

LEXINGTON
LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL
ISSUE 18 | SUMMER 2026



Where passion and care live



We serve the local community through short-term inpatient rehabilitation and skilled nursing centers within minutes of Lexington specializing in helping individuals recover and regain independence following surgery, illness, injury, stroke, cardiac events, respite services, and other medical conditions. We also offer long-term care, memory care, and programs designed to support the health and well-being of older adults.

Our Commitment to Care: Those who cared for us throughout their lives deserve individualized, compassionate care tailored to their unique health needs, goals, and preferences. We are committed to the highest possible quality of life while supporting independence, dignity, and well-being.

Life Care Center of Acton

Nestled in a quiet, wooded setting, we provide exceptional **short-term rehabilitation, and skilled nursing**. Conveniently located near Emerson Hospital and many of Greater Boston's leading hospitals and specialists, our team is dedicated to helping patients regain strength, independence, and confidence.

Our comprehensive rehabilitation program includes **physical, occupational, and speech therapy** delivered by an experienced in-house rehab team using **individualized treatment plans**.

1 GREAT ROAD
ACTON
(978) 263-9101

Life Care Center of Nashoba Valley

Located in a beautiful country setting surrounded by apple orchards and pastures, we offer a warm and welcoming environment for **short-term rehabilitation, long-term care, and memory care**. Our campus is home to farm animals that bring comfort and joy to residents and patients alike. We offer **long-term care and a specialized all-female secured memory care neighborhood** designed to provide compassionate, person-centered support. **Free Parkinson's and Dementia support groups** are held monthly for community members, families, and residents.

191 FOSTER STREET
LITTLETON
(978) 486-3512

Life Care Center of Merrimack Valley

Conveniently located near Lowell General Hospital and Lahey Hospital & Medical Center, we provide exceptional patient-centered care through **short-term rehabilitation, long-term care, and specialized memory care services**.

Our rehabilitation program is designed to help patients recover and regain independence. We also offer a **secured memory care neighborhood for both men and women**, providing individualized support in a safe and engaging environment.

80 BOSTON ROAD
NORTH BILLERICA
(978) 667-2166

For more information, call or visit our website: <https://lcca.com>

ABOUT THIS JOURNAL

It is hard to believe that this is our 18th issue of Lexington LifeTimes! Since our inception in 2018 when the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging launched this bi-annual publication, we have been celebrating the creative talents of dozens of literary and visual artists who live or work in Lexington. Our sincere thanks to all of you who have contributed your creative works to the success of this venture.

Our organization includes an editorial board of volunteers that sets the criteria for submission and selects entries for inclusion. Production is handled by our very talented Managing Editor and Designer, Kerry Brandin. Distribution is electronic and worldwide with a limited number of copies printed.

Since the Summer 2018 issue, the Journal has received generous underwriting support from local businesses, while still getting some funding from the FCOA. Starting with our eighth issue, we have been so glad for the additional financial help of Lexington LifeTimes Patrons.

You can support the Journal, and the activities of the FCOA, by making a gift to the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging. If you wish to be recognized as a Patron, please note this on your check or on the donation envelope or online form. Please help to keep this popular publication going!

Submission guidelines for future editions as well as information on how to support the Journal and FCOA can be found on the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging website:

WWW.FRIENDSOFTHECOA.ORG

FRIENDS OF THE LEXINGTON COUNCIL ON AGING

P.O. Box 344
LEXINGTON, MA 02420

LEXINGTON
LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL
ISSUE 18

EDITORIAL BOARD

Suzanne Caton
Nancy Hubert
Cammy Thomas
Karin Verma
Tom Whelan

COPY EDITORS

Lynn Asinof
Suzanne Caton
Nancy Hubert
Cammy Thomas
Tom Whelan

MANAGING EDITOR & DESIGNER

Kerry Brandin

FRIENDS OF THE LEXINGTON COA LIAISONS

Suzanne Caton
Jane Trudeau

PRINTING

LPS Print Center

ON THE COVERS

BY PRITI LATHIA

FRONT:

Hook, Line and Sinker

BACK:

Fragmented Harmony

Table of Contents

3	21
<i>I Hold Him Forever</i> BY CAROL CAMELIO	<i>Not To Be Tabled</i> BY SUSAN POLANSKY
5	22
<i>The Next Question</i> BY JAYANTHI RANGAN	<i>You Were There</i> BY CAROLYN FLEISS
6	23
<i>Dinner at Chipotle</i> BY JIM BALDWIN	<i>The Unexpected Gift</i> BY MARY McCALLUM
8	25
<i>Night Lights</i> BY PETER SHAW	<i>Cheeseburger</i> BY MARIA BOUCHER
9	26
<i>Passeggiata</i> BY MARY LEVIN KOCH	<i>Walking with God</i> BY JOHN R. EHRENFELD
12	27
<i>Ode To A Nap</i> BY JULIAN MILLER	<i>Elemental</i> BY TRACY MARKS
13	28
<i>Late Blooming Grandparents</i> BY DAVID ROTHSTEIN	<i>Chebeague Island Memories: The Well</i> BY SUE ROCKWELL
16	29
<i>An Affinity for Curves</i> BY STEVE MCKENNA	<i>Labor Day</i> BY MANNY BLIAMPTIS
17	30
<i>A House in the Green Mountains</i> BY CONSTANCE COUNTS	<i>Floral Focus</i> BY ANDREA JOLIAT
19	32
<i>No Dog</i> BY CHARLES RZEPKA	<i>My Friend</i> BY IRENE HANNIGAN
20	33
<i>The Joy of Retirement</i> BY RICARDO CALLEJA	<i>Contributors</i>
	35
	<i>In Memoriam: Marion Kilson</i>

I Hold Him Forever

BY CAROL CAMELIO



HE TOOK HIS SHOWER, and I held him warm and snugly in my arms. I told him that he was slipping through my arms...slipping even as I held him ever so tightly. He thought it was because of all the water, but I knew it was because of all the growing. I explained how parents sometimes like to stop time and save a special moment for a day far down the road of their lives when they can look at it again and smile.

And so I held him in that steam-soaked towel and I told him of that day when life will have given me more silver glitter in my hair and when the lines of my face show how many years I have been smiling. I'll sit again—when mostly sitting is what I'll do—and I will take that fabulous frozen-time memory and enjoy it once again. Like a great novel with worn pages whose ending always fills the heart and overflows through tears in knowing eyes, I'll hold him forever in that steam-soaked towel.

