

The story of a desire and a mural

Story and photos by Azita Mashayekhi

It is said that “everything begins with an idea.” My story here starts with a desire.

In April 2015, after returning from a few weeks in Tehran (where I grew up), I was driving home from work and passing, as usual, the homeless shelter at D and 2nd Streets, NW. Scores of women would line up each afternoon against a plain beige wall, next to the shabby exterior of the Mitch Snyder Art & Education Center for the Homeless to find emergency shelter. The shelter is within walking distance of the U.S. Capitol and the 3rd Street Tunnel. This was always a grim scene for me, but having been away for a few weeks, this time I felt more indignant, as if seeing things anew.

I had been in the U.S. for two years in 1984, and was in college in DC, when Mitch Snyder and other Community

for Creative Nonviolence (CCNV) activists occupied the abandoned federal building at 425 2nd Street, NW. Their protests and a 51-day fast eventually led to the funding and transfer of the property to DC. The shelter, often referred to as CCNV, is a 1,350-bed facility and “the largest and most comprehensive facility of its kind in America,” states organization’s website, and was turned by CCNV “into a hub for homeless services in the late 1980’s.” The building houses other assistance organizations: Unity Health Care, Clean and Sober Streets, and D.C. Central Kitchen.

As a foreign student, having just left Iran after the revolution of 1979, I was yearning to be inspired and fulfilled in my new life in America. While in college in D.C., I came to learn about the likes of Mitch Snyder and Ralph Nader. Their public interest work swayed me to study public health and later occupation health, intern at the D.C.

Mural, continued on page 3



Azita in front of the new mural at Federal City Shelter

Diary of a new resident Entry No. 1

By Rebecca Long Hayden

Dear Diary,

It’s been a while, Diary, 30 years since my last entry, but a good time to catch up is when everything changes. Brian and I (yes, we’re still married) are now Montebelloans. And, no. It’s not an insect or a religious cult. It’s the name of our new village. I won’t try to tell you how to pronounce it, because you can’t talk, and that’s what I like about you.

Montebelloans means *Beautiful Mountain-ans*. OK, Beautiful Mountain Dwellers, if you like the syntax better. What? No, it’s not a retirement community. I love the sounds and sight of children, especially the ones I’m not responsible for. Kids live here. Dogs, too. And cats. I saw a fox, and there’s been rumors of deer, but no sightings by Brian, who can still spot a fly at a hundred yards, and tell you the gender, too. I see sassy younger people hustling off to work, leaving the grounds free for everyone else to trundle at leisure for the rest of the day.

Why did we move? Inspired by our now-departed parents, I decided I didn’t want to do *it* their way. *IT* being how we make the journey through the remaining quarter of our lives.

By refusing to nod in the direction of old age, our parents brought much discomfort and unhappiness to themselves, and much despair and worry to the ones who loved them. That’s the last thing those good people would have wanted, and yet it happened.

I understood their stubbornness. In many cultures age is revered and respected. In our culture, it’s seen by some

Diary, continued on page 4

Displeased with M.E. Flow

At the recent board meeting, management announced that M.E. Flow was scheduled for the semi annual HVAC check starting next month.

It seems to me that every time they do a check on my HVAC unit some work always needs to be done. One time they indicated that the cables on the roof unit were frayed and needed replacing. I called my HVAC company who checked the situation and said that it was not my unit that needed the repair. It was the unit next to mine.

I have an April Air humidifier. When I receive notice from management as to the inspection date for the HVAC operational inspection I purchase and install a new filter for the humidifier. Without fail, they tell me I need a new filter which I believe they quoted me a price of \$35. These filters are available at Lowe's or Village Hardware for under \$10.

I am concerned that some residents take M.E. Flow's report verbatim and have them do the repair without checking with another company to get a second opinion. I have had several residents call me after receiving their report from M.E. Flow asking who I use to service my HVAC system. I have heard back from them indicating they are pleased with the work/advice given.

I brought this issue to the attention of prior management and it went nowhere. I hope that the current management and board take this under advisement when negotiating the new contract. I hope they take the recommendation made at the board meeting and at the bottom of the notice for HVAC inspection they advise owners they may use their own company for repair. – *John Hagaman*

Recommendations for HVAC resources:
Professional Electric (703) 549-8810
Washington Checkbook
www.checkbook.org
Ace Air Conditioning & Heating Service, Inc.
www.aceaironline.com

Voices on the 37

Balcony glass recommendation

We needed to replace glass that had fogged on our balcony. We made contact with three glass companies. Del-Ray Glass, about a mile south on US 1, was selected based on price and professionalism of the person measuring and giving a bid. An order was placed, the glass was made and available in about eight work days. Three workmen removed and installed the two replacement panels very competently in about an hour. Based on price and the service we received, I can easily recommend Del-Ray Glass. – *Ralph Johnson*

Donations accepted

If you're moving, downsizing, or spring cleaning, chances are you've come across some perfectly good items you no longer need. Instead of leaving them by the Dumpsters or depositing them in recycling rooms, here are some places that could take your unwanted:

Rising Hope Mission Church

8220 Russell Rd, Alexandria, 22309
(703) 360-1976

The Rags to Riches Clothing Closet is open Tuesday through Friday from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. All individuals and families in need from our community are welcome. Volunteers and donations of clothing and toiletries (toothpaste, deodorant) are always needed. They provided 11,086 clothing closet and 2,962 toiletry assists last year.

Donations are accepted Tuesday - Friday 9:30 a.m. - 4 p.m. ; Thursdays 9:30 a.m. - 7 p.m.

