

Yes, Virginia, there is climate change

By Jeanne Tift

Earth's atmosphere is an ultimate global commons. The tragedy of the commons is that those who benefit individually from a common resource tend not to take care of it for the benefit of all.

Emissions of carbon dioxide from burning fossil fuels (oil, gas, and coal) plus increasing emissions of methane (from melting permafrost, fracking, and cattle poop) have created a warming blanket for the Earth. Though global warming has risen only 0.8 degrees centigrade since 1800, even now the Earth is undergoing ecological changes that are irreversible. CO2 now in the atmosphere will dissipate naturally – after hundreds and thousands of years – but its impacts will last longer than Stonehenge or nuclear waste: violent weather episodes, drought, rising sea levels, ocean acidification, and loss of plant and animal species that cannot adapt.

This is a colossal, slow-moving, long-term danger to life as we know it, requiring a long-term approach to mitigate. Human beings and institutions, however, tend to think short-term and respond to immediate dangers. And powerful vested interests in the energy industries have fostered a culture of denial, which in fact is more prevalent in the U.S. than in any other country. Governments around the world agreed in Paris last December to hold the rising temperature to 2 degrees centigrade by the year 2100. At that time the sea level is projected to have risen 1 meter, and by 2300, 5 meters. Col-

Continued on page 3

An American in Kyiv

Lessons for a college professor

By Andrew Masiuk

I taught management at one of the universities in Kyiv during the month of April. Going through Harvard case studies and articles on leadership and motivation and empowerment engaged the students much of the time, but there were times when the material was foreign. I was aware that I was American, a foreigner, yet one who believed that I had something of value to offer, that the students can benefit from American experience. There was a creative tension in class.

Ukraine is in a state of war. The evening news begins with a report from the front. Over 9,000 people have died in the past 20 months. Big Brother is upset that Ukraine seeks to chart its own course. He did not anticipate that Ukrainians would fight. But they do, and with much support from fellow citizens regardless if they speak Ukrainian or Russian.

On April 26th, Ukrainians remembered Chernobyl. On that date in 1986, a nuclear reactor melted down, spewing great quantities of radioactive material into the air. What was mostly remem-

bered 30 years later was the lack of information about what happened and what should people do. Kyiv is only 60 miles away. Kyivans remembered the official denials that there is danger. There were official calls for business as usual.

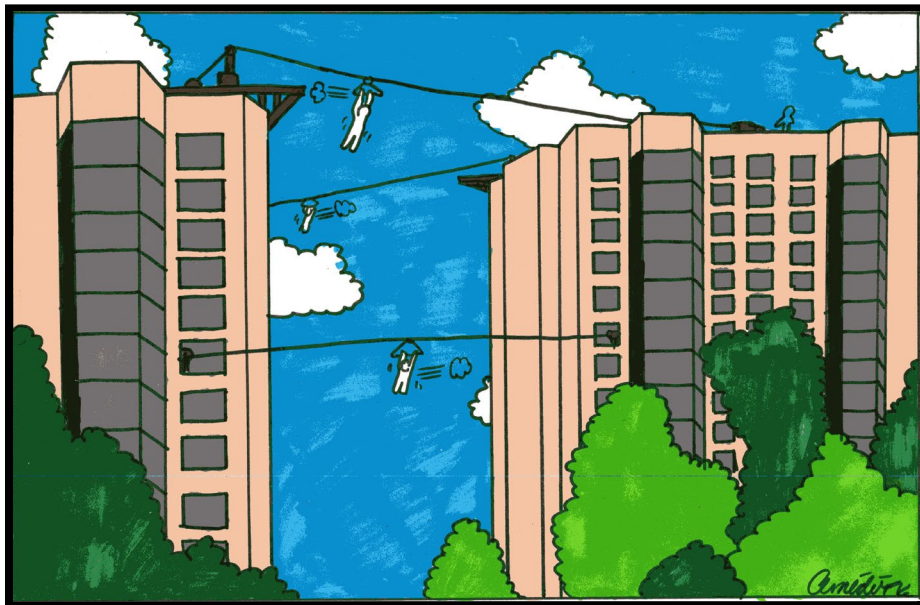
On May 1st 1986, the official May Day festivities proceeded, including parades in which children participated. It was not until May 10th that Mikhail Gorbachev addressed the Soviet Union saying that a serious accident had oc-

Continued on page 7



More than 70 neighbors attended the Building 3 party on Friday the 13th. Photos on page 12.

October 12, 2001 - April 23, 2016



Come fly with me



She had a reputation for not being a friendly dog and dog walkers were afraid of her! However in her later years she became docile and actually played with other dogs when she was boarded. We will miss Bianca. – Deborah Roman

Voices on the 37

What's up with boys?

As a member of the local MIT club I often serve as judge in area high school science fairs. In the recent North Virginia Regional Science Fair the contestants were well above 80% girls. A little higher than usual perhaps but maybe not much. I have mentioned my observations to other judges – male and female – and my experience appears to be typical; many more girls than boys.

