

From the Editor

As the days grow longer and crocus promise summer days will follow, we exhale a collective unmasked bated breath in hopes for a 2022 marking the return to some semblance of pre-COVID normal. It has been two months since Groton Neighbors again began providing rides. The virtual office phone is ringing more frequently these days with inquiries and requests for help of one kind or another. We remain cautiously optimistic. These are all good signs.

Together we have helped one another through the last two years with acts of kindness great and small, providing a sense of safety, community, and connection whether across a front porch or through a computer screen. For this we are both grateful and stronger.

If you have yet to visit our website, please check out upcoming events and items of current interest on the new home page. You will find the link at the bottom of this page. You will now also find us on [Facebook](#). Learn more inside this edition of your newsletter where we also celebrate the life of one of our oldest members, rekindle the warmth of a valentine concert, and take you down the East coast on a boat in addition to the many regular features for your enjoyment. We would love to hear from you. If you have a story to tell or an idea for a feature, please let us know. After all, this is *your* newsletter.

A quick check of the masthead reflects the addition of new members to your Board bringing with them a wealth of fresh ideas, energy, and vitality to Groton Neighbors. This natural transition speaks to the strength and continuity created by the hard work and dedication of those pictured on this page who will step down off the Board in April. We appreciate and applaud the work of each and every one of them as their focus shifts to their interests as individual contributors. Groton Neighbors has never been healthier.

Be Safe, Stay Well.

Bill



Meet Your Neighbor

Peter Macy: The First 100 Years

by Susan Hughes

It is 2/22/22, a once-in-a-century happening, and a perfect day to look at Peter Macy's first century. At a time when most of us have trouble recalling what movie we saw last week,



Peter Macy spent a recent afternoon remembering his "first 100 years" on this earth. Macy, who turns 100 on May 28th, spoke with Owen Shuman about his life and his life philosophy.

"My life philosophy is always that the purpose of life is to have fun," he said. With that he shared two examples of early childhood fun. One was birthday celebrations with his family that always involved a cake with a baked-in favor, like a paper hat. The second was the 4th of July. "On the 4th of July, we used to get a box, the size of a coffin. The top portion

was always firecrackers. And we kids got in there at six in the morning and by breakfast time, we had scared all the dogs and all the cats, blown up a couple of cans and the flower garden," he recalled. "In the afternoon hours, we would send up balloons, we must have sent 10 or 15 balloons across the Hudson River."

Peter described his upbringing, "my parents were quite wealthy, we lived on a 40-acre estate" and his schooling in Bronxville. Again, fun was the order of the day. He learned to type, play bridge, appreciate jazz, and passed the time singing at house



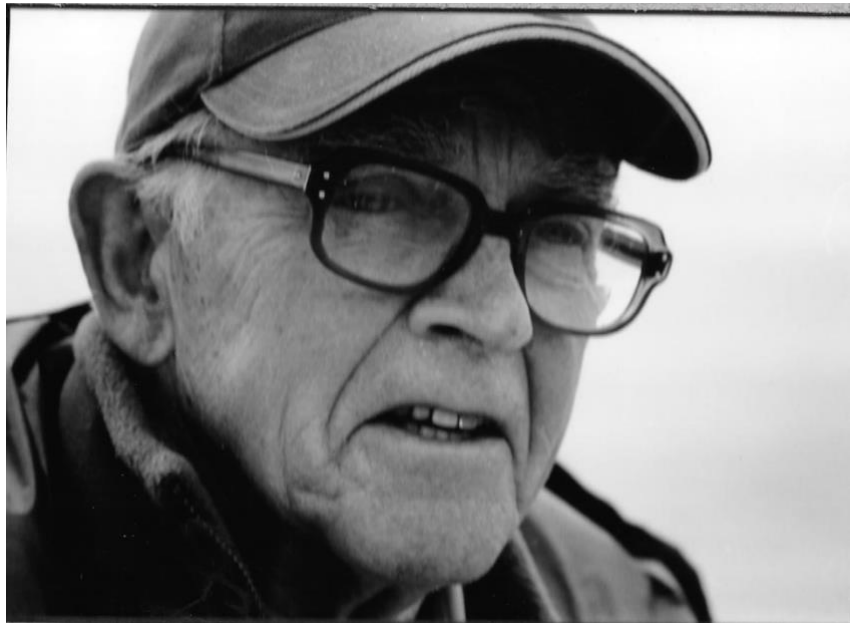
parties. It was a special, supportive time when he could observe life, even spend time watching how his family servants worked. "So, when it came time for me to serve people, I knew what to do."

He entered military service as a typist. "I had to type 'the quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog' and that got me signed up. I was a clerk typist, then went into administration. And that lasted me through the whole 20 years of military service." He advanced through the ranks during the 2nd World War, even receiving a medal for rescuing a fellow soldier. Military service was followed by civil service, managing



military acquisitions and contracts. After getting his undergraduate degree in 1969, he attended the Wharton School of Business for his graduate degree.

Peter and Claire met at a party in Beacon Hill. "I saw a statuesque young woman standing there all by herself and decided this is something interesting," he recalled. "I think we talked about chess." After that party, Claire went to Columbia and Peter followed her there. But she wasn't so sure about him, saying she wanted nothing to do with him if he kept drinking. "It turns out I was an alcoholic," Peter admitted. "So, I gave up drinking and a year later we married."



The Macy's and their growing family moved to Groton because Peter liked the town when he visited the private schools as a basketball referee. "We were looking for land on water when Claire met someone with a house on the water in Groton." For Peter, life continued to be fun, with family, nature, and plenty of challenges to keep him young. He ran the Boston Marathon at age 62 and paddled 250 miles on the Yukon River in his 70's. 🏔️

To watch the video of this conversation [CLICK HERE](#)

Help Wanted

Groton Neighbors is an all-volunteer organization and welcomes your help in whatever way you are able. If you would like to lend your voice and energy into shaping the future of Groton Neighbors, let us know. If you have a friend or neighbor who may be looking for ways to become more involved, Groton Neighbors may be the answer.

If you would like to work on a membership committee, help with events, or have marketing communications, website, or remote work experience...please give us a call at **(978) 272-0123** or email us at info@grotonneighbors.org. We are happy to explore the opening below or any other interests and opportunities with you.

Virtual Office Staff Opening

Join a team of volunteers who cover our virtual office two days each month. Requires good communication skills, dependability, and internet access. Training and support is provided by the entire Office Staff Team. This role offers a predictable schedule with the freedom and flexibility of a virtual workplace. 🏔️

Find Us on Facebook



Look for this familiar link on our website. Groton Neighbors is now on Facebook and invites all members to like, follow, share, comment and click the [@GrotonNeighbors](https://www.facebook.com/GrotonNeighbors) page and posts. The page will highlight our services, events, community, and people.

If you are not on Facebook, don't worry! You won't miss a thing. You will still get our informative and entertaining emails, newsletter and mailings. Members can arrange technical support to learn how to use Facebook by contacting Groton Neighbors (service@grotonneighbors.org) or **978-272-0123**.