He asked me to rub his back, which I gladly did. Then he did something that my heart will sing about on those days when I have wrapped my memories around me. He turned his head and kissed my hand, and the slipping stopped for that very brief moment. ♦

The Next Question

BY JAYANTHI RANGAN

I am logical, analytical and smart
A female
My twin brother is logical, analytical
And smart
We joined computer engineering together

My family wanted me to succeed
So, they advised: take your brother's help
But they didn't ask him to seek mine

I wanted to end this cognitive bias
I talked, explained and repeated

They listened
And good questions followed
I felt hopeful and so did they
They asked my brother
About his proudest achievement

I prepared my story
Words lined up and ready
But they asked if my doggie
Was scheduled for grooming

Dinner at Chipotle

BY JIM BALDWIN

THE ASSEMBLER OF MY DINNER stood opposite me, the glass shield separating us. Thankfully, he had just snapped on some fresh elastic gloves. I watched him pile ten ingredients starting with brown rice and ending with guacamole and cream cheese into what Chipotle calls a Burrito Bowl.

The whole mess was squished as he squeezed on the top and sealed the edges on the oval bowl. He slid it to its final stop: the cashier.

"Anything else?" the teenage girl asked, a brief sales pitch.

"Nope," I answered.

"Okay. That'll be \$12.49."

I fumbled for my phone. It wasn't there. I'd left it at home.

"Oh, wait. I'll pay with my card," I said.

She sighed.

I pulled out my wallet and remembered: My wife had my credit card. She always had my credit card.

"Oh no," I moaned. "I don't have my credit card either."

The cashier glared.

"Ok, ok," I tried. "Look. Set my bowl aside; I'll go back home and get my phone. Be back in..."

She interrupted, "Oh, we can't do that. I have to get my manager."

Geezus, this is unbelievable, I thought. You can't put it aside for a few minutes?

I looked over my right shoulder to see frowns behind me in a growing line that was curling back to the side door. You go to Chipotle because it's fast.

As the manager approached, I heard a voice and felt the presence of someone close to me on my right.

I turned to face her. She was tall with blonde hair down to her shoulders, blue eyes and a broad, friendly smile.

"Hey, I think I can help here," she said.

She read my puzzled look.

"I've got this," she said.

Our eyes met. "Got what?"

She slid behind me to my other side to stand in front of the confused cashier and her manager.

She'd pulled out her credit card and raised it above the reader.

"Insert it here?" she asked the cashier, pointing the card down.

"Uhh. Yeah."

"So, you're gonna buy my dinner, aren't you," I said.

"Yes, I am." She glanced at me, still smiling, then inserted her card.

"You don't have to do this."

"I know," she said.

It accepted her card. The manager disappeared.

"Wanna bag?" the cashier asked.

"No," I said, and grabbed my burrito bowl.

My rescuer had retired to a table behind me. As I turned to her she said, "I'm just waiting for my son's dinner. Happy to help."

Should I thank her again? Maybe I should ask for her contact info so I could Zelle or Venmo her, but I knew she wouldn't accept that.

I stopped in front of her table. "You know what I'm gonna do?" I said.

She tilted her chin up towards me.

"The next time I see somebody in this situation, I'll do for them what you've just done for me."

"Perfect!" she said. "Pay it forward." ♦

Night Lights

PETER SHAW enjoys the challenge of night photography. Here he was inspired by industrial scenes found in Massachusetts.



Deer Island Moonrise (2024)



Fall River Chemical Factory (2025)



Old Cambridge Tracks -- Grand Junction (2023)

Passeggiata

BY MARY LEVIN KOCH

IN LATE MAY, my friend Bob arrives carrying Campari and Lemon Boy tomato plants that he has nursed in his basement over the winter. Tired of artificial light, the plants are ready to be outside in the sun, just like the rest of us, especially my eight-year-old granddaughter. Hailey is eager to ditch her down parka and winter clothing for a cotton hoodie and a pair of shorts. She dusts the cobwebs off her roller skates and scooter, then asks to have her bicycle tires filled with air.

Seven decades ago, when I was eight, my family welcomed summer with our own rituals. Mother never owned a clothes dryer and in the cooler months she hung the laundry in the basement on a series of wooden drying racks. With the first sign of summer, the dripping towels and sheets were carried out-of-doors to soak up the sun. Gently flapping with the breeze, they sent sweet sounds into our home through the open windows.

Next came the hoses. My father uncoiled them before spraying water over our webbed aluminum lawn chairs. Then he turned his attention to our summer sports equipment: Badminton poles were staked into the ground and the net raised; baseball gloves, balls and bats were pulled out of a cardboard box stored in the vestibule, and my brother, sister and I scrambled to find our Red Sox caps. Once the cleaning and setting up was completed, my father, with trusty trowel in hand, walked to the rear of our yard and began to dig in the dark soil that bordered our neighbor's property. Their friendly dog Teddy watched and wagged his tail, as if approving of the home-grown green beans and tomatoes that would be on the menu in August.

My granddaughter half-listens to my youthful recollections while we wander through the center of town. Stopping in front of the shoe store we note the new window displays. The dark-colored, insulated footwear has been replaced with mint-green and lemon-yellow rain boots, candy-colored flip-flops and white Mary Janes. On the next block, a young woman sweeps sand from the sidewalk in front of a cafe where cast iron furniture awaits al fresco diners. A line is forming in front of the ice cream parlor. Hailey and I take up the rear.

Later, back in our neighborhood, the sound of lawn mowers fills the air, background music for the returning robins who chirp their original tunes while foraging in the greening grass for worms. Nearby, children hum as they draw hop scotch lines on a driveway. Neighbors I haven't seen in months are coming out of hibernation, clearing their gardens of winter debris, washing their cars, or sitting on a front stoop.

Night arrives and after dinner the streets stir with walkers out for an evening stroll. Holding hands, my granddaughter and I join them. I call it our "passeggiata." This nightly walk-about reminds me of those I took in Italy, wandering the streets of Rome and Florence and the quays of Naples, everyone cheerfully enjoying the summer evenings. Hailey asks me a question, returning me to the here and now, and we pause. She likes my response and leans into me. I pull her close. When we move on, I think how much these warm, lazy summer days and companionable evening walks matter. I wish they would last forever. ♦

Ode To A Nap

BY JULIAN MILLER

It's important to undress first,
discard all unnecessary remembrance
of the day,
or about your life,
because each item of clothing
carries with it a weight of promises.
Your shirt has plans of its own, your pants
have appointments, your shoes have
to sniff new locations like bloodhounds.
So you may need to reverently,
but without apology, let them go.

And don't forget to take your socks off
because your feet
are two pale birds rising
into the evening sky,
and they will take you with them,
as they always have, although
you hardly noticed them before,
dutiful and uncomplaining companions,
imprisoned in wet leather caves with no windows.

