



The Breeze

Spring Edition



2008

Staff Feature by Carol Howe

Lauren James-”Groundskeeper, and Then Some”

Lauren James, Master Gardener is sprucing up St. Andrews Village grounds. You’ll see her, driving large vehicles or her own car, to lug garden supplies to whatever project she’s tackling. She’s the energetic, slender figure, standing tall, and dressed for the weather in jeans and sweatshirt or shorts and sleeveless top. A friendly person, she’ll stop and chat with you, especially if you have gardening questions. She’ll answer them with knowledge & gusto.. because Lauren’s been taking horticulture classes at Southern Maine Community College in South Portland. Currently Lauren has classes on Wednesdays– so you’d never find her here on those days.

She began work here right after sessions in learning the right ways to prune trees and shrubs (they hadn’t been properly trimmed in years.) In early spring, the fresh trimmed roses looked like bundles of sticks; now, leaves are sprouting in time for lush summer growth.

Besides her passion for gardening, Lauren works at St. Andrew’s Medical Laboratory. She became a registered lab technologist, taking her clinical training in Lewiston. And that was after she earned her degree in public health (cum laude) at the University of Massachusetts.

Lauren is married. Nick is their tall, 14-year old son. Husband Mike works in the CT scan department at Maine General Hospital in Augusta.

St. Andrews Village is not Lauren’s only client. She cares for other gardens as well.

My space has run out, but there’s more about this cheerful, energetic landscaper. Have you questions or comments? Put them in her white labeled cubbyhole where residents pick up their mail. And don’t forget to say “Hello” to Lauren James when you see her.

Critters Etc. by: Daphne Kimball

Porcupines

Porcupines are back in this area. A year ago a number of young trees at the Inn and around the cottages were damaged. Porcupines like tender foliage; they climb high in trees & create havoc.

Porcupines are interesting critters. They will den together in caves in winter but may also spend the winter in a “station” tree almost always a Hemlock or an evergreen like a Spruce. They gnaw on the bark and eventually kill the tree. There are some trees behind the Inn that were killed by porcupines before 2001. Man and fishers are their worst enemies but coyotes, lynx and bobcats will go after them as well. Paul is keeping them away with coyote urine containers. Back in the 2000-2001 period, a fisher was seen around the Inn and cottages. Fishers actively hunt porcupines. I suspect the fisher killed the porcupines in this area and then moved on for no porcupines or fishers were seen for a number of years. Now the porcupines are returning and in a couple of years, we will probably see another fisher.

Folk tales say porcupines throw their quills. They don’t. They will turn backwards and lunge at an attacker. The quills can be deadly if not removed. The tips have scales that react with the victim’s muscles which draws the quill deeper into the body. In the end, an animal may kill a porcupine but the porcupine could have the last laugh for a quill tip in a vital area working deeper and deeper into an animals body can cause a very slow and painful death.

Welcome New Residents

Maggie Rogers has moved into Apt. #102 & hails from Wiscasset.

Suzanne Nelis, moved here from Sheepscot & resides in Apt. #214.

Alice Zinkowski, has moved into Apt. 219....Welcome!

Let us remember:

Joe Coombs
Bob Hellens
Roy Markwith
Vivian Thorp

Who have died since the last issue of the *Breeze*.

Do you have an article idea for the *Breeze*?

Are you interested in working on “The *Breeze*”

If so, please see Carol Howe or Lisa Cunningham. They will be happy to give you more information on how you can contribute!

Carol Cesar found this:

Here is some garden wisdom lore from an article in the March 2008 issue of The English Garden Magazine.

January 13th is traditionally the coldest day of the year and plants should be protected.

February On Valentine's Day, ladies propose to gentlemen and beans grow backwards in their pods.

March There is a popular myth that the pious prune their roses on St. Patrick's Day. Good Friday is a good day in the garden because the devil is powerless to thwart our efforts. Also, plant parsley. It often takes three sowings for the seed to germinate because it makes two journeys to the devil before coming up. Scald the ground with boiling water first and it will see off any evil.

