



Ripples

Essays and Poems
by or about
Yellow Springs Elders

Welcome to Ripples

This first edition of *Ripples* represents a sampling of stories and poems by or about elders. A literary journal is something new for the Senior Center as a kickoff for the Annual Appeal. We hope it will become an annual publication showcasing local writing talent of all ages with a focus on our elders. In reading through the pages, I took away various messages. There was historical perspective, wisdom that only years of living can cultivate, and expressions of tender feelings. I enjoyed the diversity of story telling. I hope you, too, will enjoy our first literary journal efforts of talented local writers.

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Cover photo (Little Miami River in the South Glen) by Suzanne Patterson

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The Sound of Silence by Joan Horn

Twenty-seven years ago I woke up one morning deaf in my left ear. Poof! No warning, no buzzing or ringing to forewarn me. Well, I hadn't lost *all* my hearing—just 70 percent of it, as the hearing specialist later told me.

I was working at the time as a director at a residential nature center. Going in to work that watershed day quickly had me facing the fact of my deafness as we passed the toasted cheese sandwiches and tomato soup tureen around the lunch table. As teachers on either side of me chattered on about their students' "finds" in the forest the day before, their words coming from my left side sounded garbled or muffled. I struggled on, unwilling to ask them to repeat themselves.

It was a condition I tried to hide for a number of years, until one day I finally buckled and got a hearing aid for that offending ear. Then I was reluctant to wear it each day, unobtrusive though it was. To me, it seemed as though it surely was the size of a yo-yo hanging from my ear.

After a while, going for regular hearing check-ups, I learned that my hearing had been gradually fading in my right ear, too. So I got a second hearing aid. Over time, there had been improvements in the technology and the device had vacated the ear canal and hung (precariously, I feared) behind my ear, with a thin and nearly invisible plastic tube snaking over the top of my ear and ending in a soft little plastic mushroom expanding inside the canal. Both ears were thus

outfitted. The only times when they became an impediment were in a noisy restaurant or at a cocktail party, when the mingled voices became a din, drowning out any chance for me to pick up recognizable words and sentences.

Though I feared at any moment one of the aids would silently fall off its tenuous perch over my ear and I would be out \$1,200, it has never happened. Not trusting my luck, though, I have come to almost unconsciously check my aids with a frequent quick glide of my finger over each ear. Every ten minutes or so . . . from sun-up to bedtime.

So my life has been flowing along for some years now with all systems working, until the other night. I had taken out my hearing aids at bedtime as usual, and placed them side by side on my bureau top. The next morning, when I went to get dressed, I reached unconsciously for my hearing aids. One of them was missing—the newer, right-side one. I searched the bureau top, picking up the framed family photographs that flanked my jewel box. Nothing! On my hands and knees, I felt all over the carpeting for a small gizmo with a thin plastic tube coming out of it. Nothing! I rushed into the living room, my mind trying to reconstruct last night's activities before bed. Had I perhaps removed one of my hearing aids while watching TV and left it on the tabletop next to my water glass? No.

I kept rechecking for it. Could there be some sort of magnet that could find the aid in the carpeting?

But like a loose tooth hanging by a thread of gum tissue, I kept coming back to the question—where could the hearing aid be?

After three days and still no retrieval, I determined to mount one final search. With flashlight in hand I carefully went over all the spaces in my bedroom, in concentric circles radiating out from the "home base" of the bureau top. This time I even removed the contents of each drawer in the bureau.

One final move that I had made in a cursory and dismissive way on that first search was to pull open the small drawer in the jewel box. I did it again. There was a rat's nest of necklaces inside. I poked through the tangled pile with one finger. Suddenly, there amid the gold and silver chains glimmered a small object sprouting a tiny thread-like plastic tubing, a pea-sized silver battery projecting on one side. My hearing aid!!

How to respond? Laugh, shout, run out into the street? Instead of anything flamboyant, I simply pivoted the battery back into its working mode, lifted it from the welter of necklaces, and inserted it into my empty ear canal. I could instantly hear better again and my anxiety melted away. Until the next time.

Joan Horn has written a book, Playing On All the Keys: The Life of Walter F. Anderson, available at the Yellow Springs Library. She continues to write for pure enjoyment.

ELEGY FOR GRANDMA

by Alex Kellogg

In memory of Connie Thorp Griffith

I remember your pencil
Skating across your paper.
And I would stare with wide eyes
At the magic you could produce
With such simple art tools.
We would draw together,
Under a skylight.
And even the drawings I made
Would draw smiles on you.

Yet that memory is one of few.
You were gone before I truly knew you.
And even the day you died,
Was just another cloudy day
From my childhood.
The large room that worshippers
Come to every Sunday,
Was, that day, a room full of
Mourners, criers, grieverers,
And me.
I didn't quite understand that my grandma was gone,
Yet I cried because everyone else was.

And memories of you don't make me remember the good times,
They make me wish that there were good times.
You're a nearly evaporated pool of memory
And I wish you were more than that.
I wish I had had the pleasure of knowing
The beautiful woman that I've heard such good things about.

Alex Kellogg is now a junior at Yellow Springs High School, although he wrote this piece for Ms. Blake's poetry module in middle school. His other artistic interests include vocal performance and violin, including the Yellow Springs Community Chorus, the Yellow Springs Community Orchestra, and the YSHS Thespian Troupe.

THE MAYOR
by Michael Hughes

*Leo Hughes was the recipient of a
Carnegie Hero Award in 1933*

Lately, your eyes pierce through the mirror
Your veins and liver spots dominate my hands
Your voice critiques my every move
You know, your seed stops here

Years it took to escape the sound of your gavel
It took more than miles and careers
For my voice to replace your declarations
It took an understanding of your struggles

Your hero status ruled my childhood
You held court not just on Monday nights
But on Saturday mornings drinking coffee
With the boys at Dick and Tom's

The white paint on the north side of the house
Started chipping away after thousands of assaults
From tennis balls launched by my right arm
The bare brick memorialized your absence

I learned of your triumphs and your tragedies
From gold medals and images of kamikaze carnage
I, too, had my awards and scars of war
But yours is still the Greatest Generation

We have purchased your legacy
As it would fade away like your broad jump record
Without a raised bronze on boulder plaque
Declaring you were part of this place

*Written by Michael Hughes in memory of his father,
Leo Hughes, Mayor of Yellow Springs, Ohio, 1950 to 1969*

Michael Hughes spent his first eighteen years as a resident of Yellow Springs. He graduated from Dartmouth College and spent twenty-six years in the Navy as a Diving and Salvage Officer and was head coach of the U.S. Military Pentathlon Team. He has been a financial advisor for the last twenty years and lives in Pensacola, Florida, with his wife and two energetic dogs.

