

THE *Lathrop Nor'Easter*

A Quarterly Publication by the Residents of The Lathrop Communities
at Northampton and Easthampton, Massachusetts

Series II: Vol. 3—2

A Community Converses

Spring 2018

ART AND ARTISTS AT LATHROP



"Marguerite"
by Peg Rasmussen

On the Cover and in This Issue: Fiber Artists

Artistic expression comes in a variety of packages: music, dance, the written and spoken word as well as other arts including painting, photography, sculpture, and pottery. Within the Lathrop community, fiber arts - weaving, knitting, quilting, lace work, embroidery - are so popular that two issues are required. Camilla Knapp, the Nor'Easter production editor, had long advocated for an issue dedicated to works of fiber art produced by Lathrop residents. This is the second issue. **DM**



Contributing to The Nor'Easter

It's about the poems you write, about the vignettes you've related for years but have never recorded, about the foul ball you caught with your *other* hand (or maybe dropped with the favored one), about a chance elevator ride with a celebrity du jour, about that epiphanic moment when it all became clear, about the first sight of the phantom of delight who changed your life, about that time in the Great Depression or in the War of Your Choice, about your genealogy searches, about your travels, about your work or profession — in short, about what interests you to write, and you know better than we do what that is.

We do encourage all residents to contribute to the Nor'Easter, with poetry, art, photography and both fiction and non-fiction writing. Biographies of new residents are a popular feature.

Submissions can be sent to:
Sgauger@lathrop.kendal.org

Today I will travel light.
I will carry no water;
I will follow the stream.
I will carry no compass;
I will follow only the stream.
I will carry no bread; I will be fed
by a wild banquet of flowers
laid out in bloom.
Today, I will travel light,
carrying only myself,
deep
into the woods.

by Doris Atkinson

The Lathrop Nor'Easter

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IRVING ROTHBERG
CYNTHIA STANTON

Knitting

Ellen Ober: *Knitter*

I was taught to knit when I was young, knitted the then-trendy argyle socks for an early love, hated the process whereby the colors are wound on bobbins which hang down and get tangled in the work, so gave up colorwork forever and concentrated on textures. Knitting receded from my life for many years until I quit smoking in 1984 and needed something to occupy my hands. Now I'm quite addicted. The white sweater is a daytime favorite pattern. I have five of them in different colors, one striped, and my friends have four!



The fancy sweater is my “evening” choice — packable without wrinkles to be paired with black pants forever. When I moved to Lathrop, friends wondered whether I really chose it to be near WEBS. I plead guilty.

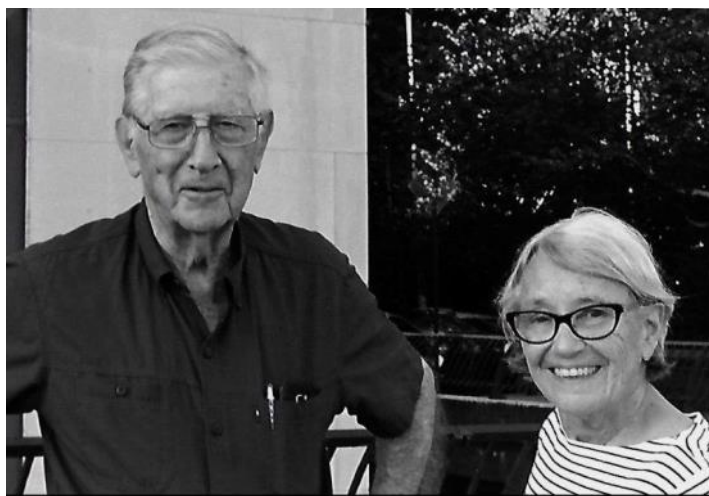
Diana and Thomas Killip

A few years ago, we started looking for a summer place in the Hampton area. We had long had a lovely second house on the North Fork of Long Island, but it was increasingly difficult for our extended family of offspring, one in Washington State, one in upstate New York, three who live in

the Valley, to visit because of time and distance. Eventually we found an all-weather house on Pine Island Lake in Westhampton - an excellent spot for family swimming, canoeing, kayaking, exploring and picnicking on the lake shore.