Remember, this is about seeing nothing,
and by nothing I mean
feeling alive without
having to make something out of it,
about something in you just
getting out of the way and being grateful,
the way you take a walk in the woods,
or make love, ride a bicycle, or
drink hot coffee in the morning.

And when you sit on the bed,
go slowly! take it seriously!
as if you were about to eat a ripe peach,
and the first bite is
even better in anticipation.

Sit, let each thought slide off you,
feel the mattress accept
the burdens of the day — you know,
those you carry without thinking,
without knowing — the ones that
attach themselves to you naturally,
just by keeping your eyes open, just by
moving through your life.
Let them drop to the floor
beside your shirt and trousers,
like fruit that has
become too ripe
to hang upon the tree.

As you lie there, and observe
the benediction of cracks in the ceiling, the
bed unfurrows your brow, unties
the puppet strings on your face.
Floating in a lake of white sheets,
your eyelids are waterfalls falling,
turning your vision inward, as
the fist of consciousness opens, releases
a small fluttering soul, a wreath of stars,
a cluster of sparrows aimlessly singing.

Let your breath row you out into the welcoming darkness
with smooth, strong strokes,
each oarstroke a bell pealing,
an end and a beginning, sound and stillness,
the rhythm of being and not-being,
until the pattern
flutters like a flag
lost in the granulated dusk.

Oh Nap, what a short word for your philanthropy!
I wish there were more syllables for your beneficence,
your unremitting generosity, your kind smile.
After lunch I can hardly wait
to rush upstairs and let the keel of the day
ground itself on your tidal sandbar,
while those who choose abstinence
stagger like dry husks down the hallways
of endless afternoons.

I rummage through my day
to find time for you, Nap, to
embrace me,
accept me,
comfort me,
carry me away!
And all I ask, when
my ship slides backwards,
unfurling from your welcoming dock,
is that you close the door softly
and leave behind, on the dresser,
my one pair of clean socks.



Fig Leaf and Fruit

BY CAROLYN FLEISS



*Etched and colored image
8"x 10" (2022)*

Late Blooming Grandparents

BY DAVID ROTHSTEIN

MARCIA AND I FIRST MET in the Age of Aquarius, after I ‘dropped out’ for a year before beginning graduate school in Molecular Biology, Tufts University. I came from a family where the males were nurtured to pursue an intellectual career with committed intensity. Before I had decided on Tufts, Dad stated, “If you’re fascinated by history, study it in Graduate School”, waving his hands expansively, reveling in his open mindedness. A fellow scientist, when he heard of my conversation with Dad, laughed as he said, “You can work on whatever you want, as long as it’s biochemistry.”

Marcia’s parents also hosted serious plans for their two daughters. Both were accepted at Hunter College High School in New York after Andrea, and then Marcia, aced the entrance exam. Then MIT. Then Tufts.

So we were both nurtured to be academics, a good match. But when Marcia and I first met at Tufts, I was boisterous, rough, a little rowdy, whereas beautiful Marcia, brunette hair and dark complexion, slender, was very quiet, to the point of being scary. I couldn’t connect with this mysterious person, who delivered oral reports looking down at her notes, as if to say, ‘Don’t you dare disturb me!’ So I didn’t. There we were, side-by-side, in the same laboratory. It wasn’t till 4 or 5 years that the mysterious one and boisterous one noticed we were star-crossed lovers, as if Cupid slowly rubbed thin slices of kindling, which finally ignited full force.

With the attention paid to careers, we started our family late. Two girls, Jennifer and Julie. As the years rolled by, I wondered if we would have a next generation. When I turned 70 there were no little ones on the horizon.

I realize that having a conversation with Jennifer about family planning is unorthodox. To have, or not to have children was up to them. I thought, though, that Jennifer was a special case. Eleven years ago she married Kamal, a handsome man from India. They were both members of a hiking club in ‘The Big Apple’, both vegetarians. When she took her love interest to visit us, we knew that the relationship was serious. Both Marcia and I are Jewish, though we are not believers, and not members of a congregation; agnostic scientists who are interested in our Jewish cultural origins.

Anyway, one day I was talking with Jennifer on the phone, and I suddenly found myself saying, “Jennifer, if you want to have kids – now that decision is entirely up to you and Kamal of course-- I wouldn’t want you to be discouraged with the thought that Kamal isn’t Jewish.”

Jennifer started laughing. “WHAT are you talking about?” She couldn’t stop laughing, and I was relieved that she was having such fun with my awkwardness.

“I just didn’t want you to think that Mom or I disapproved of you and Kamal having children.”

“Why would you think that?” she challenged.

“I guess that many Jewish people prefer their children have kids with a Jewish partner. Look, to find out years from now, that a misunderstanding contributed to your decision NOT to have children, would be unbearable. So just to be clear, Mom and I would give you all our help and support, if you and Kamal do decide to have kids.”

“It’s very nice of you to offer your help,”

she replied formally.

“Yah, nice dad; you gonna breast feed for me?” I imagined her thinking.

I told Marcia, “I just wanted to emphasize that cultural traditions should not be an important barrier if they were eager to have children.” Marcia remained unconvinced, but tolerated my indiscretion, if I shut my big trap in the future.

A couple years later in the summer of 2018 we were vacationing at the Wellfleet Motel on Cape Cod. Jennifer and Kamal stayed in the adjoining room. On Sunday morning, Jennifer knocked on the private door connecting our adjoining rooms and told us to hustle in and share their weekly video call to Kamal’s parents and sister in Hyderabad, India.

“We’re happy to share this phone call with you,” say Jennifer and Kamal, taking turns, each speaking slowly, softly, carefully weaving thoughts together. “We have some news to tell you.” I look at Jennifer’s tummy, and I still know, even with nothing showing! Astonishing, the care that Jennifer and Kamal take. “This is the way we can let all of you know at the same time.”

I see Shoba, Kamal’s mom, and Ram, Kamal’s dad, and Kamal’s sister Divia, and imagine the fading pink of the sun setting over the bridge in Hyderabad’s city center. I notice Shoba smiling ear to ear, Ram and Divia too. Shoba is also bobbing her head to the right, then to the left, confirming in body language the goodness of this path, and Ram is garrulous and obviously very pleased. I’m overcome by the feeling of being bound with our Indian family by a huge double helix embodied by the tiny creature growing by leaps and bounds. I bend down and twist my light blue shirt sleeve, just before the tears would betray me. Ariel is to be the first of the new generation on both sides of the family.

In the coming days, Jennifer and Kamal outline their plans to move from The Big Apple to the West Coast. Kamal can continue working at Bloomberg at their San Francisco branch. Jennifer has procured a therapy position in San Francisco.

