

# THE ROSSMOOR FOX



Volume 2011  
Issue 2, June

A Publication of  
The Rossmoor Writers Group

Editors: Norman Perkus  
Barbara D. Thompson

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES By Helen Michna

Kittens in the hayloft  
Raising rabbits  
Finding a wild baby bunny and turtles  
Having fun in a backyard tent put up  
by Dad  
Swings in the orchard  
Springtime fragrance of peach, pear  
and cherry blossoms  
A 20-foot long grape arbor in the back  
yard  
Hundreds of noisy, chirping baby  
chicks under the warm brooder hood  
Finding 4-leaf clovers  
Horses plowing the fields  
Cows coming home from the pasture  
at their milking time  
Christmas Eve dinner at a table with  
hay under the tablecloth  
Candles on the Christmas Tree  
Midnight Mass at the Holy Cross  
church in Trenton  
Finding wild flowers: Jack-in-the-Pulpit,  
Lady Slipper in the 15-acre forest on  
our farm and pressing them on pages  
in a loose-leaf notebook  
A large sit-down swing on our front  
porch.

## TO FREUD CONCERNING RISQUE CONVERSATIONS By Ruth Strunsky

How fearless we have all become  
Discussing this – and that!  
While underneath in psyche's slum  
The residue of feeling's scum  
Is churning as we chat....

## TV By Betty Emmons

Someone needs to explain to me how skinny jeans  
with a hole in one knee, spiked high heels and a top  
like a strapless evening gown go together. The  
songs make no sense to me and yet the contestants  
get up on stage, prance around and sing their hearts  
out like the world has been waiting for this moment.  
Then the contestant tells how she admires Lady  
Gaga and the crowded audience goes wild over  
what she says and sings and truly she does give it  
her all. Maybe I'm crazy but I just don't get it. Out-  
landish outfits, unintelligible words and a puffed up  
ego for my evening pleasure? I don't think so, but I  
have been spoon fed this garbage for so long now  
I'm beginning to wonder if there is something wrong  
with me. I have tried to understand it but it hasn't  
happened so I scan the TV stations for something  
better and usually end up watching a cooking show  
on Channel 12 if I have time to be engrossed.

I have tried the comedy shows and find I still enjoy  
the reruns, but the new ones that are prefaced by  
the words "very funny" cause me to wonder why  
they do this. I try one show and I know it is because  
the sponsors don't want us to miss the humor. Now,  
to me, that is a funny thing to announce. In any  
case, I shut off the TV and go back to reading so I  
don't waste another minute.

I have been amused, not entertained by all this and  
have come to the conclusion I'm either odd, obso-  
lete or just plain old and it would behoove me to tear  
off my hearing aids and dress outlandishly if I want  
to fit in. I just don't get it. Peculiarity has never been  
my thing other than to avoid it, but I'll give it a try  
and see what happens. You just never know.



## AN ODE TO SILENCE By Norman Perkus

My quiet lover,  
I long to embrace you,  
But I'm afraid.  
Whenever I reach out  
To hold you,  
I pull back  
Fearful of  
Dissolving in your embrace.  
Yet I want you more  
Than anything  
You're my safe haven  
And my worst nightmare.

## ODE TO A WOULD-BE POET BY Marjorie Knipper

You're up  
Young Pup  
Write it  
Don't fight it  
Be proud  
Sing it loud  
The story's good  
As it should  
Be told  
Really quite bold  
Nothing new  
Yet still a brew  
Of witty words  
Not like curds  
Of milky stuff  
But rather rough  
Again I say  
You're on your way  
Write it  
Don't fight it!



I Gave Her a Red Rose  
by Tom La Cascia



It may be unusual for a man, but I really like flowers. They have been an important part of my life since childhood. The house I grew up in on Long Island, New York had an unusually large garden. There were all kinds of tall fruit trees, flower beds and flowering bushes.



An early spring arrival was the flowering of a lilac bush which was just outside one of the open windows of our large country kitchen.....to this day the smell of lilac brings back fond memories of grand family breakfasts.