This phenomenon is not zero-sum (if girls get better boys have to get worse). We can, however, put it in the context of other developments. High school girls, compared to boys, get better grades; they also graduate and enter

university at higher rates than boys. (One large state university reported being about 65% girls). At university girls once again get better grades and graduate at higher rates. At professional school level they will soon outnumber boys in some areas, e.g., medicine and law. Finally, girls are less likely than boys to engage in antisocial and self-destructive acts, and to be incarcerated.

If America wishes to address this issue, one simple step would be to learn what the boys are doing with their time while girls are doing school work and entering science fairs. And why, whatever they're doing instead, makes them less likely than girls to enter university

and do well at the university level.

A generation or two ago there was a big push for education and self-esteem programs focused on girls because "The nation can't afford to throw away half the population."

Does this picture need an update? If you have children or grandchildren, what have you observed? If you think boys may need more attention, have you developed ideas as to causes and solutions? – Richard Titus

On May 15 the Montebello Music Club featured the winners of the 2016 National Society of Arts and Letters (Washington DC Chapter) Shirley Rabb Winston Scholarship in Classical Voice. Seven soloists performed and more than 100 guests attended the concert.



Dian McDonald photo

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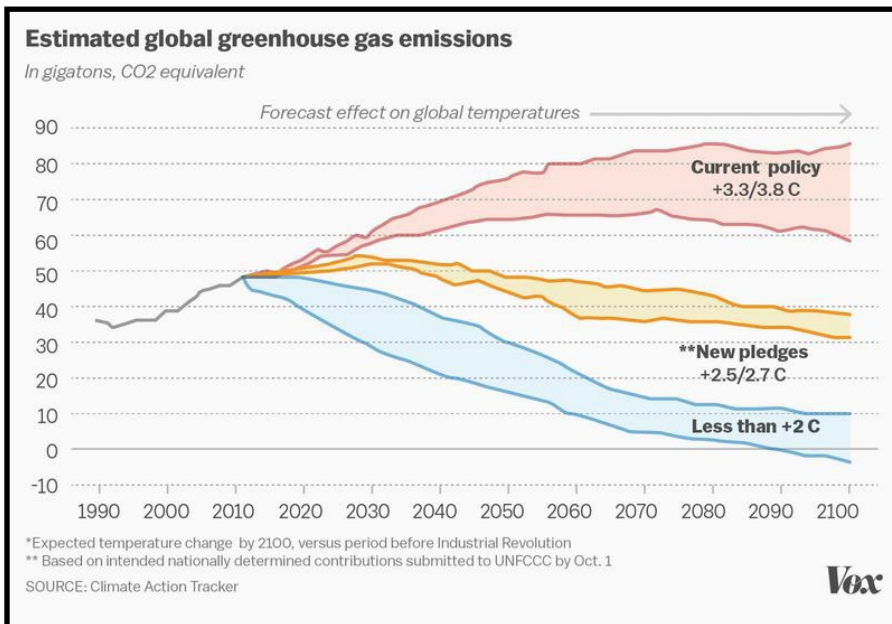
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Editor & Designer.....Mikhailina Karina
 Contributing Writers Sue Allen, Cerie Kimball, Thomas Lasch, George Masiuk, Deborah Roman, Cheryl Silkwood, Jeanne Tift, Richard Titus

Our modern energy needs are so pervasive that we must find a way to raise the price of burning carbon so that the energy industries discover profits in efficiencies and renewable sources rather than fossil fuels.

