk about. I basked in the warmth of his smile while Peter told me he was two years widowed and he was a high school teacher. The store was a summer job for him.

"My daddy is a brave soldier. He is far away fighting in a war." Mindy proudly crowed to her new friend and anyone else within hearing distance. Peter sat back, putting distance between us. His smile dimmed.

"Your Daddy is very brave," said Peter. "When does he come home?" He had asked Mindy, but I whispered to him quickly. "I'm not sure. He reenlisted after we were divorced. Being military we had no house. I was lucky to find a small apartment here. Mindy goes to day care during the week until kindergarten starts. I was a student teacher before my marriage. When Mindy came, I stayed home with her, but now I need to find work." We chatted about schools and teaching.

"There are some paraprofessional positions open at my school. You might inquire." A big smile made his eyes twinkle.

"Thank you." I'd see him again. Wonderful! I'm sure my heart skipped a beat. "What do you teach?" "History."

"That's how you knew about Queen Eleanor. You must be Peter the Great," I blurted blushing scarlet.

"I've been called that, but I'm not *that* tall." He laughed.

Just then Mindy asked if Catherine could come to our home for a play date. "Yes!" Peter and I both laughed together. By Christmas we were an item.



DOGWOODS

West of Ware,
among the swiftly greening trees
of the Quabbin
(where once in winter
we spied the miracle of a blue bird
sitting on the wall),
glow the iridescent blossom
of the dogwoods
scattered
about,
one hundred paces apart,
overwhelming their newly verdant neighbors
with a white blaze
that stuns the eye.

Clem Brown



Reflections

Jennifer Brindisi is the current Chair of the Fundraising Committee and Past President of The Second Half Board of Directors. In her essay she explains how she became associated with The Second Half.

I grew up near New York City and lived there until going to college in Ohio where I met my husband, John. We married in 1969, had two children and lived and worked for thirty years in White Plains, NY. Over the years I worked in medical research and obtained a Master's Degree in Public Health and Teaching Science. I began teaching Biology and Environmental Science at New Rochelle High School in 1980 and remained there until I retired. Over those twenty years of teaching, education was important to me as a teacher as well as a student. I recognized that new information was being discovered every day and theories were constantly changing so my continued interest was important.

After retiring, John and I bought our house in Dartmouth in 2000 and moved in. I joined The Second Half in the Winter Semester of 2002 on the recommendation of Jeanne Bird, one of our oldest members. At the time, classes were held on the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth campus. John and I did not know anyone when we moved to Massachusetts, so it was "a no brainer" to join and meet educated "like-minded people." In 2004 I joined The Second Half's Curriculum Committee and from 2006 to 2010 I served as the Co-Chair, then Chair. Serving on that Committee, I discovered many of the educational resources available on the South Coast. I stayed on the Board of Directors as an at-large member for a year, then from 2012 until 2014 I served as Vice President and then President from 2014 to 2018. These were transitional years for The Second Half. We separated from UMass Dartmouth and became an independent non-profit. As a result, we had to find new classroom space that we could afford.



Retirement has allowed me to expand my volunteer efforts to educational and environmental organizations I never had time for while I worked. I served on the Board of Directors of Dartmouth Natural Resources Trust, the Herb Society of America, Buzzards Bay Garden Club, and the Dartmouth Conservation Commission as well as The Second Half.

Besides pursuing my interests in education and the environment, I have always enjoyed getting my hands dirty. One of the reasons we bought our house in Dartmouth was its large open yard and its proximity to the farming community. Now I could create the garden I wanted with native and specimen trees, have a place to grow vegetables, beds for perennial flowers and keep a greenhouse.

Another plan for John's and my retirement was to travel. We have been lucky to take at least one adventure each year and have succeeded in visiting all seven continents at least once. This year we dodged the Coronavirus all over Southeast Asia just in time to "shelter in place" here at home in Dartmouth.

Reading is another passion I take time to indulge in. I love to read about nature and the environment. I just finished Jo Jo Moyes' *The Giver of Stars* and *Overstory* by Richard Powers. And when I am knitting, another of my hobbies, I listen to audiobooks. *Braiding Sweetgrass* by Robin Wall Kimmerer is a poetic account of Native American wisdom of nature and a wonderful listen.

With all these interests it is easy to see why The Second Half is so important to me. It is where I go to be with people that have the same interest as I do in learning new things. Whether it is a class on the Holocaust, Chakras, Spanish, or Rembrandt, I can indulge my curiosity with people that are knowledgeable and as curious as I am.

RAKING SPRING

Raking remnants of Autumn leaves the spring air surfaces
Golden light lifts the daffodils skyward while crocuses hide
In shallow earth setting the scene for what is to be
That shall dance and fill the air with scented blooms
Lilacs filtering through window screens
Hummingbird nectar awaiting their aviary return
And like Alice In Wonderland through the looking glass
I fall into the rabbit's hole into all of my life's wandering
With yet so much to discover, dissuade and challenge
As the chipmunks come out of their hibernation from stone walls
I too come out of my winter's shell.

Barbara A. Wackowski-Faria
March 2020

QUESTION OF THE DAY

The “should-do” list is long but
“wanna-do” list is beckoning:
Wondering how far an hour
on the bike path will take me,
I step into cool June breezes
midst swaths of shade and sunlight,
stride through marshes, past hayfields
and views to the sea against cerulean sky.
Arriving then at fifty minutes, resting, returning
and seeing more, and delighting in tractor with harrow
working the cut hay, I linger there,
hearing Dad say:
“Nice day
to make hay...
while the sun shines!”

Betty Jeanne Nooth
April 14, 2020



Woodcut by Paul Pasquariello

The Poet Throwing It

If I were really poet
I could make you believe anything:
 that a bridge is really two men
 holding hands
 that the White Mountains are Mae West stretching out
 that the ocean is a can of Crisco, all fried up
 that a willow tree is really
an untidy woman
 that a window is a sleepy eye
 or that the sky turns purple
because someone
 has it by the throat
 that a graveyard is really a quiet parade
 that love is behind any door
down the hallway,
 take your first left
 that the sky can be bought at the circus
 that the president of this country eats
 the middle of Oreo cookies
 that a poet knows everything twice
 that the poet keeps his wings
inside his shirt
 that the poet is really a frog, waiting
 to be changed over
 that the poet will never really be
 satisfied until he dies outloud

Mariah Fitzsimmons-Mello

1973

ANTONIA'S LINE 1995

Directed by Marleen Gorris, starring Willeke van Ammelrooy
Filmed in Dutch in the Netherlands

“Antonia’s Line” is my favorite film of all time. It “incorporates the magic realism of Latin America, dour European philosophies of death, the everyday realities of rural life, a cheerful feminism, a lot of easygoing sex, and a gallery of unforgettable characters.” [Roger Ebert, February 14, 1996.]

The film was the winner of the 1996 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film, the Toronto International Film Festival People’s Choice award, the BAFTA award, two Netherlands Film Festival Golden Calf awards, and numerous other accolades. “Antonia’s Line” director Marleen Gorris was also honored with Best Director awards by the Netherlands Film Festival and the Hamptons International Film Festival. Janet Maslin of “The New York Times” called it “a work of magical feminism.” [*A Line of Strong Women with Faith in Destiny*, Janet Maslin, “The New York Times,” February 2, 1996; retrieved September 4, 2016.]

This is a feel-good movie—life affirming, optimistic, and creative—containing elements of tragedy and comedy. It’s the story of four generations of Antonia’s line covering 50 years: Antonia, her artist daughter Danielle, her brilliant mathematician granddaughter Therese, and her young great-granddaughter Sarah, the narrator of the story. The movie assures us that in this rural community season follows season, and crops were planted and harvested, and life went on, and nothing much changed. And so it goes. It has a sad, romantic, elegiac, pastoral tone.

Mostly we watch as Antonia’s extended family grows. Children and grandchildren, in-laws and outlaws, neighbors, friends, and drifters all come to sit at her long, long dinner table, and all learn the same simple rule, which is to look for the good in others—and to not criticize those who have found a way to be happy without seriously bothering anybody.

“The experience of the film lulls us into a strange and wonderful mood: We are told stories that are sometimes as inexplicable as a miracle, sometimes as earthy as a barnyard. Beneath them is a philosophy insisting on itself. The filmmaker, *Marleen Gorris*, believes women have innate understanding and common sense, and that, left to run things, they will right wrongs and encourage sanity. I hope she is right. Even if she is too optimistic, I am glad her movies made me feel hopeful and cheerful. In one of the opening scenes, as Antonia and her daughter walk through the town, a sign on a wall says, ‘Welcome to our Liberators!’ It is intended for the American troops. But it could, as it turns out, apply to the women.” [Roger Ebert, February 14, 1996.]

