

The MONTEBELLO Voice

an independent gazette

not soon enough

October 13, 2020



My dream: a world in which public health and common courtesy intersect

By Amy Friedlander

I am sitting in my own unit, with all windows wide open when the outside temperature is 59° F wearing a mask. Why? Because a technician is in my unit inspecting the HVAC. He has been going from unit to unit, with no assurance that he is not transferring the virus, should it be present, from another unit. He is wearing a mask, but it looks flimsy. I do not know if he has been tested before entering the residential towers and I do not know whether any of the residents he has been in contact with before he reaches my unit is infected or is a carrier. This is a simple business transaction; it should not be a trust-building exercise.

By contrast, a couple of weeks ago Montebello management informed us that several of our staff had been exposed, one had come down with the virus, and residents in one of our units had been exposed. Management informed us that our employees were quarantining and then told us that one of our employees tested positive and continued quarantining. We know the facts and they intersect with recommended public health practice. That builds trust.

We do not know in what building the residents who were exposed live, whether they were tested after the exposure, or their current health status. I think that common courtesy would require that these residents inform the Montebello community of their health status and what they have done and continue doing to protect us. It would help to know in what building they live. They could do it anonymously, via the *Montebello Times*, if they do not want to reveal their identity. Nothing of the sort has happened. That foments mistrust.

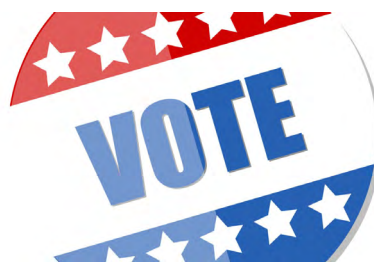
We know from previous *Montebello Voice* articles that half of our residents

are over 60 years old, meaning that they are at high risk of developing complications that can cause their death if they develop COVID-19. We do not know how many of the residents in our Montebello community have underlying conditions that put them at higher risk of developing potentially lethal complication. Why expose them to unnecessary risk?

An illustrative case: I am in the over-75-years-old category and have had experience with highly infectious respiratory diseases. How I contracted them was not known and having them was highly disruptive of my life, but the risk of dying was low to non-existent. We can be sure that there are many cases much worse than mine at Montebello. We survived. This one can kill.

And now the contract HVAC inspectors go from unit to unit without us knowing to what extent they have followed public health protocols or what they are doing in order not to introduce the deadly virus into our unit. In the current environment, trust cannot flourish without facts. We do not need to discuss the fine points of virus transmission or how much risk people are prepared to pursue (what economists amusingly call “risk appetite”). I need to know that the person I am letting into my private space is following the protocols recommended by public health scientists.

This is a world in which public health and common courtesy intersect. And living in the intersection builds trust. I dream of living in that intersection. 🗳️



*Flecks of red in the woods caught my eye this morning after last night’s rain: fruits of the bursting-heart (strawberry bush, *Eunonymus americanus*) popped open to reveal their seeds.*

Cover photo by Patricia Jacubec

The **MONTEBELLO** Voice

an independent gazette
Alexandria, Virginia

This publication accepts no funding or oversight from advertisers, residents, or the Montebello Condominium Unit Owners Association. All opinions are encouraged and reflect the diversity of views in the community. All articles and photographs come from Montebello residents. To receive or contribute to this email-only gazette, contact montebellovoice@cox.net or visit on the web at www.montebellovoice.com.

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Charity begins at home

By Leslie Rodriguez

Have you thought about decluttering, but don't want to face the idea of loading up your car and hauling stuff so a donation site? You might want to try the Facebook group Buy Nothing buynothingproject.org. Just do a search and you should find the right one for our area. (They have to approve you.)



You post items you would like to give away. No tax deduction, of course.

What I like about it is you meet (if you choose to) some really nice people, who can benefit from your extra stuff. I have given away furniture and chandeliers, and just gave away a lot of stuff due to clearing out a new listing: kitchenware, chandelier, linens, even leftover specialty dog food. And since I did meet each of the four people who came, I heard very moving stories about their experiences, and how much the items will mean to them and their families. Just a few examples: a couple getting ready for a freshman heading to college dorm, the first in the family

to go; a single mom moving into a new home with 2 tween kids; a mom-to-be whose husband is compromised so they don't get out much. It's a more personal way of donating.

