

THE HILLTOP QUARTERLY

March
2023

A quarterly publication for North Hill by the residents of North Hill

Volume 152



Cover Photo
Doorway Art
by Tom Weiss

Dear friends,

As I write this a successful “North Hill Reads” event moves toward its conclusion. “The Daughters of Yalta” had us engaged in lively conversation prior to the February first official start date. Then the month was chock full of well-attended programs related to that period in history.

Thanks to The North Hill Reads Committee for their hard work and creativity and to the intelligent and thoughtful resident participants.

With affection,
Ronna

Why I May Have to Pay My Taxes Electronically this Year.

With tax time approaching, I went to the IRS online for an update on carrying out the annual task. The user-friendly site is packed with things a taxpayer needs to know, much of it pretty routine.

But the Pay by Check or Money Order/Larger Payments page carries a startling admission from a government operating on a multi-trillion-dollar budget:

“We can’t accept single check or money order amounts of \$100 million or more.”

The IRS offers possible ways around the problem: “You can submit multiple payments or make a same-day wire payment... if you choose to pay by cash, do it through a retail partner.” *

Hauling all that cash to a retail shop presents its own problems. And I worry writing multiple checks for \$99,999,999 each will wear out the “9” button on my computer. Before I despaired, I found the IRS suggestion that “one of our quick and easy electronic payment options might be right for you.” (and me)

* “Retail partners” include: Dollar General, Family Dollar, CVS Pharmacy, Walgreens, Pilot Travel Centers, 7-Eleven, Speedway, Kum & Go, Royal Farms, Go Mart and Kwik Trip.

By the way, two CVS stores are within longish walking distance of North Hill.

– Lew Dana

The Hilltop

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NORTH HILL

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The Coffee Cake

For decades, a special treat at the Hicks breakfast table has been a cinnamon walnut coffee cake, not just any coffee cake, but “My Grandma’s of New England Coffee Cake”, baked nearby in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Boston.

Not only is this a delicious confection, but it comes in a tidy 9”x 9” sturdy cardboard box, so all one needs to do is stick on an address label to mail it as a gift.

Although I had sent Aunt Louise, mother’s sister, the coffee cake for years, one year I purchased a lovely blue sweater for Aunt “Ease”. The sweater was the perfect size for the coffee cake box, so soon it was on its way to Mississippi.

A very appreciative recipient promptly put the box in her freezer, saving the contents for the next time she hosted her bridge club.

Although she never told me, I think Aunt Ease enjoyed wearing the sweater, giving her an excuse to tell the story of its sojourn of two months in her freezer.

I resumed sending coffee cakes the next year.

– Cile Hicks



Ya Can't Make This Stuff Up

My brother was older than I (by a year, a month, a week and a day – but that is another story) - and far more creative (that's many other stories), but here is one worthy of Guinness. He had retired to Amelia Island in Florida where in addition to fulfilling his passion for golf, he rode his bicycle 12-15 miles several times a week.



When he was 82, he was out on his bicycle and closing in on home. He had passed a group of fellow riders when he approached a rotary, intending to veer off to the first road on his right. Simultaneously, a pickup truck hauling a trailer overtook him and clipped his bicycle, throwing

him into the air. He landed in the trailer – immobilized between the side panel and lawn equipment. The truck proceeded down the second exit, unaware of its new passenger.

Disheveled but miraculously unharmed, my brother shouted repeatedly, at the top of his lungs, for the driver to stop. He imagined his destination being in Yulee, 12 to 15 miles away. Luckily, some 400 or 500 yards down the road, his plea was heard and the astonished driver asked why and how he had been trapped in the trailer. He moved the lawn equipment and helped my brother get out.

Meanwhile, back at the rotary, his fellow riders recognized his mangled bicycle at the side of the road, but no rider – an unusual situation. They huddled and pondered for a few minutes and then saw a figure trudging toward them, with helmet askew and a bewildered expression. The meeting was semi-joyous as my brother recounted his mishap and apparent survival.

When he and his bicycle finally made it home, his long suffering wife asked how his daily exercise went. He replied, “Oh, nothing unusual” and then collapsed at her feet.