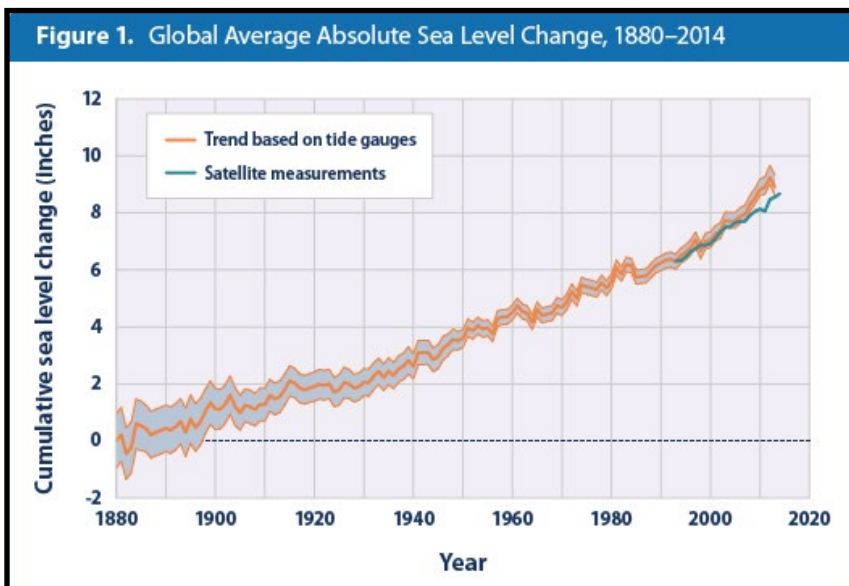
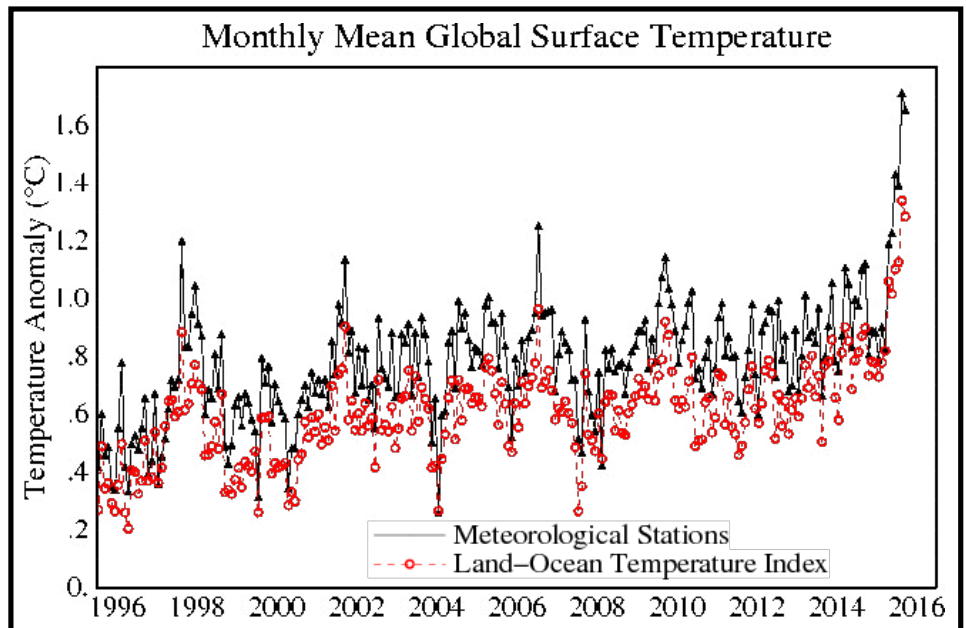
we must find a way to raise the price of burning carbon so that the energy industries discover profits in efficiencies and renewable sources rather than fossil fuels.

The popular press, especially *National Geographic*, the *Economist* magazine,



lapse of the Greenland and Antarctic ice sheets, now threatened, will hasten that increase.

These dangers are now visible mainly in faraway places where people with brown skins live. Some in the northern hemisphere like warmer winters, thinking global warming a pleasant thing. Yet a larger ethical goal is needed, one greater than humanity has ever faced: consideration for the futures of our progeny and other life forms on earth, as more vital to our well-being than consideration for what is politically and economically feasible for transforming our energy industries today. Our modern energy needs are so pervasive that



and the *New York Times*, have published well-founded articles and special issues on climate change. Scientific and government institutions are working assiduously to research, track, and develop adaptive methods and procedures. What has been missing until now is popular understanding clear enough to bring political pressure to bear on those with the authority to take legislative and regulatory action. ■

See selected bibliography on next page

Dewey the bookish dog



By Cheryl Silkwood

Dewey is named in honor of Melvil Dewey, inventor of the Dewey Decimal System (a perfect name for a librarian's dog). Because of his small size, those just meeting him think he is a puppy, but he has six years of joy and enthusiasm packed in his 8 pounds.

by chasing her around the condo at least once a day. Gypsy is 14 and weighs almost a pound for every year, so she definitely needs the nudge for a short jog.

The interaction between Dewey and Gypsy has been interesting. When young, exuberant Dewey arrived, Gypsy was used to living with a canine. She

When he's out and about, he shows a definite preference for the ladies and loves attention. At home he is a constant companion, following me from room to room. He also considers it his duty to make sure our cat, Gypsy, gets some exercise

Animal Magnetism

had lived with a white fluff ball named Zoey for several years and got along fine...that is, neither was very interested in interacting with the other. (Some residents may remember Zoey as she moved with me to Montebello 10 years ago).

A couple of years after Zoey passed away, Dewey the puppy arrived. As the senior pet, Gypsy assumed her position to keep the bouncing bundle of energy in his place. It was shortly after Dewey turned two that I realized the paradigm had shifted. Suddenly Dewey felt it was his responsibility to maintain order in the house, to include Gypsy's exercise routine.

I'm frequently asked about Dewey's heritage. He's a delightful mix of Maltese, Japanese Chin and Papillon. I just think of him as 100% love and affection. 🐾

Photo by Dian McDonald

Here is a short list of online resources you can use to learn and follow progress. For a more complete bibliography with clickable links, email your request to me: jtiff@cox.net.

Climate Change: Evidence and Causes. An overview from the Royal Society and the U.S. National Academy of Sciences

<http://nas-sites.org/americasclimatechoices/more-resources-on-climate-change/climate-change-evidence-and-causes/>

Compelling summary. Print version and down-loadable PDF. Separate down-loadable file of graphics.

Data Tracking Resources Worldwide

http://e360.yale.edu/feature/climate_consensus_signs_of_new_hope_on_road_to_paris/2843/

Lively up-to-date newsletter on social, scientific, and economic aspects of climate change.

NASA: Vital Signs of the Planet

<http://climate.nasa.gov/vital-signs/carbon-dioxide/>

constantly updated graphs showing increasing CO2 concentration in Earth's atmosphere.