LEO F. HUGHES
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Leo F. Hughes, 15, schoolboy, saved Morris Forbeck, 16, schoolboy, from drowning, Yellow Springs, Ohio, June 6, 1933. While swimming in Yellow Springs Creek, Morris got into difficulty in water seven feet deep at a point 15 feet from the bank. After he had grasped a youth who tried to aid him and the youth had freed himself and left, Leo dived and swam 20 feet to Morris and went under the surface to get hold of him. Leo put his arm around Morris, and under water Morris placed both of his arms against Leo's throat, pushing his head back. On the bottom, Leo pushed Morris away. Both rose, and Morris again went under the surface. Leo swam 10 feet to wadable water and regained his breath and then swam back to Morris, who had risen to the surface. Morris grasped Leo and pulled him downward. Leo quickly freed himself and then grabbed Morris's hair and swam and towed him 10 feet to wadable water. Others helped him carry Morris to the bank. Morris was semi-conscious but was revived.

*Carnegie Hero Fund
Commission, 33155-2745*

Elizabeth T. Kelly by Hap Cawood

"When I was old enough to walk, but not yet old enough to talk, I realized where I was," Elizabeth Kelly recounted. "I walked across the room and looked out the window. I saw the sky was empty and realized it was the Earth. I looked down: I was sure it was the Earth. I cried and cried and cried. Until I was six years old, I wanted to die, it was so unbearable here. But when I was six, I realized there was no way out. It is better to put your mind to living."

She preferred to be called "Liz." One word to describe her is "psychic," which is what led me to hear her talk in 1975, a period during which I was testing and studying psychics to figure out what was going on with them. But "psychic" doesn't cover her. What struck me about Liz when I first saw her was not predictions, but a radiating, ecumenical love of God and an embracing, nonjudgmental compassion.

Many came to her Meadow Lane home for readings and informal talks. She could widen one's eyes with her accuracy, but more than that, she lifted people with an insight into their own powers, what she saw as the divinity within them. Crowds came to her informal talks. Thousands beyond the village know her through her little book, *Spiritual Journey—How to Get Through the Day*, the source of the quotes here. (The book was recently brought back into print by Sam Eckenrode for her Sam & Eddie's Open Books store.)

As a child, who was born Au-

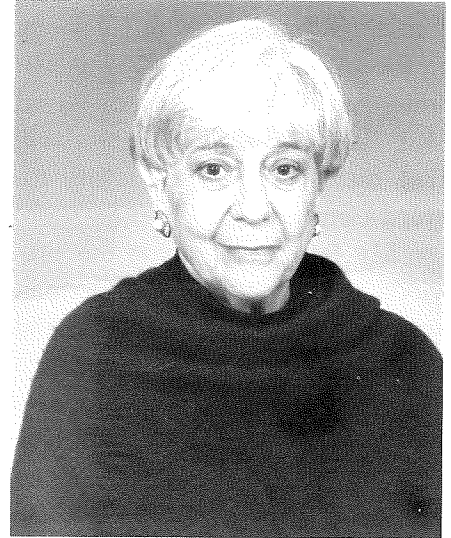
gust 12, 1912 in St. Louis and moved to Cleveland, Liz said she would tell her brother what she saw and knew, and "he told me that if I kept talking like that, they would just put me away." It was only after she moved to Yellow Springs in 1963 that she became more open, more at home. She regarded Yellow Springs as special in deeper ways than some might. And many here felt her contribution to the village.

Reason requires that each person should have his or her own "proof of things unseen" in this tricky world, so I will skip the more phenomenal accounts here. But most of us have felt the warmth of a person whose goodness, whose acceptance of us, is beyond any guile or calculation, and it refreshes us with an acceptance of ourselves. Liz did that, but with a greater knowing.

I last saw Liz at Greene Memorial Hospital a few days before she died on November 20, 1998. She didn't talk of her illness. She went serenely, I was told. And that brings to mind her story of an earlier reckoning:

"Once I was dying in a hospital in Cleveland. In my room there were two beds, a big window and a mirror at the foot of my bed. I knew I was dying; it didn't seem like all that much, you know.

"Then I saw this figure at the foot of my bed. It was like a person holding some kind of chalice. I knew there was something about drinking from the chalice that would wrap things up for me.



Elizabeth Kelly

"Then I realized that the apparition was also me and that it despised the 'me' who was lying in the bed. I had not done anything useful with my life. I was very self-indulgent when I was young. I could feel this absolute contempt.

"I sat up in bed and thought, 'I cannot die. I am going to have four sons.' I was very ill, so the night nurse came in, and the apparition disappeared.

"That was when I realized that the Self is the God in us, and it is to that Self we are responsible. It is that Self that will inexorably judge us at the time of our death, and to which we cannot offer one shred of excuse."

Hap Cawood retired as editorial page editor of the Dayton Daily News. For his 2003 novel, The Miler, Liz Kelly inspired the voice of a major character, Miss Mira.

Because Yellow Springs Let Us In by Detlef Frank

I came to America from Germany in the summer of 1948. It was just three years after the end of World War II, so it was understandable that there was still animosity toward Germans.

My father had come the previous year as one of the German scientists and technicians who had been brought to America through "Operation Paperclip," a program designed to enhance American military science and technology programs after the war and to provide a "leg up" in the looming Cold War. His contract with the War Department required a trial year as part of a ten-year commitment. During that trial year, he and his colleagues were housed in military barracks in an area of Wright Field that is now part of Wright State University.

Those in command over my father appreciated his work and he liked it here, so it was determined to bring his family to America. To prepare for his coming family, he started looking for a house to rent. He told the story of a landlord in Dayton asking what kind of accent he had. He explained he was a German scientist brought to America by the War Department. The man politely told him, "I have nothing against you, Mr. Frank, but I just don't want any trouble." My father reported this was one of the nicer rejections he received. He finally found a home to rent on Summer Street (now North Stafford) in Yellow Springs. We arrived in Dayton by train and I remember my excite-

ment. . . "*Vati hat ein Auto, Vati hat ein Auto!*" ("Daddy has a car, Daddy has a car!") He proudly drove us to Yellow Springs in his black 1937 Ford. We were not the only German family to find housing in Yellow Springs that summer.

Dr. Otto Gauer and his wife were the first to find a home in Yellow Springs, on Hyde Road near where the Riding Centre is now. Dr. Gauer did basic research on the influence of acceleration forces on the human body for the Aeromedical Laboratory of Wright Field (in 1948 the Army Air Corps was spun off to become the U.S. Air Force and Wright Field was enlarged to become Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, WPAFB). Dr. Gauer later taught at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, and returned to Germany where he became a professor at the Free University Berlin-Dahlem in West Germany.

The Siegfried Knemeyer family was the largest to arrive that summer. He, his wife, and seven children moved into a large brick house on Grinnell Circle. Mr. Knemeyer had a distinguished career as a pilot and test pilot, and led experimental flight research in supersonic aircraft and, later, for space flight. He was acknowledged for his collective contributions in 1966 with the highest civilian award granted by the U.S. military, the U.S. Department of Defense Distinguished Civilian Service Award.