The Facebook page will be an important way that Groton Neighbors interacts with the larger Groton community and spreads the word about our mission and member-to-member services.

As with all our activities, the Facebook page is managed by a group of volunteers. If you have suggestions for content or other comments, contact the GN Social Media Team by sending a direct message through Facebook Messenger. 🏡



Tech Tip

If you haven't already done so, you might try logging in to the Groton Neighbors website at <https://www.grotonneighbors.org> and check out the new look Home page. Click on an Upcoming Event or any of the link images below to see what's new.



Share the Love

A VIRTUAL VALENTINE JAZZ CONCERT

by Diane Hewitt



On February 12th, Groton Neighbors and the Groton Public Library teamed up to present a wonderfully intimate musical evening of jazz for Groton Neighbors members and the larger community. Entitled, [**Share the Love, a Virtual Valentines Concert**](#), the event featured guest artists, Leah Randazzo on vocals and her husband Jeff D'Antona on piano. Celebrating the love of the season, Leah and Jeff delighted the audience with classic jazz standards, including some of the best loved songs of Cole Porter, George Gershwin and Al Green. Leah, not only a talented vocalist, but also composer, added one of her original songs, Side by

Side, to the mix. Throughout the concert, audience members filled the chat box with compliments and sustained applause—calling their renditions “smooth and smokey” and superb interpretations of these well-known standards.

Following the concert, Leah and Jeff graciously took questions from the audience, where we were able to hear a bit about the development of their respective musical careers and collaborative recording and performance projects. Both Leah and Jeff credited their parents for enthusiastically supporting their musical ambitions. For an added bonus we also met their young son, Luca, who at age two, is already showing musical abilities.

Listen to a recording of this concert [CLICK HERE](#) Follow on Facebook, Instagram, Spotify [**Leah Randazzo**](#) grew up in Groton and has been composing and performing since she was a young teenager. She had her own high school band by the age 15, which included her Dad, Stuart Schulman, on bass. Leah and her group could be heard frequently at local venues including O'Hanolin's, Wednesday Night Cafes at the Parker School, the old Groton Inn, and at the Performing Arts Center, where at 16, she opened for Judy Collins. Her original songs, described as jazz-infused R&B, are sophisticated and soulful and her interpretations of jazz standards- are equally expressive. Leah has performed at such noted venues as the Regatta Bar, Higher Ground, and the Blue Note NYC. Leah is not only an accomplished vocalist and musician, but also a talented chef whose culinary range is as impressive as her music.

[**Jeff D'Antona**](#) hails from Westborough, MA. and has become an exceptionally talented Boston-based pianist, composer, and music educator. While his formal training is in jazz, his repertoire spans a wide variety of contemporary music including R&B, blues, pop, and hip hop. Jeff teaches in the Harmony Department at Berklee College of Music, at [HDpiano](#), a leading YouTube piano tutorial channel, and in his own private piano studio, The Piano Shed. 🏠

Book Discussion: *Caste*

by David Smith

On Thursday, March 17 (St. Patrick's Day) seven neighbors – Bob Anderson, Carol Greenfield, Sally Hensley, Bill Knuff, Donna Nowak, Lois Young and yours truly – met via Zoom to discuss the book *Caste* by Isabel Wilkerson. Soon after it was released in 2020, *Caste* occupied all the major best-seller lists for several weeks and won several national awards. Plans for a film based on the book are in the works.



David Smith brings his artful leadership to our book discussions.

Ms. Wilkerson's premise is this: the history of racial discrimination in the United States has produced social ranking that resembles the centuries-entrenched caste system of India. Some in our group admitted they approached the book with skepticism but soon found Ms. Wilkerson's presentation compelling. Briefly, she argues there are eight "pillars" upon which a caste is constructed, whether in India or here in the States. These included such dynamics as inheriting one's social rank and sense of superiority at birth, restrictions on whom one should marry, and pressures to keep one from rising economically. A gifted writer, Ms. Wilkerson makes her case in clear and relatively short chapters that make a difficult topic accessible to the average reader.



From top left...Donna Nowak, Bill Knuff, David Smith, Bob Anderson, Carole Greenfield, Sally Hensley, and Lois Young discuss *Caste* by Isabel Wilkerson

Because everyone in the group was "of a certain age," we remember what we learned about race in the 50's and the social upheavals of the 60s. So, we began by telling stories about our own first experiences with race – what we were told, what we heard people say, people we met, things we did and said before we knew any better. Grounded in our experiences, we discussed the book with a sense personal connection. The hour flew by. We were unable to share all the book had stirred in us,

but all agreed that *Caste* is an important contribution to the ongoing struggles for social equity. 🏡

To watch a video of this book discussion [Click Here](#)

What's Cookin'

Springtime is time for fresh asparagus and this simple and quick recipe will help get you in the swing with spring. Makes for a healthy and tasty hors d'oeuvre or a different twist on a side of green vegetables. 🏡

Breaded Asparagus w/Mint Dip

Prep: 10min. Cook 15min



1lb Asparagus Tips
2 Large Eggs
3 Tbsp Fresh Grated Parmesan
2 Cups Olive Oil
2 Cups Fine Bread Crumbs
½ Cup Plain Yogurt
¾ Cup Mayonnaise
1 Tbsp Mint Finely Chopped

Mix yogurt, mayonnaise and mint. Set aside
Cook asparagus in salted boiling water not quite tender (5 min)
Beat eggs and parmesan in small bowl
Heat oil in large frying pan (Medium Heat)
Dip asparagus tips in egg mixture then in bread crumbs
Fry small batches 'til golden brown (3-4 min)
Drain on paper towel
Serve hot with mint dip on side

Loaves & Fishes Virtual 5K

April 24 – May 1, 2022

*You don't run, you say...or even walk long distances. No worry!
You can still participate in person or as a sponsor!!*



Walk with the purpose of fulfilling a 5k (3.1 miles) and your effort will count. It can be done over several days the week of April 24–May 1, or by several people, as long as the intent is to participate. You can do it on a treadmill...by counting steps or whatever works for you and gets to 5k.

Groton Neighbors members Mike & Aleta Manugian are participating, as Team *Over the Long Hill*. Aleta will be doing the walk at Devens on May 1, and Mike will be doing a mile a day, over three days during that week.

For more details click on [Loaves & Fishes Walk](#) where you can register as a participant or offer financial support. To sponsor a team, select the team and enter your pledge. Friends and family will be proud, not to mention amazed. And you'll have helped the over 650 families in our area that are food insecure. Please Sign up today! 🏡

Poetry Corner



Untitled. Acrylic on canvas by Penny Knuff

There is something about the endless rhythm of the sea that beckons. Standing at the shore waves lapping at your feet, peering intently out to where the sea meets the sky...Is that a sail on the horizon? Where is it from? Where headed? What safe harbor to spend the night? Who awaits their safe return? What stories do they bring?

