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# GOOD SHEPHERDS GOOD TOWN GOOD NEWSPAPER

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Spring 2006



*"Almost Solitude" by Joan Keith*

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### Cover Artist

Our cover artist for this year is Joan Keith. When painting on location she responds to the landscape with vibrant color to convey the way she feels about it. Quoting Robert Henri "Don't try to paint 'good landscapes.'" "Try to paint canvases that will show how interesting the landscape looks to you—your pleasure in the thing." She likes to spot abstractions in the landscape and experiment with color form and shape. See more of her work on pages 12 and 13.

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**GOOD NEWS PAPER**

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# Ash Wednesday Remembrance

## Ten Years Ago

Randall W. Tremba

*On the Eve of Ash Wednesday 1996, Alicia took her own life. She was 22 years old. The following homily was delivered at her memorial service, February 24, 1996, and is presented here in remembrance of all who mourn. Ash Wednesday marks the beginning of Lent. Lent (from Middle English for “springtime”) — the season of rebirth — begins with ashes (“dust to dust, ashes to ashes”) and leads to Easter with its bold proclamation: In the end is a new beginning. Life arises out of death.*

I remember the advent of Alicia. About 18 years ago this long-awaited child came gliding like a princess into the humble and quiet home of Jerry and Vicky and in a matter of a few years this child would evoke more love, more patience, more humor and, in the end, more wisdom and humility than Jerry and Vicky dreamed they could ever possess. Alicia filled their barrenness in more ways than one.

An evening stroll with the princess would turn into a romp as Alicia dashed from one telephone pole to the next and back again with inexhaustible energy. This riot of energy didn't end back home. There, Alicia would turn cartwheels from one end of the house to the other.

This relatively sedate couple was aghast. What had they done? Little did they realize how this adopted girl with Brazilian blood, born in New Orleans of all places, would change their lives forever.

Jerry and Vicky had wanted to have a baby badly, but, like many couples, they couldn't. So they applied for adoption and were thrilled when Alicia arrived. And then in one of those oft-repeated marvels of nature, within a year or so, John was born. Think about it, John: Without Alicia, you might never have been.

But it's not just his existence that John owes to his sister. He told me the other day that it was Alicia who single-handedly forced him into alternative music. In other words, it was Alicia who prevented her talented, saxophonist brother from becoming another Kenny G. For that we can all give thanks and breathe a sigh of relief!

Alicia. The beautiful little girl. The lovely young lady who charmed our socks off. The unconventional one with the funky hats, vests, dresses and shoes; who loved Madonna and 10,000 Maniacs before the mainstream discovered them. Alicia. Full of life, vim and vigor.

She was all of that. But she also possessed an extraordinarily kind heart. Wounded, but kind nonetheless. And, now, just like that she's gone. So quickly, so soon.

We could say alcoholism took her down. And we'd be right. Alicia died of an illness just like anyone who dies, say, of leukemia or cardiac arrest. To take one's own life is not necessarily a voluntary act. When you feel like you're being buried alive, what choice do you have, really?

None of us knows the power of the demons with which Alicia wrestled. While she lived we urged her to do better, to do more, to fight on. But now that she's gone, we can say in confidence: *Alicia did the best she could.*

There remains, however, a nagging question, and it won't go away. *What if, what if, what if?* What if you or I had done or said something? Might that have saved or extended Alicia's life?

I don't think so. But, then, *I really don't know.* There's no use in me saying, “Don't feel guilty,” because we will, no matter what.

To be sure there is unhealthy guilt. But there is also a healthy form of guilt — a gift to awaken our consciences to higher levels of love and justice, to right what is wrong. And there's nothing wrong with that.

But guilt is tricky. The trick is to accept the right amount; not more than your share and not less.

It's OK to feel guilty. But we don't need to wallow in it. Through confession to God and each other, through penitence and acceptance of forgiveness we can and will be redeemed.

I've been asking myself, “What if?” I was Alicia's pastor. I baptized her in 1980. I stood with her when she confirmed her faith in 1991. In these pews where you now sit, she sang hymns, mumbled through the creed and pretended to pray.

She was no religious prodigy. She was Alicia. Unconventional and puzzling. And like every one else, a few pieces were missing from the puzzle.

Alicia had no memories from her first three-and-a-half years of life, at least none she spoke of. But she did, as we found out, have powerful feelings, feelings that would haunt her all the days of her life, feelings that no amount of love and attention could reverse.

*Am I wanted? Does anyone accept me? Can I trust the world?*

About 10 years ago I began meeting with the children of the church a few at time in various homes once or twice a year. We'd sit around a table, review their week, talk about concerns, and then I'd ask them to tell a Bible story in their own words. I kept notes so I could remember their last story. I insisted on a different story each time.

For several years in a row, when Alicia's turn came, she'd swallow hard, crank up that sly smile and launch into the story of Noah and the Ark for the hundredth time. Back then I thought it was laziness, and perhaps it was, in part. But now, with her whole life in view, I suspect there was something else to it.

What was it about that story? Maybe she thought about those vulnerable animals marching into the ark as she crawled into bed every night clutching her big Teddy bear and snuggling down among her menagerie of stuffed animals. My guess is that something in that ancient, mythic story spoke deeply to Alicia's powerful, irrational feeling of being in a scary world threatening to undo her and everyone else.

Maybe that's what drove her to dream about helping little children, about working with mentally handicapped adults. Maybe that's what lent an unusual seriousness to her participation in the church's youth work camp in Mexico in 1991. Maybe that's what evoked her brief but passionate interest in organizing a local chapter of Amnesty International. With all her heart, Alicia wanted to relieve victims of torture, persecution, and neglect.

Our beautiful and kind friend has fallen from us. Her dream has been left behind. And we're not only sad and stunned. We're angry.

Some of us are angry and rightfully so. It seems terribly unfair that someone on the threshold of life could throw it all away. But against whom or what shall we hurl our anger?

We're angry at Alicia, of course. We're angry at a society that couldn't provide a healing environment. We're angry at friends who condoned her habits. We're angry at unknown, unnamed people in her infancy who didn't hold her close enough or long enough. We're angry at ourselves. We're angry at God. *Where were the angels to bear her up before she dashed her foot against a stone?!*

Yes, it does seem God is absent. Yet it's that very absence that allows us to come together today and in that absence feel the Presence.

Today we remember and celebrate Alicia's life, a life blessed with love, humor, grace, and kindness, and yet a life tormented by demons that in the end seem to have won. But they haven't. Damn it, they haven't!

This beautiful young woman will always live in the bosom of Christ. For every time this community gathers round this table and breaks bread, we will remember the broken body, and in remembering we will be made whole.

# Silver Threads Among the Gold

## Betty Lou Bryant and Anne “Scotty” Turner

Late in January, we took a step back in time during a delightful visit with Edna and Henry Snyder in their historic home on the outskirts of Shepherdstown. We wanted to find out about this special couple who celebrated their 66th wedding anniversary on October 26 last fall. Truly awesome!

Henry was born in Jefferson County at Glen Dale, his family's farm on Ridge Road. Previous generations of his family moved to this area from Lancaster County, Penna. in the late 1700s and lived on the farm known as Rock Springs. A large Sycamore tree on this property is reported to have shaded General Robert E. Lee and his officers 145 years ago as they drank cool water from the hand-dug well. Henry's grandfather, Nelson, who was 11 at the time, wanted to enlist in the Southern army but was ordered by General Lee to remain with his family. He did serve by walking over fields to a nearby farm with a note pinned inside his shirt for Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy from Martinsburg. He carried a reply on his return.

Edna, who was born and raised in Martinsburg, commuted to Shepherd College. She and Henry started dating in college and dated four years before they were married. Edna recalls there were about 250 students at Shepherd in 1936. Miller Hall was a girls' dormitory and Rumsey Hall (now the Entler Hotel) was the boys' dorm. They attended the three annual dances that were dress-up affairs and very special occasions. They also enjoyed football and basketball games, movies, and hung out at the College Inn, now Betty's Restaurant. Special treats were the pecan rolls at Russell Hinson's bakery located next to McMurrin Hall, now Sky's the Limit.

The Snyders graduated from Shepherd in 1936 and 1937. Henry majored in chemistry and after he graduated was employed by Standard Lime and Stone in Millville. This company became Capitol Cement in Martinsburg, a subsidiary of Martin-Marietta. This company was considered an “essential industry” during World War II so Henry was deferred from the draft. When he retired in 1966, he was technical director of a 20-member staff responsible for sales, service, and research.

Edna majored in English and social studies education. Her first teaching position was in a one-room schoolhouse in Berkeley County. The next year she was transferred to Hedgesville High School. After she married Henry in 1939 she had to stop teaching. During the Depression, married women were not allowed to hold jobs that were needed by those who had to support themselves or a family. In 1942, when many men were in the military, married women were permitted to teach, and she started teaching English and journalism at Charles Town High School. She says that teaching was a joy then. Teachers were treated with respect by the students and their parents.



*Edna Snyder as a teacher*

In 1946, they bought the 144-acre farm where they currently live. The house was built in 1789 and is a designated historic property as the land was deeded by Lord Fairfax in 1732. There was no wiring, central heat, plumbing, or main floor kitchen. There were seven large wood-burning fireplaces. The one in the basement was used for cooking and all food was carried up and down from the basement.

The previous owners occupied a small log house at the back of the house, and the main house had not been lived in for many years. The basic structure, built of sandstone from the property, was



*Henry and Edna Snyder*

Photos supplied by the Snyders

sound. It is reputed to be the only sandstone house in Jefferson County. The ceilings are high and the walls are 24 inches thick. Their view to the east is through “the gap” at Harpers Ferry.

They embarked on a major renovation project. A bright, modern kitchen was added on the main floor on the southeast corner. Electric wiring, central heating and air conditioning were installed, bathrooms and running water added, and all of the floors were replaced except the oak floor in the den. The mantels around the fireplaces are hand carved.

The large, walnut drop-leaf table in the dining room was made from wood from the log cabin. Because there were many nails in the logs, there was difficulty getting a sawmill to cut them. Finally, a mill owner agreed to do the job since he needed new saw blades anyway. It is obvious that this table was made by a skilled craftsman.

They have contributed to the community in a number of ways. Edna taught for 20 years and substituted for another 10. Henry served on the Jefferson County Commission from 1968 to 1986. Several successful projects were completed during his tenure. In 1976, through state legislation, the Charles Town Races began paying the county one-tenth of one percent of the total

money wagered on the horses. He also saw the beginning of revenue sharing in 1973 and the start of commission support committees like the Planning Commission and the Industrial Development Authority. He was disappointed that a zoning proposal to control growth in the county was turned down in the election of 1976. “That was a serious mistake,” he said. He also regretted that a countywide sewer project was not completed before he left office.

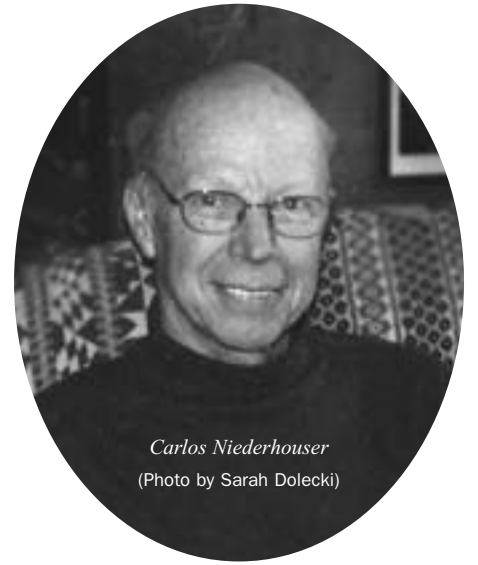
He was also one of the five founders of The Men's Club in 1945. There was a desire to establish a service club, and it manifested itself in a committee to reform the Shepherdstown Lion's Club. This organization eventually became the Men's Club. He and Albert Kave, the only two living founders, were honored at the 2005 Labor Day picnic marking the 60th anniversary of this significant local organization.

We salute the Snyders' years of devotion to each other and also their years of service to our community.

(The authors consulted the following newspaper articles: *The Shepherdstown Chronicle*, March 23, 2001, p. 3 and September 9, 2005, p. 6.; and the *Hagerstown Morning Herald*, December 6, 1985, p. B 1.)

# Carlos Niederhauser and the London to Sydney Rally

Claire Stuart



Carlos Niederhauser  
(Photo by Sarah Dolecki)

Carlos Niederhauser was visiting friends in London in 1977 when he heard about the London to Sydney Rally, the world's longest car rally. Sponsored by Singapore Airlines for their 30th anniversary, it would cover 30,000 kilometers in 30 days with stops in 30 major cities.

Earlier, he and his friend Tom Delashmutt, both racecar enthusiasts, decided to enter the next long-distance rally they heard about. Niederhauser picked up an application and sent it to Delashmutt, who bought a car, a limited-edition 1976 Cosworth Chevrolet Vega. Niederhauser explained that Cosworth was an English company designing racing engines. The Vega was a project car for *Car & Driver Magazine*, built for short-distance, high-speed rallies.

"It had been crashed twice and the owner wanted to get rid of it," said Niederhauser. "Tom heard about it and bought it."