April "when you hear the cuckoos shout, 'tis time to plant your tatties out." To test the soil to see if it is ready for planting, an old practice was for the gardener to remove his trousers and sit on the ground. If it is too cold for naked flesh, it was too cold for the seeds. St. Mark is the patron saint of mildew. If you are badly affected, offer up prayers on his day, the 25th.

May 1st is ascension day. Plant your runner beans only an inch deep because they want to be able to hear the church bells.

June "To cut a foul weed on or near 22nd June in the afternoon means its certain end".

July St. Margaret is the patron saint of safe childbirth and, for some reason, her feast day (20th) is considered the right day to plant turnips.

August "The Dog Days (3rd July to 11th August) mean hot weather and are named after the rising of the Dog Star.

September The Feast of St. Michael the Archangel (29th). "A tree planted at Michaelmas will surely not go amiss".

October The Devil's Blackberry Day (10th) Don't pick blackberries after this day. The story goes that the devil was thrown out of heaven on October 9th and landed in a blackberry bush. He was so angered that he cursed the fruit and made it unwholesome.

November Plant trees at All Hallows and they'll prosper. Plant them after Candlemas and you'll have to beg them to grow.

December To predict winter, look to the onions. "Onion skin very thin, mild winter coming in. Onion skin thick and tough, coming winter cold and rough".

Kudos to Debbie Siegel R.N. and Barbara Marr for their splendid health care services to the Residents of St. Andrews Village:

Foot care*

Transportation*

Heart-to-Heart home care*

Scheduling of lab work in one's home

Clinics

Educational programs

Personal advice

Extra supervision for specialized care

Preventative public health education

*modest fee for some services

Thank you, to the administration for supporting this program by arranging convenient office space, for allowing budget inclusion for staff and supplies.

Literary Review by: Walt Schmid

Three Cups of Tea by: Greg Mortenson with David Oliver Relin

This book is a revelation about a little known area of the world, which has now emerged with a splash into the American and world press.

It's set in the rugged mountains of northern Pakistan and Afghanistan, an area ruled by tribes and elder head men and not necessarily by governments.

The author is a highly trained and experienced ER male nurse. This is an occupation he chose because it pays well and provides him with the time flexibility to pursue his love of mountain climbing.

He is invited to join a team of climbers as their medical staff for an attempt to scale the second highest peak in the world. K-2 is second only to Mount Everest and is, in many ways a more difficult challenge.

The attempt does not succeed in reaching the summit.

On his way down from the high country of K-2, Greg gets lost following the ill-marked trail over the surrounding glaciers.

He wanders, lost, starving and near the limits of his physical endurance when he stumbles into a tiny remote village in north Pakistan.

The locals nurse him back to health and in gratitude he promises to return and build this little village a school. This was a long dreamed of desire for the village children who practiced rudimentary education in the open, drawing figures in the dirt with sticks.

Upon returning to his home in California, he resumes his nursing ER work and attempts to raise funds to build the school.

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Behind Closed Doors by: Flo Carris

A Tribute to Roy Markwith
and His wife, Helen

As I approached apartment 204, my eyes caught the attractive spring arrangement perched carefully on the shelf just outside the door. Helen Markwith responded to the sound of the door knocker. I was immediately drawn to a tall bookcase with dozens of colorful little figures. Each occupant of an apartment seems to have one specific item or display that is unique and eye catching.

To know Roy is to know Helen. Ida Colson Johnson, Helen's mother, died of influenza at the age of 32. Her father, Andrew Nathaniel Johnson had been kicked in the stomach by a horse dragging a wagon and later died at age 42. Helen at the age of 5 and her brothers ages 9 and 12 became orphans.

It is obvious by the wonderful names, that Helen came from a Swedish background. For proof, her great-grandfather Sven Johansson married Hulda Christina Larson. In 1880, they emigrated from Sweden to the United States. After being bounced around from one relative to another, seven-year old Helen was cared for and later adopted by her aunt Ruth and uncle Vernaid. At a family gathering, her uncle perched her on his knee and said "We've always wanted a daughter". Then he and aunt Ruth took Helen up to their third floor

Continued on next page

apartment and made her feel welcome as they tucked her into their living room sofa. The next morning, aunt Ruth “invited me to breakfast”. Helen said and that was the beginning of her wonderful new life.

