

## FATHERS DAY



### JUNE 21ST

#### DAD POEM

~~~~~  
No visitors allowed  
is what the masked woman behind  
the desk says only seconds  
after me and your mother  
arrive for the ultrasound.  
But I'm the father,  
I explain, like it means something  
defensible. She looks at me as if  
I've just confessed to being  
a minotaur in human disguise.  
Repeats the line. Caught  
in the space between astonishment  
& rage, we hold hands a minute  
or so more, imagining you a final time  
before our rushed goodbye,  
your mother vanishing  
down the corridor  
to call forth a veiled vision  
of you through glowing white  
machines. One she will bring  
to me later on, printed and slight-  
ly wrinkled at its edges,  
this secondhand sight  
of you almost unbearable  
both for its beauty and  
necessary deferral.  
What can I be to you now,  
smallest one, across the expanse  
of category & world catastrophe,  
what love persists  
in a time without touch

*By Joshua Bennett*

“A father is neither an anchor to hold us back, nor a sail to take us there, but a guiding light whose love shows us the way.” ~~~ Unknown

“The father who has selflessly poured himself into the life of his children may leave no other monument than that of his children. But as for a life well lived, no other monument is necessary.”

*CRAIG LOUNSBROUGH*

“When a father gives to his son, both laugh; when a son gives to his father, both cry.”

*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*

“When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.”

*Attributed to Mark Twain~~~No Surprise There!*





## Covid-19 May Help Us

Don't get me wrong. I don't believe that Covid-19 is helping society by getting rid of us old folks. What I mean is that the studies of the Covid virus may lead us to new insights in the cure of human diseases.

Many scientists are desperately searching for a vaccine against Covid and this will prove difficult compared to the search for vaccines in the past. I have often said, and believe it to be true, that vaccines have saved more lives than physicians have.

However, with the influenza vaccines, we have seen that getting the vaccine and getting an immune reaction to it, does not prevent many people from getting the flu. Whether the flu is milder or not is not clear from the data we have. There have even been some people who have suggested that people who have been vaccinated against the flu previously may have a more serious response to Covid-19.

If this is true, how could I then say that Covid may help us? Let me try to explain. One of the most alarming things about Covid is that it has the ability to evoke autoimmune responses. What I mean by "autoimmune" is when the body uses weapons (which are usually used to fight inflammation) as tools to damage the body itself. These autoimmune weapons are what the Covid viruses are using to damage our lungs, kidneys, and to cause what are called "cytokine storms" which can best be explained using an analogy about the Fire Department: If the fat you were frying broke into flames and started a fire in your kitchen, you would call the Fire Department. If the fire was extinguished but the Fire Department continued to hose down your walls and other rooms in your house, this would cause more damage than the fire itself. This is what happens in the body with autoimmune diseases. The body sends its "Fire Department" - and the immune system begins to attack the body, this is what Covid induces in us.

I believe that as we study the methods that the Covid virus uses against us, we will find that we are learning a great deal about how the body's defenses work. We might even be able find better ways to treat autoimmune diseases that are still mysterious to the medical world.

*Mel Britton, MD*

## New Photographic Book in Library

Will Furman has donated his new book, "Sea Glass," to the Manor library. It features a new type of book binding called "Lay-Flat," that allows the paper to lay perfectly flat across the two pages, without any bending. This is achieved by laminating each page to a thin substrate. Two pages are printed on one sheet of photo paper.

This photographic essay also features Furman's 'FotoReflections' technique of multiple images that occur naturally on glass surfaces. "Sea Glass," one of Carmel's newest houses, is located at 9th and Scenic Road. The house is unique in that every wall that faces the ocean is solid glass from floor to ceiling, wall to wall. Even the front yard fence is glass. "Sea Glass" is on display in the library. Please handle with care.



### NEW/SOON-TO-BE RESIDENTS

James & Betty Kasson                      Sandy Storm  
Martin (Marty) & Karen Wiskoff

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

|      |              |      |             |
|------|--------------|------|-------------|
| 6/16 | Monty H.     | 6/23 | Connie R.   |
| 6/19 | Jean B.      | 6/24 | Margaret D. |
| 6/19 | Dave N.      | 6/24 | Bob E.      |
| 6/20 | Wendy P.     | 6/25 | Linda P.    |
| 6/22 | Charlotte N. |      |             |

### IN MEMORIAM

6/7 Glenna Alsberg

# A LITTLE MAGIC

Arunachal Pradesh, India 1999

Ama looked down at the chickens pecking at the corn scattered around her bare feet. Below her the narrow valley snaked through the lush green mountains. Nearby the whitewashed stone house with red peppers drying on the roof glowed in the morning sun. All was as it had always been in this tiny hamlet deep in the foothills of the Himalayas. At least that is what it looked like from Ama's wooden porch.

However, much had changed too since the trekkers had come with their loud voices and rough manners. Most of them carried a small pack on their back, not the large loads of bamboo or wood that Ama carried. The trekkers' huge bags were packed by giggling young girls or barefoot boys.

Sometimes even a wooden table or piled up chairs were carried up the rocky trails so that the outsiders wouldn't have to squat on the packed earth that made up the floor of Ama's kitchen. But then the strangers did bring magic with them too. This magic came in the form of little white pills which Ama had to swallow with water to avoid their bitter taste. But then in just a little while the magic would begin and her aching back or head wouldn't hurt so much. However, often the ache came back later unless she had another magic pill. Ama's head really hurt this morning and even the sun that warmed her body didn't help. Then she saw a woman struggling up the steep trail. Her face was red and wet with perspiration. Obviously the woman wasn't used to the trail that Ama climbed every day. But the woman gave her a warm smile, and her voice was soft when she put her hands together and said, "Namaste."

Ama was delighted and echoed the greeting. Then Ama decided to do a bold thing. She lifted her hand to her head and made a gesture of pain. The woman nodded and took off her pack. She unzipped the side pocket and pulled out a packet of four magic pills! Carefully putting two pills on her outstretched palm, the woman presented them to Ama. The old woman's face lit up as she took the pills and put them in her pocket. She then went into the house and returned with three white eggs. The memory

of this kind old woman giving all she had to a stranger for two aspirin stayed with the woman for the rest of her life.

I know you told your disobedient cousin not to take pictures of women here in Saudi Arabia, but guess what? They wanted me to. We got up very early to drive to a Friday market deep in the desert. The town was small and the market even smaller. It was just a line of figures shrouded in black surrounded by tables piled high with fabric, goat skin bags and small green balls of henna. We walked through the sand until finally we came to two women and a small boy. I got out my bottle of soap bubbles and began to show him how to use the wand. The little boy became very excited and began to run around trying to catch the bubbles floating around him. Then the women turned their backs on my husband, and



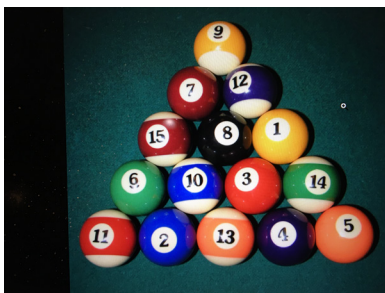
he walked away. You know Alan always knows the right thing to do. Immediately the women turned back to me and lifted their veils and gestured that they wanted to blow bubbles too! It was a wonderful moment and we bonded. I showed them pictures of my grandchildren, and they seemed happy when I took a picture of their little boy also.

When I pointed my camera their way they signaled permission. I got a couple of photos, and then some men came along and it was all over. Later, when the pictures were developed, I found that the woman who was totally covered, had pulled aside her hejab and was peeking out at me and smiling.