“We’re not any farther from you considering travel time,” Jennifer chimes, comparing the six-hour drive from Lexington to Brooklyn, with the direct flight from Logan to Oakland airport. “We’ll exchange pics and videos every day,” promises Jennifer. Marcia and I make our way out west to assist in a rental search, a week after Ariel’s birth. Then a daring visit to Ariel’s first birthday party, arriving home the first day of the Covid lockdown.

Fast-forward five years. Jennifer, Kamal, and Ariel moved back East, and have been living with us for two years. Ariel’s nickname is ‘Big Sister,’ anticipating help that she will provide in response to a remarkable event. Jennifer, a mature mother, informs us that she is with child, then a week later, that she is actually with children! It’s wonderful, exhilarating, but also exhausting to fulfill the promise that I made several years ago. Jennifer spends more than half her time breast feeding and pumping. This evening, guided by a sleep therapist, we are trying to condition our two twin granddaughters, 5 months old, to go back to sleep after waking up in the middle of the night.

“Shhh. It’s sleep time. I love you, and you can do this. Night night,” says Marcia solemnly.

“What did you say?” I respond, opening my mouth silently, shaking my head.

“Aren’t you even listening?” Marcia challenges. “You don’t seem to know what I’m talking about.” Concentrate! Buckle down. So it’s past midnight. Keep track of the plan!

“Something we’re supposed to say to the adorable twins during sleeping time?”

“Good guess,” says Marcia. “Yes, that’s exactly what we say. We can’t take either Alia or Ruthie out of their dark little tents. Can’t hold them. Can’t touch them. And we say the phrase only if either baby is crying inconsolably for five straight minutes.

“So they are sleeping in separate tents, right?”

“Yes, each in their own little tent.

The monitor sends sounds and images of Alia, then switches to Ruthie, who is three minutes younger, two pounds lighter, but curiously has the bigger cheeks – so cute!

The monitor captures Alia’s face. Looks like smooth sailing. Alia more frequently emits her robust wail. Surprise! It is Ruthie who has made all the wailing calls this night, a very robust “Waaaah!”

Marcia gets up from her chair. “Where are you going?” I say. “You’re not supposed to ‘visit’ them unless they are crying inconsolably for the full five minutes. Ruthie only cried for three minutes.”

“I can’t stand this,” says Marcia. I’m not going to torture her any longer.”

Alia continues to snooze. Ruthie continues to torture her grandmother.

“We cannot interfere with the sleep therapist’s plan!” I insist. “We’re trying to see if our two adorable grandchildren can learn to soothe themselves independent of us. Training, not torture!”

I ask, “How long do we have to monitor the twins?”

“Till Jennifer feeds them at 1 a.m.,” explains Marcia. “But maybe we should wake Jennifer earlier. I hate to do that because she’s so exhausted. She breastfeeds or pumps milk, most of her waking hours.

At 12:30 a.m., after several sessions of intermittent but robust complaints from

Ruthie, Marcia decides to rouse Jennifer. “I won’t interfere with this learning exercise; Jennifer can decide whether to feed them early,” Marcia mumbles aloud.

The next morning, I see Jennifer downstairs. “How did it go?” I ask.

“Went well. The twins, when given the chance, have more ability to self-regulate than I thought.”

“Listen sweetheart. You have done a great job, but Marcia and I can’t sustain this level of activity. Can we be more flexible on the hours of surveillance? If some crying persists beyond midnight, maybe we feed them a little earlier. Marcia is reluctant to let you down.”

“OK. We’ll be more flexible about the feeding schedule. You and Marcia will be off duty by midnight. The twins are getting older, and we’re hiring more help at night because I’m going back to work.”

“GREAT,” I respond, with a broad smile.

Despite all the tumult, this first training day was a success! The twins are better able to regulate themselves during sleep time, when given the opportunity.

This morning I look at Ruthie, with a dry, fresh diaper and clean costume. “You are so cute! Oh my God!” She links her oval, brown eyes with mine. She has inherited some of Kamal’s Indian color, a beautiful light copper. I am putty in her hands. I tickle gently the skin under her cheeks with my right index finger. She smiles, but her eyes remain locked on mine. And her little left hand is holding Alia’s fingers, each tiny girl strapped in her own bouncy chair.

“Jennifer, come here – quick!” I squeal.

“Is something wrong?” she asks.

“They’re holding hands!” I say, as though I discover a gold nugget.

Jennifer nods. “I know,” she smiles. “They talk to each other sometimes, too.” ♦

An Affinity for Curves

After a long career as a finish carpenter, STEVE MCKENNA taught himself to design and build custom contemporary furniture his own way. His work has been recognized in local and national juried shows.



Above: Black Walnut and Curly Soft Maple End Table (2024)

To left: Carved Low Back Black Walnut Chair (2025)



A House in the Green Mountains

BY CONSTANCE COUNTS



ON LABOR DAY IN SEPTEMBER 1977, my husband and I decided to go camping in Vermont with our two young daughters and our new Golden Retriever puppy. After two sleepless nights of squirming kids and a whining puppy outside our tent, we came home. I vowed never to go camping again, but for my husband a spark had been ignited. He announced that he loved Vermont, and if we couldn't go camping, he wanted to buy a few acres. One thing led to another, and we ended up purchasing 27 acres from a crusty Vermonter who was tidying up his property line. Our goal was to conserve the land from any development. The property was a rocky hillside with a small two acre flat area for a small house. It was originally sheep pasture for the nearby farm first settled in 1840. We camped on the land for a couple of years and put in a driveway and well. Eventually, we purchased a small four-room prefab passive solar house and had it erected on the land.

We gradually started to explore our 27 acres and in so doing, began to feel the pull

of the land and what it had to tell us. The altitude of our land is around 1600 feet located in the Delectable Mountains, as the foot hills of the Green Mountains are called. The Green Mountains constitute the spiny ridge of mountains that runs down the center of the state. We live in the Prosper Valley, which connects four small villages popular with early settlers seeking to establish farms on the high plateaus of the Green Mountains. The name reflects the dreams and aspirations of the early settlers, who built a stone grange as a place where folks could gather for community suppers, still used today for the same purpose. The size of the early population continues to amaze me. There are five cemeteries in the valley, only one in use today. I saw a gravestone in one of a man born in 1697 and marvel at the grit of British citizens settling in the inhospitable frigid climate of northern Vermont.

Rock walls meander throughout our land, some crumbling, others remarkably intact. The rocky hillsides were littered with boulders

left by ice age glaciers, later gathered by teams of oxen and rebuilt as fences, making boundary lines for sheep pastures. The sheep pasture had been let go in 1917 and is currently forested, a remarkable recovery, a tribute to the resilience of the Great New England Forest.