As result of this wise decision we were commuting on weekends from New York City, where we had lived for many years. This became increasingly tedious and frustrating with snarled traffic and delays, especially on the home trip.

This frustration coincided with retirement and recognition that it was time to downsize, plan for the future, and be nearer to our 3 grown offspring, 5 grand and 5 grand-grand children who live in this area. So, one day we drove around the Northampton Lathrop Community, were impressed, sought an interview, got on the waiting list and the rest is history.



We are both retired physicians. Diana was born and grew up in NYC and environs. She trained in Internal Medicine and Cardiology, devoting her professional career to College Health, most recently establishing and running the service at The New School in New York City. In spare time she has been involved in the Citizens Committee for Children a well known advocacy group founded by Eleanor Roosevelt; and in My Own Book, a program for third graders in Harlem public schools. She helped establish the Caring Collaborative as part of the Transition Network, a group of women organized around supporting each other through the rigors of retirement.

Tom was born and grew up in the Rochester NY area, served in the US Navy, and trained in Internal Medicine and Cardiology. He has held various administration

and teaching posts at medical schools and hospitals in New York City, Evanston, Illinois, and Detroit, Michigan. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Coronary Care Unit. He led research programs supported by the National Institutes of Health in the treatment of myocardial infarction (heart attack); and the effectiveness of coronary bypass surgery. He has been an avid birder and photographer since grade school often combining the two hobbies. Currently he is deep into the digital era, making prints for folios or on canvas for stretching and hanging.

We are delighted with our move to 12 Cranberry Lane, Easthampton, into the Lathrop Community, shortly before Christmas, although we have yet to hang all our pictures and are still surrounded by boxes. We look forward to meeting our new neighbors and welcome all who wish to come by for a visit.



Rug Hooking

Joan Gellar:

Joan Gellar started hooking rugs about 22 years ago, when she took a class at the Hill Institute after moving to Belchertown. In the early days she had five cats and three dogs at home, and would often give her rugs away. She has always done all kinds of needlework, coming from a family with long traditions of handwork. Her grandmother had taught her knitting and crocheting, and Joan remembers teaching her own granddaughters how to hook. Growing up in New York city, she was used to dropping by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and she had frequently seen hooked rugs displayed in the American wing.



Joan claims that hooking rugs is “easy”, once your hands get into the rhythm of it. There are only a few rules to follow: start at the center and work out, then be sure to leave room for three lines of straight hooking at the edge of the rug to allow for wearing. She explained that the basic material is wool fabric, which is cut into strips of various width which are hooked into the jute backing to make the rug. She sometimes creates her own designs, and she may dye or over-dye her fabrics to produce the exact shadings needed for the design. One of her closets is filled with stacks of different fabrics to choose from for her rugs.

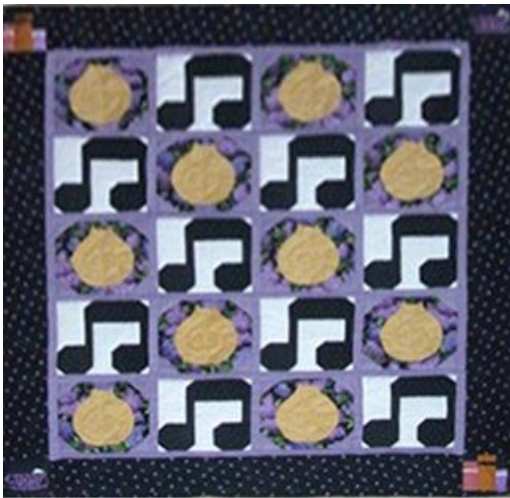


At this point, her focus is finishing up some of her older pieces which were not completed because the early jute backing began to deteriorate. She is now adding a layer of linen burlap backing to give support to the old burlap before continuing the work. She also has been making smaller pieces like pillows and bags. When the piece is completed, the edges are appropriately finished and then it is ready to be enjoyed for many years to come.

Quilting

Carol Neubert: Quilter

There is a difference between piecing and quilting. The designing and piecing (sewing together) of the quilt top is challenging and rewarding. It is the part of the quilt that people usually look at. However, I think that the quilting process is just as important. I quilt by hand (not machine) and I spend a good amount of time planning the quilting patterns.