– John Childs

We Remember

JOAN HORAN
DON MORTON
TED BRANDON
DICK MACKINNON
ERIC SHAW
LOUISE SULLIVAN
MAURICE SEGALL
MARY GILL
NORMA HAMMONS
JEANETTE DAVIS
MARIANNE CIBEU
OWEN ROBBINS
LEW CIBEU
NETTY VANDERPOL
DIANE NORTHROP
MARCIA CRABTREE
JOHN BEZANSON
HANK PETRILLI
WALLY SIMPSON
ELIZABETH ROCK
BILL CARROLL
ANTOINETTE BRUNO
JUNE TOWER

Six Words

by

Ronna Perlmutter

*love filled
potholes
in my heart*

A Long Night in Serengeti *by Stan Fisher*

In 1963 I took a job in Tanganyika. My wife, Rochelle, and I lived in Mwanza, on the shore of Lake Victoria, near the famed Serengeti National Park. Shortly after our arrival, we drove there.

After settling into our hut at the Seronera Lodge we drove off to explore the surrounding savanna. Within minutes we came upon a family of lions snoozing in the tall yellow grass. They looked huge and powerful but seemed uninterested in us. We enjoyed taking photos of ears poking out of the grass and paws sticking up like bedposts.

Talk at the Bar was about game. Most animals were migrating away from the Lodge, leaving the area's lions quite hungry. We heard that adventurous souls could forgo the Lodge and stay in the Park's tented camp sites. Two years before, a tourist asleep with his head outside his tent had been dragged out by a lion and eaten. In fact, lions had been wandering among the Lodge buildings last night, disturbing the Manager with their roars. Because the lights were turned off at 10 pm, we had to be in our huts by 9:45. Walking back to our hut, we chatted in Swahili with a machete-armed watchman. "Simba wanakufa na njaa" -- "The lions are dying of hunger!" -- were his parting words.

Inside, we slipped under the mosquito-netting and went to sleep. Hours later a series of deep throaty grunts, roars and the padding of feet sounded outside our hut, followed by silence. My heart pounded. I called out softly to Rochelle, who awoke as the noises ceased, but then resumed. A surreptitious glance at my watch under the covers showed it to be 4:30 A.M.

The lions' return terrified me: they were hungry, we were meat! I barely moved or breathed. Would I die by a lion's fangs? I recalled how they killed: a jaw-grip on the victim's shoulder while the hind claws ripped open the stomach, exposing the entrails, the carcass carried off for a family feast.

My eyes swept the darkened room. Was the door locked? Could they force it? To my right there

was a window, now a dull square of light behind curtains. Was it shut? I was afraid to go look.

How else might they get in? The roof was made of grass thatch over slim wooden poles. It would surely give way beneath their weight. With a shrinking heart, I remembered the huge acacia trees which overhung our hut. I perspired with the effort of trying to recall whether lions could climb trees, but even our house cat can!

I lay awake, alternately praying and despairing, longing for my mother, for civilization, for New York, for Mwanza, for a sub-machine gun. Mentally surveying our possessions for a weapon, all I could muster was the flashlight in my sweaty hand under the sheet. It was encased in rubber. Great!

Gathering courage, I crawled gingerly from under my mosquito netting to join Rochelle, whose bed was further from the window. From 4:30 to 6:00 we lay frozen in fear, tightly gripping hands whenever the lions returned to pad, grunting, around our hut. Uncharitably, I hoped they would find some other guests' door ajar. But they returned, primed to attack, their tawny bodies whisking around in the night dust.

Around 6:00 we heard the last grunts, replaced by the noise of garbage cans being knocked about, and a loud gnawing which seemed to come from right inside our hut -- could lions chew through concrete?

At 6:15 it was lighter, and a servant knocked on the door.

Outside, only footprints of hyena and rats. The gnawing had come from rats, who lived in our roof thatch, chewing cookies left in a basket on the floor. According to Lodge staff, lions heading to a water hole had come through our camp during the night, not for human flesh, but out of curiosity.

No other night in Serengeti was half as memorable.

It's All In the Name *by Robert McNiff*

The November Congressional election not only determined which political party would control Congress; it also signaled the start of the 2024 Presidential campaign. Political consultants of every stripe will emerge from hibernation and begin popping up on the Sunday talk shows. Many will be auditioning for key staff positions with perceived front runners—hoping to impress candidates with their unique insight into critical issues or comprehensive knowledge of the primary system. The candidates who win the Democratic or Republican nomination, just might be the ones who can find the pony in all the horse manure these “experts” generate.

Campaign consultants tend to talk about voter trends, demographics, polls and swing issues but rarely recognize the importance of a candidate's first name. American voters seem to like their president to have a distinctive first name: Grover, Calvin, Martin and Rutherford come to mind.