During spring, summer, and fall, the flowers from fruit trees, bushes and flower beds were always displayed in a vase on the kitchen or dining room table. It was a year round thing. Of course, my mother would have to buy flowers in the winter.....yes, even during the Great Depression. It was that important to her.....she believed that pretty surroundings brightened the spirit. So do I.



Every day since Ann and I have been married, we have had a bud vase with one or more colorful flowers on our kitchen or dining room table..... even if we have a drink or a snack in the living room, there will be a bud vase on the coffee table.

One of our greatest pleasures is cutting flowers from our very own garden here in Rossmoor – so far this spring we have had dogwoods, tulips, jonquils, irises, and, now, red roses in our bud vase. Once breakfast, cocktail hour or dinner are over, we must put the bud vase in the refrigerator.....it seems that Cyrus and Scipio, our normally carnivorous felines, have developed an appetite for freshly cut flowers.

When I recently brought into the house the first rose to bloom in our garden, Ann smiled and said, "If you remember, the first flower you ever gave me was a red rose."

Yes, I remember.



OLD AGE – HOORAY OR BAH  
By Betty Emmons

What a challenge it is to get old. Mentally, I feel young so right there you know I have a problem. I still dream dreams as if I were fifty years younger. Dreams that will never be but they make me happy. To replace them with age restricted thoughts would be a real mistake.

People, in general, now look at me as a forecast of what is to come. Young people treat me with care and respect which is nice but annoying because I want to run up the stairs as they do but know that I can't. I miss flirting and being flirted with. I still like to look though and I understand why it is a thing of the past for most of us. Wrinkles will never replace muscular men or cute and pretty girls but if you dwell on these things you will surely end up an old fool missing the beauty of this age, wrinkles and all.

Each day is a gift. If we are thankful, wisdom of the past will allow us the joys that now await us. Why waste time remembering all that used to be, like the good old days that probably were not quite as wonderful as we are remembering them. It is time to pay attention to all that is at hand. If you are in a rocking chair, rock harder. If you are still ambulatory, do an old soft shoe when no one is looking.

Make your own agenda! Enjoy people, smell flowers and especially enjoy the young folks because when you were their age you were probably too busy getting the most out of being and doing and now you can enjoy watching them grow. Let them help you and you will find the exuberance of youth and the complacency of age can blend and make your heart sing. Being old can be what we make of it.

All through life we have had to make choices. Now we must choose to be happy, miserable or somewhere in between. As for me, I want to be happy. It isn't always easy but, in the long run, I hope someday to be known as that nice old lady who makes others happy, speaks kindly and has a smile on her face for everyone. I don't know if I can pull it off but I'm sure going to try.

EDITOR'S RHYMING CHALLENGE

The following words seemingly have no "perfect" rhymes. Can you think of any rhymes and work them into a poem?

- |        |          |        |
|--------|----------|--------|
| Chaos  | Opus     | Silver |
| Foible | Orange   | Woman  |
| Month  | Plankton | Wasp   |
| Music  | Purple   | Zigzag |

TIME

By Martin D. Meyerson

Time has achieved an increased value  
In our modern, sophisticated, mechanical,  
and electronic world—  
Every moment must be “productive” or  
“used properly”—  
Whatever that means.

For those who have actually lost  
The “love of their life”—  
Their loss is measured by the rest of the  
world  
(Never by the sad, heart-broken losers  
themselves)  
In relation to the amount of time  
That the couple spent with each other—  
For example, if you lived with your  
beloved  
For forty-six years,  
You suffered a bigger loss,  
Than someone who suffered a terrible  
loss  
After only a few years.  
Obviously, this statement is totally  
ridiculous  
And completely fallacious.

The intensity of the passionate relationship  
You had with your soul mate—  
That is the only criteria  
Of the severity of your loss,  
And the chief difficulty in “moving on”  
Is the “moving on” to what?