A walk in the woods, a stroll around town, or a bike ride on a quiet road...each of these gives us time to reflect and connect us to our surroundings. So too does the rush of water under the keel with sails crisp and filled moving with the wind leaving no trace of your passing. 🏠

There's Nothing Like A Ship At Sea

by Harry Kemp

*There's nothing like a ship at sea with all her sails full-spread
And the ocean thundering backward 'neath her mounting figurehead
And the bowsprit plunging starward and the nosing deep again
"There's nothing like a ship at sea", sing ho, ye sailormen*

*Oh, a little wayside tavern is a jolly thing to know
Where there's mugs and waiting tables and an open fire a-glow
And it's good to have a song to sing at work as well as play
And it's pleasant to have memories of boyhood's yesterday*

*And they say a tried companion walking down an endless road
Makes the heavy footfall lighter, shares the burden of the load
And I see my sweetheart walking with her head held proud and high
And I wish that I was with her where the bells ring in the sky*

*But there's nothing like a ship at sea with her sails full-spread
And the ocean thundering backward 'neath her mounting figurehead
Oh, it's once you be a sailor you must go to sea again
"There's nothing like a ship at sea", sing ho, ye sailormen*

Puzzle Page

SUDOKU

Fill in boxes so each row, each column, and each 3x3 section contains all numbers from 1 to 9.

EASIER

							5	
			4			7	3	1
4		5					6	
	6		9	5			7	
			1		8			
	3			2	7		1	
	8					6		2
5	4	9			2			
	7	6						

HARDER

1	2				7	8		
		3		6				
		4		5				1
8					4		5	
	9						4	
	1		5					3
2				4		6		
				3		7		
		1	2				8	9

WORDLE is a new word game that can only be played on-line.

This free online word game presents players with a mystery five-letter word to figure out each day. The word must be guessed within six tries. Letters will change color from grey (not in the word) to yellow (right letter wrong position) to green (correct letter correct position) as you use your six guesses. See example below

A	B	A	S	E
A	S	S	E	T
A	S	T	I	R
S	A	V	O	R
S	H	E	A	R
S	U	G	A	R

ENTER	S	X	C	V	B	N	M	⌫
V	S	D	E	G	H	L	K	J
O	M	E	R	L	A	N	I	O

You may play the game once a day. Everyone gets the same word.

To play, click on this link: [WORDLE](#)

Sudoku solutions on page 10

Your Pet Has Something to Tell You



Groton Neighbors

*Helping each other live
independently
at home*

BOARD MEMBERS:

Bob Pine
President

Bob Anderson
Treasurer

Mike Manugian
Secretary

Bob Collins

Mimi Giammarino

Carole Greenfield

Diane Hewitt

Jason Kauppi

Bill Knuff

Krys Salon

Lois Young

*Contact us to learn about
joining our growing
community*

Have you ever wondered what your trusty animal companion is thinking? Do they even think? And if they do, how do they communicate their thoughts? If this question has ever crossed your mind, you might enjoy watching this 15 minute TED Talk video with Carl Safina.

To find out what your pet is thinking [CLICK HERE](#) If you enjoyed this TED Talk, you might like to check out this trailer for the Oscar winning film [My Octopus Teacher](#) available on Netflix. 🏠



About Carl Safina

Carl Safina's work has been recognized with MacArthur, Pew, and Guggenheim Fellowships. He is widely published and his writing has won the Lannan Literary Award and the John Burroughs, James Beard, and George Rabb medals. He has a PhD in ecology from Rutgers University.

Sudoku Solutions

9	8	4	6	2	7	5	1	3
2	1	7	5	9	3	8	4	6
5	3	6	8	1	4	9	7	2
3	7	2	9	8	5	6	1	4
8	1	4	3	6	2	7	9	5
6	5	9	7	1	4	2	8	3
1	9	3	2	7	1	4	9	5
7	6	4	8	5	2	9	3	1
7	5	2	1	6	4	3	8	9
4	6	8	7	9	3	5	2	1

HARDER

5	9	3	1	4	8	6	7	2
7	8	1	2	6	3	9	4	5
2	4	9	7	5	1	8	3	6
9	1	5	6	4	2	7	8	3
8	3	4	6	2	7	5	1	9
6	2	8	4	3	1	7	5	9
3	7	9	5	4	8	2	6	1
8	6	2	1	3	7	5	9	4
1	3	7	5	9	4	8	2	6
4	5	9	8	6	3	2	1	7

EASIER

A Walkabout

by Bill Knuff

The Intercoastal Waterway is the nautical equivalent of the iconic Route 66. It consists of a network of natural and artificial waterways enabling freight to travel by barge from Boston to the Mexican border at Brownsville, TX – a distance of 3000 miles with minimal exposure to perils of the open sea. The eastern seaboard section of the ICW is officially known as the Atlantic Intercoastal Waterway but more commonly referred to simply as the [ICW](#). First proposed in 1808 to facilitate interstate commerce, this 1100-mile section of the waterway was not completed until 1942 when German submarines began attacking merchant ships moving war materials and troops up and down the Atlantic coast. But I get ahead of myself...

During my working career I was relegated to being a weekend warrior. I didn't grow up on the water and earned my sailing stripes later in life crewing on a 27' sloop doing round-the-buoys day races out of the American Yacht Club in Newburyport, MA. I hated day-racing...but not for the reasons you might think. We were a raw crew on a new boat with an inexperienced skipper who was unable to just let us learn to do our jobs. As a result, we didn't improve, and our race results reflected that. Under the best of circumstances amateur crews make mistakes from which, in a short race, there is little hope of recovery. Enjoying a post-race consolation beer in the clubhouse was further diminished by myriad protests which required a Philadelphia lawyer to sort out. This was beyond my paygrade as foredeck crewman.

In due time I had the opportunity to compete in overnight races looping around the likes of Monhegan Island and Block Island. Long distance races are more about adaptability, endurance, and team building. I loved it. My love affair with blue water sailing began in 1989 as crew on a Little Harbor 38 facing the challenge of crossing the Gulf Stream racing from Marion, MA on Buzzards Bay to the finish line off St. George's Light on the eastern end of Bermuda. Eventually this led to my first boat...**Solo**, a Cal 33 coastal cruiser which I sailed and raced in New England waters for over twelve years. Then, I retired from a 35-year career in manufacturing.



SOLEIL on the hard. Almost ready for her trip



A look back at Sippican Harbor as we begin our journey.

I've always had a bit of wanderlust as a live-aboard exploring the world beyond reach of a weekend sailor. To make that happen we needed more room...and more boat. Along came **SOLEIL**, a Ted Hood design center cockpit Bristol 455 femme fatale. It was love at first sight. She had the beauty of a classic 12 meter and all the muscle needed to take whatever Poseidon might throw at her. After a few shakedown cruises on Buzzards Bay, Kris and I closed our house and left Marion for a walkabout which, by the time it ended, took us up and down the US Atlantic coast from Machias, ME to the Florida Keys and on to the Bahamas and Bermuda over the span of over two years. Not the global circumnavigation stuff [Dodge Morgan](#) is made of but a great adventure, nonetheless.