Zachary, Ulysses, Chester and Millard are also notable. Thomas Wilson understood the value of a first name; that is why he called himself Woodrow.

Of course, there are exceptions to the rule: Windell Willkie, Alf Landon, Mitt Romney, Alton Parker and Adlai Stevenson lost by wide margins. Historians may have difficulty understanding how a relatively unknown junior senator from Illinois was elected president but it is really quite simple—he had the right first name. When is the last time you heard a mother at a playground call out, “Barack, stop hitting your sister?”

On the other hand, some first names are nonstarters, we have never elected a President Robert, Michael, Edward or David—and it took 230 years to elect a Joe. Nevertheless, it appears the word is getting out; Patrick Joseph O'Rourke of Texas, wants to be called Beto.



Inshallah *by June Harris*

When I hear the word “Inshallah” in conversation, I think of Ahmed. Inshallah means “If Allah wills it” and was used often by Ahmed as he guided us through Morocco. We met Ahmed in Fez, where Mac and I stayed when we arrived. We loved the city and knew we needed a guide to appreciate all Morocco offered. We heard that there was an English speaking guide in the city. When we watched Ahmed guiding a group of visitors, we were certain he was a person we'd enjoy knowing and learning from. After the prescribed negotiations for hiring and all necessary plans were in place, we rented a car and the three of us were ready to go.

There was a hitch. Ahmed had one leg and used a wooden replacement for his prosthesis which was at his home in Marrakesh. Ahmed was not allowed to drive unless he wore his prosthesis, and so I was the designated driver. (Mac had recently undergone hip surgery and could not drive a shift car). Driving with Ahmed beside me was a pleasure. Conversation was relaxed and easy, but the best part was when Ahmed chanted his prayers. I loved the sound. It was comforting, spiritual and mystical.

During one of these sessions Ahmed's prayers were interrupted by the sound of police car sirens. Directly behind us headlights flashed and a voice ordered us to pull over (in Arabic, Ahmed translated).

We remained in the car while the policeman and Ahmed engaged in conversation. Mac and I sat still and listened to the spirited exchange. We felt vulnerable and uneasy. What was going to happen to us? Had we done something wrong?

Finally, all conversation stopped. Silence filled the car. Then Ahmed turned to me and said, “You were speeding. The fine for speeding is six dollars which you will pay to the officer.” He was serious when he spoke and looked at me sternly. I reacted in the same manner and handed the money to Ahmed who delivered it to the policeman in a business like fashion. The men shook hands. The policeman went off in his car, and the three of us let out a huge sigh of relief. I started the car, and off we went to Marrakesh and Ahmed's other leg.

A Master Fisherman

by Steve Foote and Buzz Campbell

Tim Phelps, a North Hill team member and master carpenter, began fishing when he was four. He fished in streams and ponds near his Norwood home, and his first fish were sunfish, white and yellow perch, pickerel, and horned pout. Then he added eel and large and small mouth bass. He has fished on rivers and lakes all over New England and is the member of a team that competes in fresh and saltwater fishing tournaments.

His true love is tuna fishing which began when his friend C.J. and his dad invited him to go with them on a charter boat, which they moored in Falmouth. He was taught the boating techniques and fishing skills that have given him enormous pleasure and satisfaction over the years.

On most Friday evenings in the summer, after he puts his tools away, Tim goes to Falmouth where he joins a fishing buddy who owns a 26' Downeaster.

His favorite area for tuna fishing is 25+ miles off Provincetown. But on a recent trip when they were out for tuna, the seas were heavy with 20-foot rollers, so they stayed off Chatham. After about two hours of trolling, they had a strike and fought to land "the big one".



Fishing, especially for large tuna, is a big business and huge "factory ships" cruise offshore. They can process fish right on board.



When you catch a big one you radio ahead to the factory ship so that you can pull alongside. Three crewmen come onto the fishing boat to examine and weigh the tuna. Then they plunge a stainless-steel straw into it and remove a core of flesh. By squeezing that core, they estimate the fat content of the fish, which determines its value and price. The more fat, the better the sashimi. Big tuna, which can weigh as much as 800 pounds, commonly fetch \$24,000 or more. Upon agreement on price, they write a check on the spot. Then they move the carcass into a freezer on the factory ship and pack it into a coffin-like container. The tuna, frozen rock solid, is shipped by air from Logan direct to Narita and transported to the huge Tokyo fish market for the next day's auction.



