

# THE *Lathrop Nor'Easter*

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

Series II: Vol. 3—1

*A Community Converses*

Winter 2018

## ART AND ARTISTS AT LATHROP



"Hometown" Quilt  
by Virginia Raymond

## ***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 first 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



### **Alpaca Sweater**

All winter I have woven this lavender alpaca yarn with whisperings and counting, counting interlaced with cold and snow. I have picked it up and put it down numberless times, measured and counted again. I have watched the fields of lavender emerge buzzing with insects, perfumed with associations: warm sunshine, linen sheets, the south of France. When it was all done it hung large, limp, tired from all its remembering, stretched long in arms reaching for your hands. Wear it like a journal, grateful to have to turn up the cuffs to capture our love.

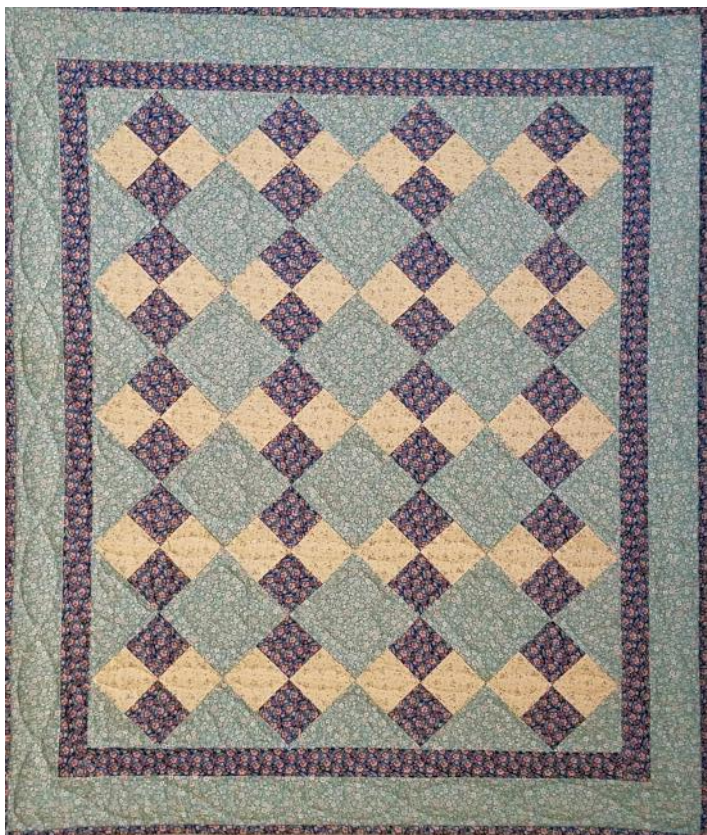
by Patricia Van Pelt

## ***The Lathrop Nor'Easter***

### **EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:**

JOAN CENEDELLA  
SARAH GAUGER  
LYN HOWE  
DAVID MORRISSEY  
IRVING ROTHBERG  
CYNTHIA STANTON

## Quilts



### Virginia Raymond: Quilter

Virginia was a quilter for 30 years, starting in the 1970's. She was self-taught, learning her craft from books and from quilts she saw at shows. She says the first ten years were her beginner years when she was learning and getting better. The beautiful quilt over her table she calls a "learning piece" as it took her 5-6 months and was a real challenge since every piece is on the bias.

She says she had a great time, taking much pleasure from quilting and would be making quilts still if she could handle the heavy fabric. She estimates that over the years she may have made 500 quilts, though she has kept only a few at her apartment in the Inn. She sold a few but says she never really wanted to earn money from them, as they are made with love, and it would be difficult to put a price on them. Most were given away to daughters, nieces, and friends.

***Peggy Anderson and Andrea Wright***

Andrea and Peggy have moved over the river from Granby where they lived together for 37 years, the last 25 of them in a big old house. From there Andrea could commute easily to Hampshire College where she was the director of the Career Options Office. Peggy, a social worker, rounded off her career as a private therapist with a home office. Both have now been retired more than 10 years.

Andrea grew up in Warren, PA. She came to the Valley first in 1956 as a student at Smith College. She spent a wonderful junior year in Florence, Italy and that began a life-long interest in travel abroad. After getting her masters in education, she joined the Peace Corps and was in the first group to go to Ethiopia from 1962 – 64, teaching secondary education in that fascinating country when Halie Salassie was still in power. After traveling to India, the Middle East, and Europe she came back to the United States, and then traveled in Mexico. She then joined the Hampshire College staff to be the director of the Early Identification Program. Funded partly by the new college and partly by the War on Poverty, the program helped students from Holyoke's elementary schools in need of educational help and enrichment. After the funding died under Reagan, she learned all about careers and continued working at Hampshire for 20 more years.

Peggy grew up in northern Indiana and Illinois, initially on small rented farms and then in cities. She came east to go to college and fell in love with New England. She married when she thought she was a grown up at 21 but continued to have fun adventures

and travels. She helped “man” a fire tower in Montana, traveled to Germany, Yugoslavia under Tito, Greece and later spent time in Vienna. She got her masters in social work at BU and then worked for a time in Roxbury before moving to Vermont with her little growing family, ultimately two girls and a boy, living on an old farm where they had goats, chickens, horses, and other critters. In Vermont she helped found a community school and enjoyed both the administrative work and the teaching, getting her VT teachers certification. She returned to social work later when she moved to Massachusetts.

We both figured out somewhere along the line that we are lesbians. The word did not trip lightly from our tongues in those earlier days. In 1978 Peggy started LARC, Lesbian Alumnae of Radcliffe College. That was shortly before meeting Andrea and then moving to this area. We share our common interests of a love of learning, travel, reading, concerts, plays and a big concern for peace and social justice. Peggy trained peacekeepers in the Valley for many years and did counter-recruitment work in high schools via AFSC. We both sing and protest with the Western MA gaggle of Raging Grannies. Will we march with the RGs or with the Lathrop contingent in the Gay Pride celebration this year? Together we have traveled to London, Italy, Turkey, Mexico, and Canada, as well as many parts of the USA. Peggy focuses on nature, gardening, social activism and is a Quaker. Andrea loves the arts, keeping up with old friends far and wide, and keeping up with the events of the world and nation. We enjoy keeping up with the three “kids” and their families. There are five grandchildren to watch growing up. We have both loved our dogs and cats. You will probably meet our current old Airedale, Sophie, who is helping us meet new people here at Lathrop.



## Knitting and Crocheting

### Priscilla Pike: Crocheter

Pris Pike has been making an afghan every year for special raffles for Lathrop for the least seven or eight years, and has raised considerable funds to support activities of the Residents' Association. She learned to sew, knit, and crochet years ago in classes but liked crocheting the best and now crochets her afghans while watching TV. She does not want to keep her afghans, so besides her Lathrop contribution she sometimes gives them away to friends. She still does keep some afghans that were made by her mother years ago.

The afghans are 72"X56" and she makes them with 21 blocks 8"X8" using three different kinds of patterns, in whatever colors of yarn that appeals to her for her yearly project. Much of her yarn comes from Webbs in Northampton, where she has also taken classes. She has also purchased large balls of yarn on her yearly trips up to Nova Scotia. Each project is one of a kind, made with a generous spirit for others' pleasure.



