



The MONTEBELLO Voice

an independent gazette

let's be friends

October 6, 2016

AEDs in condos

HGTV and me

Crusin' along le Midi

Montebello Pet Club

Teen dating

Remembering Babi Yar

Why is it that this condo does not have AEDs?

By Erwin Jacobs, M.D.



It is 70 years ago this month that I started teaching human anatomy. I want to note – what you probably already know – that our hearts are made up of muscle fibers. These muscles contract in a regular rhythm at a rate of 60-100 beats per minute. What regulates the beating is a group of fibers carrying electrical impulses to the right and left auricles, which collect the blood and then send signals to the ventricles, which are strong muscles that pump the blood to the lungs and rest of the body. Sometimes the band of fibers carrying the signals to the heart are not functioning correctly and there are irregular beats, and sometimes the effect is auricular or ventricular fibrillation.

A fibrillation is a brief, small, ineffectual contraction of the muscle fiber. When this occurs in the auricles, it is dangerous but not an immediate threat. Ventricular fibrillation causes an immediate and fatal outcome. Over the years, this was treated with medications and since 1980 with an implanted defibrillator – started at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore. It was to prevent sudden cardiac death.

In 1898, work on animals showed that the heart could be stopped by an electrical stimulus and then restarted with another – known as defibrillation or cardioversion. External defibrillation was invented at Johns Hopkins School of Engineering in 1930. Since then there have been a number of companies that have produced machines to perform this function. They have become small, portable, safe devices that are relatively inexpensive. You can find

them all over.

About 400,000 are sold each year. They require minimal training, shock only the patient’s heart if it is needed, and not the operator. If performed within 4-7 minutes after the cardiac arrest, the recovery rate is about 58-85 per cent.

I have a friend who is a retired Air Force pilot. He was working at the Pentagon in 2007 and on the way to the parking lot collapsed and was pulseless.

Two men there took an AED (automated external defibrillator) that was nearby and shocked his heart. He made a total recovery and is still working.



At the Montebello, Dr. Roy Gillenson, a retired anesthesiologist, advocated the purchase of AEDs about 10 years ago. Nothing came of it. About five years ago I started asking for AEDs and for various reasons it was not approved. Our attorneys found a loophole in the Virginia Good Samaritan Law that left condos open for suits. I met with our local state representative, Virginia House of Delegates member Mark Sickles in the fall of 2012 and in early 2013, after which he introduced a bill that was unanimously approved by the legislature and signed by the governor. This removed the possibility of suits against condominiums after July 1, 2013.

There have been no lawsuits over the use of AEDs, but numerous for failure to have them. This is especially true of health clubs and exercise facilities.

The amount of money needed for these devices is not large. It comes to about \$20 for each of our condominium units. Annual upkeep is minimal. Consider that in 2014 there were 424,000 sudden cardiac deaths in the

United States. That comes to one for every 754 people or about 2-3 per year for our condominium. The average age of death from ventricular fibrillation is 66 years.

Our Board of Directors has not approved the installation of these units. The Red Cross has recommended nine to be placed in the complex. There is the idea that CPR can be used. The rate of recovery by CPR is less than 10 per cent and is often accompanied by various body parts being injured and cognitive impairment if a person survives. The age of our residents would not withstand the stamina needed to perform CPR for a period of time.

We must remember the old proverb: *An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure*, as well as the saying: *He who saves one life saves the world.* 🙏

Cover: Purple Reign by Mary Tjeerdsma. Japanese Beauty-berry (Callicarpa japonica), September 29, Village Green

The **MONTEBELLO** **Voice**
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 Alexandria, Virginia

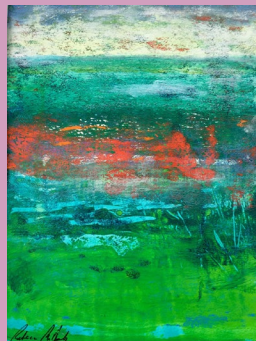
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Colorscapes: Space & Spirit

**A series by Rebecca McNeely
in the Montebello Café**

September 10 – October 15



We have so many wonderful & odd creatures living around the Montebello, small through large.

This is a Phasmida (a.k.a., stick insect) Not certain, but no one has spoken of seeing this uniquely camouflaging insect around here. Nonetheless, I know this is my first sighting of this insect.

Spotted on Sept. 25 at the B3 door of Bldg. 3 around 9 a.m. – Lauren Pierce



DIY HVAC repair advice

Note: This was sent in by a resident who asked to remain anonymous. The Voice is sharing one person's experience, not making a recommendation for repairs.

Maybe you should have a DIY section of the newsletter that tells people how to do minor maintenance on their units. Might save them future headaches. YouTube has videos on how to do minor home repair.

I recently had M.E. Flow in my unit for fall maintenance check. They left me a estimate for a new air scrubber bulb unit cleaning and tune up for \$800. You can buy A/C coil cleaner at Lowe's for \$5. So for FREE and a half-hour of my time, I cleaned the unit coils and flushed the A/C water trap.

Then I called another A/C repair place to come by and take a look at the unit. "Looks good, no problems," the technician told me.

I also have a humidifier and I buy the pads from Amazon. The M.E. Flow guy didn't replace the old one, even though I had the new one right there it needed to be changed. He can't take 5 minutes to replace the pad?? It's a total waste.

I use R&B Heating and A/C (703-683-1996).

Let there be light – Ah, yes

At Montebello, the artificial light seems to be more than we need, or in the wrong places. The outdoor lights, are large and shine upward – clear across my bedroom (and I am on the 5th floor), but are set upon small bases so they cast a large round shadow under the pole.