The loss of  
Running, laughing, and holding hands in  
the rain;  
The loss of  
Quiet, intimate dinners  
At home or in a restaurant;  
The loss of  
Making love to each other only with your  
eyes  
In the company of others;  
The loss of  
When alone together,  
Making love with your bodies—  
Relaxed and laughing happily;

The loss of  
Your beloved always using  
Just the right words  
To cheer you up or calm you down.  
The loss of  
The physical presence of your soul mate,  
Often helping you turning around  
To see if, hopefully, they have reappeared  
Next to you in a room  
Or sitting in an automobile,  
And you, the sad lover,  
Always being disappointed.  
The depth of your relationship  
Its warmth and its passion  
Determines the ferocity of your grief  
And the length of your mourning  
Not the number of years of your  
relationship.

ANGEL

By Linda L. Kaucher

My little angel, I love you so ...  
I only want to let you know.

I pray for you both day and night  
And I ask God to make things right.

Someone like you should not be ill –  
Recovery now should be God's will.

It's you, my love, who I pray for  
The one that Grandma does adore.

Now, let's hold hands, just you and me ...  
My heart is here for you to see;  
And when you sleep, sweet dreams you'll  
have  
Of Grandma's true, undying love.

I love you, darling.  
Sleep tight.



June 2011

A TEAR AND A TOUCH

By Betty Emmons

Mothers Day was upon us and his 89<sup>th</sup> birthday was coming up so when we went to lunch I brought a bottle of wine and it turned into a quiet celebration and was thoroughly enjoyed by each of us.

Then when it came time to pay the check he became a little confused and quietly she helped him while a single tear trickled down her cheek. It was sad but a truly precious moment when the waitress who observed it all came up to her and wiped the tear away.

Little do we know how heavy a heart may be, or for what reason, because we all know how to mask our feelings, usually behind a smile; only this time, it spilled out in a single tear and I saw a heart full of love that was literally filled to overflowing and then the tender response from a perfect stranger who wiped the tear away. It was very touching and I feel privileged to have seen something so beautiful. Just a tear and a touch but I know I shall never forget it.

COMING OF AGE

By David Seltzer

When we are young,  
There is magic in the air;  
We are quick and strong  
And wish to be everywhere.

But as we grow older  
We are more careful  
The fires begin to smolder  
And we become more fearful.

When we reach senior status,  
We may be achy and less able;  
And if too much is directed at us,  
It may make us more unstable.

So let's forget about our prime,  
We've already paid our dues:  
Now we'll go one step at a time,  
Even wearing our old shoes.

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THREE HITCHES  
INCLUDING A "BLIND DATE" OF SORTS  
By Barbara D. Thompson

It was ye good old summertime in New York City in the 1950's as I was preparing to be off to college. However, there were three hitches.

Hitch number one was a strong objection from Dad. When I told Dad about my plan to attend Cortland State Teachers College, he declared that I could not do that because he had no money to send a girl to college. He would reserve his funds to assist the five boys in the family. "And, besides, girls just get pregnant and drop out, so it makes no sense to waste money on sending a girl to college," he added.

Feeling stunned and hurt, "But, Dad", I answered, "I've received two scholarships. I'm not asking you for money, I was just hoping for your approval and best wishes."

"Oh," .....he paused, ".....in that case, I guess you might as well go."

Eventually, Dad sent me off on my day of departure with \$100. His caustic remarks had been forgiven, but a tender wound lingered, because those hurtful remarks gave me a first picture of a cynical side of my Dad that a bit lowered my daughter's pedestal of esteem for her father's character.

Hitch number two was a blind date with Diane. As I was traveling west on Thursday, August 18<sup>th</sup> on a Greyhound bus from NYC to Cortland, NY, Diane was slowly traveling northwest, out of Wilmington, North Carolina. She joined us and besieged us in Pennsylvania late on Thursday having already struck land near Wilmington on Wednesday...Hurricane Diane....