The little Swedish girl of 7 & 14-year old Roy Markwith of German descent, didn't know the other existed.

Helen provided information about her life & Roy's. I presented a brief account of Helen's early childhood. Now I am eager for you to know more about Roy W. Markwith.

Roy was born and raised in Orange, NJ where he graduated from high school. He was also a graduate of the Newark School of Art. His mother and one sister married two brothers (an interesting little morsel). From the time when Helen was 7 and Roy 14, the gap of years still did not bring the two young people together. [but hold onto your hats, their lives are beginning to converge.]

During World War II, Helen served as a Navy Wave at Pearl Harbor. At the end of the war, she returned to the U.S. on a hospital ship. [meanwhile, back at the “ranch”] Before the Pearl Harbor attack, Roy was drafted and chose the Coast Guard Artillery. After basic training, Roy was stationed at Fort Andrews in Boston Harbor. For 3 1/2 years he spent sleepless nights serving as a search light/sound locator in defense of Boston Harbor. Now at last, the time had come for Helen's and Roy's lives to merge. The USO sometimes ferried dance hostesses to the islands in Boston Harbor. At one of the Fort Strong's dances, Roy asked Helen to dance. That was it! Sparks of attraction were evident as the couple danced. When time allowed, they saw each other as frequently as possible until April 1944. Roy was one chosen to form the 548th Field Artillery battalion. After vigorous training at Fort Hood, Texas, Roy's battalion was sent to various locations in Germany. While overseas, Roy experienced three months of combat. The war ended in May 1945 Roy kept Helen's picture with him and a lock of hair. He came home in December 1945. Sadly, Roy's father died one month before Roy arrived home. [one more wound of war.] One happy note: Helen & Roy were married in October 1946.

Now it seems appropriate to return to my visit in the Markwith apartment, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. It was 2005 when Helen and Roy moved from Cape Cod to St. Andrews Village. I hope that Helen enjoyed reminiscing as much as I enjoyed hearing about the lives of this devoted couple. If I were to give justice to the lives of the Markwiths, I would need to fill the front page of the Wall Street Journal. Instead you, the reader, will have to be content with this account.

As you may remember, when Helen welcomed me to the apartment, I was immediately attracted to the book case filled with colorful little creatures. This unassuming gentleman had many talents. I enjoyed holding a miniature model of Big Bird. These little clay figures were carefully arranged in pods of groups of six and it was then that Helen revealed that her husband was an accomplished artist, sculptor and a professional model maker. His professional career included a professional relationship with “Muppet” creator, Jim Henson and CTW (children's television workshop; Sesame Street) an affiliation that kept him engaged and active until the age of 82. I was attracted to three large pieces of bronze. I couldn't believe that those were made by the hands of our friend and neighbor at St. Andrews Village. It seems impossible Roy made time for some hobbies.....fishing, illustration for various small publications. And that's not all! Roy played saxophone in a professional band (I wished we had known that).

Roy's cartoons for the “Breeze” were always amusing. We at the Village enjoyed Roy's keen sense of humor and quick wit. While his back pain was unrelenting, he never revealed his discomfort. Roy was 94 when he died on January 12, 2008. Helen, his wife of 61 years is a remarkable woman whom we all admire.

The Markwiths have been surrounded by a thoughtful and loving family. The couple enjoyed two sons and their spouses, five grandchildren and one great-granddaughter, Lilah. What a fulfilling experience for Roy to feel that soft little bundle in his gentle arms.

Conversely, when Lilah is older, Helen might show her a picture of Roy holding her in his arms. And do you know what? Her Dad might say “Honey, your great-grandfather Roy created and sculpted Muppet and Sesame Street characters like Big Bird. (Helen told me the sculpted miniature characters are made of tan plastiline clay of which two hard copies were made).

On retiring at age 82, Roy made his last delivery to Sesame Street in NY & was treated to lunch and given a colorful painting of four SS characters with a large red heart reading “Roy, love and thanks from CTW”.