NOAA: Interactive US map showing coastal impact at various levels of sea level rise.

<https://coast.noaa.gov/slr/>

Global Systems Science: General Resources on Climate Change.

<http://www.globalsystemsscience.org/uptodate/cc>

Very well updated (e.g., March 2016). Varied and interesting curated data and information sources for students and non-scientists, from graphics to newspaper articles.

EPA: Climate Change public information web page

<https://www3.epa.gov/climate-change/impacts/southeast.html>

Virginia is in southeast group. Essay on projected impacts regarding not just sea level but water resources, health, agriculture, and ecosystems.

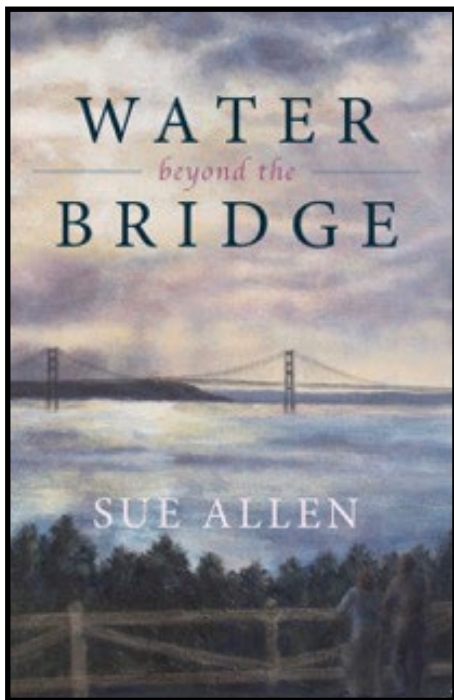
Paris Climate Conference, December 2015. "We'll always have Paris: COP21 and the new political economy of climate change"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fdjownd8hc>

Interesting talk by Michael Jacobs, Grantham Research Institute reporting on the realities of the Paris conference last December. An hour-and-a-half with discussion afterward, but worth the time to listen.

Christina Figueres' TED talk on COP21.

<https://www.ted.com/talks/christina-figueres-the-inside-story-of-the-paris-climate-agreement?language=en>
Executive Secretary of the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change is inspiring and hopeful – a good way to end thinking about handling the threats of climate change.



Text and photos of Mackinac Island by Sue Allen

Water Beyond the Bridge is Montebello resident Sue Allen's debut novel. It involves the complications of reviving an old relationship when two summer lovers from decades past meet again on Mackinac Island, Michigan.

Ella Hollingsworth has no place on her to-do list for what-might-have-beens. With a crumbling Victorian cottage on Mackinac Island, aging mother, and rebellious teenage nephew to care for, resurrecting an old relationship is the last thing she wants. Then Nick Pappas, a lover from a youthful summer romance 30 years ago, appears at Ella's gate. Together they must learn how to navigate the unexplored waters ahead and make peace with their pasts.

Steeped in yearning and illuminated by the shining waters of the Great Lakes, this later-in-life love story gives readers an inside view of life on a small carless island. The island bans motorized vehicles. You'll meet carriage drivers, manure sweepers, eccentric summer folk, and plenty of horses.

Following are a few excerpts.



Sue Allen, seated, signs copies of her book after the May 4 reading in the Community Center. From left, Susan Dexter, Carol Comlish, and Theresa Nicholas with copies of the novel.

“Don’t expect too much. Sara’s boobs were hanging down to her navel and

Beginning of Chapter 1:

Nick had planned this trip in secret, the way one plans a suicide, but with a different objective: rather than ending his life, he hopes to rebuild it. So here he is, aboard the old ferry clunking its way across the wide waters of Lake Huron to Mackinac Island, on a mission to reconnect with Ella, his summer lover of bygone years.

He’s driven seven hours straight, coming down from Duluth before sunrise without even stopping in Marquette to see Mama. That can wait until later, on the way home.

For now, he has business to attend to. Never mind that Ella doesn’t know a thing about this; never mind they haven’t communicated in three decades; never mind what a friend had warned Nick about reunions with old lovers:

her hair was half silver” is how he’d described his high school sweetheart.

Not until this moment has Nick allowed for the possibility of a failed mission. But as he stands on the top deck peering through the mist for a first glimpse of the island, pesky doubts slink in. Hell, will she even remember him? Running his hand through a crown of thick, wavy hair – proud plumage on an old rooster – he wonders what she’ll think of him. There’s plenty of wear and tear on that young man of yesteryear: the old six-pack has gone a tad gelatinous, and his hair turned as silver as the towers on the Mackinac Bridge to the west.

And what about her, his lovely, horse-driving Ella? Will her little breasts have sagged, her luster and rebellious soul dulled? And after all this time, her intense libido surely has waned. His has. Perhaps he should stay on the boat



when it dumps its load of tourists at the island and take it right back to the mainland.