Groveton Baptist Church

6511 Richmond Hwy across from Target
(703) 768-9084
Drop off clothing by side entrance, 24/7

Amvets Thrift Store

3115 Sherwood Hall Lane
In addition to clothing, during business hours they also accept:
Jewelry, shoes, purses, hats, toys, pictures, mirrors, blankets, drapes/cur-

tains, pillows, rags, sewing scraps, sleeping bags, small furniture, small appliances, irons, radios, TVs, lamps, hairdryers, tools, toasters, microwaves, coffee makers, computers/electronics, silverware, dishes, pots/pans, glasses*
*anything one person is able to carry without assistance

Freecycle.org

It looks like any reasonable item (they suggest what is inappropriate, e.g. puppies, unsafe cribs, etc) can be offered. The receiver usually comes to pick it up in a safe public spot. – *Karen Barnes*

The Montebello Voice wants to hear from you: musings, travels, announcements, photos, book reviews, commentary, memoirs, essays, analysis, poems, suggestions, club news, recipes, and free ads

A twice-monthly publication for the residents, by the residents

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Mural, continued from page 1

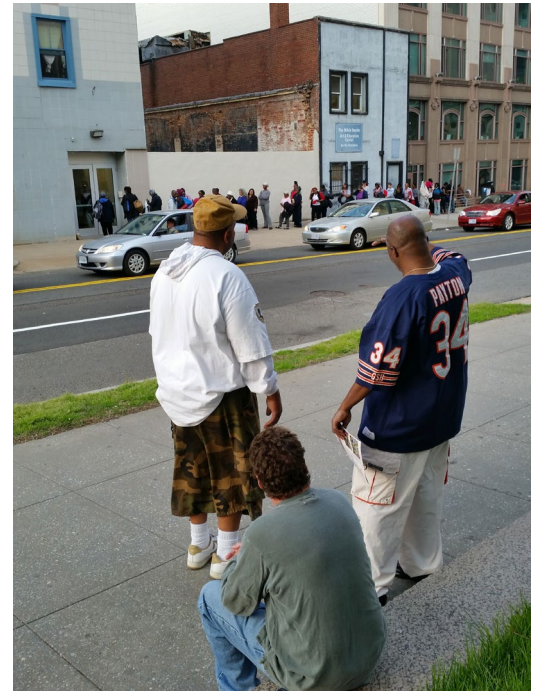
Commission of Public Health, and work at the Teamsters Union, only a couple of blocks from the shelter. I also took up photography and on occasion captured homelessness in photos.

When in Tehran, I had noticed many street murals and I've also seen many beautiful community-based ones in D.C., Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, and a few in Alexandria. That day in April, I decided to learn how some of the murals in D.C. came about and this led me to learn about a city program, Murals-DC that, according to its website, "was created in 2007 to replace illegal graffiti with artistic works, to revitalize sites within communities in the District of Columbia." Murals-DC is part of the D.C. Commission on the Arts and Humanities' Public Art Program that "allocates up to one percent of the District's adjusted Capital Budget for the commission and acquisition of artwork,... gives opportunities for individuals to encounter art in parks, libraries, community centers, government of-

fices, bridges and other public venues,...simultaneously enrich the daily lives of residents and visitors and give voice to artists," says the commission's website.

In a city renowned for its private and public art collections, and with a rich cultural and historical legacy, I think there is more room for street art that reflects each community in beautiful and meaningful ways. "The murals painted on buildings around the District...tell stories of the city's past and present in bold, brilliant paint strokes. From larger-than-life renderings of icons such as Marilyn Monroe and Duke Ellington to montages of ordinary people engaged in community activism, gentrification, immigration and music...each one has a tale to tell," was described in *The Washington Post* article.

Mitch Snyder, said his obituary in *The New York Times*, "whose fasts had been a successful tactical weapon, said he was searching for new ways to shock and anger the pub-



A formerly blank wall at the Federal City Shelter last year

lic and thereby attract attention to homelessness...While the movement for the homeless included lawyers, social workers, priests and politicians...." we know that art is also a powerful tool for social activism and protest. I thought that a vibrant mural that paid tribute to Mitch Snyder would remind people that "homeless lives matter" and would brighten up the spirit of those who see it.



Rose Jaffe, illustrator, painter and muralist, talks with a visitor

A few days later, after learning that the wall and the Mitch Snyder Art & Education Center belonged to the D.C. government and the shelter, respectively, I contacted each and with the help of a city official at the Department of General Services, the city agreed to have a mural done on the D St. wall. Sadly, the Art & Education Center, which bears Mitch Snyder's name, would not get a mural because its future as a building was uncertain and its exterior required considerable repairs.

A year later, in May 2016, as I drove by, I saw a young woman painting a mural on the wall of

the shelter. I pulled over with huge excitement and learned that Rose Jaffe, a D.C. painter and muralist, was selected to do the mural. She spent some time at the shelter meeting residents and staff and that led to a mural that features Mitch Snyder and shelter workers and residents. “I think there’s a lot of great murals in D.C., but a lot of them are completely irrelevant to the space they occupy,” Jaffe told *Street Sense* newspaper. “I wanted to do something that involved the community that this building has, and Mitch Snyder is such an integral activist, so I knew I wanted something with Mitch,” she said.

A couple of weeks later, the mural was completed and I took part in an informal gathering of shelter staff, city officials, and some homeless and mural advocates. *Street Sense*, the biweekly newspaper that features news, editorials, poems and art about homelessness, poverty, and other social issues, published an article about the mural, “CCNV Mural Makes Faces of Homelessness Visible.” It took some back and forth and a year, but a mural was finally born! I am sure Mitch would be pleased.

My desire to do something for the homeless is still there; I plan to visit the other shelters in D.C. to see if a mural, or some form of public art, would be possible. In the words of one of my favorite activists, Eric Francis, “INITIATE creative projects you never thought you’d get to, new relationships and deeper engagement in your community. INSPIRE yourself to keep learning, to remain curious and to share your gifts with others.” 📖

Diary, continued from page 1



Rebecca and Brian Hayden in Singapore last year. (Yeah, it’s a tad out of focus, accidentally on purpose).

as a useless and irrelevant state, about like being a sad little pay phone outside the door of a 7/11 store. Quaint, but who needs it? We have our slick shiny cell phones now, with so many functions – why, we hardly ever have to actually *speak* to our friends at all.

Old age came to our parents, and it got messy. They refused to leave the home, and they wouldn’t accept help from visiting professionals, housekeeping, or nursing. They wanted to live as they always had, even when it was clearly not possible. They became incoherent, ambulances were routinely called. They moved, but too late, and dismantling the family home was a sad and back-breaking chore for their children.

I asked myself the question: How do I want to get old? And I’m not calling it the *aging process*, or the *golden years*. You can if you want to, but I don’t think “old” is a pejorative term. Better than “dead,” for sure.