You can choose to do contact-less, of course, and just leave your items by your door. One caveat: like with deliveries, you will need to give very specific instructions for how to enter the prop-

erty, give name at the gate, and get in at B3 level.

If contact-less, then you will need to arrange for a cart at your door and they can leave it at the hobby room door.

This is a new version of the Yahoo Freecycle group freecycle.org. We had a lot of fun with that group when we got my mother's home ready to sell; it was gratifying to see that her things would get a second life with local families. One family had driven here from California for a job with just what they could fit on the truck, and basically needed everything for their fresh start. 🏠

When in Japan

By Richard Titus

"Commodore Perry's Flag" (September 18 edition) interested me because I was once engaged to a direct descendant of the Commodore, from whom I learned a little about the Black Ships.

By edict, Japan had been isolated from the world for about two centuries. Two ports were open to traders from Portugal and Holland, and that was it. After being forcibly reopened by Perry, the Japanese found our appearance and customs to be as bizarre as we did theirs. It was much noted and commented on. (Search Google for their artists' portrayals of us).

There is an interesting example of a Japanese observer's description of the ritualistic behavior exhibited whenever two American males encounter each other on the street. First, each bellows the other's name as loudly as possible, several times. Then, with the left hand, each reaches around and pounds the other's back three times. Then, with the right hand, each withdraws a cigar from his pocket and offers it to the other man. Each rejects the cigar three times. Then, the cigar is accepted, by the inferior man.

Hierarchies are still important. In professional settings, if you meet a Japanese man for the first time he will hand you his card. You take it with both hands and read it carefully. On leaving, both bow, with the inferior man bowing lower. I once was saying goodbye to a colleague who was returning to his high-level position in the Japan National Police Agency. I bowed, he bowed lower. Believing he was mistaken, I bowed lower, but he bowed still lower. I was sure that he definitely ranked me, but knew that I had to let him "win" the bowing contest. Maybe he was being kind, maybe he was being humble. I'll never know. 🏠

Rotary Club needs you help to help others

Our Rotary Club of Springfield is collecting food and personal supplies for ECHO. ECHO (Ecumenical Community Helping Others) is a non-profit, all-volunteer organization which has helped the neediest people in our community for 50 years. We will deliver these items on October 17. Some people may prefer to send grocery store gift cards or write a check. Please make out checks to Springfield Rotary Foundation with the notation For ECHO. The Rotary treasurer will provide you with an email to be used for tax purposes acknowledging all gifts. If you would like to donate, you may contact me at joanledebur@cox.net and leave the items at my door in building 3, unit 508 prior to October 16. Your gifts will be very much appreciated. – Joan Ledebur

Be ready for unexpected events

By John Powers

Unexpected events occur all the time. Most are minor inconveniences, but some have serious consequences, especially if we are unprepared and/or lack the resources needed to cope with them (e.g., an emergency travel bag). Please consider prudent actions prior to an unexpected event.

High-probability and low-consequence events

The most common is a **local electrical outage**. For the most part, any outage up to four hours, except in July and August, is a “so-what event” and for some people, even eight or twelve hours is no big deal. If, however, we are dependent on an electrically operated medical device, that changes the game dramatically. In this case, both short-term back-up power and a plan to relocate are needed.

Probably the only things most of us need is a couple of fully charged LED lights and a battery pack to recharge cell phones and other electric devices. It was my realization that I had not recharged mine that motivated me to write this article.

In January or February, sleeping bags or thick quilts would be good, but this

can be a nice excuse for bundling.

As an aside, I was driving from D.C. to Pennsylvania years ago in what I expected to be a light snow storm, but one that became a major blizzard (14-18”). Instead of checking into a motel, I proceeded on. Anyone dumb enough to do that should have heavy down jackets and blankets in their trunk, plus lots of potable water.

Moderate-probability and moderate-consequence events

There are a couple of events in this category: **loss of potable water** and **extended area-wide electrical outage**.

The loss of potable water can be caused by any high wind event that is capable of knocking down large trees with extended root systems. During my stint as the FEMA Region V Director, a major wind storm knocked down several large trees that cracked potable water supply lines, resulting in water contamination. It took an extended period to repair and sanitize supply lines. So, take seriously the mantra to keep at least three days potable water of one gallon per person per day stored in glass containers in your unit.

