

# The MONTEBELLO Voice

an independent community gazette

farewell

April 2, 2024





What are you voting for?

Submitted by Susie Miller

We all will have the same opportunity to vote. Perhaps one of the most important opportunities we have ever had or will have. Read this and think: “Not who we are voting for but rather – what are we voting for.” The choice is ours. Don’t protest by staying at home and not voting.

After all – voting is our only ticket to register our complaint. That moment when someone says, “I can’t believe you would vote for Trump.”

I simply reply, “I’m not voting for Trump. I’m voting for the First Amendment and freedom of speech.”

“I’m voting for the Second Amendment and my right to defend my life and my family.”



“I’m voting for the next Supreme Court Justice(s) to protect the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.”

“I’m voting for the continued growth of my retirement 401K and the stock market.”

“I’m voting for a return of our troops from foreign countries and the end to America’s involvement in foreign conflicts.”

“I’m voting for the Electoral College and for the Republic in which we live.”

“I’m voting for the Police to be respected once again and to ensure Law & Order.”

“I’m voting for the continued appointment of Federal Judges who respect the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.”

“I’m voting for our jobs to remain in America and not be outsourced all over again to China, Mexico, and other foreign countries.”

“I’m voting for secure borders and legal immigration.”

“I’m voting for the Military & the Veterans who fought for this Country to give the American people their freedoms.”

“I’m voting for the unborn babies that have a right to live.”

“I’m voting for continued peace progress in the Middle East.”

“I’m voting to fight against human/child trafficking.”

“I’m voting for Freedom of Religion.”

“I’m voting for the right to speak my opinion and not be censored.”

“I’m not just voting for one person, I’m voting for the future of my Country.”

“I’m voting for my children and my grandchildren to ensure their freedoms and their future.”

“What are you voting for?” 🇺🇸



Cover photo by Don Savage

Photo by Dian McDonald

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](mailto:montebellovoice@cox.net) or visit on the web at [www.montebellovoice.com](http://www.montebellovoice.com).*

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## Interview with an independent author

### Rebecca Long Hayden

**MK:** In April your third book comes out on Amazon, a mystery/thriller entitled *The Murder of Maggie May Slipper*. Tell me a little about *Maggie May*. What's it about? What inspired it?

**RLH:** I started *Maggie May* in 1994, when I lived in Atlanta and drove my daughter to soccer practice twice a week. Noonday Park was too far away to go home and come back. It got too dark to read, and it was before the internet, so no Kindle or texting. People cautioned me against walking alone on the trails after dark. All I could do was wait, so I conjured a murder mystery in my head. *Maggie May Slipper* is murdered on the trails while her daughter, Artemis, has soccer practice. The story took off from there, but time, family, work – all conspired to make me shelve the book. For 30 years.

**MK:** But you wrote two other books in the meantime, right?

**RLH:** True. A memoir called *Tuesday in Texas* and *The Second Life of Brenchie Jessup*, historical fiction. That was going to be it, but I came across the draft of *Maggie May* in an old file. “Not bad,” I thought. “I should finish it.” And I have.

**MK:** And how would you describe the book?

**RLH:** Well, here's the back cover blurb: *Gabe Chastain is handsome, entitled, and bewitched by Maggie May Slipper. She's perfect. Except she's married. And now she's dead.*

*Maggie's husband, third-rate thug, fourth-rate Elvis impersonator, summons Gabe to a back-alley meet-up. “I know all about you and my wife,” Ned Slipper says. “You're the reason she's dead.”*

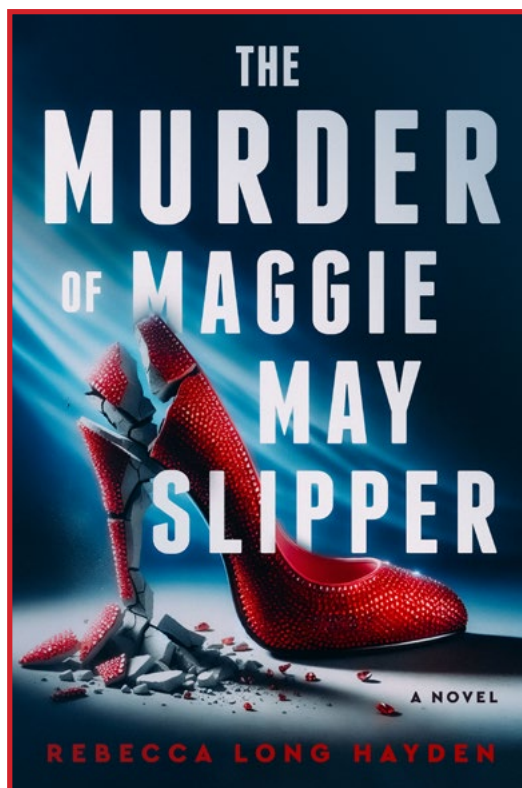
*Ned leaves Gabe bleeding in the gutter, and Body Heat becomes Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