So, Diary, I made a list:

How to Get Old Right

No. 1. Keep my sense of humor, and treasure it. Getting old makes me laugh. I get up, put my socks on, one’s

black, one’s red, and who cares. I walk the dog with a red sock and a black sock. He doesn’t mind. I don’t mind.

My skin doctor says I have the usual *barnacles*.

My facialist with the charming Swedish accent asks if she should wax my mustache. *Mustache?* When did that arrive? When I was raising kids, I’ll bet.

My eye doctor says not to worry about glaucoma. It’s treatable, and at my age I won’t live long enough to go blind.

There’s no end to the good news, and I keep laughing.

Brian talks into his coffee cup in the morning – always has. The coffee still hears him. I do not. I caution him if he’s saying anything I need to know, he’s going to have to look in my direction. He says he isn’t saying anything *anyone* needs to know. We have the first laugh of the day.

To quote Jean Anouilh: “. . . *everything is sad, and . . . we know it. But the soul must be purged by laughter. The only virile attitude to take in the face of the human condition is to laugh at it.*”

Diary, continued on page 7

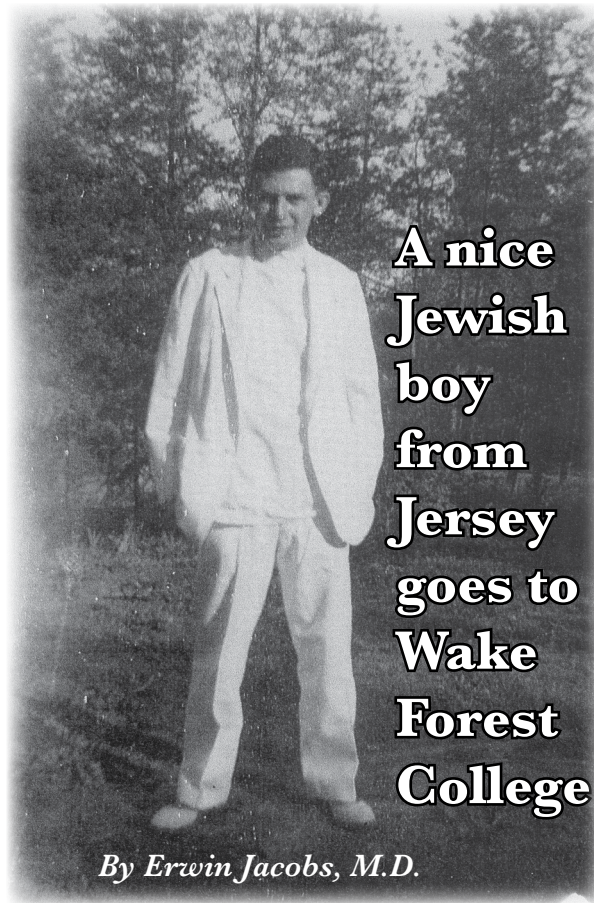
August 25, 2016

I departed for college in the morning of Sunday, August 30, 1942, one month after my 17th birthday.

I only had a few things and put them in a little suitcase. I carried five or ten dollars that my father had given me. Pop drove Mom and me down to the Penn station in Newark where I got a ticket to Wake Forest. I was to get a train at the station and then change trains in Washington. It was during the WWII and the platform was rather crowded. I told my mother that I did not think there would be any kosher food there but she said to me, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." She suggested that I become a lawyer since she already had two doctors. I said "Sure, Mom" and thought about it long and hard for 30 seconds.

Many years later, in the spring of 1956 Joan and I were at a party in Hartford. Morley introduced me to a physician who was also an attorney and I again thought about it, but felt it was not for me – after about 60 seconds. When the train arrived, I got on board but there was no place to sit down. It was jammed with soldiers and dependents and even the bathrooms were crowded with people. In addition, it was not air-conditioned and the heat was tremendous. I stood up almost the whole way to Washington and I could feel the sweat dripping down my legs and sloshing around my feet in my shoes.

I probably got something to eat or drink at Union Station and then got on the second train to Wake Forest. It was an old wooden car with just screens in the windows and a potbellied stove at one end of the car. The seats were like church pews of wood with no cushions. After we had gone a short distance the conductor came around and asked for



A nice Jewish boy from Jersey goes to Wake Forest College

By Erwin Jacobs, M.D.

Erwin Jacobs as 1940s college student

the tickets. When he saw that I was to get off at Wake Forest he told me that the train did not stop at that station and I would have to go into Raleigh. I told him that I had to get off at Wake Forest because if I went to Raleigh I would not have enough money to get back to Wake Forest. By that time, it was getting late afternoon and starting to get dark. He told me he would pull the emergency cord when we got to Wake Forest and that I was to hop off the train at that station and he would throw my suitcase down to me. That is what we did.

By that time, it was quite late in the evening and being a Sunday, everything in Wake Forest was closed. Fortunately, the weather was clear and warm. The tiny train station was next to the main street and I was the only person around. I could see that there was a grocery store, drugstore, pool hall and movie house but that was all - and everything was closed. There were no cars moving. There was a long

flight of steps made out of white concrete, about 25 in number. I walked up the steps which put me out on a main road which was actually U.S. Highway 1, although I did not know it. There were no motels, hotels or rooming houses. I started walking and fortunately headed south. There were no other places if I had walked to the north. After I went about a block or two I saw a large, wooden house with Greek letters. I figured that it was a fraternity house, since there were no women at the college. It was actually Sigma Phi Epsilon. I walked up the steps and knocked on the door but nobody answered. I could hear voices upstairs so I went in and climbed up the steps. There were about six barefoot fellows in shorts and

T-shirts sitting at a table playing cards. On the table were couple bottles of liquor and a couple of pistols. Some of the guys were ministerial students or children of missionaries. They asked me what I wanted and I told them that I was looking for the house of Dr. Reid. They told me that it was too late to walk to his house and that I should just grab a bed in any empty room downstairs and stay there for the night. I stayed two nights. That was fortunate since I had only a few dollars.