For our first trip down the Atlantic coast, we decided to wend our way from Buzzards Bay to Ft Lauderdale where we would visit family while waiting for a weather window to cross the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas. We decided to follow the traditional route of snowbirds who make this annual trip from points across a soon to be wintry northeast and Canada by meandering our way down the ICW.

Slipping our mooring lines in Sippican Harbor at 6:30AM on Monday September 15th our adventure began with our first stopover at Padanarum in South Dartmouth MA. A tropical storm warning caused us to press on riding a fair tide to Newport, RI which offered

a more protected anchorage should the storm materialize. After a rainy and windy night at anchor, the next morning we left Newport in fog on our way to Gardiners Bay to visit family on Shelter Island. We dropped anchor in Peconic Bay in front of the Carriage House on the west side of Shelter Island where we would spend time with my son's family until Isabelle blew herself out a few days later. After saying our goodbyes, early Sunday morning we headed out Plum Gut back across Long Island Sound and up the Mystic River to the Mystic Seaport Museum. We had to wait for the next scheduled opening of the swing bridge in Mystic before



Kris at Mystic with CW Morgan in background

tying up on the dock in the shadow of the historic [Charles W. Morgan](#). What a hoot! After a layover day exploring this wonderful museum village, we slipped our lines and headed into Long Island Sound toward the Thimble Islands. [The Thimbles](#) is a small archipelago off of Branford, CT offering a beautiful anchorage surrounded by private islands. We never made it!

Leaving Mystic under gray skies with light rain forecast, we entered the Sound from behind Fisher Island riding a fair tide in 15kts of wind.



Exiting East River w/Brooklyn Bridge behind

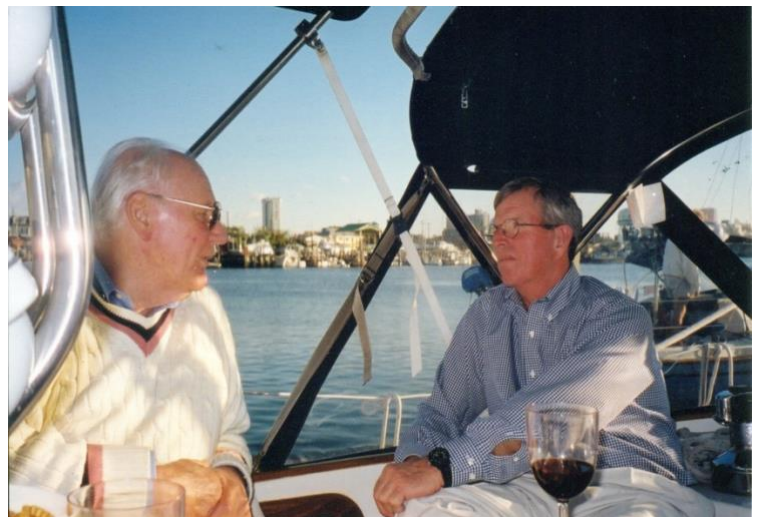


As the afternoon winds started to build, we reefed the main and jib. By 2PM the skies opened, and we were caught in a squall with wind gusts to 45kts that, despite shortened sails, ended up doing damage to the jib. Kris put her newly minted USCG navigation training to work and plotted us a course to a safe harbor off New Haven, CT. By the time we dropped the hook in Morris Cove near the cliffs on the eastern side of the harbor, the sun came out and we enjoyed a beautiful sunset and a nice bottle of wine feeling proud of how well **SOLEIL**...and the two of us...handled the events of the day. We would have the sail repaired in Manhasset Harbor before passing under Throgs Neck Bridge through Hell's Gate and down the East River to our next stop in...New York City. I have made the trip to New York

Harbor more than a few times but the rush of the skyline and sailing under the Brooklyn Bridge into the waiting arms of Lady Liberty never gets old.

It was here that we met snowbirds from Kingston, ON and Grand Rapids, MI both also on their first journey south for the winter. They had come from the Great Lakes through the Erie Canal and down the Hudson River. Our paths would cross many times over the next several weeks as we worked our way down the ICW. The Raritan River in New Jersey, a natural body that was part of the ICW network running from New York Harbor to Delaware Bay is no longer navigable by anything but small fishing boats. Common practice in preparation for the run down the Jersey Shore is to spend the night anchored off the Coast Guard station behind Sandy Hook heading to Cape May the next day. Commercial traffic can be heavy in New York Harbor stirring up a lot of chop and making it uncomfortable. These ships are big! One of my two cardinal rules of sailing is "gross tonnage wins". We decided to leave the marina in Hoboken and head out through the Verrazano Narrows in time to round Sandy Hook during daylight, being careful to avoid commercial shipping lanes, and sail through the night to Atlantic City. From here on we were heading into unfamiliar waters.

It was a beautiful night for a sail. We arrived at Atlantic City before sunrise and, being unfamiliar with this harbor, we elected to furl the sails and wait for first light. At first light we tied up on the face dock at a marina, had some breakfast, and took a nap. That evening friends joined us for cocktails aboard **SOLEIL** before going out for dinner. For those who came of age in Philadelphia, our guest that evening was [Captain Noah](#). If that name sounds familiar, he was Philadelphia's Captain Kangaroo and a staple of local kids' television from 1967-1994.



Captain Noah & Captain Bill place our bets in Atlantic City

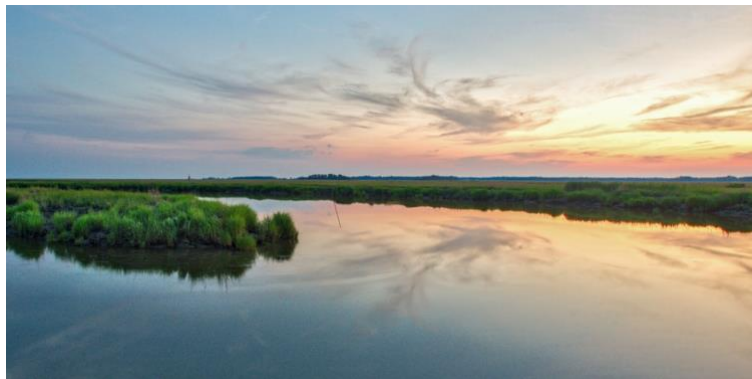
The next morning, we were again underway early. The run to Cape May is 35 miles and we were eager to see if this prime stop along the annual bird migration flyway had anything exciting to offer. It was a perfect day for a sail with 20kt winds off the starboard beam. [Cape May](#) is a pretty seacoast town with gingerbread homes in pastel colors. As we entered the harbor, we discovered the centerboard would not completely retract. **SOLEIL** has a full keel drawing a depth of 5'2" with the centerboard up and 9'4" with the centerboard down. The centerboard provides lift helping us point closer to the wind and stay on course. I called a diver to come and free up what turned out to be a piece of driftwood caught in the centerboard slot. No harm, no foul!

