



About "The Bridge" *from the Editors*

This is the premier issue of a new journal called "The Bridge", by and for the residents of Independent Living at NewBridge. The purpose of this publication is to help in the advancement of the many ongoing efforts to bring our community into a closer relationship with each other. We will be doing this by giving each of you the opportunity to read about each other, and to write or tell your story to one of the volunteer reporters. The volunteer staff is made up of editors, reporters, writers, and layout people.

The originators and organizers of this project are John and Shirley Averell. Volunteering to assist them is a small group of interested individuals. Our aim is to create this quarterly journal, printing articles written or reported to us by any or all of the residents of NewBridge.

The Bridge is not meant to be another newsletter but a journal of articles. Poetry, short stories, personal experiences, art work, and informative articles about volunteer opportunities and interest groups, are the types of items we seek. Therefore we turn to you, residents of Independent Living at NewBridge, to write anything that would be of interest, or ask one of our staff for assistance.

The Bridge will be published four times a year. Items accepted for publication may be held for a future issue, depending on space available. All items accepted will be edited in consultation with the author.

The cost of publishing The Bridge is not included in the current budget. We are indebted to supportive residents for a number of generous donations, and wish to thank these donors very much for covering the printing costs of this issue. In future we are hoping to include such costs in the regular budget.

Where is the New Bridge?

by John Averell

Is there an Old Bridge? I wondered about this soon after I arrived at NewBridge. A few hours at the Dedham Library and on Google turned up the answers.^{1,2}

The New Bridge spans the Charles just west of Route 128 from Dedham on Lyons Street to Needham on Greendale Avenue. Its official name in Needham is "Lyon's Bridge". In Dedham it is also called the "One Arch Bridge" as well as the "New Bridge". A picture today of the New Bridge (below) looks the same as those in the older histories of Dedham and Needham.



"In 1680 Sergeant Wight and Samuel Mills petitioned the town [Dedham] for liberty to erect a bridge 'where a passage is usually made over said river with canoes.'"¹ The bridge was built to enable inhabitants to reach planting fields without going through Dedham Island. Between 1740 and 1826 the bridge was rebuilt or repaired several times. Finally in 1877 the present bridge was rebuilt for \$10,000, shared by both towns, as well as Norfolk County.

Considering the age of New Bridge, there doesn't seem to be a corresponding Old Bridge!

¹ "A History of Dedham, Mass", p193, Frank Smith, 1936

² "History of Needham Mass, 1711-1911", p118, George Kuhn Clarke, 1912.

The Skeptic

by Gloria Rosenzweig

The stairs were long and dark; my legs were short and shaky. I struggled to the top and then sank into the first chair available. Stan did the same. We were attending a meeting put on by Interface – a holistic health organization, new to Boston.

I remember that we were interested in a talk being given by a psychologist on aging, but I wasn't moving. The room was large but overflowing with people. It was plain, unadorned, but with a sense of excitement in the air. The woman on the stage looked a little like my grandmother. She wore what looked like a housedress and had on brown, Oxford shoes. (I don't remember the shoes my grandmother wore.) Her short, white hair was neatly combed. Her name was Olga Worrall. She was a psychic, somewhat famous because her husband, a physicist, had conducted experiments with her on Channel 2 to show that she could communicate with people who were not in the same room.

What she said is long forgotten but the electricity in the air is not. At the end she reminded us that she sent out healing rays every night at 9:30 EST, and suggested that we all tune in. I was a skeptic among believers, like a child at the window that never opened. So it remained for the years when I later worked for Interface and so it is today.

But it was the beginning of a life change for me.