Afghan by Priscilla Pike



Prayer Shawl by Dianne Hobbs

### Dianne Hobbs: Knitter

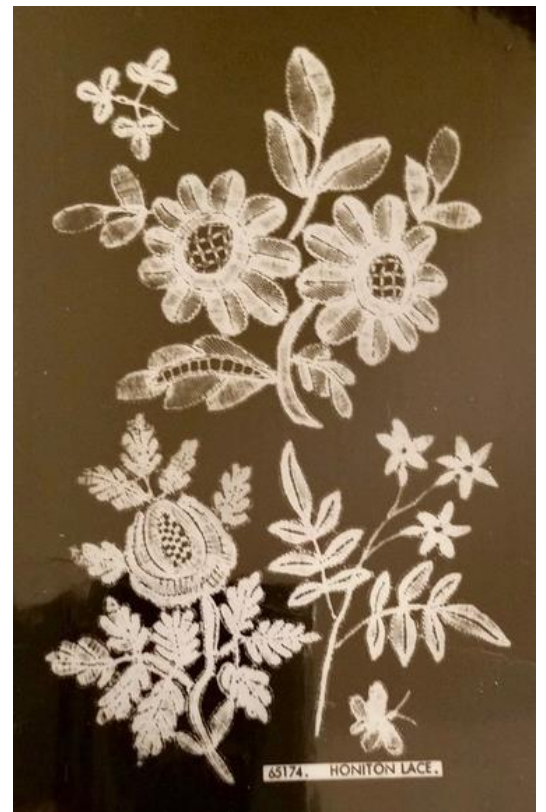
Dianne started knitting in college, and is entirely self-taught. Over the years she has made many beautiful sweaters for children and adults, though now she mostly works on prayer shawls as part of a group at the Edwards Church. The shawls are given away to parishioners in need of comfort. The church group meets from 4-5:30 P.M. on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, though attendance isn't required. Yarn supplies are free, or a trip to Webbs can be arranged. Judy Lubov and Mary Beth Manning also knit for the group. Dianne will be happy to facilitate connections for anyone interested.

## Lace



### **Janet Gillies: Lacemaker**

Janet's work with lace began when she went to a street market soon after moving to Belgium. She was interested in bobbin lace, saying that as a history teacher she wanted to learn more about this historic local craft and she responded to a posted sign offering lessons. They were given in French, not Janet's language, but she convinced them that her fingers would be fluent. After a couple of years of lessons in Belgium, she returned to the US and began teaching lacemaking which she did for the next 20 years. Janet was most impressed by lacemaking because it begins with just two threads and your fingers and there are no limits on the shapes that can be created.



## Needlework



Ganesha by Kamala

*"Nourish beginnings, let us nourish beginnings."* Muriel Rukeyser, 1913-1980

This needlepoint image of Ganesha – remover of obstacles and god of beginnings and transitions – hangs in the hallway of Lucy's and my home on Huckleberry Lane. Ganesha has nourished me since learning about him in childhood bedtime stories told by my father. Little did I know in 2016, when I began to create this as my first original piece, that the year would include the beginning of a happy new life at Lathrop in Easthampton.



*Bill and Jane Holloway (and Maggie)*

You may have seen a long-legged black dog gleefully pulling its owners through the Easthampton Lathrop campus. That would be Maggie, a friendly playful Goldendoodle. Trailing behind her would be Bill or Jane Holloway (or both), who have recently moved to 24 Spiceberry Lane from Granville, Ohio, their home of 44 years. Having been impressed by Kendal communities & their Quaker roots, Bill & Jane were simultaneously on two different Kendal waiting lists – one in Granville, OH, one in Easthampton, MA. But having daughters living in both Northampton & Worcester MA, the decision was inevitable.

Bill and Jane met at DePauw University in their senior year and were married after graduation (Bill, a psychology major; Jane, a sociology major). Bill volunteered for military service starting in 1966 and spent the next five years as an Air Force pilot flying C-130 cargo planes all over the world, including a 14-month tour flying in Vietnam. Jane dutifully assumed the role of military wife and mother to Kris and Pam until Bill's service ended in 1971. Then they packed both kids, the dog, & all the inflammables & explosives that the movers refused to take, into their under-powered Opel Kadett, and headed to Oxford, Ohio, for graduate school at Miami University. Armed with his new masters degree, Bill then accepted a position as a school psychologist in Granville, OH where he had lived as a boy when his father was a professor at Denison University there.