While in Cape May we experienced a random act of kindness that reinforces a belief in the goodness of people and trust among strangers. We called a cab to take us out to the bird sanctuary on the tip of Cape May. The cab driver, Henry Needles, drove us out and without collecting a fare, said he would be back to pick us up later. As darkness fell, Henry pulled up in his cab and took us to a restaurant in town. Still no fare. The restaurant was within walking distance of the marina. We were on the lookout for Henry as we finished dinner and he soon arrived to drive us back to our boat. As we headed to the marina Henry shared a story about a stranger who needed a ride in a rainstorm. Turns out the stranger had little money and no place to stay. Henry was a widower and lived alone. He offered the stranger an extra bedroom in his house until he could get his feet on the ground. He stayed for a month. Back at the boat we finally paid the fare with a generous tip for the trust and kindness Henry had shown to us. Maybe there are really no strangers among us.



Victorian gingerbread houses in Cape May

From here our journey would take us up Delaware Bay through the C&D Canal and down the Elk River into Chesapeake Bay just south of Havre de Grace. Our mast needs just over 65'



Cohansey River sunset on east side of Delaware Bay.

clearance which precluded taking the shortcut with a fixed bridge from Cape May harbor into Delaware Bay. Delaware Bay is shallow and not terribly inviting. Unlike the crisp blue green waters of Buzzards Bay, the Delaware Bay is brown with little in the way of safe overnight anchorage. Fighting a NW wind and tidal chop most of the day we were hard pressed to make Chesapeake City in the C&D before dark. The Cohansey River on

the New Jersey side of the Bay offered the best option for overnight anchorage. I don't recall how we learned about the Cohansey River but I distinctly recall being told to "enter only during daylight". Now, if we could only find it and navigate our way through the narrow poorly marked entrance with heavy shoaling. At Ship John Shoal we turned to starboard and headed toward the shoreline hoping we could find the river entrance. The closer we came to shore the depth gauge told us we were in "skinny" water. As I mentioned, we need 5'2" of water depth to stay off the bottom. There were no lights and no buoys. When we finally spotted a green daymark...a stick...marking the entrance, we held our breath as we slid over the shoal at idle speed as the depth gauge read zero water below the keel. Once passed the entrance we were surprised to find water depths of sixty feet. Motoring around a bend we found a perfect spot to drop the hook in twenty feet of water. We spent a quiet night surrounded by lush green marsh grass beginning to show signs of the approaching winter. All in all, another beautiful day on the water!

High tide eased our return to Delaware Bay and into the C&D Canal. We motored fourteen miles through the canal and into Chesapeake Bay where we unfurled the sails and cruised up the Sassafras River to Fredericktown on the Delmarva Peninsula. At the mouth of the Sassafras Mother Nature sent out a welcoming committee. We were in for a treat as an American Bald Eagle was soaring overhead looking to pick up a meal to-go. This majestic bird swooped low across our deck diving toward the water then, with a large fish in both talons, circled us as if to show off before heading home with dinner for the family. The Sassafras becomes fresh water as we continue upriver to the marina in Fredericktown. A mechanical problem, which ultimately required a couple days to repair, presented us with the opportunity to rent a car and visit [Longwood Gardens](#) and [Winterthur](#), the former DuPont estate. Another example of how to turn lemons into lemonade.



Maryland's Eastern Shore along the Sassafras River



Annapolis from Ego Alley basin

Just south of the [Chesapeake Bay Bridge](#) on the western shore of the upper Chesapeake lies Annapolis, MD, home to the US Naval Academy. It is the capitol of Maryland and a city with a long maritime tradition. Cadets are seen walking around town in their crisp dress uniforms. The campus is beautiful and the [Naval Museum](#) is not to be missed. We arrived as the Annapolis Boat Show, the largest on the east coast, was opening so the downtown was abuzz with sailors of all stripes. Fazisi, a Soviet entry in the [1989 Whitbread Round the World Race](#), was tied to the dock. The [Fazisi](#)

story has a local connection as the project was the brainchild of Vlad Murnikov who took advantage of Gorbachev's glasnost to design this boat and enter it in this grueling race. Vlad eventually settled in Groton after the race. Aboard Fazisi I find none of the comforts of **SOLEIL**. She was built for racing...strictly utilitarian. (Learn more about Fazisi in the Spring 2021 Newsletter found on our website www.grotonneighbors.org. Login then click on Newsletter link on the Member Home page.)

While in Annapolis we visited a friend who was teaching at the University of Maryland. With him as our guide we toured the Congressional Library and visited monuments and other sights along the National Mall before heading back to Annapolis where we met up with another friend who emigrated from Czechoslovakia as a youngster, became a successful entrepreneur, an author, and in his spare time held a teaching chair at the Naval Academy. We were ready to hit the hay after a busy couple of days.

Chesapeake Bay is a sailing mecca that deserves its own story. Suffice it to say we took our time exploring the Chesapeake in search of the best crab cakes and finding adventure along the way to Norfolk, VA. As we entered Hampton Roads, the largest Naval Station on the east coast, we were greeted by yet another a welcoming committee. A small harbor pilot boat approached us with a flashing blue light. I turned up the volume on our radio to hear the harbor pilot tell us to get the #!*@ out of the main channel. We were minding our own business on our side of the channel without a tanker or other large ship on the horizon...until we noticed the unmistakable bow wave and foreboding silhouette of a nuclear submarine on its way out to sea. Needless to say, we slid to the edge of the channel, slowed to idle speed, and tried to act harmless.



Osprey eyes us from nest atop a navigation marker

Sailing into Hampton Roads past the James River one cannot help but think of the French naval fleet arriving to provide the essential naval support that turned the tide in the [Battle of Yorktown](#) giving George Washington's army the decisive victory that led to our independence. Turning to port toward Norfolk and the Elizabeth River we pass an array of US Navy ships of every size and stripe...another legacy of our first President who, appreciating the importance of naval superiority, commissioned the construction of eleven ships that gave birth to the US Navy. Two of those ships survive today. The Constellation in Baltimore's Center Harbor is a privately owned visitor attraction. The other is the [USS Constitution](#) docked at the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston Harbor. "Old Ironsides" is the oldest commissioned ship in the US Navy. I never tire of visiting her.

Up to this point we have mostly been navigating natural bodies of water. As we begin the 1100-mile leg of our journey from Norfolk to Miami on the ICW this pattern reverses. The ICW is a nautical highway of canals and riverways which, like Route 66, meanders largely unseen through a world apart from interstate highways, shopping malls, traffic lights, and big box stores. It is known only to those who eke out a living along its shore catering to fishermen, snowbirds, and those with an itch to explore. Hospital Point at the entrance to the Elizabeth River is mile zero of the ICW. We spend a few days then weigh anchor early. The first five miles of the ICW find us navigating our way through several bridge openings. We quickly learn that bridgetenders are less concerned about traffic passing under these bridges than the traffic passing over them. This is particularly true during morning rush hour. Running this gauntlet is tricky and the timing never works perfectly. At mile 6 the sign pointing to the [Dismal Swamp Canal](#) tells us it is finally clear of hurricane debris and open to boat traffic. We turn hard to starboard.