Erich Gienapp, his wife, and son found a home on Fairfield Pike, near Whitehall Farm. Mr.

Gienapp was a master mechanic for the Aeromedical Laboratory. In 1952 he designed and built the nose cone of the Aerobee rocket that held two monkeys, two mice, and the cameras to film their early space flight. His nose cone is now on display at the U.S. Air Force Museum at WPAFB as you enter the rocket section. For his work Mr. Gienapp received an "Outstanding Performance" award.

Kurt Danielis, his wife, and baby daughter found a home on South Stafford Street. Mr. Danielis designed aircraft in Germany and continued to design aircraft at WPAFB.

Dr. Walter Knecht, his wife, and three children found a home on Shawnee Drive. Dr. Knecht did research on early television tubes and electron microscopes, and became an expert in the making and uses of laser devices. A soccer enthusiast, Dr. Knecht was a longtime coach for Yellow Springs Youth Soccer and an assistant with the high school soccer team.

Dr. Henning von Gierke first settled in the small community of Crystal Lakes, north of Fairborn, but moved to Yellow Springs in 1959 with his wife and two small children. He studied the effect of loud noise on humans and at WPAFB quickly became the director of the Biodynamics and Bionics Division of the Aeromedical Laboratory. His programs contributed significantly to the solution of biomedical problems confronting military and civilian aviation and

the NASA space program. His division determined the biodynamic, human tolerance, health and design criteria for the manned space programs, the highway safety programs, and the national and international noise control programs. Dr. von Gierke earned many honors and awards, including the gold medal of the Acoustical Society of America, the Department of Defense Distinguished Civilian Service Award, and in 1981 the Distinguished Executive Award from the president of the United States. Dr. von Gierke was a star singer in the YS Oberufer plays at Christmas and in his retirement he was instrumental in the founding of the Friends Care Center and served on its board. He helped it expand to a full-service retirement and nursing facility.

My father, Johann Frank, was a master instrument maker for the Aeromedical Laboratory. He built telemetering systems into test planes and devices to remotely measure what happened to pilots under normal and extreme conditions for Dr. von Gierke's Biodynamics and Bionics Division. For example, my father's equipment remotely measured the heartbeat, blood pressure, body temperature, and the vibrations and noise experienced by the two monkeys and mice in the Aerobee rocket nose cone Mr. Gienapp had built. After completing his contract with WPAFB, he helped Chuck Colbert start Westgate Laboratories here in Yellow Springs, serving as the production engineer. He earned patents for Westgate, Arvin, NCR, and retired from YSI.

When these "Paperclip" sci-



Johann (Hans) and Lidwina (Lidy) Frank, in 1990, the year they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

entists came to America, flying an airplane was a brutal ordeal. Airmen flew in cold, cramped quarters, enduring hazardous noises and violent vibrations for many hours aloft. Many suffered the bends when they returned from high-altitude flights. They fainted from G-forces. The Aeromedical Laboratory of WPAFB was chartered to scientifically measure and improve these conditions. It explored the feasibility of supersonic flight and the problems of emergency escape from high-speed aircraft. These challenges soon evolved to putting men in space and bringing them back. Each of these "Paperclip" scientists contributed in his way to solving these complex challenges.

In 1948, however, we were not totally welcome. For instance, John Halchin was the superintendent of the Yellow Springs school who, as a

GI, had battled his way across the beaches of Normandy and across France. I cannot imagine how negatively he must have felt about us! Yet he accepted ten German students into the Yellow Springs school system that autumn. These scientists and technicians with their families made this their home and made substantial contributions to Yellow Springs and to America. They settled here because Yellow Springs let us in.

The Americanization of Detlef took place in Yellow Springs after coming here as a six-year-old in 1948. He studied physics and applied mathematics largely because of the influence of Dr. Henning von Gierke. He is now retired from NCR, living in Kettering, Ohio (and still gets The Yellow Springs News every week).

Mary M. Morgan, Channeling "Mother Jones"

by Pat Dewees

"Pray for the Dead and Fight like Hell for the Living!" said Mother Jones, born Mary Harris Jones, an Irish American schoolteacher and dress-maker who spent the last part of her years as a fiery union organizer. From 1897, at around sixty years of age, she became known as Mother Jones, and by 1902 she was called "the most dangerous woman in America" by a U.S. district attorney for her success in organizing mine workers and their families against the mine owners. Although once written out of history, she is now cherished in the history of West Virginia for her travels over the mountains, on foot and often at night, to support striking miners in the early days of the United Mine Workers' fight to organize for safety and decent wages. "She was banished from more towns and was held incommunicado in more jails in more states than any other union leader of the time" (AFL-CIO history).

In her sixties Mary M. Morgan, born and raised in West Virginia, thought it would be fun to offer a living history profile of Mother Jones and found the right costume, a long black dress with a lace collar, and a big black hat, to channel the spirit of Mother Jones. Mary went on to deliver Mother Jones during Women's History month to many school classrooms and women's groups, bringing alive the fiery speeches and the determination to see justice that once characterized Mother Jones. Mary felt inspired by

Mary M. Morgan as
Mother Jones



Mother Jones's organizing methods, which were bold for the late 1800s. She included African-American workers, and she involved women and children in strikes.

Role-playing Mother Jones came naturally to Mary M. Morgan, because she herself became an anti-war activist, a feminist, and a union supporter. During WW II, at age seventeen, Mary was recruited from West Virginia, along with other bright young women, to be trained as an "engineering aide." She was assigned to Wright Field (Aeronautical Laboratories) in 1943 to "help the war effort." She stayed on in Dayton after the war and taught for years in the Dayton public schools and the Miami Valley School. In 1969, Mary M. Morgan became the first woman to

run for the Dayton City Commission (Council)! She lost the election but opened up a very locked door for women; many years later she received "thank-you" tributes from Dayton women running for political office, who still applaud her pioneering role. Soon after that election, Mary joined with other Dayton women to organize the group Dayton Women's Liberation, which brought education and action to those now familiar (though still unresolved) early issues of equal wages, violence against women, and sexual exploitation.

In the late 1970s, Mary was a co-founder with Jan Griesinger of an intentional women's community (The Susan B. Anthony Memorial Unrest Home) in Athens County. Mary continued her activism along

with her passion for collecting quilts and American crafts. When Mary returned to the Dayton area and settled in Yellow Springs in 2003, it was clear that she brought that Mother Jones energy along with her, helping to launch the Older and Bolder group at the Yellow Springs Senior Center, joining the weekly village peace vigils on Saturday mornings, and staying tuned to issues of justice for our region. This has included an extended period of sign-carrying witness in Springfield for Occupy Springfield, protests against drone production in our area, and support for union maintenance workers who have been under attack at Wittenberg University. In other words, Mary has continued protesting injustice, economic exploitation, and militarism.