The car needed work before the rally. "If you had your seat belts on, you couldn't reach the lights," he said, "and the exhaust was right outside the doors, so you had to shout. That's no good for when you are sleep deprived."

They had to add a second gas tank, time-and-distance measuring equipment, and a "roo bar" to protect them if they hit a kangaroo. They later learned its importance when a Subaru team hit a kangaroo at 70 mph and it broke through the windshield. "The kangaroo was in the front seat flailing around, so the guy in the back seat reached up and strangled it," said Niederhauser.

They put the car on a ship in New Jersey, flew to meet it in England and stayed with Niederhauser's friend in London. Good fortune placed a broken parking meter in front of the house, providing a convenient place to work on the car.

Niederhauser explained that rallies allot a set time to cover a distance, depending on where you are. More time is allowed to go through a city, while in some stages of the race, it is nearly impossible to cover the distance in the allotted time. "You'd have to average 90 miles an hour in the Persian desert," he said. Cars check in at time-control points. If they don't complete the

distance in the time allotted, the overtime is charged against them. There are rest stops but most of the so-called rest is spent working on cars. If cars lose time en route, there is less time to rest.

This rally was open to any four-wheeled motor vehicle. Eighty vehicles from around the globe participated, ranging in size from a five-ton truck to Volkswagen beetles. There were two- and three-person crews, one four-person crew, some co-ed crews and one all-woman crew. There were amateurs and factory teams with professional drivers in cars modified by manufacturers.

Entrants had to get their own sponsors, putting factory teams at a decided advantage. The car companies had vans of parts and food for drivers at the stops along the way. "Luigi DeBoni, a Ranson pharmacist, supplied us with canned food supplements for three days," Niederhauser recalled with a smile, "and 'Sustenance provided by Luigi DeBoni' was painted on the car."

The race wound through Germany, France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and India. The cars were shipped to Malaysia, driven to Singapore, and then shipped to Australia. The entrants had to arrange for their own papers for the many border crossings.

The roads were fairly good across Europe, and they drove practically non-stop, one sleeping while the other drove. Moving eastward, roads grew steadily worse, many unpaved. There were increasing hazards such as unmarked roads, vehicles without lights, oxcarts, and herds of livestock. However, they also encountered the helpfulness and ingenuity of local people.

"In Turkey, shepherd kids were throwing rocks at us," said Niederhauser, "but we were warned, so we tried to stay out of range."

In Iran, they punctured an oil pan. "It was using a quart of oil every 10 kilometers," Niederhauser said, "so we had to stop in a village at 5:00 a.m. to fix it." They found a ditch and pulled the car over it. Niederhauser crawled under the car with a plastic bag to try to save the oil. "The bag had holes in it, and hot oil was pouring out onto my chest," he grimaced.

A group of children appeared and gathered around to watch the spectacle. A man came out and began letting water into the ditch. The children tried to get him to stop because Niederhauser was under the car in the mud. "Tom and the kids made a dam of rocks and dirt to keep the water out," Niederhauser said, and he made the repair.

They carried an extra set of mounted tires, but the only tire problem occurred somewhere in India or Pakistan when a valve stem broke off. They had another stem, so a local man helped them break down the tire and replace it. He would not accept any money, stating that as a Muslim, it was his duty to help.

There was a welcome tent at the Indian border. A woman offered them a shower, directing them to a stall with one spigot and a window looking out into the jungle. They had not showered since leaving London. "Best shower I ever had in my life!" Niederhauser asserted.

By the time they reached Bombay, their exhaust pipes were mashed flat, so they found a welding shop. The pipes were cut off, cut lengthwise and put in a trough in the cement floor. They were heated and made round again, welded back together and replaced on the car. Between Bombay and Bangalore, they sprung another oil leak at 1:00 a.m. Niederhauser noted that, "There were no road signs. Almost everything went by rail, and they used the roads for drying wheat." They found a town, drove the car up on a ramp, pulled the oil pan and discovered that they needed a welder. A friendly local offered assistance and, said Niederhauser, "Tom took off on a motor scooter to the welder's house, where they banged on the door."

The welder was not happy at being awakened, but when he was told about the race, he welded the oil pan. Soon they reached Madras, where they had their first night's sleep in beds since leaving England.

In Madras, exhausted racers were ready to unwind and have a few drinks. "In India at that time, you had to be declared an alcoholic to get a drink," Niederhauser said, "so the man stamped our passports at the hotel to declare us all alcoholics!"

They rested and sent out their laundry. "Some dirty clothes came back, and the man returning them said they were too dirty to clean," Niederhauser laughed.

Cars were shipped to Malaysia. They drove to Singapore on mostly dirt roads through rubber plantations, and both were awake for 24 hours. They checked into a hotel where a live band was playing, "Country Roads" in the lobby. "I cried uncontrollably," Niederhauser recalled sheepishly. "I learned that when you are sleep-deprived, your controls are gone when it comes to emotions. You find out a lot about yourself."

The cars were shipped to Perth, Australia, where there was more work to do. "We wanted to put stiffer springs on to get the car higher off the ground — that's why we'd had the oil pan problem," said Niederhauser. "We had prearranged with a garage, and we had just five hours to work on the car."

The drive across the Outback was rough, all dirt roads, through farms where gates had to be opened and closed. The road was so bad, Niederhauser said, that the only way you could get a smooth ride was to go either 5 mph or 80 mph!

In the middle of nowhere, they lost one of two bolts holding the shocks on. There were old, abandoned cars all along the road, so they scavenged through them searching for a bolt. An Australian Rally participant, a chicken farmer nicknamed Chicken George, found a bolt that got them safely to Sydney. He and Niederhauser became lasting friends and he came all the way from Australia five months later to attend Niederhauser's wedding.

Mercedes Benz won first and second place, but "they had planes following the race and they spent millions," said Niederhauser. "We finished in the top half — but only half of the cars finished!"

At the finish line, he was asked if he'd do it again. His answer, "Absolutely!" The Vega was shipped back to the United States. It sat in Niederhauser's barn for about 20 years and now resides in Delashmutt's barn near Leesburg.

# Catering Success

## Cater Leads Rams to Unforgettable Season

The Shepherd University football team made its 2005 season an unforgettable one. The Rams finished the regular season with a perfect 11-0 mark, posting their first undefeated regular season since the 1955 team went 8-0-0. On the 50th anniversary of that event, the Rams recorded a storybook season of their own and gave Ram fans another remarkable year to reflect upon for the next 50 years or more.

Below is a look at the man behind the success of Shepherd football and the magical 2005 season.

### The Man

How did this man with strong Midwestern roots find his way to become the head football coach at Shepherd?

Monte Cater was involved in sports at an early age and received encouragement from his father and brothers growing up in Decatur and later Shelbyville, Ill. Cater's brother Mike played football at Southern Illinois University.

Initially involved in football, basketball, baseball, and track in high school, Cater finally settled on three: football, basketball, and baseball. He went on to become a four-year starter in football at free safety at Millikin University, Illinois (graduated 1971) where he recorded three interceptions against future Cincinnati Bengal quarterback Ken Anderson of Augustana (Illinois) College, including two in one game.

Larry Coffman, an assistant football/baseball coach at Millikin while Cater was also an assistant there, later moved on to a baseball job at Davis and Elkins. Through then-Shepherd head baseball coach Dean Pease, he learned of the head football coaching vacancy at Shepherd and Pease encouraged Cater to apply.

### The rest is history

Cater brought an impressive resume to Shepherdstown in February 1987. In six years as head football coach at Lakeland College, Wis., Cater posted a 31-23-1 mark and led the Muskies to three conference titles.

The biggest influence on Cater's athletic career was Merle Chapman. Chapman served as his football coach in high school and later at Millikin. Cater coached at several high schools after graduation, before landing his first

collegiate job as an assistant for Chapman at Millikin.

"Coaching is something I've always wanted to do," said Cater. "I can remember in high school listing my ambition to become head coach of the Chicago Bears."

Much of Cater's success at Shepherd over the years can be attributed to his assistant coaches. "I believe you have to let your assistants do the job they were hired to do," he noted.

Among Cater's assistant coaches at Shepherd who went on to bigger things are Jeff Casteel (defensive coordinator for West Virginia University), Patrick Higgins (assistant coach at Brigham Young), Chauncey Winbush (assistant athletic director for business affairs at the U.S. Naval Academy), and Pete Yurish (strength and conditioning coach for the men's basketball program at the University of Maryland).

Cater's recipe for success has paid dividends for the Ram football program. Over the 19-year span of the Cater era, Shepherd has amassed 129 wins, nine conference championships, and five post-season appearances. Literally the top football coach in WVIAC history, Cater holds conference marks for most wins (129), coaching titles (9), and Coach-of-the-Year honors (7).

### The 2005 Season

The Rams opened the year with a 24-6 win over Virginia State. Dan Chlebowski passed for two scores, and Bryan Wright and Dervon Wallace each ran in touchdowns.

Shepherd next downed rival Shippensburg, 34-32, to go to 2-0. Jeremy Bailey tipped away a Shippensburg two-point conversion pass attempt with just over a minute to play to seal the win. Wallace and Wright combined for 216 rushing yards and four scores, and Chlebowski completed 18 passes for 198 yards, including a 77-yard strike to Springirth that proved to be the winning score.

The Rams traveled to Slippery Rock in week three. The Rock scored easily on the opening series and things were looking bleak for the Rams. The Shepherd defense held tough the rest of the game, and Wallace rushed for a pair of scores as the Rams came away with a 24-7 triumph.

Shepherd opened conference play on the road against Glenville State. Wallace rushed for 157 yards and three touchdowns, and the Ram defense picked off Pioneer quarterback Joey Conrad four times en route to a 34-13 win.

Shepherd's toughest conference match-up would come the following week at Fairmont State. Fairmont held a 3-0 halftime lead as the Falcon defense limited Shepherd to seven first-half rushing yards. Shepherd rallied with a pair of touchdowns from Wallace, and Dan Peters broke up a possible game-winning touchdown pass as time expired; the Rams held on for a 14-11 victory.

The Rams returned home and faced WVU Tech. Tyler Lazear, starting in place of injured Chlebowski, tossed for a pair of scores, Wallace rushed for two more, and the Rams cruised on to a 56-7 win.

Shepherd next hosted University of Charleston. Wallace continued to amaze Ram fans with a 179-yard, three-touchdown effort. The Ram defense was superb as the Rams took a 27-0 win.

Shepherd traveled to Concord the week after the Charleston game. Wallace scored four touchdowns to help lift the Rams to a 48-21 win.

Shepherd ran its mark to 9-0 with a 51-0 win over West Virginia Wesleyan. Wallace rushed for three scores, and the Ram defense limited the Bobcats offense to 122 yards.

The Rams returned home to host West Liberty. Chlebowski passed for three scores and Peters picked off four Hilltopper passes to lead the Rams to a 34-7 win.

Shepherd wrapped up regular season play with a 51-10 win over West Virginia State. Wallace, Craig Tremel, and C.J. King each had a pair of scores in the rout. The win would give the Rams an 11-0 regular season mark, the number-one seed in the Northeast Region, and the right to host a playoff game.

An overflow crowd at Ram Stadium witnessed a frantic first half, featuring three lead changes and three ties when Shepherd hosted C.W. Post in the NCAA II playoff game. Wallace had a pair of scores and the Rams held a 21-14 lead until the Pioneers scored with 14 seconds left in the half. C.W. Post broke a 21-21 tie with just under five minutes left in the third quarter on a 58-yard touchdown



Monte Cater

(Photo by Beth Mickelinc)

pass to provide the margin of victory and bring an abrupt end to Shepherd's season.

"We had several question marks entering the season with the loss of some key personnel," noted Cater. "Those questions were answered with outstanding results at quarterback, running back, and the ability of our offensive line. We also got great play on special teams. I think Ricky Schmitt is the best kicker-punter in Division II and Dustin Dudinski was one of our all-time great return specialists."

"We knew the defense would be good," Cater continued. "They ended up being outstanding. We knew we would have to play well on defense to have a good season."

A few months removed from arguably the greatest season in program history, Cater reflected on the team's success.

"We had great leadership on the team. The players fed off a 7-0 run in to finish the 2004 season and felt they could achieve more in 2005. They did a great job of believing in the coaching staff. We also overcame several injuries to key starters during the year."

"Never doubt what players can accomplish," added Cater.

Cater and his team can't wait for the 2006 season to begin!

*Chip Ransom is sports information director for Shepherd University. He and his wife, Wendy, and sons, William and Jack, live in Shepherdstown.*



# WSHC 89.7

## “Remember, There’s No Such Thing as Bad Music, Just Misused.”

Which comes first — the music or the mood? Music sets a mood, reflects a mood, elevates a mood; music changes a mood. A lot of people around here have stories about how a song they heard on WSHC, 89.7, Shepherd University’s radio station, yanked their emotional chain. A builder friend was toiling away on an addition. One day, high up on a ladder, he heard a set of songs by a band with a Zeppelinish sound that matched the pounding of his heart as he pounded on the nails; it charged up his adrenaline; it twanged his nerves. “I had to know what it was,” he recalls. “I climbed down my ladder as fast as I could and punched in the station’s phone number on the cell phone in my truck. The station DJ actually answered, told me the band — Mars Volta — and then dedicated the set to me.” He was fulfilled. Life was better than it had been before.