*Gabe travels from Atlanta, to Charleston, to Las Vegas, searching for a way to destroy Ned Slipper. Finding nothing, he hires Trujil-*

*lo Verdejo, a nimble-witted investigator who looks more like an extra in a spaghetti western than a private eye.*

*Verdejo has one question. “What about the girl?”*

*Gabe had almost forgotten about Maggie's daughter, Artemis. “What about her? She's just a little girl.”*



*Verdejo reveals the first of Maggie May's lies. “Artemis Slipper is 18 years old. Believe me. She's a woman.”*

*And everything Gabe thought he knew begins to crumble. Everything except his hard-wired determination to see Ned Slipper in his grave.*

**MK:** It sounds like a good read, and maybe a lot of fun?

**RLH:** It's full of twists and turns, and some surprises. I guarantee. And a little comic relief. In the end, though, it's about the consequences of committing murder, and of seeking revenge. Both lead to bad things for everyone in the book.

**MK:** This is your third book as an independent author, so what would you like people to know about that?

**RLH:** I think I speak for most “Indies,” as we're sometimes called, when I say I write for the love of it, and no other reason. I don't mind that I receive less than half of the cover price on my books. I'd like people to know that I'd love to give my books away, but I don't get them for free. I have to buy every copy. At a discount, but not for free.

**MK:** And about self-publishing, or independent authorship, as the preferred term. What would you like people to know?

**RLH:** It's not the same as the old “vanity press,” where for \$5,000 or more, you get a pretty book. As an Indie, an author can publish a book for free. Or spend as much or as little as they want for cover art, book design, editing, and so on.

There are two other important things. First, the author maintains all business and creative control, from sales, to promotion, to the wild dream of movie rights. Not so with traditional publishing, unless you're an author of huge stature, like, say Stephen King.

Second, self-publishing is much quicker. From querying to find an agent, to the agent finding a publisher, to the publisher actually publishing the book, it could be four to six years.

**MK:** And as an Indie, what's your biggest personal reward?

**RLH:** I promised myself I'd write a book someday. I've written three. They're good books, and I'm proud of them, and I'm proud of myself for the effort and dedication that went into each one.

**MK:** And which one is your favorite?

**RLH:** My favorite is always the one I'm working on now. And that's *The Murder of Maggie May Slipper*. 📖



# The winter golf fling

By Chester Taylor  
Montebello Writers Group

I woke up at o’dark thirty on a February Sunday morning, splashed water on my face, and took the elevator down to B3 at the rear of Building 1, hoping my Uber would arrive as scheduled. I stepped out into the cold air with one bag of golf clothes, a golf travel bag of carefully packed clubs, and a plane ticket for Tampa, Florida. I spotted the driver coming up the hill on time and waved at him. We loaded up the luggage and sped off to National. I felt lucky my flight was on time. As we headed out to the runway, we stopped. All flights headed south were being rerouted due to the weather and we had a 20-minute delay. Finally, we were off again and arrived in Tampa.

I had reserved a rental car to drive from Tampa to Crystal River. Check-in went smoothly and they gave me a new, white Volvo XC 60. I loaded it up, laid out my map and sunglasses, and then nothing. The engine wouldn’t start. I went back to the reservation desk and complained to the young woman working there. She smiled and said, “it’s electric.” I replied, “I don’t want an electric car, there’s no recharging stations for Volvos where I am going.” She says, “OK, take the BMW.” Great, I unloaded and reloaded, working up a sweat in the Tampa humid, warm air. The BMW was a plug-in hybrid and did have a navigation system, perfect.

I arrived just after lunch at the Plantation Resort in Crystal River. There was a huge water fountain in

front. A big wedding party group was checking out. As I waited, I thought about what kind of images of the old South the name conjured up. About that time, a large van arrived filled with young black men. I asked, “are you guys here for a golf tournament?” “Oh, no,” they answered excitedly, “we are here for the fishing. We are going out tomorrow on a charter boat.” The overwhelmed desk clerk finally called me up, had me sign some papers, and gave me a key fob for my room.