Mother Jones was once a lost heroine in American history. Thanks to feminist historians, one can now learn a lot about her life and work, and Mary M. Morgan continues to study her, especially her incredible courtroom speeches! At eighty-eight one might be tempted to just relax and let the world go to hell. But, for Mary M. Morgan, paying attention to the state of the world and "showing up" by giving witness to the struggle for peace and justice is what living is really about. Mother Jones once said, "I abide where there is a fight against wrong." Mary M. Morgan continues to live with those words.

Pat Dewees is a "returning resident" of Yellow Springs. She lived here in the 1970s and worked for Vernay. She has retired from Ohio University and returned to the village. She is proud to be a longtime friend with Mary M. Morgan.

CONRAD BALLIET

by Janeal Ravndal

You carve a corner out for love and lake,
for lines of poetry, fresh loaves of bread;
root honeysuckle out to let the tall
trees grow again. You work at dance and make
a discipline of warmth. You think ahead
to wood stove fires or partying. You call
a spade a spade, as tool for truth or ground,
and balance: welcoming and wandering,
body, gentility, humility,
and strength with careful boundaries. What's found
at your site in the countryside and brings
itself along, on air, in company?
Yours is a place of beauty's forthright power,
a place of words, and tenderness, and tower.

After living and working in a series of Quaker educational communities, Janeal Ravndal retired to Yellow Springs. She and Chris live in Friends Care Community.

A Woman of Influence by Jewel Graham

It can hardly escape notice that an imposing covered bridge has risen on Hyde Road where it spans the bike path. My spouse of 60 plus years and I, living next to it, watched it rise from the ashes of its ancient predecessor that went over the railroad tracks. It is from there that I take—on good days—my walk down the bike path to the Women's Park. It's my favorite walk. On it I have achieved a modest reputation for being able to balance my walking cane on my head. I call it my Zen walk.

For me the park will always be "The Gene Trolander Park." As I walk through it I think about Gene, her life, our friendship, and what she meant to this community. It was, after all, her dream and her work that brought about the park.

Gene was special. Her particular specialness arose from her passion for justice—for racial justice, for economic justice, and above all, for gender justice. She believed in women. She believed in the value of every woman—not just the privileged, the talented, the feted. She was an unapologetic feminist. She was an avowed socialist. She took pride in being an agitator, an agitator for justice. She agitated for racial justice as she walked the marches and the picket lines. She agitated for women—for equal pay, for equal access, for equal participation in government, for equal sharing in the home. She agitated for streets and parks and other public spaces to be named for women. She founded Women, Inc.

and the Women's Health Fund. She brought about the publication of books to memorialize the contributions of the women who had been inducted into the Greene County Women's Hall of Fame and the women who are remembered in the tiles that decorate the Women's Park. And all the while she worked to involve other women.

My walk through the park triggers a thousand memories of life with Gene, memories that go back to our first meetings in the mid-fifties soon after we moved to Yellow Springs. Gene and I were both restless young mothers who were eager for part-time work that would make use of our education and our skills. It happened that Antioch College Professor Robert Boyd was looking for cheap, skilled help for his research project, which sought to analyze interviews he had conducted within the framework of social psychologist Erik Erikson's eight psychosocial stages of development. He hired Gene and me to code the interviews, respectful of Gene's education and experience in early childhood education, and mine in social work. It turned out that her perceptions and my perceptions, her judgments and my judgments, her codings and my codings, were remarkably similar. On this base was initiated a friendship that lasted for many years, until her death.

Our relationship reached another level when we learned that we both liked to paint. And so, for at least three, maybe four, years we

met in our "studio," a dedicated space in the Trolander "mansion," to paint—and more importantly, perhaps, to talk. About everything. The more we talked, the more we realized how much we shared in the way of beliefs, philosophies, commitments, convictions, passions, outlook on life. We laughed a lot. We shared a sense of playfulness that led us to invite our friends to an annual spring Art Show and Garden Party. Costumed, of course, in long dresses and big hats, we accepted the light-hearted awards that they gave us. Famously, one year we dressed up as Batman and Robin.

Our children (Gene's two daughters and my two sons) grew. Our worlds expanded, and although in due time they diverged, they proceeded on parallel paths in similar directions. Both of us were essentially grounded in our mutual passion about issues that had to do with race, class, and gender. We both made time-consuming choices about work and about further education. Gene came to devote more and more of her creativity, her time, and her energy to local issues while I became heavily involved with the same issues doing volunteer work with the national and the world YWCAs. In the mid-sixties I started to work at Antioch College in a recruitment and support program for students unlikely to attend colleges like Antioch. I stayed on to initiate the social work program at Antioch. We had to give up painting.

We were captured by the turbulent and exhilarating sixties, becoming deeply involved in the civil rights struggle, especially as it evolved around the enforcing of the existing laws guaranteeing equal access to public accommodations. Both Gene and her husband, Hardy, participated in a variety of protest activities. Either could be found on the picket lines in front of the barbershop. My husband, Paul, was the plaintiff in the test case for the enforcement of the law. It probably meant something that we all had a significant relationship to Antioch College. Gene, Hardy, and Paul were alumni, and I was an employee.

Gene's love of good times with good friends and good food meant that we had many good times together. I like to remember our celebrations of Chinese New Year. It had its beginnings with potluck dinners that demanded we experiment with new recipes. Both of us learned some of the finer points of preparing Oriental dishes from our good friend Toshiko Asakawa. In

the end, advancing age drove us and our friends to going to Chinese restaurants for the celebrations. It was Gene's preparation of okra that turned me into an okra advocate. She believed in the concept of holistic health, and her passion for the relationship of good food to good health predated our present obsessions about local foods and organic food. She quit smoking.