In 1977 Jane finished her Master's in Social Work from Ohio State, taught for several years in a community college, and then worked for schools & agencies, developing drug prevention & youth leadership camps for teens,



doing parent training, and mobilizing communities around the concepts of resiliency and youth asset-building.

One thing that has consistently enriched the life of the whole family is the hosting of international students, either through Denison University or A.F.S. (American Field Service). These students came from Taiwan, Malaysia, Lebanon, Egypt, Switzerland, South Africa, China, and Russia, and they set the stage for later international adventures the Holloway family had never imagined, such as:

- 5 weeks in Mali, West Africa, in 1990, visiting daughter Kris who was working as a Peace Corps Volunteer in the tiny village of Nampossela.
- 5 trips to Russia (1991-2000) helping the teachers and students of Moscow School #1205 create a more positive and student-empowering school environment. Their "Trust Camp" for high school students just celebrated its 25th anniversary.
- 4 weeks in Phang-Nga Province, Thailand, putting on an English camp for children orphaned or injured in the 2004 tsunami. Bill & Jane ran large-group recreation activities and produced a video documentary of the student's experiences during the tsunami.

Bill & Jane share a love of opera, camping in their small travel trailer on the Maine coast, and travelling with friends on Road Scholar trips. Both have been on a "spiritual journey" exploring ways of developing a meaningful life – the inward and outward journey. So they'll be visiting local religious communities to find some "kindred spirits". In addition, Bill is interested in nature photography of special places in the New England and in volunteering technical support for local non-profits. Jane's hobbies include folk music, wildflowers, and genealogy. She has recently published a family history of her Swedish immigrant ancestors (500 pages, over 1000 photographs – she forgot to stop!).

In 1996 Bill retired from the school system and started Holtec Services specializing in providing computer support for local non-profit agencies which he continues to do today. For the last 17 years, Bill & Jane have split their time between their Ohio home and their family cabin in NH ("Camp Missing Moose"). Being only 1 1/2 hours from both daughters, the cabin was the family gathering place. Kris & John live in Northampton MA. Pam & Christopher are in Worcester MA. The four grandchildren now range in ages from 18 to 23. Moving to Massachusetts means that Jane & Bill can see the grandkids when they are home from college & jobs.

In our brief time here at Lathrop Community, we haven't met a resident, staff, or dog we did not like! What a welcoming and interesting group of "inmates". It will be fun to grow old together with y'all!

*Cathy Riessman and Glenn Pasanen*



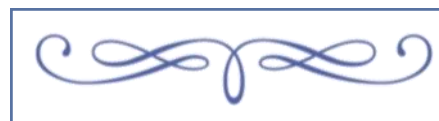
We moved to Lathrop Easthampton on October 6 and it has been a whirlwind getting settled. We met more than nine years ago in Truro, MA where each of us had a home. Cathy called Glenn up because she heard he was a lovely man and recently widowed. The rest is history as they say. Cathy recently sold her house to move to Lathrop but Glenn is keeping his condo. Happily, we will be able to enjoy the mountains of Western Mass and the National Seashore beaches—not a bad life!

Glenn had a long career in New York City, first in private school education (elementary teacher and then school principal) and, after more schooling in political science, in public higher education. He has taught and written about urban policy, fought for equitable tax policy during the Guliani and Bloomberg administrations, and in his spare time he built a large collection of art. He is new to the Connecticut River Valley and looks forward to getting to know the art here.

Cathy knew the Valley from years of teaching at Smith in social work and sociology, and raising her teenage children in Northampton. One now lives in the area with her family. Cathy later taught gender and sociology of health in Boston. She did research in South India, and was a visiting professor in Australia and the UK teaching her specialty--narrative research methods. She is looking forward to settling down at Lathrop to read more fiction, take courses with Learning in Retirement,

and work with others to upgrade the exercise equipment at Lathrop. Tired of cooking every night, she is thrilled with the easy availability of take out food, and excellent dinners at the Inn. Lathrop beat out the other retirement communities because of these things, and the exquisite view from our lovely townhome.

We look forward to getting to know the neighbors who have been so welcoming to us, and to exploring the hiking trails in the area.



**Razor Thin**

No, no, not me!  
At 83 I'm somehow hefty,  
All five feet nothing  
That once was five feet two.  
No, I mean the margin  
Between safety and decline.  
One misstep.  
Just one!  
That's all it takes  
To take me from my home  
And into care.  
I'm well aware every day,  
That every minute,  
Every step I take  
Must be measured,  
Be prepared, planned for, thought out  
Before it's taken.  
Handle with care!  
That's the label for my life  
At 83.  
That's the difference  
Between youth and age.  
No more margin for error.  
Or if one still remains,  
It's razor thin.

By Judith Bruder

*Note:* Judith is the author of two books, *Going to Jerusalem* (Simon & Schuster), a novel, and *Convergence* (Doubleday), a spiritual memoir. Both are available in the library at Lathrop Northampton.

## The Last Hurrah

by Irene Simmons

One morning six years ago I woke up to a most beautiful fall day. Little did I realize that it would be a turning point in my eighty-four year life. Disregarding the usual aches, pains, and illnesses that are my constant companions, I did my morning exercises in bed. This was necessary to assure a smooth transition to mobility.

I was grateful to be able to manage alone, and had a family ready at a moment's notice to come to my aid, though I did not like to have to ask them to come. If only a visit was not preceded by "I've only got a minute." Young people all have so much on their plate. I do remember when there were not enough hours in a day to do all that was needed, so that is an observation rather than a criticism. It was just that I did feel somewhat alone there at times, and remembered my younger days with regret.

My condo sat on a hill, and one room had the whole glass wall facing the view. My bedroom had three long windows with the same lovely view of fields and hills. My mischievous cat Houdini shared my home and bed. We had an uneasy truce. He knew I was keeper of the food, but as a typical male he made sure each day that he really ruled. If I displeased him, he would get back. How can you win an argument with someone who doesn't care what you think and knows he really has the upper hand?

On this particular morning, I spied little heads marching past my window. Jumping up, I discovered they were attached to wild turkeys, calmly marching past and down the hill - just four, and not too big.

Well, I guess the path was established. Every morning, about 6 AM, up to twenty turkeys would march by and

march back again around twilight. Even if Houdini and I were sitting on the patio, they would eye us and keep right on going. The cat just sat there eyeing them back but not moving.

One day a young one broke from the pack and came back to look at us. The next day he came over to the window and was looking in at us



while the others took off. This became his pattern. I started putting bread out at night, though it didn't seem to slow them down much. I called our visitor George because of his curiosity. He would often come over and have a staring contest with the cat.

In putting out the bread I had inadvertently attracted a very mouthy crow who would come to sit on my casement window and complain to me in a very loud manner if all the bread wasn't there at 6 A.M. . I called him Howard because he sounded just like Howard Stern. All of a sudden it seemed like there was a new extended family in residence. I don't know when I made the leap to really be part of my surroundings but suddenly I didn't feel alone any more. My plants and flowers (all gifts from family and friends, living and dead) I saw now were thriving and ever beautiful, constant reminders of the givers.

The turkeys passed through the backyard with their families and Howard even cawed his greeting. Each evening brought the coyote concert and I was just content to hear them at a distance. Even the bellowing of a small group of cattle across the fields seemed to be saying, "I'm here, I'm here."

Why hadn't I noticed that I was surrounded by life? I had only been seeing what I couldn't do. Looking with envy and remembrances when my beautiful granddaughter would run with the wind, her face alight with the simple joy of running.

I realized it is now the age of appreciating, not actively participating. Observing is a full time job. The dawns are a joy and the rainbow a gift. A child's eyelashes against a porcelain cheek, dimpled arms and legs and the sweet smell of babies. Even teenage angst I can hear and commiserate with. Maybe we can bond because we don't have any answers either.