When we asked Tim about the North Hill projects that he is most proud of, he took a few minutes to think. Then he described the pleasure he gets when residents move into the apartments that he has renovated and given new life, one after another. It's almost as much fun as fishing.

The Circle Dance

by *Stu McCalley*

The place: Social Hall on the campus of the Northfield School for Girls in Massachusetts.
The time: 1959

A somewhat pudgy junior boy from Mount Hermon School rode a bus from his campus to a Saturday night dance at the Northfield girl's campus. To break the ice, the dance leaders held a circle dance...girls in a circle on the inside, boys circling on the outside. As the music started, the boys walked clockwise, the girls counter-clockwise. When the music stopped, the boy turned to face a girl. And there she was: Sue Flasch. I knew who she was because I had seen her perform an excerpt from the story "Eloise".

The music started up again, and we danced. As we moved around the room, we chatted. Then we drifted apart for the rest of the evening. The next day I learned that a friend, Jim, had had a date or two with her. That didn't stop me. Soon Sue & I were exchanging letters. This was long before the internet or texting.

Young love bloomed. It lasted through the rest of junior year. We wrote to each other during the summer and connected in our senior year as a couple. We went to college together in Ohio and married after graduation. Then we moved to Connecticut, Vermont, New York City, and finally Connecticut again for 42 years. Now we have circled back to Massachusetts to live at North Hill.

If we both seem a little dizzy at times, it's because we've been going around in circles ever since that first dance.

Communicating

by *Sue McCalley*

Having met each other in our Junior year, we were often on the pay phones outside our dorms. The phone I used was near the infirmary and at some point, we realized that the school doctor's car could be used as a way of exchanging letters. Stu would put a letter to me behind the doc's license plate when the doctor was at Mt. Hermon School and I would go to the car when it was at Northfield School infirmary and retrieve the letter. We enjoyed the intrigue of clandestine messaging before e-mail and we saved stamps, too.



Overheard

by *Ronna Perlmutter*

When I affectionately addressed Zoltan as "sweet pea" there was a response, not from Zoltan, but from Alexa, whose name I had not mentioned. She announced, "The sweet pea is a plant that grows in...."



Dick Savage *by Tom Selldorff*

When I was a teenager we lived in the village of Mamaroneck on the shore of Long Island Sound. Our house was on a quiet street bordering a broad marshland that flooded with high tide. A small creek threaded its way past our backyard, spilling into the nearby harbor. Next door to us lived Dick Savage and his wife, Ruth. We kids all admired and looked up to Mr. Savage. To us, he was always “Mister Savage;” we would never dream of calling him by his first name. He was not one for small talk, but could fix just about anything. Best of all, he showed us how he did it and then told us how to do it.



Short and strongly built, with twinkly blue eyes Dick had been the harbormaster, but fell afoul of local poli-

tics and lost his position a few years earlier. His true calling and love was still for the harbor and its many boats.

Mamaroneck’s well protected harbor had several boatyards and a couple of yacht clubs. Hundreds of boats, both sail and power, made the harbor their home. Some were docked at one of the two marinas, but most were kept on moorings which had to be serviced in the spring and fall.

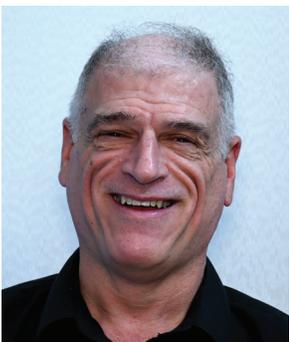
In addition to his work at a chemical plant Dick Savage had built a mooring business. He took care of the ground tackle, the chain and the “pennant”, the rope connecting the boat to the anchor. Dick made sure that it was sound enough to withstand the heaviest winds and waves. For him every mooring was a lifeline to a valued possession. Every fall moorings were tested with the arrival of a one or two heavy storms. His always held. On more than one occasion boats that had been serviced by others broke free and ran aground often totally destroyed. He had little respect for those weekend sailors who moored their boats carelessly.

When we bought our small boat Dick Savage taught me to sail. He patiently showed me how to tack, jibe and bring the boat neatly alongside a dock. He also led me to respect the winds, the waves and especially the rocks that dotted the shoreline. After each lesson we tied the boat to its mooring and before we left double checked the security of the connection.

His business grew and, in his backyard adjacent to the creek, he built a big wooden work-barge. It was a pleasure watching him work as he meticulously caulked every seam and sealed every screw. His pride in doing things right made a lasting impression on me. He passed away many years ago, but in my memory I hear him saying, “See, that’s how it is done”, and sure enough it was right and true. A work of art.