TORRI, MY LOVE

by Sybil Gladstone

Which Torri shall I tell you about? The Torri we first met in Waltham on a bright autumn day in September 2004? Or the Torri who returned for a visit in November of 2007, cool, distracted, indifferent? She was ----she is Selina Torrison Saaka, from the city of Tamale in Ghana, just ten degrees north of the equator. She had been awarded the largest possible grant from the Ford Foundation for two years of study in Sustainable International Development at the Heller School of Brandeis University. A handsome young woman with classic good looks, she recalled to mind the sculpture of an Egyptian princess I had admired in our museum

Torri soon found a place in our home and our hearts. She bravely ate our bland food, missing the spices used in her country. We escorted her through the American Painting Gallery at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts; she escorted us through the Ghana Gold exhibit, explaining that the chieftains, who wear the elaborate gold ornaments, are far more powerful than Ghana's elected officials. She asked whether I would teach her to bake; I asked about her home and her parents. A teacher and a principal, her mother and father, who lacked running water or electricity in their home, made certain their children had the best possible education, escorting them to distant boarding schools and sending them to overseas universities for graduate study.

In this way we drifted contentedly through the two years of Torri's stay, proud of her independence, enjoying her slight dependence on us. Later, from Ghana, she wrote, "Thanks so much for all the love." Then, in April, an amazing thing happened. Our grandson, Jeff, mentioned at our seder that his college classmate, Karen, was planning to volunteer at a refugee camp in Ghana during the coming summer. I wondered aloud whether Karen might like to know someone in Ghana. Jeff would inquire, and her enthusiastic response led to a Sunday brunch at the charming Rue de L'Espoire in Providence for us, Torri, Karen, Jeff and his brother Rob, students at Brown University.

The two young women formed an immediate bond, sealed when Torri, her immediate family and her boyfriend, her beloved Sammy, waited for hours for Karen's plane to arrive at the airport in Accra in June of 2006. They showed her around the city and helped her to register at her hotel, a singular gift for a young woman in a strange land.

Torri soon emailed, "Seeing Sammy again has brought me immeasurable joy." When we had taken her to lunch to celebrate her graduation, she expressed the hope that she would wear our gift of earrings at her wedding. But first there would be a formal recognition of their engagement in her church.

In July 2006 she wrote, "How is Dick? And the whole family? Sybil, you are so much on my mind, even when I am not in touch. Sammy and I mention you a lot, every now and then. Many blessings and warm regards. Lots of love, Torri." Then in September, Sammy obtained his visa, enabling him to study International Medical Administration at the Heller School. We wondered at the selflessness of these young people, looking forward to marriage, yet willing to be separated for eventual gain.

What altered the trajectory of their romance? And what changed Torri from the warm, affectionate person we had known to a distant, remote individual? She offered several clues during our brief November encounter. Over lunch at the Faculty Club, she spoke obsessively about the death of a young man, a close friend at home, who had been robbed and murdered not long before. Because Torri knew many of the people involved---the victim, the group of friends, the suspected murderer, she had been questioned by the police, and her parents feared for her life. When I asked cautiously about her and Sammy, her halting reply expressed doubt and uncertainty, as she murmured, "I don't know. The separation has been hard for us."

We parted soon afterward, with her promise to call to arrange another meeting during her visit. This never happened. Saddened, wistful, feeling disappointed that our warm relationship had chilled, I confided in an email to Jeff, and was awed by his tender response. "Grandma," he wrote, "it's not surprising that a person would be deeply affected by the murder of a close friend. And," he continued, "the loss of love alone would cause deep sorrow. In addition, life in Africa is so difficult, it could have an immense effect on a person's disposition and outlook, especially after living in the United States for two years."

How grateful am I to this precious grandson, for helping me to see past my own feelings, into the heart of another? We have not heard from Torri again.

"Understand that happiness is not based on
possessions, power or prestige,
but on relations with people you love and respect."
anonymous, from Rita Fireman

"You know that the way of old age is your lot
when the things that you make up are things you forgot"
by Al Rosen

"We don't stop playing because we grow old; we grow old
because we stop playing!" *George Bernard Shaw*



OLD GLORY

by Rita Fireman

The American flag flies from the window.
It was a gift from my father for the new house.
I fly it every 4th of July.
I promised him I would.
He used to tell me how good America
had been to him, that it was a blessing
to fly the flag.