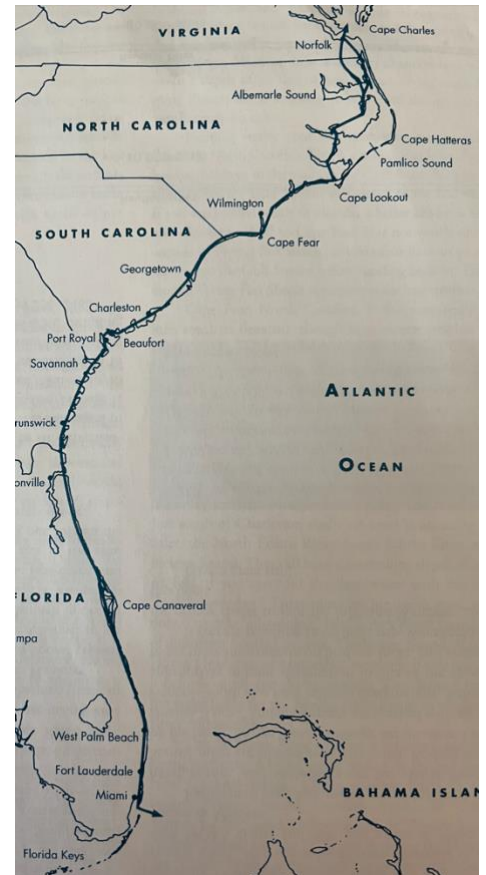
The Dismal Swamp Canal connects Chesapeake Bay in Virginia with Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. It was built largely by hand as a commercial venture opening in 1805. In



Kris handles lines in the Deep Creek Lock at northern entrance to the Dismal Swamp Canal

1973 it was designated as a National Wildlife Refuge. The canal runs east of Lake Drummond and the Great Dismal Swamp. This freshwater canal

has a lock at each end maintaining a twelve-foot difference in water level. I had transited locks on canal barge trip in France many years ago, but doing it ourselves...well that's is another matter entirely. We enter the lock with fenders set and lines at the ready. With guidance from the lock tender we rise to exit the lock into a thirty-mile tree lined nautical arborway with water the color of black tea from swamp vegetation. As if on a tree-lined plantation entrance, it felt as though we could reach out and touch the shore as tree branches strum the standing rigging before falling from the canopy



The ICW Mile 0 to 1095

landing on the deck. We move just above idle speed through skinny water occasionally feeling the bump of a sunken log felled by time or storm.

It was on this leg of our journey that we had our “deliverance” experience. Due to our slow pace, we were unable to make it all the way to Elizabeth City, NC so we had to find a place to drop a hook overnight. There being no room to tie up at the Visitor Center midway through the canal, we pressed on and through the lock at South Mills into the Pasquotank River. A jug-handle behind Goat Island looked like a place we could pull off the river and drop a hook. This was a bit of a white-knuckle situation since water depths are not well charted at the edge of the river. Well, we inched our way to the top of the jug-handle and



Looking back at our wake in the Dismal Swamp Canal. The water is the color of black tea from vegetation.

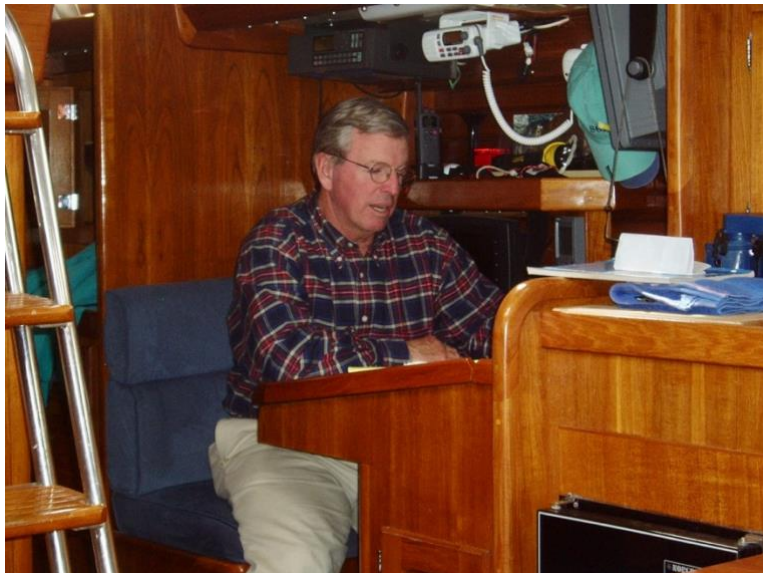
dropped the hook. Lack of room made it impossible to back down on and set the anchor but there was little to no current so, I was confident we were secure. I generally sleep well but this was a moonless night in the middle of nowhere and we were completely alone...except for eerie night sounds from the marsh denizens who objected to our intrusion on their space. Needless to say, we were underway at first light tying up early at the dock in Elizabeth City where we were able to reprovision and join the [Rose Buddies](#) for their nightly wine and cheese party on the dock. Although both men who started this tradition are no longer with us, their welcoming tradition lives on.

The Albemarle can be choppy even in light winds but after motoring for a few days it was nice to be able to unfurl the sails. The Alligator, Pungo, and Neuse Rivers and their manmade connectors put us at Mile 205 in Beaufort, NC - pronounced “Bowfert” not to be confused with Beaufort, SC - pronounced “Bufert”! In “Bowfert” we visited friends and regained our land-legs before heading south to Bald Head Island at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Long stretches of the ICW in North Carolina cross military training grounds where it is not uncommon to see barrier islands littered with tanks and jeeps...targets for bombing exercises. There are signs to warn boaters that these sections of the ICW are temporarily closed due to target practice. Best we heed those warnings from the looks of those jeeps. We had no intention of sticking around but Mother Nature said, “Not so fast, pal!”

A storm was brewing and forecast to arrive around dinnertime placing a premium on available space in nearby anchorages. We were close to Mile Hammock Bay, a manmade anchorage located on the Camp LeJeune Marine base. Under normal circumstances, it will comfortably hold about two dozen boats at anchor. We arrived to find standing room only. There was room for us just inside the entrance but exposed to weather should it come from that direction. After two failed attempts to get a good anchor set, we circled to see if there was

room further back next to huge concrete blocks lining the harbor. We found a hole to drop and set the hook but, due to lack of room, without as much scope as we would have preferred. The weather arrived after dark and blew all night. I doubt anyone got much sleep. We didn't get any and decided to run the engine all night in case we needed to tread water holding our position. By morning, two boats had been blown up on the rocks. Help was on the way as we joined the parade back into the ICW hoping we would never see this place again. Many years later, I was helping a friend bring his boat north for the summer and we ducked into Mile Hammock for a night. We were the only boat. The water was like glass. Timing is everything!

Bald Head Island sits at the mouth of the Cape Fear River across from Southport, SC. We were here to visit a person who worked for me in Massachusetts and moved south when her husband retired. I had gotten to know her husband, Dan Boone (yup...related to THE Daniel Boone) and we planned to stay for a few days of reminiscing, sightseeing, a little golf, some good wine and doing the never-ending laundry. The Boones lived on the harbor in Southport and the water taxi made it convenient. Back on Bald Head we struck up a friendship with a shopkeeper on the island who gave us her golf cart to explore. The island was beginning



A daily review of the nautical charts helped us prepare for whatever the next leg of our journey might bring.

development as a vacation and second home community. We walked out to Frying Pan Shoals at the tip of Bald Head and, as the name suggests, the sea looked like water aboil in a frying pan. On this calm day that was all we needed to realize this was not a place for us. On our way again to Charleston.

Every city has its own vibe and Charleston, SC is the epitome of southern hospitality. The city sits on a peninsula surrounded by an expansive harbor whose entrance is guarded by [Fort Sumpter](#). We tie up on the City Marina mega-dock at the mouth of the Ashley River at Mile 465 on the ICW. It was late and we were hungry. The folks at

Charleston Yacht Club were gracious enough to keep their kitchen open and fed us. They will forever hold a warm spot in my heart for that kindness. Walking into town along a waterfront lined with stately antebellum homes is a trip through history. From the Custom House we walk up Market Street reminiscent of Faneuil Hall Marketplace. We reprovision at Harris Teeter, a market that is a cross between Whole Foods and Idlywilde. Southern hospitality means food...#5 Fulton Street and Slightly North of Broad (SNOB) are a couple of favorites. On a later trip heading north in spring, we arrived during [Spoleto](#), a city-wide celebration of art, music, and food that is not to be missed.

The afternoon before our departure a small sailboat tied up behind us. We invited the skipper, a young man sailing alone, to join us for cocktails. He was our introduction to the concept of work-from-anywhere enabled by internet and laptops commonplace today. As we slipped our lines early next morning, he and his dog were on the dock to say goodbye and wish us fair winds. Another random act of kindness.

Beaufort, SC sits on a horseshoe bend at Mile 535 of the ICW where the current runs hard. We decided to stop for the night, if only to compare notes with her North Carolina namesake. They are very different places. Where Beaufort, NC is large, busy, and touristy, Beaufort, SC was small, quaint, and inviting. My log entry for the day reads "Buggy ride, Lunch & Dinner at Plums, Bad Watercolor". We tied up at the town dock and took a carriage tour around town. We did this often at stops along the way as to help get our bearings. At one point during this ride the horse spooked. It was a more than a little unnerving, but the driver did a great job getting things back under control. I don't remember much about Plums except that it was on the waterfront and the food was good enough at lunch to return for dinner. What I do remember is being approached on the dock by an artist who asked if we would like a painting of **SOLEIL**. Of course we would! I paid him what he asked, and we left for dinner. We returned from dinner to find an original watercolor painting of our boat in the cockpit. It was...well...just awful! While it has not seen the light of day since, the packrat in me has that painting still stored in a locker in the barn.

The ICW serpentine through Georgia crossing the Savannah River behind barrier islands like St Simons, Jekyll, and Cumberland with its herd of wild horses. We stop at Thunderbolt Marina south of Savannah at Mile 585 on the ICW and borrow the marina car for the day. Savannah is city built around town squares. These parks dot the landscape giving the city an approachable small-town feel. We visit the Savannah College of Art & Design (SCAD) [Museum of Art](#) near the campus of this prominent school for those with all manner of artistic interests. We



Wild horses on Cumberland Island, GA

looked like vagabonds dressed as we were in our boat-clothes...totally inappropriate for dinner at [The Olde Pink House](#). So, we found a clothing store and outfitted ourselves for a casual dress evening. When the clerk started to bag our items we said, "No problem, we'll just wear them". I highly recommend dinner at the Pink House if ever you find yourself in Savannah.

From Savannah we press on through a very rural coastal back country in Georgia. We are alone at anchor in tributaries surrounded by tall grass dressed in fall colors gently waving in the wind. We could have been anchored in a wheat field in Kansas. Crossing Cumberland Sound, we enter Florida at Mile 712 on the ICW where the St Mary's River becomes home for the night. A few days later we find ourselves in St Augustine, FL anchoring north of the Bridge of Lions a short dinghy ride to the town dock. Discovered by Ponce de Leon, he named this

state *La Florida* for the Spanish Easter season at the time. St Augustine retains much of its Spanish heritage and is home to Flagler College. [Henry Flagler](#), a co-founder of Standard Oil of Ohio ended up in Florida due his wife's ill health where he eventually bought a local railroad ultimately responsible for the development of Florida's east coast. Among other things the [Lightner Museum](#), once part of the Flagler estate, has an amazing collection of original Tiffany glass.

At mile 830 on the ICW we stop in Daytona Beach to visit friends. Daytona is most well-known for the [Daytona International Speedway](#). While car racing it is not our favorite thing, you gotta do it! We enjoyed learning about NASCAR, surprisingly the sport with the largest following in the US. With little or no wind and narrow channels we motored our way down the Indian River and past Cape Canaveral. We later went back to visit the [Kennedy Space Center](#) at Cape Canaveral. It is awe inspiring to see this tribute to American ingenuity and technology. Standing in the shadow of the space shuttle makes one appreciate the epic scale of these machines and what it took to open the space frontier.



The view looking down from the top of our mast. The trip up necessary to replace the wind instrument.

Fort Pierce is located at Mile 965 on the ICW. It is totally unremarkable but our one night there left an indelible memory. A new bridge under construction had turned the anchorage we planned on into a staging area for construction cranes and barges. The best option as night fell was just south of the construction site. We dropped a hook close to the channel in soft bottom, had dinner, and settled in for the night. At 10:30PM a squall came through. It was raining horizontally, and our anchor dragged. We started the engine attempting to regain control but not before our anchor got tangled on the mooring line of a derelict boat. I hopped in the dinghy and boarded the derelict to free our anchor