A small brook follows the country road which leads to our house. An old map reveals that the small falls in the brook were sites of early small mills, one a saw mill, another a cider mill constructed by ingenious early settlers. On a nearby farm, a sugar house still in use today is testimony to the active sugaring of maple trees along the road.

At the bottom of the hill stands a small schoolhouse, today a converted summer house of a seasonal resident. A book of old photos reveals a picture of a young female teacher and eight children of varied ages on the front steps. Vermont villages are dotted with schoolhouses which have cleverly been put to other uses such as art studios, historical societies and community centers.

At the top of the road is a short trail leading up to a lookout on the famous Georgia to Maine Appalachian Trail. Family photos abound of Grandad and Grandkids perched on the top of the lookout, a record of cousin summer reunions.

I marvel at the number of significant events that have occurred along our little country road. The Vermont Symphony Orchestra was founded in a neighboring barn. The VSO is a traveling symphony that moves from town to town for outdoor concerts in the summer and indoor concerts in the winter in the beautiful Richardsonian nineteenth century theaters and music halls that are scattered around Vermont. Several famous Vermont artists whose paintings decorate my Brookhaven apartment lived on the road. An interesting enterprise producing sleek rowing sculls set

up business in another barn down the road.

Then there are the trails that run throughout the land, some tracing old roads to adjacent villages, others cut more recently through the forest. They are a joy to traverse in the summer, revealing a rich undergrowth of ferns and moss covered rocks, wild berries and odd looking mushrooms. Especially delightful are the interestingly named British soldiers, tiny lichen with red caps. You never know when you might come across a stand of colorful indigenous plants such as Wild Asters and Black-Eyed Susans or on one occasion, an ancient Lilac bush likely planted by a farmwife beside an abandoned early homestead. Traversing the trails on snow shoes in the winter outlines the graceful contour of the land. Imagine our surprise one morning when a black bear and two cubs emerged from a trail to walk nonchalantly across the front lawn.

Old farm ponds and vernal pools host a vibrant world of insects of many varieties. All kinds of dragonflies land lightly on the water, and butterflies enjoy the small willows and cattails that line the banks. Most ponds have at least one resident bull frog whose loud croak echoes across the water. Cute little frogs abound, easily caught by grandkids on frogging expeditions. We keep binoculars and a bird book at hand as we struggle to identify the rich variety of songs. The addition of a family constructed wooden raft has turned a farm pond into a fun swimming hole.

Our house in the Green Mountains, with its two additions, is the newest imprint on the land. We have recently restored the gardens we planted fifty years ago. The house is filled with children's drawings and family photos. The land draws my bicoastal family every summer. It's the storehouse of memories that weaves our family together. ♦



No Dog

BY CHARLES RZEPKA

Having no dog,
we often talk about getting one.
Perhaps that's why we have no dog.
It gives us one more thing
to talk about.

We had a dog once. And
a rabbit. And anoles.
I would stop at the pet store
to buy plastic bags of live crickets.
They had to be moving
or the anoles wouldn't eat them.

We wanted to show the children
how nature works.
Red in tooth and claw.
Eats things raw.

Dogs will eat anything.

That's what domestication means.

We started talking about a dog
when the children left.
Those two rooms we eviscerated
and stuffed
full of things wondering
what they're doing here.
Hands folded. Dressed
as if expecting company.

A dog doesn't need an empty room.
It can sleep anywhere.
Prefers your bed.
Doesn't dress for company.
Happy if it arrives.

We talk about getting a dog
but never do.

A dog? Hair on the bed,
long walks in rain. Standing, waiting.

They're not like cats.

Before she died, my mother-in-law
bought a mechanical cat.
Batteries made it seem to breathe
in perpetual sleep.
She needed to feel, she said,
that something near her was alive.

Cats don't need to be needed.

The dog we had died of cancer.
Uncomplaining.
Slowing down.
Somewhere inside
the mainspring was unwinding,
losing torque, visibly expanding
in her underbelly.

When it was time, we told the kids
as much as we thought they would understand.
I drove her to the vet and carried her in.
"Do you want to watch?" he asked.
Surprising myself, I said I did.

Her forelegs were crossed.

We stood and waited.

The stillness in the room.

It wasn't until I reached the car
that the tears came.
From where?
Inside, of course. But
how deep?

The Joy of Retirement

BY RICARDO CALLEJA

JUBILACIÓN SOUNDS BETTER than retirement.

The Spanish word comes from the same family as jubilee and jubilation, which all derive from the Latin verb *jubilare*, which means: to shout out loud in happiness.

In Spanish, you can also say *retirado* but it has a pejorative connotation as in “¿Puedo retirar los platos?” or “May I take (remove) your plates?” I don’t like the idea of being removed or set aside. I much prefer to think that I’m simply in the second chapter of my life.

My first chapter was devoted to teaching adolescents. But in my current chapter, I just work to indulge in my two vices: drinking cappuccino and the impulsive purchasing of books. Both activities bring me much *júbilo*.

I decided to retire from my job teaching Spanish at Brookline High School at the relatively young age of 58. To honor my 29 years of teaching, my colleagues gave me a nice send off. They composed a song to the tune of the Cuban classic, “Guantanamera.” The school administration gave me a jacket with my name on the left sleeve, my years of service on the right one and the school logo on the front. The union gave me a classy watch with big numbers. My wife and son organized a fiesta in my honor. My teaching friend Kenny, who plays percussion for a Latin band, showed up with two bandmates, and they played all the Latin standards. I felt honored and appreciated.

The summer went by, but it did not really feel like retirement since I hadn’t usually worked those months anyway. But as August wore on, I began having back-to-school dreams. In one, I’m wandering around the

school trying to find my classroom. When I finally get there, I find my curriculum supervisor sitting in the back of the classroom while unruly students hurl paper and other objects about. Then I wake up and say to myself, “I don’t have to deal with these kinds of scenarios anymore,” and fall back to sleep.

September rolled around, and I did not feel any regret at my decision to retire. I realized that, with the exception of the year I spent “trying to find myself” after I graduated with an education degree, I had been in a school since the age of five.

I embraced being a retiree. I started getting up a little later and spending the first two hours of my day reading. If I feel inspired, I work on a new story or a poem. If I feel antsy, I go for a bike ride or do exercises, then take a shower. I make it a point every day to have a relaxed lunch, a change from the 25 minutes I got when I was teaching. If I feel sleepy, I take a siesta.

Almost every afternoon, I go to a local café and have a cappuccino or latte and scribble some ideas for a future poem or essay. On nice days, I go for a walk along the Charles River in Watertown or Gore Place in Waltham or Chandler Pond in Brighton. If it is cold, I go to the mall and take an indoor walk. I then come home and make a hearty dinner for myself and my wife Donna. My cooking skills have improved considerably since I retired.