His grandchildren were embarrassed by the sight.
They remembered Vietnam, El Salvador,
Grenada, Panama.
He had other memories.
A good job at Westinghouse,
money saved to buy a business of his own,
a house with the mortgage paid off,
two daughters sent off to college.
Where else but America, he always said.

He loved America's summer birthday party.
Flags flying from every porch, roll of drums
and bugles calling stars and stripes forever,
the old Civil War veterans in Union blue
sitting on the grandstand wrapped in bunting,
Spanish American War soldiers, and his buddies
of the Great War marching along Liberty Avenue,
VE day, right hands in salute, the paper raining
down.

And always the afternoon picnic in South Park,
the hamper filled with corned beef sandwiches,
Heinz pickles, my mother's potato salad
and lemon cookies,
the softball game in the twilight, the ride home
through the tunnel cut into the Allegheny hills
to the house on top of Squirrel Hill.
He gathered the children on the back stoop
and handed out sparklers. We swirled about
like fireflies in the night. He stood above us
shooting Roman Candles in the Pittsburgh sky.

CREATIVITY MATTERS

by Glorianne Wittes

Do you know that Creativity, learning and doing NEW things, in particular, hands-on activities in the arts, are as critical to positive aging as are balanced nutrition, regular exercise, meditation, and social engagement with others?

Simply put, creativity is bringing something new into the

world of your own making, be it a product, process, ideas, or a way of expressing yourself in the world.

Creative activity is especially possible and important from age 65 onwards. Why so? Because this is a period when both the left side of the brain (the rational, analytical side) and the right side of the brain (the imaginative, intuitive, expressive original-thinking side) develop the capacity to work together in creative activity. Our younger years are spent primarily in left brain activity, in which right brain development is squelched by our educational system. It is no accident that so many wonderful works of art and scientific discovery are manifested in men and women well-advanced in age. Or that Late Bloomers suddenly discover, in post retirement years, talents they never knew they had. Free of parenting and career obligations, these are people who ask themselves, "If not now, when?", and who give themselves permission to try their hands, minds and souls in all manner of New things.

Several important studies in the last five to ten years have examined the impact of regular arts activity on the elderly (painting and crafts, drama, singing, writing, story telling). The results have contradicted theories of aging that have seen us as going downhill all the way. Famed gerontologist, Gene Cohen, has found, for example, that participants in a weekly two year community arts program showed significantly improved overall physical and mental health, including fewer falls and doctors visits, less use of medications, fewer vision problems, less loneliness and depression, and an increased involvement in other things. Cohen showed that the benefits of creativity in later life are numerous. It produces a fresh perspective, strengthens our resilience and morale, and improves our outlook on life, resulting in an improved immune system. It enriches our relationships with family and friends, and provides a model and a legacy to young people on the value of staying intellectually active, socially involved and creatively engaged.

Your lesson for today is that creativity does matter, and it does not, contrary to general belief, require talent. We are born as creative human beings. All it needs for its expression is curiosity, a willingness to try and explore the unknown, and a delight in meeting challenges and putting something of your own creation out into the world.

NewBridge offers many venues for creative activity, but few people enroll in them, convinced they lack talent to do so. I hope I may have begun, in this article, to help you put this belief aside and to try out one of NewBridge's many arts offerings. It will enable you to grow younger in spirit, vitality and health, to have a great deal of fun, and to age productively. Talent is not a prerequisite, but may be a developed outcome. Feel free to contact me at my listed phone or email address for help.



NewBridge on the Charles

July 2011

SHOPPING

by Howard Kravets

"Sweet heart, I need some groceries, just a few things. Would you be a doll, and pick them up?"

"No problem," I lied. I'm just not quick enough to figure a way to get out of these traps before it's too late.

There is nothing more dangerous in Florida than a shopping mall. I'm not sure if the people, usually little old ladies, who are either blind or very brave, really don't know that if a big Ford Taurus runs you over you usually end up dead. Nevertheless, they defy that possibility by walking in front or behind your moving car, leaving all the responsibility for their safety to yours truly.