I told Helen I would take about 30 minutes of her time for the interview. When I was about to leave, I realized I stayed almost two hours longer than planned. Thanks, Helen. Behind closed doors there is always a story! **Author's Note:** I like to think of Roy with his fisherman's hat and a bag of breadcrumbs in hand pushing his walker over the bridge to feed the squirrels while sitting on the bench with his friend, Bob Hellens.

The two men of great worth shared a few precious moments together.

Resident Services Update: Lisa Cunningham

Happy Spring! I was beginning to wonder if we'd ever see bare ground! The grounds are alive with color; if you have the chance, be sure to walk by the memorial garden.

I would like to welcome Sally Hellens and Trophy Frederick to the IAC committee. And thank you to Flo Miller and George Fotos for their contributions to the committee over the years.

I am working on spring/summer calendars now and several events that were cancelled last year will be offered this summer. The Eagle Island cruise in Casco bay was real popular and I will call folks who signed up for this trip as soon as I work out dates. A ride will also be planned for the Maine Eastern Railroad trip from Brunswick to Rockland. I have a few new destinations scheduled for this spring and summer and I hope folks find them interesting and fun. As always, we will enjoy a show at the Maine State Music Theatre.

I always welcome suggestions for events and daytrips and would like to thank the mystery person who slips articles under my door from newspapers and magazines about places to visit and upcoming events throughout the coastal area. These are great ways to learn about something new! Lisa



The Art of Lunch by: Carol Howe

Too many of us don't make time for a proper midday meal. But it is needed. Besides dividing A.M. from P.M. it gives you a break from the morning's busyness. Remember: you are an important person, worth taking this time off.

When the midday whistle blows (or the clock says NOON) it's time for lunch. Or create your own lunch hour. What have you planned for it?

Maybe after breakfast, you set a tray or a place at the table. Maybe you made a salad to store in the fridge. How about soup, or a sandwich? Pizza? For dessert: an apple or grapes would go well with a cookie, maybe one you brought from last night's supper. Or make your own (But don't lazily use only food left from a dining room meal.)

Set the table simply, for one or more. Don't forget the napkins and water. Coffee, tea, milk or soda?

When lunch is ready, sit down to enjoy it. A visitor could bring his/her own noon meal. On a nice day, plan an outdoor picnic, be sure to anchor food and napkins against the wind, and wear a hat or dark glasses. Take half an hour to an hour for this time out. And make it a habit! You're worth it!



Garden Therapy...Blooming at St. Andrews Village

Many residents know the Boothbay Region has a Garden Club but did you know they do a tremendous amount of work here at the Inn?

This group meets the first Wednesday of the month in Gregory Wing and fun projects are available for Gregory Wing, Safe Havens and Assisted Living residents to participate in.

Activities include: spring hats, chia heads, tissue flowers, valentine trees, bird feeders, pumpkin face painting and last winter, Garden Club members assisted residents in creating seashell angels for the Festival of Trees celebration. The June project will be gardening and residents and Garden Club members will plant tomatoes, vegetables & herbs.

One recent project was the Gregory Wing planters in the dining room. These planters were overgrown and quite shabby. Thanks to the efforts of the club, the planters are neatly planted and are quite beautiful.

The next time you meet a garden club member, please thank them for all

—Literary Review...continued from Page 3—

He encounters a wealthy individual who made his fortune in computers and who donates the funds to build the school.

Mortenson returns to Pakistan and overcomes endless obstacles, including the extreme Muslim doctrine against educating females.

Mortenson is engulfed in his perceived need to bring education to these isolated people, particularly the females. He travels to other countries to learn of their experiences. In the process, he encounters Mother Theresa, who shares many of his beliefs on education.

Back in Pakistan, he encounters Wahhabi madrassa, an Islamic theological school, funded by the Saudi Arabians to set up training and indoctrination schools to develop armies of extremists. This in the wake of the overthrow of the Taliban in Afghanistan and is a formidable and growing movement.

According to this author, our U.S. forces, using military might, could be alienating the locals and creating a climate for the growth of the Muslim extremists.

This book is current and addresses our problems— which may be spreading— in that part of the world. To me, this is a fascinating “read” and a real thought provoker. It’s available in our Inn library.



Please Note: Due to technical difficulties, the cartoon Bob Kelly created for this issue will appear in the next issue. Our sincere apologies to Bob.