

 *While We're Waiting* 
A Dunwoody Village publication by residents, for residents.
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A JOYFUL NOISE
Jerry Kinkead

Silence has been the prevailing sound in recent weeks. Noises at my place have been subtle: the whirr of my sewing machine, the click-click of the computer keyboard, the ting-a-ling of a message on my iPhone, the background chatter of a radio newscast, the ping of the kitchen timer when the pasta is done. With spring came some lovely birdsong, cheerful and encouraging, but not too loud.

Then, suddenly, the arrival of noisy tractors and swarms of people in masks. The East Country House hallway project has resumed. We have construction crews of all kinds, carpenters on rooftops hammering

up timbers, masked men in our hallways yanking out drywall, banging in insulation, cutting open new windows. On the outside, gardeners are mowing and clipping, power washers sprayed the stucco before the painters arrived with tall ladders to touch up. There is so much to watch. I dash between

the bedroom window and the patio to see what action I can expect each day. What a treat!

I have found the racket quite exhilarating. From both inside and outside I have been able to watch the progress of the workers. Constructing the serpentine rooftops is both a science and an art. Clearly, this takes serious brainpower as well as brawn. The roofing experts have been doing higher math, pulling open their metal tapes to gauge each length, every space of the curve. It's poetry in motion — watching the men install new slats so that the top measurement is slightly smaller than the bottom measurement, and each precisely spaced so that the rounded structure will reach its end at the correct place. I'm so impressed.



Photos: Jerry Kinkead



*A Lesson in
Social
Distancing!*

Photo: Pete Smyrl

THE BIRDS AND BEES WITH A TWIST

Lucy Irwin

Around May 16th as I was talking to my daughter on the phone, our resident hummingbird arrived in the window hovering long enough to notify me of his families' return to our 3rd floor deck. Straight away I set up our feeder and filled it half way with home made sugar water.

Many of us have attracted beloved hummingbirds in this manner. Several years ago Bobbi Mynott informed the Wildlife Committee members that we should consider changing this concoction every three days as fermentation occurs in the hot sun. After feeding the birds all these years, this was news to me.

Gardeners and bird lovers alike check their gardens regularly. Pinching off a leaf here, watering a pot there, filling a feeder as needed. This is certainly my routine. I began to notice 4 or 5 wasps staying around on the feeder after their normal bedtime. And there they were each morning. I determined they were not leaving their food source. In fact they were getting quite testy with the hummingbirds chasing them away. This was certainly unusual behavior.

One morning as I pinched a leaf here and watered a pot there, it dawned on me that the wasps were too drunk to fly home safely. Easier to just stay put. Chasing the hummingbirds away was protecting their food source/bar!!

I have adapted to this information by changing the sugar water every three days and filling the feeder only to half capacity. I am also following Bobbi's suggestion about keeping the feeder clean. Stay tuned for September's results when our beloved hummingbirds bid farewell a little after Labor Day.

For those of you who have never tried to attract hummingbirds it's quite easy. A feeder can be purchased at Home Depot, Amazon, Mostardi's, hardware stores and garden centers. The sugar water is one part sugar (1/2 cup) to 4 parts water (2 cups) heated on the stove until sugar is dissolved. Fill your feeder to 1/2 full. Change every 3 days. Enjoy!!!!



NOTES FROM NANCY

Nancy Bloomfield

Are you stressed and/or anxious after weeks of being at home? It's really hard to escape the news updates about COVID-19, which may be putting us at some risk of feeling anxious and stressed since we are in the "vulnerable" demographic. So what can we do to cope?

There are many strategies recommended for dealing with the stress of feeling vulnerable and isolated during these times. You probably know most of them but I will list some of them here again:

- Eat healthy well balanced meals
- Exercise regularly
- Take breaks from watching, listening or reading news stories
- Take deep breaths, stretch, meditate
- Get enough sleep
- Relax by doing enjoyable activities, such as jigsaw puzzles, crossword puzzles, reading good books, gardening, cooking, baking, painting, knitting, needlework, etc.
- Connect with friends and family. You can use face time, Skype, and Zoom or just the phone.

My personal recommendations include laugh out loud every day, list the things that you feel grateful for, count your blessings, strive to be content with what we have, focus on helping others, go out and smell the flowers.

When you lie down at night let go of whatever you can, breathe deeply and be thankful for another day. If we can sleep peacefully we can wake refreshed for another day. And remember to laugh!!

INNOVATIVE GRADUATION DURING A PANDEMIC

Chris Beck

We don't often think of the importance of graduation from eighth grade. For the graduates, however, feelings of excitement and pride characterize this milestone. Recently, I was moved by a video created for graduating eighth grade students and their families at Gesu School, an independent Catholic elementary school in North Philadelphia.

Gesu provides a quality education and safe haven for 450 underserved children in a low-income area of the city. For eight years, until 2011, I was President and CEO of Gesu School and continue to be amazed that I, a Presbyterian woman, succeeded a Jesuit priest! In between governance and fund-raising, my office door was always open to the children. One day five 4th grade boys asked me to help them write a book. "No one listens to us," they said. So, we wrote a book!