Having parked without killing anyone, a minor miracle, I find a grocery cart that some caring person has left for me. Of course, the cart, having rolled down a slight slope, has banged into a new Lexus. My Taurus has many scars from those abandoned carts, so I don't worry about that anymore.

I take out the list my wife had made for me. Obviously, she had planned my trip to the market before I even complied with her request. Women are smarter than men and very manipulative. Am I just finding this out after ten years of marriage?

I begin to push the cart across the parking lot towards the market. I am very careful here because I am still young and can watch football, drink beer, and did I mention, still have sex . . . sometimes. It's a woman's world. I start toward the market. Half way there, a young woman, driving a red Corvette, is aiming right at me. She is talking on her iPhone, and doesn't even blink as I barely get out of her way.

Somehow, I have arrived at the market in one piece. Miracles do happen. I look at my wife's list. Where to start?

A fat woman pushing a cart with two screaming children is going to run me over. I barely get out of her way. A sign says, "Dairy"---the list says, "3 milks." Ah, here it is. Whoops!. Low fat, regular, fat free, lactaid free. I have a big decision to make. Go eenie, meenie mo, or go home and watch baseball. Maybe I should buy both? I don't think so. Well, I better decide fast because here comes the fat lady with the two screaming kids. I pass and start looking for "Pam."

I have no idea where to find "Pam" but there is a sign that says "Paper Products." Two Northern TP is on the list. Okay that sounds easy. I am now looking at the Northern TP. There is "Soft, Plush, extra plush, four pack, six pack, and, and, I give up. Maybe I should just pass until I consult with Linda, who is my wife . . . so far. I pass on the TP and decide to get the bananas. I know where the bananas are so, keeping my eye out for the fat lady; I head for the sign that says "Fruits and Vegetables"

There are three ladies picking over the bananas. "There are

no green ones," a tall blond lady says, as she throws a bunch of nice yellow bananas back, as if they were garbage. I thought all bananas were yellow, so I grab three of them and put them in my cart. Back to the list. "Shit." The list says, '3 green bananas'. This is really getting me pissed off. I throw the bananas back in the pile with the other yellow bananas.

Miracles do happen. In the next aisle, on the top shelf is "Pam." My eyes sparkle with this small victory until I look closer. Pam, low fat with garlic, regular, and so on.

I quit. I walk over to the fresh flowers and buy Linda a big bouquet of roses, hoping it would make up for my inadequacy, although I knew it wouldn't, but it was worth a try.

I wish this was the end of this nightmare but, unfortunately, it is not. I still had to get out of Dodge, alive. Backing out of a parking space is your worst nightmare. My backup lights are on and I am slowly backing out when the red Corvette, ignoring my backup lights, and the fact that I am moving, defies all logic and sweeps by me. I whisper a name for her, but it's not appropriate for this writing, so use your imagination. Okay, my heart is back to a normal pace and I start, very slowly, to back out again. An old, and I mean very old man, like, someone should have been pushing him in the basket, walks slowly behind my moving Taurus. Maybe he was tempting fate, hoping I'd put him out of his misery. I jam on my brakes and lean on my horn. He gives me a dirty look and shuffles by me. I start, once again, to back out. All clear? Oh, no! Another car starts to back out of the spot that is directly behind me. After all, I am halfway out of my space; shouldn't the idiot that is driving that car look before backing out? Not here.

I am finally out of the shopping area, alive, into the deadly streets. I am thinking that I should raise the amount on Linda's life insurance policy. After all, she shops here twice a week.

None of the lights in Florida are timed so if you get two green lights in a row, you should immediately buy a lottery ticket. Anyway, I'm almost home; I said almost. It's two minutes to four and I am almost to the draw-bridge which will surely open at four. A small sail-boat will pass under it and traffic will back up for miles. I pick up speed. I might even had made it---if that police car hadn't been waiting for me.

There once was a lady named Shirley
Who woke from her sleep rather early,
"My goodness" she said
As she crawled out of bed,
"If I don't get more sleep I'll be surly."

by Marcia Frank

The Bridge

NewBridge on the Charles

July 2011

On a Spring Day

by Diana Bronner

I ache with the fleeting beauty of this warm
spring day
I ache with the fleeting beauty of all life
I ache because Nothing is forever.