Ralph Petrie, host of the Monday afternoon show “The Extended Porch,” says, “I try to handle the power of the music responsibly.” Like many WSHC deejays, he is not a student, though he did time at the station while attending Shepherd in the mid-1970s. After he graduated, he worked at area radio stations, including graveyard at Hagerstown station 106.9, which at the time featured a country format. “I didn’t care that much about country music, and that’s just the shift that was open,” he explains. After a year or so, though, he wearied of both the hours and the low salary, and quit. Since 1983, he has driven for PanTran. And it was while driving around in the summer of 2004 that he had the idea of deejaying on WSHC again. “I had the radio on in the bus and was getting tired of hearing commercial radio. I tuned in WSHC while it was on automation mode and wondered if there were any live shows. I came in to the station in August and Buck Lam [the station manager] just happened to be in. I told him I was interested in doing a show, he said to come to a meeting the following night, there was a slot open. I said I wanted to begin on Labor Day, and that was my first show.”

Petrie’s shows revolve around themes. Recently, it was “Bubbling Under,” the official ranking of songs that



Ralph Petrie, WSHC host of the Monday afternoon show, “The Extended Porch.”

didn’t make it into the Billboard Hot 100. He has a book that lists these tunes, and he pored through his own collection of some 1,200 CDs and 800 records finding songs that match this criterion. He owns enough Bubbling Under music to comprise four two-hour shows, and he likes to work through the material chronologically. “I’m kind of anal about that aspect, though I’m sure no one else notices. I want the show to sound like it has structure, that it’s not just thrown together,” he explains. He writes out a list for each two-hour segment, sorts his CDs in the right order, and once in the station, puts them in two stacks next to the control panel. WSHC has a CD player with two drives. He loads each drive, and after playing a song, he removes the CD from the drive, puts it away, and loads the next one. “It’s like an assembly line,” Petrie acknowledges with a laugh. “I have a lot of little tricks to avoid mistakes; I don’t want to make goofs if I can avoid it.” This first segment, which was also his 71st show, he played the Everly Brothers; the Who; the Doors; the Beatles; the Beach Boys; Jefferson Airplane; Buffalo Springfield; and Janice Joplin.

Watching Petrie in action, it’s obvious how organized he is. Listening to him, it’s equally obvious. He announces the titles he’s played about every fifth song, gives a bit of background about

them, repeats the theme of his show, and moves to the next tune with no gaps, no excess chatter. You don’t have to have broadcast experience to host a show, however. No classes are required for any deejay, either student or community member. What is required is commitment to showing up at the designated time, “just like a part-time job,” says Lam. “Everyone is initially given at least one hour of training to prepare for doing a show. Any person can attend more than one training if you feel it is necessary. As for the person’s show, it is very good to have an idea of what you plan to do. For some people, it is good to sit down with management and discuss show structure to get a better grip on how a show should flow. This semester, we are attempting for the first time to have an experienced announcer with new announcers for the first show.” Forty-five people put in time at the station; 16 are community members.

Petrie makes it easy on himself with his stacks of organized CDs and his list of songs. The tyros are obviously fumbling and grabbing. It’s easy to picture the control table a mess of open CD cases, the deejay squinting at the number of the desired song while desperately twiddling away at the dials trying to cue it up so that the right CD drive is activated. He chatters nervously until he gets everything ready. “I used to really be in

to this band but played them so much I got tired of them but then all my friends started playing them so I started listening to them again and now I think they’re killer and listen to them all the time and this is my favorite track . . .” The much heralded song finally starts up, then the deejay yanks it off: “This isn’t the right one; oops, wrong track, here we go . . .”

WSHC airs 24 hours a day, with about 32 hosted shows throughout the week. The rest of the time, the music is on automation mode, a preprogrammed set of tunes selected by different WSHC deejays. The upside of this is continuous music. The downside is that it’s unannounced; there’s no way to find out who did that great song that aired five songs before the hourly station identification. The station’s music library includes more than 3,600 CDs sent by record labels and promotion companies as well as by unsigned artists trying to get airplay. Local bands are played frequently too; some deejays crowd them into the station for live performances. Like Petrie, many deejays feature music from their personal collections. He aptly sums up the charm of WSHC for both deejays and listeners: “I could never go back to commercial radio. I like being able to play what I want to play. Doing the show is therapeutic. It helps me get through a lot of the other mundane stuff in my life.”

Back in November 2005, WSHC began broadcasting its music over the Internet: [www.897wshc.org](http://www.897wshc.org). For those attempting to find 89.7 on their radios, says Lam, “the range varies quite a bit under different circumstances. The station has been heard clearly west of Martinsburg as far as the Woods but is hard to pick up in Martinsburg. It has also been picked up in Winchester, Harpers Ferry, and at the airport in Hagerstown.”

That’s a pretty big musical back to scratch. Listen long enough, and a song you hear on WSHC is bound to nail your emotional itch.

*Far from considering it to be elevator music, Hunter Barrat relies on WSHC to be her mood elevator as she drives her kids to various activities, folds laundry, cooks dinner . . .*

# KRC's Mini Mart is a Family Affair

Sara Lovelace



(Photo by Sarah Dolecki)

*KRC's owners, the Marken family, helping a customer*

Shepherdstown police officer Kenny Mauck is stopping at KRC's Mini Mart to get a bag of chips, a bottle of cola, and some friendly conversation. "You've done a great job cleaning up the place," he says.

KRC's owners, Rick and Kim Marken, hear this statement from many of their customers. They bought the convenience store 11 months ago and have spent most of their time making it into a clean, inviting, local business. According to Kim, the aisles of the former DNVE's convenience store were cluttered and the windows were dark. "We wanted to invite customers in; we wanted a better atmosphere."

Atmosphere is certainly important to the Markens. The husband-and-wife team, who were married in 1999, are Shepherdstown residents and say they love the area for its supportive, close-knit feel. Rick, who was born and raised in the town, says he "wouldn't trade it for the world." Kim, a former Hagerstown resident, says she was hesitant to move to the area at first.

"I was used to living in town, and the country kind of scared me," she says. Now a resident for eight years, Mrs. Marken agrees with her husband about the benefits of living in the community. "Everyone here is so nice. We haven't had one rude customer."

The couple is well acquainted with the ups and downs of customer service,

both having worked at Wal-Mart for years. They seem to take great pride in the fact that they can give each customer the kind of personal attention that is so often missing in large chain stores. Most of the people who enter KRC's are long-time residents, and the Markens inquire about friends, jobs, children, and dogs. Customers linger, often for 10 or 15 minutes, just to talk to their old friends and lend support to their new enterprise.

"They've worked really hard on the place. You can tell it the minute you walk in," says one customer.

"The place looks so much cleaner and nicer," says another.

Rick Marken gets a smile on his face every time he gets compliments like these. "It makes you feel so good. We're all working so hard, and it's nice to know that people see that."

Working hard is something that the entire Marken family is becoming increasingly familiar with now that they've opened up the store. Eighteen-year-old Chastity, Kim's daughter, works afternoons and evenings and has been involved in the business since the very beginning. The three Markens: Kim, Rick, and Chastity are the KRC of the store's name, but to hear Rick tell it the name could be a mile long if he included everyone who lends their support.

"My brother Danny, my brother-in-law Roger, my sister-in-law—they all work here from time to time," he says.

"They chip in when they can. We couldn't have done it without them."

Rick and Kim seem especially proud when they talk about the family support they have received during the past few months, and it is clear why it means so much to them. The Markens start their day at 7:30 in the morning so that the store can open by 8:00 a.m. Closing time is 9:00 p.m., meaning that Rick, Kim, and Chastity are often looking at 13-hour workdays. Along with the long days, Rick has a second job driving a truck at night. With such a tight schedule, family support isn't just needed, it's prized. It's the driving force behind the success and stability of their business.

It's also one of the only times the family members get to enjoy each other's company. Before they opened the convenience store, Rick and Kim hosted Sunday dinners at their house. Friends and family would pile into the Marken's home, and as Kim says, laughing, "We struggled to find a place for everyone to sit." The couple share that they once had 44 people show up for dinner. It was one of their best nights. With all the pressure they are under, you would assume the dinners would be a thing of the past. "We're going to find a way to start doing it again. Even if it's only once a month or once a year," Rick says.

The Sunday dinners weren't just a time to connect with friends and family. For Rick, it was an opportunity to showcase one of his great passions: cooking. "He loves to cook," relates Kim, "and he never makes anything the same way twice." With so little time in a day, Rick found a way to incorporate this passion into the family business by making homemade soups for lunchtime customers. Maryland crab stew and oyster stew are a few of the selections a KRC shopper will find on the menu. The Markens wanted customers, especially local college students, to be able to buy a cheap and delicious meal for lunch so they added sandwiches and a cola for a total of five dollars. "That's a good price for his homemade soup," Kim says. She is clearly a fan of Rick's culinary skills.

Additions like the homemade soup are some of the adjustments the business owners are making as they go along. They plan to add deli sandwiches and

hand-dipped ice cream in the spring, and realize that they have to listen closely to customers to find out what other products would be big sellers. Customer feedback is a huge part of how the Markens decide what they should sell and what it should taste like. Kim and Rick admit that they don't drink alcohol or coffee, nor do they smoke cigarettes.

"And these are the three things we sell the most," Rick laughs. In order to sell these items, the Markens took advice from customers and friends. "When we made our first batch of coffee we had to get someone in here to taste it. We had no idea if it was bad or good."

When they began thinking about buying the former DNVE's convenience store, however, finding a skilled coffee taster was the least of their worries. Meetings at the bank, detailed business plans, and lots of paperwork are often stumbling blocks for those dreaming of entrepreneurship. Many people abandon the idea after their first meeting with a loan officer. The Markens count themselves lucky in this respect.

"Jefferson Security made it easy on us," says Kim, referring to the bank that sits just across the road from KRC's. "Jeff Keller and Dennis Barron at the bank were a huge help. They worked really hard and gave us a lot of advice."

With all the preliminary work out of the way, the success of KRC's now depends on local residents. The Markens know that they are competing with a large chain store down the road that's known for having the lowest price on most products. "We've reduced all our prices dramatically," says Kim, "but some things are a few cents more here."

"We give the customer something extra," adds Rick. Just as he is about to say what that something extra is, he sees a customer out of the corner of his eye. "Hey, how's your new job going?" he asks.

*Sara Lovelace grew up in Staunton, Va. She is a graduate of Hollins University and received a Master of Fine Arts in Writing from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. She recently moved to Shepherdstown because of its natural beauty, good commercial-free radio station and fantastic Thai food.*



# Meeting Larry Cumbo

Thomas Harding

(Photo courtesy National Geographic Television & Film)



Larry Cumbo

We are sitting in the Three Onions Restaurant in Shepherdstown, way at the back, on the comfy couch that Ken Lowe recently installed. It's been a long week, and Larry and I are both enjoying sipping good wine and sampling an assortment of excellent tapas dishes.

Larry Cumbo — big warm bear of a man, designer stubble, Patagonia sweater and ruffled blue jeans — grew up in Baton Rouge. He has giant hands, and a powerful body used to the arduous task of getting photographically intimate with a video camera.

I'm really looking forward to talking to Larry about his work life. Larry and I came to Shepherdstown around the same time. His daughter plays soccer in the same team as my daughter. We've shared a flask of smooth Scottish Malt on the chair lift at Whitetail. But most of all, like me, Larry has made social awareness documentaries, mostly about the environment.

Larry started his career helping his dad film football games at the local high school in Louisiana. His dad, a former undefeated heavyweight Golden Glove champion and football coach, invited his son along to carry the tripod and do light-meter readings. It was a fabulous way of spending time with his father and learning the art of filmmaking.

Larry tells me it was then he realized he wanted to work with cameras. He went on to study communications at Florida State University in Tallahassee and transferred to a documentary program at the Southeast Center of Photography in Daytona Beach. There he learned how to shoot in 16 mm. He remembers being inspired by the director

of the program's advice, "Always make films about subjects you care about." Larry has followed this advice closely.

Larry's graduation film was a portrait: *Tom Wise*. "He is an incredible man," says Larry. "He is disabled; he can barely walk; yet he took care of his elderly parents who were 101 and 102 years old." The film went on to win awards across the country. "It opened doors for me. It helped me get further funding, make more films, and to get me to where I am today."

I asked him why he made *Tom Wise*. "I've always been drawn to the downtrodden," he shares. "This film had an amazing impact. At the screening of the movie, I saw how moved everyone was. They were blown away. I was totally amazed a film could have that kind of impact on people. I realized that I wanted to do more of this." Larry takes a sip of wine, pops an olive in his mouth, thinks for a moment, then tells me with a big grin, "I was hooked."

Larry went on to make a string of intimate films, mostly about colorful characters who lived in the Gulf Coast region, *Plantationland*, *Annie and Eddie*, and *Dr. John's Family Album*.

Then a top executive at National Geographic offered Larry a chance to work for him. Larry was soon making movies whose tone was pitched somewhere between *Indiana Jones* and "Survivor." The films had catchy alpha names like *Arkansas Anaconda*, *Volcano Hunters*, and *Bio-blitz!*

And then came along *The Search for the Afghan Girl*. There is a lot in a name. The title of a film is the first thing you learn about it. Does *Star Wars* or *Die Hard* sound like you are going to get the same cinematic experience as *When Harry Met Sally* or *Message in a Bottle*?

With *The Search for the Afghan Girl*, Larry was returning to his passion, the downtrodden. "I wanted to give refugees a voice, I wanted people to know what it was like to be a refugee."

Larry and his team traveled to Pakistan and Afghanistan to find the girl who was famously portrayed on the front of the *National Geographic* magazine in the early 1980s. "We were able to reach millions of people and share with them the plight of a refugee," says Larry "We

were also able to raise over \$1 million in funds to support refugee initiatives."

This film, written, produced, and directed by Larry, went on to win numerous awards — a Gold World Medal from the New York Festivals, a CINE Golden Eagle Award, as well as an Emmy nomination. In fact, these awards were added to the other ten in Larry's closet, which he won in festivals around the world.

It is easy to feel envy. The glitz and the glamour of it sound so appealing. But what about the downside? Believe me, it ain't such a picnic. I made environmental documentaries for 15 years. It's a long hard slog. Hundreds of hours of standing, squatting, running with a heavy camera on your shoulder. Long hours in the edit room away from the family. The constant anxiety that your creation is going to fall flat on its face, and embarrass you. Worse yet, you might lose the next contract.

Larry lives with his wife, Julie, and their two gorgeous kids, Gabby and Annie, near Morgan's Grove Park in Shepherdstown. I ask Larry what it is like to be away from his family on a film shoot. "God, it is heart-breaking," he says. "The first ten days you get busy with the film, but then the 11th day and after that I get really homesick. When I'm home I spend as much time as I can with Julie and the kids. We also get to travel together sometimes while I'm working. But it's hard, man, it's hard."

And there is another type of stress. A traumatizing long-term, debilitating stress. The kind of stress that no one wants to admit to, let alone talk about.

Larry tells me about one of his more recent films about Hurricane Katrina. He was filming a rescue team two days after Katrina hit. The team was traveling around New Orleans looking for survivors. "It was terrible. I saw horribly bloated bodies, 13 of them, floating in the water," he whispers, and then as an afterthought "human bodies are not meant to look that way."

Larry also tells me about being picked up by a Taliban supporter near the Khyber Pass in Afghanistan. "They told me they were going to kill me right then, on the street, in front of everyone." He was, in fact, held for six hours and let go later that day.

And I think about all the journalists who have been kidnapped, injured or killed in Iraq recently. I think about my friends who have been arrested and beaten while filming. And I remember my moments of fear while filming.

The war stories should sound enthralling on this cozy couch in the warm comfort of the Three Onions. Here today, the stories carry a heavy weight. There is a sadness in Larry's eyes, a tiredness. "It's good to talk about this stuff," he shares. "I don't often talk about it. I don't want to be a burden to people. But when I come back from the film trips, I find it hard to do the everyday things. To shop, to eat, do the laundry. I can't forget what I've seen."

We've run out of wine, the tapas are all gone, and Larry has retreated into his own world. I'm wondering how I'm going to turn the interview around for my sensitive GOOD NEWS PAPER readers.

And then something kicks in. The energy in the air picks up. A bright light returns to Larry's eyes. The dream is remembered. "Despite it all, despite it all, I will keep going, keep making films. I love making films." The tempo of Larry's delivery is rising, as if he's trying to persuade himself. "I'm going to channel all the bad things I've seen, channel them into my next film project. It's to be great. It's going to be a blowout!"

Larry Cumbo, part cute and cuddly Shepherdstown dad, part sophisticated high-octane Los Angeles *big time* filmmaker, part curious boy-next-door from Baton Rouge.

And this is what I love most about Shepherdstown. A small town, filled with amazing people. An amazing town, filled with people living extraordinary lives.

**Thomas Harding** has had a portfolio career including environmental activism, television production and most recently real estate sales with Greg Didden Associates. He lives in Shepherdstown with his wife and two children.

**Author's Note:** Larry Cumbo's latest film, *Tornado Intercept* — which Larry describes as "Mad Max meets Twister" — will air on National Geographic Channel on March 2, 2006 at 9:00 p.m.

# Jefferson High School Graduates

## *What Are They Up To Now?*

# Dr. Theresa Capriotti York

Stephany Snyder

**D**r. Theresa Capriotti York graduated from Jefferson High School in 1989. Although she spent the first years of her childhood in Virginia, her family moved to Shepherdstown in 1978, when she was six years old. Her mother and father are both from small towns in West Virginia. Her dad was born and raised in Bakerton, and her mom is a native of Martinsburg. She currently resides in Lutherville Timonium, Md., which is just outside of Baltimore, with her husband and two children.

Shepherdstown holds many memories for Dr. York, including her first day at Shepherdstown Elementary School. She vividly remembers that day; she was extremely nervous. Anyone who has been a new student at a new school can sympathize with this. As is often the case, her fears were unfounded. Everyone at the school was friendly and welcomed her warmly, and Dr. York felt very grateful toward her new classmates and teachers on that first day.

After elementary school, Dr. York attended Shepherdstown Junior High School, and later, Jefferson High School. She graduated third in her class, then went on to West Virginia University and to medical school at West Virginia University School of Medicine, graduating in May of 1997. She did her residency in Pediatrics at West Virginia University Children's Hospital, finishing in June of 2000. After residency, she did a fellowship in Pediatric Hematology/Oncology at the Medical University of South Carolina in Charleston, from July of 2000 to June of 2003. She is now a pediatrician.

During a recent telephone interview, Dr. York was gracious enough to answer a few questions for me.

**GNP:** What is your current medical practice?

**TCY:** I am a pediatric doctor for children with blood disorders and cancer. I mainly treat children from the ages of two to five, and build close relationships with the children and their families. Both come to really trust me as well as my

staff, and they become like family.

**GNP:** What are some of the joys and challenges of your profession?

**TCY:** Helping these families and children cope with the disease as well as its side effects is very rewarding and challenging. Helping them to lead normal lives in spite of their various illnesses is difficult, but when it is a success, it really makes life easier for those involved.

One of my greatest challenges involved a four-month-old patient who needed a transplant. The child ended up living for six months and then the leukemia returned. Being a doctor naturally has its various challenges and joys, but the joys outweigh the difficulties.

**GNP:** What are some of your memories from growing up in Jefferson County?

**TCY:** I fondly remember my move to Shepherdstown as a young girl. I also treasure the memory of meeting my future husband in Shepherdstown. For these reasons, the town will always have a special place in my heart.

**GNP:** When did you begin to become interested in being a doctor?

**TCY:** There wasn't a specific time when I decided to become a doctor. In sixth grade, I began to be interested in cancer gene research, and I was always interested in science and labs. My teachers were very influential in my development as a student, and they always encouraged me to do my best in everything. Sometimes during my middle school math class, my teacher would choose about 25 kids to put into a higher-level class with older students; this encouraged me to work harder in order to keep up with them. My high school English teacher



*Teresa York and a young patient who recently had a bone marrow transplant for acute leukemia.*

(Photos supplied by the author)

also influenced my life. He had a friend who worked in Fort Detrick's lab and put me in touch with him; I ended up working there for some time. Eventually, I decided I missed interacting with people and should choose a profession that involved helping people, more specifically, children. This new focus allowed me to combine two of my favorite things: helping children and being a doctor.

**GNP:** What subjects were you interested in during high school?

**TCY:** I was always good at math, and of course, the sciences. I liked researching cancer genes and working in the lab. It was after my experience at Fort Detrick that I decided to go to medical school.

**GNP:** What people were the most influential in your life?

**TCY:** My parents have always played a key role in my life. Besides listening to me, they have expressed constant support regarding my personal and career choices. Medical school requires an enormous commitment, not only intellectually but also economically. It takes group effort to help and support medical students in their rigorous careers. My husband has also chosen a profession

that impacts the life of those around him in a positive way: he is a teacher. Besides helping raise our two children, he has been a source of help and support for me, encouraging me to make the right choices and trying to minimize the sacrifices I've had to make throughout the years.

Teachers often play an important role in their students' lives, and my instructors were among the first to challenge me to work to my fullest potential. In this sense, they were instrumental in my formation by inspiring me to have high standards and to reach them through study, hard work, and dedication.

My conversation with Dr. York has confirmed some of my suspicions. As I prepare my college applications and ponder about the future, I cannot help but think about the importance of the choices I am about to make. I only hope my future profession ends up being as fulfilling to me as Dr. York's is to her. I admire her talent and dedication.

*Stephany Snyder is a senior at Saint Maria Goretti High School.*

# Kids Page



*Robby Glenn, age 16, lives in Shepherdstown and is a junior at Saint Maria Goretti High School. He is interested in history, especially classical civilizations. On his first trip to Europe, in 2004, he visited London.*

—Hunter Barrat, Kids Page Editor

## Roamin' Through Italy

### Robby Glen

capped Alps. They cover northern Italy with an amazing number of tall peaks that reach high into the sky. As it was a clear day, we could view the immense mountain ranges that seemed to stretch boundlessly into the horizon. Another hour, and we were finally in Rome. Once we arrived and picked up our luggage, we met our tour guide, Flavia, who would accompany us throughout most of the trip. We boarded a bus that took us to the town of Assisi—three hours outside of Rome.

During the bus trip, I gazed out the window as we passed through the beautiful Italian landscape. There were open expanses of green pastures organized in neat little squares that formed a patchwork of fields and farms. In this part of Italy, there are no suburbs; just untouched acres of fields with the occasional farmhouse here and there. We arrived in the hilltop medieval town of Assisi around 6:00 p.m. Italy time (4:00 a.m. in the eastern United States). Our hotel room was small, with a cold tile floor and four single beds. We didn't care, though; we were too tired to complain and immediately fell asleep. The following day, we toured the town of Assisi, home of the famous Catholic, Saint Francis.

#### Saturday, December 31

After a day in Assisi, we took another five-hour bus ride to Florence. Florence is an ancient city dating back to the Roman Empire. Many medieval artists crafted their masterpieces here, such as Leonardo Da Vinci's statue of David, which remains in the city to this day. One thing about Florence that bothered me, however, was the number of people in the streets. It seemed the streets were swarming with people, and because there is no room for sidewalks in the cramped medieval streets, people just simply walk in the middle of the streets. The skyline of Florence is dominated by the Santa Maria Del Fiore, a huge medieval cathedral that is near the center of historic Florence. As we walked in the cold, wet streets of Florence, we stopped occasionally at some of the open markets. In Italy, and throughout Europe, there are many open markets that sell food, clothes, and other novelties. After

our two-day stay in Florence, we were ready for the main part of our trip: Rome.

#### Monday, January 2

Rome for me was the best part of our trip. I felt that it was more than just a collection of statues and architecture; it was the foundation of Western civilization that conquered and civilized Europe. The world would not be as it is today without the Romans. The first place we visited was the Coliseum. Originally used as a theater, the Coliseum, a massive concrete arena, was transformed into a stage of death. For hundreds of years following this transformation, thousands of gladiators and animals often fought to the death for the entertainment of the Roman people. To them, viewing a gladiator fight at the Coliseum was like watching a game of football to us.

After the Coliseum, we toured the Roman Forum. Situated atop a hill, the Forum stood for centuries as an imposing citadel of imperial Rome, where only the Roman nobility could walk through its stone-paved streets. Now, little more than a ruin, the Forum is open to the public. The original stone streets remain intact however, and the senate chamber, where the powerful Roman Senate met, is still standing erect, with its roof defying the decay of time. We saw a host of other notable ruins, including the altar where the body of Julius Caesar was burned after his assassination and the convent of the Vestal Virgins. A little way up the street from the Forum sit the great white arches of Rome that depict Rome's glorious military victories. To this day, you can witness the sacking of Jerusalem as depicted on the arches' inner walls.

#### Tuesday, January 3

The next day, we visited the ancient Etruscan tombs that lie outside of Rome. These tombs are pre-Roman. They are more than 1,000 years older than any Roman structure in the area. The tombs looked like huge hills of dirt with a big stone foundation at the bottom, and a door leading to the inner burial chamber. Inside, the tombs are dark, cold, and wet, but most of the interior is still there. The floor and the stone ledges where the bod-



*Church in Florence, Italy*

(Photos supplied by the Glenns)

ies were placed are still fully intact, even after 2,000 years.

#### Wednesday, January 4

The following day was our last one in Rome. It was the day we were to visit the center of Catholic Christianity — Vatican City. Vatican City is actually not part of Rome at all; it's an independent country with its own citizens, its own money, and even its own military forces. In the center of Vatican City sits huge St. Peter's Square, where the Pope (the spiritual leader of Catholics) addresses the people on special occasions. Adjacent to the square lies the massive super structure that is the Church of St. Peter. The largest church in the world, it spans the length of three football fields with a huge painted dome reaching high into the sky. You feel so small and insignificant in the presence of such a huge structure.

After we saw the Vatican, we were free to walk around Rome for a few hours. This was one of the best parts of the trip because I really got to experience the thriving culture of the vast imperial city. The rain had stopped for the first time in our entire trip, and we even got to play hacky sack with a very drunk man.

Italy is one of the greatest cultural centers of the world, with good food and kind people, and it is home to some of the greatest structures and art that man has ever created. Just make sure it isn't rainy and cold when you go; otherwise, it can be a bit of a downer. But as they say, when in Rome . . .



*Stone street and coliseum in Rome*

**T**his Christmas break, about 18 of my classmates, juniors and seniors, from Goretti High School and I visited Italy for a seven-day trip.

#### Tuesday, December 27

We arrived at Dulles airport around 3:00 that afternoon, even though our flight was not scheduled to leave until 6:00. Our group leader wanted to make sure that everyone had sufficient time to get through airport security. We then sat around in the gate complex for what seemed like forever, passing the time by talking or listening to music. Finally, after more than four hours of doing nothing, we were ready to board the plane for our seven-hour flight to Frankfurt, Germany. I am not a very comfortable flyer. I was nervous as we boarded the giant jet that would carry us over 6,000 miles. During the flight, I tried to get some sleep but was too paranoid to get even a wink.

#### Wednesday, December 28

By the time we arrived in Germany, about 3:00 a.m. Eastern Time, I had been awake for almost a full day. Our trip did not end in Germany, however. After four more hours of waiting in the Frankfurt airport, around 9:00 a.m. Frankfurt time, we boarded a smaller jet that took us to Rome.

#### Thursday, December 29

About an hour into our two-hour flight to Rome, we passed over the snow-

# Artworks

## Joan Keith

### Contemporary Watercolor, English Style

Nan Broadhurst

Joan Keith is a transplant from England, who landed in our little town in 1987, and has been painting the town colorful ever since.

Joan was born and spent her early childhood in the bustling city of Nottingham, England. Just before World War II, the family moved to a house outside the city that her father built. When the war began, it became obvious that Nottingham's gun factory made it a target for the Germans, so Joan's day school was evacuated further into the country. Young Joan began boarding during the week and commuting home on weekends by bicycle, since gas was strictly rationed. High school was a full boarding school for girls in Northampton, where they had a classroom called "the Works." The girls had to walk a mile to get there daily, but were rewarded with stimulating and diverse art classes every year. This was where Joan first fell in love with watercolor.

She continued her education in London at physical therapy school, and became a registered physical therapist. After several jobs at different hospitals in London, she landed a job in Jamaica. She sailed to the West Indies on the maiden voyage of a banana boat. She lived with three other girls in a house complete with servants, working at a rehab center for recovering polio victims. When her 18-month contract was up, she took off for San Francisco with friends, and traveled all across the United States for a couple of months before returning to London. There she soon met Ian Keith, an aeronautical engineer, and they married and moved to Hertford, outside of London. They lived there for several years, having three children during that time, before Ian's job sent them back across the Atlantic to Long Island, N.Y. They stayed there for four years, and then moved to

Wichita, Kan. for another four years. It was here that Joan again connected with her love of art with a watercolor class at Wichita Art Institute. She liked the relaxed atmosphere of Wichita, comparing it to that of central England. The Keiths then moved to Reston, Va., and stayed there for the next eleven years. During this time, Joan took classes in drawing and painting at Northern Virginia Community College.

The Keiths bought land in Shepherdstown as an investment, but soon fell in love with the area and decided to retire here. They built a house in 1987, and moved here.

the eastern shore of Maryland, and in North Carolina, where she studied with Miles Batt and Skip Lawrence.



Joan Keith

However, Ian had lung cancer, and declined over the next three years. Joan was housebound, caring for him, until his death in 1990. As a result, Joan didn't know many people, and she decided to connect to the community through her art. She saw a flyer for Joe Mayer's classes and became a long-time student. She also attended classes with Robin Young, and went to several work-

shops in Maine, organizing driving chains and meal chains for people in need through Good Shepherd Interfaith Volunteer Caregivers and the Shepherdstown Presbyterian Church. She also organizes seasonal art shows and takes care of candles and flowers in the sanctuary there. Joan loves to travel, and has recently taken trips to Antarctica, Maine, Canada, the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and the San Juan Islands off the Northwest coast. The photos she takes on these trips often result in paintings. Joan is very busy with her three children and their families, including her five young grandchildren.

Color is the main inspiration in Joan's work, and she finds ways to mix paint directly on the paper, allowing the paint to flow and respond to gravity. Experimental techniques excite her, and she loves to spray, rub out and layer paint in imaginative ways. She uses white paint (a no-no in most watercolor rule books!) and uses watercolor in a contemporary opaque manner. Her images are flatter and more stylized as she progresses toward more interpretive presentations of her subject matter. She loves to paint on location, and has enjoyed many years painting with her friends in the Friday Painters group. Landscapes have been a mainstay for her, but she has also developed a penchant for nonobjective paintings as well.

Joan's work has been exhibited at the Newman Gallery in Washington, D.C., Art at the Mill (2000–2005) in Millwood, Va., J. Cooper Gallery in Shepherdstown, Cress Creek, the Opera House in Charles Town, several shows at the Entler Hotel and the Men's Club, and various other venues around the area. The Baltimore Watercolor Society has recently accepted her as a Juried Signature Member.



Oak Creek Canyon





*Penobscot Bay*



*Stilleto*



*Cacti-Sedona, Arizona*



*Synapse*



*Ghost Ship*



*Through the Wall*



*Antarctic Peninsula*

# Recent Poems

Ethan Fischer

## after midnight Chinese meal

the nightlight goes out  
and leaves me just  
a gibbous moon

a cookie fortune threads  
my head to be spit back  
out like a subway ticket

where can I ride now  
when I am there already  
waltzing in bronzed shoes

unburied from my boyhood  
treasure chest with drums  
or in skates for the icy sky

with a fulcrum to taste stars  
when dog stays home and  
makes no bones about it

## Before Reading

Before reading, folks  
studied dry leaves  
for a sign that  
their story  
somehow  
was being  
told & looked  
at bark & shape  
of clouds. Shape of  
mouths never lied tho  
content tended toward  
fiction, don'tcha know

Then when writing came  
folks stopped singing  
the oldest sagas  
of all. Instead  
he or she  
leaves  
a note on  
the table or  
dials a number  
or sends a novel  
none of which risk lips  
opening upon ears alive  
a live oh

## At the Faculty Tea *of men & mythology*

A sense of scale  
escapes an  
angelfish  
in the great  
bubbling tank  
by the mandala  
painting. Human  
conversation sprawls  
to Intergalactic Travel  
and to answered prayer.  
But our hostess interrupts:

“Sorry gentlemen, no cigar.  
You’d dream an abduction,  
enlightenment by a local deity  
or green child, new seduction  
or a gnostic rape in your  
robotic city-state . . .”

She swallows wine, goes on:  
“So what I want to know is  
when God communicates  
with you, how will you  
communicate this  
to one of your  
liver cells?”

We ponder and drink  
in the quiet space  
as her beer-  
loving poodle  
pees on the rug.

Suddenly it’s late.  
Together we rise,  
kiss professorial,  
say “Take care.”

The Aeneus catfish  
swims to the top  
for food and air.

## Baseball Poet *or The Shadow Knows*

Some nights I play right field  
for a team that hardly knows  
me. Some nights I pinch-hit,  
lift singles over second base.  
But some nights nobody can  
pitch his stuff over the plate.  
With my semi-Clemente arm,  
I’m called in as late reliever  
when the bullpen is empty  
or they run out of words  
on the roster, or worse,  
forget how to pitch to  
ripeness or extinction.

Now the catcher squats  
and gives me no sign;  
the ump leans in as  
the batter waits.  
From the mound  
my resin bag’s scent  
restores a Forbes Field  
youth to old owners  
of lint in pockets  
of shadow . . .

And some nights  
my fastball is smoke  
or my curve disappears.  
Yeah. The shadow knows  
how to fill the bleachers  
some nights and how  
to finish the game.

*Ethan Fischer* edits *Antietam Review* and teaches at Shepherd University. His book *Beached in the Hourglass* is available at local stores. His poems and essays have also been published widely in periodicals. Ethan Fischer performs his trademark “Johnny Dime, the Poet of Crime” mystery series on the *Rumsey Radio Hour*.



# Reflections of Spring

## From a Chinese Five Element Perspective

Natasha Baihly



(Photo provided by author)

The ancient Chinese were influenced by three major schools of philosophy, one of which is Taoism. In Taoism, nature is considered to be infinitely wise, complex, and unpredictable. A central concept of this school of thought would be for humankind to become a part of the *original order of things*, and those who practiced this would seek to be in harmony with nature. Nature is considered to be the great teacher.

The art of *wu wei*, which essentially defines Taoist thought, may be defined as *to go with what is*. This is a practice of minimal yet deliberate *action*; it is the practice of going with the flow of a stream. It could also be the practice of going against the flow of the water, not by fighting or struggling against it, but by standing still and letting the stream do the work. It is a means of assertion via surrender. Five Element Acupuncture embodies this and other Taoist principles. “By observing the laws of nature as they are shown in the natural rhythms of day and night, the continuous cyclical nature of the seasons, and the progression of all things living from birth, growth, decline, and death — one can learn much about the nature of humans, as they are governed by the same laws.”

As a student of Five Element Acupuncture at the Tai Sophia Institute in

Maryland, I have been honing my observational skills and learning about how elements of nature manifest in us. The five elements are wood, fire, earth, metal, and water. Each one of the five elements also has a corresponding season: spring, summer, late summer, autumn, and winter. Spring’s corresponding element is wood, which encompasses all varieties of plants and trees.

In looking at the change of one season into another, part of being healthy means to align yourself with whatever seasonal movement is going on outside. It is important to note here that the Chinese consider the equinoxes and the solstices to represent the climax of a season. For example, the winter solstice is around December 21, which is the darkest day of the year, and therefore, the height of winter. In the same vein, the spring begins around the time the sap builds up pressure in the root of the trees and starts to rise through the wood and toward the buds, making the first day of spring about February 7.

In Five Element Acupuncture the seasons are spoken of in terms of *movements*, and the energetic direction they embody. In spring, this would be a movement that springs upward and then outward, much as a sapling breaks forth through the earth and continues its growth, spreading its branches up and out toward the sky. But it is hard to speak of the meaning of spring without first mentioning the winter that preceded it. During the relatively colder winter months, nature dictates that we pull the energy into ourselves, slow down, and rest more during this period of rejuvenation. The interior life becomes rich as animals go into a form of hibernation and many plants lose their foliage and *withdraw*. During this time of dormancy, reserves are being built; the potential is stirring for life to come around once again. The daffodil is gathering energy for the bursting forth in the spring.

Historically, in agrarian cultures of China and other parts of the world, winter meant going out later in the day when the sun had started to warm things up. Spring, following this season of storing resources and rest, was a time to go out, greet the sun, plant the fields, and be active and assertive in creating the world anew. For me, in modern times, spring reminds me of re-creation and of the resiliency of the world to bloom forth

one more time. It reminds me of hope as the warmth and light increase day by day. As many animals give birth to their young and plants bring forth their leaves, humankind, as part of the natural world, might find this a good time to start something new, to create and bring to fruition something that has been stirring inside as a vague idea or dream unrealized.

After the relative inactivity of winter, it is good to feel the movement and life come back to the muscles and tendons of the body. The Chinese speak of giving the muscles back their elasticity and flexibility with the warming of the spring. As a means of releasing the body to the energy and spontaneity of the season, spring is a time to let the hair down both literally and figuratively and to allow it to move with the wind as the trees do. The wind is a symbol of spring in Chinese medicine and is indicative of change, as in the expression, the “winds of change.” As I sit writing this article with snow falling outside, only one week after 50-degree weather, I am reminded of the sudden shifts during this season and the importance of being as flexible as bamboo in the breeze.

“Spring is the irresistible rising, the surge of vitality, the flourishing.”

According to the wisdom of the traditional Chinese medical texts, not aligning with this vernal movement of invigoration and drive expressing itself in all of nature could have effects in the following season: summer.

What might it look like to *not align* with spring? It might be that a person bursts forth too quickly and vigorously, wearing herself out instead of developing to her full potential later on. “Summer is nothing other than the accomplishment of spring.” Another alternative is that the *upward rising* in someone becomes blocked, and he will not allow himself to manifest a vision that has been gaining form as potential within him. This may

show up as a form of either demonstrated or repressed anger or frustration. Or it may mean not having the *oomph* to rise at all for a variety of reasons, such as lack of rest in the previous winter, or depression. In either case it would be helpful to move the body, get outside and walk or do some form of light exercise that will encourage a person’s energy to rise.

The gift of traditional Chinese medicine is its preventive nature. This prevention begins with the fundamental piece of putting yourself in alignment with natural laws. The animals and plants are instinctually aware of this and at a time when we were more connected to nature as a means of survival, perhaps we were too. It is potentially a great learning experience for us whether we are farming the land, raising families, or working on computers, to become observers of our surroundings and stay in tune with the natural chords of the seasons.