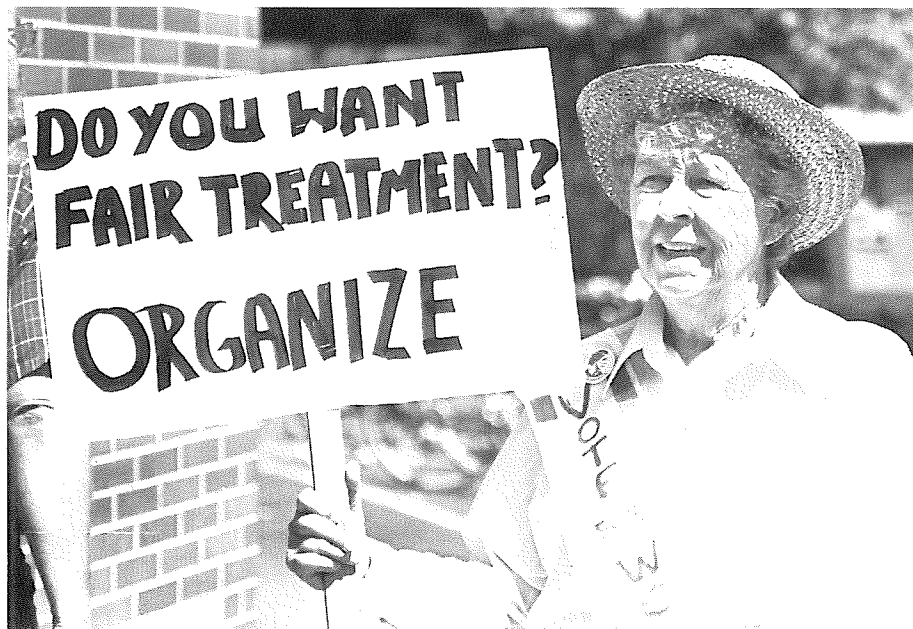
The children grew up and left home. The "movers and shakers" of the era grew old, left town, moved on, died. Their legacies are all about us. If we look (and if we know, or if we remember), we can see their foresight and their work in many of the institutions that we enjoy today, that we take for granted.

Gene was one of those "movers and shakers." The Dayton YWCA recognized her as a "Woman of Influence"—and that she was.

There are people who are passionate about their beliefs, their ideals, their visions of what should be, and they are very articulate, very verbal—even verbose—about

sharing them. Period. And then there are people who are passionate in the same ways, but are able to rally support and to convert their convictions into constructive action. Gene was one of those people. No one could accuse her of being "mealy mouthed." She was direct, and honest, and persuasive. I see her legacy in the Park, in the women who volunteer their time to maintain it, in the women who carry on the work of the Women's Health Fund, and Women, Inc. I see it in her daughters, Megan and Pati, and the work they do in the community. I see it in my own life in too many ways to enumerate. She was my friend.

On my way home, having had my "visit with Gene," I am feeling okay with the world. I balance the cane with ease. As I arrive back at the Richard P. Eastman Covered Bridge I am reminded of the numerous legacies that have benefitted our community, and of the courage and conviction and hard work of the people who had the foresight to initiate the unfamiliar and to embrace change and its inevitability. In the end, we all have to deal with the final change—our personal "ends of the world." As did Gene.



Jewel (Freeman) Graham (BA, MSSA, JD) is Emerita Professor of Social Welfare and Legal Studies at Antioch College. In the course of her long career in community activism, she has been widely honored, notably by induction into the Ohio Women's Hall of Fame in 1988. On a national/international level she has served as president of the U.S. and World YWCA, and in several roles with the Unitarian Universalist Association.

Photo courtesy of The Yellow Springs News

Music and Roses by Shirley Strohm Mullins

It was a hot, humid afternoon, with a hint of rain to come. The students had left school in that mad dash for a bus, a car, or a bike, except for one lone cellist. Wes was practicing in the hallway between two open doorways. He knew that it was the coolest spot in the music area and he had work to do. A senior, he had applied to five of the top music schools in the country, and auditions were fast approaching.

As I shuffled papers from one side of my desk to the other, waiting for Wes to finish, a figure appeared in the doorway. A white-haired, elderly gentleman approached me and asked simply, "May I listen?" Of course; I gave him my desk chair and he sat, enjoying the young musician's practice for some time.

Oblivious to his audience, Wes finally wore out. He packed his cello, said goodbye over his shoulder, and headed for home. "Good," I thought shamelessly, "now I can go home, too." No so fast, lady.

The mysterious stranger had a name and a story. When Larry's wife had died recently, friends encouraged him to move to our village, and someone sent him my way.

"May I play the piano?" he asked, pointing to our school's baby grand. Of course he could. He put the lid up and played and played. I sat quietly listening to his music, deeply felt and played with sensitivity and brooding. Larry was all alone with his sorrow and his pain. Nothing else mattered. When he finished, he stood and thanked me. We spoke briefly and I invited him to come by after school

whenever he wished. As it turned out, he wished a lot.

In Yellow Springs, adults are encouraged to perform for each other and their families. The Yellow Springs Strings' rehearsal room at the Senior Center is a perfect setting for these recitals. Members of the ensemble, from beginners to more advanced players, perform solos or in small groups.

Larry would sometime come to our orchestra rehearsals to listen. Later, he came to play yet another piano, a stunning gift from the community. One piece was especially lovely; he would play it again and again. That spring we had a recital planned and I invited Larry to come and play for us. He explained that he didn't perform in public. His answer was very clear.

The recital came to be and people were having a wonderful time. One violinist brought her ten-year-old son who spontaneously played a Bach minuet on the beautiful piano. A visiting child from Japan came with her uncle and grandmother. Dressed in a brightly colored kimono, she sang "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" in English and bowed deeply. Our recitals are more like happenings . . . everyone moved to share their music is welcome to do so.

The little program with its special feel of acceptance and happiness drew near a close. Never one to miss an opportunity, I asked, "Is there anyone else who would like to play for us? Have we missed someone's talent?" Silence. Pause. "Larry, would you play that beau-

tiful piece that you play so often? It would be the perfect way to end our program."

Larry had been sitting quietly in the back row. He must have felt the warmth and sheer joy present in the room because he rose, walked slowly to the piano, and played in public for the very first time.

I was stunned. Grateful to him, grateful that I had asked him, and grateful to the audience, which honored him with long and loud applause. He was stunned also.

Later that spring, I heard that this soft-spoken lonely lover of music had moved from the village. The music he played for those privileged to be there that evening was a setting for a poem he had written about his wife:

I remember roses,
Roses in the rain; a
World of love and laughter, that
Won't come back again.

When you said you loved me
That world was ours to share,
And perfume from the roses
Lingered in the air.

I recall the roses'
Blooming in July; a
Rain fell on the roses
When we said goodbye.

Thoughts of you bring mem'ries
My heart cannot contain,
Whenever I see roses,
Roses in the rain.

Larry Wimp
March 20, 2000

Love speaks in many ways if
one will just listen.

IN MEMORY OF MARY CHAPMAN
by Rubin Battino

for Gordon and Mary

THREE SHORT POEMS

by Rubin Battino

the old man is gone
his dreams and hopes quietly
passing in the night

my father's advice—
give the old one with the scythe
a moving target

this old house has bones
the laughing lines of her face
bleached to photographs

can I breathe with you
while you lie there comatose
spirit to spirit

through her haze she said
I am only twenty percent here
Mary dying . . .

at the end of life
rest home with stuffed animals
tremors and sleep

breathing softly
she sleeps in a peaceful coma
still full of dreams

mostly sleeping now
Mary of the peace marches
continues to witness

with her strong hands
she molds another earthen image
for Potters for Peace

forever smiling
Mary radiates love
friend to friend to friend

Shirley Strohm Mullins began writing poetry as a child, receiving encouragement from her parents and her teachers. The meaning and especially the rhythm of words resulted in two books, some ninety articles and interviews, and hundreds of handwritten letters.