I must have slept well and the next day walked back to the downtown area and bought a container of milk and some waffle cream cookies. After a couple of days of those cookies for my meals, I did not eat another for 40 years. I then started looking for the house of Dr. Reid which was about four or five blocks away. When I got there I was told that there was no room but that I should see a relative of his, Mrs. Squires, who lived close to the campus. I then walked over to her house and she told me that she did have a room for me which I was going to share with another freshman student. Mrs. Ethel



Erwin Jacobs now with his granddaughter Elizabeth

Carroll Squires was in her 60s, slightly overweight but very bright and smiling all the time. She had previously been a professor of English at Peace College in Raleigh and her late husband had been the only dentist in the town of Wake Forest. The house was a little bungalow cottage made of stucco on a dirt road. It had a little yard on the side and front but a big backyard. There were no other houses behind it or to the south of it but a very old wooden shack house on the north side. One of her daughters, Hildreth, lived across the street with her husband and their daughter, Carol. She was an adorable little girl about three years old who later developed blindness from diabetes. In spite of that, she became a good guitarist and schoolteacher. Her father, Henry, worked for the State in Raleigh and we often played golf together. Mrs. Squires also had a married daughter, Julia Witten, who I never met. She was a physician, married to a physician. There was a son, Rodney, who was a petroleum geologist, a daughter Ruamie, a teacher and published poet, and another son, Cedric, who was a physical education instructor in the Navy. When President Roosevelt died and his casket was ac-

(which also served as the college chapel) and took a good drink of liquor every Sunday night - for her heart. After I left for medical school she sent me a lovely note on a blue postcard that I saved. She strongly advised against “dissipation”.

The town of Wake Forest had a population of about 1000. They were practically all Baptists, but there were a couple of Catholics that had a small church on the south side of town beyond the city limits. There was no smoking, drinking or dancing allowed within one mile of the campus. U.S. Highway 1 came straight to the center of the campus and then curved around it to the east and then continued North and South. The area between Wake Forest and Raleigh was 16 miles of swamp and pine woods. To the north it was mostly woods and a couple of farms until you got to Henderson, North Carolina, about 15 miles away. The college had two three-story dormitories which were made of brick, situated next to the Atlantic Coastline Railroad and a spur track. Consequently, the dormitory rooms usually filled with

complicated by members of the Armed Services from Georgia to Hyde Park, New York, the sailor on the train was Cedric. Mrs. Squires knew many of the North Carolina writers and she liked classical music which she played on a phonograph. She was also a Deacon at the local Baptist Church

cinders from the coal burning engines. There was a severe shortage of places to stay because the Army had taken over the dormitories as their training school for accounting. As a result, we had a large number of male and female soldiers most of whom were sergeants. Some brought their families with them and rented rooms or houses. They also took over the cafeteria which meant that the students had to eat in the various boarding houses that sprang up.

When I first arrived there were about 1700 students at the school. A few months later a large number of them were called up in the draft or reserve, resulting in only about 700 students remaining. The school decided to take in women students; there were only seven at the beginning and about 20 after a year. The school was on a trimester system, one semester would end on Friday and another one begin on Monday. We had a few days off for Christmas. The Dean of women was Dr. Lois Johnson, a lovely woman who also taught French.

My roommate was a young man from Charlotte, North Carolina, named Clarence Roberts. I was a little surprised when I first saw him because he had a large head of brown hair but down the middle of his head the hair was dyed in a very pale yellow streak. We shared the upstairs room at the house but did not take the same courses. He was not a very good student; at the end of the first trimester he just disappeared and I never heard from him again. The very first day of school, we had a break for a while and he suggested we go down the pool hall and shoot a few games at ten cents each. We each bought a pint of Pet ice cream and played a game or two. At 10 o'clock we heard the church bell announcing the daily chapel service. Since we had to walk a short way to get there, we were a little late and had to sit down in the front row. We were right in the center under the pulpit. This was the first time that I had ever been in a church service. A fairly rotund man got up and gave a sermon and then started shouting, “You are a

sinner, you have been sinning, you will burn in Hell” while pointing straight at me. I was rather surprised and turned to Clarence to ask him what I had done wrong. After that episode, I never sat in the front again. A short time later we had a woman student named Alice Deshong Pugh from Raleigh, North Carolina. We became very close friends and were lab partners through pre-med and medical school. However, she was an Episcopalian and disliked having to go to chapel. We would sit in the back row where she would pull out the *Raleigh News and Observer* newspaper. While the sermon was being given, she would hold the paper up in front of her and then turn the pages with a loud snap. Many years later, she was married and divorced with one child. She raised Morgan horses on a farm near Raleigh. One day Alice heard noises in the barn and the horses seemed agitated. She went to see what the problem was. There was a woman in the barn, who was previously fired by her, who fatally wounded Alice with a pistol. I actually saw this story in the *New York Daily News* (August 1972) while waiting for a spinal tap tray at the nurse’s station in St. Francis Hospital, Poughkeepsie. 📖

This story is a section of a memoir Erwin Jacobs has written for his family.

Diary, continued from page 4

No. 2. We want more social life and less work (of the repetitive, boring variety). We’re both retired, so what work? The house (3,000 square feet), the yard (1/2 acre), the cars (two), out-of-state property (one), dog (one), kids (two).

When we weren’t looking the kids grew up (I’m *sure* that’s when the mustache arrived). They don’t create nearly as much work as they used to, though when they visit, it’s surprising how kid-like they become in our presence.

The house? Sold. The yard? Ha ha. Fall is around the corner, but we won’t be blowing and bagging leaves from ten lovely but relentless hardwood trees. The cars? The Millenium Volvo we bought in France in 2000 – she’s white and we call her *Blanche* – may not be replaced upon her demise. One car is enough – maybe – if you have other transportation options.

The place at the beach? Sold that, too, but we’ve had it for 21 years, and it hurt to let go. We loved it, but the vexations of owning property out of state, in hurricane country, well . . .

The dog? He’s an 11-year-old black lab, and he won’t be replaced, either, if I can curb my love for dogs. He’s

healthy, but we do have a good chance of out-living him (no guarantees).

No. 3. We want to make important decisions for ourselves, while we’re still clear-headed enough (almost) to sort it out and strong enough (sort of) to manage it for ourselves.

Can you hear the metaphysical drum roll? Here it comes, Diary. The D word. It was time to DOWNSIZE.

