

REMEMBERING MOTHERS

LETTER, MUCH TOO LATE~~~~~

By Wallace Stegner

Mom, listen,

In three months I will be eighty years old, thirty years older than you were when you died, twenty years older than my father was when he died, fifty-seven years older than my brother when he died. I got the genes and the luck. The rest of you have been gone a long time.

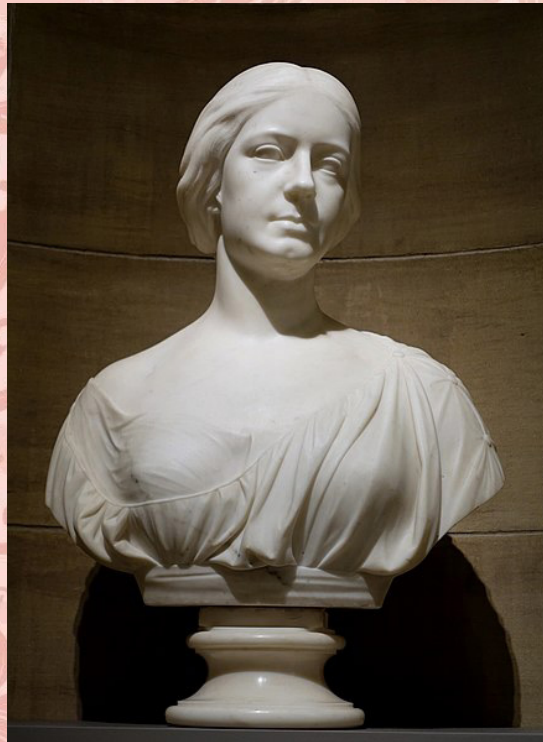
Except when I have to tie my shoelaces, I don't feel eighty years old. I, the sickly child, have outlasted you all. But if I don't feel decrepit, neither do I feel wise or confident. Age and experience have not made me a Nestor qualified to tell others about how to live their lives. I feel more like Theodore Dreiser, who confessed that he would depart from life more bewildered than he had arrived in it. Instead of being embittered, or stoical, or calm, or resigned, or any of the standard things that a long life might have made me, I confess that I am often simply lost, as much in need of comfort, understanding, forgiveness, uncritical love—the things you used to give me—as I ever was at five, or ten, or fifteen.

Fifty-five years ago, sitting up with you after midnight while the nurse rested, I watched you take your last breath. A few minutes before you died you half raised your head and said "Which...way?" I understood that you were at a dark, unmarked crossing. Then a minute later you said, "You're a good...boy...Wallace," and died.

My name was the last word you spoke, your faith in me and love for me were your last thoughts. I could bear them no better than I could bear your death, and I blindly went out into the November darkness and walked for hours with my mind clenched like a fist.

...

I was twenty-four, still a schoolboy, when you died, but I have lived with you more than three times twenty-four years. Self-obsessed, sports crazy or books crazy or girl crazy or otherwise preoccupied, I never got around to telling you during your lifetime how much you meant. Now I feel mainly regret, regret that I took you for granted as the others did, regret that you were dead by the time my life began to expand, so that I was unable to take you along and compensate you a little for your first fifty years. Cinderella should end happily, released from the unwholesome house of her servitude.



I began this rumination in a dark mood, remembering the anniversary of your death. Already you have cheered me up. I have said that you didn't die, and you didn't. I can still hear you being cheerful on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, singing as you work and shedding your

cheerfulness on others. So let us remember your life, such a life as many women of your generation shared to some extent, though not always with your special trials and rarely with your stoicism and grace.

***Excerpted



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Every situation in life
 is temporary. So, when life is good,
 make sure you enjoy and receive
 it fully. And when life is not
 so good, remember that it
 will not last forever and better
 days are on the way.



Mom, why are humans
 wearing muzzles?

Honey, they are too
 dumb to learn "sit" and
 "stay".

BOBCAT SIGHTINGS 2020
 March 25, 6:27PM Below patio of 13-E
 April 6, 7AM Sitting comfortably on patio 2-H
 April 8, 6:13PM Moving East to West below 13E, then
 dashed over patio of 13F, "out for a stroll"
 April 29, 6:30PM Idle stride over 15D patio in bold
 daylight
KEEP YOUR BLINDS OPEN FOR A SIGHTING



**AFTER LISTENING TO,
 LINDA, HIS HUMAN, FOR 12 DAYS
 WHILE IN QUARANTINE AS SHE
 COMPLAINED FOR HOURS ON END...**

**SPARKY REALIZED HE
 WAS NOT CUT OUT TO BE
 AN EMOTIONAL SUPPORT DOG**

NEW/SOON-TO-BE RESIDENTS
 Sherry Morse James & Betty Kasson
 Nancy Wright Martin (Marty) & Karen Wiskoff
 Jeffrey & Marilyn Riehl Sandy Storm

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
 5/1 Billie M.
 5/2 Glenna A.
 5/2 Alma S.
 5/2 Ed F.
 5/14 Gayle H.

