

The **MONTEBELLO** Voice

an independent gazette

we the people

February 2, 2017



Women's March, Washington, D.C., January 21

Photo by Jeanne Tiff

Montebello by the numbers

I enjoyed reading the article [January 19] on Montebello's demographics. As of January 10, 227 (22.3%) of our 1,016 units are rentals. The remainder, 789 (77.7%) are owner occupied.

When Montebello's re-registration occurs, Quality Improvement Committee is recommending that we collect more precise data on our demographics. Reporting will be strictly voluntary. – Guido R. Zanni

Good news from Japan

Montebello gets NHK From Tokyo (ch #816) for free and it's a lot of fun. The shows are invariably well produced and cover subjects like cooking, sake making, human interest stories, robots, sumo, fashion, traditional craftsmen, various occupations, tourism, etc., etc. It's not all about Japan either, e.g., they've done some excellent shows in China. They seem to avoid topics that might be controversial. It's all in English and is closed-captioned in case the speaker's accent presents any problems.

It probably helps to have had some exposure to Japanese history and culture but it's not at all essential: the programs are clearly aimed at a much broader audience.

There are zero commercials! And did I mention that it's free? – Richard Titus

Are we ready for new technology at Montebello?

New technologies are making it possible for electrical energy to power our transportation needs.

Tesla and other car companies have and are moving forward quickly. Tesla has a Model 3 which is scheduled to be available the later part of 2017. Number of deposits on this new car as of October 2016 is 400,000 and growing rapidly. Other companies have electric vehicles (EV) as well.

What is the position of the Board of Directors regarding charging facilities in individual garages and on the

voices on the 37

grounds? Residents need answers before we can consider making deposits or purchasing EVs. – Ralph Johnson

Forming a group to heal with energy

I am interested in establishing a group of individuals interested in working with energy for his/her own health. My desire is to connect with individuals who are curious and interested in the power of healing through energy.

My journey in the alternative healing arts began in the 1970s with my 3rd stage breast cancer/radical mastectomy healing that was supported by the charismatic ministry in the D.C. area.

Following surgery I sought to work with health-challenged people by graduating from the Medical University of South Carolina and working as a pediatric occupational therapist. Peers and parents noted the changes happening with my clients that did not occur with other therapists. Then began the journey to discern "what was happening?" As the universe does, when ready, a program was found: the Barbara Brennan School of Healing. From 1994 through 2012, I was a student and teacher at the school located in Miami. In 2006 I created an additional program of deep interpersonal journey that continued until my beloved husband's death in 2009.

This Montebello-suggested group will meet and study in my home occasionally. There will be no charge as my desire is to have for me the connection with like-minded people. However, the group will be small due to our smaller apartments. If you are interested in being part of such a group, please email me: ayschalk@aol.com. If you choose

to write, include some of your own history, including why you are interested. Also include your phone number. – Anna Schalk



Painting by Anna Schalk

The MONTEBELLO Voice
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Alexandria, Virginia

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voices on the 37

Open invitation to all Montebello residents

It's time for YOUR artwork to be part of the monthly exhibits in the Montebello Café. The theme for March is "Music To My Eyes" and will include paintings and photos that reflect anything related to music. Your art depicting music performances, musical instruments, or even visual representations of a song or a symphony will be welcome for this show. Contact me by February 20 for more information at maxmax491@aol.com. Include your attached artwork; I will get back to you with the (simple) details you will need to prepare your images for the show. – *Joel Miller*

Gratitude for kind offers

I want to thank the many Montebello residents who so generously offered a bed or assistance to out-of-towners coming to the Women's March on Washington. It turns out that none stayed overnight since their buses were heading straight home following the march, but your outreach is very much appreciated. – *Sue Allen*



Photos by Joel Miller



Prokofiev:
Peter and the Wolf
Lieutenant Kije Suite

Grieg:
Peer Gynt Suite

ANG

Peter and the Wolf

February 18, 2017
7:30 PM

Come early and enjoy a reception, 6:15 – 7:15 PM for the "Sanctuary" series, black and white photographs of Huntley Meadows Park by Nina Tisara and preview of a new mosaic exhibition.

Mt Vernon Unitarian Church
1909 Windmill Lane
Alexandria, VA 22307



Back by popular demand, the Polaris Trio returned to Montebello on January 22. The musicians – (from left) pianist Audrey Andrist, violist Katherine Murdock, and oboist Mark Hill – performed works by Hugo Kauder, Maurice Ravel, Rebecca Clarke, Alexandra Bryant, Robert Muczynski, and Mozart. The event was sponsored by the Montebello Music Club.

Photo by Dian McDonald

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



I succumbed to a sunstroke... I arrived on Georgetown University's campus on a humid 100F day in July 1989 as a 21-year-old exchange student from the Belgian Jesuit University Saint Ignatius. There were 40 of us in the group. We were so unfamiliar with Washington, D.C., weather that my roommate and I turned off the air conditioning and opened the windows of our dorm room that afternoon, only to find the walls literally covered in thick drops of condensation when we returned from dinner. We quickly learned to embrace air conditioning.

This brings me to the sunstroke... I met Les at the end of the first week when our teacher informed us on Friday afternoon that we had a choice of two activities on Saturday. One was to spend the day at Kings Dominion (I love amusement parks), or to join a GU graduate student on a tour of "typical student hangouts." He would meet us in our dorm in Village C at 10 a.m. I could not fathom why somebody would want to tour pubs at 10 a.m., and not being much of a "typical student" I quickly made up my mind.