The lobby area, including the fixtures in front of the mail boxes, has 28 lights plus a sparkly TV screen of dubious value. – *Janette Sherman*



and *me*

Diary of a new resident

Entry No. 3

By Rebecca Long Hayden

Dear Diary,

Because I'm ponder-prone, I've been pondering the question: Why did we choose Montebello? A BIG reason was our lack of patience. We wanted to wait for a new, shiny, condo complex, close in, with 35 acres of park, a huge swimming pool, and a café on the premises. We also wanted Metro access, a unit with well-proportioned rooms all on one floor. We required generous closet space to store the things we don't need (this is America). We grew impatient when we learned that such a complex will be available, well, NEVER.

By process of elimination, all the contenders fell away, every single NONE of them, and we resolved to get what we wanted at an affordable price by picking Montebello, though we would have to remodel.

We did a lot before moving in – opened up a wall, scraped the ceilings, repainted, and installed wood floors. By *did*, I mean *had it done*. The list of things we did ourselves in our young-and-stupid years would be moving a bathtub, cutting a wall in half, building a deck out of railroad ties, laying a brick sidewalk 75 feet long, and cutting down a tree that fell 6.5 inches from destroying our garage. Ha ha. Nevermore, quoth the (older, tired) raven.

However, experience has taught me to go slowly with major decisions, such as required for kitchen and bath remodeling. The decisions you make before moving in may not be the ones you would make after you live in a place for a while.

Thus, my obsession with HGTV has bloomed. Ah, HGTV. It's even on in the dentist office. Why is HGTV a good choice? It requires no sound. You

don't have to see it from the beginning. Everything is either attractive or soon will be when Jonathan and Drew fix it, or when Chip and Joanna (my favorites) bring their darling kids over, or when Christina tells Tarek she doesn't care if the tile she likes costs \$700 versus the \$35 tile he wants to use. He always caves. I'm sure Christina's capable of withholding affection (if you know what I mean) or kicking his butt all the way to Santa Barbara. She even scares me, and I don't scare easy.

G o r - g e o u s Christina, who calls all colors warm. "We'll paint the walls a warm white." Or

a warm gray, green, or blue. Hello, Chris. These are lovely colors, but in effect, impression, and common usage, these are cool colors. The warm colors come from the other side of the color wheel, red, yellow, orange, pink and so on.

But I believe I've identified the major reason for the popularity of HGTV. No one gets stabbed, raped, shot, run over deliberately, maimed, kidnapped, blown to bits, or eaten by a tiger. As an extra bonus, everyone keeps their clothes on. Whew. Very calming while waiting for the pain killers to take affect at the dentist.

In pursuit of the perfect habitat, I watch intently as homes are remodeled or totally rejected, and I realize how sensitive and tender the next generation of homeowners must be. When Brian and I were searching for homes to buy as we moved around the coun-

try, our questions ran along the lines of "does this stove work?" and "does the roof leak." But consider the comments of the *House Hunters* set.

OMG. The kitchen is a gut job. Look at the color of the backsplash, and the refrigerator isn't stainless steel. No one could live with that. (Wait. Does the fridge work?)

The toilets are sooooo dated. The color scheme is soooooo dated. The light fixtures are



Paging Chip and Joanna for this charming Montebello fixer-upper with oodles of character and potential

soooooo dated. (Toilets? Dated? Are they outside? If not . . .)

We were hoping to walk to shops and restaurants, and we wanted a huge lot where none of the neighbors can see us. (Wait. You want to live in town, but have no neighbors? Better move to Detroit, then.)

This might work if we took out that wall. And that wall. And that wall. (And the roof came tumbling down.)

And the most frequent comment on *House Hunters International*: *It's just not what we're used to. (It's Ouagadougou. NOTHING is going to be what you're used to.)*

What's that, Diary? How are we so different, with our remodeling ambitions? Montebello was built 30 years ago, and our unit hadn't changed a bit. The individuals I quote are looking at homes built in this century. They don't like the finish on the fridge!

So, instead of learning how I'd like to remodel, I'm ever more paralyzed, and simply seeking some kernel of truth in this reality show, and sometimes one surfaces. There was the wife who wiggled out because although the stove was gas (she would rather die than cook with electric), it only had five burners, and she must have six.

Her husband said, "Yeah. Neither of us cook, but she needs six burners." Ah, ha! The truth!

One husband raved about the lack of an outdoor kitchen for entertaining, and the wife said, "Well, the only person you ever invite over is your Uncle Bob, and that's only because of the inheritance." Ah, ha, again. Truth.

I have a favorite remark, among all the *Strum und Drang*. It's the husband who said, "Oh, here we go again. Stainless steel appliances, granite counter tops, and a gas stove. Isn't there anything else available in the whole universe?"

I loved that guy. My dirty little secret is, I don't like any of the appli-

ance choices, which happen to be three – stainless, black, or white, and only stainless is really acceptable. Why can't I have a turquoise refrigerator? Not that I want one, but why can't I have a few more choices – just two or three. How about Almond. Remember Almond? I liked that, but it's soooooo dated now.

And over time I've gotten good at predicting what will go out of style as soon as you put it in your house. Outdoor kitchens won't last – you have to give them a thorough cleaning before and after every use. They're OUTSIDE, for heck's sake.

Pedestal sinks. Attractive, but where do I put my toothbrush, hairdryer, make-up, pimple cream, etc. I've been wrong so far about stainless steel. It's going strong, despite its tendency to stay smudged, even the smudge-proof variety, and despite the fact that I can't figure out why people want their home kitchen to look like a restaurant. I want my kitchen to look like my Aunt Jackie's, with a little less roosters and oil cloth.