What is it that evokes within me
this feeling of sadness?

life, in this moment,
seems suspended,
in transition, as
the hushed warmth caresses
the skin
after the harshness of winter

all life is bent
on a recreation of itself
the sweet whistle of the
white throated sparrow, the
insistent call of the chickadee
the raspy notes of the woodpecker
the still solitary goose,
like a statue on a pond rock.
all nature is calling for a mate

the babble of spring waters,
freed from the iron grip of winter,
rushing over stones, following
an inevitable, yet unknown
course, to a higher destiny

gone is the harsh naked outline of twigs and
branches as trees become clothed in
a vulnerable softness of
gentle greens and pinks and yellows

A profusion of blossoms, so proud of their beauty,
have descended like soft clouds,
covering the barren nakedness
of the flowering plum in new raiment,
while tiny innocent leaves
wait patiently to take the place of blossoms
that soon
must die.

The sun has fallen out of the sky
onto the nakedness of the forsythia,
turning the world
to brilliant gold

It is a time of renewal and awakening to a new life,
a life of harmony

It is an Ache because the harmony
of renewal is fleeting
As are our lives.

The Universality of Yiddish

by Arnie Heiger

While attending Medical School in Switzerland Edie and I got married and moved to Basel. I must first explain that Switzerland is a very small country, but has three official languages: German, French, and Italian. A very small minority speak Romansch.

The people in the German speaking parts of Switzerland all speak High German. A different dialect of German is spoken in other cantons (states). This dialect is called Swiss German.

Back to the story. My wife Edie's first language was Yiddish. Well, while in Switzerland, after being properly acclimated to where the stores were she decided to go shopping. The Swiss were able to tell she was an American from her clothing but were very confused when she spoke to them. She spoke Yiddish and they could understand almost everything she said. However, they could not determine which Canton she came from. For the three years she lived there she was able to get along fabulously and left them still trying to determine where she was from.....never realizing she was speaking Yiddish.

The Town of Dedham has grown by 1400 inhabitants in the last ten years. About half of the increase is at NewBridge on the Charles.

by Bob Sandman

There is an old saying that states : "Never get into an argument that you cannot get out of."

from Edie Heiger

"A government that becomes the enemy
of one class of its people
will surely do harm to all of its people."

by Al Rosen



Nuclear Power... A Well Understood Dilemma

by Norman Zimbel

Global warming consequences are now upon us ... drought in U.S., Africa and Asia; melting glaciers in the Arctic and Antarctic, the Americas, Europe, Asia; tornados in the U.S., tsunamis in the Pacific.

Fossil fuels are a major source of global warming. Alternative energy sources, such as wind, solar, water, and nuclear are needed to mitigate a fast approaching environmental crisis. Transition from fossil fuels to alternatives will be expensive and take multiple decades to realize.

Nuclear power is an established energy source with over 60 years experience as a worldwide industry. Since the pros and cons of nuclear energy are so well understood, and profound, there are substantial disagreements on the part of industry participants and analysts as to benefits/risks of further commitment to use of this non-polluting source of power.

The existing worldwide population of nuclear power plants is growing at an increasing pace. Countries for which nuclear accounts for at least 20% of total power generation include the U.S., most European countries and Japan. Largest users are the U.S. (20%), France (75%), and Japan (29%) with 104, 58 and 54 reactors, respectively. Significant new construction is planned, or in process; 20 in China and 12 in India are included in the total of 150 reactors for East and South Asia. Noteworthy is the absence of the United States. At present, only two new plants have been commissioned in the U.S.

Which brings us to the nature of the U.S. dilemma, illustrated by the following questions:

1. Can environmental pollution be reduced to acceptable levels without substantial expansion of nuclear power?
2. Is such expansion compatible with Federal funding availability and timeframes?
3. Is the nuclear industry infrastructure capable of the required expansion?
4. Given the demonstrated vulnerability of modern nuclear power plants, what are the prospects for failure-proof designs?
5. What steps need to be taken so that the catastrophic risks of large-scale adoption of nuclear power will be drastically reduced? ... eliminated?