As Nick paces the deck debating his decision, a kid with a shock of red hair poking out from a Detroit Tigers cap breaks free from his parents seated on a bench, grasps the railing with both hands, screaming, "I see it. I see Mackinac Island!" Nick spins and leans into the rail, squinting. There it is, the island, straight ahead, rising from the fog. First the bluffs, spired in cedar, laced by whorls of departing mist; then one by one, white buildings appear on the green hills, like polished teeth

As the view brightens, resurrected ghosts emerge from his time-darkened memories. Those sun-spangled days with Ella, her tomboy style and loud laugh that swelled up from her belly. Those starry nights up on the old fort wall, he with his guitar and rock star imitation voice, she exuberantly off-tune. Those three decades suddenly seem short, the span across the years a footbridge.



Later, Nick recalls the day he met Ella 30 years ago:

It had been a brilliant June day, the sky a Michigan blue, lilacs bursting like purple balloons on bushes everywhere. She was perched on the driver's seat of a fringe-topped surrey, second carriage from the front, gabbing with the other drivers. Nick, who'd recently celebrated his twentieth birthday and taken a job as a dockhand, was sitting on the short stone wall wrapped around the park, eating his lunch. There was something different about her, the way she sat so upright and regal, how her hair rippled down her shoulders and lifted in the breeze; pretty, more natural than most of the island girls who loaded up on makeup.

"Got two suckers on that last trip," the driver parked in front of Ella had called back to her. "They fell for it when I said the Mackinac Bridge swung over to the island at night. Tipped me ten bucks."

"You're going to have to return it tonight when the bridge doesn't swing over," replied Ella.

At that moment, one of her horses farted so loudly everyone sitting on

the wall laughed. "Jimmy," said Ella, turning to the driver behind her, "I told you to lay off those beans." Her horses farted again, louder this time. Nick guffawed, and Ella stared at him. "Queenie, Duke, mind your manners. You're ruining this poor guy's lunch."

"No problem," said Nick, seizing the excuse to meet her. "I don't usually get live entertainment with my lunch around here." He stood up and extended his hand. "I'm Nick." Ella leaned forward and extended hers. "Ella." Her hand was soft, warm, and a little moist, smelling of leather.

Jimmy, a middle-aged man missing half a mouth of teeth, turned in his seat and said, "Now remember, we're all just farts in the wind."

Ella winked at Nick. "Don't mind him. He always talks like that. A Yooper." She stuck out her tongue in Jimmy's direction.

"I'm a Yooper too, connoisseur of deer camp humor," said Nick. Ella stared at Nick a moment, a small furrow in her brow. "I - I haven't been around horses much," he stammered.

"No problem. Aren't you the guy who plays a guitar up there at night?"





she nodded toward the statue.

“Yeah.”

“I’ve heard you.”

What did that mean? He considered himself pretty damn good on the instrument. Back home in Marquette he’d played in a band and had booked plenty of gigs.

Ella held his glance before turning away from him toward a young couple approaching her carriage. A little boy toting a plastic bow and arrow from a souvenir shop pointed it toward Queenie.

“Kid, please don’t aim that at my horses,” said Ella.

“Put that thing away right now, Danny,” snapped the father. “Can you take us for a tour?” he asked with a hand on his son’s shoulders.



“Sure,” she said, pulling in the reins. “Hop on.” As her carriage moved forward, Ella turned and looked back at Nick.

“Come down and visit me on the dock sometime!” he yelled to the departing carriage. He felt he’d blown it, but wasn’t sure why. Maybe she hated his music. Anything that started with a horse fart was bound to be stinky and short-lived; yet, despite its stalled beginning, their relationship turned sweeter than a slab of Mackinac fudge. 🍪

To read more of **Water Beyond the Bridge**, visit sueallenbooks.com, or write to Sue at sueallenbooks@gmail.com and she’ll hand deliver a copy. You may also purchase it from Amazon.com.

Kyiv, continued from page 1

curred and that protective measures against the effects of radiation were required. Many Kyivans with whom I spoke about the event told me that their trust in government was broken, that they felt they were on their own. So, when *glasnost* (openness) and *perestroika* (restructuring) followed a year or two later, the prevailing attitude was: I need to look out for myself.

Change and resistance to change is an ever-present conversation in Kyiv. Ukraine has signed an association agreement with EU committing to undertake reforms that would bring

Many Kyivans with whom I spoke about the event [Chernobyl catastrophe] told me that their trust in government was broken, that they felt they were on their own.

it closer to Western Europe, politically and economically. But the old and corrupt schemes, while incompatible with these reforms, offer those in power greater material rewards and ones that are realizable quickly. Few believe those

in power will abandon those schemes voluntarily. Some believe that the West can force the changes by limiting the options of those in power. The possibility of another Maidan is present. (Maidan was a protest movement that forced the former president, Viktor Yanukovich, to flee to Russia in 2014.)

I returned to the U.S. on April 27th to an election campaign like no other in my experience. The clarity about being American that I felt in Ukraine abandoned me. Donald Trump reminds me of Vladimir Putin. 🍪

My brother, Lance Corporal Mitchell L. Anderson, U.S. Marine Corps, is honored on that polished black granite wall, along with over 58,000 other names carved thereon. The list of names etched on the panels is endless – a roll call of the agony of war. Mitchell is near the apex, two panels to the right, about one-quarter of the way down (Panel 02E, Line 040). His engraved name is just beyond my reach as the tablets are higher there due to the greater number of deaths in that period.