After class I inquired with my friends and found out that most had made the same decision and I felt bad for this guy named Lester who was volunteering to take us out, so out of altruism I decided to join his tour instead. There were only about eight of us who went along that auspicious day that changed the course of my life. As my teacher loved to brag about later, "we are the only couple that resulted from over 40 years of exchange between our two schools." It turns out that Les was not much of a "typical pub lover" himself and that our teacher had misunderstood his invitation. He wanted to show us Washington and the museums, something I had not had time to do yet and was very much looking forward to.

He was wearing jeans, a T-shirt, and tennis shoes. It was over 110F and the humidity exceeded anything temperate Belgians had ever encountered. We were wearing the skimpiest outfits we had brought along, yet oblivious to our plight, Les proceeded to hike from Georgetown's campus all the way to President Kennedy's grave in Arlington Cemetery. I remember looking at my classmates dripping with sweat as we slugged up the hill and stopped at every water fountain on the way. Les's memory of this little "stroll" is that he couldn't believe a group of fit 21-year-olds could not keep up with their "much older" 26-year-old guide.

The sight of the puny flame on Kennedy's grave could not have been more disappointing after our forced march. I could not believe this American was not even breaking a sweat, but I had noticed his cute All-American smile, blue eyes, and unusually long eyelashes. Obviously my clear judgment had been compromised by a sunstroke. Yet, as we recovered in the air conditioning of the Metro on our way to the Mall, my friends and I discussed those eyelashes in Flemish, one of my native tongues.

To this day, Les is tickled pink to have been noticed by all these Belgian girls, but it turns out he had only noticed one of us. His opening line, as serendipity made us both select the same exhibit of photography in the National Gallery of Art, was "Aren't you one of the Belgians?" I smiled. This was July. When I recount this story I love to add that he proposed in September, and we were married in October... but that was actually three years later. Less than two years after that we moved to Montebello and the rest is history. – *Diane*



Diane and Les on their wedding day



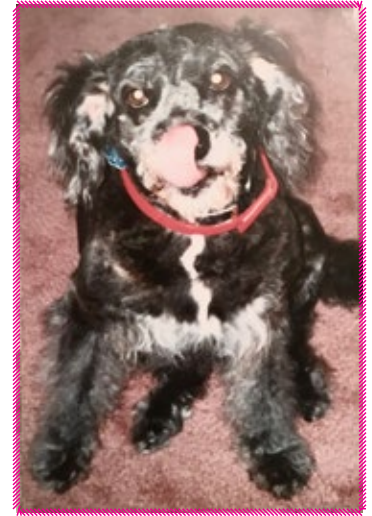
Rachael Bright and Trey Coonrod

met Trey at church when we were age 5 and 6. We quickly became friends, only he was enrolled in a different school. We only got to see each other on Sundays. Trey's family was military back then and he ended up moving away, but luckily for me, his family returned to the area several years later. By that time we were pre-teens and he "noticed" me! We re-kindled a close yet platonic friendship. Over the next five years, Trey tells me he was infatuated with me and I was clueless. Only after we graduated from high school and became busy with lives, I finally "noticed" him back!

He called me up one night and asked me to the movies. I thought it was just two old buddies hanging out... until he showed up and romanced the socks off me! I clearly remember thinking, "Wow! Trey got handsome!!" That magical moonlit night was June 16th, 1995, and we've been together ever since. As Trey would tell it, "I chased you until you caught me!" – *Rachael Bright*



When Holden (right) met Raymond



Nina (above) lived to the ripe old age of 18 – a very scrappy and funny cocker/schnauzer mix had a great life, including a cross-country move, life in California for five years, and then back to Virginia. A very agreeable, easy-to-care-for doggie who later “adopted” a new companion, Casey, a runaway dog we rescued while in California. Nina welcomed her to the family and they were best friends to the end.

Raymond Houck and Holden Coy had recently moved to the D.C. area. It was 1992, late in the month of June, a Saturday night in Washington. That evening, they each went out separately on the town with their friends. As fate would have it, they walked into the same bar in Dupont Circle for drinks. Raymond looked across the room, spotted Holden, and thought he looked awfully cute in his glasses. Holden did the same, zeroing in on Raymond, a friendly-looking redhead in the large crowd. They approached each other and started a conversation. In fact, they ended up talking until closing time, 3 a.m.!

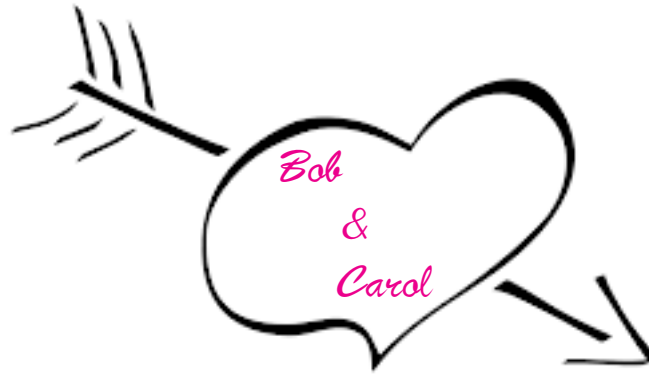
Raymond told Holden that he was going to walk home and take his dog, Nina, out. Knowing by now that Raymond lived in a transitional neighborhood of the District (i.e., “sketchy” area), Holden said “*No way* you’re going to walk there at this hour, let me drive you!”

While Holden parked his silver sports car, Raymond raced upstairs to get Nina. When they came outside, Holden was standing on the sidewalk waiting. Raymond took Nina off her leash to greet him. Even though she had never met him before, Nina ran down the sidewalk to Holden as if he were an old friend, absolutely in love with him, and she jumped into his arms and kissed him. That was the moment that sealed the deal!