After looking at spring and what it stands for in the context of the five movements of life and nature, we realize that this season of birth and growth is wed to the movements of the other seasons of life, including maturation, decline, and death. None of these phases exist apart from the other and all are an integral and equally valuable part of the cycle of natural, and therefore human, existence. “The harder the winter, the more glorious the spring.” *The Nei Jing Su wen*, which speaks of harmonizing ourselves to the four seasons, says this of spring:

The three months of spring  
Are called springing up and unfolding.  
Heaven and Earth together produce life,  
And the 10,000 beings are invigorated.

At night, one goes to bed, at dawn, one gets up.  
One paces in the courtyard with great strides,

Hair loose, body at ease,  
Exerting the will for life,  
Letting live, not killing,  
Giving, not taking away,  
Rewarding, not punishing.

*Natasha was born and raised in Harpers Ferry, helping to manage a family business, River & Trail Outfitters, while pursuing her masters in acupuncture. She enjoys travel, the outdoors, and dancing.*

# Rhododendron

## Noble Guests at Any Garden Party

Virginia Provenzano Winston



The Rhododendrons, native to our eastern mountains and piedmont, are bold, broad-leaf evergreen shrubs that produce large, gorgeous flowers from white to richest red. They are members of the Heath family, Ericaceae. In her book *The Native Plant Primer*, Carole Ottesen writes, “They are aristocrats no matter where they grow, as noble on a mountainside as they are standing as sentinels at the gates of a grand estate.”

These plants share a number of traits and cultural requirements that we will consider before looking at individual species. They all have simple, alternate, leathery, evergreen leaves. Their large, round trusses of multiple bell-like flowers are among their showiest features. Good drainage is a must; wet roots will rot and die. All require acid soil, pH 4.8 to 5.5, with good humus. (Those of us who live in the limestone valleys must be content to admire these magnificent plants in the gardens of our friends over on the mountain.) They grow best with very little fertilizer. Full sun is all right in cooler climates, but afternoon shade is helpful in the hottest areas. Any pruning should be done immediately after flowering, though as I’m always pointing out, it is far better to plant a shrub where you want it to be as big as it wants to be, rather than spending both your lives in a battle for control.

*R. carolinianum*, Carolina rhododendron, or Deer-tongue laurel, grows as a dense, tidy, evergreen mound four- to five-feet high and as wide. It is found on rocky slopes, creek banks and mountain balds in the Blue Ridge and Smokey Mountains, in sun or filtered shade. It is hardy from Zones 7 to at least 5.

Carolina’s leaves are glossy green, two- to three-inch, narrow ellipses that are aromatic when crushed. The three-inch round flower trusses cover the plant in early spring with pale lilac-pink to white color. These plants make an outstanding addition to the shrub border, both for their spectacular bloom as well as their handsome evergreen presence year round. They can also play an important role in a woodland garden, in light shade, perhaps in combination with deciduous azaleas, foam flower, and woodland phlox. Carolina is one of the parents of the P.J.M. hybrids, a very popular group of garden plants.

*R. catawbiense*, Catawba rhododendron, Purple laurel or Mountain rosebay inhabits the highest mountaintops and ridges, cliffs, and rock outcrops from West Virginia to Alabama. It often forms dense thickets of almost pure stands over hundreds of acres. On the mountaintops, these were what the old timers referred to as balds because no trees grew among the rhododendron shrubs. “Fairly they climb over the mountains and in the spring transform them into huge bouquets,” Alice Lounsbury wrote in 1901 after a trek through the North Carolina mountains.

Catawba rhododendron is also found in scattered populations in the piedmont of North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and is hardy from Zones 4 through 8. It will grow best in your garden if given moist, rich, well-drained soil and full to bright filtered sun, though it is more heat tolerant than Carolina or Rosebay.

Its leaves are three to five inches long, a thick, dark green, glossy oval that is pale green beneath. The flowers are amazing five- to six-inch trusses of rich purple-pink appearing in late spring to early summer, depending on where the plants are grown. The fruits are oblong capsules covered with rusty down. This is a larger shrub than the Carolina, growing eight to 10 feet or more high and as wide, in good sun forming a dense mound of large leaves well covered with flowers. Many cultivars have been selected from Catawba, and these are just a few: Roseum Elegans, America, Album, and Purpureum Elegans.

This larger shrub finds a place in shrub borders and woodland gardens, but also serves well as a hedge or screen. It can be truly beautiful planted in mass, imitating its wild relatives in the mountains.

If unhappy, rhododendrons become “leggy.” In fact, though they can suffer from an assortment of pests and diseases, their most common problem is chlorosis and dieback, caused by planting in soils that are wet and have too high a pH.

The Catawba rhododendron was discovered by André Michaux and introduced to European gardens by John Fraser in 1809. These gentlemen were among the earliest botanists to search for exciting new plants in the eastern New World. All the American rhododendrons immediately found favor in Europe and, unlike many of our native plants, have also been greatly favored in American gardens. The well-known plantsman John Bartram, grew rhododendrons in his Philadelphia garden in the 18th century. And we know that George Washington grew them at Mount Vernon, as did Thomas Jefferson at Monticello.

The Rosebay, or Great laurel rhododendron was once wild, collected by the many thousands to adorn the great estate gardens of the 19th century. This practice is frowned on today as depleting of natural resources, but in earlier times many folks felt privileged to harvest whatever nature had to offer, with little thought to long-term preservation.

Propagation techniques have so much improved in recent decades that wild collecting is neither desirable nor necessary. The tiny seeds can best be germinated on top of the soil under plastic to hold moisture. Semi-hardwood cuttings taken in late summer root best if treated with rooting hormone.

*R. maximum*, Rosebay rhododendron, is the largest of the group, regularly growing 15 feet high by 10 feet wide, and up to 30 feet high in rich mountain coves. It develops a loose, open habit. The state flower of West Virginia, the Rosebay, is found growing on stream banks and moist woodlands from Georgia to Canada, Zones 8 to 4. More shade tolerant than the others, it does well in sun only in the coolest

areas. This rhododendron is especially outstanding in the Alleghany Mountains, growing as a companion with hemlock and Fraser magnolia, at lower elevations than the Catawba. It is found throughout West Virginia, except in the counties of the Eastern Panhandle. Down in the mountains of North Carolina, I’ve climbed northeast facing slopes through thickets of Rosebay towering overhead.

The leaves of Rosebay are the largest and darkest green of the native rhododendron, five to eight inches long, oblong, the entire edges rolled under, and a rusty green color beneath. This large tree-sized shrub flowers in late spring to early summer with hundreds of five-inch flower trusses composed of waxy white flowers, sometimes rosy, marked with yellow-orange spots. A friend once encountered such a tree in bloom at some distance in a woodland and mistook it for a southern magnolia. The Rosebay would make an excellent specimen in the shady garden as well as a large hedge or screen.

You may consider the wildlife uses good news—bad news. The leaves and buds of rhododendron are heavily browsed by deer in winter. These shrubs also provide year-round cover for songbirds, turkey, grouse, deer, rabbits, and bear. They can grow in dense, almost impenetrable thickets with individual plants completely interwoven with their neighbors.

Historically, Native Americans used rhododendron leaves medicinally. They made a poultice for arthritis and headaches, and very careful doses were taken internally for heart ailments. Now the leaves are known to be quite toxic and may cause convulsions and coma.

If you have, or can create, the right conditions to grow any of these magnificent plants, please do so. They are spectacular in full bloom, and a beautiful evergreen all year long.

*Virginia (Provenzano) Winston helps folks design their gardens with habitat for wild creatures in mind. To aid in planting these gardens, she also has developed a small, native plants nursery. provenzano4@earthlink.net*

# ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

## Environmental Ills: Nature Deficit Disorder

Mark Madison

*In the end, we conserve only what we love, we will love only what we understand, and we will understand only what we are taught.*

— Baba Dioum

Most environmental maladies are natural disasters, not a crisis of the soul. However, Richard Louv's recent book, *Last Child in the Woods: Saving our Children from Nature-Deficit Disorder*, suggests our greatest challenge may lie in our perceptions of nature. Louv, in a recent public lecture in Shepherdstown, suggested our nation's youth are disconnected from nature, leading to medical and spiritual maladies. He observed that the present generation of youth is the first generation of young people with sharply truncated experiences in the environment. Whereas previous generations of Americans were often raised in rural areas or still had relatives who resided in rural areas, this generation of youth is largely urban without any meaningful rural connections. As Aldo Leopold noted in 1948 (when most Americans still had some connection to rural life):

"There are two spiritual dangers in not owning a farm. One is the danger of supposing breakfast comes from the grocery, and the other that heat comes from the furnace."

But beyond spiritual dangers, Louv outlined the medical dangers arising from a lack of time in the great outside. Louv pointed to epidemic rates of childhood obesity, depression, and attention-deficit disorder coinciding with greater youthful insularity. Louv's research implied a surprisingly strong connection between the lack of time youths spend outdoors and the rise in these maladies. Whether this lack of quality nature time is a cause or coincidence is open to debate.

Much of the power of Louv's claims comes from anecdotal observations. Many parents (myself included) recall spending most of their nonschool time outdoors: fishing, building tree houses, just hanging out in the woods or by the river. This time was largely spent with peers often without adults hovering about. The nature my friends and I encountered as youths was hardly wilder-

ness, but it was green and inhabited by the types of fish and wildlife that are well-suited to coexistence with humans (e.g., carp, deer, birds, etc.). In a culture less fearful, children were allowed more freedom from parental oversight than today. (This raises the interesting question of whether our children are unwitting victims of a politics and culture of fear that is increasingly dominating our news and perceptions.) Although difficult to quantify, there does seem to be less time for outdoors and more time indoors doing homework for standardized tests (once again the law of unintended consequences) or doing safe, supervised activities such as organized sports.

This concern about the next generation's lack of connection to nature goes back at least a century in this country and is often tied to fears about other contemporary changes. The 1890 census officially declared an *end* to the American frontier giving a concrete geographical explanation for more generalized fears regarding industrialization, urbanization, and immigration. Around the turn of the century the Country-Life Movement emerged as a national mobilization to try to keep young people on the farm. (The fact that 40 percent of Americans were farm dwellers in 1900 and less than two percent of Americans currently live on farms, suggests the movement was a bust.)

In the first two decades of the 20th century, progressive educators like John Dewey sought new pedagogical techniques that would mimic the hands-on experiences enjoyed in more rural times. Aware that early 20th century American classrooms were increasingly filled with urban youth and immigrant youth (both vaguely unsettling in different ways), the Progressive era educators sought to recreate a rural atmosphere through schoolyard gardens or reading literature, which evoked an earlier nostalgic rural era. Two of the best-selling reading texts of this period were evocatively entitled *Birds and Bees* and *Little Nature Stories for Little People*.

Other movements arose to bring youth back to nature. Founded in 1910, the Boy Scouts of America was one attempt to provide alternative experi-



Original Boy Scout Handbook (1910)



1930s Civilian Conservation Corps Poster



Child on a National Wildlife Refuge

All courtesy of NCTC Archives/Museum

ences to youths who could no longer tame a frontier. In the midst of the Great Depression in 1933, the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was created to take thousands of boys and make them into men. CCC boys were deliberately set to work on national parks, national forests, and wildlife refuges so they could test their mettle against nature. The growth of organized children's sports in the postwar era can be understood in one sense as an attempt to replace natural wild fields with the playing fields. Yet all of these laudable attempts have failed to arrest the problem. American children continued to grow fatter, sadder, and increasingly distracted from nature.

For those of us working in the environmental field there is also a dire political fallout from nature-deficit disorder. Indifference to nature may well be the greatest environmental threat we face in the 21st century. Political attitudes have changed enough so that outright hostility to nature has become largely unacceptable. Even the worst despoilers of the environment now try to couch their work in environmental or security platitudes. But while those attitudes have changed, there is a greater challenge to creating a viable conservation constituency. It was common in the 20th century for environmental leaders to emerge from a childhood spent in nature with frequent, meaningful, and fondly remembered interactions with the environment. As the opportunities to venture into nature become less frequent (and less meaningful), we may be weakening the gene pool for future conservationists.

In fact, knowledge of the surrounding landscape is itself becoming a lost language. As science classes have focused on global systems or biodiversity hot spots, we have, probably for the first time, created a generation of students that may be more knowledgeable

about tropical rainforests than the temperate forests that surround their homes. That is not to denigrate tropical rainforests (where I spent two years doing conservation work), but it does suggest new challenges. How can we expect people to protect things they may never see or hardly understand? How have we made the local environment a foreign country to many of our young? Unlike more familiar dangers of pollutions, deforestation, and global warming we may face an invisible threat to saving our nation's green lands from apathy and indifference. A fourth grader in Louv's book who observes, "I like to play indoors better 'cause that's where all the electric outlets are," seems profoundly indifferent to his environment. If only we could fool ourselves that this fourth grader was a rare exception and not, perhaps, our future.

