



# ACCENTS

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## AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,  
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet (for 'twas autumn,) I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;  
Mortally wounded he, and buried on the retreat (easily all I could understand,) The halt of the mid-day hour, then up! No time to lose—yet this sign left,  
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave,  
“Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.”  
Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,  
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,  
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,  
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes before me the inscription rude, in Virginia's woods,  
“Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.”  
Walt Whitman

## “I Am An American”

*I am an American.  
That's the way most of us put it, just matter of factly.  
They are plain words, those four.  
You could write them on your thumbnail,  
or you could sweep them clear across this bright autumn sky.  
But remember too that they are more than words.  
They are a way of life.  
So Whenever you speak them, speak them firmly;  
speak them proudly; speak them gratefully.  
I am an American.*



In Philadelphia, 13 rockets were fired on July 4th, 1777 to recognize the independence of the 13 colonies. This set the trend of fireworks display each year.

“Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty.”

J.F. Kennedy

Celebrate those who protect our liberty. 

**We on this continent should never forget that men first crossed the Atlantic not to find soil for their ploughs but to secure liberty for their souls.**

**-Robert J. McCracken**



“My dream is of a place and a time where America will once again be seen as the last best hope of earth.”

- ABRAHAM LINCOLN





# COVID-19 IN THE LUNGS

Back in March when we were realizing the scope and dangers of the Covid-19 infection, some of the most hysterical reactions were from New York officials who felt that they were unprepared for the onslaught of the Covid virus in the city. They were quoted as saying that they would need 40,000 ventilators. Why, despite warnings from many sources about the possibility of another infectious plague, New York City was not prepared is another question.

Happily, it turned out that the need for such a large number of ventilators was never realized, although, one of the really sobering things to me when I was reading current statistics was that the death rate was very high for those who were put on ventilators. Obviously, inflammation and forced oxygenation was not as effective for Covid infection as it was for diseases such as COPD (Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease) or bacterial infections. There then developed a very large literature on what physicians had found that was different about Covid infections.

I wish I could tell you that I can explain all of the phenomena that occur in the lungs during Covid, but I cannot. What is clear is that much is different and from this has arisen new insights into the functions of the lung.

As an internist interested in autoimmune disease, my basic picture of the lung was that it was the tissue into which blood flowed and air was inspired. The blood picked up the oxygen and brought it to the body for oxygenation and metabolism. The first realization that my own understanding of what went on in the lung was rather primitive came when papers began to appear in the literature of autoimmunity that pollution in the lung was, to genetically susceptible to individuals, a major cause of what we immunologists called "Rheumatoid Arthritis". At a later time I will perhaps have more to say about this but at this time I would like to concentrate on Covid and what we are learning about Covid.

The interesting thing to me is that there was quickly organized a globalized group of researchers combining their data on this developing menace. To me it was very significant that the principle organizer of this very important group was a pulmonologist from Australia. This critical care consortium publishes articles almost every week in the major journals and to my mind, has created an entirely new picture of the functioning lung. COPD and pneumonia, the diseases in which most people received ventilator treatment, were not good models for Covid. I believe I alluded to some of it in one of my previous articles but now the picture is becoming somewhat clearer.

Covid is related to influenza viruses, but it is different from them in that its major focus when the respiratory

system is involved is in the lungs, bypassing all of the upper respiratory system. Colds and influenza are usually characterized by involvement of the nose and throat and often mucus is a big problem coming from these areas. In Covid (probably in genetically sensitive people), the mucus-producing portion of the lung is the first that gets involved and unfortunately forcing air in seems, in many of these people, to decrease rather than increase the oxygen getting to the blood.

Scientists studying the disease began to look at what was happening to the enzymes that control the function of the lung. As we look at DNA and as the portions of DNA, which code the RNA signals to the various cytokines, becomes clearer, we are developing a fascinating picture of how they work to produce the various signals which cause the various processes which occur in all organs. In the lung and in bacterial diseases these enzymes cause the lung blood vessels to produce fluids which carry the immune cells into the lung tissue to the infecting organism. Each enzyme has a different function; as we learn more and more about these enzymes, we understand that subtle genetic differences between people can determine their response to diseases.

A very clear illustration of this was in a recent article in the New England Journal of Medicine about a child who had a generalized infection with Valley Fever (coccidioidomycosis). This child had an immune defect which didn't allow her to block an enzyme, which blocked her body's response to the fungus. When she was given a monoclonal antibody to the blocking enzyme, her disease could be cured. This case provides a model for how we may attack Covid.

The problem with Covid is that an enzyme, which causes the bronchi in the lung to close (presumably to protect the lung in some way), is activated by the Covid virus. What then happens is that air and oxygen are prevented from getting into the lung whether by breathing, or by forcing the oxygen in by using a ventilator. We are looking frantically for some way to prevent, by immuno-chemical means to prevent the Covid disease from causing the blockage. The fact that so many people on ventilators die was due to the fact that they could not get any air into the tissue of the lungs. Another way to deal with the lack of oxygenation is to use a heart-lung machine (extracorporeal circulation). Obviously, this is a very complicated and difficult process to initiate.

Once we can figure out how to prevent Covid from preventing this process of blockage, I believe we will be well on our way to saving the people (most of them older) who are the most susceptible to the blockage.

Stay tuned for late breaking news!

*Dr. Mel Britton, MD*

## NEW/SOON-TO-BE RESIDENTS

James & Betty Kasson  
Martin (Marty) & Karen Wiskoff

Sandy Storm

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

6/27	Ken J.	7/2	Jan S.
6/29	Larry F.	7/4	Dick W.
6/30	Susan D.	7/4	Tom M.
6/30	Charles S.	7/5	Mickey P.
7/2	William S.	7/8	Joan A.

# LIBRARY NOTES

## BOOKS SELECTED FOR JULY 2020

Fiction  
AMERICAN DIRT\*

Jeanine Cummings

Mystery  
WALK THE WIRE

David Baldacci

Biography  
HELL AND OTHER  
DESTINATIONS\*\*\*

Madeleine Albright

SCOURGE OF WAR, The Life of  
William Tecumseh Sherman\*\*\*

Brian Reid

U. S. History (Military)  
THUNDER BELOW\*

Eugene B. Fluckey

Politics  
PELOSI

Molly Ball

\*Donation \*\*\*Wagner Fund

## NEW DVDS CHOSEN FOR JULY 2020

BEANPOLE

THE INVISIBLE MAN

SAVE THE LAST DANCE

THE LAST BLACK MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

SORRY WE MISSED YOU

VIENNA BLOOD

## THOSE RECONSTRUCTION BLUES

Next door they're tearin' down the walls, Sounds like a  
hundred or more wreckin' balls.

My hearin's already bad.

This makes me downright mad!

Not to mention my brain's startin' to ooze ...

'Cause I got those reconstruction blues!

They're whackin' and crackin' Yellin' and smakin'.  
There's Sam, George and Ned - (or is that guy Fred?)

Of their names I've no clues ...

'Cause I got those reconstruction blues!

They say this'll go on for days, The air'll be cloudy with  
haze.

I got nowhere to go, An' they're workin' so slow.

My mind I'm startin' to lose ...

'Cause I got those reconstruction blues!

My digestion's all shot, My heart's not so hot.  
How long it'll last - I got not a hunch, So I'll just go get  
my lunch,

What I really need is some booze ...

'Cause I got those reconstruction blues!

Maybe by five,  
(If I'm still here and alive), This racket'll stop  
An' inta bed I can flop.

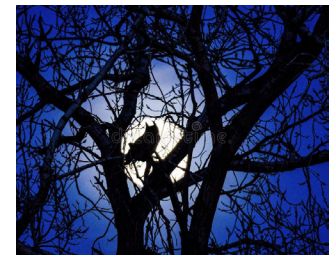
It's peace an' quiet I'll choose ...

'Cause I got those reconstruction blues!

*Dick Wheat*



We Appreciate The Efforts Of  
All Manor Staff...here is a small  
sampling



Dusk settles gently upon us  
Warm, lavender-scented air

We sit, talk quietly of the day  
Night arrives, the moon appears

Owls call to one another  
And we are young again.

Old friends, lovers.  
Magical.

LAURA FOLEY



I was sitting in the sun in my five gallon pot when a man, and I assume, his wife, came toward me. I had been waiting for someone to adopt me and they looked nice, so I was hoping it would be them. She smiled at him and he nodded and the next thing I knew I was at the check stand waiting to go home with them. And that is what happened. They took me home, which was almost two miles up Tierra Grande Rd, which was close to my old home at Griggs Nursery, and that made me happy.

They planted me in a big oak wine barrel, which was fine with me because they set it in their little patio full of roses. Roses and I get along very well. Besides, the patio was almost always in the sun, and I like sun. So, I started to grow from one foot to maybe a foot and a half. My nice couple did not feed me as well as they should have, but I managed to grow little by little. Maybe I gave them one or two lemons after a year or two. Then, they moved to Del Mesa. I was hoping they would take me with them. They did; barrel and all.

But there was no garden there to plant me in, so they put the wine barrel on the deck, even though a friend said "That lemon tree won't do well there as it is in the shade". My lady parent said, I would have a little morning sun, and that's all I did have. But she watered me, and I think loved me, so I hung on and grew a little. In the four years I was there on the deck, in the shade, I grew to about 2 feet, but I was small and not too healthy. I did, though, give them a few lemons.

Sadness, then struck. The man died, and I didn't know

what was going to happen. Fortunately, the lady started talking to me and I was listening because I wasn't doing too well myself. Everyday she would say to me, "hang on there, hang on there, please! We will move in a few months and I will take you with me and plant you in the ground!" That was exciting to hear, but I didn't know if I could last a few months as I was getting weaker and weaker. She kept talking to me as the days went by, and I knew I had to try, try, try to survive. And I did.

We moved to Carmel Valley Manor a year later, and she had me planted in the ground, in the sun, in her small patio. I was so happy! You should see me today! Four

years later and I have grown from a skinny, narrow two feet to a full-grown lemon bush/tree. I am four by five now, at least! And I give her lots of lemons. I am vying for more space against a Smoke tree and a Japanese Maple. We all get along well, but we all need more room. I know my lady loves me and is proud of me because she tells me so. So, I pay her love back with a tree full of Meyer lemons.

*Jane Upp*



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