Mark Dufresne, Worldly Waiter

by Lynn Z. Bloom



“I’m happy to be at North Hill,” says Mark. “I enjoy coming to work every day. I like birthdays, anniversaries and parties. I enjoy working with the kids, they keep us young.” From the moment he arrived at North Hill, Mark’s signature characteristics have been apparent: charming personality, outstanding professionalism, high energy, and consistent thoughtfulness toward residents and team members. He traveled around the world to get to North Hill.

After earning an associate’s degree at Massasoit Community College, he completed a business degree at Lesley College. For the next 8 years he worked

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Mark Dufresne, Worldly Waiter,

Continued from Page 8

as an auditor for a Foxborough company. He did not enjoy accounting, but Mark lights up when describing the part-time job he held at Benjamin's Restaurant, where he was quickly promoted from busboy to server. Service during the flambe era was a performance art that included setting some foods on fire, such as steak Diane, cherries jubilee, bananas foster, flaming coffee, all at the diners' tables. "An impressive show," says Mark. "People enjoyed it, but I never set myself or a guest on fire."

For Mark, social life is as important as work life. Ten days of skiing in the Austrian Alps were followed by two years as a local tour guide in the United States, the Caribbean, and Hawaii. But 300 days on the road per year "took a toll on my home life." So he remained grounded at an American Airlines reservation center for two years, followed by 13 years as an office manager for Copley Real Estate Advisors, a subsidiary of New England Life, where he hired, trained, and managed 25-30 office assistants. "Every job," Mark says, "has had a steep learning curve."

Mark's professional universe expanded during his 17 years as Food and Beverage Director at

The Woodland Golf Club, where he was prior to coming to North Hill. In addition to learning how the foods were prepared, he came to understand a "huge wine universe," and food/wine pairings. At Woodland he trained the dining staff to "treat people as they would want to be treated." As at Copley, his practice was to "start firm, and then let up. Dishwashers are as important as the wait staff; we function on mutual respect. If you lose your integrity it's a very long road back."

At North Hill, Mark (67) ordinarily works three days a week, in deliberate contrast to the 60-70 hour workweeks on his previous jobs, "Although if I need to come in on extra time to help out, I'll do it." His dad, healthy and happy at 95, lives with him. Mark has rehabbed his parents' house, and every day treats his father to a home-cooked meal, such as scallops, scalloped potatoes, and fresh green beans. "I love my garden. I love the theater. I love my work, and my family." Mark's enjoyment of life adds greatly to our enjoyment of life at North Hill.

Social Security Pays a Visit *by Marilyn Allen*

I was with my mother when a handsome late model car drove up the driveway of her home on Cape Cod. A young woman emerged with her briefcase, I asked her to identify herself before I opened the screen door.

She said she was from social security and showed me her ID and said she was here to see if my 103 year old mother was alive. She explained she had been receiving checks for so long social security wanted to be sure she was living. She further explained how some family members do not report a death in order to keep

the SS checks coming and she would like to see my mother.

Upset and annoyed I brought her into the living room and introduced her to my mother and then the woman informed my mother why she was making this call. My mother was stunned and insulted and told her that we were a family of principles and proceeded to get up and with her walker chased the woman out.

I wish I had my iPhone handy to take the picture of a young woman pursued by a 103 year old woman!

North Hill's Live Wire Kristen (Krissy) Fleming

by Marianne Fisher

She sparks, she sizzles, she glows wherever goes. She's a people person, warm and giving. That's Krissy Fleming, our Assistant Director of Purposeful Living who makes our lives at North Hill fuller and happier.

Standing tall in front of her very productive PC, Kris's fingers fly over the keys to discover quality events to entertain, inform, involve, and challenge each of us at North Hill.

Never without her calendar or what she refers to as her "bible of organized chaos," it contains every contact Krissy has made since she came to North Hill in 2000. No wonder she can fill every day of every week of every month of every year with music, lectures, history, art, entertainment, et cetera. No small task.

The February Issue of Highlights itself contains 107 happenings. Then Krissy does this all over again for every day of every week of every month of every year You get the idea.

Fortunately Krissy has two able coordinators Arraya Biden-Gates and Kara Bende. Their responsibilities are to support the Highlights programs by preparing the groundwork for the events And a busy and helpful team they are!

Then Krissy has has additional responsibilities. Who gets out The Communicator every week? Krissy, with her team, does. Who attends committee meetings to keep abreast of resident requests? Krissy does. Who is concentrating on a new resident orientation program? Who else but Krissy.