Alan had his own little adventure that day too. When he left the women, a man in a truck stopped him, and, saying that he had air conditioning, asked him to get in. Of course, Alan was happy to comply and they began talking. The man asked him why he was there, and Alan told him that his father in-law had been sent to Saudi Arabia just after oil was discovered in 1938 to help build the first pipeline. The man then gestured to a long line in the sand that stretched far into the desert haze. "That," he said, "is the first pipeline."

*Jean Brenner*

## CARMEL VALLEY MANOR POCKET BILLIARDS (POOL) INTRODUCTION



If you would like an orientation to the game of pool, please contact Ken Johnson at x4791 and schedule your appointment. He will introduce you to the fundamentals of this enjoyable game, show you where the equipment is kept, get you comfortable with basic pool shots, cover the rules, and have you playing 8-Ball and 9-Ball pool games.



# Family Remembrances



Karla Albright will miss Carmel Valley Manor. She has not lived here, but she has spent many days here, made many friends, and she will miss them and the wonderful world of

the staff. Her soliloquy has almost become a mantra. Sitting in the patio near Building 3, she started off by saying she wanted to say thank you because the Manor was so good to her parents, “pre” and “post” their lives here. This is her story.

George Albright, Karla’s father, always wanted to take care of his wife, Dolly, and make sure she was cared for when he was gone. Ten years ago, the gift he wanted to give her was to move here from Carmel Highlands. So, they moved to Carmel Valley Manor, but Dolly came ‘kicking and screaming’ until she was here for a day. Their second day here her famous smile came back which stayed with her for the rest of her life.

Although Karla was close by in Los Gatos with her husband (as the family stretched from there to San Francisco to Juneau, Nebraska, Indiana, New York, and D. C.), Karla became a welcomed family member at the Manor. In the days between George’s illness and passing in February, and Dolly’s passing recently, Karla was here, there, and here, again. Her parents’ friends became her friends; the staff took as good a care of her as they gave her parents.

These are the reasons Karla loves the Manor plus the housing options, such a variety with singles, doubles, houses, etc., the views, the weather, the beautiful landscaping, the tremendous food. There was only one item, in all these months of eating here that Karla did not like: only one and that was a soup, one day. Every day that she and family were here, box lunches were provided for them. When George got sick, the dining staff took care of the meals for the family and would also be ready to provide them with coffee, the cart of snacks, cheeses, and a tray of chocolate cookies.

“The morning before Dad passed away, our family felt the need to give thanks to the staff, beyond verbally expressing our gratitude. Chris Regan organized the Taco Truck. Chris made it easy for all the staff to enjoy the taco truck’s goodies.”

Her parents were cared for in the way they wanted. “Dana’s level of caring and communication was phenomenal. For many, many weeks she gave my mother her undivided attention.” The Health Center was very supportive throughout these months. Dolly wanted to stay in her home, so Josephina would come and help her dress every morning. “Pam, Mercedes, Chris, Dana, and Josephina put themselves out for my mother in a personalized way. They do what’s best for the individual.”

When Dolly passed away, that meant cleaning out the Albright home. Karla would come over from Los Gatos and load up, take home, unload, come back another day, load up, take home, unload. “Everyone was helpful. R.O.S.E. was amazing! Linda Page and Mary Kay Crockett were among the most helpful. They made the cleanup easy. Housekeeping helped with the trash, and maintenance followed up with taking care of the rest.” Karla couldn’t praise everyone here enough. Her mother-in-law is living in a life care community on the San Francisco Peninsula, but in Karla’s opinion, it cannot hold a candle to the life and help one has here. Angie, too, was great. She provided Karla with information Karla hadn’t given a thought to taking care of. Angie coordinated everything with the moving out process, giving Karla information on the business, health, keys, storage unit, all things Karla would have to take care of. “I will miss the Manor. Such a wonderful place to spend your last years. I have made so many friends here; I will miss them, too.” These were Karla’s words to wrap up the interview. Maybe, just maybe, in another fifteen or twenty years or so, another Albright, and husband, will be walking the pathways through our gardens and entertaining in their new home as Dolly and George did for their ten years here.

*Jane Upp*

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