My room was spacious and comfortable. I showered, shaved, and dressed for the Maryland Interclub Seniors Golf Association’s (MISGA’s) reception to kick off the tournament. Senior golfers from 36 clubs in Maryland attended. Besides golf, the hotel provided us with a complete breakfast each morning with bacon, grits, fresh eggs, sausage and gravy, biscuits, and even fresh fruit. We played golf during the day and then in the evening attended a banquet with a different theme each night.

The golf course was decorated with live oak trees with hanging Spanish moss, salt cedar trees, and varieties of palmetto. There were alligators and colorful birds, e.g. loons, pelicans, herons, and egrets at every water hazard. Over 400 manatees live in the river there. The course

*In honor of National Poetry Month and the Montebello Writers Group 2nd annual poetry reading event on April 20 from 4-5:30 p.m. in the Community Center Lounge, Chester shares this following Golf Poem (author anonymous):*

In my hand I hold a ball,  
White and dimpled, and rather small.  
Oh, how bland it does appear,  
This harmless looking little sphere.  
By its size I could not guess  
The awesome strength it does possess.  
But since I fell beneath its spell,  
I’ve wandered through the fires of hell.  
My life has not been quite the same  
Since I chose to play this stupid game.  
It rules my mind for hours on end;  
A fortune it has made me spend.  
It has made me curse and made me cry,  
And hate myself and want to die.  
It promises me a thing called par,  
If I hit it straight and far.  
To master such a tiny ball,  
Should not be very hard at all.  
But my desires the ball refuses,  
And does exactly as it chooses.  
It hooks and slices, dribbles, and dies,  
And disappears before my eyes.  
Often it will have a whim,  
To hit a tree or take a swim.  
With miles of grass on which to land,  
It finds a tiny patch of sand.  
Then has me offering up my soul,  
If only it would find the hole.  
It’s made me whimper like a pup,  
And swear that I will give it up.  
And take to drink to ease my sorrow,  
But the ball knows ... I’ll be back tomorrow.

was in reasonably good shape considering it and the resort had been hit by Hurricane Idalia followed by a tornado past fall. The first couple of days were golf games. I was a bit rusty, playing near my handicap.

The third day was more serious, a Stableford match, where you get points on eagles, birdies, and pars. We had high winds and rain showers caused by a cold front moving through the area. I adjusted my driver to hit lower trajectory shots. During the round, I chipped one shot directly into the cup. Later, I made a “sandy.” A “sandy” is when your ball goes into a sand trap, you hit out on to the green, and then sink the putt. On this day, I had a low net score of 64, a MISGA all-time record. I was happy.

I took up golf when I retired from the military in 1997. I had some good teachers. Below is a 2007 photo of me with Ian Woosnam. Ian was Captain of the European Ryder Cup Team, three-time winner of the Masters, and had 52 professional wins. Along with several other businesspeople, we played together at the Celtic Manor Course in Cardiff, Wales. In the photo, Ian is displaying the 2006 Ryder Cup Trophy Europe had won the previous year. Later, I had a chance to be a guest at the European Chalet

during the 39th Ryder Cup held in September 2012 at Medinah Country Club located just northwest of Chicago. Ian was there. Going into the last day of the tournament with the Americans having a strong lead, the Europeans pulled off the “Miracle at Medinah” and won 141/2–131/2. It was one of the greatest comebacks in Ryder Cup history. 🏆



*Three variations of the same species of violet (Viola sororia) in our woods*

*Photos by Patricia Jacobec*

*Irish dancers in the community center*

*Photo by Dian McDonald*





## Army posts: new names and old war stories

By Bob Shea

**M**ilitary installations come and go. Most people do not really care except for those personally affected by the change.

Some posts/forts/bases were closed when their mission no longer existed. Camp Blanding in Florida closed when the Army no longer needed to train tank destroyer crews at the end of World War II, and Fort Hunt, just down the road in Fairfax County, became a park years after its mission to interrogate high-value German POWs ended. Does anyone remember Grenier AFB in Manchester, NH or Fort Wayne in Detroit?

Other installations were closed over the years by something called the Base Realignment and Closure (BRAC) Commission, which was charged with identifying specific military installations that could be judged to be in excess of the Department of Defense's (DOD) needs. Cameron Station on Duke Street went from a World War II Quartermaster depot to the Headquarters of the Defense Logistics Agency to a civilian community of upscale condominiums and townhomes. Pease AFB in Newington, NH transitioned from a Strategic Air Command Base to a thriving commercial transportation hub. BRAC consolidated other bases into "joint bases" to consolidate various housekeeping functions between adjacent installations regardless of service. We now have Joint Base Eustis/Langley in Virginia's Tidewater region and Joint Base Lewis/McChord south of Seattle (combining Army and Air Force functions) among others.

The BRAC decisions were very contentious as no elected official wanted a military installation in his/her area to be closed despite the fact that it might make huge economic sense within the DOD budget. BRAC succeeded when the law establishing it required an "up or down" vote (yes or no) on the whole

bill without amendments by Congress. Individual senators and House members could not haggle over details while supporting some parts of the bill and opposing other closures. It was "all or nothing." It worked.

These changes were driven by a factual cost/benefit analysis based on changing missions, downsizing of mil-

itations in the South, and was seen as a sign of reconciliation between the North and the South," according to a recent 2023 DOD news article.

In 2021, Congress created an eight-member Naming Commission to assign, modify, and remove Confederate names, symbols, displays, and monuments from all DOD assets.



<https://publicaffairs-sme.com/FamilyServingFamily/2023/03/22/exchange-teams-prepare-for-big-changes-as-9-army-posts-get-new-names/>

itary forces, and economics.

Recently other changes were driven by the 2021 National Defense Authorization Act that mandated a three-year process for renaming or removing Confederate names from US military installations. This reversed a long-standing informal naming process for various camps established as the US entered World War I. The names chosen were to represent someone from the area and should not be "unpopular in the vicinity of the camp," according to a July 1917 memorandum from the Army Chief of Staff. This memorandum directed that newly established camp names be focused on "federal commanders for camps from northern states and Confederate commanders for camps from southern states." Army installations named for Confederate officers were established "in an effort to court support from the local popu-

The Naming Commission, in 2022, stated that in "every case the Confederate names speak far more to the times, places, and processes that created them than they do to any actual history of the Civil War, the confederate insurrection, or our nation's struggle over slavery and freedom." Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin later stated that DOD's implementation of the Commission's recommendations "will give proud new names that are rooted in their local communities and that honor American heroes whose valor, courage, and patriotism exemplify the very best of the United States military."

I personally spent over six years at Army installations that no longer exist by the names I remember. Along I-95, there are no longer signs directing motorists to Fort Lee in Virginia or Fort Bragg in North Carolina. Texas State

Route 190 no longer bisects Fort Hood. They are among the nine Army posts (three of them in Virginia) which have been given new names within the past year. Welcome to 2024.

Fort Pickett, in Blackstone, Virginia, is now FORT BARFOOT, named for World War II veteran and 1944 Medal of Honor (MOH) recipient, Colonel Van Barfoot. He had extensive ties to Virginia, enlisted in the Army in 1940, and was awarded the MOH for his actions in repelling German tanks and infantry in Carano, Italy while assigned to the 45th Infantry Division (National Guard).

Fort Rucker, in Dale County, Alabama, the home of Army aviation, is now FORT NOVOSEL, and honors Chief Warrant Officer-4 Michael Novosel, a legendary Army warrant officer and aviator who served in three wars and who also received the Medal of Honor. In two tours in Vietnam alone, CWO4 Novosel flew 2543 extraction missions and rescued over 5,500 wounded soldiers.

Fort Lee, in Petersburg, Virginia, the home of Army logistics, where I was stationed for three years, is now FORT GREGG-ADAMS, honoring Lieutenant General Arthur Gregg and Lieutenant Colonel Charity Adams, two legendary logistics officers who were also trailblazers in a changing Army. Lieutenant General Gregg, who entered a segregated Army as a private in 1946, was the first black three-star general, and a career logistician. Lieutenant Colonel Adams joined what was then the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (the WAACs) in 1942 and became the first black woman to be commissioned in the WAAC. She eventually commanded the 6888th Central Post Office Battalion, the first and only all-female and all-black battalion to deploy overseas in World War II. The battalion found warehouses filled with undelivered mail and brought order to the often chaotic distribution of morale-building mail to millions of GIs throughout the European theater.