Krissy welcomes each of us by name with her dimpled smile. Sure feels good. She listens attentively to our requests and our complaints. Does she ever lose her cool? "Absolutely" she admits, "but I try to turn it around with humor." And she succeeds.

Relax is not a word in Krissy;s vocabulary. Her best therapy is her camper which she parks for the summer in Plymouth. When she and her "warm, loving, amazing" partner, Ron Quinby, arrive, it's party time. The camp is waiting for Krissy to set up events, games, prizes while she stirs up some of her unique libations like the "Tolstoy Tang" recently enjoyed at North Hill.

She and Ron are huge cinephiles. They look forward to seeing all of the Oscar nominees.

Before North Hill, Krissy served 11 years at Angel Memorial Animal Hospital in Jamaica Plain. She held varying positions from ICU nurse to head ClinicTech to head Phlebotomist. Nor surprising for this animal lover, Krissy has two cats and Daisy, a Boston Terrier and Chihuahua combo.

North Hill has been a bit of a family affair for Krissy. Her mother served as Head of Human Resources for 10 years. Her brother preceded AJ as IT guru. A daughter and son fill out her family and then there is the love of her life, granddaughter Adalyn, age 5.

Thank you, Krissy, for lighting up all our lives and giving us a world of pleasure.

Mismatch by Zoltan Mathe

The meeting in Cincinnati was set for 9 a.m. and my plane departed from Newark at 6:45. I awoke at 4:30 a.m. and quietly dressed in darkness so as not to awake my wife or daughter. On arrival at the airport, I was taking a leisurely walk when I looked at my shoes. Oh no, on my left foot there was a black one on the other brown. At 6

a.m. no shops were open. Perhaps when I arrived at Cincinnati the stores would be open. No such luck. I joined the research meeting at Procter and Gamble wearing unmatched shoes.

In spite of having been the manager of technology at a company that was a major contributor to the success of the Pampers diaper, I was best remembered as the man with mismatched shoes.

Uprooted *by Ted Schvimer*

From Cleveland to Boston, a mere 639 miles as the crow flies, but a vast distance for a life time resident of Cleveland, Ohio. As I became older and began to have health issues my Newton, Mass daughter said, "I can't keep coming to Cleveland each time you need my help. You have to move to Boston.

Move to Boston? Me? After 75 years of living in Cleveland where I raised children, worked, volunteered, owned houses, and developed friendships all would be swept away, like a tidal wave claiming new territory. Was I destined In my advanced years to be uprooted and transplanted to an alien environment.

So about 6 years ago I arrived in the Boston area and my daughter asked, "O.K. dad, where would you like to live?" Where would I like to live? What a curious question. What did I know of Boston or its surroundings?

I come to her home in Newton once or twice a year for the holidays and she wants me to decide where I want to live. Show me some places and then maybe I can make a decision.

Well, I was shown around. Don't ask me to remember all the places. Each place had its pluses and its negatives. The last place I was shown was North Hill. I remember vividly the drive up North Hill Rd. and the beautiful flower bed alongside the roadway. I remember my tour of the building with Ruth Kennedy. I was shown the swimming pool and the gym, the woodshop, the post, and the

restaurants, but most of all I remember asking my daughter, "How long will it take for me to drive to your home from here?" She thought for a minute and said, "15 Minutes".

Just 15 minutes!! I'll take this place! Yes, with all its amenities, the thing that mattered most to me was the distance to my daughter's home. I have never regretted my decision and because of the short distance to my daughter's home, I now live in what I have learned is the best CCRC in the area.



Oh, yes, I became a Massachusetts resident. I registered to vote, got a new driver's license, new license plates, and an inspection sticker for my car.

I now read the paper to see how my beloved Indians (now the Guardians) are doing, and I truly believe the Browns will one day be champions of the NFL and the Cavaliers will be the number one basketball team.

Yes, you can move me out of Cleveland, but in my mind's eye I can see the huge ore boats as they move slowly up the Cuyahoga River to Collision Bend. In my memory I see the Terminal Tower shining in the night, the West Side Market and the Art and Natural History Museums as well, and all the other places that were the warp and weft of my life for 75 years living and working in Cleveland.

Tony Bennett may have left his heart in San Francisco; mine will always be in Cleveland.

Six Words
by Don Shannon

forgotten name
warm smile
no problem



North Hill
Doorway Art
Photos by
Tom Weiss