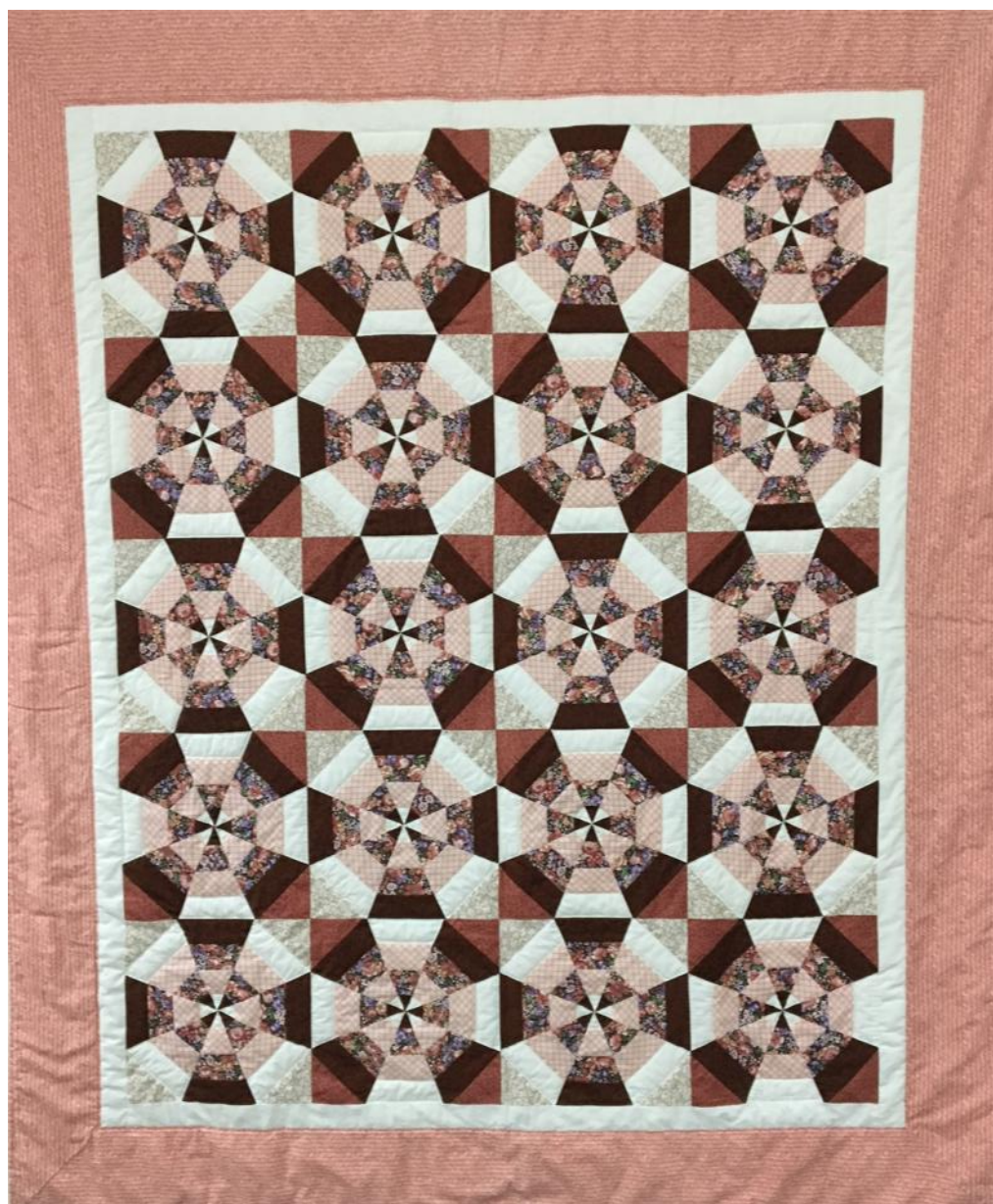


For example, I made a lap quilt (left) for a musician friend who loves her fat calico cat. If you look closely at the cat square (right) you will see that the quilting in the cat is a treble clef with the bottom of the clef forming the tail.



The quilt I made for my statistician niece's son is based on the children's book *Zero* by Kathryn Otoshi. I quilted around the geometric designs so that they would stand out on the face of the quilt AND be visible on the back side.