Gesu's creative graduation video showed pages turning and featured a good luck message from each teacher, an individual photograph of each student, each name read by the principal, awards announced, and a short keynote speech by an alumna about to enter law school. For the finale, the President announced that a teacher would personally deliver the diploma and a school T-shirt to each graduating student at his/

her home. This creative virtual graduation offered a caring "Congratulations."

During this pandemic and civil unrest, every nonprofit, school and business grapples with creative solutions. Gesu School succeeded and stays in my heart.



AN UNSELFISH EXAMPLE

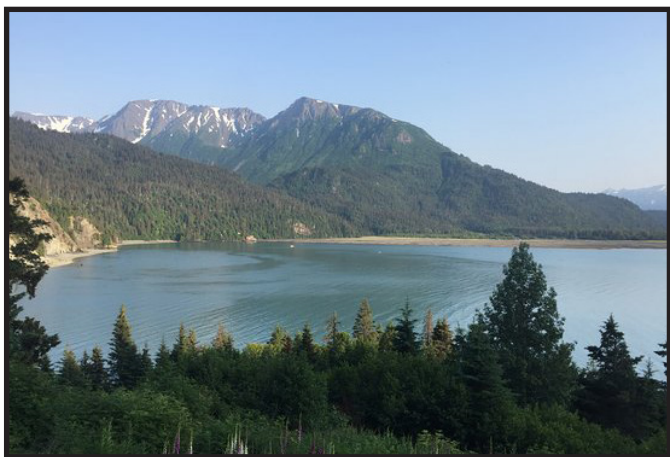
Marcia Pentz

My maternal grandparents lived in Rochester, NY, in a beautiful Victorian house in what was then known as the Ruffle Shirt Ward. My grandfather, a doctor, had his office in part of the house. Unfortunately I never knew these grandparents as both died before I was born. Thinking about them makes me so grateful to be alive to see all of my nine grandchildren, an occurrence not so common back then.

But I digress. Why am I writing about these grandparents? The answer is that we are in the midst of a pandemic often compared to the Spanish flu of 1918-19. Our pandemic has reminded me

of stories I heard about that long-ago time. My grandfather treated many patients for the Spanish flu, very often in patients' homes. So that he wouldn't carry germs home to his family, he chose to stay in a hotel for the duration. Of course there was no Telemedicine then!

So, during this pandemic, when there is ample quiet time to reflect, my thoughts have often turned to that time so long ago and to a grandfather I never knew. But this I do know about him: he was unselfish enough to risk many weeks of loneliness in a hotel room to protect his family.



**DOWN MEMORY LANE:
THIS WAS ALASKA**
Ginni Condo

It was a beautiful day in the summer of 1975 when Al and I drove south along the Turnagain Arm of the Cook Inlet on our way to Homer. A friend, who was summering on an island across the bay from Homer, had invited us to spend the following day with her.

We arrived on the Kenai Peninsula and drove to our hotel at the tip, Lands End. “That’s our hotel? It’s a fire trap!” Yes, this is Alaska, and we would sleep in the rustic, two-story wooden structure for the next two nights.

The next morning we met Flo at the dock at the appointed hour to travel across Katchemak Bay to her island. She was loading her groceries into a rubber boat. “We’re going to cross this open bay in a rubber boat?” Yes, this is Alaska. The trip in the motorized Zodiak was actually very enjoyable; we even spotted a whale.

After we unloaded the groceries, it was time to get back into the Zodiak to find our lunch. “We’re going to catch lunch?” Yes, this is Alaska. We rode out to Flo’s shrimp traps and pulled in enough for the meal. While Flo prepared a pot of water in which to cook the shrimp, I began to rinse them in the sink. Having never encountered live shrimp before, I was taken aback by their beady, black eyes staring up at me.

We spent a delightful afternoon exploring the island, its birds and flora. Fortunately, we had fortified ourselves with insect repellent to protect us from the large mosquitos, fondly known as the “Alaska State Bird.”

When it was time to think about dinner, we piled back into the Zodiak to fetch our next batch of shrimp. This time I tried to avert my eyes from theirs.

Unfortunately, the perfect day had to end. Back in the boat, we headed out into the water to await the seaplane we had reserved for our return trip to Homer. We heard the hum and looked up. “We’re flying back in that small plane?” It was painted with Snoopy as the Red Baron on the side. Yes, this is Alaska. We thanked Flo for a perfect day, stood on the pontoons and climbed in. As the sky turned pink from the setting sun, the trip was glorious, flying over the bay and viewing the beautiful mountains.

Yes, this was Alaska, and I loved every minute of it.



EQUADOR KISS
Warren Lieberman

In 1998, we traveled to Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands. One of the highlights of being in Ecuador is that the equator passes through it at a place not far from the capital Quito. Our tour group was fortunate enough to visit a site where we could actually stand on the equator. A sign indicated the exact spot of ‘0’ degrees between the northern and southern hemispheres. In the photograph, I am standing in the northern hemisphere, my wife is standing in the southern hemisphere, and we were able to kiss each other. This was a unique experience that was great fun.



Photo: Warren Lieberman