An extended area-wide electrical outage can be caused by an electrical storm

triggering the built-in safety features in the grid, a hacker, or idiots with rifles taking out several of the step-down transformers around a metropolitan area (Woolsey Kupperman, “Our Network Vulnerabilities”).

For this, a plan to leave the area is the simplest option. Other options are a stack of canned or dry food. You can buy Meals Ready to Eat (the notorious MRE’s that have very long shelf lives). A 1000-watt portable battery power station with solar panel backups and a propane camp stove could make an extended stay without electricity bearable.

Low-probability and high-consequence events.

The sole event in this category is a **terrorist nuclear incident** (I would include terrorist biological, radiological or chemical events or even another 9/11 strike, but am not certain that the secondary effects would be sufficiently extensive). While little attention is given to this contingency, it is still on the agenda of our adversaries and must be taken seriously.

While D.C. is second on the list of prospective targets, we have near zero concerns about the direct effects unless the wind is more or less out of the north-northeast. Our sole concerns should be on the indirect effects and the water, food, electricity and emergency lights would help considerably with this contingency. In addition, any prudent person dependent on life-sustaining medications should purchase a month’s supply out-of-pocket to use as a rolling inventory.

There is an excellent emergency checklist on the web at https://www.ready.gov/kit?gclid=CjwKCAjw-8MD7BRArEiwAGZsrBVAEbu9uuy-dArOMf7hyTcoU5mqQSmIwn9cV-VBLt9GDaxCQo51vMoHRoCWU-wQAvD_BwE#.

Be prepared. Devoting a few hours for planning and obtaining needed supplies can avoid days of misery! 📖

They’re back!

Photo by Jenifer Amie Ehrlich



Save yourself!

By Raymond Houck

Soon it will be time for the dance we do twice a year. Yes, Daylight Saving Time – the push and pull with our old friend and sometime foe: **TIME!** Always trying to remember, “Are we *falling forward* or *springing back*? Does falling back mean we are gaining an hour of sleep or losing one? Most importantly, how did Arizona and Hawaii get out of dealing with this whole mess?”

Daylight Saving Time (DST), also Daylight Savings Time (with an “s”) or Daylight Time (United States and Canada) and Summer Time (United Kingdom, European Union, and others) is the practice of advancing clocks during warmer months so that darkness falls later each day according to the clock. The typical implementation of DST is to set clocks forward by one hour in the spring (spring forward) and set clocks back by one hour in autumn (fall back) to return to standard time. In other words, there is one 23-hour day in late winter or early spring and one 25-hour day in the autumn.

Benjamin Franklin proposed a form of Daylight Time in 1784 in his tongue-in-cheek essay “An Economical Project for Diminishing the Cost of Light” written to the editor of *The Journal of Paris*. He observed that Parisians could save on candles by getting out of bed earlier in the morning, making use of the natural morning light instead. By his calculations the total savings by the citizens of Paris would be the approximate equivalent of \$200 million today. Franklin’s suggestion seems to have been more of a joke than a real proposal and nothing came of it

During World War I, in an effort to conserve fuel, Germany began observing DST on May 1, 1916. The rest of Europe soon followed. The plan was not adopted in the United States until the Standard Time Act of March

19, 1918, which confirmed the existing standard time zone system and set summer DST to begin on March 31, 1918 (reverting back on October 27).

The idea was unpopular, especially with farmers. In fact, Daylight Saving Time meant they had less time in the morning to get their milk and harvested crops to market. Congress abolished DST after the war, overriding Presi-



dent Woodrow Wilson’s veto and DST became a local option. A nationwide DST would not be established again until World War II. On February 9, 1942, President Franklin Roosevelt instituted year-round DST, called War Time. It lasted until the last Sunday in September 1945. After 1945 many states and cities east of the Mississippi River (and mostly north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers) adopted summer DST.

From 1945 to 1966 there was no federal law on Daylight Saving Time, so localities could choose when it began and ended or drop it entirely. What emerged was a complicated patchwork of daylight-saving policies that varied in length and by city, state, and municipality. Pretty confusing!

By 1962, the transportation industry found the lack of consistency perplexing enough to push for federal regulation. The result was the Uniform Time Act of 1966. Beginning in 1967, the act mandated standard time within the established time zones and provided for advanced time: clocks would be

advanced one hour beginning at 2:00 a.m. on the last Sunday in April and turned back one hour at 2:00 a.m. on the last Sunday in October. States (Arizona and Hawaii) could exempt themselves from DST if the entire state did so.

While the struggle does sometimes feel painful, there is one small kernel of encouragement to be found in the brain fog – we are not alone. All of us (even our friends in Arizona and Hawaii) know how disorienting it can feel to have rhythms disrupted. We all recognize the craving for our regular rhythms to be restored. When looked at through that lens, DST is almost like training wheels for real life. It reminds us that occasionally schedules go out the window, but with patience and time, the world will right itself once again. 🏠

God’s visitor

By Sarah Newcomb

I heard the staircase door
Open as if
By a breeze

And out stepped
The priest
His cassock floating
In the air

Tall and slender
Borne silently
Through the deserted
Lobby

He is swiftly gone
As if floating
On the air

Disappearing
Out the glass doors
Lest anyone see
And wonder

Who received
The Last Rites
Here today

The ups and downs of online schooling

By Marianna Du Bosq

Virtual schooling has certainly been an interesting experience. With a 4-year-old boy and a 7-year-old girl, we have had our ups and downs. We made the decision to homeschool our son since his preschool is currently only open for essential workers, which we are not. I think in many ways he is the one benefitting the most from this situation. He has the luxury of seeing his older sister doing school work and wants to be just like her. In the months that he has been home from school, he has taken off academically. When I asked him what his favorite thing about homeschooling is, he says it's having his sister as his classmate.

Our daughter is a second-grader and is taking part in FCPS' virtual learning. She attends a Spanish immersion school and I was relieved to know that the county would still offer its bilingual education program online. We feel extremely lucky that she was placed with an outstanding teacher. I continue to be blown away by her teacher's ability to keep the students engaged and excited. My daughter is completely captivated by her and has felt valued in her class despite its limitations.

At first, she would often say how the day felt really long but FCPS did shorten the day and now she feels like it's more manageable. Right about when she is ready to be done with the computer, the school day is over.

But it has not all been positive. Both children really miss their friends and their school communities. They both loved their classrooms and enjoyed their school experience. This is just something that we are not able to recreate for them during the pandemic. I personally also worry about the reduction in instruction time. Math instruction time, which is taught in Spanish at her school, was reduced in half, hinder-

ing both her math and Spanish exposure. There is also, of course, the added complexity that both my husband and I work from home and so it is a constant juggle to keep all the balls in the air.

If there is one thing that all four of us can agree is that we love the extra family time that we have been afforded. The kids have always been great playmates but the time at home has taken it to a new level. I am so glad that they have each other, they are never bored.

We enjoy having lunch as a family every single day. We picked up a habit of daily family chapter book read-alouds, something I always wanted to do but we were always on the go and never had time for before. And we have been able to explore different hobbies that we never considered before, such as piano and chess – two family favorites that we never did before the pandemic but now with the extra time at home we can do them.

Above all, we feel blessed and are grateful to be safe, healthy, and happy. We are taking advantage of the Montebello amenities like never before. When everything first shut down, we hiked the Montebello trail every single day, rain or shine. During the summer, you could find us at the pool daily during my lunch break. Now we are frequent users of the tennis courts, something I had never done in the 13 years of living at Montebello.

2020 has been a roller coaster, so who knows what the rest of the year will bring. But for now, despite the daily challenges of juggling this new reality, we are thankful with how we have fared. 🍷

By Casey Hartman

I am a senior at George Mason University. This semester has brought unique challenges of courses being dropped or moved online before the term started; my course schedule was changed 3 times over the summer. Two of my classes are online, French 202 and Global Culture Change. Madame Carol Saltzman and Prof. Peter Stearns adapted by having weekly or bi-weekly online sessions utilizing Blackboard.

I will miss meeting my fellow classmates in-person and hearing them speak, which is beneficial to me for learning a foreign language. I'm particularly glad Prof. Stearns, an 84-year-old renowned historian, is utilizing Blackboard Ultra to be able to share culture changes he has experienced from the time perspective as well as growing up in England and living in Canada before immigrating here.

The Public Budget and Finance course I am taking meets in-person on Thursday afternoon in a lecture hall, which now has a maximum capacity of 45 persons instead of 300; every other row is roped off and every third seat is available for use. I feel safe attending class on campus with the face mask and physical distance policies. 🍷

By Jackie Fleming (English teacher at West Potomac HS)

I can comment in the future but I am absolutely swamped with set up, learning and putting together virtual classrooms. Maybe that's my comment? 🍷

How is your school year going? If you're a parent, a grandparent, a teacher, a student, or an administrator, the Voice wants to hear about your challenges, frustrations, and triumphs. Please send your stories to montebellovoice@cox.net for inclusion in the next issue.

school daze

By Linda Brownlee

I heard on NPR that 40 percent of women in the work force did not return to work in September. I know why.

You can't leave the 8-year-old student alone with the school computer; they get unplugged from power, sometimes twice a day. Finding the link to the next class takes so long that you miss the class.

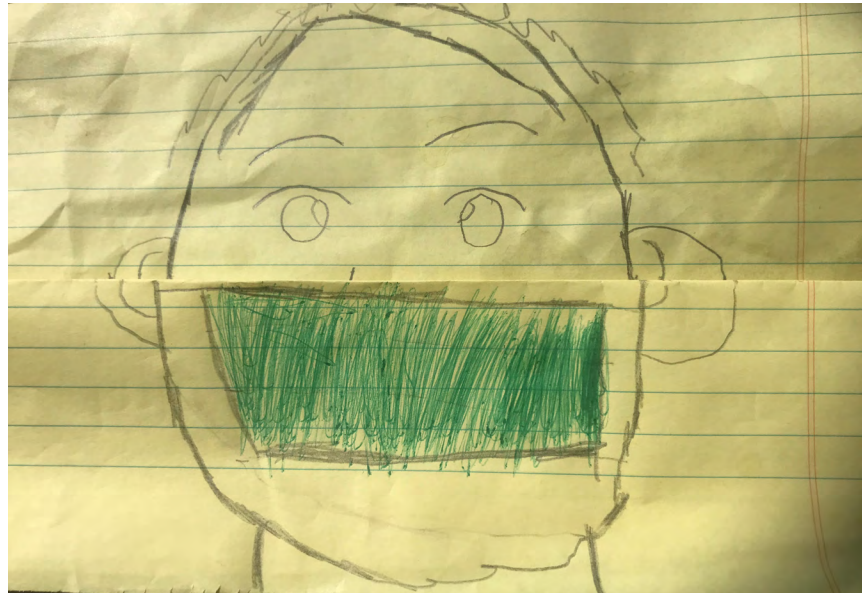
You are the lunch lady, everyday. Hair net optional. So many snack breaks. Tip 1. Put out all the snacks for the day in the morning. Tip 2. You can order delivery pizza at 10:30 in the morning.

Overheard the third-grade teacher say, "You have to wear a shirt. I don't care if they are pj's." Socks do not have to match. Shoes and sometimes pants are optional.

The 13 year-old sleeps in her regular clothes, rolls over, turns on her computer and she is on-time for school. She really likes online learning. She says, "It is easier to not pay attention." I had to confiscate her cell phone.

The supply list requested by FCPS usually requires multiples of Ziploc gallon bags, disinfectant wipes, and Kleenex in addition to usual composition books and pencils. Not this year.

On the serious side, the cost of feed-



ing children who have qualified for free breakfast and lunch at school is a budget buster at home. Childcare is limited to those within your covid bubble, like grandparents. Many working parents can not afford to pay a person with computer skills to take their place. Working from home means working long hours outside of school hours. Many household chores still are not shared evenly between men and women.

In all of this family stress, adults have to remain positive in spite of their own mental health challenges.

Teachers refer to the adults in the home as "grownups" to cover all possible family/caregiver relationships.

Teachers are not paid enough. Knowing that white boards are very hard to find in September, one teacher bought and supplied them to students. 📌

Drawing by Noah

Announcing the 2021 ThirdEyePhotography Calendar

Montebello resident Miriam Rosenthal is offering her 20th annual desk calendar for sale.

Each month is an individual 5"x7" mini-poster printed on post-card stock. The images are based on photographs taken all over the country, although this year's calendar features 6 (if you include my cat) images taken right here at Montebello. As always, the images are a mix of the ever-popular florals and some personal takes of beautiful scenery.

The prices are \$15 for one calendar, \$12.50 each for 2 or more. If you have questions or would like to order please email Miriam at thirdeyephotog@icloud.com. Since we are all at Montebello, I'll be glad to drop them off at your unit or meet you at a socially distant place. Checks or cash only, please. 📌



Four years in a lifetime

By Bob Shea



here are 1,460 days in four years. That seems like forever when one is a teenager, but just a small slice of life when one is our age. Often our memories can be crystal clear about life's impacts on us when looking way back, but somewhat fuzzy about the details of events from

day)...the E Book, which contained all the rules and regulations that guided our lives...first-run movies on Saturday night in the gym (we were not allowed to attend the local theater downtown)...a school of 750 rich boys literally in the epicenter of a small town of 5,000 people (almost guaranteed teen conflicts)...tea dances where girls from all-female prep schools were bused in for social events with pairs determined by age

some meals. For two years I managed the loan library, which loaned textbooks to scholarship students to avoid having to purchase them. My final year I was assigned to ring the bell that ended classes at 6:15 p.m. each week day. I had to leave my class, go to the locked closet beneath the bell tower, and literally pull the rope (like Quasimodo) to signal the end of classes. On days when I had an exam, that last period of the



our more recent past. Maybe when younger, our brains have a lot of empty space for those memories?

Looking back to four years at a New England prep school tends to confirm that hypothesis for me. The sights and sounds are still fresh in my mind even with a 65th reunion in the planning stages. They include:

Classes five-and-a-half days a week... mandatory athletics...coat and tie for all classes...curfew in our dorms at 8 p.m. each night...mandatory chapel each academic day and mandatory church attendance (at the Academy chapel or at a town church of our choice on Sun-

and height (one waited with your breath held as names were read off)...faculty members who lived with their families in dorm apartments...and knowing that a classmate had been given permission to skip classes in order to go with his family to Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Does that date me?

Then there are the more personal memories of a scholarship student. We were all required to have a "give back" scholarship job. My first year I was a waiter for one semester on a faculty table in one of the dining rooms. Faculty members and their families were allowed to eat in the dining rooms for

day tended to be a couple of minutes longer as I purposefully extended the length of the class. Who knew?

I was lucky as a scholarship student as I was eligible later for a job in the serving kitchen of my dorm. This paid me 70 cents an hour for working on the steam table or loading and unloading the industrial-sized dish-washing machines. Thus, I was able to have needed spending money and to start a nest egg for expected college expenses. In some ways I was better off financially than some boys whose parents were struggling to pay the \$2,000 (1953 dollars) a year board and tuition. As an aside,

rememberance

today that figure is approximately \$44,000 annually for the equivalent of a high school education.

Since New Hampshire has the first presidential primary every four years, the Academy would normally host most candidates as a guest speaker at a morning chapel. In 1952, Harry Truman came through Exeter by train, but did not speak at the chapel. The campaign train stopped at the Exeter railroad station for a whistle stop event to boast Adlai Stevenson's campaign. We were given the morning off to go to the depot to hear him. I managed to crash a bicycle en route, and spent the next two days in the infirmary with a split lip, a chipped tooth, and a nurse picking sand out of my face. Harry managed without me.

I was not perfect. Teenage boys rarely are. After a night-time snowball fight in a dorm hallway, I was asked to counsel the culprits by the resident faculty member. While I had participated, I

heard him coming and managed to hide in a janitor's closet. Another time, we left our dorm in the middle of the night (totally verboten), found a long ladder, and placed a wind-up alarm clock high on a ledge of a column in the chapel. When it went off during the reading of the day's psalm, the faculty reader had no choice but to let it ring until the spring ran down. Even very fortunate scholarship boys could press their luck. The statute of limitations has expired, I hope.