And now – 25 years later – we thank you, Nina, for giving us your blessing. – *Holden Coy*

Raymond Houck (left) and Holden Coy





Carol Klaus, a sophomore at Cornell University needed a date for a 1957 Christmas party. A friend fixed her up with a guy named Bob Shea. They dated during the spring semester and got engaged, but Bob went broke despite a scholarship and working two jobs. He dropped out of Cornell at the end of his sophomore year to work, and eventually went back to his home state university, the University of New Hampshire.

He asked a fraternity brother, Bob Coyle, who was pinned to a coed in Michigan, to keep an eye on Carol. He did. They started dating, and Carol broke the engagement to Bob Shea.....who interestingly enough was living with **her** parents in Cobleskill, N.Y., working at a local Remington-Rand plant as a draftsman.

Bob Shea received his degree from UNH, was commissioned in the Army, and spent 26 years as a career military officer. Carol and Bob Coyle were married, had four kids, and settled in Northern Virginia. Carol spent seven years as a caregiver until Bob Coyle passed away from Parkinsons and Alzheimers diseases. His last year of life was at Montebello, where they had purchased a unit after almost 40 years in the Waynewood section of Fairfax County.

When Bob Coyle passed away, Carol sent a short note, to let Bob Shea know that he had lost a fraternity brother, rather than reading about it in the alumni magazine. They had had no contact since the late 1950s. She located him in Newport News, Va., where he had lived since 1982. He was the divorced father of three grown daughters. He called her, said we "ought to get together and talk," and they did. The rest is history. They were married in June 2014. – Carol Coyle-Shea



Bob Shea and Carol Coyle-Shea at the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity party in 1958



Karen and Jørn Justesen going to the prom in Joliet

There are many stories about high school sweethearts meeting again after many years, but usually the ending is at best a friendship. We look back on our high school years with rose-colored glasses and with none of the reality that affects later “real” romances. The years usually change us in ways that do not sustain a later romance. Our story has a different and very happy ending.

We met in 1962 when Jørn Justesen came to Joliet, Ill., as an exchange student from Denmark. We had a typical American high school romance, meeting at school, attending parties and dances, and just hanging out. Jørn told me later that a lot of this was very new and confusing ... but that didn't keep us from having a very good time. But the school year ended and Jørn returned to Denmark. We tried to stay in touch but communication was much more difficult in those days and eventually we lost contact.

Years passed. We both had full and interesting lives, each on our own side of the Atlantic. One day many years later I was testing the power of this new thing called the Internet, and I Googled Jørn Justesen in Denmark. We corresponded after that and learned that over the years our interests had become even more alike. Eventually a business trip took me to Denmark and we met in person for the first time in decades. Years had not dimmed the attraction we had for each other.

International romance is not so easy as the “this is all one big flat world” people would have us believe. However, after many cross cultural difficulties we were in married in Lyngby, Denmark, on September 25, 2000, the beginning of this joyful chapter in our lives. – *Karen Justesen*

My favorite love story

From *Tuesday in Texas: A Memoir about Growing up in the '50s*
Available at Amazon.com

By *Rebecca Long Hayden*

The strobe of young love pulses through the halls of all high schools, and Texas City High was no different. This led to matrimony many times, yet when I made up my mind to explore this rich material, I discovered I know little except the names. Joe and Diane – still together. Tommy and Kathleen – still together. Virginia and Felix – over long ago.

Such infatuation should be enjoyed, endured, but never taken seriously. It feels awful except when it feels wonderful. This catastrophe can become love, and that's lucky. You have something then. There's a quote heard from Hollywood stars who mistake cliché for wisdom. *I still love him, but I'm not "in love" with him anymore.* They move on to another infatuation and never know they walked away from the beginning of true love.

My favorite love story is about a Texas City girl, and it's a story I know from beginning to end. I call it *The Artist, the Pilot, and the Other Pilot*. The artist would be Dorothy Benskin, my aunt, Texas City High School Class of 1942. Never fond of *Dorothy*, she would be called *Duffy* as a child, *Jinx* as a grown-up.

My aunt loved two men in her life, and she defied convention by loving them both at the same time, and forever. *Why should it not be so?* She said. *We commit to one person and consign the others to memory, but the heart is a big place and true love lasts.*

Just out of her teens, Jinx fell in love with John, a Texas boy from San Saba County. She met him at a church social, and she described him as the handsomest man she ever saw. His passionate reaction to her perceived inconstancy makes me believe he loved her as she

loved him.

Came World War II, and John was to travel through Houston on his way overseas, just to spend a few final hours with Jinx, who was living there. He could be killed, but for sure he would be gone for a long time. He couldn't tell her when he would be there, not the



Jinx Benskin Steiner, Colorado, 1946

She waited by the phone at work, but she had a task that took her away from her desk, just for moments. She left, glancing anxiously at the clock. When she returned, she had been gone for seven minutes. He couldn't have called. But he had.

hour, anyway, but the day, at least. He would call, and they would arrange to meet.

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for seven minutes. He couldn't have called. But he had.

She waited the rest of the day for a call that had come and gone forever. The next word from John came in a letter. He had asked her to wait, and she hadn't. How could he trust her for an entire war? He wrote words so harsh she couldn't repeat them. Was there more to the story? Maybe. But I only know what she told me. John left for Europe and married an English girl within two months. Dusty, her name was.

"Dusty Dean," Jinx said. "I was supposed to be Duffy Dean." She used her old nickname, the one she was called as a child.

So Jinx moved to Florida with my mother (her sister) and their cousins, to take part in the "tomorrow we die" atmosphere of the war years. There at a Cuban nightclub, she met Lt. Mahlon (Lynn) Steiner, a promising young pilot, an officer. When Lynn proposed marriage, she accepted.

He loved flying, and he decided to stay in the military when the war ended. He was sent to Colorado for training, and Jinx went home to Texas as to prepare for the wedding. She received the attentions of a bride-to-be, showers, gifts, and fare-theewells as she boarded a bus headed west. They would become man and wife in a military chapel.

Lynn arranged for a hotel, and Jinx walked there from the bus station. He couldn't come by until after his training session, and when he did, she threw herself into his arms. He embraced her tentatively, holding back. He had something to say.

"I can't go through with it," he said. "I can't marry you. Forgive me."

Did Jinx's heart break? Did she cry or scream? No. She wondered how she would explain this to her mother. *What will mother think* informs a woman's life, intentions, behavior.

"OK, then," she said. "I'll be on a bus back to Texas as soon as I can."

He left, and she hardly noticed. She was rehearsing her explanations. She would have time to think on the bus, so she thumbed through the telephone book. *Greyhound*. Tires screeched in the parking lot, and a car door slammed. She put down the phone at the pounding on the stairs. The door slammed opened, and there stood Lynn.

"I don't see how I could NOT marry a girl who could take that kind of news with such sangfroid," he said.

She waited until later to look up *sangfroid*, and she never told him his loss was way down on her list of problems that day.

All she could think of was the humiliation of going home with her veil between her legs.

Jinx came to adore Lynn, married him, bore his children, embraced his church, lived his life, and wanted him to love her as intensely as she loved him. Yet the memory of John rested quietly, just in case a change in circumstance might make it blossom again, as young romances do, and often, because of death or divorce, sometimes just because.

Lynn, a good Catholic, would hear of no birth control except the ones that didn't work – rhythm and abstinence, abstinence being particularly ineffective in the case of young newlyweds. So twenty minutes after the wedding, Jinx became pregnant.

She didn't recognize the early signs of pregnancy, then one morning she got soaped up in the shower and suddenly felt faint. She whispered *Lynn*, and he heard her from two rooms away. When a loved one calls for help, you hear it. He got to the shower, and she was slippery as a Texas con artist, naked as an egg, and swooning. Lynn, his khaki uniform turning dark brown and soggy, clutched at her, got enough grip to keep her from getting hurt, then dragged her onto the bathroom rug as she came around.

"What the hell, Lynn?" she

said. "I weigh 110 pounds. Can't you just pick me up?"

They stared at each other, a soapy naked pregnant lady and a wet military officer with his dignity askew. She laughed. He didn't.

So they had their first child, my cousin Mary Lynne. Jinx got pregnant again at once, but baby Tony was sick. Lynn was soon on his way to his new assignment in occupied Japan. Jinx stayed behind with the children, but



Lt. Lynn Steiner, Colorado, 1946

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not for long. She left the baby boy and joined her husband with her daughter in tow.

Your man *uber alles* was the order of things, plus Jinx thought Lynn was playing around. Why did she think that, I asked, many years later? He was a man, she said, alone and far away. He was handsome and charming. If he wasn't playing around already, he soon would be.

The baby was left in the care of Lynn's mother, and long after all the principals were dead, I found a letter to my grandmother (Jinx's mother) dated December 12, 1949, from Los Angeles. It was from Lynn's mother.

I have sad news for you. Little Tony passed away last night at the Children's Hospital at 8:30.

It goes into detail, but the baby wasn't sick. He was hydrocephalic, almost certain to die in infancy. When he did, neither Jinx nor Lynn returned from Japan.

As for John, Jinx's first love, my grandmother sent her an article from a San Saba newspaper. John had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Beyond that, Jinx knew nothing of him for the next 30 years, yet in spite of her love for Lynn, she thought of John every day.

My aunt had a comfortable life, but restlessness defined her. She wanted the elusive *more* that haunted a generation of women, even though being the wife of a military officer was supposed to be enough. She revisited her gift for drawing and painting. Her work gave her some of the satisfaction she sought, and some recognition and success as a portrait painter.

Jinx and her family lived in far-away places, and when I was in my 'teens, she came to Texas City, her hometown, fresh from being stationed in Hawaii. Dressed in a colorful muumuu and a suntan, my aunt allowed me a glimpse of her glamorous life. She had style and taste. Her

sons were darling, her daughter was gorgeous.

She had wit, too, and a world view I found astonishing. Perched on a bar stool at a beach dive in Galveston, holding court, wielding a wine glass, she proclaimed *Benskins either go crazy or become artists. And some become crazy artists. Or must you be crazy to be an artist?*

All the while, Lynn remained aloof, never giving Jinx the attention and affection she craved. Once when they were living in New Mexico, Lynn went out on a training flight, and as she prepared dinner, she casually hoped he would crash.

He came home safe, and she didn't truly want him to crash, but in that moment Jinx understood the yearning to be close to Lynn, so long unfulfilled, was gone for good. Did he sense the sea change? Know his decades-long upper hand had vanished? Jinx said he didn't. Nothing changed for him.

So years passed. I was 21 years old and living Wiesbaden, Germany, working for U.S. Air Force Headquarters in Europe. My mother made plans to visit, and Jinx decided to come with her.

On their first day in Germany, Jinx dropped a bomb. She didn't come to see me. She came to see John. Someone told my grandmother, who told my mother, who told Jinx, that John lived in nearby Frankfurt with his wife. Jinx wrote him; he wrote back. I was shocked. I had never heard his name. She told me about him then, the war, the missed phone call, the acid letter, his hasty marriage, the fractures in her own union.

So John showed up, still tall and good-looking, and with his own driver. He and Jinx went off for the afternoon. I don't know what he told his wife, but this happened several times. Jinx swore all they did was talk. I believed her. After all, they were in their 40s – past all that, right?

Mostly I believed her because John's leg was in a cast from ankle to groin, and he was on crutches. That's why he

As for Lynn, he realized at last Jinx was the great passion of his life, and he wanted her back, right now, and badly. In a short time Jinx understood she had made a mistake. She missed her comfortable life, and she missed Lynn. She called him to say she was coming back, but he told her his news first. He had met a nice lady named Sarah, and they were to be wed. That's love for you.



Capt. John Dean, from the San Saba newspaper

needed a driver. A month before his reunion with Jinx, he fell off a camel in Egypt and broke his leg in two places (no one could make this up).

Meanwhile, retired and working in Newport News, Lynn eagerly awaited Jinx's return. He had a shock coming. She asked for a divorce. Her daughter was by then on her own, but Jinx packed up her teenage boys and went home to Texas. Did she assume John would leave Dusty? That she and John would live happily ever after? He did not; they did not. Were promises made? She never clarified this detail. If so, they weren't kept, at least not by John.

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wanted her back, right now, and badly. In a short time Jinx understood she had made a mistake. She missed her comfortable life, and she missed Lynn. She called him to say she was coming back, but he told her his news first. He had met a nice lady named Sarah, and they were to be wed. That's love for you.

My aunt was lonely and married phlegmatic Virgil, but left him in a few years. I was in Austin on business, so I rented a car and drove to the coast to visit my mother and Jinx. Sitting around Jinx's place, drinking wine, laughing it up, I asked when her divorce would be final. She said never. She had no reason to divorce Virgil, and if he died, she would receive certain benefits. He was OK with the arrangement, since he had no other family. Virgil died that night. It's likely he died while we were discussing the matter (I told you, you can't make this stuff up).

Lynn and Sarah were married longer than Lynn and Jinx. Dusty, John's wife, died first, then Jinx, then Lynn. I met Sarah for the first time at Lynn's interment at Arlington National Cemetery, and a few years later I ran into her in Williamsburg. My husband and I were visiting friends, who invited several others to join us at a restaurant. One of them was Sarah. What are the odds? She died a few years after that.

As for John, I imagine he's dead by now. Dusty died before Jinx, but he didn't seek out the arms of my aunt, even though she was single, having lost her chance at a reunion with Lynn and buried Virgil. Maybe too much water goes under too many bridges after a while, either in love or infatuation.

So here's to all love stories, the ones that last and the ones that don't, sad or radiant, enduring or short, productive or a waste. Win or lose, it's a risk, and whether or not you find true love, it's a risk worth taking. 📖

My View: Inauguration weekend 2017

By Mary Tjeerdsma

Watching inaugural weekend events from Mexico, I thought President Trump's speech was strong and progressive. Although mainstream media was quick to label it as "dark" I did not consider it dark but rather truthful and realistic about what our country needs right now. (For many it is easier to re-label truth than to face it.)

Our new President's agenda includes creating new jobs, rebuilding our infrastructure, and making much-needed improvements to our health care system. And he pulled no punches in telling members of Congress they must do better at representing those who elected them to office.

He told us our country exists to serve the citizens and that the people will be the rulers of this Nation. The forgotten will never be forgotten again. America will be first when we negotiate trade deals. We will seek friendship and goodwill with other Nations and we will restore the middle class who had their wealth ripped from them and redistributed all across the world. America first! We need to make our Nation and our military strong again. Like many others, I will be watching for these promises to be kept.

As I watched the inauguration and the swearing in of Vice-President Pence and President Trump, I was filled with hope... just like I was filled with hope when I attended Clinton and Obama inaugurations. In all inaugurations I have observed masses of people happy and cheering for their newly elected president. I looked on with hope and was prideful of the peaceful transition of power and example the United States sets for other countries. We have held this same ceremony, this same peaceful transfer of power, fifty-eight times. Yes, in the past there has

been dissent and unhappiness... but Americans moved on and showed our strength as a Nation. I pray we will do this again.

Along with those of us filled with hope for a better America, were many participants in inaugural weekend events in Washington and across America who were filled with fear, anger, hatefulness, and distrust of our new President.

Both sides need to start honoring the Office of the President. We may disagree on policy but vulgarity and name-calling has to stop.



I viewed a handful of protesters smashing windows and setting fires in our Nation's Capital. I watched as a nine-year old boy stated on television that he started an illegal fire because he felt like it and I listened in disbelief as he said, "Screw the President!" I was beyond outraged at those responsible for teaching a child to feel this way and sad that he has been taught this much hate and nastiness at such an early age.

I switched channels while watching inauguration activities and, as expected, was able to observe striking differences among coverage and analyses of the events. Unfortunately, bias, contempt and hatefulness has infiltrated the press to the point that it is hard to decipher unadulterated truth from any of the news media. The words of dis-

respect and praise were concurrently jumbled depending on which news source I was listening to at the moment.

I can easily understand that Hillary Clinton supporters are upset because she did not win, as I have had my share of disappointments in past presidential elections. And because President Trump did and said some terrible things, he was not my first choice for President – but the election is behind us. We need to practice unity rather than divisiveness.

Why did Donald Trump win? A longtime Democratic Congressman from a conservative Minnesota district nearly lost his reelection bid. He was interviewed by the *Washington Post* and commented that rural voters felt abandoned by the Democratic Party because their party had become increasingly urban and liberal. He also said they (rural Americans) do not talk about it much, but after the election they felt set free. Rural America does not like the government telling them what to do or how to live their lives. Many Americans think the government is coddling people, like when people's

feelings are hurt at the colleges and send somebody in to make them feel better. This drives people crazy. "Instead of protesting and crying and whining, our party should do what the Republicans did as they were smart and went after and got control of governorships and statehouses. There is no question about it – Trump got elected because of rural America. **Our party is still in denial – they just do not get it.**"

Regarding my views on the Women's March, I think legal, non-violent protesting is a right and a sign of a healthy democracy. Living in the Washington, D.C. area, I've grown accustomed to marches and protests, beginning with the April 1989 March for Women's Lives which had an estimated attendance of over 500,000, and many

marches and protests occurring over the years since then. So the most recent march was certainly nothing new.

Participants were encouraged to bring their children to the inauguration weekend march, yet there was a mass display of the type of vulgarity and crudeness from Madonna and on the signs and the costumes that protesters said they found contemptible when associated with President Trump. This made no sense to me, and many others who shared their observations with me about the march. I found it disturbing when President Trump was called names by the protesters and speakers – just as it was disturbing to me when people used derogatory terms regard-

ing President Obama's color. Both sides need to start honoring the Office of the President. We may disagree on policy but vulgarity and name-calling has to stop.

It is important to note that protesters dumping their signs on the streets in front of the Trump Hotel and on any other private or public property were wrong and inappropriate, as this behavior displayed insensitivity to the environment many of them indicated they were marching to protect.

It is my observation that Trump protesters who marched should have marched **before** the election to express their concerns; and they should have marched to the polls and voted for

their candidate. I think it is fair to say that many people protesting and unhappy with Donald Trump's election likely did not vote in last November's election, for any number of reasons. Shame on them!

In parting, I ask please do not hope for the failure of this President because if he fails, America loses and so do all of us. I want our country to be strong and I want the people of this country to unite for the sake of America. As Ben Carson stated, "I hope Donald Trump is a good President. Wanting him to fail is like wanting the pilot to crash the plane that we are ALL on." 🙏

Excitement mixes with tension at Inauguration

By Kitty James

I personally attended the 2017 Presidential Inauguration, and here are a few things that you just won't hear about in mainstream media. I wanted to give my first-hand, personal account of being present at the Inaugural ceremonies.

My family and I left our home at Montebello at 8:00

a.m. with rain ponchos in hand (umbrellas were not allowed) prepared for the 67% downpour that was predicted. We were thankful and excited to have "Red Union Square" tickets to festivities in an area next to the U.S. Capitol Reflecting Pool. We left the Huntington Metro Station and arrived at Chinatown Gal-

I felt blessed to have been present and to be a part of such an historic day. I pray that God will forgive the sins of our Nation, and they are great; and that He will bind up our wounds and heal our land. That He will guide and direct ALL of our leaders, and that He will bless our Nation and our people with peace and unity.

lery Place. After exiting the Metro, we walked about eight blocks to a security check in point.

It was undeniable that there was a lot of excitement in the air. But, we could also feel a lot of tension in the air. My husband was wearing a patriotic hat in honor of the day. As we walked down the street chatting with excitement, a person walking toward us seemed negative and angry. When they reached us, I was "shoulder checked" by the person as they passed by. For those unfamiliar

with that term, it is when two people are passing one another on the sidewalk, and one of them aggressively leans in and "hits" the other person in the shoulder with their shoulder, and keeps walking. It is a less confrontational way to hit someone, and get away with it. But you are hitting them nonetheless. In addition to this, we were sneered at, yelled at, and someone even spat across our path as we walked. Each time it was accompanied by intimidating remarks.



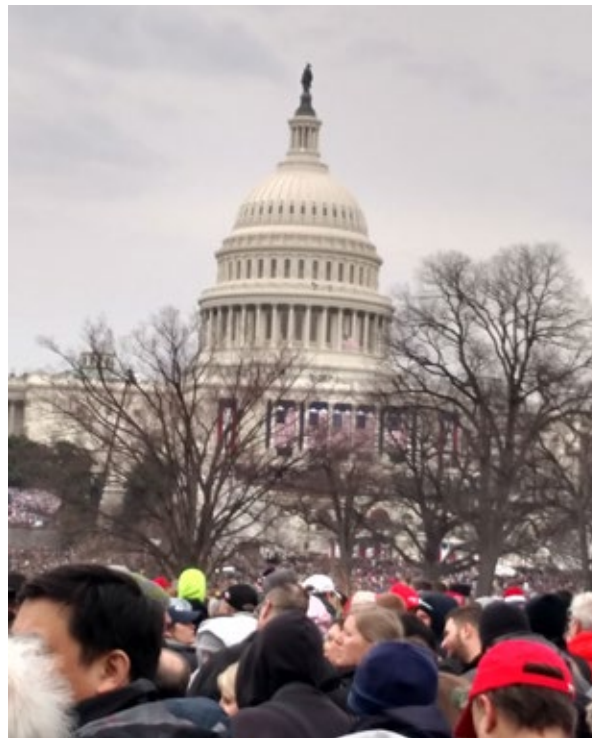
Kitty and Jerry James at the Inauguration

Upon arrival, we were met by protesters directly blocking the security gate through which we were instructed on our tickets to enter. The protesters,



in an effort to prevent attendees from entering the security check point gate, began locking arms attempting to make a human fence so as to prohibit us from entering the security gate. As we tried to walk through or around them, they used their bodies to push and shove us out of the way. These protesters wanted the freedom to exercise their right to assemble, yet they wanted to deny others to have that very same freedom to attend and assemble at the Inauguration. A double standard by any measurement.

Assembly is okay. Protesting is encouraged when you disagree. But, it is never okay to physically lay your hands on another person or assault them, such as shoulder checking people as they walk down the street. When someone lays their hands on another person, they have just crossed the line. We not only observed, but experienced aggressive threatening behavior. This is NOT protesting and this is NOT okay. In my opinion, this aggressive behavior has more in common with terrorists who embrace the tactic of creating fear, intimidation, and violence as the



Photos by Kitty James

means to their end, namely, control. It is their method of madness to secure their goals and objectives. A peaceful or balanced solution is not part of their agenda.

Our Nation is clearly divided and hurting, and needs healing and unity.

Our new President is not perfect. No President before him has ever been perfect, nor will one ever be perfect.

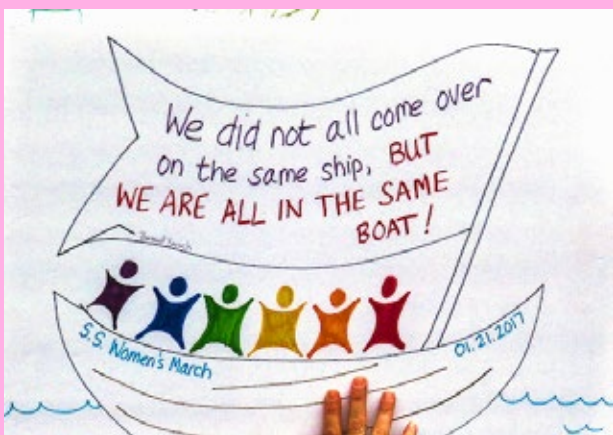
Although we left home prepared for rain that day, I would like to share with you that it did not rain a single drop...that is, not until Mr. Trump placed his hand on the Bible to take the oath of office. It was at that very moment, tiny droplets gently sprinkled down for about 10 minutes on him and on the crowd.

Rev. Franklin Graham noted in his closing prayer, that in the Bible, rain was considered a BLESSING. At the exact moment that the rain drops began was the exact moment that Donald Trump was speaking his oath of office. I truly felt God's presence there that day. Many people in the crowd calling out "AMEN," prayers were offered and words spoken boldly proclaiming the name of JESUS! I felt blessed to have been present and to be a part of such an historic day. I pray that God will forgive the sins of our Nation, and they are great;

and that He will bind up our wounds and heal our land. That He will guide and direct ALL of our leaders, and that He will bless our Nation and our people with peace and unity. 🙏

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



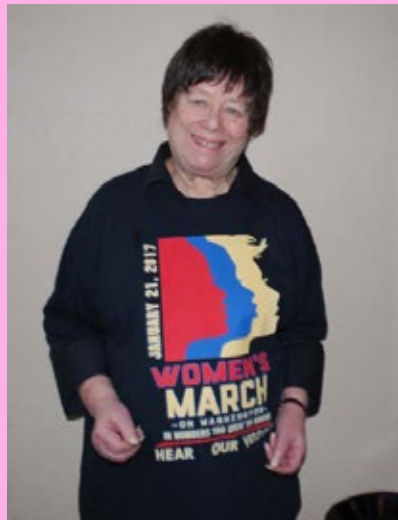
Photos by Jeanne Tiff



Photos by Leslie Rodriguez

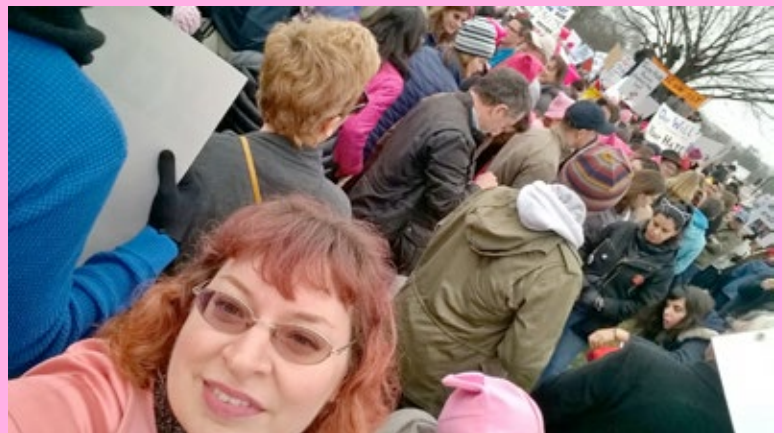


Photos by Rachael Bright



*Photo by
Dian
McDonald*

Candace and Rod Cowan



By Carole Appel

Many Montebello residents went to the Women's March in Washington on Jan. 21 to join with the estimated half a million people who gathered on Independence Avenue and the cross-streets between the Capitol and the Washington monument to protest the newly installed Trump administration and to defend women's rights.

I was impressed not only by the sharply focused speeches of so many distinguished American women – and men – to preserve our rights in the face of clear attacks on our basic liberties by the new President and his cabinet of 18 men and two women.

Everywhere we walked, the thousands of people around us were helpful, polite, gracious to us and to each other. If we needed to thread our way through a crowd to get a better view of the enlarged video screen of the speakers' platform, people made way for us. They helped us maneuver crowded steps, picked up dropped canes, held their signs aloft, smiled, applauded the speakers.

Some of the signs we saw: *We are the noisy majority; Racists make America afraid again; We need a leader, not a creepy tweeter; Meryl Streep 2020; Thou shall not mess with women's reproductive rights: Fallopian 4:28; Love trumps hate.*

Leslie Rodriguez and I had taken the Metro there, and were surrounded by good-natured students and faculty members from New York state who had traveled overnight by bus to come to the march, so from the moment we left Huntington station we felt part of a historical day. 📷



The Montebello Voice

By Rachael Bright

I marched for many reasons. Women's reproductive rights and preserving the Affordable Care Act were on my list. Also, with the fight against White supremacist Richard Spencer moving into and setting up shop in Old Town, I marched for Black Lives Matter, civil rights, equal rights, LGBTQ rights, and basic love for all humanity.