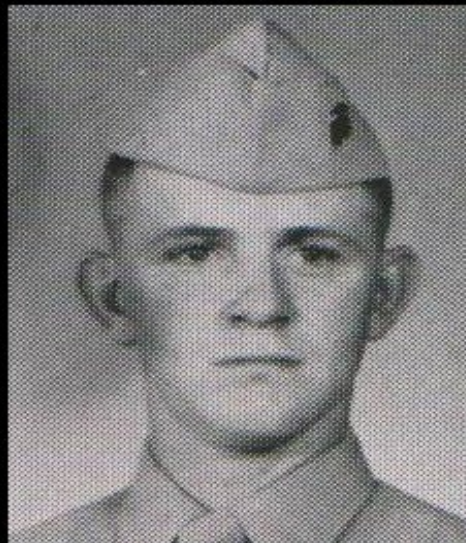
On Line 041 is Private First Class Joe M. Salinas, a fellow Marine in Mitchell's company from California – both had their young lives cut short by the Vietnam conflict – the two that represented the many. If you should visit the Wall, let "Mitch" and "Little Joe" know.

Years ago, when I first saw the Wall and located my brother's name... the tears fell like pouring rain. Every May of every year (and in between), I grieve. It has been 51 years since my brother left for 'Nam, never to return. My emotions are still raw and I'm unable to come to terms with his death. I miss my brother. I hope to visit Vietnam in the near future to walk where Mitchell walked. I'm not alone in my sorrow, as his fellow Marines told me on more than one occasion. One Marine buddy said, "A lifetime ago it seems these things happened. Our unit was together for a good while. We had it rough. I'm glad they [Mitch and Joe] are not forgotten. I felt so bad for them then, and still do. They were good Marines, as fit and sharp as any there...strong, never complained, always ready to go and do what had to be done. This I remember about them."

The Wall I remember



By Cerie
Kimball



Their sacrifice is not forgotten. Let us honor our fallen remembering their dreams unfulfilled and lives incomplete. They will live through us in our hearts and in our thoughts forever.

Mitchell with the casual saunter, carefree ways and ever-present humor looked so fine in his Marine uniform. I vividly remember that day in August of 1964 when Mitchell came home on his 30-day leave prior to reporting to The Republic of Vietnam. He arrived in a taxi on our dirt road with dust flying, got out, jumped the fence in his great-fitting uniform and said, "Hi." What a vision he was for a 12-year-old sister who had not seen her brother in several years! I recall every detail of Mitchell's arrival as if it were today.

Mitchell enlisted in the USMC on Nov. 20, 1962. Upon completion of recruit training in San Diego in May 1963, he was assigned to Echo "E" Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines,

3rd Marine Division. He quickly rose from rifleman to the position of Fire Team Leader. As his Commander, Capt. Frederic L. Tolleson stated, "Mitchell was a hardworking industrious young Marine with a bright future and was highly respected by both the officers and men for his professional ability. His happy, cheerful personality made him exceptionally popular with his fellow Marines."

After his leave ended, Mitchell departed our hometown of Miles City, Mont., boarding the Northern Pacific railroad to return to E

The Guidon (left) is an original 1965 flag of Mitchell's battalion. Their nickname, War Dogs, and their motto, "Ready for anything, counting on nothing." Semper Fidelis ~ always faithful

Company, San Diego. From there he participated in a four-week amphibious raid course and on May 22, 1965, embarked on board the USS Pickaway, an amphibious attack transport, departing to White Beach, Okinawa. On June 22, Mitchell transferred to the USS Okanogan and sailed for South Vietnam. He disembarked on July 6 via a tracked amphibious landing craft-vehicle onto Green Beach, south of Qui Nhon City (Binh Dinh Province). A coastal mountain area surrounding an important port and airfield, 275 miles northeast of Saigon and 190 miles south of Da Nang.

President Johnson intensified the war with offensive operations in early 1965 and by that summer as Marines landed – Vietnam underwent a "convulsive transformation" – with actions on both sides heating up and all hell breaking loose. These Marines, among



Marines fought monsoons, malaria, and the enemy. They were bone-tired from wading through jungles and nights spent in rain-filled foxholes, yet they never stopped giving their best. Qui Nhon 1965.

the first U.S. combat troops in ‘Nam, landed there early in July to save the city and drive the Viet Cong back into the mountains and valleys.

As reported in the *Pacific Stars & Stripes*, “On the opposite slope are jungled hills and dark valleys, the Viet Cong, danger and death. No lights show in the blackness to the west, only flashes that are simultaneous lightening and explosives.”



Battalion Aid Station. View from inside a hootch. Qui Nhon 1965. Photo by Scott McClellan, 2nd Bn 7th Marines.



Camouflaged commo bunker and tent. Qui Nhon 1965. Photo by Harry Sherblom, 2nd Bn 7th Marines.



throughout the evenings. Tollen-

son’s instructions to his marines, “Keep your eyes on ‘em and stay alert.”

At 1100 hours on July 19, 1965, Echo Company furnished a platoon for airfield security for the visit of the Secretary of Defense and the new U.S. ambassador. That night, Mitchell and his fire team were manning perimeter positions for defense of the battalion CP near Qui Nhon. About 0130 hours (July 20), enemy infiltrators probed their lines of defense. During the ensuing fighting, Mitchell and fellow Marine

Echo Company’s first assignment on landing was to establish defense of Green Beach. Later they had the mission of securing and defending the strategic Qui Nhon area, which included an American base near Pleiku, South Vietnamese Army headquarters, an airfield, port, and Highway 19 for supplies. Capt. Tolleson’s command post (CP) was the nerve center of E Company and to it came all the reports on radio checks, movement sightings, and casualty reports (like that of Mitch and Little Joe). Bursts of machine gun fire, distant sound of mortar shelling and the crack of rifle fire were heard



1st Platoon, Echo Company 217th, Qui Nhon, 1965. 1st MARDIV Association

marine PFC Joe Salinas, in a two-man foxhole position, were struck by rifle fire and killed instantly. They had shipped out to ‘Nam early July only to be killed on July 20. He was two months shy of his 20th birthday.

Mitchell was the first Vietnam



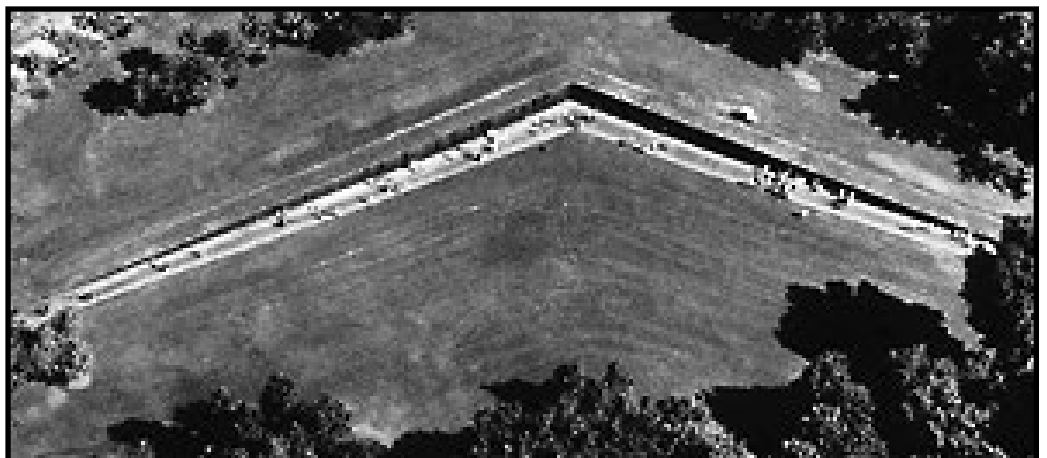
(Left) Army Captain Cerie Kimball at The Moving Wall in Pennsylvania in 1995. The Moving Wall is the half-size replica of the Washington, D.C. Vietnam Veterans Memorial (bottom) and has been touring the country for more than 30 years.

Top and below: Cerie at her brother's grave site at Custer's Battlefield and National Cemetery in Montana

fatality for our hometown and was laid to eternal rest at Custer's Battlefield and National Cemetery in Montana. Joe was the first Latino to die in the conflict from Norwalk, Calif., where a memorial was built for him at city hall. They were Company E's first fatalities of the Vietnam War.

During writing and research for this article, I found evidence that Mitchell and Joe were killed by friendly fire, or as in military terms, fratricide. Changes in verbiage on documents raised my suspicions a few years ago on the true cause of their deaths – now there is validation from a declassified document. At this point, words fail me... this is fraught with so many thoughts, emotions, and pain that I cannot say more.

Taps: *Day is done, Gone the Sun, From the lakes, From the hills, From the sky, All is well. Safely rest. God is nigh.* 🇺🇸



By Thomas Lasch

Note: Thomas Lasch read the following text at the May 10 Board of Directors meeting

Douglas J. Kennett (known as just Doug) has served selflessly as a distinguished member of the Montebello Board of Directors for nearly 20 years, yes, 20 years. During this time, Director Kennett has served both as vice president and president 19 of those years on the board, the longest-serving director in the history of Montebello, and possibly longer than any director of a similar size luxury condominium in the metro area.

President Kennett was the presiding officer at countless board work session and executive meetings and also served as the liaison director for the Covenants Committee during his entire tenure as president. This is a remarkable signature achievement and evidence of his commitment and dedication to the beautiful community that has evolved as Montebello during his tenure as president.

During the early years of Montebello, owner participation during board meetings was allowed inconsistently, depending on who was the president. Soon after director Kennett was elected president, he sensed a need for additional communication at meetings with owners, and thereafter, invited owners to ask a few questions after directors concluded debate, which is routine practice today.

As Montebello was evolving into the community we enjoy today and needed more than routine maintenance, the Board of Directors under the exceptional leadership of president Kennett, approved several multi-million dollar



Douglas J. Kennett

Tribute to the Montebello president of the Board of Directors

contracts for major maintenance projects, including the repairing of balconies in all towers, replacing the roof, HVAC systems and elevators in all towers, refurbishing the common areas in all the towers, and recently, overseeing the construction of a fitness center, which is vastly superior to those found in many condos, as well as several costly capital expenditures.

In spite of the above costly dollar expenditures, the average condo fee increases the past 20 years have been relatively low compared to our compe-

tion, and the past four years averaged less than 1%. It is also noteworthy that in addition to the aforementioned expenditures, Montebello has a \$4 million uncommitted reserve cushion, which may be used to fund unexpected expenditures not planned for in the Reserve Study. Our uncommitted reserve balance, coupled with a history of no special assessments, is the exception among condos, making us the envy of other condominiums of similar size. All this was accomplished under president Kennett's leadership, several professional boards of directors, and two very loyal professional general managers and management staff.

Congratulations, president Kennett.

The important qualities of officers in positions of trust require strong integrity, forward vision and leadership, and you have excelled in these attributes as a senior retired Air Force officer, senior executive with the Boeing Corporation, and also as the president of the board. This is a remarkable achievement many persons in life would envy.

In closing, I personally want to extend a special "THANK YOU" Doug in tribute for your commitment and never-ending selfless dedication, as the president of the board to place the interest of Montebello, first above all else, to preserve or increase unit owners' equity, making Montebello the beautiful luxury condominium community it is today. Good luck!! And God bless!! Doug, you will be greatly missed!! 🙏

The Montebello Voice wants to hear from you: musings, travels, announcements, photos, and ads



The Building 3 Party Crew. Front row: Linda Nunnely, Mary Tjeerdsma, Jackie Woodle, and Elaine Miller. Back: Angel Vetere Jensen, Lisa Stedge, Lauren Pierce, and Carolyn Strano. Not pictured: Shirley Trilling.

Linda Nunnely, who has been the building representative for over 10 years, is ending her stint. We all



want to thank Linda for all she has done! This was Linda's last event as she will be passing the torch to someone new.

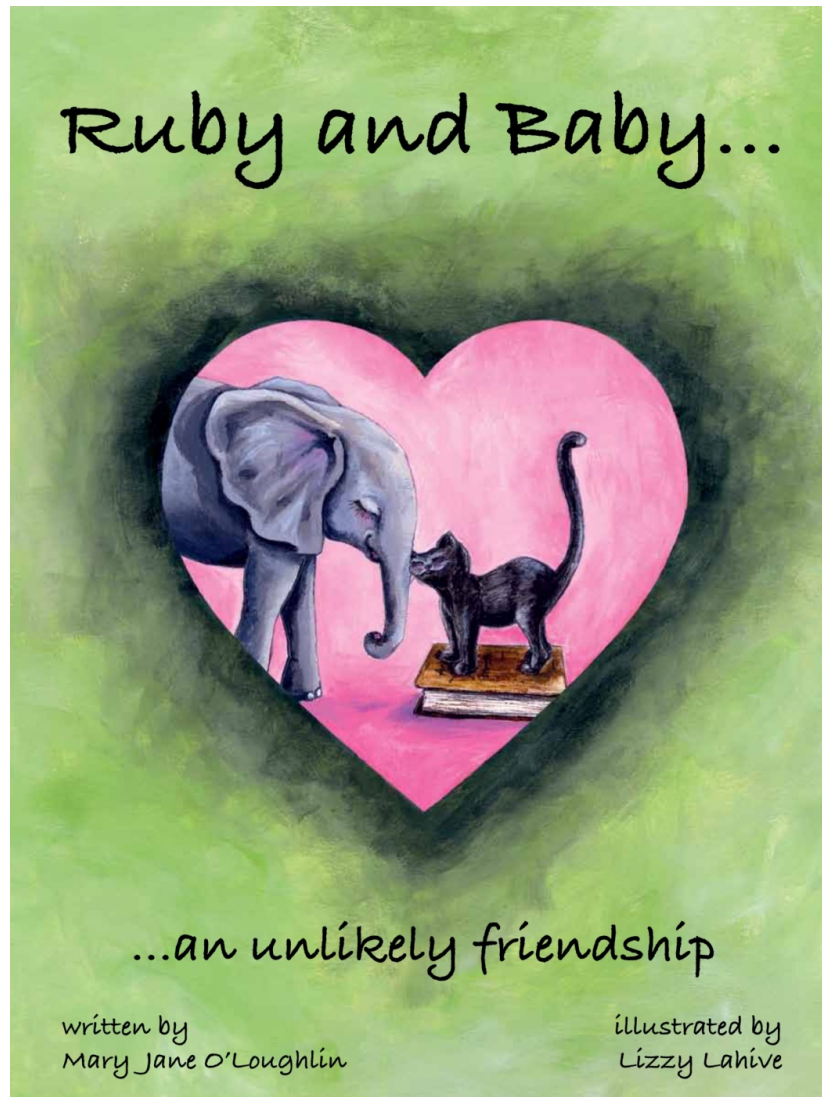


Photos by Mary Tjeerdsma



BOOK SIGNING / FUNDRAISER

In support of the
Amboseli Trust for Elephants in Kenya



Grounded Coffee Shop
Saturday, June 25, 2016
9:30 am – 12:00 noon

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