One memory that is still part of my life is the peanut between sandwich. At the Academy snack bar, one could get a "peanut between" and a Coke for 15 cents, a bargain for a scholarship boy. What is peanut between? Simply a sandwich of toasted white bread with peanut butter and mayonnaise. About twice a year, I still treat myself to one. Try it, believe me, it is good.

On a historical note, I recall that the 1953 Broadway play *Tea and Sympa-*

thy was set in Exeter. Later Vincente Minelli directed the film version of it with Deborah Kerr as the caring faculty wife. Much more recently, the Democratic debates were Exeter-heavy, as for a while two alumni were on the stage: Andrew Yang and Tom Steyer.

I finally graduated on time and went to Cornell for two years before I went broke. I stayed out of school for one year, saved money, and went to my home state university with its much more friendly in-state tuition. I probably should have gone there first, but Exeter graduates in those days always went to Ivy League schools. In my class of 235, 45 went to Harvard, 38 to Yale, and 32 to Princeton. Another lesson I eventually learned: don't always follow the crowd. Be yourself and be realistic, even if it means bucking custom. I guess I did not learn Reality 101 soon enough. Not being a follower is a lesson much needed as one goes through life.



Photo by Patricia Jacobec

dog days

Photos by Dian McDonald



THE SPEAKER SERIES Presents

Mary Ann Jung
as
—JULIA CHILD—
QUEEN OF CUISINE



Award-winning actress **Mary Ann Jung** cooks up her own unique recipe for fun as Julia Child, the witty Queen of Cuisine.

Meet the wonderful woman who changed culinary history at a time when people in America were more interested in TV dinners and getting out of the kitchen! Julia Child was more than just an innovative chef, she was also a terrific author, educator and television personality who set the standards by which all subsequent cooking shows have been judged. *Bon appetit!*

Wednesday, October 21st, 7:30 p.m.
The speaker will be presented via ZOOM.
The ZOOM link will be posted one day in advance.

Sponsored by the Activities Committee

The Montebello Music Club presents
Official 2020 White House Christmas Ornaments



Non-tarnishing 24k gold plated brass; metal with gold plating
Size 3 3/4" x 3" Made in USA

This ornament honors John F. Kennedy, the thirty-fifth president of the United States. Before his presidency was cut short by an assassin's bullet, he had reinvigorated the American spirit. His legacy lives on in his youthful belief in America and his faith in America's responsibilities to the world. With this ornament we remember President Kennedy through his posthumous official White House portrait, made in 1970 by Aaron Shikler. The portrait, symbolic of his unfinished presidency, hangs in the White House today.

Price is \$25 until October 31; \$27 after November 1

Please contact your building representative to purchase:

- Bldg. 1 – Jane White – janemariwhite@hotmail.com
- Bldg. 2 – Yolande Frommer – yonlarry@gmail.com
- Bldg. 3 – Claudia Carpenter – crpntrc@verizon.net
- Bldg. 4 – Carol Comlish – ccomlish@msn.com

Mélange of Montebello
Art Show

An invitation to all Montebello artists to participate in the next virtual art show

Saturday, December 5 at 4 p.m.

Please send jpeg images of your work to Harriet Duval at HaziDuval@gmail.com

Photographs of work must be sent in jpeg format by Monday, November 16. No more than 3 pieces may be submitted.

Sponsored by Art in Montebello
Harriet Duval, AiM Chairperson

The Grounds Committee's 2020 Nature Photo Contest

The contest is open to all residents, except Grounds Committee members, and will have two divisions: youth 15 and under, and all residents 16 and over. Grandchildren of residents may submit their photos for the youth category.

Contest Rules

1. Each photographer may submit a maximum of five entries and photos must have been taken on the grounds of Montebello between January 1 and November 1, 2020. **The contest closes on November 1.**



Photo by Dian McDonald

2. Email your photos as .jpg files by November 1 to ourmontebellogrounds@gmail.com. Include your name, building/unit, phone number, and age for persons under 16.
3. No identifying marks should appear on the photograph to preserve anonymity for fair judging.
4. Only photographs with a nature theme (natural plants and animals) will be considered.
5. The photographer agrees that submitted photos may be used by the Association or the Grounds Committee for promotional purposes.
6. The best photos in each category will be selected by a professional photographer and the decision of the judge is final.

MontebelloGrounds.com

final glance



Photo illustration by Joel Miller