IN MEMORIAM
 4/20 Mary Todd

TO BE RESUMED WHEN SHELTER IN PLACE IS TERMINATED

ONGOING ACTIVITIES

See also Master Schedule of Ongoing Activities
(C 10,11 Residents' Handbook)

MON	Chair Exercise MH Monday Morning Forum (4th) MH Advanced Exercise MH Duplicate Bridge GR Dominoes GR	8:30-8:45AM 10:30AM 11:00-11:45AM 1:00PM 7:15PM	THUR	Chair Exercise MH Half-Fast Walkers Adv. Water Exercise SP Games GR Tai Chi MH	8:30-8:45AM 9:00AM 9:30-10:15AM 1:00PM 1:00PM
TUES	Chair Exercise MH Council Meeting (2nd) CR Adv. Water Exercise SP Worship Services (1st) H Communion Services (3rd) HC Tai Chi MH Ukulele Class WP Lawn Bowling PG Sing For Fun (1st) WP	8:30-8:45AM 9:30AM 9:30-10:15AM 10:30AM 10:30AM 1:00PM 1:00-2:00PM 1:15-3:15PM 2:30PM	FRI	Chair Exercise MH Yoga MH Bookmobile Every other Friday Lawn Bowling PG Social Bridge GR	8:30-8:45AM 2:00-3:00PM 12:45-1:30PM 1:15-3:15PM 3:00PM
WED	Chair Exercise MH Advanced Exercise MH Communion Service (2nd) WP Mahjong	8:30-8:45AM 11:00-11:45AM 11:15AM 2:00-4:00PM	SAT	Chair Exercise MH Putting (2nd) PG Ice Cream Social (1st) PL Wine Dinner Group (2nd) PDR	8:30-8:45AM 10:00-11:30AM Noon 5:30PM
			SUN	Movie MH	1:30PM

LOCATION LEGEND

CR	Conference Room(s)	DR	Dining Room	FC	Fitness Center	GR	Game Room
H	Hillcrest	HC	Health Center	HG	Hall Gallery	L	Library
MH	Meeting House	PDR	Private Dining Room	PG	Putting Green	PL	Pavilion Lounge
SP	Swimming Pool	WP	West Parlor	BB	Sign-up and/or Information on Bulletin Board		

LIBRARY NOTES

BOOKS CHOSEN FOR MAY 2020

U. S. History

SPECIAL DONATION

THE GREAT INFLUENZA: The Epic Story of the Deadliest Plague in History*

John M. Barry

Timely and well told, this book was donated by Will Furman to the CVM Library. Acclaimed the best history of that 1918 pandemic, the parallels between it and today's tragedy are complicated comparisons and contrasts and of interest to all of us. Critic: "This book is a brilliant depiction of individuals put to the supreme test...a sobering model for our world as we confront the 'coronavirus.'"

Fiction

THE MIRROR AND THE LIGHT

(Final of trilogy)

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN*

Hilary Mantel

Louise Erdrich

Mystery

CONTRABAND*

THE MYSTERY OF THREE

QUARTERS*

Stuart Woods

Sophie Hannah

Biography

ME, ELTON JOHN*

Elton John

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN: The Queen , the Dresser, and the Wardrobe*

Angela Kelly

THE SECOND LIFE OF TIGER

WOODS

Michael Bamberger

Native American Studies

YELLOW BIRD

Sierra Crane Murdoch

*Donation**MacCullough Fund***Wagner Fund

NEW DVDs* SELECTED FOR MAY 2020

1917

MY BRILLIANT FRIEND

PEOPLE JUST DO NOTHING

THE MAN WHO KILLED DON QUIXOTE

PAIN AND GLORY

To My Mother by Wendell Berry

I was your rebellious son,
do you remember? Sometimes
I wonder if you do remember,
so complete has your forgiveness been.

So complete has your forgiveness been
I wonder sometimes if it did not
precede my wrong, and I erred,
safe found, within your love,

prepared ahead of me, the way home,
or my bed at night, so that almost
I should forgive you, who perhaps
foresaw the worst that I might do,

and forgave before I could act,
causing me to smile now, looking back,
to see how paltry was my worst,
compared to your forgiveness of it

already given. And this, then,
is the vision of that Heaven of which
we have heard, where those who love
each other have forgiven each other,

where, for that, the leaves are green,
the light a music in the air,
and all is unentangled,
and all is undismayed.



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STAY IN PLACE READING



How many books have you read since
March 18, and what is your favorite?
Send responses to janlaine@comcast.net

A Family Dispute



**In 8 weeks 88% of
blondes will disappear
from the earth.**

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED