

The MONTEBELLO Voice

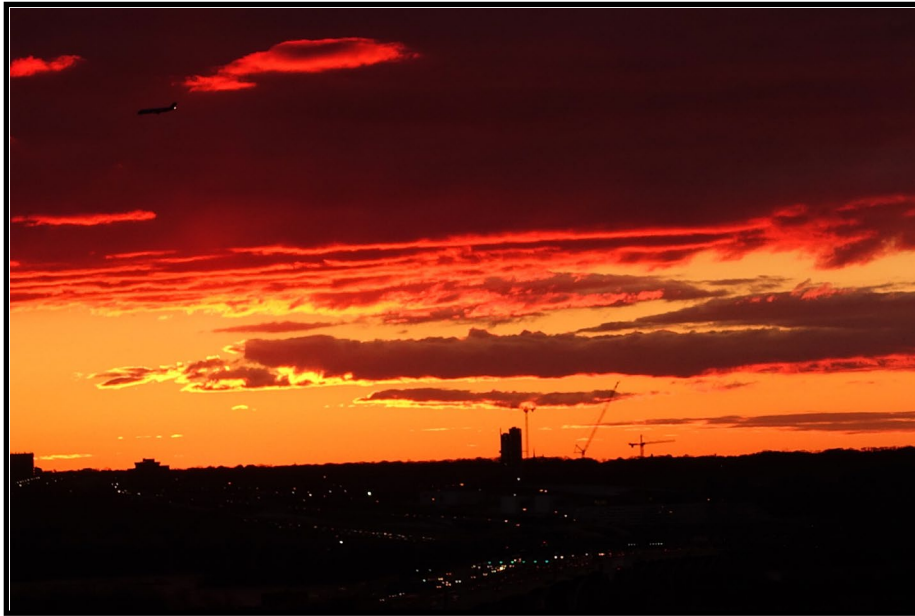
an independent gazette

smell the flowers

June 2, 2016



Montebello Irises by Rebecca McNeely



Sunrise with cranes. Photo by Mary Tjeerdsma

June 14 is Flag Day

“Resolved, that the flag of the United States shall be of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, with a union of thirteen stars of white in a blue field, representing the new constellation.”

- Second Continental Congress, June 14, 1777

You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'Neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag!

George M. Cohan composed this spirited march in 1906, as part of his musical, George Washington, Jr. The song became wildly popular and reportedly sold over 1 million copies of sheet music. According to the Library of Con-

gress, Cohan took his inspiration for the song from a chance encounter he had with a veteran of the Civil War who carried in his hands a carefully folded, torn and tattered American flag. - Elizabeth Card

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

Thank you, Carole Harman

For serving on the Board of Directors for TEN YEARS, every moment of which you dedicated to our welfare and happiness. You went above and beyond the call of duty in responding to our late-night calls for help and assistance, and listening to our suggestions and complaints and brilliant ideas. You are such a vital member of our community, the first to provide assistance in time of need, solace in time of stress, and forbearance when we made inappropriate demands. You and Tomi have provided your neighbors with fruits and veggies in your role as Farmin' Harmans in an attempt to keep us healthy. You love our Montebello community, and have done all in your power to make us happy members.

Sincerely,
Jean Smith and all the Montebelloans

The MONTEBELLO Voice
Alexandria, Virginia
an independent gazette
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Editor & Designer.....Mikhailina Karina
Contributors Sue Allen, Diane Bastin, Bill Bryant, Elizabeth Card, Anne Corridan, Paul Foldes, Joe Mangano, Rebecca McNeely, Janette Sherman, Jean Smith, Mary Tjeerdsma, Richard Titus, Warren Truer

Whither Metrorail?

By *Richard Titus*

At the time that engineers here were planning and designing what was to become the DMV's Metrorail, I was working for the MBTA (Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority) in Boston where we were doubling the system's trackage. Later I moved to the DMV [District-Maryland-Virginia area] and was a Metrorail commuter from the day it began operations, ultimately using the Red, Orange, Yellow, and Silver lines. I'm no longer a daily Metrorail user but have followed developments in the current safety crisis and perhaps can offer a little context, while omitting material that has been well covered in the media.

At the time that Metrorail was being planned, there had been almost no new rail transit built in America for decades. Engineers with little prior experience saw their mission as bringing the industry into the Space Age. For example, the car builders had visions of inter-city rail cars, and even airliner cabins. Their Metrorail cars were too long for the number of doors and had too much transverse seating. While adequate for base (non-rush hour) riding, during peak operation boarding and alighting take much too long, especially at transfer stations. The straight platforms, no mid-train conductor, and maximum length trains exacerbates the problem, all of which increases trip length and decreases system capacity. For another example, the ATC (automatic train control) functions poorly when Metro has to respond to a car breakdown, or to track or signal problems. Later, when ATC had to be abandoned for safety reasons, we saw that while manual operation is adequate for moving cars around the yards, it is not an adequate replacement for ATC. Even with the most skilled motorman, Metrorail passengers get a jerky ride that many object to.

Metrorail's current safety crisis stems

from the fact that while America's taxpayers gave DMV a free rail transit system, the proviso was that we would be responsible for upkeep and maintenance. Metro failed to do this and over the years riders have endured car breakdowns, escalator outages, odors in the stations, crashes, fires, deaths, and now the current safety crisis. Metro tells us that dealing with so much deferred maintenance will require one or two years, with major inconvenience and uncertainty for Metro riders. How will all this affect the system's future?

Transit people are familiar with the phrase "death spiral," referring to the post-World War II period. The war




had provided some golden years for mass transit: everybody had a job and often transit was the only way to get there. But after the war, housing, shopping, entertainment, and employment moved to the suburbs and away from transit. Ridership declined, creating financial shortfalls for the transit authorities. To compensate, management cut back on service and increased the fares. Ridership declined further. Politicians and taxpayers typically were unwilling to provide what the fare box did not. The "death spiral" continued.

It may be that today Metrorail has already entered the early phase of the "spiral." Declines in ridership have been noted in recent years, preceding the current safety crisis. The question now is not whether things will get worse as Metrorail responds to the crisis, but how much worse? And will riders be lost, permanently, as people in the DMV alter their patterns of housing, shopping, employment, and transpor-

tation in response to Metrorail's unreliability? Will there be losses to the automobile, bus, services like Uber, and teleworking? Will potential new Ballstons and Bethesdas be abandoned in the planning stage by investors and developers? Finally, fewer riders and longer headways might well result in more crime on Metrorail; if so, will increases in fear cause more riders to be lost?

On the other hand, there are some factors that ought to help Metrorail's future. One is that DMV employment is more highly centralized than in most U.S. metropolitan areas; a higher concentration of employment destinations is supportive of transit use. Another is that today's young people appear to be less enamored of the automobile than in previous generations. A third is that the District has become a more attractive place for entertainment and residence than it used to be; this should support more base-period riding. A fourth is that the various governments that make up WMATA (Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority) seem to be more aware of the need for cooperation than they've been in the past. A fifth is that tourists are unlikely to stop coming and once here many will ride Metrorail.

So, while Metrorail will not disappear in a death spiral, there will be a price to pay for the inconvenience and uncertainty that riders will have to endure as Metrorail responds to the years of neglect. Metro should anticipate losses of present and prospective riders as DMV patterns of housing, shopping, entertainment, and employment readjust. Some consolation however can be found in that there was in any case a ceiling on peak period Metrorail capacity, a limitation imposed by its design as a two-track system. Reprogramming ATC to allow skip-stop operation could perhaps increase capacity somewhat, but as the DMV continues to grow, the role of Metrorail will become less salient. Are the transportation planners thinking about what's next? 

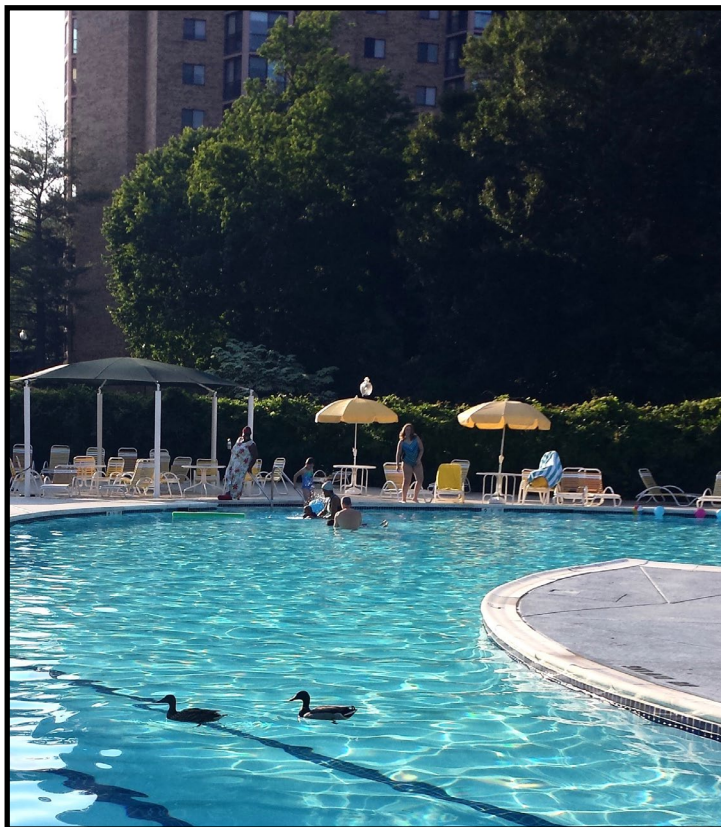
Pool Daze

The Big Dippers

Montebello's outdoor swimming pool opened on May 27 as the temperatures soared into the upper 80s.

Kids Club organized its annual First Dip with a potluck dinner and many brave souls jumping into the frigid water.

Photo by Diane Bastin



Two ducks also dipped their webbed feet last Friday. Photo by Paul Foldes



DO NOT HOLD YOUR BREATH UNDER WATER

Extended breath holding, hyperventilation and extended underwater swimming are dangerous.

Holding your breath for an extended period of time may lead to drowning.

According to this sign on the pool gate, are we supposed to breathe through our gills?

AVID tutors: Helping students help themselves

Middle school – a hormone-fueled purgatory wedged between obedience training of elementary school and the harsh reality of high school. Most people don't have fond memories of their middle-school years: bad skin, braces, growth spurts (or not), cliques, and fights with parents. But to me, working in a middle school nearly 40 years after having been a student in one, is a way to make meaningful connections with young people, maintain an ageless sense of humor, and learn all the latest slang, songs and dance moves.

For the past four years, I've been one of about 80 part-time AVID tutors who work for Fairfax County Public Schools. Advancement Via Individual Determination (www.avid.org) is a national college prep program aimed at middle-of-the-road students who, with some tough love and persistent nudging, have

*Story and phone snapshots by
Mikhailina Karina*

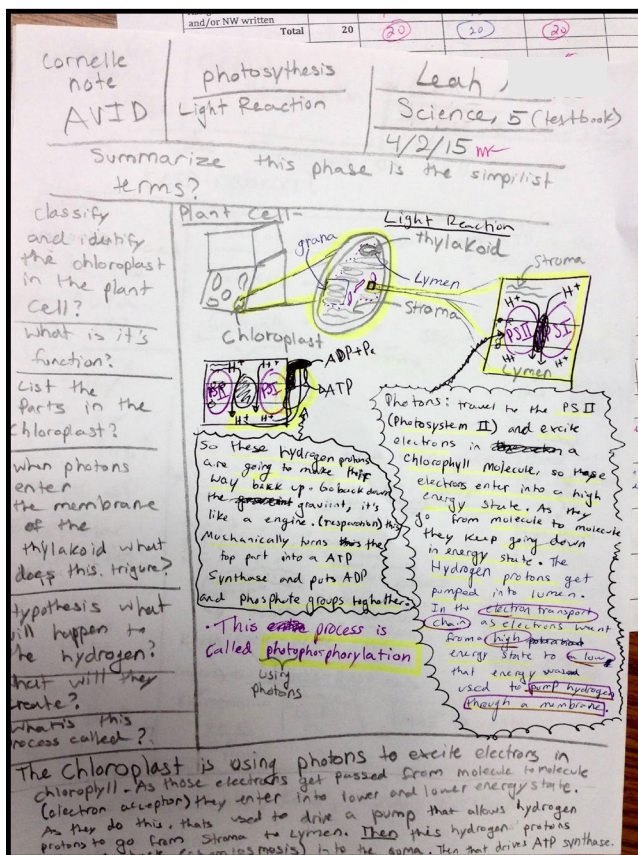


the potential to attend and succeed in college. It's an elective class that starts in middle school with a lot of focus on binder organization, time management, confidence-building, note-taking and studying strategies, oral communication, and group work. In high school, AVID students begin exploring colleges, careers, and what they need to do to succeed in higher education. Although our job title is "tutor," we don't actually teach, but lead small groups of students in study sessions for questions

from their core classes. We also do the unglamorous work of grading 3-inch binders and daily tutorial assignments.

I still remember the names of all my teachers at Brittany Woods Middle School in St. Louis. Once a year, I pull out my high school yearbook and reconnect with the names and the faces from those awkward years. (When I want to get really creepy, I start Googling my former classmates). The point of my stroll down the teenage memory lane is the awesome responsibility teachers have to encourage, discourage, inspire, and otherwise touch the students who spend time in their classrooms. I've been thinking about my own awesome responsibility toward the 150 AVID students entrusted to me this year and this got me wondering how (or if) they will remember old Ms. Karina when they are out in the world.

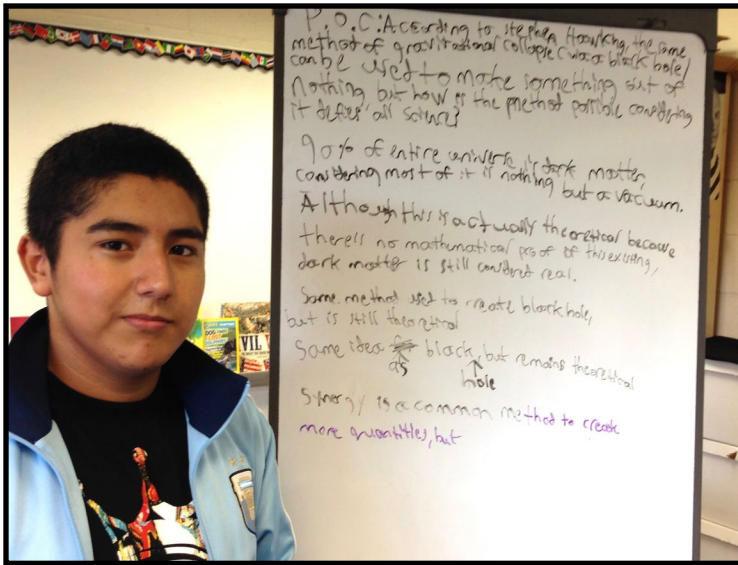
When I started working as a tutor, I hadn't been inside a school since 1985.



Above left, an example of the Cornell Notes note-taking and studying system used in AVID.

Top, Faviola displays her college poster research project at the Twain college fair.

Top right, Kelyn and Kassie working on their Cornell Notes.



Above, Brian liked to bring “out-of-the-box” physics questions to his tutorial groups.

Top right, Cassie and Julian on the family night of the Twain college fair (posters are in the background).

Right, AVID students held car washes and dances to raise funds for field trips.

A lot has changed since the Reagan years and John Hughes’ films. But children are essentially the same – only with more electronics and insanely time-consuming sports programs. So far, I’ve spent time in seven middle schools and high schools, where I’ve observed different teaching styles and various degrees of classroom management. As a parent and a journalist, it’s been fascinating for me to see how teachers behave in classrooms and to eavesdrop on countless conversations. In spite of what the media may tell us, most of the students I meet are polite, inquisitive, and wanting to do well; the teachers work very hard to teach the state-mandated curriculum and do all the clerical computer tasks. I’ve witnessed many powerful teaching moments that won’t end up as viral videos, but very possibly changed lives of some impressionable teenagers. There have been tears, hugs, and laughter.

One of the most valuable experiences for me has been meeting and working with an incredible cross-section of AVID tutors whose life journeys and passion for education have brought them to classrooms. As a group of employees, AVID tutors are the most

multi-everything from all walks of life. Overall, tutors fall into three major categories: moms who left their professions to raise children – working for AVID is their part-time job that accommodates family schedules; retirees, generally in their 60s, who want to make a little money and give back to their community by working with young people; and university students or recent college graduates (some of them AVID alumni), who bring youthful energy and fresh high school experience to the classroom. Although students relate best to young tutors, they benefit from “parental” tutors who have the patience and gravitas that comes from decades of life experience and their own child-rearing. Over the years, I’ve worked with a former ballerina/art gallery owner, a retired public policy professor, a retired DoD high school principal, a retired Army colonel, a retired civil servant at the EEOC, a young professor of religions, former healthcare and insurance firm executives, a couple of accountants and therapists, and a few mid-career-switchers considering getting into teaching.



I learn a lot from other tutors as we discuss our students’ academic needs, behavior, and strategies for helping them. When we put students in groups, we break up posses and rotate disruptive kids. Occasionally, we celebrate small victories when resistant students start turning in work or shy ones start speaking up. In addition to truly enjoying the children, each day I look forward to spending time with a remarkable group of tutors who “get” teenagers and bring affection, understanding, encouragement, and humor to their jobs.

Because AVID tutors have a wealth of experience from their professional lives, they are a built-in resource for free advice on improving education – we see what goes on in the classrooms and what could be done differently, maybe even better. I happen to think that you don’t have to be a degreed educator to know how to educate; coming from dif-

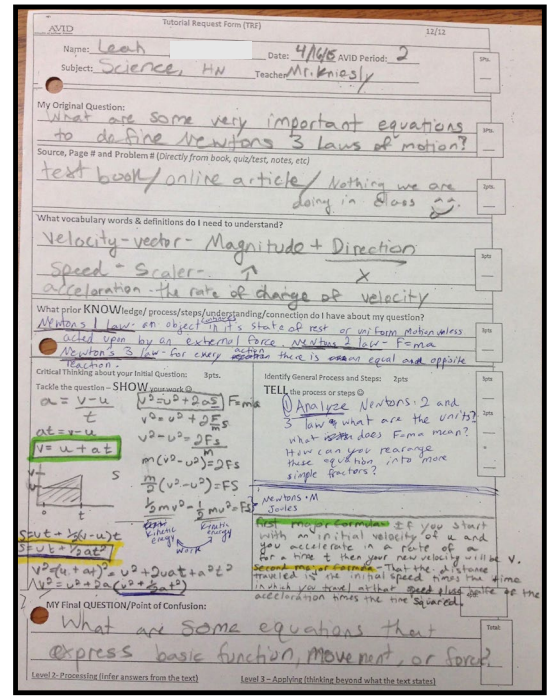
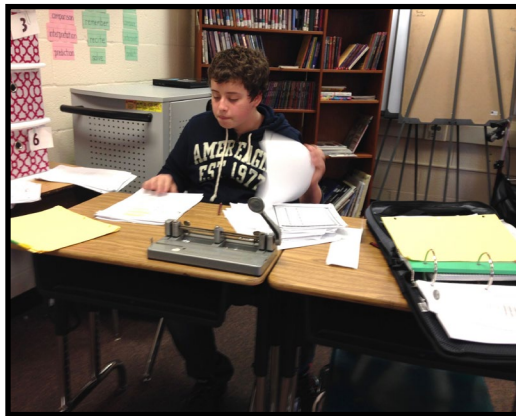
ferent professions and disciplines, the tutors know how to think broadly and creatively. (Alas, administrators don't solicit our opinions and tend to operate every school as a fiefdom.)

As tutors, we have the rare privilege to spend several hours a week with our students and to find time for friendly chats about everything from music to school concerns to sports. I ask them about the books they're reading – I see a lot of supernatural young adult literature in their binders – or catch them listening to an artist I've never heard and ask to tell me about him or her. Sometimes I strike gold and get to see their artwork or writing, which is another opportunity to encourage their creative efforts. Many students carry sheet music in their binders, so we discuss what they are playing and suggest YouTube links to musicians they would enjoy. Occasionally, I recommend a book or bring in an article relevant to their interests. Chatting with students about their lives does not merely satisfy my idle curiosity, but gives them an opportunity to communicate with a caring adult about what matters to them.

The tutors are one more layer of a support system for improving grades, working harder, and pursuing dreams. Not surprisingly, many middle-schoolers see themselves as future professional athletes, fashion

designers, performers, successful business owners, FBI agents, CSI investigators, as well as doctors, lawyers, and engineers. We take every dream seriously and insist that the next Beyoncé needs algebra and the future LeBron has to write intelligent essays. For AVID tutors, good education is non-negotiable and we treat our students as we would our own children.

A high percentage of AVID students come from immigrant families whose parents did not attend college in the United States or in their home country. (In one eighth-grade class at Poe Middle School this year, only one girl came from a family with American-born parents; the rest are from African,

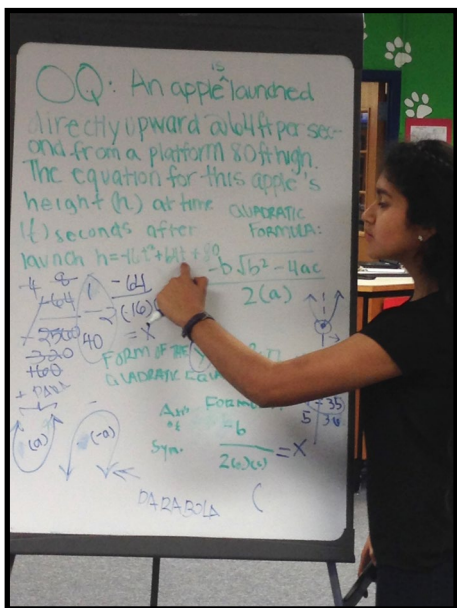


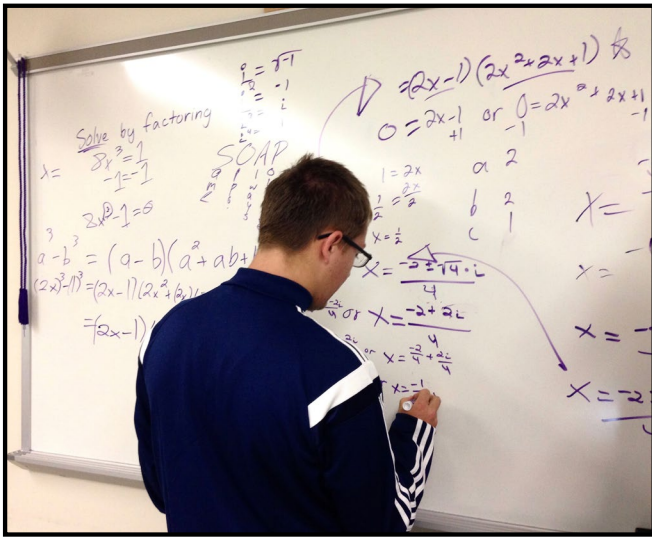
Above, a Tutorial Request Form each student brings to a tutorial. This form (from a brilliant seventh-grader) breaks down a question – “What are some very important equations to define Newton’s 3 laws of motion?” that results in a Point of Confusion: “What are some equations that express basic function, movement, or force?”
Left, Danny organizes his binder.
Far left, Anahi in an algebra 1 tutorial.

Asian, Middle Eastern, and Central American countries. I've gotten many excellent restaurant recommendations from them.) As a result, most of the students are bilingual and some are recently out of English Speakers of Other Languages (ESOL) classes. A few are undocumented and worried about deportations. Many come from difficult family circumstances that shock the tutors out of our middle-class comfort zones. Almost all of these young people are fiercely patriotic as they recite the Pledge of Allegiance each morning and really want to make their hard-working, self-sacrificing parents proud. It's like watching the American Dream unfolding right before my eyes.

In many ways, my students mirror my own ESOL journey and parents who

didn't understand the nuances of the American educational system. When I was in high school, my friends' parents, a few teachers, and a competent guidance counselor became my mentors who helped me with college choices and paperwork. One unexpected benefit of my coming to the U.S. as a teenager is being able to empathize with first-generation teenagers eager to embrace the American culture and the conflicts with their immigrant parents who have difficulty adapting to this new culture. Since I see this conflict from both perspectives, as a child of immigrants and as a parent of teenagers, I sometimes serve as a bridge to understanding.





Top, Gavin in an algebra 2 tutorial.

Left, AVID tutors grading binders.

Below, Godi writing Cornell Notes using an “old-fashioned” civics text book (as suggested by Ms. Karina).

Because the students’ young minds are so open and incredibly absorbent to new information, I consciously and carefully plant ideas that may be as mundane as style tips for respectable appearance to personal stories of overcoming obstacles or learning from failures. No, I don’t get preachy and all *Chicken Soup for the Soul*, but recall how my own teachers mixed learning with real life and a good dose of humor. Not surprisingly, months later students remember my quirky stories, sayings, and habits, such as how I call Siri “an imaginary friend in your phone,” love looking up information in physical textbooks, and think they should use their opposable thumbs for more than texting. I try to use colorful, descriptive language that is a *mélange* of anachronisms and “big” words they’ll see on the SAT. I plant ideas about studying abroad, the importance of knowing more languages, proper spelling, thank-you cards, the difference between “good” and “well,” and how all these boring math, and science, and civics classes are relevant in everyday life.

One of the main reasons I keep returning to AVID is the cards I receive from my students at the end of the year. It’s the best job evaluation because 14-year-olds are refreshingly honest and unfiltered. Here is something from Marissa at Poe, who sometimes turned in substandard work and pouted the entire hour because of her low grade. “To be honest you are a really

clothes I can really see a wonderful passion of art in you. You’re very creative with your words when you try to solve my problems. To be honest you’re the only teacher that actually taught me something for this whole year.” Another young lady, Asta, an aspiring singer, wrote, “Thank you for your time, your caring, your loving toward AVID, I really appreciate that. Sometimes there time when I don’t feel like going up on the board to present my POC [point of confusion], by you really help me through that.” Interestingly, several of them commented on my clothes – who knows how my colorful, eclectic, anti-fashion style will inspire them?



must end with a shout out to a few especially memorable teachers I had at the University City High School in St. Louis: Barbara Van Ausdall for ESOL, who taught us Anne Murray songs and created a friendly place to hang with other foreign students; history teacher Donna Rogers and her English counterpart Christine Oliver for introducing me to my new country through American Studies; Meredith Chancellor for three years of French (I mean, where was I ever going to speak French in Missouri?? A decade later, I snatched up a French husband and all those verbs suddenly became relevant); lawyer-mathematician Kathy Wilke who regaled us with

tough grader. Whenever I would get a really bad grade I would always get mad. But that didn’t really accomplish anything. All I did was learn from my mistakes. So I would like to thank you one last time. Also I hope this is not the final time I see you. P.S. I like your dabbing skills.”

Nicole, a quiet girl who loves video games, wrote, “Everyday, I get so excited to see what clothes you got on for the day. Like, just by looking at your

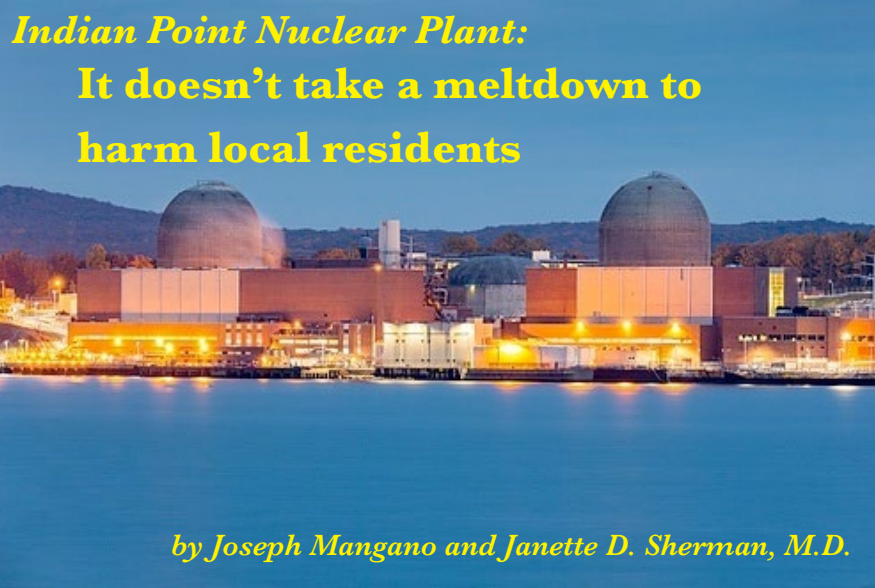
amusing stories about her family while teaching trigonometry (my only A in a math class, *ever*); Barbara Shapiro for making pop psychology relevant; and Karen Massey’s tough IB World Literature class where I discovered Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Rabindranath Tagore, and E.M. Forster and fell in love with writing. From the bottom of my heart, thank you for the gift of education. 🙏

The Indian Point nuclear power plant is located just 35 miles from midtown Manhattan. About 18 million people live within 50 miles of the site. The two reactors at the site are over 40 years old – ancient in nuclear years. Recently Indian Point has been plagued by increasing problems; nearly 25% of the bolts in the reactor vessel

were found to be damaged or missing and 65,000% spike in tritium levels in one of its test wells. These mechanical problems raise the concern of a catastrophic meltdown. Any large release from the red-hot cores or pools of nuclear waste were to occur from human error, mechanical failure, or act of sabotage, would exceed Chernobyl or Fukushima in fatalities.

But it doesn't take a meltdown for a nuclear power plant to harm people who live nearby. Every day, a portion of the nuclear waste produced to make electricity are emitted from the plant into the air and water. It enters human bodies through breathing and the food chain. This waste, which consists of over 100 radioactive chemicals exactly the same as those when atomic bombs explode, all cause cancer, birth defects, and other diseases. Because producing uranium used in nuclear plants involves multiple steps that produce greenhouse gases, nuclear power is not just radioactive, it is also not carbon free.

For decades, scientists studying radiation from atomic bombs and nuclear power have focused on thyroid disease. This butterfly-shaped thyroid gland is especially susceptible to damage from radiation due to the presence of iodine, one of the 100-plus chemicals in bombs and reactors. When it enters the body, iodine particles quickly attach to the thyroid gland, and begin to kill and



Indian Point Nuclear Plant: It doesn't take a meltdown to harm local residents

by Joseph Mangano and Janette D. Sherman, M.D.

damage cells, leading to a higher risk of cancer and other diseases. No other root cause of thyroid cancer is known.

There is a long list of studies that show people who are exposed to radiation are more likely to develop thyroid cancer. These studies include atomic bomb survivors from Hiroshima and Nagasaki; Marshall Island residents who were exposed to bomb test fallout; Americans who were exposed to similar fallout; and persons living near Chernobyl and Fukushima during meltdowns.

No atomic bombs were detonated near Indian Point, nor has the plant ever experienced a meltdown. But government statistics show that since it began operating, Indian Point has released the 5th highest amount of radioactive iodine into the air from routine operations. The total amount exceeded the releases officially reported from the 1979 partial meltdown at the Three Mile Island plant in Pennsylvania.

There are four counties that flank Indian Point, and nearly all residents live within 20 miles of the plant. In the late 1970s, just after the two reactors began operating, the local thyroid cancer rate was 24% below the U.S. rate. But the local rate skyrocketed since then, and now is 50% greater than the U.S. In the late 1970s, about 50 local residents per year were diagnosed with the disease; now, the number has soared to 500.

In addition to thyroid cancer, another disease that is susceptible to iodine's toxic properties is hypothyroidism, or underactive thyroid gland. Tens of millions of Americans, mostly middle-age women, have this disease, and the numbers are rising. But hypothyroidism can start at any age – even at birth; in fact, all U.S. newborns are screened for the disease. In the past decade, 208 babies born in the four counties near Indian Point were diagnosed with hypothyroidism – a rate 92% greater (nearly double) than the U.S.

These statistics raise red flags about Indian Point's health threat to the area north of New York City. The issue of whether the government should allow the plant to operate for another 20 years has been hotly disputed for nearly a decade. The epidemic of local thyroid disease – with no other known explanation other than radiation exposure – should be made known to local residents and public officials, to fully inform them of the risks of this decision.

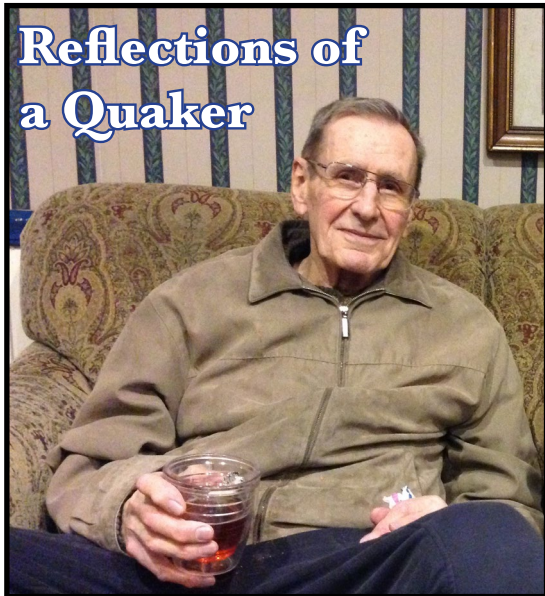
The New York State Department of State found that the power generated from Indian Point has already been replaced. With other, safer forms of energy such as wind, solar, and tidal power growing rapidly, it may be time to retire this aging, corroding, and leaking plant. The human cost may not be worth it.



Joseph Mangano is an epidemiologist and Executive Director of the Radiation and Public Health Project.

Montebello resident Janette Sherman, M.D. is a specialist in internal medicine and toxicology and the author of numerous books and articles. She can be reached at toxdoc.js@verizon.net and www.janettesherman.com

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By Warren Truer

When I was a boy, I remember thinking that, as a Methodist, I was in luck to have been born into the right denomination. I grew up in a small village that has just three and other churches, Roman Catholic, Episcopal and Plymouth Brethren. I guess they all felt that they were right, too. At least, I never knew any of them to have any kind of contact with each other, much less fellowship. I remember passing the Catholic church one evening when the front door was open: I screwed up my courage, walked up the steps and peered in, not knowing what to expect. I only saw the front of the sanctuary ablaze with tiers of candles before I ran, thinking: Different. Strange.

So, when I was 18 and went in the Army during World War II, I had a lot to learn in regard to other denominations. I wasn't very religious, but during basic training I attended chapel services on Post and also enjoyed going to midweek Bible study and discussion classes. Usually, everyone attending the classes introduced themselves and gave their religious affiliations. Over time, I became acutely aware that denominations seemed to have nothing to do with a unique quality evident in some individuals. I wasn't quite sure what it was, but I recognized that it had little to do with specific creeds or religious

practices. I settled on calling it "commitment to God." I liked it and I liked the people who had it. I was really puzzled that religious affiliation did not seem to significantly affect or denote one's degree of spirituality. I still had much to learn, but my future education wasn't quite sufficient to straighten me out, either.

Years later, when I went to Vietnam as a chaplain, I replaced a chaplain with whom I had the luxury of a few days overlap. He told me our commanding officer didn't attend Protestant services; he thought he wasn't "anything."

Over time, I came to know the CO as an exceptionally fine person. It was difficult for me to believe that the spirituality I discerned could be present in a non-religious person. He later told me that he was Roman Catholic and that he regularly attended daily mass. I thought, "Aha, I knew it; he had to be something." But, since then, I've realized that I probably still didn't have it right. He didn't have to be "something." I've come to accept that someone can be a spiritual person by relating directly, personally and sincerely to the Spirit abiding in and all about us. Some of the most spiritual persons I know do not utter the name of any God, yet it is apparent that they draw upon a source of power and grace far beyond themselves.

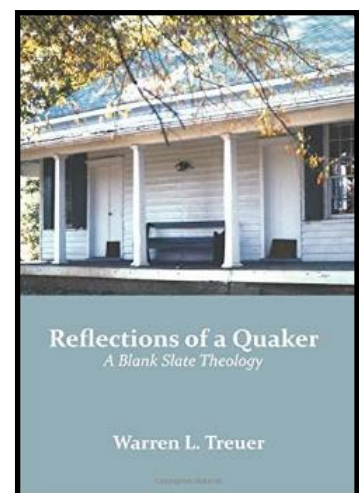
For a long time, primitive religions focused upon reconciliation with an often fearsome God residing in some far-off heavenly realm. Then in a relatively short time, a spate of world religions appeared with quite different emphases. One of them was Judaism and its change from a remote God, "high and lifted up," to its "Emanuel," God with us as depicted in its High Holy Day – The Day of Atonement. The complete change to a concept of "at-one-ment" with God was slow in coming, but it eventually included – as did other world religions – radical changes from self-centered bargaining, for their own welfare, to compassion-

ate concern for others. The prophet Micah expressed it memorably: What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8)

There are many definitions of spirituality. But the ancient admonition by Micah certainly goes hand in hand with the New Testament ideal of loving God with our whole heart and our neighbor as ourselves. Unfortunately good definitions, and even good intentions have not yet ushered in the peaceable kingdom, the world of love and harmony for which so many people yearn. When we freeze too small a frame of time, we may very easily conclude that we are retreating rather than making progress.

It's true that God in the guise of religion is very popular. Well over 90% of the people in our country, even if they are not members of some religious organization, claim to pray or engage in some religious practice. Many say that they are spiritual but not religious. That's their call, but spirituality basically has to do with being in touch and in harmony with the spirit of God – not manipulating or using God to implement personal desires. . .

Warren Truer holds a Doctor of Ministry degree from Princeton Theological Seminary, as well as Master's degrees in Sacred Theology, Divinity, and Psychology. The book is available through Amazon. All proceeds are donated to American Friends Service Committee.



Not such a pretty Facetime

By Sue Allen

All the wizardry and gadgets of our times can be wonderful tools to bring us closer to our grandchildren, right?

Think again. Consider the second half of that word, “grandchildren.” Yes, children, those digital natives who can scroll through an app list at age three and install Jelly Zoo or DuoLingo in Swahili in 10 seconds.

Facetime, Skype – telephones with pictures – the new norm, can be glorious, especially for those who live long distances apart.

But consider the dark side.

First, you have to look at yourself the whole time in that little square, on the screen, a video selfie from hell. How can such a small device make every wrinkle so large? Surely there’s an entrepreneur out there with a program to perform instant airbrushing. Even if you’re as gorgeous as Caitlyn Jenner, c’mon, if you’re old enough to have grandkids, you probably look a little scary up close.

My young grandsons were very excited when they received an iPad. Their parents said, “You can Face-

time Grandma anytime.” Living more than 800 miles away, I was smiling ear to ear when they first “called.” A few ringalings followed by a dramatic

big swoosh – and there were the fresh faces of my two grandsons, ages 6 and 8. About a minute into our “conversation,” the 6-year-old, Harry, passed the phone to his older brother, Max, who began playing with various avatars, changing the screen options from psychedelic neon to black and white, covering the camera with his finger, turning off the lights so I was peering at a black screen. Then Max handed it back to Harry who pointed the tablet at a ceiling fan,

then turned it upside down, sideways and back again. I began searching for a barf bag to control my seasickness. Big brother, sensing something fun afoot, demanded the tablet back, and proceeded to punch little brother when he refused to relinquish it. On my screen came the swoosh call ended sound. When I called back, a grumpy daddy said the boys were in a time-out.

The next session started out better. Harry called me all by himself. I was thrilled. After the obligatory “How are you’s,” and “Where are you’s” it

was time for a real chat. He looked at the screen and said, “So...” He was, after all, 6, and hadn’t yet mastered the art of small talk. Desperate to keep his attention, I walked around the house until I found my cat. Holding the phone in front of her – not an easy feat since she ran away the instant she heard my grandson’s voice – I said “Look at Lila...” Of course Lila vanished so my grandson went in search of *his* cat. Soon I was peering at a black cat in a black space beneath a dark couch. Then we were back to just staring at one another on the screen.

“Grandma?” he asked.

“Yes?”

“I think I have to go now.”

“OK, sweetie.”

“I have to pee.”

And that was the last time he called me. Now I am studying up on the elements of Minecraft and feel if I can talk knowledgeably about diamond swords and hot lava, our next session may improve. He may even call *me*. Imagine that. 📱

Sue Allen writes about the joys of grandparenting on her blog at www.grandmasue-sez.com. Please go there to read more of her posts.



Evening Book Club recommends a

By Anne Corridan

On Tuesday, May 24th the Montebello Evening Book Club gathered to discuss *The Space Between Us* by Thrity Umrigar. This was the story of class and gender roles in modern day Bombay told through the eyes of Sera, a Parsi widow whose pregnant daughter and son-in-law share her elegant home, and Bhima, the elderly housekeep-

er who must support her orphaned granddaughter. Though not an easy read it provided the group with a very thought-provoking discussion.

The consensus:



good read

The June selection is *The Wright Brothers* by David McCullough. Please join the group on Thursday, June 16 in Party Room 1 for what should be a fascinating discussion. 📖



Due to the very wet spring and the construction runoff, the big culvert in the woodlands is now partially blocked with sand, leaves, twigs, etc. After a hard rain, there is a puddle where mosquitoes can breed. I have never seen any of the Montebello staff cleaning out the culvert. There is one fellow who goes out in the woods to pick up trash and empty the outdoor trash cans, but as far as I know, no one except me, has ever shoveled out the debris. Since Montebello is now using McFall & Berry, maybe they can clean it out. – Bill Bryant

You are cordially invited to a

Meet and Greet

with

Charles Hernick

Candidate for Congress

VA 8th Congressional District

**Fairhaven Community Center
(Huntington Precinct Voting Site)**

**2409 Fort Drive
Alexandria, VA 22303**

**Wednesday, June 1, 2016
7:30 PM**

Free refreshments will be served

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Hernick

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ARLINGTON, ALEXANDRIA, FALLS CHURCH, FAIRFAX

ECONOMIC GROWTH & ESTABLISHING THE RIGHT CONDITIONS FOR SMALL BUSINESS
WE NEED TO DO ALL WE CAN TO MAINTAIN FREE TRADE AND FREE MARKETS. AMERICA'S ECONOMIC ENGINE IS ITS 27 MILLION SMALL BUSINESSES. TWO THIRDS OF ALL NEW JOBS ARE CREATED BY SMALL BUSINESSES; HOWEVER, FEWER AND FEWER BUSINESS ARE OPENING AND BUSINESS CLOSURES NOW OUTPACE BUSINESS OPENINGS. WE NEED TO DO ALL WE CAN TO ENSURE THAT THE CONDITIONS ARE RIGHT FOR SMALL BUSINESSES AND STARTUPS.

STRONG NATIONAL DEFENSE, HOMELAND SECURITY, & FOREIGN POLICY ROOTED IN STRONG LEADERSHIP. WE NEED TO MODERNIZE AND REINVEST IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE SYSTEM; A STRONG MILITARY WILL STRENGTHEN DIPLOMATIC EFFORTS AND KEEP OUR COUNTRY SAFE. WE NEED TO TAKE CARE OF OUR TROOPS AND MAKE SURE THAT THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TECHNOLOGY AND EQUIPMENT AT THEIR DISPOSAL TO GET THE JOB DONE AND GET HOME.

ACCOUNTABLE, RESPONSIVE, & LIMITED GOVERNMENT. TO IMPROVE GOVERNMENT PERFORMANCE AND LOWER OPERATING COSTS WITHOUT OVERREACH, WE MUST REWARD TOP PERFORMING FEDERAL EMPLOYEES AND ESTABLISH SYSTEMS TO SUPPORT INNOVATION--ESPECIALLY WITH REGARD TO INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY.

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Good Eats



Smart Markets Huntington

in the parking lot of the
old Metro police
station next to
Huntington Metro

Thursdays 3 – 7 p.m.

www.smartmarkets.org



Far left, Maria Rosa Schwartz (in camel shawl), Rocio Fernandez-Cornejo, Esther Weikert, and Hugh Schwartz.

Bottom, Maria Graziano, Margaret Colyn, and Sue Allen.

Photos by Paul Folders



Stretchnastics picnic on the hill

Attendees feasted on Argentinian shepherd's pie, baked green peppers with bacon, cold shrimp, dirt cake served in flowerpots, lemon bars, broccoli casserole with corn meal, and small sausages with sauerkraut.

A Montebello fitness group for more than 25 years, Stretchnastics meets every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning in the community center. All classes are free and conducted by residents.



Celebrate Capital Pride

Kick off 2016 Capital Pride week-end here at Montebello with LGBT residents, their friends and family – all are invited.

Holden Coy and Raymond Houck welcome you to join them for cocktails

Montebello Café

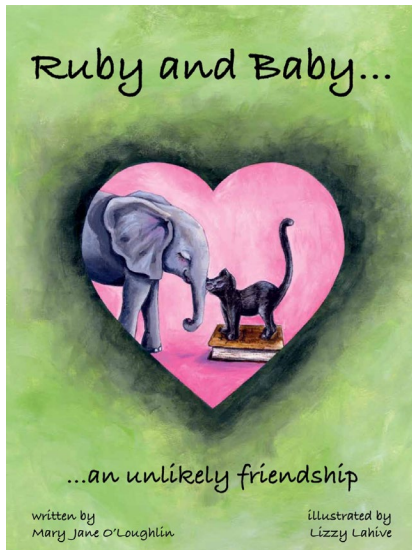
Friday night, June 10

6 to 7:30 p.m.

Cash bar, come and meet new friends and neighbors right here in your own backyard.

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

Visit us at: www.rubyandbaby.com

Like us on Facebook: www.facebook.com/rubyandbaby

Write to us at: trunkandpaw@gmail.com

Anna Young Schalk, Artist

Gallery Underground
May 30 - June 25, 2016



PLEASE JOIN ME AT THE OPENING RECEPTION:

FRIDAY, JUNE 3 FROM 5-8 PM AT GALLERY
UNDERGROUND
2100 CRYSTAL DRIVE, ARLINGTON, VA 22202
Phone: 571.483.0652

The "VIEW FROM WITHIN" is the experience I receive when interacting with a client. He or she radiates life responses through the body in very delicate but perceptive ways. The complexity of each subject brings a challenge and an excitement that I want to celebrate with paint.

Texture, color and shapes define my response to what I see and feel in our painting relationship. Sometimes those responses allow for abstraction and other times, not. However each work becomes my celebration of that Being, that life. The fauvist movement with strong colors and the variety of paint application heavily influence my work. Klimt's influence is present as well.