After watching the news, we spend a quiet evening reading, or looking at Instagram until we get sleepy. Almost every night, I go to bed satisfied with the second chapter I’ve chosen for my life. ♦



Not To Be Tabled

BY SUSAN POLANSKY

The artist’s mother disapproved of political discussion at the dinner table, yet her vintage tablecloth provided the setting for her thoughts on the First Amendment’s protection of free expression. Political discussion reveals true convictions, uniting and dividing while shaping the nation. This work expresses hope in dissent, the power of collective voices, and a passion for change and justice.



Textile (vintage tablecloth, painted, quilted) with attached protest buttons
50”x 47” (2017)

You Were There

BY CAROLYN FLEISS

You were there this morning
as I carelessly tucked a sheet under the mattress
of the unmade bed.

You who so responsibly and lovingly
showed me how to make a hospital corner
when I was eight.

You knew everything, Mom. Sharing what you knew,
small things that would serve me well
and make me a competent grownup.

There was the right way to hang Daddy's shirts on the line
And the right way to iron seams and plaits.

The right way to set the table, fold the napkins, wash the dishes
glassware first in the cleanest dishpan water.

Did you have dreams for me?
Were you so stuck in motherland that you had to let go
of those you once held for yourself?

What did you do with your regrets?
Here I am pushing 80, conjuring you though having lost you
forty-one years ago.

I wish there had been more of you, not just for me
but for you too.

And you did find a niche teaching young children about the
environment.

You'd be aghast at what we humans have done to it.
But that is perhaps the place where the circle completes as I bear
witness and advocate for climate education and justice.

Thank you Katharine Eleanor White Boyd.

The Unexpected Gift

BY MARY MCCALLUM

MY FIRST REACTION WAS MILD AGGRAVATION when I saw a small package on my steps, and I said to myself, *"Oh great, another Amazon delivery mistake that I'll have to return!"*

As I approached, something about the package made me hesitate. It wasn't simply boxed—it had been carefully wrapped, and the wrapping didn't feel ordinary. It looked deliberate, almost ceremonial, as if someone had gone out of their way to make it seem significant. My curiosity began to push against my irritation; this clearly wasn't a typical delivery.

As I picked up the package and examined it more closely, I realized just how unusual it was. It was small but wrapped with remarkable care—thin wooden panels fastened over cardboard, with ornate symbols stamped into the paper beneath peeking through. I began to wonder if something valuable might be hidden inside so I checked the address label again. Sure enough, my name was on it, confirming that this mysterious package was meant for me.

I carried the package into the house, lost in thoughts of the possibilities. With its elaborate wrapping, it looked far too valuable to be left unattended. *"What kind of delivery person would leave this outside? Shouldn't a signature have been required?"* I set it on the table, and its small size made the meticulous details of the wrapping seem even more striking—each fold, each stamped symbol, delicate yet intentional. It exuded a quiet fragility, as if the box itself were whispering, *"handle me with care,"* and filling me with

a sense that something extraordinary was hidden inside.

I took a deep breath and began to unwrap the package as carefully as I could. Using a butter knife, I gently pried away the thin wooden pieces, slats of a crate that had been fastened over the cardboard strapping. Once those were removed, I used a pair of scissors to cut through the cardboard layer, taking care not to tear the carefully wrapped paper or the regal stamps pressed into it.

My movements were slow and methodical, and I felt like a safecracker working on an intricate lock, again, trying not to damage anything hidden beneath the surface. At last, the stamped paper came away, revealing a smooth wooden box with a lid inside the package. I removed the lid slowly and discovered an object tucked inside, wrapped in several thick layers of soft velvet. Curious and cautious, I lifted the object from the box and began peeling the velvet layers back one by one with steady, careful hands.

"What the...?" I heard myself saying as I almost dropped it in my surprise. My heart jumped as the realization hit me; I gasped out loud *"I know what this is. OMG it's a Fabergé Egg."*

I recognized it instantly, having studied examples of them during my art history courses years ago. I felt its fragility and instinctively handled it with the utmost care. My thoughts were racing. *"Who on earth would send me something like this?"* No one



in my life was particularly fancy or wealthy or inclined toward such extravagant gestures.

The egg was about 8 inches tall or roughly the size of my outstretched hand. Much smaller than I had imagined, though I knew Fabergé eggs come in many sizes. Its surface was coated in deep blue enamel that seemed to glow softly in the light. Tiny sparkling gems were set precisely into its surface, and meandering trails of gold filigree curled and looped across it in mesmerizing patterns. I kept turning it slowly in my hands, hardly daring to breathe, studying every exquisite detail while my mind repeated the same stunned thought: “*What on earth?*”

Then I noticed a tiny latch. Of course there was a latch. Fabergé eggs were meant to open.

Dare I?

Excitement and nervousness washed over me at the same time. I checked the label again for the third time. Yes – my name was still there. Apparently, this mysterious treasure really was meant for me. Still, I hesitated. Opening something this extraordinary felt like an event that required thoughtful preparation. Clearly, I needed a cup of tea first.

So I made tea.

As I sat there sipping slowly, I kept glancing at the tiny latch, my curiosity growing stronger by the second. Finally, I decided to invoke Mel Robbins’ *Five Second Rule*.

Five

Four

Three

Two

One

I opened it partially, enough to get a sneak preview.

What I saw was so unexpected that for a moment I couldn’t process it at all. I struggled to understand how such a thing

could possibly be there – and who, on this Fabergé caliber earth, could have known.

I was suddenly pulled back into a long-forgotten childhood memory.

As a kid, I was a roller skating fiend. My skates were the old-fashioned kind that clamped on your shoes and tightened with a small metal key. You had to twist the key to secure them, and the tighter they were, the safer you felt – especially since I skated like a bat out of hell. I loved skating with wild, fearless joy.

That little key meant everything to me. I loved its shape, its purpose, the small sense of security it gave. I wore it on a string around my neck so I would never lose it.

Until the day I did. It was gone.

When the key disappeared, so did my skating. Without it, my skates were useless. Losing that tiny object felt like losing a piece of my childhood itself. I missed it terribly.

Now, looking at the unclasped egg with a mixture of wonder and trembling anticipation, I finally opened the egg all the way.

I started to cry, overwhelmed with wonderment and joy.

Nestled carefully within the soft folds of silk inside the egg was my old lost and grieved friend, my roller skate key. The same small key that had carried me everywhere as a child – the one I wore proudly on a string around my neck. The key that safely carried me racing down sidewalks, driveways, and hills. The key that was my ticket to freedom. And the key in that moment, that felt far more precious to me than the Fabergé Egg itself!