Considering its long pedigree of complaint and unsuccessful remedy, nature-deficit disorder is in danger of becoming like the weather — something about which everyone talks but nobody does anything. In an attempt to move beyond the litany of ills, the National Conservation Training Center, working with Richard Louv, is trying to organize a conference this fall to seek some effective remedies. The goal is a working conference of all interested folks to see what can be done to ensure the future of conservation through the next generation. The success of this effort will be reflected in how well we convince all our children to heed William Wordsworth's thoughtful injunction to "Let Nature be your teacher."

*Mark Madison is the historian for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and teaches environmental history at Shepherd University.*



# The Many Faces of Eve's Husband

Al Henderson

Eve had already retired for the evening and was fast asleep when her husband Adam, in one of his many personas, entered their bedroom singing in a raspy voice, “Inka dinka do,” turned around, pointed his nose toward the door, and walked out of the room, saying, “Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are.”

Relentless Pursuer (“Re” for short), the family cat, who thought he was a bloodhound, came rushing into the bedroom, leaped onto Eve’s head and began licking her face. “Go back to sleep, Re, it’s too early for breakfast.” Re began tugging on Eve’s hair. As she sat up she began to hear music coming from the family room.

“Oh, no,” said Eve, “he’s doing his Jimmy Durante thing again. When will it ever end?” It wasn’t until after they were married that Adam confessed to Eve that he suffered from dissociative identity disorder, more commonly known as multiple personality disorder. He had a fractured mind.

Eve, with Re in the lead, ran down the hall toward the family room where Adam was banging out ragtime music on the 1920s upright piano, allegedly once used by none other than “Ragtime Jimmy.”

“My nose isn’t big,” Adam said to no one in particular. “I just happen to have a very small head.”

Although she had heard him say it a thousand times before, Eve could not help but laugh . . . and cry.

Re jumped on the keyboard and then onto Adam’s head. “Everybody wants to get into da act,” said Adam.

Gently, Eve led Adam back to bed. Re — now imagining himself a race-horse jockey — was riding on Adam’s head. He used his tail like a riding crop, urging Adam on as though they were in a photo finish, winning by a nose.

They made their way past the hundreds of troll dolls Adam had acquired since he was a boy — trolls carved out of wood, ivory trolls, plaster of Paris trolls, stuffed trolls, and even trolls made of straw, each with a brightly colored and

elongated proboscis. Eve thought they were hideous dust collectors and tried to move them one by one to the attic, but Adam always seemed to know just which one was missing and he’d send Re to sniff it out, and Re would return with the doll in his mouth. “Good boy,” Adam would say. Then Re would scratch at the door, Adam would let him out, and Re would find the nearest tree and lift one of his hind legs. It was hard to believe Re was a cat. Eve often felt that Re suffered from the same affliction as Adam. The two were boon buddies, and Re liked nothing better than to fetch Adam’s slippers for him.

And then there were the portraits, including an autographed picture of Steve Martin in his role as Fire Chief C. D. Bales in the 1987 movie *Roxanne*. Eve gritted her teeth, vowing never again to go to a costume party with Adam. He always insisted on dressing as Cyrano de Bergerac. That in itself would be fine and in keeping with his obsession with noses. That Eve could accept. But Adam could never let it go with that. After a couple of drinks, Adam would slip off and, dressed in only a towel around his waist, sandals on his feet and a lampshade on his head, he’d jump on a table and begin singing:

*(King Tut, King Tut)*

Now when he was a young man, he never thought he’d see

People stand in line to see the boy king.

*(King Tut)*

How’d you get so funky?

*(Funky Tut)*

Did you do the monkey?

*(Born in Arizona, moved to Babylonia King Tut)*

Now if I’d known they’d line up just to see him

I’d have taken all my money and bought me a museum.

*(King Tut)*

Buried with a donkey.

*(King Tut)*

He’s my favorite honky

*(Born in Arizona, moved to Babylonia King Tut)*

*(Tut! Tut!)*

Dancing by the Nile!

*(Disco Tut! Tut!)*

The ladies love his style!

*(Boss Tut! Tut!)*

Walkin’ for a mile.

*(Rockin’ Tut! Tut!)*

He ate a crocodile.

*(Ooooooh, wah-oooooh)*

He gave his life for tourism.

Next to the autographed picture of Steve Martin was the likeness of Roman Nose (Woo-ka-nay), one of the most esteemed warriors of the Great Plains. Roman Nose came to prominence — no pun intended — during the Plains Indian wars of the 1860s, and when he was killed at Beecher’s Island in 1868, he had become the most famous Indian of the plains. The white troops admired his fearlessness and leadership.

According to the book *The Cheyenne Indians: Their History and Ways of Life* by George Bird Grinnell, “It was not unusual for him to arrive at a battle site after the skirmish had begun, because a long and complicated ceremony had to be performed before he could put on his headdress. Strict rules were followed, and certain actions were proscribed; among the most significant proscriptions for Roman Nose was that he was never to eat food that had been in contact with metal, a white man’s object.”

Although Adam admired Roman Nose, he dreaded the consequences of slipping into his persona. Try as he might, he would find himself at FedEx Field, protesting the home team’s name by scalping. Wearing a magnificent headdress made with one buffalo horn and a long tail of red and black eagle feathers, this war bonnet was believed to have absolute protective powers. Instead it was a dead giveaway that Adam, in the persona of Roman Nose, was present and scalping. Off to the pokey he’d go, and Eve would have to bail him out.

“What were you trying to do?” Eve would ask, knowing full well what Adam would say. “I was just trying to get the Redskins to change their name to some-

thing more ‘PC,’ like the Bald Eagles.”

UG

As angry as Eve would get with Adam’s antics, she understood the pathology as it was explained to her by Adam’s sex therapist, Dr. Za Za, a diplomat of the Gabor School of Wealth Development. Adam had been abused by his mother when he was a child. Seems that little Adam was slow in learning how to blow his nose and when it would get stuffed up. His mother, with the assistance of Adam’s two older sisters, would hold him down and poke at his nose. Not surprisingly, his mother’s maiden name was Mengela (a doctor who worked for Hitler).

When Adam got of the dating age, he found it all but impossible not to protect his nose when he attempted to kiss girls. Most thought his gesture signaled his disgust for their breath, and that would be that. He became so desperate that by the time he reached college, he sought help from the university’s counseling service. That’s when he became a patient of Dr. Za. It was obvious that Adam suffered from dissociative identity disorder.

In no time at all, Adam gave up protecting his nose when dating, and Dr. Za pulled a few strings and Adam’s Pinocchio persona bowed out. Whenever the Wicked Witch of the West showed up, Adam would take a cold shower and — screaming and cursing — she would melt away. But the other personas persisted.

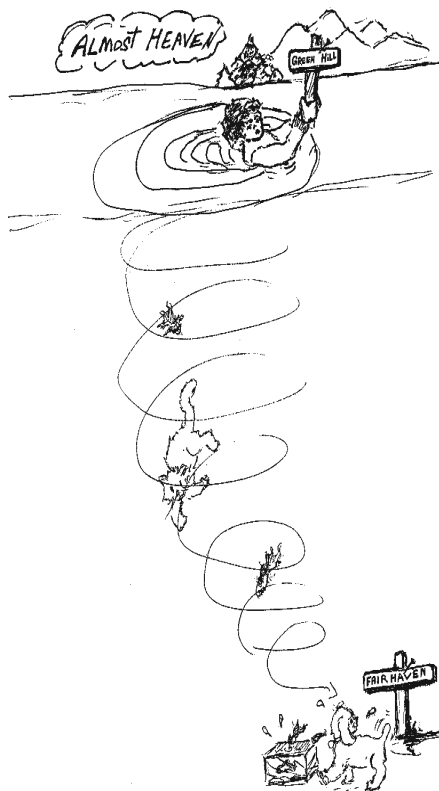
Dr. Za took a personal liking to Adam, particularly after he complemented her on her mink stole. “Oh, thank you, Darling,” she said. “I like to think of it as my shrink wrap.”

UG

*Al Henderson is the spiritual great, great, great grandson of Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchhausen (1720-97), the German raconteur who told preposterous stories about his adventures as a soldier and hunter. The name Munchhausen is now associated with any telling of exaggerated stories or winning lies.*

# The Vortex

Marge Dower



**D**o you hear that loud sucking sound?

It is a collective sigh of relief from my five sons who have been holding their breaths and praying for me to get my act together. That meant my moving to a retirement home before they have to move me. Their relief is obvious. I know that I am getting old: I look in the mirror I wonder what on earth my mother is doing looking out at me. But it wasn't just that which made me realize that I needed to leave my beloved Green Hill Cottage and Shepherdstown.

*(Pippin: I have known for ages. She just doesn't go out for long walks when I tell her with perfect clarity that she and I need to go out.)*

It's time to move when one waits for the postman to come with the mail, solely because one has a pickle jar for him to open.

*(Pippin: I wait for him because he pets me.)*

It's time to move when one can no longer deal with even a dusting of snow.

It's time to move when neither the old dog nor I can make it out to the road to get the paper without one or the other of us tipping over into the lilacs.

*(Pippin: If I did tip, I wouldn't admit it. Has the woman no pride?)*

It's time to move when one finds oneself waiting patiently in Dr. Palank's office only to be told that my appointment had been the previous week. Then I realize that I am supposed to be in Dr. Estigoy's office.

*(Pippin: Waiting in the car is waiting in the car, no matter where she is.)*

The euphemistic names of the homes didn't fool me. I thought I knew all about life in a retirement home. It would be like being on a cruise ship. One is fed and cared for, but one never forgets that there is only one port of call: the final one.

And I also knew four other things about them:

The residents are old dears to be patronized and fed nursery food.

There is planned recreation: finger painting or old Nelson Eddy movies.

The world is limited to the boundaries of the residence.

I forgot what the fourth was — but I resolve not to give in.

*(Pippin: Who is Nelson Eddy?)*

I knew I had to go, but I was determined not to get drawn into the vortex of communal life. I would never be sucked into that Charybdis. Determined and resigned, I moved to Fairhaven in Sykesville, Md.

*(Pippin: What's a Charybdis?)*

*(Marge: If you keep interrupting I'll never get this off to Randy.)*

I was fortunate enough to get an apartment at the far end of my building. My ceiling-to-floor windows look out over hills and trees. My dog and cat were welcomed.

*(Pippin: Well. Duh! Who wouldn't welcome us?)*

It was a complete surprise to discover that the elevator next to my apartment went directly to the underground parking and my assigned space was right next to the elevator. Clearly it was not going to be all bad.

*(Pippin: It took me a while to teach the elevator not to snap at my tail.)*

There is a certain surreal feeling. I am confronted with miles of beige halls with doors on either side: all identical. The halls make abrupt right-angle turns now and then and continue on and on.

*(Pippin: Have you no scents[sic] of smell? It's obvious that the halls are full of wonderful odors and possibilities.)*

*(Marge: Puns are unseemly in a serious publication.)*

I felt that I had entered a type of early Zork reality. (Do you children even remember the old Zork? No pictures, just black and white descriptions of rooms, or caves, or dungeons each turn or door leading to a different world colored by one's imagination.) I soon learned that behind each door really is a fascinating and unique environment. The minute I enter I am in a different world: a world filled with reminders of a former existence. So it is here, and what fascinating revelations there are. In one apartment my friend Mary collects Sci-Fi books and dragons and displays wonderful examples of handwoven draperies and upholstery with dragons and flowers woven into the tapestry — all woven by her father. My friend Helen, a physics professor with a love of handcrafted artifacts, has decorated her residence with aboriginal carvings from New Guinea. Sue, whose dog Babe walks with my dog Pippin, has a cozy early American theme. The different world behind each door is populated with fascinating people with amazing backgrounds.

Clearly this was not going to be all bad.

*(Pippin: Amen. That Babe is some babe.)*

The entertainment is just as exciting. From a wonderful series of choral Christmas concerts to a Klezmer group for the Hanukkah celebration to the regular movies (March of the Penguins; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Ladies in Lavender) to the large-screen showing of sports events, I have come to the conclusion that it isn't all that bad.

The food is amazing. There is a great variety and enough to satisfy even the most sophisticated palate. There is also a choice of dining facilities: super formal, formal, informal, and cafeteria — one can even get takeout. The management is in the process of building a bistro. That's all good.

*(Pippin: Every day she comes home with a white plastic container full of delicious bits for Samcat and me.)*

There are trips to Baltimore for the theater and symphony, courses in yoga, line dancing, art, and photography. I have found an excellent group of bridge players. The arts and crafts program includes well-equipped rooms: a metal and wood-working shop, a greenhouse, a ceramics studio, photography labs, and craft rooms. The art studio is large and bright. There is a computer room, which is saving my skin for this GOOD NEWS issue since my computer is on the blink. The wellness center is well equipped and the swimming pool is large. It is nice to be able to swim whenever I want. No going outdoors.

*(Pippin: You should tell them that I take you everywhere and enjoy meeting other cultured canines who are taking their persons walking. All the humans recognize that the dogs really keep this place going so they all carry delicious treats in their pockets for all of us.)*

*(Marge: You really are getting impossible.)*

There's a remarkable library here with a separate periodical room. *The New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *The Baltimore Sun*, the *Washington Post* and many others come in daily.

*(Pippin: So civilized. I don't have to struggle outside.)*

The only drawback I can see is that I miss Shepherdstown, and my friends greatly.