And if there was ever anything on this round and green earth that’s easier said than done, it’s *downsize*. Note to everyone: If you haven’t tried it, don’t do it. If you’re determined to do it, do it now. If you can afford it, go to Singapore and have someone do it for you.

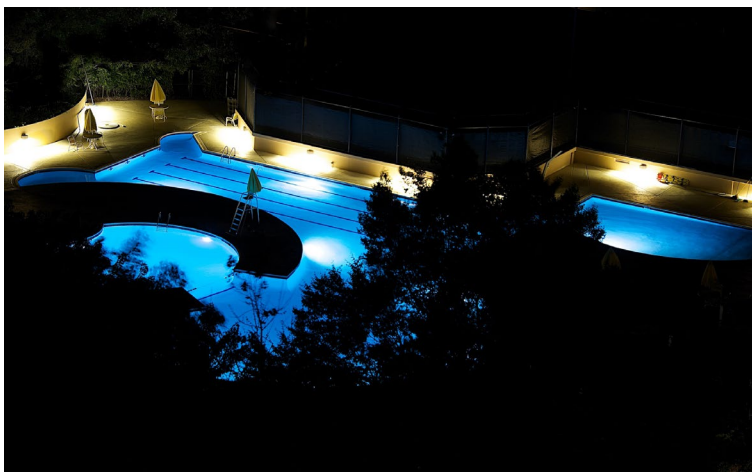
But we did do it. We managed. We made it. Here we are at Montebello. Over two months now. Next time I’ll tell you how we came to pick it from a lot of options. And yes, we like it. I think we may come to love it.

Next time I’ll also tell you about the hmmm, but that’s all for now, Diary. 📖

Yours,

Rebecca from Texas

from Montebello above



Nighttime pool by Ralph Johnson
The Montebello Voice



From the plane by Lynn Tjeerdsma

Board lists possible retreat topics

By *Mikhailina Karina*

On the advice of association attorney and auditor, “legally, morally, and ethically,” it is better to wait until January to purchase the lower back and abdominal machine and six automatic door openers for the fitness center, said board president Greg Bender.

No votes were taken at the Aug. 23 board work session. As usual, about 25 residents, mostly “regulars,” were in attendance.

The new exercise machine will cost \$2,248.65; six automatic door openers exactly a year after the fitness center was completed will cost \$14,000. The January purchase date complies with a complex budget process that meets by-laws requirements, Bender explained.

Board secretary Bonnie Daniel presented potential discussion topics for the next board retreat, which is typically held in one of the party rooms and is open to the public. The last retreat, which lasted three hours and addressed three topics, was in January.

The six new retreat topics, which will be ranked by the board in order of importance, are:

- creating a communication plan for updating the community on major projects;
- handling non-code repairs and remodeling in residents’ homes;
- identifying cost savings;
- improving customer service;
- improving pedestrian accessibility;
- and improving intra-board communication.

The board will decide which three topics will be discussed at the retreat. The January retreat, which addressed landscaping, committees, and reserve projects, has resulted in significant board steps, Daniel said. The new ad hoc Committee on Landscape Restoration, Quality Improvement Committee, and another ad hoc for reserve projects are direct outcomes of that meeting, she said.

Montebello is beginning to show the consequences of the 5.8 earthquake that hit the area exactly five years ago. Facilities program manager Peter Ng said some balconies above the seventh floor have cracks that allow water penetration. A building façade consultant will study this problem. 🏠

Proposals for new features

House beautiful

Montebello residents love visiting their neighbors and getting inspired by functional or beautiful home improvements. If you’ve done something that elicits ooh’s and ahhh’s from your visitors, please share it with the rest of the community. Snap a few photos, write a description of the work, and send it to *The Voice*. I’d like for this to become a regular feature.

Three’s company

Each month I’d like to ask a question to elicit readers’ responses. Please feel free to suggest questions.

The September question:

If you could share a meal with anyone, past or present, who would it be? Bonus question: what would you eat? Send your responses to *The Voice*.

Happy writing! – MK

From the Vault



2007 was the summer of our discontent, when the board instituted a 15-minute pool break policy for anyone under 15. We strongly believed it was our job as parents to decide how long children should be allowed to play; the board believed it had the right to dictate safety recommendations. After many back-and-forth emails that seemed to talk past each other, I made up a few signs and led the children in a silent protest during each 15-minute break on a busy weekend afternoon. (That’s me in an olive green dress). Without a warning, the break rule was rescinded a few years ago and is now deemed discriminatory. But we’ll always have the summer of ‘07.- MK

*This beautiful mid-sized tree is **Cercis canadensis L.**, aka **Eastern redbud**, aka the **Judas tree**. It has heart-shaped leaves and purplish flowers in the spring time which turn into pods. The wood is heavy and strong and one tree next to Building One in the picnic area was snapped off during a thunderstorm. It grows throughout Virginia and the settlers used the bark to treat dysentery.*



*The downy serviceberry, also known as **shadbush**, **Juneberry** or **Sarvis** is actually **Amelanchier arborea (Michaux)**. There is a good specimen next to the ramp to the tennis court and there are also many young ones planted along the northern edge of the trail. The name **shadbush** was given because it coincided with the spring migration of the **shad fish**. The berries are red to purple and are sweet and edible.*

Trees of life

Text and photos by Bill Bryant, aka, Woodlands Vigilante

These are five of the worst plants on our property:

✿ The Tree-of-Heaven, (*Ailanthus altissima*). It grows to 70-80 feet tall and has an open crown with heavy branches, which readily break off. The tree is dioecious, meaning the male and female flowers are on separate trees. The fruit is unmistakable because it looks like an airplane propeller and has a single seed in the middle so it can be readily dispersed by the wind.

The tree was introduced to the United States as an ornamental for difficult urban setting, hence the tree that grew in Brooklyn in a tenement was the only greenery the family had. The tree produces a chemical, as does the Norway Maple, which inhibits the growth of other trees.

There is a whole stand of them in front of the fence at the front gate. If you find a bunch of seeds, please throw them in the trash so they don't propagate. Also, after the maintenance men cut down the beautiful native Jewel-

weed, Impatiens, the Ailanthus shoots started springing up because they had ample sunlight and moisture. This tree is very difficult to eradicate.

✿ The Norway Maple (*Acer platanoides*), is also a commonly planted tree that resembles a sugar maple, but just break off a leaf to see the milky exudation. The flowers are bright yellowish



green and there are two of them on the southwest corner of Building 2. They have huge propeller-like seeds, which aid in dispersal. The tree's shallow root system and dense crown makes it difficult to grow grass or other plants beneath it. Pull it up and bag it!

✿ The Multiflora Rose falls into the rogues' gallery of invasive plants. While pretty to see, it arches over the native

plants and shades them out. Mockingbirds like to nest under them, but we have lots of mockingbird habitat around the woods, so this plant should be eradicated.

✿ Garlic mustard (*Alliaria officinalis*), is a huge seed producer in the spring, and if you pull it up and sniff it, you will know why it earned its name. In recent years, it was a huge problem, but it seems like the tree control people have been selectively spraying it, so I didn't see many this spring.

✿ Japanese honeysuckle (*Lonicera japonica*), also other invasive honeysuckles, *Lonicera*. This plant was introduced many years ago and has fragrant tubular flowers from which we used to suck the nectar. Like Kudzu and

other invasives from Asia, it has escaped and can engulf a woodland and strangle trees. I've seen the Kudzu down South, a member of the bean family, but when I was in Japan, it didn't take over like it does in the South. The tree company has been controlling these invasive a bit, reserving an 18-inch barrier to prevent them from taking over. 🍷

Scene Around



The Montebello Tennis Club provides a friendly atmosphere for all residents who enjoy playing tennis. The club emphasizes competitive play, skill development, and fun. Players of all skill levels are welcome. Come to drop-in sessions on Thursdays at 7 to work on your game and meet people.

Photo (left) from last Thursday by Ralph Johnson

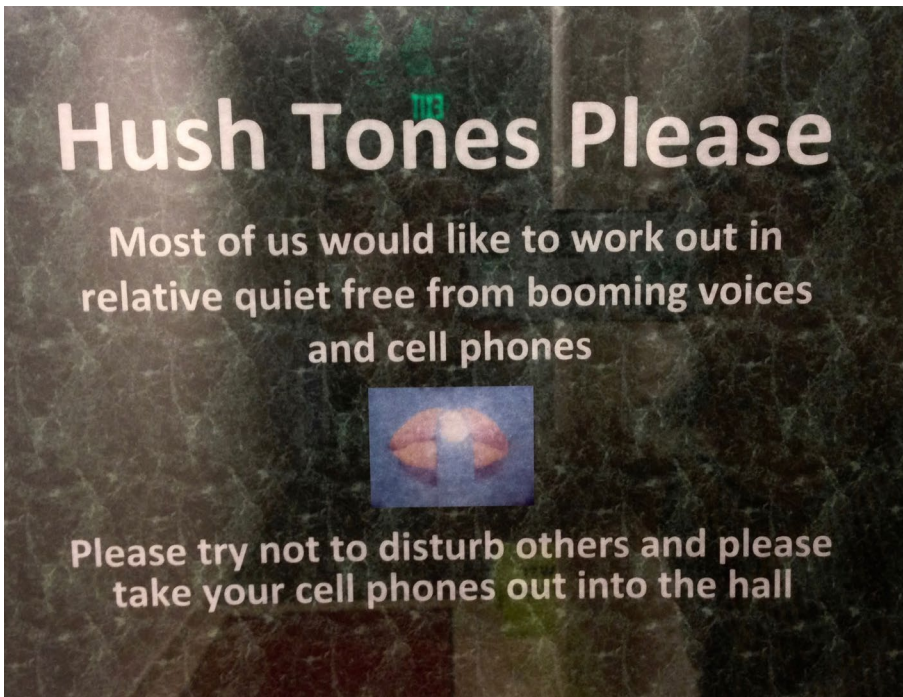
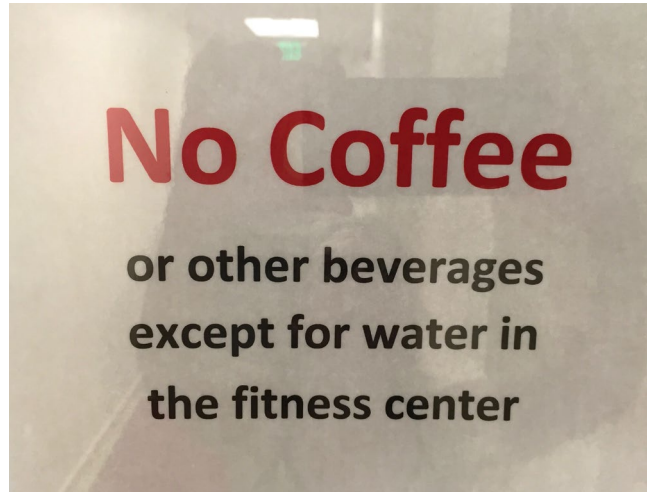


Members of Montebello's newest ad hoc group, the Committee on Landscape Renewal, do a Saturday morning walkabout to identify and document erosion and landscaping woes.

Sign o' the Times



Last week, a sign on the fitness center door announced it was tragically out of coffee, as well as other yummy beverages that enhance the workout experience and immeasurably contribute to conviviality. People were forced to schlep their own bottles or drink plain water from the public fountain. Quelle horreur!



This week, beverage service was fully restored to its past variety



and the drinks sign was replaced by a new one that reminded the residents to speak in an indoor voice – just like we teach our preschoolers. Hush tones? Quiet relatives? Booming voices??

However, the biggest mystery was figuring out the graphic (enlarged above). After two days of squinting and staring, my children saw a blue finger with a glowing nail over ochre lips. UPDATE: the sign was gone on Aug. 24.



The cruise ship monitors in the lobbies were on the fritz last week. You had to get your information the old-fashioned way: from your neighbors, paper announcements, and The Montebello Voice. – MK

Bon Appétit

Yves' Bistro

Great food, great service, every time

By Mary Goldwag

Every chance I get, I go to Yves' Bistro and have done so since discovering it some years ago. I've eaten many lunches and dinners here, and I often get carry-out lunches. I've gone to Yves' with my husband, with other relatives, with friends, and by myself. My brother and I, with his wife and my husband, have made it a family tradition to have Thanksgiving dinner at Yves'. My girlfriend and I take each other here to celebrate our birthdays with a champagne lunch. All of us enjoy Yves' Bistro and are happy to go back.

The food is always delicious. In addition to standard items, imaginative and changing items always appear on the menu. For example, my most recent lunch was a salad of impeccably fresh greens topped with slices of duck with confit, spiced pears, and goat cheese. The staff is always very accommodating



about making substitutions.

Yves' prices are moderate. The specials offer more opportunities to save. On Sunday through Wednesday evenings, dinner for two with a bottle of wine costs \$34. On Thursday evenings, wine is half-price.

Their lobster dinner costs \$18.95. The sandwich special of the week changes every week, but always comes with choice of fries or green salad and costs \$6.50.

The surroundings are informal, attractive, and welcoming – the restaurant is meant to be a neighborhood bistro, and it succeeds magnificently. It is wheelchair and scooter-accessible, as a friend of mine has proven.

The hours are generous: Monday - Friday, 8 a.m. - 10 p.m.; and Saturday - Sunday, 9:30 a.m. - 10 p.m. Yves' offers breakfast on weekday mornings, and brunch on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

The Yves of Yves' Bistro was Yves Courbois, who owned and operated Au Pied de Cochon in Georgetown for many years. He died in 2015. Since then his partner and widow, Oyuna Badan, has carried on the restaurant with her mother, her son, and a loyal staff. Standards have not flagged, whether of food quality or warm welcome.



About parking: a small outdoor parking lot in front offers free parking, and several businesses share it. Around the corner, on Mandeville Lane, a parking garage offers covered parking. The cost of garage parking is \$1.50 for the first hour and \$3 for 2-3 hours. 🚗

Yves' Bistro
235 Swamp Fox Road
703-329-1010
yvesbistrova.com

The restaurant is across from the AMC Hoffman Center theaters, which is just across from the Eisenhower Metro station.



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

Montebello Olympics



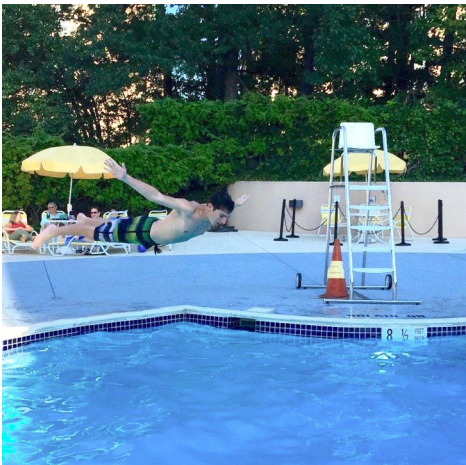
The Parade of Nations



Montebello Olympics Commissioners and event organizers Phil and Lynne Rappa herald the start of the games



Gold medal and tiny trophy winners Sophie and Sarah



Albéric executes a perfectly painful belly flop



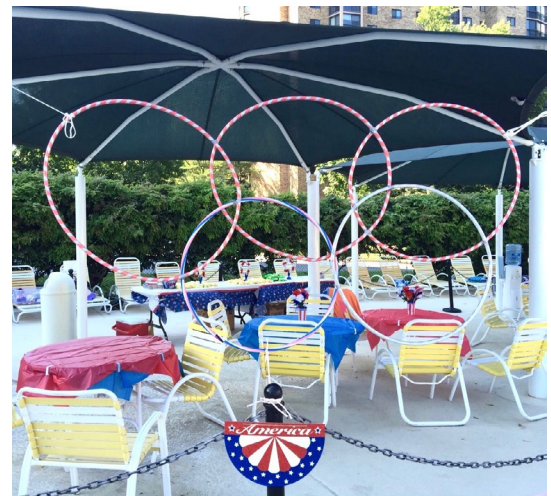
Flip tosses a noodle javelin



Guin Jones feasts on the delicacies catered by McDonald's



Water volleyball



The pool was transformed into an Olympic venue for numerous events: swimming races, diving competitions, and ball sports.

*August 20
Photos by Diane Bastin*

Please bring back the bulletin boards

By *Mikhailina Karina*

Over the past few years, I've had countless conversations with residents who *still* miss the bulletin boards in garage elevator lobbies.

For the newcomers to our community, here's what used to be: on each level of garage-level elevator lobbies (the ones with what is commonly called "harlequin floors"), glass bulletin boards encased index cards announcements from the residents. As people waited for an elevator, they perused real estate ads, for sale items, services such as pet-sitting, tutoring, repairs, cleaning, and anything else people wanted to share with their neighbors. A new batch of ads (frequently the same information) was posted on the first and 15th of each month. To submit items, residents had to bring 12 index cards to the office and then a building volunteer did the pinning.

When main and elevator lobbies were redone several years ago, the bul-

letin boards were removed. Now the walls are sadly white and blank. I've heard that several people have tried to bring back the bulletin boards and their efforts were uncategorically rebuffed by the Board of Directors. Apparently, the board wants Montebello to move into modern age by having all announcements on the web at Neighbor-to-Neighbor and on the cruise ship monitors in the lobbies.

While I'm all for embracing technology and modernity, postings on Neighbor-to-Neighbor lack the breadth and usefulness of what we had on hand-written index cards. Most important, they lack the human element that was so charming and personal.

A quick glance at N2N (trying to be modern in my spelling) lists a total of 36 ads: 10 things (furniture, bikes, car) are for sale; 16 people offer services; 5 miscellaneous postings; 3 seeking something; and 2 needing storage units. Gone is the plethora of real estate ads, offers for vacation rentals, pet- and baby-sitting, and whatever else makes this community a community.

So I am going to tilt at windmills and make it my mission to *try* to bring back the bulletin boards. We can totally rethink how they were organized and even take the card tacker out of the equation to make the boards more organic and without deadlines or the middle-person. We can still limit them to index cards and perhaps have a business cards column or two. Instead of locked cases, the boards could be attractive, inexpensive cork with push pins. There are many ways to make this work and to give the residents something they truly want, miss, and need.

Dear Guido, if you or any of the Quality Improvement committee members are reading this, here is an idea for your next 30-second survey: "Should we bring back the bulletin boards?" I think it would be an excellent way to gauge community support.

Or maybe it's something for the Communications Committee to consider when they'd like to spice up their agenda. In any case, please take this suggestion under advisement. 🙏

While I have your attention, one more thing...

I must make a public confession that I've left items other than newspapers in our recycling room. I dare say many of us are guilty of leaving vases, plants, appliances, and other ephemera on the shelves – in spite of clear prohibitions to do that.

About 10 years ago, I was visiting a neighbor and was shocked to see a coffee table I'd left in the recycling room months before. Apparently, she was a habitual recycling room cruiser in search of useful junk. Sort of like Dumpster-diving in a high-rise.

So here is another idea for whichever committee or club or board member wants to tackle it: how about a regular trash-to-treasure event, in addition to the annual While Elephant sale,



A perfectly good filing cabinet was left in the garage. Maybe it was just what someone needed for their home or office? See above article.

to allow residents to get rid of unused housewares, clothing, furniture, unwanted gifts, paper goods, candles, and whatever else is too good to throw away but not worth the trip to a donation

center (as described in Karen Barnes' article on page 2).

We could decide on a mutually agreed time and place where people could anonymously haul their "too good to throw away" items. Several hours later, if no one has grabbed these freebies, then we could figure out a system to take them to a donation center. Or the Dumpster. – MK. 🙏

Do you have ideas, suggestions, or gripes?

The Montebello Voice wants to hear from you. A twice-monthly publication for the residents, by the residents

Colorscapes: Space & Spirit



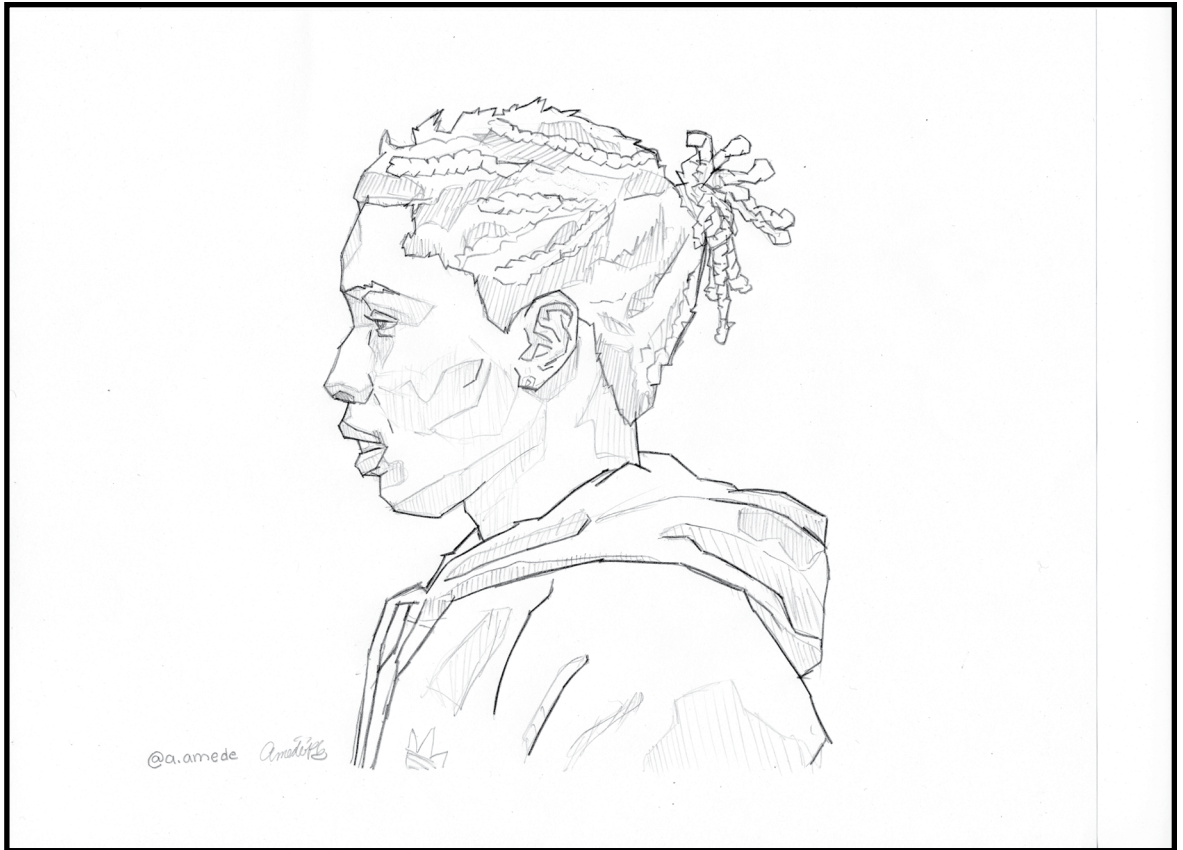
Rebecca McNeely
RebeccaMcNeely.artspan.com

Montebello Café
Opening Reception
September 10, 4 – 6 p.m.
Refreshments, cash bar

A handwritten signature in dark ink, likely the artist's name, is visible in the bottom right corner of the painting.

Pencil drawing of A\$AP Rocky by Amédé Karina-Plun

For those over 14, Rakim Mayers, better known by his stage name A\$AP (Always Strive And Prosper) Rocky, is an American rapper, record producer, director, actor, and model. According to the tabloids, he is back together with Kendall Jenner of the Kardashian clan.



Montebello Cafe
July 30 - September 9
Opening Reception
July 30, 4 - 6 p.m.
Light refreshments, cash bar



final weeks!

Brief Encounters
Lasting Memories

A photo exhibition by Dian McDonald

Ballroom Dancing at Montebello



Thursdays 7:30 - 8:30 PM LLCC

No Partner Necessary!

Interested?

DanceMontebello@gmail.com



**MONTEBELLO MUSIC CLUB
CONCERT SERIES**

VIOLA & PIANO

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 2016, 5:00 p.m.

MONTEBELLO COMMUNITY CENTER



DAVID PEDRAZA

**ANNYA
NIZHEGORODISEVA**



NO CHARGE

RECEPTION TO FOLLOW