Optimistically confident, but totally unaware of any need to check the weather, I had embarked on that Thursday, for my scheduled Friday interview to secure college admission at Cortland. My bus route started westward from NYC, through New Jersey and into Pennsylvania before turning north and crossing the border to include a stop at the Binghamton Bus Terminal in NY. We would then continue north to Cortland. It was normally a scheduled eight hour trip.

Ultimately, the trip lasted 19 hours! Before we ever reached Binghamton, storming Diane overtook us. With a driving deluge of rain and substantial flooding, at one point we ended up in a farmer's cornfield as our driver searched for any passable alternate route. The farmer got us squared away, ena-

bling the driver to eventually straggle into Binghamton along with many other detoured buses. Before driving over one viaduct with the rising river running across it, we endured a half hour wait while civil engineers completed tests on the flooded road for safety and stability. Only large heavy vehicles, trucks and buses were permitted to cross through that river swiftly surging across the road.

We were lucky to have a very clever driver. While waiting behind a long queue of vehicles, for the OK to cross through the "river" stretch, our driver helped each of us remove our luggage from the compartment under the bus and cram it all into the aisle and on our laps. When we reached Binghamton, many other bus travelers were faced with their now heavier soaking-wet luggage and parcels. As they walked into the terminal, some passengers groaned as their soggy shopping-bag bottoms disintegrated, dropping contents to the ground. Happily, our possessions were all bone-dry.

Multi-state flooding had led to Diane becoming the first hurricane causing over \$1 billion in damage. About 200 people lost their lives in the flooding as Diane drove up from the Carolinas, northwest to Pennsylvania and eventually turned east-northeast, blustering through southern New England.

When we reached Cortland around 8:00 AM on Friday, we were 11 hours past our scheduled 7:00 PM Thursday arrival. Fortunately my booked hotel room was still available, so I was able to change clothes and call the Professor who graciously rescheduled my interview for a bit later that morning than the original time...and, yes, I was given approval to attend Cortland State Teachers College that September.

Naturally, my return bus trip that afternoon had been canceled. Any return trip to NYC would be impossible for ground vehicles for several days. So, I called Allegheny Airlines. Luckily, a seat was available on a small 20-passenger plane to Newark, NJ. As our plane flew low over the countryside, the devastation we viewed was unimaginable! Entire buildings, homes, barns, silos, uprooted trees, bridges and even bridge stanchions had been totally displaced and left battered and scattered in new locations. Swollen churning rivers abounded. Mud was everywhere...loaded with every assortment of shattered and mangled debris.

Having almost exhausted my funds on the extravagant \$12 plane fare, I was uncertain as to how to get from Newark to NYC. Fortunately, being seated next to a businessman, when I explained my dilemma and unabashedly asked for a loan of bus fare to ride from Newark to NYC, he readily came to my rescue. And, yes, I later sent a check to him for the \$7 he had

obligingly offered. Actually I had asked for only \$2.50, to cover my calculated shortage for bus and subway fare, but he had generously insisted I take the extra \$5.00, "just in case."

Hitch number three concerned attending a Camp Leadership Training course during the two weeks immediately preceding the college September starting date. The course, part of my curriculum as a Recreation Education major, was given on an island at Raquette Lake, NY. The hitch was how to get there.

Calling Greyhound again, I was able to book a trip arriving close to, but not exactly at Raquette Lake. Three separate bus connections would get me to the remote upstate, NY vicinity. As youth would have it, again, I had just blindly embarked on the trip with no idea of what to do when I disembarked from the third bus that night...with no hotel reservation. What had I been thinking? However, I had trusted that somehow things would work out. I was young, very independent and felt invincible...and, after all, wasn't I going for leadership training!?

That third bus jounced along a bumpy twisty rural road to Blue Mountain Lake, NY. The driver that night was careening totally out of control, speeding, and weaving on the road...some passengers surmised he was drunk. "Scary" hardly describes the trip, our feelings and apprehensions!

From Blue Mountain Lake, I would then need to get to dockside at Raquette Lake the next morning to meet our guide for the boat trip to the island campground. But, right then, as I embarked from the unnerving bus ride, it was about 9:00 PM. Where would I stay overnight??

The driver had let me out on a "Main Street" corner of a village so small, ...it seemed as if the intersection was the village; so I stepped into a nearby grocery market that appeared to be and was...thank goodness!...still open. Undaunted, I asked if there was a hotel in town. The pleasant teen-aged girl behind the counter said "no," but I could probably stay with her and her family who lived in the back! Conversely, when her mother came out from the back, she was courteous but wary, not comfortable with her daughter's suggestion. She said there was an Inn not too far away. She kindly called in a reservation followed by a call for a local taxi for me.

Thus I came to stay at the Hemlock Inn...and slept in a room, the pleasant memory of which, to this day, is like a dream. It was a room fit for a princess! Pale blue beautifully printed wallpaper, with matching curtains, was delightfully elegant. All woodwork trim in the room was painted in gold. A four poster bed with a ruffled canopy and bedding—all in pale blue with

ruffles and white and gold trim—graced the room. There was a similarly appointed vanity table, some chairs, and a lovely carved wood writing desk. I thought I'd arrived in a palace! It later crossed my mind that it was probably the bridal suite.

Next morning I arrived...in the Hemlock dining room...for family style breakfast at the appointed time. The Inn manager had arranged for me to join at one of the long tables with several friendly talkative families. The manager had already also found another family that happened to be taking their daughter to Raquette Lake dockside that morning. They had agreed to give me a courtesy ride! So there I was, instead of a country bumpkin arriving in the city, I was a city bumpkin arriving in the country, meeting the friendliest most accommodating community of persons I'd yet encountered.

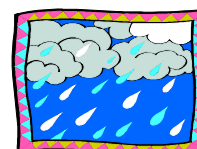
The two weeks at camp developed into another adventure for another story!

P. S. The most unusual discovery on that adventurous trip to camp was a view of how other families emotionally supported each other. At the Inn, at the boat landing, and upon arrival at college, I had discovered that all the other students were accompanied by, at minimum, their parents—but more usually, their entire family of siblings! Students' comings and goings were a family affair. From that time on, there came to live in my independent heart, a longing for the manner of family closeness that I had been privileged to be witnessing and sharing. On the other hand, I was not ready to give up my independent responsibly self-sufficient lifestyle that I'd been thrust into at the early age of eleven (another story.) My attendance at college with all its expenses, securing a residence, and attending to various other details had been totally planned and achieved by independent me, not my family. So, there I was, finally at college, but with a new yearning...for the comfort of all the fond farewells, and those special seeing-you-off and seeing-you-return family embraces.

Hurricane Diane, August 15-19, 1955:

August 1955

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



Theme Love  
By Norman Perkus

Love is not only romantic love or sexual love. It could be love of your work, love of the outdoors, love of computer games, love of country or of God.

I looked up some dictionary definitions: warm attachment, enthusiasm, devotion, to hold dear, cherish.

What do I love? I love the intellectual stimulation that I get from exploring the ideas in the books we discuss in our book club. I also love the emotional and aesthetic charge I get from other peoples' experiences and imaginations as they expound them in the writing and family history groups I belong to.

I enjoy afternoons spent in museums stirred by other's visions, relating them to my own. Another cherished experience was cross-country skiing with my son recently. The act of pushing back on my ski poles while propelling myself forward, putting in that extra effort when I'm beginning to lose energy and feeling more energetic after I make that effort is very satisfying.

I love the way my body moves when I dance free-form to rock and roll music. I feel flexible and alive.

I don't usually love or even like opera, but when it's on a big screen in a movie house with Dolby digital sound I'm drawn into it. When they go behind the stage it adds another dimension to the experience.

A good play or movie lifts me above my ordinary, everyday experience into the lives of others, thereby expanding my horizons. I also love leading yoga classes in the clubhouse. It's a more extensive workout than I usually do at home and leaves me with a relaxed, peaceful feeling.

I love hiking with our Rossmoor hiking club—being in natural surroundings with a congenial group of people.

I like to conduct a successful "improv" program for our actors' group. When they say, "That was fun!," that's my reward.

Do I really just like or do I love all these activities? Well, I do have a warm attachment to them all and that fits one of the definitions.

And, oh yes, I love my wife of 54 years with warm attachment, devotion and enthusiasm—three of the dictionary definitions.



LOVE  
By Linda L. Kaucher

When I was young and could not understand  
The meaning of Love, my mother took my hand  
And said to me,

"Little one, some day you'll come to know  
The meaning of this precious power and learn to want it so."

When I grew up and fell in love, I realized  
What she had said years ago, and I kept it in my head.

I learned that Love was a precious thing  
No one could turn against –  
And Love is in the hearts of the ones who love  
And keep it fully condensed.

As years go by and I grow old, I will someday turn to God  
And say, "Oh, where art thy Staff and thy Rod?"  
The comforts of Heaven that Love has within  
And keeps 'till Death has won  
For Love is the thing that has been created for us  
Both by the Father and the Son.

So, keep this in mind, both young ones and old  
And you, too, soon will learn  
That if you have Love in your hearts for others,  
God's Love for you will truly burn.

BASEBALL NOSTALGIA  
BY David Seltzer

It really is not a mystery,  
I watch Yes-TV for a reason.  
I have a long time history  
Tied into the baseball season.



It began at a double header when I was ten  
I saw Pipgras and Pennock each win a game  
And, as Gehrig and Ruth homered again,  
I added "Yankee fan" to my name.

Lou Gehrig was my special hero  
I thought of him as an honored friend.  
And, although it was a long time ago,  
I shall never forget his tragic end.

And now that I am long in the tooth,  
I recall other players of yesteryear,  
They are all in the dreams of my youth,  
As I look for new stars to appear.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL  
BY Marjorie Knipper

I have a friend who lives on the Henry Hudson Parkway in the Bronx. We got to be good friends when we both lived in the city, New York, that is, and kept in touch when we went our separate ways. How? What we did was twice a year—once in the summer and once around Christmas time we would meet at the Met—the Metropolitan Museum of Art: Nancy, my friend, traveling down from the Bronx and I taking the bus from New Jersey to New York City. Well, after my Joe died, we missed the Christmas get-together, and then, just recently I decided I really have to get together with Nancy again.

Everything frightens me these days; living without Joe has not been easy, but I know I must get on with my life, so I decided to take the bus into Port Authority, then hop a cab to the Met, and after viewing the latest exhibit, hop another cab to the Tavern on the Green with Nancy for lunch. That was our usual routine. I thought I might feel more comfortable if I asked a friend to come with me this time, but that didn't work out so I decided to brave it myself.

I parked my car near the gate in the community where I live and crossed the street to the bus stop. Waiting at the bus stop was a sweet looking lady, probably about my age. We started talking and she asked me where I was going and I told her I was meeting a friend at the Metropolitan. "Metropolitan what?" she asked. I answered, "Oh, the Metropolitan Museum of Art." She said, "Really, that's where I'm going." "Great," I said. "We could share a taxi to the Met." "Oh no," she replied, "I take the bus." "Oh," I said, I don't do that. I wouldn't know how." "I'll show you," Beverly said, and I agreed. Instead of a fifteen or twenty dollar cab fare, I spent only \$1.00 to get to the Met with my Guardian Angel guiding me. I didn't call Beverly my "Guardian Angel." But I was beginning to feel that way about her.

At the Met, Beverly waited with me until my friend Nancy appeared two minutes later. After I introduced Beverly to Nancy, we parted and Nancy and I explored the New American Wing. Then we hopped a cab to the Tavern on the Green where we caught up on our lives and had a wonderful lunch along with a Cosmos to mark the occasion.