Rubin Battino is a licensed professional clinical counselor, Professor Emeritus of Chemistry, playwright, author, and traveler. He facilitates the Charlie Brown Exceptional Patient and Caregiver Support Group in Yellow Springs.

Urban Hidy by Joyce Allen McCurdy

Urban Hidy, my dad's uncle, graduated from Antioch College in 1912. His education allowed him to leave farming. He encouraged his nephew (my dad), to do the same. They both seemed glad to have made the choice, but they each retained a roughness that revealed their upbringing. Yet those early struggles had given them strength and strong resolve.

When the farmers traveled to the mills, Grinnell and Clifton, the young men saw the beauty of the wooded area and the adjacent campus and this memory lured some to return as students. In the first decade of the twentieth century, young men and women followed a transition from rural to cities and villages in the U.S. My uncle followed this trend, leaving his family farm in Jeffersonville, Ohio. He was attracted to a small campus in Yellow Springs that offered a humanities and a scientific track. Of course, his athleticism made the football and baseball teams an added plus, even if one had to purchase one's uniforms. He worked odd jobs to save up for the tuition to enroll at the "Harvard of the West." *The Bulletin* displayed the two towers and outlined the four-year course requirements: Urban, a disciplined person, enjoyed the structure; he realized he could mow lawns or wait tables for extra cash. The tuition seemed high at \$15.00 a semester; room and board was \$2.00 a week. The North dormitory was furnished by the students, heated with coal stoves. All coal and water

had to be carried upstairs by the students; therefore, many bathed in Grinnell pond, weather permitting. The added attraction of the Chautauqua in early July encouraged camping, fishing, boating as well as outstanding speakers such as Dr. Wiley, who advocated for the Pure Food Law. To attend was a quarter for one day or \$2.50 for the week. To be able to mingle and learn so much in a few days swirled through his mind. He especially enjoyed the speech "What I Learned as a Savage."

Another amazing opportunity was the library, with innumerable periodicals; he enjoyed the peacefulness of the reading room. Receiving his BA, Urban believed that he had a grounding on which to build. He especially remembered the classes taught by Professors Nosker and Somers; they prepared him well to teach natural science and physics at the new Springfield High School. Antioch also taught him debating and open discussion skills; orthography improved his writing, speech, and language. This knowledge alienated him from his family, who now considered him stuffy, citified, and unclear. Urban had worked to learn ten new words a day, understand the Latin and Greek roots, and he enjoyed flaunting his knowledge. His classmates, many strong women, became dear friends. Sadly he knew that his sister's life was hard and wished that she could share his good fortune. His education opened many doors for him: school board mem-



Urban Hidy, Antioch College Class of 1912

ber, teacher, draft board member, owner of a car dealership.

His personal philosophy was shaped by the school's values then. President Simeon Fess claimed anyone dancing on campus would be expelled. Urban heartily supported this morality and it pleased him to know that no one could be admitted to Antioch if they were not of good moral character. As he aged and the college shifted its values, Urban was confused. The new atmosphere of the seventies made him wince.

Joyce McCurdy taught gifted sixth graders and seventh through twelfth grades during what she considered peak times of Yellow Springs. She taught for forty-four years and used these stories in the classroom as examples of community life.

SONNET FOR JAMES NEALON

by Janeal Ravndal

Here comes an Irish sonnet, so to speak,
because it wears a noble green at heart
and holds Jim Nealon in the light of love
for his dear, merry, Irish self. We'll seek
to honor him as solid from the start
to finish line, faithful from push to shove
with horse or with great tubs of horse manure.
He goes religiously to mass and gives
himself unstintingly to being kind
and generous and slightly imp. I'm sure
his soul is sunny as his smile. He lives
nearby, and better neighbor you won't find,
or finer taste in spicing up of life
with chocolate milk, or brandy—or the perfect wife.

SONNET FOR JEAN NEALON

by Janeal Ravndal

My model, when it comes to kindness,
is Jean Nealon, our neighbor 'cross the street
whose every word and act and smile seem to
embody what we label "neighborly."
I marvel at Jean's patience and her grit,
her sharing and her hospitality.
Her dear and quick forgiveness seems to fit
a saint, but she would just deny in clear
humility, that, or another compliment.
I see her being blest in each beatitude:
the pure in heart, the peace maker. We went
to party with her and my gratitude
abounds for Scrabble, company; no lack
of taste or sweetness with her yummy snack.

The Antioch Inn and the Bookcase

by Joyce Allen McCurdy

The message here is not only a personal memory; this clash created by changing values is ongoing. I wrote this as a continuation of memories of Uncle Urban Hidy, an Antioch graduate.

Mildred and Urban Hidy enjoyed driving for Sunday dinner to the Antioch Inn, the former tea room. His pride in his alma mater (he was in the class of 1912) shone. The meals at the Antioch Inn were delectable, presented by a great chef, Roderick O'Conner, and the environment was quite pleasant. Looking out at the campus, Urban recalled his college days and would reminisce as they waited for the stuffed breast of chicken.

However, in the mid-sixties, the campus was transformed, the students caught up in the dissent of the era; they had long hair, wore no shoes, followed new directions, listened to defiant music; their appearance was shocking to members of the class of 1912. The mood and temper of the times lacked structure and questioned manners and morality. As they draped their bodies on the steps to the Antioch Inn, customers had to gingerly step over a bared foot or a dangling arm and wend their way to the dining room. Two worlds existed, separated by the large glass window; both groups gaped at one another contemptuously.

As they approached the Inn on a crisp April Sunday, the couple tried shunning the obstructors. Mildred and Urban winced and found

a disheveled student's appearance so revolting that they could not enjoy their meal. Averting their eyes only made them more curious, and the unkempt student's appearance affected the Hidys' appetite. The Hidys were upset to find on the idyllic campus the type of people they avoided by not driving to different parts of town, by living in the best neighborhood; these students chose to behave rudely and wear inappropriate clothes, faded and ripped like the lower class, the downtrodden. To do so on a Sunday made their actions blasphemous; the Hidys wondered why the college, originally church based, did not have a dress code—hats, gloves, suits, ties—as other nearby colleges still had. They reminded the Hidys of Communists and union organizers, many of whom were well educated but moved in the rank and file of the working class. Proud of the Liberty League, angry with FDR, nervous about minimum wage, the Hidys felt attacked by the students who assaulted all they had learned and believed. The next day, Monday, Urban and Mildred Hidy changed their will. No building bearing their name would be built on a campus so unorthodox.