Fort Hood, in Killeen, Texas, my

first assignment as a second lieutenant, is now FORT CAVAZOS, named for retired General Richard Cavazos, a veteran of both Korea and Vietnam, who was the first Hispanic-American to achieve the rank of four-star general. A native of Texas, his final assignment was commanding the US Army Forces Command.

Fort Benning, near Columbus, Georgia, the home of Army infantry, is now FORT MOORE. It is the only Army installation to be renamed in tribute to both a soldier and his spouse, Lieutenant General Harold "Hal" Moore and his wife, Julia "Julie" Compton Moore. During the Vietnam war, then-Lieutenant Colonel Moore commanded the 1st Cavalry Division's 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry Regiment in the bloody November 14, 1965 battle of Ia Drang. The battle would later be chronicled in the book "We Were Soldiers Once....And Young," co-authored by LTC Moore and UPI reporter Joseph L. Galloway who was embedded with the battalion during the battle. It was later adapted into a 2002 movie with Mel Gibson playing LTC Moore. Back home, Julie Moore was a powerful and unrelenting advocate for military families. Her leadership changed the way the military notifies and cares for the families of fallen soldiers among other needed advancements in support of the wives and children of those deployed.

Fort Bragg, in Fayetteville, North Carolina, where I was also stationed, is now FORT LIBERTY, not named for an individual but for the American value of liberty. At the renaming ceremony, the commander of the XVIII Airborne Corps, headquartered at Fort Liberty, said, "Liberty is etched in the hearts of everyone who has given their lives from this installation." The famed 82nd Airborne Division and the Army's Special Operations Command are also located at Fort Liberty.

Fort Polk, in Leesville, Louisiana, is now FORT JOHNSON, honoring World War I veteran William Henry Johnson, a member of the New York National Guard's 369th Infantry Reg-

iment, an African-American regiment that was also known as the Harlem Hellfighters. Sergeant Johnson's actions in close combat saved his unit from being overrun when ambushed by overwhelming German forces. Although wounded multiple times and out of ammunition, he fought with a bolo knife, fended off 24 of the enemy soldiers, and saved his unit.

Fort A. P. Hill, in Bowling Green, Virginia, was renamed FORT WALKER, to honor Doctor Mary Elizabeth Walker, the Army's first female surgeon and the only woman to receive the Medal of Honor. Already an experienced surgeon, Doctor Walker volunteered to serve in the Union Army during the Civil War. She was not allowed to join the military but instead worked as a civilian contract surgeon on the battlefield. She was later captured by Confederate soldiers, cared for her wounded captors, and spent several months as a prisoner of war before she was released in a POW exchange.

Fort Gordon, near Columbus, Georgia is now FORT EISENHOWER, honoring the former president who was also a five-star general, commanding all Allied military forces during World War II in Europe. Army Secretary Christine Wormuth said at the renaming ceremony that "we choose to honor a man, a general, a president who upheld the values we want our force to embody.... values like loyalty, integrity, and selfless service."

It is very difficult to tell "war stories" when one has to pause and think of the installation's new name. Those of us with a military past must adapt, using the new names, regardless of what the signs along I-95 or Texas State Route 190 once said. We are up to the task, I hope. 🍷

# The Colossus of Constantine

By Joe de Angelis

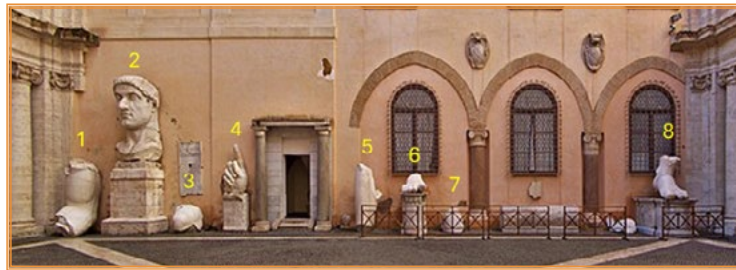
Not too long ago I read an article about robots recreating Michelangelo’s masterpieces. Statues that took months and even years to create can now be reproduced in a matter of days. Although assisted by artists and sculptors, the results are impressive. Also, with the aid of 3-D technology it is now possible to recreate ancient statues regardless of their condition or completeness. A case in point is the Colossus of Constantine the Great, of which only nine fragmented pieces have been found.