After lunch, I caught a cab outside the Tavern on the Green, waved Nancy good-bye and before I knew it, I was at Port Authority. I found myself up at Gate 415 waiting for the bus to take me home when who comes strolling by but my Guardian Angel, Beverly! We exchanged thoughts on the day, boarded the bus to go home, got off where we had gotten on and walked to our cars which had been parked we discovered next to each other! Something tells me I'll see my Guardian Angel again someday.

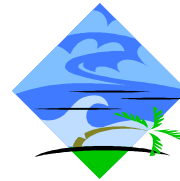
WINDS WILL BLOW STORMS  
By Barbara D. Thompson

Strong winds blew furiously out of the east,  
Tore down a huge tree  
That cut down a mammoth beast.  
A victim of that raging storm infernal,  
She fell as she lumbered...  
Then slumbered through eons eternal.

Modern Man finds those long bones,  
Reconstructs those tall features  
As he ponders, then wonders...  
"What happened to that species?"  
"Could man have survived  
In those times of huge creatures?"

But, what now of man's destiny?  
Will his genius survive on this earth?  
Or, will his genus become fossils for all eternity?  
Warring and maneuvering himself into extinction  
Who will then ponder a more modern mystery...  
Wondering why humanity lumbered from distinction?

As nature succumbs to "the elements" and gravity,  
Some events do seem to have a certainty.  
As plant life evolves, ever more abundant ...  
As creatures develop, ever more intelligent...  
As mother earth bubbles, heaves and divides...  
Winds will blow storms, oceans will flow tides



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**The Rossmoor Fox** will be printed several times per year and will be available in the Clubhouse and Village Center. If anyone is interested in becoming a member of the Rossmoor Writers Group, please contact Editor Norman Perkus at 395-1552 or the E&R Dept.

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**A FEW SMALL THINGS**  
By Barbara D. Thompson

While we were having conversation  
My daughter brought to my attention  
A few small things that defy convention  
Cap and Trade I'd like to mention

Consider the busy beaver  
Building up his dam  
His home is a snug-tight log jam  
For beaver is a master weaver

Suppose that now we tell him  
He may not build at whim  
Beyond a certain summit  
Some logs he'll have to trim

Then if, of logs, he needs more  
We'll tell him he may trade  
For some logs that are lying fallow  
From some other beaver fellow  
Building on the opposite shore

This dam thing needs consideration  
A beaver's life depends on his freedom  
To build a home that withstands the chill  
Of winter's impending refrigeration

The animal kingdom is unrepressed  
Creatures build as nature taught them  
Man, too, is a creature needing freedom  
Lest he become a slave...impressed



**MEMORABILIA**  
By David Seltzer

Here did all these things come from?  
Wouldn't one or two boxes be enough?  
But I've a closet-full and then some,  
Just why have I kept all this old stuff?

Because they deserve a second chance  
My text books may really be first editions,  
My diaries may become a book-club romance  
And my LP's may turn into museum additions.

And what about my fix-it supplies?  
I've vintage tools from another time  
With nails and screws of every size.  
Yes, there's lots I've kept from my prime.

My Army items may show commotion  
And so may notes from my workaday life,  
But nothing can stir up my emotion  
Like the things that I shared with my wife.



**A PLEA FOR TRUST**  
By Marjorie Knipper

I'm not sure where exactly I got this idea, probably from a TV show? I don't know. Anyway, I was told the way to overcome fear is to write about it. The trouble is I don't know what, if anything, I'm afraid of, but I do know I have this strange feeling of being afraid. That sounds a bit strange, I guess, but even now as I write, I think the idea of writing about this strange feeling of being afraid might be helpful.

I think I may just be afraid of everything, like the pipes are going to burst, that I'm going to have a car accident, that my son-in-law is going to lose his job, etc., etc., etc. As I write I'm aware that all kinds of things could go wrong in my life – and what I have to do is TRUST! Trust that no matter what happens, God love me, and I will get through all of it. Please, please, God, help me to have courage, help me to try to live my life with joy trusting in you! Thank you, God, thank you! Please help me to love you, God. Please! And Thank you for reminding me about this idea of writing it all down.