This action reminded me of their gift of a mahogany bookcase. Its hand-carved shelves had glass doors and were filled with old, eighteenth-century books and some pieces of glass. Years later, Mildred wanted it back. The books

were several generations old and seemed dismally concerned with sin. Not reading them, but considering their copyright two centuries ago, I stored them until she decided I was not worthy to be their caretaker. After Mildred learned that my education had distorted my thinking and that I, like the Antioch students at the Union, was misguided, supporting the civil rights movement, she demanded that the bookcase and books be returned. Dad was to deliver them or he would never set foot in her door again. This request was hilarious, but not surprising, because Mildred was defined by her possessions.

Dad, so kind, was forced to choose between kowtowing to Mildred's demands or my anger over her pettiness. The dilemma was so stressful that when I suggested he take the Victorian relic to her his relief shone on his face. His battles had been fought in World War II; now he tried to please everyone. A dispute over the bookcase was beyond his comprehension. His compliance with her order endeared Dad to Mildred, whose requests became more frequent and preposterous. Although Mildred treated Dad as she did her toy Pomeranian, she needed both. A widow now, childless by choice, frigid by nature, standing alone in a world she no longer understood, the power that she once felt was rightly hers needed something to vent about, something to give sig-



Photo of the Antioch Tea Room, taken in the late 1940s, courtesy of Antiochiana, Antioch College.

Remembering by Gladys E. Verner

nificance to who she was and had been. Dad returned the bookcase, and Mildred regained the control that she needed. Now she could write her will again. This time she did not exclude my dad, but added a clause preventing him from sharing any inheritance from her with his progressive offspring, now teaching in Yellow Springs.

They were small but strong, much too busy to be buffed or polished. They flew over her piano keys like a butterfly making beautiful music as they went; or holding a crochet hook and thread creating unbelievable doilies, or cutting bits of fabric and sewing them together into warm and cozy quilts; cooking, baking fantastic smelling things to eat, and, best of all, when I was sick with a cold or sore throat, they rubbed me tenderly with lotion to comfort me.

Then one evening, when I came home from a date, Dr. Johnson was

just leaving the house. Worried, I went to her bedside and kissed her cheek. She took my hand in hers and said, "It's all right." Oh how I remember.

What I would give to once again feel and hold "My Mother's Hands."

Gladys Verner moved to Yellow Springs in 1996 to be near her daughter, Kathy Moulton. She is ninety-four and worked most of her life in banking. Her hobby is needlepointing.

Rod and Ellen by Jonathan Platt

Rod shifted the walker in front of him, winked at me, and rolled on by. I walked right behind him to the bathroom. "I got it from here, thank you very much." I nodded as he gladly slid the door shut. I waited for him outside the door. He then zoomed past me to the bedroom. I tried my best to help but he was doing all right on his own. He stretched out on his bed, turned on his Nook, and crossed his feet at his ankles. His walker stood next to him ready for the next transfer like a Vespa scooter in front of a café. Soon we will be going back into the TV room for a quick visit from a neighbor.

Rod, my father-in-law, is recovering from some pretty intrusive back surgery. A team of doctors chiseled and scraped his lower spine to rid it of calcium deposits and other buildup. We hope this procedure will alleviate some of the chronic pain he has had for the last several years. He is now in a lot of pain and severely limited in what he can do. I brought the walker over from the senior citizens' center and he was like a boy who finally got the bike. He grabbed the bars and zoomed around the house. It seemed that the walker knew exactly what to do, as if the house was specifically designed for it.

Rod and Ellen want to live here as long as possible, and with the renovations they've made they could be here for many more years. Entering the front door and walking out the back does not require one step up. Everything is walker and wheelchair friendly. The show-

er is a roomy chamber with water spouts coming out on either side. Everything upstairs is truly secondary. A caregiver could live there with its mini-kitchen, washer and dryer, sauna and treadmill. They have their wills in order, power of attorney, and plots in the cemetery.

Rod and Ellen bought the house the first time in 1979. I said "first" because they have bought the same house twice. The first time they were newly married and had just combined their two families: three boys and two girls to make the Hoover 7. The second time they bought the house they weren't bringing in a herd of kids; the kids were all in their thirties with their own kids. They were now facing a different challenge. When Rod and Ellen sold it the first time in 1990, the new owners allowed it to go slowly into disrepair: the husband died and the wife became a drug addict. By early 2000, it was a crack house. Eventually federal agents raided the place in a drug bust, pulling up floor boards and knocking out drywall. By the time the owner was in prison, the property was a lifeless eyesore: front door boarded up, missing shutters, tall grass growing between the bricks.

Rod and Ellen never intended to buy the house the second time: Its kind of like remarrying the same person. No one would buy the house at the public auction; family members of the estate came to Rod and Ellen knowing they were attentive and considerate home-owners. They asked them to buy the house. It was not an easy

decision, but once the decision was made, a brigade was formed.

Everyone who participated in the renovation, which took nearly six months, got a Team Hoover T-shirt. They replaced floors and knocked out walls, but they kept many things intact: the original staircase, the vaulted ceilings, and most of the hardwood. The house is now a majestic centerpiece to the family and is used several times a week for dinners and baby-sitting by the numerous offspring scattered in the Miami Valley.

Now Rod has his walker out on the porch, enjoying a beautiful day in an otherwise dismal season of weather. He looks relaxed. As we discuss his health and some of his therapy, he interjects from time to time with, "Life is good." And to me that isn't some off-hand comment reserved for a casual class of people: it's a mantra that truly defines Rod. Despite the hard work and the challenges Rod and Ellen have faced and triumphed, life is still good. Their life looks good now, but I have never met a couple that has worked harder at getting what they want. Just like the walker gliding on the hardwood floors, it looks easy now because there is nothing in its path to get in the way.

Jonathan Platt graduated from Antioch College in 1996 and now lives in Yellow Springs with his wife and daughter. He and his wife enjoy being educators and raising their child in this special place. And he loves old people.

Friends Care Center by Carl Hyde



Here, in brief form, is my memory of the beginning of the Friends Care Center.

Arthur Morgan said that Yellow Springs really needed a nursing home. Unfortunately, he and his wife, Lucy, both had to spend their last days in a Xenia nursing home, because Yellow Springs did not yet have one.

Some of us in the Yellow Springs Friends Meeting (Quakers) felt that the time had come to change that situation. The late Paul Wagner, in particular, said, "Here is what we need to do: We need a lawyer. Then we need to get a federal loan and hire a construction firm." He recruited other members of the Meeting to work with him, and the construction was finished in 1980. A director and employees were hired. I was asked to be medical director, a position I held until

my retirement.

We had originally visualized the facility as independent of any religious connection, in order to be a community asset. We found in fundraising that contributors were more inclined to be generous if the Quakers maintained a clear connection with the nursing home. They wanted an existing organization to stand behind it and make sure it would succeed. They also wanted to be sure that there would be a spiritual quality to the home.

It was decided that the board would consist of eleven members, six of whom would be appointed by the Friends Meeting. The board is then responsible for hiring the director.