Emperor Constantine (306 to 337 AD) is best known for being the first Roman emperor to convert to Christianity. He also decriminalized Christian practice and stopped the persecution of Christians. Constantine believed that religion (The Church) and the State should be one entity and is considered the father of a religio-political ideology known as Constantinism. This ideology epitomizes the unity of church and state, as opposed to the separation of church and state.

The colossus was a 46-foot tall statue of the seated Emperor Constantine holding a scepter in one hand and an orb in the other. But with only nine pieces to work with, it’s like putting together a giant jigsaw puzzle, most of which is missing. The replica of the colossus, which was recently revealed, was made by the Madrid-based Factum Foundation, using state-of-the-art 3-D technology. The Factum Foundation as a nonprofit foundation that creates high-resolution digital replicas of the world’s cultural patrimony.

On Tuesday, 6 February 2024, Rome’s Cultural and Historical Ministry unveiled a one-to-one scale reconstruction of the Colossus of Constantine. The Emperor Constantine

commissioned the original statue over 700 years ago in 312 AD. The original statue stood in the western apse of the Basilica Nova (Basilica of Maxentius and Constantine) located in the Roman Forum. Started by Maxentius, the basilica was completed by Constantine who added an apse to the west end of the basilica where his statue was located. The



Basilica Nova, the last Roman basilica built in the city of Rome, was almost completely destroyed by an earthquake in 847 AD. The statue of Constantine remained standing until 1106, when it was knocked to the ground during a violent windstorm.

It was not until 1486, however, that the basilica was rediscovered along with seven fragments of the colossal statue of the Emperor Constantine. These fragments included the right arm with elbow, the head, the right knee cap, the right hand, the left shin, both the

right and left foot, and the left kneecap. The left breast and the right arm were only discovered in 1951. If you have ever visited the Capitoline Museum in Rome, you will have seen the fragments of the huge statue that were discovered in 1486 displayed in the museum’s courtyard Palazzo dei Conservatori.

Fragments of the statue of Constantine, arranged from left to right are: 1. the right arm with elbow, 2. the head, 3. the right kneecap, 4. a right hand, 5. left shin, 6. the right foot, 7. the left kneecap, 8. the left foot. The second right hand (9) is located beyond the columned entrance to the left. The reconstructed statue is just around the corner from the museum courtyard where the original fragments are on display.

The newly generated statue was created using 3-D modeling technology from scans of the nine original marble body parts that were found. The body of the statue is made from resin, polyurethane and marble powder, while the gilded tunic that drapes the statue is made of plaster covered in gold leaf.

“This whole dynamic about how you use technology to transform our understanding of and the importance of cultural heritage is the core mission of Factum Foundation,” said the group’s founder Adam

Lowe.

A second version of the Colossus of Constantine is to be installed in York in northeastern England, where Constantine guarded the frontier fortification known as Hadrian’s Wall. It is also where he was proclaimed Roman Emperor by his army in 306 AD. However, Constantine did not become sole emperor of the Roman Empire until 312 AD when he defeated his last rival, Maxentius, at the battle of the Milvian Bridge. 🏰



## final word

Dear friends and neighbors,

After eight years and 175 *Voice* issues, it's time for me to make a graceful exit from Montebello's beloved independent gazette. I started it in winter 2016 because I wanted to give our residents an attractive, civil forum to exchange ideas, share information, and simply entertain each other. All articles were accepted without restrictions on length or subject matter.

Over the years, the *Voice* became an alternative source of unbiased news about Montebello's governance that held our board and management accountable for their decisions. I faithfully attended board of directors meetings and did my best to convey the discussions that took place before each vote. I also provided residents with informative Q&A coverage before board elections.

In addition to chronicling thousands of interesting articles that included personal histories, political commentary, travelogues, popular culture, history, and everything in between, each issue also featured beautiful images from our resident photographers who captured our changing seasons and social events.

The *Voice* reflected our community's rich tapestry and tried to include a wide spectrum of experiences and perspectives. In case you haven't read every edition, I highly recommend doing so from the website.

I am endlessly grateful to the "regular" authors and photographers for keeping this publication vibrant and always surprising. It pains me that so many stories are yet to be told – perhaps someone else would revive the *Voice* in its new incarnation. I appreciate everyone's kindness, generosity, support, and encouragement. Although this message sounds like a good-bye, I cannot rule out occasional special editions in the future. I am still here.

Whirled peas,  
Mikhailina Karina