Somehow, impossibly, the most extravagant treasure I had ever held contained the smallest and one of the most important treasures of my childhood. ♦

Cheeseburger

BY MARIA BOUCHER



Ceramic
7”x 3” (2024)

Walking with God

BY JOHN R. EHRENFELD

Walking with God sounds presumptuous.
That God should spend even a minute with me
ignores how much already is on God's plate.
God has to keep the rivers flowing,
and the flowers growing,
and the stars glowing,
and that's just the beginning.

God does walk with me,
but only when I stop thinking
about God, and simply let myself
connect to the cosmos as it is.
Not trying to figure it out.
Thinking takes me away from
my very being a part of it.

God is the river, the flower, the star.
But never something I can reach out
and see or hear or touch or smell.
God is the seeing, hearing,
the touching, smelling that can
stop my search for Why or What,
and simply stand there, amazed.

Amazed at being a part of a process
that never started and never ends.
How can that be?
Always, the wrong question pops up.
God cannot be found in the answer.
Isn't it strange that God joins me
only when the silence roars?

Inspired by Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel

Elemental

A HAIKU POEM BY TRACY MARKS

The four elements:
Fire, earth, air and water.
Let them be your guides.

FIRE

Singed by light and fire?
Like a moth drawn to the flame?
Then let the past burn.
Craving heat and warmth?
Fleeing from winter's cold? Wrap
Yourself in blankets.

AIR

Scattered by the wind?
Let yourself be blown apart.
You will become whole.
Flying far too high?
Lost sight of the earth? Glide on.
Wing your way toward God.

EARTH

Hemmed in by steep walls?
Locked doors? Wait. Look toward the roof.
There is a ladder.
Buried underground?
Weighted down by life's demands?
Dig roots into soil.

WATER

Battling with fog?
Do not resist. Cling to the
Ground or soar above.
Dragged underwater?
Sink deep. Surrender to grief.
You will rise again.

Chebeague Island Memories: The Well

BY SUE ROCKWELL

“IT’S TIME”, said Grampa. “We have been renting a cottage on this beautiful island for several summers now, and it is time for us to build a place of our own.”

The year was 1950. “This beautiful island” was Chebeague Island, the largest of the Calendar Islands in Portland Harbor, Maine. My family purchased and combined three small lots near “the point” of the island, perched on a cliff facing west over the ocean toward Portland. Nana promptly christened the spot Sunset Lodge.

Before beginning construction, however, a very important decision needed to be made: Where to put the all-important well.

There wasn’t a lot of entertainment on the island so most of the residents came to observe—and ridicule—the dowser Grampa had hired to site the well. The dowser was a middle-aged, slightly grizzled man of very few words. First, he walked around the area. Then he lovingly produced a forked branch he brought with him. He carefully and slowly walked the entire lot, passing back and forth, holding the branch with both hands straight out in front of him. Not much happened for quite a while—except for the many comments and plentiful snickering among the audience.

And then it happened—the point of the forked branch started to drop as though being

pulled by a magnet. It reached the ground. We marked the spot with a stake driven into the earth. The well would be sited there.

And so the well was dug, the cottage sited and built, and proper plumbing installed between the well to the cottage. Furniture and furnishings came by ferry, and our summer life on the island began. As part of the construction, a long boardwalk ran from the driveway to the main door of the cottage. Grampa marked out measures along the boardwalk and I began to tend the well.

Every day I took a long rope with a large rock tied to it, carefully removed the well cover and tossed the rock down the well. As soon as the rock hit bottom, I hauled up the rope, took it to the boardwalk and measured the wet part. I then made a notation in a book for that purpose.

Often during the summer, there were strong storms that would knock out our electricity. The most vulnerable items would be taken from the refrigerator, put into a bucket and lowered down the well to stay cool. Despite the early ridicule over the dowser, the well never, ever went dry when others on the island failed from time to time.

The property was sold many years ago. The cottage now has a full second story, but the well is still there. And as far as I could tell from a recent visit to the island, it is still functioning, more than 70 years later. ♦



Labor Day

BY MANNY BLIAMPTIS

I finished the hard work yesterday:
Twenty three post holes two feet deep.
I raised and mounted the sections of fence;
I measured, adjusted, lined them up.
They’re perfectly straight and level,
Solid and sturdy, a beautiful sight.

This morning I primed the wood,
Painting now this fence
That’s proof to the highway noise
And a joy to touch, a pride to own.

I did not ask for help, did not need any;
Tom Sawyer would not understand,
This fence is mine.

Floral Focus

Once a professional portrait photographer, ANDREA JOLIAT also enjoys photographing flowers in her yard and in Lexington conservation areas.



Awakening (2016)



Solitude (2016)



Longing (2016)

My Friend

BY IRENE HANNIGAN

I don't even know your name
But you are still my good friend

Your clear and precise voice
Leads me wherever I want to go

"Turn right at the stop light," you say
How did you know there would be one there?

"Bear right, at the fork," you advise
Sure enough the road curves as you predicted

You honor my request to avoid highways
You take me on quiet streets unknown

When I misunderstand your advice
You silently recalculate

Patient beyond belief you are
You never make me feel inadequate

Your calm and confident voice
Is the reason I enjoy our time together

Arriving safely at my destination
Is a bonus

CONTRIBUTORS

JIM BALDWIN is a retired advertising agency principal and high school English teacher. Rediscovering writing in his retirement, he maintains his own blog at www.Storyguy.net.



MANNY BLIAMPTIS grew up in Greece and lived through the wars. Academic scholarships allowed him to come to the US to earn degrees from MIT and BU. He was a research scientist and director of engineering, published many research papers, and holds several US patents. He has a lifelong interest in creative writing.



MARIA BOUCHER came to appreciate ceramic arts just two years ago. She is studying at the Monroe Arts Center where she is attempting to use the wheel and expand her understanding of handbuilding with clay. Humor through a shared experience of visual understanding is her long term goal.



A native of Cuba, RICARDO CALLEJA is a retired Brookline High School teacher who currently teaches Spanish Conversation at Lexington Community Education. He is an active volunteer but still finds time to read, write, go for walks, ride his bike and sit in his favorite café.



As an artist, a former educator and IT consultant, CAROL ROSE CAMELIO has had the opportunity to make observations and is intrigued by how the arts, including painting images with words, can touch the soul.



CONSTANCE COUNTS is a professor emerita of Lesley University. She is a fifty-year resident of Lexington. Her children and grandchildren attended the Lexington Public Schools. Connee is one of the founders of YCC, the after school counseling program for Lexington youth.



JOHN EHRENFELD is a very late-arriving poet. After working in the environmental field for many years, he returned to and, later, retired from his alma mater, MIT. Now in his nineties, he writes about flourishing and teaches a bit.