Sheila Lyford: Quilter

Since I have long been keenly interested in color and also started sewing while in elementary school, it was inevitable I try quilting. Long strips of fabric were sewn together, from which triangles were cut and reassembled to create the “kaleidoscope” pattern in this throw. Hand stitching quilts the layers together.

Brushes with Fame

by Peter Van Pelt

In 1957, living in Corpus Christi, Texas, we attended a reception after a concert featuring Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau. At that time, the Brigitte Bardot film “And God Created Woman” was the talk of the town. At the reception, I was in a small group describing my favorite scene in the movie:

“Bardot had married. By custom, the newly-weds spent their wedding night in the family home and the next morning would share breakfast with the extended family. So the next morning the family quietly waited for the bridal couple to come downstairs. They waited and waited. Finally a door opened upstairs. Bardot came downstairs alone, dressed in practically nothing. She went to the table, scooped up an armload of food, and went back upstairs without a word. It was so funny!”

Claudio Arrau was standing at my elbow, with a different little group. Apparently he was actually listening to my story; when I finished, he spun around and barged into our group, and said, “No, no, no, no, it was not funny! It was b e a u u t i f u l !” The famous pianist may have been Chilean, but his sensibilities were Gallic to the core.

Fast forward to 1967. We were living in London. We gave a dinner party for Boris Karloff’s 80th birthday; he and his wife were old family friends. We invited a dozen friends, including my boss, Peggy – an excellent businesswoman, but full of herself.

Sure enough, Peggy was the last to arrive. I introduced her to everyone. We came to Boris, who rose to meet her. Peggy was in her element, making a big impression, erect posture, chin up, big smile, aren’t-you-lucky-to-meet-me!

“Peggy, this is Boris Karloff.” She looked, and almost in slow motion she slumped. Her body lost its tautness, her chin dropped, she stared, she was speechless. Everybody in the room watched, and chuckled. Boris, ever the gentleman, smiled and said, “That’s all right. It happens all the time.”

Fast forward to 1986. We were living in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, where I managed a Saudi business repre-

senting British and other companies. Prince Charles and Princess Diana came to the Kingdom, and gave a reception on board the royal yacht Britannia for people connected to British companies.

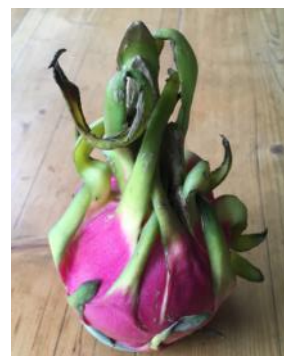
We guests gathered dockside, and at a signal we trooped aboard single-file and climbed up a steep stairway to a large open deck. There at the top was Prince Charles shaking your hand, and then immediately Princess Diana shaking your hand. It happened so fast – yet being face-to-face with Charles and then Diana was not an everyday experience! The guests were Saudi men, dressed in thobes, and Western men, in suits and ties. In the course of the evening we all mingled and chatted. I was impressed by Diana’s ready interaction with everyone, even including a charming ability to walk up to a group of Saudi men and talk with them. She was only 25. Her death in 1997 really saddened me.

They say that fame is fleeting – yet these little brushes with fame have stayed with me, perhaps because they show the humanity in all of us.

White Dragonfruit

I bought a white dragon at Big Y,
pink-skinned with green scales.
Long pointed blades weaving aggressively
around its heart. Quiet. Deceptive.
When my knight comes with sharpened blade
and slashes the dragon in half
he will release me and the sweet white
fruit at its center.

by Patricia Van Pelt



Ann Bourgeois

Ann Bourgeois moved into room 210 in the Inn in October, while waiting for a townhouse to become available. She called it her “Port in the Storm”, while preparing to move into her new home on Spiceberry Lane. She is amazed

to think that she will now have moved twice in four months, after living 53 years in one house in Easton before coming to Lathrop.

She decided to move here after having a knee give out while bringing her morning paper up her front steps one day. She has two sons, Joe in Duxbury and Paul here in Florence. Since Paul has children who are 8 and 10 years old, the choice of location was obvious. After having a total replacement on the troublesome knee one year ago, Ann is now on call for babysitting and picking up kids from school when needed.

Ann is a graduate of UMass Amherst, where she studied Zoology and Chemistry. The entire family is scientific. Her husband, who died in 2007, was a high school science teacher, son Joe works in IT clinical applications at hospitals, Paul is a physicist who is Director of Physics Teaching labs at UMass, and his wife is an RN at Cooley Dickinson.

Ann worked in Boston before her retirement. She was Senior Med Tech at New England Deaconess hospital, and participated in the Clinical Lab Science program at Northeastern Univ. Ann lectured in hematology and supervised Northeastern students during their required clinical experience at Deaconess. After retirement she looked after her parents while they needed her, and then she volunteered as ombudsman for Bristol Elder Services, a part of the Massachusetts Dept. of Elderly Affairs. Along with other volunteers she was responsible for 15 communities in Bristol county, visit-

ing nursing homes and looking out for hazards and quality of care issues. After getting settled on Spiceberry Lane, Ann plans to contact the local agency to offer her services.

Ann was happy to get her belongings out of storage and move into her new home on Spiceberry Lane on March 14. She loves her neighbors there, whom she got to know while she was living in the Inn. She says that the Inn was a good spot for her during those months of waiting, but she is now very ready to take care of herself in her Spiceberry house.

**Suzanne Burton**

I grew up in Connecticut and taught school in Bridgeport for 32 years. When I got married (at the age of 42) my husband's children by a previous marriage decided to move in with us. So I got an immediate family. The

children were 11 and 14 years old, and stayed until they grew up.

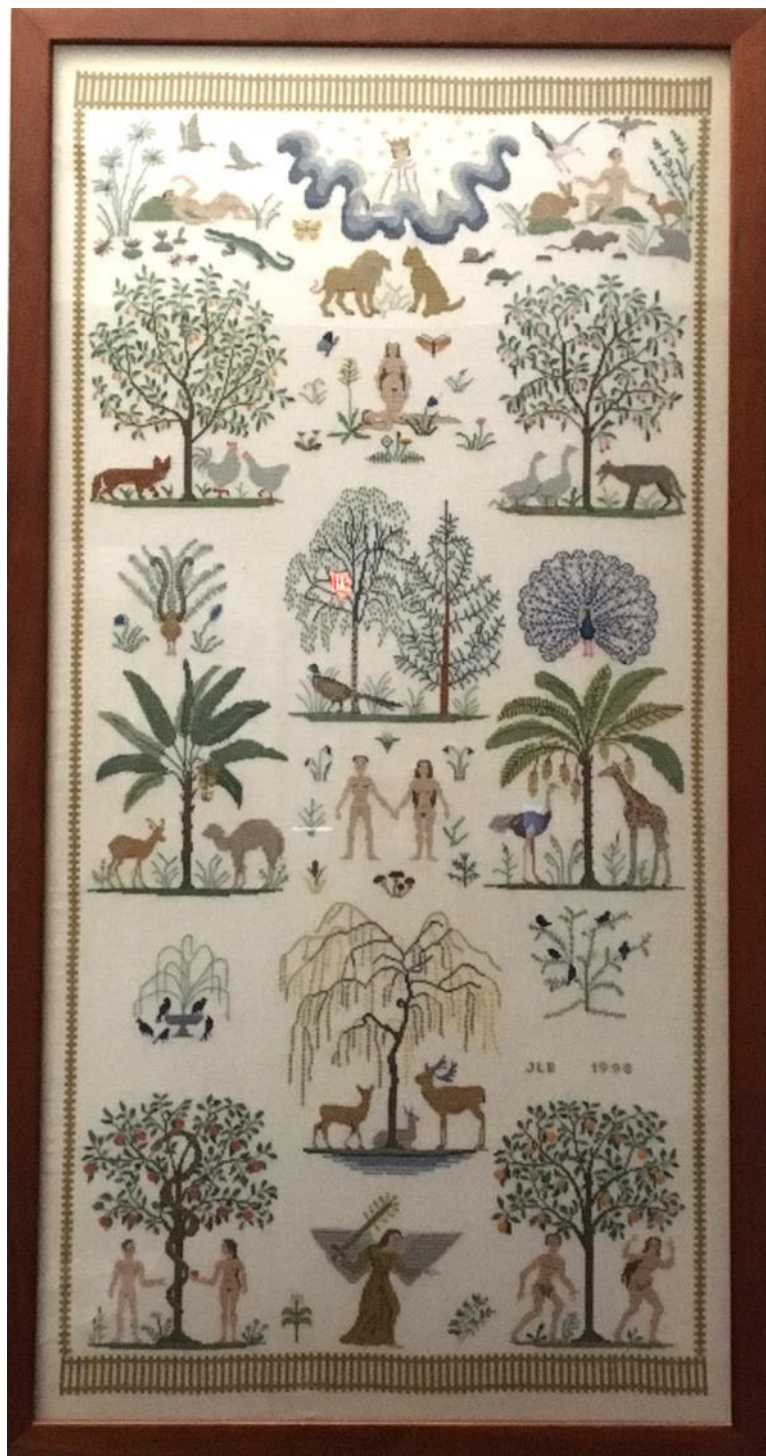
When I retired, my husband and I lived in northern New England (New Hampshire or Maine) for the summer and went to Cocoa Beach, Florida for the winter. He died in 2003 so I now live here closer to my stepchildren.