*(Pippin: I miss Morgan's Grove, Frank, Sherman, and John Brown, but everyone here carries dog treats: the pharmacy, the health center, the office, the security man, and most of the residents.)*

That large sucking sound you hear is my going down into the vortex.

*(Pippin: I'm going right with her.)*



# Christian Scientists Open New Reading Room for Community

Sara Lovelace

Late last year Christian Science Society librarian Tish Kennedy had a nagging feeling that just wouldn't go away. The Society has held their services at the Entler Hotel for the past 16 years. Kennedy says that the space is perfect for Sunday and Wednesday services, but she envisioned something a bit more spacious for the reading room. "I just thought we needed to get out of there," she says.

Soon after, the Shepherdstown Christian Scientists found the perfect space to house the collection of periodicals, dictionaries, CDs, audiotapes, and works by church founder Mary Baker Eddy. The new reading room, which opened in December, is situated in a 100-year-old building at 203 Princess Street. Society member Joan Snipes, who along with her husband Bob found the building, describes it as "a gift to the community." "We want people of all religions to feel free to stop in and study, or just take a look around," says Snipes.

Anyone who does stop by will find a comfortable, airy room with hardwood floors, several chairs, and information about the founding and practices of a denomination that's over more than 100 years old. Founded by New Hampshire-born Mary Baker Eddy in 1879, Christian Science is a belief in the healing transformations brought about by prayer and study. Eddy spent much of her own youth struggling with a series of illnesses that kept her bedridden. The most serious of these illnesses was the result of a fall on ice, which according to Eddy, almost left her paralyzed. Attempting to find solace, Eddy turned to the Bible and focused on the stories of Jesus' healings in the Gospels. It was one of these stories, she claims, that allowed her to be fully healed.

This experience led Eddy to examine the phenomenon of healing within the Christian tradition, and in 1875 she wrote a 700-page book detailing what she had discovered. *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* was her first published work, and she described it as "the outgrowth of my entire life." It became, along with the Bible, the guide to Christian Science and the basis for the founding of the Church.

*Science and Health* is filled with ruminations on the healings described in the Bible, as well as testimonials by healers and those who claim to have been healed through prayer and reading. Unlike most Christian denominations, which have ministers, the Christian Scientists have *readers*. These readers are members of the church who select chapters of Eddy's book, along with Biblical passages, to read during Sunday services.

The link between reading and spirituality is the central focus of Christian Science, and this is one reason why the reading room is so important to local members like Tish Kennedy. "Reading gives you a clearer understanding of God," she says. "It transforms you into a spiritual rather than a physical mortal."

Member Joan Snipes agrees and finds that so many of the Society's younger members seem to have limited understanding of the Bible. "Bible literacy is extremely important no matter what denomination you're in," she says.

Snipes was quite young when she began to learn the spiritual value of prayer and study. Although she was raised in a Christian Science household, it is not a religion that most people stay with just because they grew up with it. "People, as individuals, reach an age when they make it their own," she says.

For Snipes, this began happening when she was about seven years old. She remembers a specific event in which she felt feverish and could not move her legs. She recalls praying most of the night, and when she woke up in the morning, she could walk. "I remember feeling so fresh and clean," she relates.

Years later she had another experience with an itchy spot on her back. She was around 12 or 13 and remembers that she had just gotten a new two-piece bathing suit. "I desperately wanted to wear it," she laughs. Her mother called upon a Christian Science healer who read passages from the Bible and from Eddy's *Science and Health*. Snipes



(Photos by Sarah Dolecki)

shares that shortly after her meeting with the healer the spot on her back disappeared. "I was amazed. It showed me that I could turn to God at anytime for healing."

Christian Scientists' understanding of healing somewhat differs from the widely accepted views of modern medicine. Experiences of healing, detailed in Eddy's book, focus not on medicine, but on thought and prayer. In her book, Eddy says that "Mind is limitless," and can heal in a way that medicine cannot. However, Christian Scientists point out that they consider themselves open-minded, even when it comes to modern medicine.

"We try to work with the community," says Snipes. "In cases like epidemics we do what the community thinks is best. We are not wild-eyed fanatics."

Tish Kennedy points out the focus on acceptance that the church has incorporated since the beginning. "We know that people have to make their own decisions. We are not here to criticize but to give support and understanding."

The members of the local Christian Science Society feel that being a part of the Shepherdstown church community has allowed people to see just how similar their beliefs are to those of other denominations. Joan Snipes is a member of the Shepherdstown Ministerial Association, which sponsors the vacation Bible School for people of all denominations. "It's been a joy to work with all the ministers and church members," she says.

Helen Miller, a member of the Shepherdstown Christian Science Society agrees. "Before I came here, I'd never seen this kind of unity," she states, referring to the support the Christian Scientists have had from other area churches.

When it came to the new reading room, the members of the local Christian Science Society lent their support in a major way. Kennedy describes the moving in process as "easy." "Everybody did a little something. The Snipes bought the desk, and my daughter organized the books and shelved them. We all put our stamp on the room."

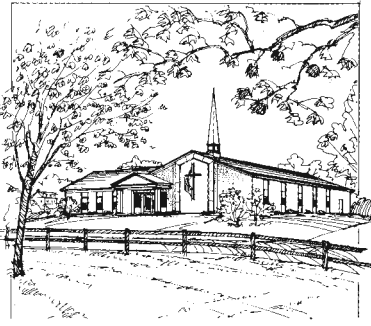
Along with Mary Baker Eddy's many books in several translations, the reading room contains copies of the newspaper *The Christian Science Monitor* and the magazine *Christian Science Sentinel*, both of which are published by the church and focus on current events. The most recent edition of the *Monitor* focuses on the kidnapping of journalist Jill Carroll, who was covering the war in Iraq. Kennedy shares that this is a major issue within the Christian Science Church, and members are asked to pray for her daily.

Librarian Kennedy hopes members of the community will stop by the reading room to check out papers like the *Monitor*, or just to say hello. "Don't worry, we're not going to proselytize. We keep open minds. That is a huge part of who we are."

The reading room is open on Mondays and Wednesdays from 12:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. Appointments can also be made by calling 876-2021.



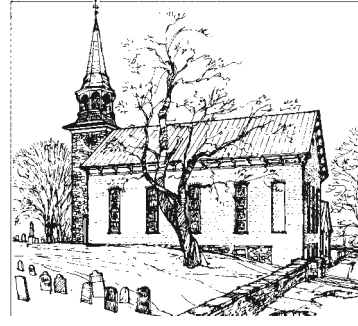
# Religious Worship and Education Schedules



**Asbury United Methodist**  
Rt. 480 (Kearneysville Rd.)  
Rev. Rudolph Monsio Bropleh, Pastor  
Telephone: 876-3122  
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.  
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



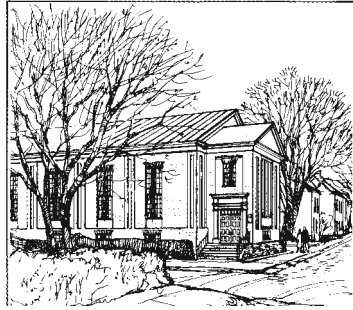
**Baha'i Faith**  
Entler Hotel, German St.  
Telephone: 876-3995  
Sunday Worship: 11:30 a.m.  
Discussion Group:  
1st & 3rd Fridays, 8 p.m.



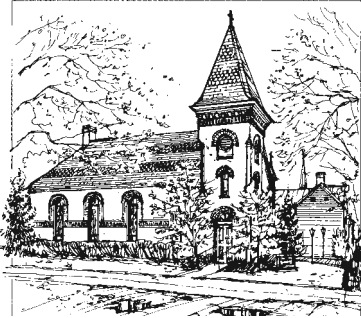
**Christ Reformed U.C.C**  
304 East German Street  
Bronson Staley, Pastor  
Telephone: (301) 241-3972  
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.  
Sunday School for all ages: 10:10 a.m.



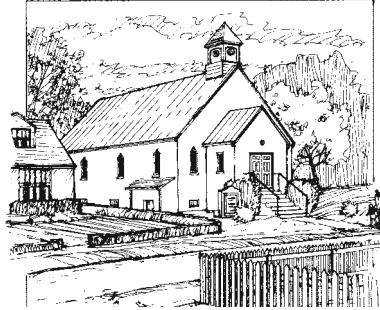
**Christian Science Society**  
Entler Hotel, German & Princess Streets  
Sunday worship & Sunday School: 10 am  
Testimony meetings: 1st & 3rd Wednesdays  
3 pm from September through May  
7 pm during June, July, and August  
Reading Room: 1st Wednesdays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.  
Telephone: 876-2021  
Sentinel radio program Sundays 7 a.m.  
on WINC 92.5 FM



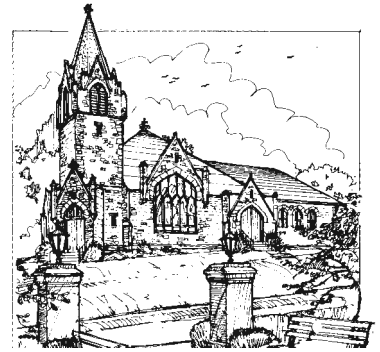
**New Street United Methodist**  
Church & New Streets  
Dee-Ann Dixon, Pastor  
Telephone: 876-2362  
Sunday Worship: 10:45 a.m.  
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



**St. Agnes Roman Catholic**  
Church & Washington Streets  
Father Mathew Rowgh  
Telephone: 876-6436  
Sunday Eucharist: 8 a.m. & 10:30 a.m.  
Saturday Eucharist: 5:30 p.m.  
Sunday School: 9:15 a.m.



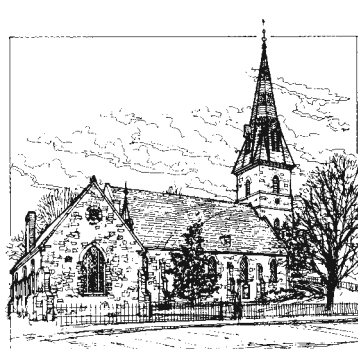
**St. John's Baptist**  
West German Street  
Joe Liles, Pastor  
Telephone: 876-3856  
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m. & 7 p.m.  
Sunday School: 9:30 a.m.



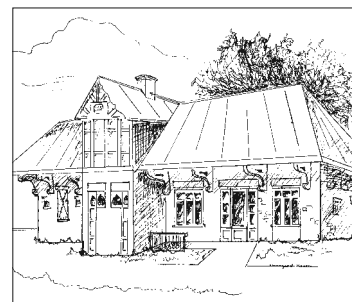
**St. Peter's Lutheran**  
King & High Streets  
Fred Soltow, Pastor  
Telephone: 876-6771  
Sunday Worship: 11 a.m.  
Sunday School: 9:45 a.m.  
**St. James', Uvilla**  
Sunday Worship: 9:30 a.m.  
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.



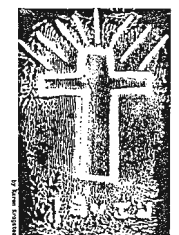
**Shepherdstown Presbyterian**  
100 W. Washington Street  
Randall W. Tremba, Pastor  
Telephone: 876-6466  
Sunday Worship: 8:30 a.m. & 10:45 a.m.  
Sunday School: 10:45 a.m.  
Nursery year round  
[www.spcworks.org](http://www.spcworks.org)



**Trinity Episcopal**  
Corner of Church & Germans Sts.  
George T. Schramm, Pastor  
Telephone: 876-6990  
Sunday Worship: 8 a.m. & 10 a.m.  
Sunday School: 10 a.m.



**Unity of Shepherdstown**  
Minister: Reverend Anne Murphy  
Morning Celebration Services  
Sundays at 11 a.m.  
Shepherdstown Train Station  
Seasonal Classes & Workshops  
Telephone: 876-1053  
[www.unityofshepherdstown.org](http://www.unityofshepherdstown.org)



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acknowledged:  
(304) 876-6466.

## Letters

January 6, 2006

We so enjoy the paper. It's good to hear about the local people and what new people are enjoying and bringing to the area.

Sincerely,  
Art and Becky Prather, Orlando, Fla.

\* \* \* \*

January 6, 2006

Enclosed is my donation in support of the GOOD NEWS PAPER. My father, Robert A. Lucas, was born and raised in Shepherdstown and has long enjoyed your publication. Could you please list my name as Connie Lucas Halliwell, so that those seeing it might recognize the Lucas name? Not that I want any special credit, but some might like to see that there are still Lucases out there interested in Shepherdstown.

Thank you,  
Connie Lucas Halliwell, Netcong, N.J.

\* \* \* \*

December 20, 2005

It is a joy to receive the GOOD NEWS PAPER. I really enjoy the articles. From 1983 to 1991, I was pastor at Trinity United Methodist Church in Martinsburg, W. Va. and really enjoyed my time there. So the GOOD NEWS PAPER keeps me connected with "wild and wonderful" West Virginia. Thank you for a very fine paper. Enclosed find just a small gift to say thanks for your good efforts. I really appreciate reading the paper.

Have a blessed Christmas and pray for peace in the New Year.

Shalom,  
Rev. Dr. Raymond Moreland, Executive Director  
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