In future issues of "The Bridge", topical issues for those of us who are concerned with the lifeblood of our society ... Energy ... and our quality of life ... our Environment ... will be discussed. The next issue will further address the nuclear option topic.

The Nap

by Al Rosen



During one of my attempts to retire I met a retired psychiatrist. I asked if he ever got the urge to get back into action – to do something productive. His answer – “when that happens I take a nap and it goes away”.

Most naps are taken with eyes closed. An expert napper can do it with eyes open, and blot out a speech or a monolog while appearing to listen to it. Wonderfully useful defense to after-dinner speeches and talkative relatives. A non-expert may give it away with glazed eyes. It is, after all, difficult to follow action with the eyes when one is essentially asleep.

Most naps are taken one at a time. Some who are good at it can take a series of naps, one after the other. This is not to be confused with interrupted sleep, when for example one wakes up every hour or so. In a series of naps one wakes up at the end of each nap and resumes a state of being awake. This is more than taking a sip of water, or going to the toilet, and returning immediately to bed, as in interrupted sleep. During serial napping one can read a book; how much of it will be retained has not, to my knowledge, been documented.

Any one person can do serial napping. Is it possible to do parallel napping – taking two naps at the same time instead of one after the other? This raises a lot of questions. Would two parallel naps have to begin and end simultaneously? Could one person really do it alone? Whenever the urge to work on these problems appears to me, I take a nap and it goes away.



Copper Beech

By Marcia Frank



Guide to NewBridge

by Harry Kaplowitz

Here at NewBridge at this colony of splendor,
Many things are being done for your pleasure.
So that the time spent here can be enjoyed,
There are many programs being employed.
Here are a few
I would like to share with you.

If you want to get slim,
Swimming laps in the pool will help you get thin.
If you want to stay trim, visit the gym.
While you are there, just don't stand still.
Hop on the treadmill.
At your own pace to walk or jog.
Doing it, that is your job.
Before you can use the machines
You have to be screened.
Then with proper instruction,
You begin body reconstruction.
If you like, while pedaling a bike,
On the TV screens
Your favorite programs can be seen.

So do not let your muscles go to waste,
Work out with some weights.
Get rid of that ugly blubber
with the colored band of rubber.
Now if you feel heroic
Try the advanced aerobics.
With yoga or tai chi, don't "kvetch".
As your muscles you slowly stretch.
Or just for relaxation,
Try a bit of meditation.

If the weather is right,
There are trails you can hike, or bike.
If perchance you have muscle pain or strain,
Go to P.T. where for that they are well trained.
It matters not whether you do one or all,
It is better than doing nothing at all.

At Copper Beech, at the Buffet,
All the food is on display.
Your plate you can fill
With as much as you will.
And no matter how much you ate,
At the dessert table, for you the goodies await.

Do not hesitate, forget about your weight.
There is always room for that piece of cake.

At Centro, with an Early Bird Special,
From the menu you select.
But, for relaxation, with a bit of dinner conversation
The time is well spent and you are content.

As I said, there are many other things you can do.
I just chose these few.
It is not a question of to do or not to do,
What is important is what you do do.
It's all up to you.

Just Moved In ...

by Nancy Sullivan

I am the Move-In Administrator. My responsibilities and role include all of your moving logistics before and after you move in. I will be able to answer the majority of your questions, and if I don't have the answer I will do my best to get it for you in a timely manner. I can be reached at 1-781-234-9231, or email nancysullivan@hsl.harvard.edu.

The main telephone numbers you need to have, and I suggest putting them in your cell phones if you have one, are Security 1-781-234-9260, and the main number 1-781-234-9500. If you need to have anything taken care of in your residences please call our Engineering Deptment at 1-781-234-9150 and they will process a work order. For all of your TV and Telephone needs call 1-781-234-9280.

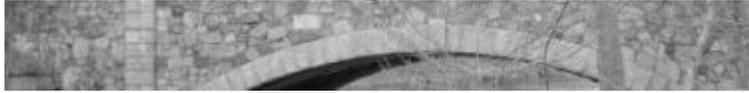
I am also the chairperson of the Hospitality Committee and work with the residents to set up a "Buddy System" for when you move in. Every Tuesday evening the Hospitality Committee has reserved tables in the Copper Beech room where you can meet new and old members who live here and enjoy a nice evening. Your buddy will call you when you arrive, welcome you, deliver a basket and be available to help you get acclimated to your new home and give you a tour if you would like.

There once was a lady from Spain
Who tried to lose weight – but in vain
She said, "What I eat
Goes right to my seat.
Too bad it can't go to my brain."

By Marcia Frank

When I say "Hi, how are you?", I really mean "Hi, who are you?" *John Averell, for all residents of NBOC*

The Bridge



NewBridge on the Charles

July 2011

Frankie and Me
by Myrna Fruitt

Myrna Fruitt and Frankie Wolff are next-door neighbors and the closest of friends. They epitomize the phrase "opposites attract," with different tastes in food, movies, politics, and fashion. Yet from the first day they met in July 2009, Myrna and Frankie connected in a deep and meaningful way. (intro by Myrna's daughter Lisa)

When Paul and I moved from Newton to NewBridge in 2009, I already knew a number of people from Temple Shalom. I didn't know them as close friends, mostly just to say "Hello, how are you?" We quickly became very friendly with Sybil and Dick Gladstone and Jeanne and Leo Stolbach.

I first met Frankie when we bumped into each other in the original office building for NBOC near the entrance to Great Meadow Road. Just a brief passing exchange; "Hello, how are you?". We found we lived in the same building, although at the time we didn't realize we were nextdoor neighbors. Later when we met as neighbors, we quickly developed a very close friendship.

We found our common interests. We talked a lot. We both like good food -- Frankie especially likes New Orleans cuisine. Our politics are a little different. We don't always like the same movies. I like jazz, she prefers ragtime (New Orleans style). She likes opera, I'm not at all a fan. Some things we agree on, some we don't, but we love each other.

We go out to dinner together often. I love to talk, but mostly I enjoy listening. We go to performances here together.

There are problems that we feel we can share. We both have had our setbacks -- personal grief, health issues. We don't dwell on them, but we know each cares deeply about the other, and would provide help in any situation.

Paul and I together value our friendship with Frankie and share our love with her.

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A STAR

by Estelle Schwedock

He has crossed my path, unbeknownst to him many times in the past 20 years.

The first time, upon entering the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. As we crossed Lincoln Center Plaza there he was, dressed in a tuxedo and looking quite handsome.

Several months later we sat at tables next to each other, enjoying dinner in a fine restaurant in Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

There is a theatre at the Berkshire Museum in Pittsfield, Massachusetts where foreign films are shown every

Thursday evening. Having gone there many times and unable to arrive early enough to get our favorite seats, which gave you a great view of the screen, Herb & I decided to arrive very early and be the first two people on line. As we approached the entrance in the distance we noticed two people already waiting for the doors to open. There he was with his wife, and wouldn't you know it, they took those seats.

Another time he and his wife were in the lobby of the Herberger Theatre in Phoenix, Arizona and then again at the Orpheum Theatre in Phoenix.

Well today, as I lifted my eyes from reading a book in the waiting room at Mayo Hospital in Scottsdale, Arizona he was sitting directly opposite me. I thought it was about time he knew about our relationship, so I approached him and said, "Hugh Downs I have a story to tell you about our past encounters," and so I did.

His response to my story was quite remarkable. He was enthralled with the possibility of being a part of my life and never having been aware of my presence. Gracious, polite, attentive and quite charming would describe his demeanor. Having promised him that if the occasion ever presented itself in the future, I would make myself known to him. We shook hands and I took my leave.



NewBridge Tree by Myrna Fruitt