One of the most amazing things I took with me about this march was, not

Voices from the march



the turnout which was staggering, but it was the feelings love, solidarity and acceptance I received from 500,000 complete strangers. There was no negativity, no exclusion and yet this was a protest against vast injustices. There were also many random acts of kindness and love amongst strangers as well. Lots of hugging, high-fives and thumbs up on protest sign appreciation going on.

Truly and amazing experience that I am proud to have been a part of. We made history after all! 📷

By Andrew Masiuk

My “child” was not enthusiastic about going. My “parent” said I should. My “adult” convinced my child that there was nothing to fear and that it may be fun. The march was about America and it was about me.

I came to the U.S. as a Displaced Person at the age of seven. My “parent” had recordings of Europe in the ‘30s that I got from my parents. One of them was that “feel-good” lies and half-truths feed evil that I should resist.

With “parent” in mind, my “adult” was seeking a path forward about both America and myself. What do I want

to do and whom should I join to do it. The march was a step in the right direction. There are many people concerned about America and it's up to me to get involved. 📷

By Sue Allen

You could feel the energy the moment the subway doors opened in L'Enfant Plaza on a gray Saturday morning – a sound like the rumble of thunder bouncing through the tunnels.

People everywhere carrying signs, sporting pink “kitty” hats, hand-knit caps with kitty ears – a definite feline theme.

Up the clogged escalator to the street where people and signs were everywhere: left and right on Maryland Avenue, along D and 7th streets, and the National Mall. We soon found we were on the outskirts of swelling crowds, and it wasn't even 8 a.m., the rally not scheduled to begin until 10.

My husband Don and I were one of some dozen known Montebellians attending the Women's March in downtown D.C. We were to be volunteer marshals, a job we had trained for with one in-person session and another online. As it turned out, we couldn't reach the site where we were to check in, receive a bright green marshal's vest, and get our marching orders.

Though we'd arrived well in advance of our 9:45 reporting time, the wall of people made it impossible to get two blocks. Penetrating the crowd was exciting, frustrating, a little scary and ultimately impossible. After 10 minutes of “Excuse me's” and pushing forward, we caught a “train” forged by a group in front of me who made an opening. Alas, it dead-ended soon in a wall of humanity.

Despite these squeezed-in, squished-together conditions, people were courteous, even cheery. At one point my husband's boot lace came loose but there was not enough space for him to bend down and tie it. A woman said, “Do you want me to tie

your lace?" And she proceeded to. At another point I was carrying some trash from my snack but there were no garbage bins along the March route due to security reasons. A woman standing by the curb stepped forward and said "I'll take that for you."

Everyone was chatty and supportive. While it was so easy for us to get there by hopping on the Yellow Line and arriving downtown in about 30 minutes, others had long journeys. I met a couple from Seattle, another from Nicaragua; a woman who slept on the bus through the night from Chicago. I heard that another group came from Alaska.

The crowd was intergenerational and diverse: a young father pushing a 3-month-old with two preschoolers in tow, grandmothers and grandfathers, babies in snuggles, folks in wheelchairs, fresh-faced young women and men, and plenty of gray hairs.

It was no surprise to me that there was not one arrest, even with 500,000-plus participants. Let me repeat, not one.

Police officers were smiling, impromptu t-shirt vendors along the route were selling out, the rain held off, and 1,800 buses from states within about 700 miles of D.C. drove through the night to bring tens of thousands of participants. A friend on one from Kalamazoo, Mich., texted me a photo from a rest stop on the Ohio Turnpike: "Every time we stop the rest areas are filled with women on their way to the March." (We were unable to meet at the march but texted one another photos from a few blocks apart).

The actual "march" began with people moving an inch at a time along Independence Avenue, with thousands on side streets flowing like sluggish tributaries into the main river. As it moved forward, space opened, and people were able to walk. The group turned right on 14th Street, then left on Constitution past the Ellipse on the south side of the White House before ending by the Lincoln Memorial. Every few minutes a chant would erupt: "Our bodies, our choice," "What does democracy



Montebello women on the march: (from left) Carole Appel, Rose Gschwind, Carol Hora, Sue Allen, and Leslie Rodriguez

look like? This is what democracy looks like." "Spread love, not fear." Chants had a life-span of about 60 seconds before fading, then quickly followed by a new one. People sat in trees, and lined the curbs and walls along the route. Originally planned to end at 23rd Street, the marchers were instructed by marshals to keep moving. We marched on until we dispersed by the Lincoln Memorial, where people ran into a concession stand for coffee and hot dogs, with throngs milling around outside.

No one appeared anxious to leave, opting to enjoy the feel-good of community created by the event. "Where are you from?" asked a 50-something woman in a pink hat sitting on a bench next to me. "Alexandria," I replied. "And you?"

"We came down from Pittsburgh. We've still got get on the Metro, get off in Vienna, then drive home.

"Tonight?"

"Yep," she said, rising up a bit stiffly. "It was worth it."

"Well, safe travels, and keep the spirit alive," I said.

As my husband and I made our way to the Foggy Bottom Metro stop, I felt a new spring in my stride. That's what hope feels like. 🍷

***Post-Women's
March postcard
writing party on
Feb. 8***

**You are cordially
invited to a post-
card writing party
in Party Room 4 on
Feb. 8. A few Monte-
bello residents are
hosting it to give
people an opportu-
nity to write notes
to law-makers on
issues of particular
concern to women.
The event begins at
7:30 p.m.
RSVP 303-241-6205
{text is fine}**

final glance



Beautiful structure and symbol for all Americans!

Photo by Ralph Johnson