CAROLYN FLEISS is a retired clinical Social Worker who has been making art for 25 years. She has lived in Lexington for 37 years with her husband having raised three children here who are currently harboring their five grandchildren in various cities around the country.



Retired educator IRENE HANNIGAN enjoys writing and making art. She never leaves home without her sketchbook journal. She has been exploring poetry and collage. She is the author of *Write On! How to Make Writing a Pleasurable Pastime*.



ANDREA (ANDY) JOLIAT retired from 'The Family Album,' her portrait photography business. She loves photographing flowers in her yard and Lexington Conservation areas.



MARY LEVIN KOCH has worked in art museums, published scholarly articles and coauthored a book on Athens, Georgia. Now retired, she is raising her granddaughter and, in her spare time, chronicling her family's history.



PRITI LATHIA is a self-taught mixed media artist and educator with over 30 years of practice. Previously working as a nutritionist, she now focuses on abstract expressionism, using layered textures and organic forms to explore nature.



TRACY MARKS is a poet, author of four self-help books, and an instructor in creative writing, poetry and classic literature through Lexington Community Education. She has a masters degree in the teaching of English and is also a retired psychotherapist.



MARY MCCALLUM has been writing fiction and poetry for many years and is a member of the Cary Library Writers Group. She studied art and writing at the Rhode Island School of Design and has an MFA from Tufts. She is the owner of LeDerm, a Lexington-based Med Spa.



Retired builder STEVE MCKENNA designs and builds creative furniture. A member of LexArt, he has mentored other woodworkers and collaborated on pieces donated to local organizations.



JULIAN MILLER has been a tai chi teacher, fiction and non-fiction prose writer, investor and real estate developer. He rediscovered poetry in 2005 and it has been his passion ever since.



Influenced by her childhood in her family's greenhouses, SUSAN POLANSKY values patience and process. She creates stitched fabric collages and mixed-media works inspired by memory and meaning.



JAYANTHI RANGAN has taught science and breathed it all her life. Her short stories have appeared in many publications including *Bookends Review*, *Twisted Vine Literary Journal* and *Corner Club Press*. Her poetry is mostly topical and has appeared in *Poet's Choice* and anthologies.



A 70-year resident of Lexington, SUE ROCKWELL is a retired attorney active with the Lexington History Museums, Hancock Church and the Council on Aging. She is the 2025 recipient of the White Tricorn Hat award.



DAVID ROTHSTEIN was a microbiologist/molecular biologist searching for novel antibiotics, such as tigecycline. Currently he volunteers for the METCO College Scholarship Fund of Lexington, and for the Lexington Symphony.



CHUCK RZEPKA is happily married with two sons, two daughters-in-law, and three grandchildren. He once taught literature and is now trying to write. There is more at romansympos.com under his pen name, "Roman Sympos."



PETER SHAW, a retired software engineer, has become a dedicated photographer. He combines training from the New England School of Photography and the Griffin Museum with his own ever-curious style. ♦



The Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging and the OWLL community mourn the loss of our friend and colleague, **MARION KILSON**, who passed away in December of 2025.

The idea of OWLL (Older, Wiser, Lifelong Learners) was presented to the FCOA by a small group of Lexington women in 2013. The program would present courses for Lexington seniors, taught by experts in the field, often retired college professors, many of whom lived in Lexington.

As a member of the COA, Marion heard this presentation and enthusiastically asked the group if she could join them. Thus began the 13 years of Marion's involvement in OWLL.

Marion was the first chairperson of the OWLL committee, and served in that position for ten years. Marion recruited three of the four original OWLL instructors, through her extensive network of professional and social relationships with people in the Boston academic community. Whenever the program needed a new presenter to be recruited, the committee would turn to Marion, and she usually produced someone. Marion also recruited at least three of the six original OWLL committee members.

Marion ran well-organized, collegial, and productive committee meetings, and when she stepped down as chairperson in 2023, she left behind a template for a well-organized and efficiently run organization.

At the last OWLL meeting that Marion attended, in early December 2025, several new members were present. Each introduced themselves and said a bit about their backgrounds. When Marion's turn came, she simply said, with a smile, "I've been around a long time." That understatement captured both her modesty and her sly sense of humor.

The OWLL program owes much of its success to Marion Kilson. We shall deeply miss her.

LEXINGTON *LifeTimes* Thanks our Supporters!

PATRONS of LEXINGTON *LifeTimes*
are those who have contributed to the
Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging
specifically to support this journal.

ANONYMOUS	ANDREA JOLIAT
FRANCESCA BINI BICHISECCHI	JAMES KLOPPER
KHORSHED DUBASH	MARY LEVIN KOCH
JOHN EHRENFELD	FLORENCE KOPLOW
CAROLYN FLEISS	ALICE LEVENTHAL
ROBERT & ESTHER ISENBERG	JIM POAGE

We invite you to join them to help keep this popular publication going!

You can support the Journal, and the activities of the FCOA, by making a tax-deductible gift to the Friends of the Lexington Council on Aging.

WWW.FRIENDSOFTHECOA.ORG



WILLIAM RAVEIS REAL ESTATE

Joyce Murphy & Meaghan Murphy

Tel (781) 771-5146

*Providing personal guidance, expertise and resources that
come from over 40 years combined experience
in local Real Estate.*

BODYSCAPES



ONE2ONE

Personal Training

Do It For You!

2 sessions for \$99

Call: 781-652-0222

1762 Massachusetts Avenue | Lexington
www.one2onebodyscapes.com/lexington

TRUDEAU & McAVOY, LLP

*Working as a team to give clients
the best service possible.*

Jane A. Trudeau, LLM Taxation
Patrick M. McAvoy, LLM Taxation

- Estate Planning
- Real Estate
- Taxation
- Estate Settlement

TRUDEAU & McAVOY, LLP

15 Muzzey Street, Lexington
781.861.1557

trudeaumcavoy.com



Individualized care.
Exceptional service.

*Full line of Vitamins & Supplements
Medical & Orthotics Supplies
Many Specialty Lines
Vaccines
Delivery Service Available*

1784 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE • LEXINGTON
CALL: 781•862•4480
WWW.DINNOHEALTH.COM

ESTABLISHED 1919
Michelson's SHOES

**Your Family
Shoe Store**

Lexington
1780 Massachusetts Ave.
(781) 862-1034

Needham
1082 Great Plain Ave.
(781) 449-2753



Browse our selection at michelsonshoes.com

LEXINGTON
LifeTimes
A CREATIVE ARTS JOURNAL



PUBLISHED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE
LEXINGTON COUNCIL ON AGING