We began with fifty beds. Subsequently we added sixteen more. Then to meet perceived needs over a period of years, the Center added

Assisted Living with twenty units, and independent cottages. Most recently, a rehabilitation wing was added.

Over the years Friends Care has had a reputation of a good place to go if you need a nursing home.

Friends has been fortunate to generally have directors who stayed for fairly long periods. This promoted stability. The present director, Karl Zalar, has been in the position for six years, and is expected to continue.

Carl Hyde and his wife, Lorena, both graduated from Antioch College and were married while he was in medical school. When looking for a place to practice medicine they opted to come back to Yellow Springs, where they have lived since 1954.

Peacemaker Award Recipients Hazel Tuleke and Bill Houston

Every Saturday from noon to one, at the intersection of Limestone Street and Xenia Avenue, a dozen or so people stand holding handmade signs supporting peace and expressing by their presence a personal commitment to the way of kindness, justice, and nonviolent solutions to the world's problems.

Hazel Tuleke was barely home from a three-month prison sentence for stepping over a line in the protest at the School of the Americas when she started this Yellow Springs Peace Vigil in the fall of 2001. Her husband, Bill Houston, also a prisoner of conscience, had received a longer sentence; he would not be free to join in the vigils until the following January,

For all of us that September had held the horror of the Twin Towers attack. Hazel and those who joined her did not think striking out with more killing would help move us toward peace. They were protesting the U.S. retaliation, our bombing in Afghanistan. And every Saturday since then, whatever the weather, Hazel and Bill and other supporters of peace have spent an hour holding up homemade signs to passing cars, conversing with interested passersby.

The vigil in Yellow Springs is part of a long list of Bill and Hazel's labors for peace, justice, equality, and civil rights, and they have experienced multiple arrests in the process. They stood in opposition to the building of a nuclear power plant on the Ohio River, opposed Russia's fighting in Afghanistan,

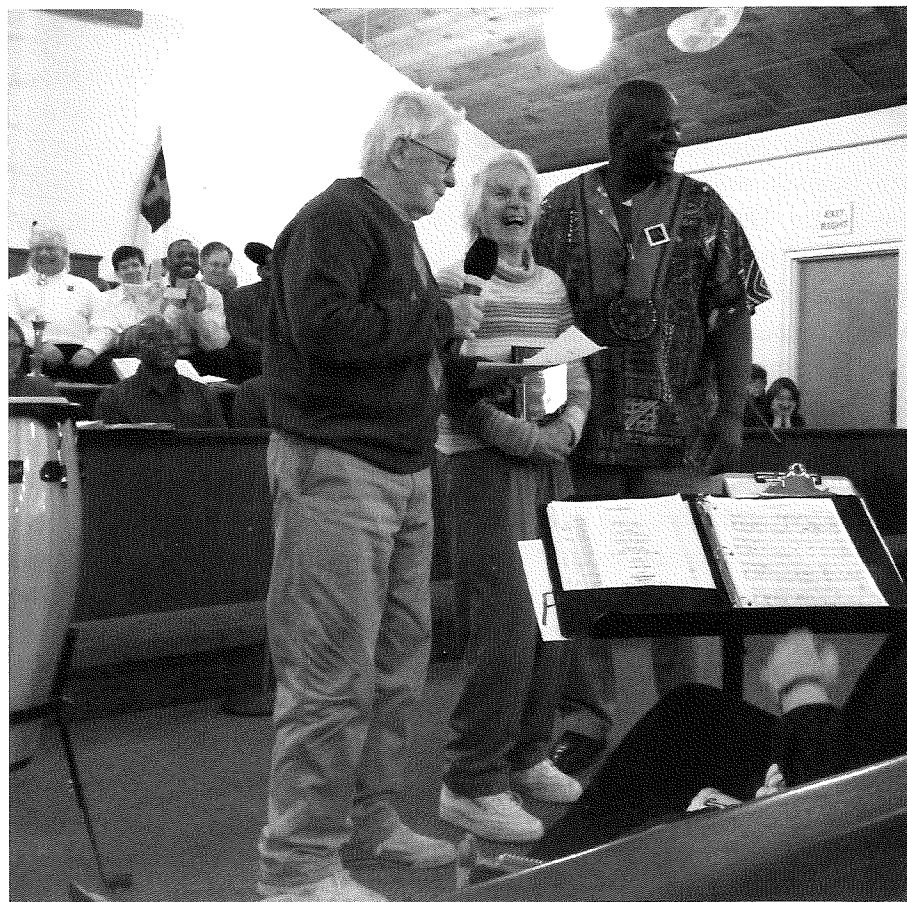
the Carter era reinstatement of the draft. Whether protesting at the Pentagon or standing for women's rights in D.C., or marching to open a local barbership, they were there. During the time our government was seeking to overthrow the legitimate government of Nicaragua, Hazel made a series of trips there to support peace and to assist local people. She arranged for Jicaro to become a sister village with Yellow Springs.

Hazel and Bill are still there. On the all-too-frequent days when Ohio is executing a prisoner, the sun is still coming up when they leave their three-wheeled cycles at

St. Paul's before joining others in the journey to Lucasville to protest state killing.

Hazel is eighty-nine now. She sits in a folding chair holding up her sign, "People Power is Stronger Than Violence." A sign around Bill's neck says, "Peace Begins When the Hungry Are Fed."

During the Martin Luther King Jr. Day community-wide celebration (January 20, 2014) Hazel Tulecke and Bill Houston were honored with the Community Peace Maker Award at the Central Chapel AME Church in Yellow Springs. Photo by Alice Robrish.



Greetings to Our Readers

The dictionary defines ripples as a series of waves on the surface of water, caused by an object dropping into it or a slight breeze. When I think of what this inaugural publication of the Yellow Springs Senior Center is, I think just that: a series of waves caused by an object dropping into it.

The objects that were dropped are all the articles and poems submitted. The ripples that are initially created are those that are found when the publication is distributed. However, the intention of the publication is that the ripples created are those that go farther and wider. It is the sharing of these stories and poems that creates even more ripples. Please share this journal with others. It might be that you share a story that you read about a member of the Yellow Springs community with someone else. It might be that you share your observations with others about what you read and what you might have learned from reading a particular article. It might be that you pass the publication on, in its entirety, for someone else to enjoy.

How you decide to make your own ripple effect is up to you, but isn't that the way it goes in life? It is up to you to create your own ripples of life.

I hope you have enjoyed reading *Ripples*. I certainly enjoyed every article and poem and cannot wait until the next issue is published. Go forth and create ripples by dropping your own object in your own water; you will create waves that go on forever.

Karen Wolford
Executive Director
Yellow Springs Senior Center

P.S. We would appreciate any feedback you are willing to give on our inaugural issue of *Ripples*. A comment box will be at the senior center, so please stop by. You are also welcome to call.



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