Cross Stitch

Jane Bowne

The themes of Jane's cross stitch work reflects her interest in flowers and are a bit like antique samplers. "Garden of Eden" (far right) is the largest cross stitch piece.





Margaret and Peter Armstrong



Margaret and Peter Armstrong moved to apartment 304 in The Inn at Lathrop, Easthampton on January 19, 2018. Previously, they had lived for 52 years in Davis, California, a city of 65 thousand souls located in the Sacramento Valley, about 70 miles north-east of San Francisco. Since 1975, they have spent their summers conducting research at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. Their daughter, Lisa Armstrong, a resident of Northampton, had been campaigning for three years for them to move from Davis to Lathrop. A set of simultaneous health crises experienced by both Peter and Margaret in late August of 2017 while in residence in Woods Hole were the twin catalysts of this relocation.

Peter had been a professor at the University of California, Davis and Margaret had been his principal collaborator in molecular, cell, and developmental biological research. The two met while both were taking the summer course in Invertebrate Zoology at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole. A shy person, Peter had

been attempting to attract Margaret's attention for the first several weeks of the course, with little success. He finally had his chance when the subject of the day's exercise in the course was the Atlantic lobster. When he noticed Margaret's hesita-

tion to extract one of these pinchy creatures from their aquarium, he stepped forward and assisted her with her lobster. After one year apart, filled with letters, they married on Margaret's birthday. The rest is history: 56 years of marriage, three children, four grandchildren, and a long list of "Armstrong and Armstrong" research papers.

Peter is an enthusiastic fisherman and birder. Margaret and Peter have traveled to a number of remote corners of the world in pursuit of rare and unusual birds. They both regularly go fishing in a marginally serviceable Boston Whaler in pursuit of striped bass and bluefish close to Woods Hole. They enjoy travel and think that fresh-caught fish are a culinary treat. In the past five months, their rehabilitation from their late-August medical adventures includes several trips a week to the Hampshire Regional YMCA weight-training room and, once the ice melts and the weather warms, are expected to include daily hikes in the surrounding fields and woodlands.



Sora Rail

How the heart leaps
out of the tall reeds.
It flies, straight up,
out of the dark,
damp sog of marsh.
Then descends,
straight down, invisible,
on the wings of the rail.

But in that shortest second,
the heart remains.
The image indelible; midair,
wings caught in the light
that tries to follow back down
in through thick green blades.

Light barely kisses
the black marsh soil,
the fertile ooze,
wet and quaking
beneath the rail's long, thin toes.

This was how my heart leapt
in that briefest moment,
when, with the sudden slap of hands
and shouting of your name,
the surgeon flushed you out
of that dark, rich, reedy place
within your mind.
Your eyes startled open,
then closed against the light,
descending back down into
the dark shade of your coma.

But I had seen you.
I had seen you in your flight,
just as together we had seen
the Sora rail's flight
above the thick green marsh.

by Doris Atkinson



On Looking

by Joan Cenedella

This here is a blank page. A challenge.

I walk a lot here, in Sanibel. On the beach, with the red leash in my hand reaching down to Lucy's collar, Lucy, the most popular dog in Sanibel—which is saying a lot here, in this haven for dogs. And what I do is gaze, gaze at everything: endless sky right down to the horizon where that sky, blue, blue, interrupted by blindingly white piles of cloud, finally meets the undulating bands of gulf waters.