With each passing week I like Montebello more, and I like my kitchen and baths less, but I can't pull the trigger on remodeling. Yes, Diary, HGTV has made me believe that whatever I choose, it will be "dated" in 20 minutes, and I'll have to make all the decisions over again. And spend all the money again. And that doesn't make me happy, or Brian.

But at least the people who do that kind of work and sell that kind of stuff will be pleased. And what do you think, Diary? Is that the point all along?

Yours truly,

Rebecca from Texas 🏠

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



Lake Superior, September 2016 by Susan Dexter



Cruising along le Midi

Story and photos by Suzanne Beerthuis

It seemed the perfect trip to combine our interest in boating, our love of France, and our apprehensions of being lost on a foreign waterway. After all, how far astray could one wander on a canal?

We had read about the Canal du Midi being given UNESCO's World Heritage honor in 1996. Since the 1300s, kings had wanted a canal from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. In addition to reducing sailing time by one month, other motivations were threats

posed by the Barbary pirates and the fact that Spain controlled Gibraltar at that time and collected exorbitant tariffs. Finally in 1666, Pierre-Paul Riquet, a native of Beziers, France, submitted a plan that was accepted as workable. Construction began that year and was completed by 1682.

In 2001 we had made plans with Mark's college roommate and wife to transit the canal. Before we could finalize, the roommate wavered and then declined. We could either give it up or go it alone. We spent the winter pondering.

So early on a bright September morning in 2002, Mark and I set out – taxi to Dulles, Swiss Air to Zurich, Air France to Paris, and the Air France shuttle to Montparnasse/Gare de

Lyon. We arrived just in time to board the TGV (fast train). By then we were tired and flaky and found the ticketing process much different from when we last took trains there in 1965.

We found our car and our seats and sat back to watch the beautiful countryside fly by. We arrived in the ancient city of Beziers after dark and took a taxi to our hotel, praying that my attempt to make a reservation in French by fax worked and that it was understood that we would arrive late. We arrived at Hotel Poètes with Madame awaiting us with open arms! Madame directed us to a nearby restaurant where we dined on salad, lamb and cheese and, of course, *vin du pays*! Earlier in the day: "We should have stayed the night in



The route of the tour along the Canal du Midi



Novices attacking the first lock

Paris” changed to “Thank God, we are here!” Did we ever sleep well that night!

We actually awoke early the next day. At *petit déjeuner* (breakfast) the dining room filled with a group of Dutch and Germans on a camping tour. We had been apprehensive about our French, little used in 35 years, but they were also challenged. When we finished eating, they sent us on our way with a hearty “*Bonsoir!*”

We spent the day walking around Beziers, visiting the Plateau des Poètes, a bird sanctuary right outside our door, and Cathédrale St. Nazaire, with its beautiful stained glass – purportedly as fine as Chartres. At lunch, we were amused when the waiter called us into service to translate for a Londoner who spoke no French. While spending the afternoon people-watching in a park, I was asked for directions by a Frenchman.

The next day we took a taxi to Port Cassafières where we picked up our boat, Sirroco II. Mark had already tested and been given a “Carte de Plaisance” – Captain’s certificate for a pleasure boat – but the turn-over was more informal than we had expected. We had

ordered it provisioned with fruit, bread, jam, cheese, eggs, ham, and, of course, wine. We were handed the keys, inventoried the provisions, linens, pots, pans and dishes – and that was that.

We backed out of the slip and we were off! As we went over the River Orb on the canal, we could look down and see canoes and fishermen below us – a strange sensation. When we stopped to eat lunch – no corkscrew! In France! We had to ask a British boater next to us to open our wine. He and his lady friend were “live-aboards,” one of many we saw on the canal. We often found ourselves tied up next to them and enjoyed his accounts of life on the different rivers of the continent and Great Britain.

We maneuvered our first lock that day. There are two lines, so one of us would go ashore and walk along the towpath until each could be fastened to a bollard. Each basin or chamber was large enough for four or five boats, so the trick was to steer carefully and not jolt into another boat. The boats traveled at about the same speed, so we often shared the basins for a day or two with the same boats and had time to visit and help one another as we tied up and waited for the chamber to fill. As the water flowed in (or out), the lines had to be kept taut. The *éclusier* (lockkeeper) usually lived in a small home at the top of the lock and we’d leave a tip of a Euro or two. Some savvy Americans that were often in the same basin made big points – their tip was miniatures of booze! Euros had just become the offi-

Waiting for the basin to fill with water

cial currency and the French were not terribly enthusiastic about them.

The boat was outfitted with two bikes, so the next morning Mark bicycled out, waved down a delivery truck, and came back with fresh, warm baguettes and croissants. This became the pattern in the days that followed. After breakfast we bicycled into the village to buy a corkscrew and added to our French vocabulary – *tire-bouchon*.

The second day’s route contained the most locks – 10 in 6 km. (a little under 4 miles). At the spectacular Fonsèrannes Staircase there were seven locks that raised us up 40 feet. These locks had been constructed between 1666 and 1681. According to my research, this particular segment was contracted to two illiterate brothers and was constructed largely by women. Women had been particularly valuable when the problem of achieving a steady and reliable source of water to the canal, a problem which had been examined since the 1300s, was solved by Paul Riquet. He was able to figure out a way of building a large reservoir to capture runoff from the Black Mountains for this purpose. He had the advice of women who had worked in baths in the Pyrenees and had an understanding of hydraulics, and he later found them to be valued workers on the locks.

There were many, many tunnels on the canal. The most famous was Tunnel du Malpas, one of the first blasted through solid rock using gunpowder.



We were told that the engineer promoting this idea was named Crozet who later moved to the colony of Virginia where the town of Crozet is named after him. (I've researched a bit and found that Crozet was named after Claudius Crozet who emigrated from France in 1816 and was instrumental in designing tunnels in the Blue Ridge Mountains. When asked to report on possible internal improvements to the Erie Canal, he examined the Canal du Midi, which at that time was called Canal Languedoc. Perhaps a genealogist might find that he was a descendant of the master of gunpowder.)

Afternoon light was especially beautiful filtering through the plane trees lining the banks of the canal. The total was estimated at 42,000 but they are slowly dying due to disease. Views as we cruised along included chateaus, churches, pastures, villages, and people walking, biking or horsebacking along the towpath, as well as boats cruising in the other direction. There were commercial cruise boats plying the canal carrying at most 20 passengers. Some of the live-aboard boats were quite elaborate with gardens overflowing with flowers, peppers, tomatoes, and beans. We passed one boat which was a vegetable market and another that was a canal mower trimming the grass at the canal edge.

That evening, at the point where all boats seemed to call it a day, we found a delightful restaurant, Au Chat qui

Pêche, and had a leisurely dinner. We noticed this pattern for the rest of the trip. At the natural stopping place, there would be a wonderful restaurant. Since cassoulet was the regional favorite, we often had that, but *canard* (duck) was on every menu. Toward the end of the trip we called over to our American friends who were perusing a menu board to ask what the specials were. "Duck, duck, duck, duck. And duck!"

The pattern established itself. Breakfast, and rush to get to the first lock so we didn't get out of sync. Cruise along until about 1:30 and tie up for a lunch, usually baguette, cheese, fruit and wine. Time for a nap. Cruise until about 4 and tie up near the aforementioned wonderful restaurant. A bicycle ride, often into a delightful small village, once taking in a concert in the village square. After dinner we would chat with fellow boaters or sit on the deck taking in the stars, listening to church bells, animals in the pastures, breezes in the plane trees. Later we were rocked to sleep with the gentle motion of the boat.

One of our favorite discoveries was *dégustation de vins* (wine tastings) of which there were several along the canal. We would tie up by the "cave," savor the samples, replenish our stock, and watch as the locals filled plastic containers (est. 3 gallons) from the vats much as we would buy gas for a lawnmower.

When the canal was designed in 1666 by Paul Riquet, it did not go to Carcassonne, but later in the 1800s that oversight was

Suzanne and Mark at the last tie-in in Castelnaudary



Full lock position

remedied and we are so glad as it is a fabulous ancient walled city. We barely made it into the last lock before the city, much thanks to our American friends who coaxed the *éclusier* to wait for us. As we tied up, the sledge used to pound in the pegs bounced into the canal. We asked our friends, the Brits, if we could borrow one but they had lost theirs. So Mark stripped down to his gym shorts to find the mallet in the canal with the Brit warning (jokingly) of the fierce cobra who would "... take your foot off in a trice!" Mark was able to grasp the mallet with his toes to much applause and a suggestion from the Brit that he knew of a hepatitis clinic in the area.

We took a walking tour of the city and the beautiful cathedral which gave wonderful views of the rooftops of the city. We stopped for a beer in an amusement park and admired a two-level carousel with the most exquisitely carved animals. I was intrigued by the beautiful black horses that pulled the tourist wagons – they all wore the most delicate white lace caps.

Our last stop was in the Grand Bassin at Castelnaudary. We tied up for the final time after seven days of cruising



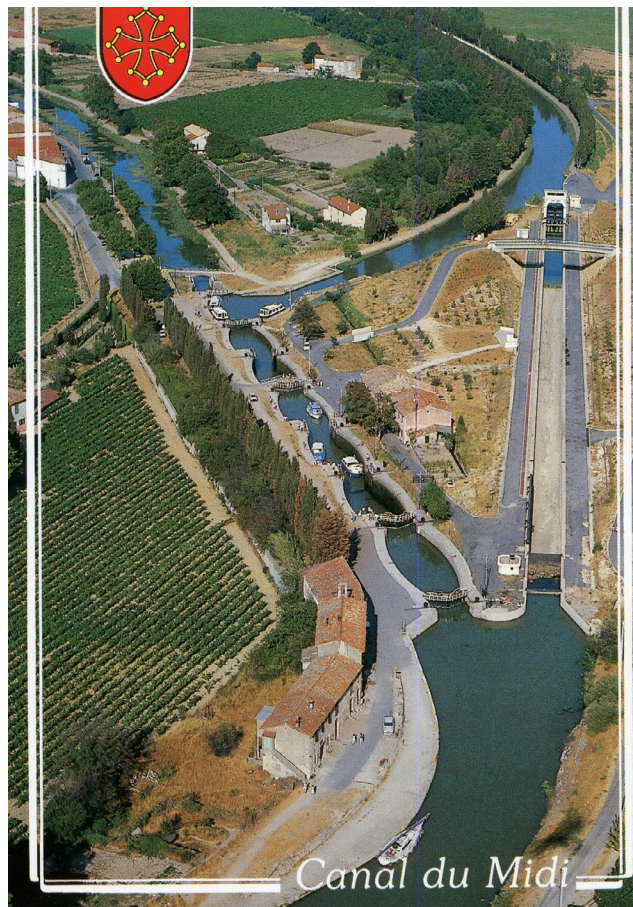
and 59 locks. Great entertainment on Sundays seemed to be watching the boats rattle through the last four locks. Four little girls in their Sunday best were expertly critiquing one particular poorly piloted boat with telling gestures – but very discretely. We had observed the characteristics of different nationalities through the way the boats were captained. Italians were carefree and happy and often ended up bumping their way into the basin, which upset the Germans who really went by the book. The French had a possessive attitude – whose canal was it anyway? – but welcoming if greeted warmly. Canadians and most of the Americans were competent enough to not rile the Germans and to get along with the rest. German-Italian encounters were most entertaining.

After turning in the boat keys the next day, we headed for the Gare SNCF, showed our rail pass, and were on our way to Toulouse. Toulouse owes its nickname Ville Rose to the Romans who taught the art of using local red clay and turning them into red tiles and bricks. We spent the morning walking, viewing art galleries, monasteries, convents. By then the week had finally caught up with us and the remainder of the day was spent people-watching from a sidewalk café.

At the station early the next day, we took the train to Albi, in the Midi-Pyrénées. Immediately we noted the different altitude – cooler and drier. The Cathedrale St. Cecilia arises like a vessel (in one guide’s description) from the hill. Unlike any other cathedral I have seen in Europe, it is brick, part of a medieval fortress with elongated windows, and with almost every interior square inch decorated with colorful paintings. What is reportedly the finest



Keeping up their spirits and refilling supplies during a wine cave tour



surviving example of a pictorial Judgment Day is a graphic portrayal designed to keep illiterate folks in line, looking to the church for their salvation, and motivated to contribute their labor to the church. Dante’s Seven Deadly Sins are graphically portrayed, except for sloth – surmised to be maybe too much like the officials of the church. Eager to spend part of this Tuesday viewing the Toulouse-Lautrec Museum, I was greeted with the sign, “Closed on Tuesdays.” Alas.

Time to return home. A train ride back to Toulouse and some shopping. We happened to see a brick bridge over the river Tarn that was catching the afternoon light and reminded us why it was called Ville Rose. From there we took a TGV train (flying past Poitiers where Mark and I met over 35 years ago) back to Paris, where we spent the night before Charles de Gaulle, Zurich, Dulles, and shuttle home.

When talking about our favorite trips, this one always comes near the top of the list and we realize it is a trip we might never have taken if we’d have known what it entailed when we were planning. Moral of this story is: Be bold! Or be foolish! But have fun! 🍷

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

Montebello Cafe Exhibition

October 15 - November 18, 2016

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES

fine art digital photography by

Jeanne Tifft

opening reception 4 - 6 pm Saturday, October 15

cash bar and nibbles



you are invited!

Is your teen in an abusive dating relationship?

Note: Virginia Nickich, a member of the Arlington chapter of Project PEACE (Partnering to End Abuse in the Community for Everyone), shared the organization's latest efforts to combat abuse. The following information comes from the organization's educational handout and is beneficial to parents and grandparents of teens.

Teen dating violence or teen dating abuse is a pattern of behavior that someone uses against a girlfriend or boyfriend. Abuse can cause injury and even death, but it doesn't have to be physical. It can take many forms, including threats, emotional abuse, insults, isolation from friends and family, name-calling and controlling what someone wears or with whom they socialize. It can also include sexual assault.

Teen dating violence is similar to and can be as damaging as adult relationship violence. About one in 10 teen couples is affected by dating violence. Parents play a critical role in promoting healthy teen relationships and in helping to prevent and respond to abusive teen dating relationships.

What you might see if your teen is in an abusive relationship

Isolation Does your teen have fewer friends than before the relationship began? In order to consolidate their control in the relationship, abusive partners seek to impose isolation on the victim, first from friends, then from outside activities, and then from family.

Emotional changes In the early infatuation stage of any relationship people are often happy. Once abuse begins the victim often begins feeling sad and desperate.

Constant communication Does your teen's boy/girlfriend constantly call or text, and insist on always knowing where your teen is, what s/he's doing, whom s/he's with, what time s/he'll be back, and whom s/he's spoken to?

Jealousy issues You might notice the boy/girlfriend's jealousy. If your teen looks at or speaks casually with another person, does this upset the boy/girlfriend?

Need to impress Is your teen receiving lots of "advice" about choices in friends, activities or appearance, and does your teen feel the need to comply with this "advice"? Your teen may be in fear of what will happen if the advice isn't followed.

Making excuses Your teen might stick up for the boy/girlfriend, defending their words and actions. Trust your gut!

Things to keep in mind when helping your teen

Make sure the timing is right. Talk about the abuse when you are sharing time together.

■ Talk about what a healthy relationship looks like. Questions like what they look for in a dating partner, or how they want to be treated by a dating partner can give them a reference point for their relationship.

■ Use "I" statements when describing your feelings. For example: "I am concerned about how your boyfriend/girlfriend has to know where you are all the time – let's talk."

■ Be sure to have specific examples to share with your son or daughter that concern you.

■ Listen and believe in your teen. Speak with sensitivity, support and care.

■ Help your teen create a safety plan for when he/she is at school and out with friends.

■ Be a role model for supportive, healthy relationships with your own partner.

When talking with your teen, you may hear details that make you uncomfortable. For a meaningful conversation with your teen, it is important that you are not judgmental. Try to focus on resolving the problem (the behavior) rather than criticizing your teen. 📖

📊 Seven percent of Arlington students in grades 8, 10, 11, and 12 report having been forced to have sexual intercourse by a dating partner.

📊 One in three adolescents in the U.S. is a victim of physical, sexual, emotional or verbal abuse from a dating partner, a figure that far exceeds rates of other types of youth violence.

📊 One in 10 high school students has been purposefully hit, slapped or physically hurt by a boyfriend or girlfriend.

📊 A majority of parents surveyed (54 percent) admit they have not spoken to their child about dating violence.

Project PEACE, established in 2006, is a "best practice" approach that unites more than 25 public and private entities under a comprehensive vision and strategic course for how Arlington will prevent domestic violence, sexual assault, and protect and provide services to those affected by it. Learn more and get involved by visiting <https://health.arlingtonva.us/behavioral-healthcare/project-peace/>.

Other online resources:

- One Love Foundation
joinonelove.org
- Futures Without Violence
futureswithoutviolence.org
- Love is Respect
loveisrespect.org
- Love is Not Abuse
loveisnotabuse.com

Remembering Babi Yar

By Andrew Masiuk

On September 28 and 29, 1941, just three months after Nazi Germany invaded the USSR and days after the German army captured Kyiv, more than thirty thousand Jews – men, women, and children – were rounded up and shot by German Nazi special units. The killing field was a ravine in Kyiv called Babi Yar. Let us bow our heads in their memory and also reflect what that may teach us about today.



One of the memorials at Babi Yar



Ukrainian postage stamp released on the 70th anniversary of Babi Yar

By Mikhailina Karina

When Andrew Masiuk emailed me a reminder about the 75th anniversary of the mass murder at Babi Yar in Kiev, Ukraine, my usually dormant emotions about World War II suddenly arose as I began remembering my family's war stories and what Babi Yar means to me.

Our Montebello neighbor – a man I'm honored to call my friend – Andrew (Andriy) Masiuk was born in Western Ukraine during the war. I was born in the Soviet Ukraine in 1967, but the scars of World War II had become a part of my own DNA, just as they are for anyone whose parents and grandparents survived that nightmare.

Growing up in Kiev, not far from Babi Yar, my parents shielded me from what had taken place in that infamous ravine, when over the course of two days the Nazis slaughtered 33,771 Jews. During the latter years of the war, the ravine had become a mass grave for nearly 150,000 Ukrainians,

Romanis, and Soviet prisoners of war. After the war, the Soviets had put up a generic monument to the victims without mentioning that its first victims had been the city's Jewish residents; this historical omission was corrected with a new monument in 1991. Before the war, approximately 160,000 Jews resided in Kiev, comprising a fifth of the city's population. About 100,000 Jews fled Kiev in advance of the German occupation, which started on Sept. 19, 1941.

Wanting to preserve and honor my family history, I've learned of two family connections to Babi Yar. By sharing my story in these pages I am making sure their lives are not forgotten.

Naum

When the Germans attacked the Soviet Union in June 1941, many people initially thought it was a drill, said Raya (Raisa), my mom's 92-year-old cousin. Like everyone else, she ran home. At the time, she was living in Kiev with her parents and attending medical school. My grandfather, Mikhail Karin, a colonel in the Red Army, immediately understood the seriousness of the situation and forced his extended family to evacuate during the panicked mass exodus. My grandmother with her mother and two young children, as well as Raya and her mother were put on a transport to Saratov. But Raya's father, Naum, and grandmother absolutely refused to leave. It turns out that Naum had harbored a deep hatred toward the Soviets and would not leave the factory that he merely managed after his family owned it before the Bolshevik Revolution. He had thought the Germans, a civilized people, would treat him as their equal in their common hatred of the Communists.

"So what happened to them?" I asked Raya.

"What happened to them?" she tersely replied, voice rising. "Babi Yar!"

Misha

My uncle Vova (Vladimir), my mother's older brother, had a childhood friend who remained in Kiev during the war. Because the Germans were careless whether they killed or wounded their victims, the dead mixed with the wounded in Babi Yar. When Misha and his mother faced the firing squad, she shielded him with her body and fell on top of him. Many other people fell on top of Misha, who was unhurt. When the night fell, he crawled from beneath the dead and the dying to make his escape. He had survived the war and used to visit us in Kiev. 🕯



Approximately 80 neighbors attended the Cup of Joe on October 1. Art in Montebello members hosted this popular monthly event in the Community Center.



Photos of people by Dian McDonald

Photo of the table by Azita Mashayekhi





***MONTEBELLO MUSIC CLUB
BRINGS YOU RAGTIME!***

BOB MILNE

***SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE FOR
RESIDENTS OF MONTEBELLO***

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6 - 7:00 PM



***JOURNEYMAN-SALOON-PIANO-PLAYER-TURNED
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS NATIONAL TREASURE***

No charge

Reception to follow

A very brief history of Montebello pet groups

By *Bonnie Daniel*

First compiled June 2013; updated 2016

Pets at Montebello

Pets have been a part of the Montebello community since the beginning, and there have been mixed feelings on the part of non-pet owners, apparently since the beginning!

1990s

There was a dog club during some of these years. There were meetings and occasional events. Interest waxed and waned.

Origins of the formalized Montebello Pet Club

2003

There were several very vocal, pet-unfriendly board members at this time; there were routine rejections of second pet requests, with no reasons provided, and there were proposals to do away with pets at Montebello.

Pet owners banded together to respond to this negative atmosphere. Rona Levy and Joe Canaveri, Bldg 2 residents and dog owners, represented pet owners in speeches at board meetings. The board appointed Guido Zanni to conduct focus groups with pet owners to discuss the issues and to make proposals to the board.

In late fall, the board declared a “pet amnesty.” Every owner with dogs or cats was asked to register them; the second pet would automatically be approved, whether or not it had ever been approved. This procedure went forward, and since this time, second dogs/cats have usually been approved.

2004-2010

The pet community began to meet regularly for business and for dinners out. In 2006 Rona and Joe moved to Florida, and Susan and Tommy Morris of Building 4 assumed club leadership. The group continued monthly meetings and dinner outings, with occasion-

al presentations offered to members on issues such as rescue groups, healthy foods for pets, pesticide use, etc. All Montebello residents were welcome. Members created a constitution, established dues, and created a brochure for new pet-owning residents. The club hosted a Candidates Night prior to each board election.

The group provided two major events each year: a fall bazaar (fund-raiser) and a December breakfast open to all residents, admission to which included items for AWLA (The Animal Welfare League of Alexandria). The bazaar now belongs to the Music Club; the breakfast no longer takes place although the pet community has collected items for AWLA on an informal basis. The club held several Halloween events for dogs and occasional evening entertainment for residents.

The club made yearly monetary contributions to local animal welfare groups and some contributions to Montebello management to improve pet amenities.

In 2010 Susan and Tommy moved to Fredericksburg, and Denise Cumbee assumed presidency of the club. Denise worked with the Activities Committee to establish the Doggie Swim, which occurs in the early evening of the last day of the outdoor swimming pool schedule.

2010-2012

Over the years, fewer pet owners attended meetings or volunteered to help with events. So discussion began about whether there was still a need for a formal club.

In the spring of 2012, President Denise Cumbee and the other officers (Irene Parris, Cheryl Silkwood, and Bonnie Daniel) resigned, and the club ceased to exist as a formal entity. At this time Deborah Rowell stepped up to serve as a coordinator, with the goal of keeping the information and issues aspects of the club alive.

2012-2016

Deb focused her energies on increasing membership and communicating information to pet owners. She worked with the Activities Committee to insure pet participation in the 4th of July parade. She was instrumental in organizing pet owners who objected to the proposed cigarette snuffers on Montebello grounds, and she took on the major responsibility of collecting pet community safety concerns, eventually putting this information into a report that went to the board in December 2013.

In late 2013, because of the daily pressures of managing pet info/issues and the demands of unexpected family issues, Deb reached out to the pet community for help. In early 2014 Bonnie Daniel briefly assisted in a co-chair role. Deb continued as coordinator through 2015 and has periodically provided information to the pet community during 2016. Denise Cumbee has volunteered to provide coordination beginning Oct. 1, 2016. 📖

Montebello Pet Club contributions to the community

- 📖 Brochure for new pet-owning residents
- 📖 Additional bag dispensers and trash cans placed closer to the B-3 exits (The club paid for 50% of the cost of these items)
- 📖 Requests for signage that has improved walking safety at Montebello
- 📖 December 2013 Safety Report to the Montebello board
- 📖 Meetings on topics of interest to pet owners and other residents: rescue groups, healthy food for pets, Fairfax Animal Control, pet emergency preparedness, etc.
- 📖 Candidates Night with an emphasis on pet-related issues (smaller event held in the late 2000s in a party room)
- 📖 Entertainment events for residents: Dog Halloween event (with costumes and prizes), Fall Bazaar, Winter Holiday Breakfast, music events, participation in July 4th parade, and Doggie Swim 📖

A farewell message to the Pet Club

Note: The following is an excerpt from an Oct. 2 email message to the Pet Club members from the club's former coordinator

By Deborah Rowell

After serving as the Montebello Pet Club coordinator for nearly 4-1/2 years, I want to thank all of our more than 140 members. There are several reasons why I'm appreciative.

First, we couldn't have accomplished the Pet Club's most important goals without everyone pulling together. Our club endured many uphill struggles with Montebello's decision-makers to keep the pet areas free of cigarette snuffers, stinging insects and artificial turf...all of which pose dangers. There's no question that club members' efforts and vigilance were vital to keeping our pets safe – not to mention us.

In particular, the Pet Club's 2015 poll about the Landscape Master Plan (LMP), which was set up in "Survey Monkey," required a lot of work from many...but it was worthwhile. It appears that Mr. Trace's ill-advised idea of installing artificial turf (or "K-9 Grass") in the designated Pet Areas has been dropped. Yet there are other aspects of the LMP still in play. All residents should monitor them and weigh in with their honest opinions about how the proposals could affect their lives.

Second, I appreciate everyone who provided pet-related content to disseminate to our members. It was helpful in fulfilling one of the Pet Club's key functions "to serve as an electronic clearinghouse for disseminating pet-related information among its members."

To expedite how our members communicate among themselves about club-related topics, I originally hoped we could set up an online forum. I had seen how Montebello's Computer & Technology Club uses such a system and wanted to see if the Pet Club could do the same. Unfortunately, it turned out that the workings of our group weren't well-suited for an online forum,

although it works effectively for others.

That was a disappointment! As the Pet Club no longer has meetings, any exchange of information among our members is dependent on the coordinator serving as a 'middle-man.' This entails receiving emails from all of you individually and then distributing the information in group emails. Maybe in the future, someone can figure out how to cope with the inherent problems of an online forum for the purposes we need.

Third, I'm grateful for the time many of you spent in helping recruit new Pet Club members. Due to privacy concerns, the office isn't allowed to tell our group (or anyone) which residents own pets. This

cause many more rules apply to dogs than to cats. However, I hope that the Pet Club will broaden its focus in the future to encompass cats more.