Marleen Gorris, the director, was the first woman to direct a movie that won an Oscar for Best Foreign Film. She was born in 1948 in Roermond in the Netherlands to Protestant, working-class parents in the Catholic, southern part of the Netherlands.

She studied drama at the University of Amsterdam and has an M.A. in Drama from the University of Birmingham, England. The Dutch government funded her initial project in 1982, *A Question of Silence*. In 1984 she directed *Broken Mirrors*, set among a group of prostitutes in an Amsterdam brothel, and in 1990 she directed *The Last Island*. Her great international success was *Antonia's Line* (1995). Subsequent films include *Mrs. Dalloway*, based on the Virginia Woolf novel, which earned a number of international honors. She followed this movie with *The Luzhin Defence* (2000), based on a novel by Vladimir Nabokov; *Carolina* (2003), released direct to video in 2005; and *Within the Whirlwind* (2009), set during Joseph Stalin's Great Purge.

Willeke van Ammelrooy, who plays Antonia, was born in April 1944, in Amsterdam, Netherlands, and attended drama school in Amsterdam. She played in 27 films between 1971 and 2018 and won an Oscar for her work in *Antonia's Line*. She is also a director and has acted on stage as well as in films. Writing for "The Advocate," Emanuel Levy, called *Antonia's Line* "an enchanting fairy tale that maintains a consistently warm, lighthearted feel," and Willeke van Ammelrooy is wonderful. ["The Advocate," March 5, 1996, p. 64.] This article was drawn from reviews from Roger Egert, "The New York Times," and Wikipedia.

Eileen Sorrentino
March 2020

Urban Lineage

The morning sun is rising in the east of endless dreams.
Smokestacks and steeples loom over vinyl-sided facelifts
of tenements once owned by blood-lined residents,
caretakers to us all.

Once, we played on these dead-end streets
picking teams for Tug of War and Stickball, taking
turns as lookouts for Kick the Can and Dodge

Sidewalk squares for Hopscotch and ovals drawn for Eggs
Cardboard mats for captives of Free the Box and Tag
We engineered milk-crate hoops for challenges of Horse
and rounded up Pinky balls for bouncing off the stoops

Gum-wrapper love chains and fortune-teller folds
were fashioned under streetlights, with the fading
lines of sunset linking pole to pole

In late-night games of Hide 'n Seek, our whispered voices
rose in harmony with siren sounds of cruisers speeding by
until an echoing "Olly Olly Oxen Free" summoned us safely home.

I'm eight again
with ringlets wrapped in banana rags
for curls with Sunday's best

Breathing in the summer scent of asphalt steaming
in the heat, tossing stones in sewer drains to test
their water's depth, and retracing chalk-drawn
hieroglyphs from yesterday's sidewalk games.

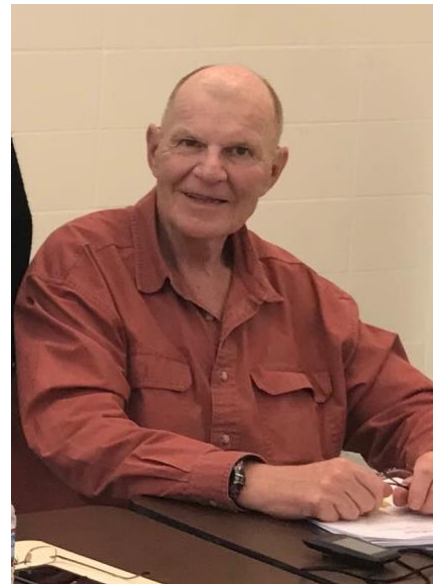
*Arbiters and explorers, inventors and astronomers
we lay claim to street smarts and vacant lots as
apprentices of dreams on our pilgrimage of play.*

Anne-Marie Grillo
April 15, 2020

Anne-Marie Grillo grew up in Fall River, when neighborhoods were childhood playgrounds. She credits her participation in *Exploring Poetry as Readers & Writers* in helping her transcribe memories to the printed page.

Interview with Russ Carey

Many members of The Second Half know Russ Carey from accompanying his wife and him to France. In the following interview with Russ, we learn about his involvement with The Second Half, his love of France, and his many hobbies.