I muse, too. And at 81, my musings are endlessly far away from my days of getting and spending. I think about loss. My arthritic knee. My soon-to-be second titanium shoulder. Aches and pains, you've heard about these, perhaps endlessly, from others.

But much worse, my search for names, words—coming to a dead halt in the middle of saying something brilliant because I can't think of the word I want. Worse than my shoulders or my knee: I can do without tennis (which I've imagined playing), without lifting my suitcase up to the rack on an airplane, without popping up from a squat in the garden—I can do without my vigorous, flexible, stride and confident balance—but words?

What I have, more than ever, is my eye. I am anything but oblivious to my surroundings. As a child, all my life, but nothing compared to now. Everywhere, there is something to look at, take in. Catch and hold my undivided attention. Beautiful. Or interesting. Or strange. Fran's peaceful profile as she walks next to me, Lucy's deep eyes looking hopefully up at us at the end of her leash, the beach strewn with tangles of reddish/brown seaweed, with shells, broken and whole, slapped up on the beach, a little boy, blond head, shining in the sun, burying himself up to his waist in the sand, a madly in love young couple strolling hand in hand up the beach oblivious to everyone and everything but themselves. And pelican floating far out in the water, suddenly dipping in his head and—triumph—gobbling down the catch in his considerable gullet. So much to see, to notice, enjoy. Wherever I am.

Is this a consolation prize? Are these my last looks at the world? Haven't I always done this? Yes and no. Not like this, not just in passing, not with the long thoughts that go with them.

Perhaps this is why I've taken to carrying my camera almost everywhere I go: to see and hold my world. To freeze and frame. What am I doing? I often ask myself.

I catch certain looks on Fran's face, a scatter of yellow and red leaves on the floor of the woods, a bird, quiet or flying, children on the beach. Another version of walking through my world and seeing so much to hang onto. What am I doing with my photographs? Holding on. Remembering. Sharing. Savoring. Or maybe, hanging on for dear life?



Lumbricus

Lungless, sightless, earthworms feel their way --
using full body braille to guide them through,
by instinct or blind faith, the mud and clay
as cleanly and as surely as a screw.
Love-starved, reversing gravitation, they
emerge from dirt to fumble through the gloom.
Belly to belly in the age old way
they swap their sperm in star-bespattered dew.
Before the sun comes up they can be found
sliding back down through empty sleeves of soil
to solitary parlors underground,
small cairns of castings left as counterfoils.
Thus, lowly souls, by dying, we repay
this teeming earth that rises from decay.

by Lisa Colt

Carol Werba: Quilter and Knitter



Weaving

Peg Rasmussen: Weaver

Half my life has been at the loom, weaving. Living on Cape Cod gave me access to many weavers and to guilds where weavers could develop their craft. During that time, I worked for several commercial designers. One designer, Andy Darwall, helped me appreciate the power of silk-and-color while I was weaving yardage for his beautiful scarves. This jacket was inspired by his classic designs. I added brass bangles and knitted sleeves.

The winter must have been cold to inspire me to weave the Eskimo pullover (*below*) I named “Inuit”. In order to make it stretchy, which is not the normal condition of woven fabric, I relied on what I knew about spinning yarn, thus, I *overspun* the weft yarn. I wove the fabric with a normal wool warp for the verticals, but using the “kinky” hand-spun yarn for the horizontal weft. It worked, but it is not a technique that is recommended. Knitting is easier!



For a change of pace, dolls looked like fun, and a challenge too, with tiny details. The warp has to be planned with space for the body as well as the garments and the doll's accessories. Making dolls from tip to toe has been a joy. The preparation, time beneath and above the loom, is significant. The details of dressmaking, stuffing and sewing are a pleasure. The best moment is when a personality comes to life as the features and hair are added. “Marguerite” (*cover*) is named for Marguerite Davison, who brought about the resurgence in hand weaving in North America in the 1940's.

The Lathrop Nor'Easter
100 Basset Brook Drive
Easthampton, MA 01027



"Nan's Garden" (1998) and "Welcome" (2000)
by June Morse