At first it seems depressing to no longer be the one to help but to feel in need of help, to have such a limited way of contributing. But I think there is a place in this new world for appreciators. It doesn't take much energy, just an open heart and a mind turned outward. Letting what was be the springboard to life, not a sad reminder of losses.

Life experience gives us all the tools for the last part. We just need to get out of our own way and celebrate the moment. It isn't easy to turn away sorrow, but that isn't an emotion any loved one would wish you to live with. So, "Good morning, George!" It looks like we are going to have a productive day.

## Weaving

After my retirement in 1997, I became interested in weaving. This craft seems to fit well with my engineering background. I obtained a 43" wide eight-harness Macomber loom. When I moved to Lathrop, I had to get a smaller loom and I now work on a 24" Harrisville eight-harness loom.

My interest is in trying different weaving techniques, like intricate pattern in twill, rugs in tapestry, crackle weave, etc. I also like to experiment using different media like wool, silk, cotton, Tencel, etc in different weights. To design my patterns I use a computer program. This allows me to quickly view and change pattern design. Because of my smaller loom, I now concentrate mostly on weaving scarves, towels, placemats and napkins.



**Hans Van Heyst : Weaver**



### **Beverly Bowman: Weaver**

Bev was inspired to learn to weave while on a trip to Scandinavia in 1998. She learned that Becky Ashenden, an internationally known teacher of Swedish weaving techniques had a weaving school in Shelburne Falls, MA.



Bev enrolled first in a beginner's course with Becky, then took more advanced classes over the following years both in Sweden and the U.S.

Bev prefers to work with natural fibers and most of her weavings are created with linen, cotton, wool, or a combination of these fibers. Large Swedish looms could be found in Bev's weaving studio housed in a timber-framed addition to her old Cape Cod farmhouse in Worthington.

Now, at Northampton Lathrop, Bev utilizes one of these looms on her porch on 36 Dogwood Lane.



## Alaire Rieffel: Weaver



I think my love for weaving originates with my Appalachian roots. I remember, when very young, seeing beautiful items made by women trained to weave in a program to address Appalachian poverty. After my mother retired as a Home Economics teacher, she talked about wanting to learn to weave. One day a friend in DC offered me a loom that had been left behind in a house she had just purchased. Knowing nothing about looms, I grabbed the pieces and flew with my young sons to take them to my mother in Tennessee. As it happened, the loom was missing many pieces, but my father came to the rescue and restored the loom to all its pieces. Years later, when my mother stopped weaving, she urged me to take the loom. I still have it and it is my favorite loom among a total of 4 floor looms, 1 table loom, 3 tapestry looms, and one floor loom that I've given to my grandchildren. Dating back to the depression, this model of loom, a Reed, was sold as a means for folks to

earn money by weaving rag rugs. Like rag rugs, this particular loom can now be characterized more as folk art: replacement pieces of rough unsanded wood, parts tied together with stick and cord like a tourniquet, etc. All the same, I love weaving on it, partly because it is so simple and straightforward. It has a soul.



*Postcards From . . .*



The lovely Maine coast as photographed by Camilla Knapp in October, 2017.

## **Margaret Atwood wrote “In the end, we’ll all be stories.”**



Camilla Knapp, with the editorial committee, shepherded issues of the *Nor'Easter* from concept through production using her skills honed at Cambridge Press in New York. Camilla started work on this issue. She died on December 31, 2017 at her home on Spiceberry Lane. Sadly we gathered to get this issue through production and into print, murmuring “I miss Camilla” more than once. We missed her skill, her critical eye, her energy for getting things done, and her friendship. Her talent and energy have made the *Nor'Easter* a celebration of the creative talents of our community. Many other Lathrop committees and activities mourn her loss as well. Camilla did not stint sharing herself with our community.

In March, Camilla’s family will hold a memorial meeting and we can share some of our Camilla stories. For now, we dedicate this Fiber Arts issue to her.

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



Weavings by Alaire Rieffel