How did you hear about The Second Half? Can you tell us a little about your background before joining?

Russ: I heard about The Second Half from my wife, who had joined in 2005. She started teaching a French class in 2006, the year I took my first of many fantastic classes at The Second Half.

You have served on the Board of The Second Half in different capacities. Could you mention them and give us a description of your duties?

Russ: My first stint on the Board was as Assistant Treasurer in 2008. Fred Gifun was our President at the time and Bev Stevens our Director. With about 125 members and total assets of around \$30,000.00, managing our money was a lot simpler in those days. I then served for several years as Treasurer while The Second Half grew steadily to over 400 members. The organization moved from the UMass Dartmouth campus on North Main Street, Fall River, to our facility at Bedford Street (where we became an independent non-profit), and finally to our current location at Currant Road. With over \$100,000.00 in total assets, the Treasurer's job has become much more complicated. Today I serve as Vice President of The Second Half. Being Vice President is a pretty easy assignment. I have to chair the Nominating Committee each spring but, other than that, I can just sit back and let everyone else do the heavy lifting.

I know you assist your wife, Lorraine, who facilitates classes in French language and culture, but have you taught classes on your own?

Russ: Yes, I taught *Beginning Bridge* and two levels of *Intermediate Bridge* for several years. I also contributed by teaching segments of a number of the many wonderful theme courses organized for our members. These included: two hour classes each for *Armchair Travels* on Provence and Languedoc, Paris, Burgundy, and the Périgord; a two hour class on Secular Humanism for the *My God, Your God, No God* course; a four hour class on The Irish Famine for *Historical Kaleidoscope*; a four hour class on Emerson and his Transcendentalism for *Literary Variety*; and a two hour class on Pompeii to complement the Second Half special event excursion to the Pompeii Exhibit at the Museum of Science.

You and Lorraine have organized and escorted many trips to areas in France for years. What is it about France that draws you back there every year? Do you have a background in French?

Russ: I don't have a background in French, but I do have a wife who is a rabid Francophile, and suggesting we travel anywhere but France is a really tough sell. I am currently trying to negotiate a deal of one trip to France for one trip elsewhere, but Lorraine drives a hard bargain -- so we are still working on the deal. Having said that, I have come to deeply appreciate the ambience, the culture, the history, and the architecture of France. And there is much to be said for visiting somewhere several times to really get a true feel for the people and the place. We have been to Paris together over a dozen times, several times to Arles, to Lyon, to Strasbourg, the Périgord, et al. Every visit offers something new to see and a deeper appreciation of the locale.

What do you like to do in your ‘spare time’ when you are not preparing or teaching a course.

Russ: Working in my yard is by far at the top of my list for filling my spare time. I love being outdoors, digging, planting, pruning. I am probably one of the few people in the world who enjoys weeding. My second love is woodworking. When we built our retirement home in South Dartmouth I did all the interior work myself, including laying all our hardwood floors, completing all the trim work and paneling, and building all the cabinets in the house. It was a real labor of love -- something I have always wanted to do.

Finally, what type of music and art do you enjoy? Do you have a favorite museum or cultural event that you attend?

Russ: Classical music is at the top of my list, with Bach, Beethoven and Tchaikovsky being my favorite composers. I also very much enjoy pop music from the fifties and sixties. We try to attend all the New Bedford Symphony Chamber Music Series performances, as well as those offered by Concerts at the Point. We both love the theater and were heartbroken when the Second Story Theater in Warren, RI, closed its doors. My favorite museums are the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, the Uffizi Gallery in Florence and, of course, the New Bedford Whaling Museum, where both Lorraine and I volunteer as docents.

SEAFOOD HEAVEN

All the questions
 answered
the menu leaves with the waitress
 We are left
 Waiting, Waiting
tall white cranes
the napkins
 are now flatten
and covering out laps
We wait our most anxious
“On Vacation”

Half exhausted/Half starved
Wait
as dinners rush by us,
 as quickly as high tide

We use our secret "Pirate" eyes
to spy a survey
of the incoming Delicacies . . .
Oh! the tsunami of aromas
New England Seafood

FRIED
NIRVANA on a billboard!
The customers who were lucky
enough to get the Olympian

Waitress
Wear shit eating grins of supreme
satisfaction
all Greased up and Glowing!



Their smiles tell of their
Conquest . . . Seafood Paradise!
Plates of Treasure
overflowing
with Fried Medallions
Golden Scallops
Shrimp
and sweet little belly clams
up to their neck in tartar
Where is our Waitress?
Where is that
Waitress?
I swear if I see one more Lobster
swimming in butter
I will jump overboard!

Mariah Fitzsimmons-Mello
2018

Dee-and-Garry
by Garry Plunkett

My cousin Dee and I grew up around a small Northeastern Oklahoma town. Both of us were only-boys in two-sister families, so some degree of bonding was inevitable. We spent a lot of our early childhood together, playing cowboys, roaming local fields and woodlands, and aggravating our sisters. Then, Dee's family moved to Missouri. We kept in touch by letter and could hit the woods again when his family returned for occasional visits. One of these gatherings is still burned into my memory. I was studying English literature in college, and Dee's family came back for a long Thanksgiving weekend. It was during a particularly beautiful Indian Summer, with blue skies spreading endlessly over golden sedge grass prairies.

The details of what we did together are fuzzy, undoubtedly something outdoors. The emotions of that weekend, however, are not forgotten. We both sensed something had changed since the last time we had spent significant time together, when we were still mostly child-like friends. It was as if we had leap-frogged adolescence into young adulthood. The childhood bond had not been lost, but rather had deepened into something more meaningful as young adults. We both sensed a maturing kindred spirit that was intellectual and spiritual.

Back home that Sunday evening, I could not get the past few days out of my mind, and felt a strong urgency to somehow memorialize the moment. So, when I should have been studying for Monday classes I wrote this Shakespearean sonnet.

Thanksgiving '62

So, as a scythe is sharpened by a man
Who prides his tool. He gently strokes the stone
And listens with keen ear the sound began –
First harsh – but ends a soft, melodic tone.

A flower bud seen in cold, dark early Spring
Would seem poor promise of what it will be.
Then, as warm time bathes o'er the fosterling,
It blooms. Oh, such a glad reward to see!

And now my Friend, our young hearts were so tuned,
As stone with scythe, they have become one soul,
Akin; and like a bud our friendship bloomed,
Once dormant, now assumes a higher role.

In days to come I'll muse upon this time,
And know 'twas then our friendship reached its prime.



Garry (left); Dee (right)

We continued our lives, married, had our separate careers, but over the passing years have had many adventures together – an early one canoeing into a Canadian wilderness that we still marvel over how we survived. A short story could be written about the overnight we camped under the staggeringly beautiful Big Bluff of the Buffalo River. A montage of memories accumulated from canoe trips and treks into old-growth forests of Tennessee where he now lives, and the journey continues into our mature years.

There are rituals observed in our times together – listening to Bob Dylan, indulging in one cigar in honor of our Grandad, taking more than one sip of bourbon, and reminiscing early times in small-town Oklahoma.

Once in a while we ponder how a childhood friendship could continue so long, as times changed and our individual life paths separated. But the bond has only grown stronger. And if no one is around, perhaps while listening to late night katydid music on his front porch, that most unmanly word between two old Okie dudes might be quietly mentioned, a word that would never have passed between two males in our families in the past. The L-word.

Dee has a keen sense for poetry and has written much of his own. This one says it all.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like the wind
Unseen but felt just the same.
At times powerful, at others
Little more than a sunrise rustling murmur
There to soothe the soul
Carrying it, like the unspoken
Words of the poem....
The ones left out for clarity.

Dee Plunkett
December 2004

Fifty-eight years have passed since I struggled to memorialize a coming-of-age moment, and wrote, “In days to come I’ll muse upon this time.”

This is one of those days.



FULL MOON

Full moon, orange and huge

It scared me at first

especially on Friday the 13th.

But I became entranced

I couldn't stop looking

at the wondrous sight

boring into my consciousness

making me crazy.

Every month there's been a full moon

for thousands of years.

Each one is different

cloaked in mystery.

How extraordinary to
view them with awe.

Joan McKinley
September, 2019

Glimpses of UFOs, Aliens, Orbs, Consciousness and Other Realities

by Vic Zeller

IDEAS: Big Bang Theory notwithstanding, no one knows the age, size and of what this Universe is made. Is it a Hologram made of Consciousness and Intelligence which produce souls, matter, energy and bodies needed for our physical existence? There may be more than 500 billion planets. Einstein's speed of light is NOT the fastest speed. Experiments with entangled pairs of light photons show speeds hundreds of times faster than light. Civilizations and aliens may be billions of years older than ours and use advanced technology unknown to Earthlings. We got off the ground only about a hundred years ago. There are *many* answers. Some UFOs are not physical, like Greys and tall Nordics, etc. They may be balls of energy, Consciousness, Intelligence, Thought-Forms, holograms or virtual reality constructions like on Skinwalker Ranch. Following are references:

YouTube UFO Websites:

- MUFON.com (Mutual UFO Network) for sightings, current and past case histories, to report any sightings you have had or to learn how to become an investigator.
- NationalUFOcenter.com to view and report sightings. You may sign up for a weekly digest called Filer's Files.
- Earthfiles.com for anything about solar activity, earth changes, climate, UFO encounters, government cover-ups, crop circles and more.
- CropCircleConnector.com for crop circle activities and UFO connections in England.
- StantonFriedman.com for his books about Roswell, Betty Hill, cover-ups and more.
- UFOHastings.com about UFOs interference with ICBM missile sites, nuclear sites and bombs.
- TheBlackVault.com for UFOs around the world
- NEUFOR.com for the New England site, report local UFO sightings there
- ColinAndrew.net

TV Programs:

History Channel, Destination America, and Discovery have run Ancient Mystery series, Ancient Aliens, Aliens and the Bible, Technology, Crop Circles and more for years. Why?

Books:

- *Holographic Universe* by Michael Talbot. Consciousness, souls, aliens, humans, matter, energy, visions, and healing are all connected. Top Choice to buy and read!
- *The Bible* Substitute the words Space, UFO and Alien/astronaut for Heaven, Cloud and Angel
- *Chariots of the Gods* by Erich Von Daniken - Best book for beginners, and others by him.
- *The Bible and Flying Saucers* by Reverend Barry Downing. A good book for beginners.
- *The Rulers of the Earth: Secrets of the Sons of God* by Joe Lewels, Ph.D. Religions and UFOs
- *Gods of Eden* by William Bramley - Religious origins and Aliens' causes of diseases and wars. Scary!

GOOGLE Topics: Giant Skeletons, Forbidden Archeology (mcremo.com), Genesis Chapter 6 and Aliens, IANDS.com for NDE (near death experiences), Invisibility. See *Rosicrucian.org*, *NDE*, *Tesla Energy Waveforms* . See Skinwalker Ranch on History.com and YouTube.

COMMENTS:

- Edgar Mitchell, 7th Astronaut on the moon, said that he has been informed at the highest level of government that we have the alien technology. Ben Rich former director of the Lockheed Skunk Works Aircraft said that we have the Alien technology and can go to Mars in one half hour.
- The Vatican has said that God may have used other beings in the universe as intermediaries to help God's work with humans on earth.

Vic Zeller says that "Earth is a School. And a Zoo. Some Purposes are to Recycle and Evolve Consciousness, Intelligence, Souls and DNA. Curiosity and Imagination and Positive Attitudes are more important than knowledge."

If you have questions, comments or UFO stories, please contact Vic at 508-636-5379 or mzeller@umassd.edu BE CURIOUS!

BE

This early morning,
this rustic cabin in the woods of my heart
stuck between two worlds of
forgiveness and compassion.

This loss of spirit,
this lack of energy,
this contagion,
this painful yet sacred moment.

Help me to heal with
this act of kindness:
honor each other;
be giving, be nurturing,
be just this...
be love.

By Paul Mercier
April 8, 2020

Thank you to the following contributors of this edition of *Perspectives*...

Jennifer Brindisi, Clem Brown, Russell Carey, Ellen Christie, Mariah Fitzsimmons-Mello, Barbara Gilstein, Anne-Marie Grillo, Sheila Koot, Joan McKinley, Paul Mercier, Barbara Moss, Betty Jeanne Nooth, Paul Pasquariello, Garry Plunkett, Eileen Sorrentino, John Sorrentino, and Barbara A. Wackowski-Faria, Vic Zeller

Editors: Sheila Koot, Betty Jeanne Nooth, Eileen Sorrentino

The second issue of *Perspectives* is in the planning stages. Keep those submissions coming. Photos and drawings are welcome. How about stories of how you are passing your time? Have you read an interesting book or seen an engrossing movie? Why not use this forum to make recommendations?

This is one way Eileen Sorrentino whiles away her time.....