There was too much happening during my term for me to locate and disseminate feline content to our members. However, such a new initiative might be possible if residents who love cats help with it. Cat-owners (whether they're Pet Club members or not) are encouraged to send their ideas to the club at MontebelloPetClub@gmail.com. It would be much easier to attract cat-owners to join the Pet Club if we knew what would benefit them most.

Restructuring the Pet Club as an experiment

In June 2012, I agreed to serve a one-year term that has stretched until now. I'm so pleased that Denise Cumbee has agreed to take over as Pet Club coordinator starting this week.

Some may not realize that my start date was also when the Pet Club restructured and stopped holding meetings. The main reason for needing to restructure the club was the steady decline in meeting attendance and the members' apparent lack of interest in group programs. In fact, 2012-16 has been like an experimental period to see if a Montebello club/group can function well without meetings, elected officers, dues, etc.

If asked to evaluate this "experiment," the following details would be a core part of any analysis:

1. Since 2012, the Pet Club is now involved in more directions and the membership has nearly doubled.

2. Before 2012, there were four officers sharing all of the club responsibilities [president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer].

By contrast, there's just the one position of coordinator now. In my view, it would be beneficial to have one or two more volunteers working with the



Deborah Rowell with Sadie
Photo by Dian McDonald

is understandable and appreciated! Yet it means that all members must share responsibility for spreading the word about the Pet Club, at least within their individual buildings. This task is not without benefits – it's a great way to meet new neighbors!

There's a good reason for trying to expand our membership base. Having a larger constituency boosts the chances of accomplishing the Pet Club's goals. Ultimately, this can help protect the welfare of Montebello's pets and their owners.

It may seem that our group is 'dog-centric,' focusing more attention on dog-owners vis-à-vis cat-owners. In fact, that's a reflection of reality be-

coordinator to accomplish all responsibilities.

Membership contact who could:

- ▶ Coordinate all the club's member recruitment efforts.

- ▶ Monitor various information sources to find potential members.

- ▶ Update the membership database regularly, etc.

Activities contact who could work with Montebello's Activities Committee and fulfill the Pet Club's responsibilities for:

- ▶ Annual Doggie Swim

- ▶ Annual July 4th Dog March as part of the community-wide Independence Day parade.'

- ▶ Any new pet-related activities that may arise.

3. Before 2012, the Pet Club met monthly. Now there are zero meetings per year.

In my view, communication among members would be greatly helped if the Pet Club held one or two meetings per year. For critical issues (such as the

Landscape Master Plan), a few face-to-face meetings would have helped greatly to determine the majority view. Instead, I had to expend much effort via individual emails to find out the club's consensus opinion.

Let me emphasize that all the ideas and suggestions in this message are my own personal opinions, for what they're worth. My only purpose in including them here is to: help evaluate the pros and cons of the Pet Club's restructuring more than four years ago; and encourage group discussions among Pet Club members and observers about how to do things better than in the past.

My hope is that everyone will try hard to assist Denise during her term as Pet Club coordinator. This will be her second time in the position; she served in the 2010-12 period. Denise has been very patient during this transition. It took much more time than I thought to organize all these years of detailed work into something transferable. I will continue to assist her with club business

in any way she wants. Rest assured that I'll continue to be an involved Pet Club member and hope you will too!

Finally, there's a project I didn't have time to pursue during my term, but next year I'd like to help make it a reality. I hope we can have a place on the Montebello grounds for an off-leash dog area that wouldn't bother any residents who aren't dog-lovers. I've been accumulating information about this for a while. I plan to ask *The Montebello Voice* later to run an article that includes the facts gathered so far. This is a personal interest of mine that is not currently on the Pet Club's agenda. As I recall, it hasn't been officially presented to club members for a vote in the last decade or longer.

I've met a lot of great people through this group and would love to stay in touch with them. Feel free to email me about anything, especially if it relates to dogs and cats, at DebRowell99@gmail.com. 🐾

Animal Magnetism

Kimi and Kaze, the chatty shoulder-walking cats, live with Darcy Fay and Paul Bundick in Building 1. They greet a visitor at the door with prolonged sniffing, rubbing, and meowing, after which they follow the humans to the couch for more of the same. There is nothing aloof about this friendly brother-and-sister act.

Born in St. Croix, where 95 percent of strays are euthanized, they were rescued by a shelter set up by a former

Alexandria resident who sends friendly, vaccinated cats to King Street Cats for adoption.

Kimi, the calico, is a guard cat, Darcy explains. Ever since a dog moved in next door, she has been sitting by the door and meowing to let the dog know that this is cat territory. Her Japanese

name means "she who has no equal," which is great for women's empowerment, Darcy laughs.

Kaze's name means "runs like the wind" in Japanese, Darcy says. He lives up to his name with speed and excellent hunting skills for toy mice and toy birds. "You'd only need him in the barn," Darcy adds. Kaze's other special talent is answering the phone, which entails knocking the receiver off the hook when the phone rings. No, he does not answer...yet. — *Mikhailina Karina*



Kimi rides on Paul's shoulders
The Montebello Voice



Watching EagleCam



Kaze chills on the balcony

Final glance



A bus stop in Madrid about 10 years ago

By Joel Miller

They're with her: Montebello residents (from left) Janet Damron, Martha Long, and Carole Appel have been traveling once a week to the Democratic headquarters at Landsdowne Center to make calls on behalf of the Clinton campaign. Their report on their work and fun schedule: phone banking from 5:30 to 7 p.m.; dinner afterward at one of the many excellent restaurants in the area; and then back to Montebello. They're joined sometimes by Trish Gowan, who's been canvassing door-to-door for Hillary on weekends. – Carole Appel