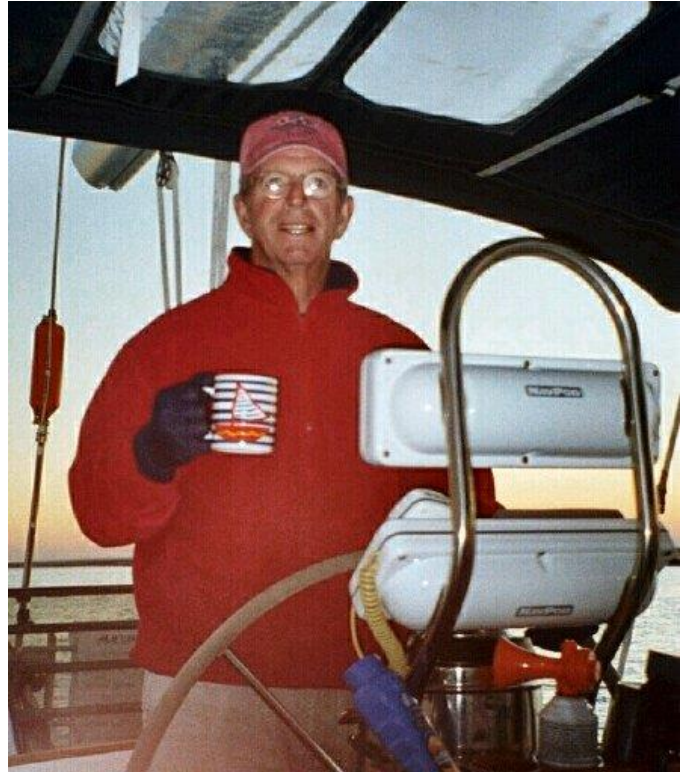
road. Before I could get back, weather had pushed us hard aground. We were not able to kedge ourselves off the bottom, so it was time to call Boat US...think AAA for boats. With the situation stabilized we waited until Boat US arrived with a monster tow boat powered by three of the largest outboard motors I've ever seen. After agreeing on a plan, he handed me a 1.5-inch diameter line which I cleated to our bow. As he put tension on the line, I started our engine and throttled up as the tow boat also revved up. The line snapped like a kite string. As they say, "No harm, no foul!" On the second attempt, **SOLEIL** was refloated and towed to a safe spot where we would drop and reset the anchor. Boat US circled us for nearly an hour to make sure we were secure. He didn't need to do that. Another random act of kindness!

Lake Worth is a fat spot at Mile 1014 on the UCW in North Palm Beach, FL. Plans to stop and visit friends here were made weeks prior while at Solomons Island, MD on the Chesapeake. They evolved as we worked our way south. Dropping the hook in front of their house our

friends had arranged for us to be married at a small ceremony overlooking the lake with **SOLEIL** as a witness. What a wonderful gift and a not-so-random act of kindness. A couple of days later we hoist sail and wave our goodbyes. Avoiding the many bridge openings on the ICW between Palm Beach and Ft Lauderdale, we round Peanut Island and head out to sea under sunny skies and a 15kt northeast wind. A perfect day for a sail. Our plan was to spend a couple of weeks visiting family in Ft Lauderdale explore the Keys then return to Ft Lauderdale to reprovision before heading to the Bahamas.

The [Gulf Stream](#) is part of the north Atlantic ecosystem and forms the western side of a current that circles the Atlantic in a clockwise direction. This meandering river is 100 miles wide in places and flows up the Atlantic coastline at 5-6kts on its return trip to Europe. It is the critical navigational challenge to any foray offshore into blue water of the Atlantic. Even a light wind with any northerly component will churn up the Gulf Stream making for an uncomfortable crossing at best and a downright treacherous one at worst. The Gulf Stream lies close to shore at Ft Lauderdale.

We enter Ft Lauderdale at Mile 1065 through the Port Everglades inlet under sail to a greeting of air horns and balloons from a balcony high above the inlet where Kris' parents live. Kris and I both felt a sense of accomplishment reflecting on our adventure down the ICW and on completing the first leg of our walkabout. Although we did take a short trip to Miami and into the Keys, we decided to save Key West for another time. We returned to Ft Lauderdale to prepare for the trip to the Bahamas...but that is another story. 🏠



A morning cuppa Joe helps shake the cobwebs as we greet another day along the ICW



The Captain & First Mate with a Magnolia Warbler who joined us for a ride.



Aging in Place

Small Towns & Rural Areas

By Kerri Fivecoat-Campbell

As you will learn from this article, we are fortunate to have resources like Groton Neighbors which exceed those available to many small towns across the country. 🏡

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Aging in place can be challenging for many older adults, no matter where they live, but is especially daunting for those living in rural areas. "Housing stock tends to be older and of poorer quality, there is less access to healthcare and those in rural areas are generally lower-income," says Carrie Henning-Smith, an associate professor at the University of Minnesota School of Public Health and deputy director for the school's Rural Health Research Center.



The University of Minnesota Rural Health Research Center [recently conducted an environmental scan](#) on statewide-age friendly initiatives for aging in place (which is the ability to stay in your own home as you age). It focused on transportation, provider training and education, workforce development and dementia-friendly and underserved communities.

The scan identified 33 statewide aging in place or age-friendly initiatives in 22 states that support independence as people age. Of those 33, only six focused explicitly on rural communities or included rural communities in one of the priority areas. They include:

[Age Friendly Arizona](#)
[Age-Friendly Care, PA](#)
[Age Friendly Community](#)
[Workgroup in Maine](#)

[Age Friendly Minnesota](#)
[Nevada Interprofessional Healthy Aging](#)
[Network \(NIHAN\)](#)
[Age On Movement](#)

"We were a little surprised by the results. States have a responsibility to support everyone," says Henning-Smith. "Many areas are probably doing good by rural adults, but we found only six with the explicit rural focus."

Aging in place especially important for rural communities

Erica Husser, project director for Age Friendly Care PA at the Penn State College of Nursing in State College, Penn., says aging in place is typically less costly than assisted living, and the familiarity of the older adults' homes typically makes it a safer option.

"Most older adults just want to stay in their homes. When comparing the rural lifestyle with others, being a part of a rural community for many older adults is who they are," says Husser. "To take those people away from the landscape to urban areas, where there are few green spaces and trees, is a very different way of life."

Moving older adults from their rural or small-town homes, where they likely have lived for decades, raised their families and likely are still a part of their towns, can not only tear the fabric of the community apart, it can lead to depression, health problems and a higher mortality rate.

Linda Clark, community and development director for the Verde Valley Caregivers Coalition, which serves the rural areas and small towns in the Verde Valley region of Arizona, says they've noted anecdotally, when people are moved to senior living centers, they tend to die within one to two years. "If they can stay in their homes, they typically [live] three to five years longer," says Clark.

Initiatives focus on well-being

Age Friendly Care PA works in partnership with geriatric centers, healthcare organizations, primary care providers, students studying careers in healthcare, and community organizations to improve the care of older adults and those living with dementia in rural and underserved communities in Pennsylvania.

"We're here to train everyone who [works with] older adults, from student nurses to the doctors," says Husser. To that end, they work with partners to identify older adults through screenings and connect them with the right services.

The programs, which focus on ensuring clients receive adequate, focused healthcare, has a mission of narrowing down **what matters**, including **medication**, **mentation** (emotional and mental health) and **mobility**. [The 4 M's](#) as they are known, were devised by the John A. Hartford Foundation and serve as a framework for age-friendly care.

"It's the idea of practice as a set with these four M's," says Husser. "It improves healthcare and provides a better quality of life."

Connecting older adults in rural areas with the right services isn't always easy. "There's a lot of mistrust with healthcare and the government," says Husser. Still, her program reached 70,000 adults in 2020.

Verde Valley caregivers have a broad focus

The Verde Valley in Arizona claims a population of 58,835, but the vast region comprises small towns with typically less than 1,000 residents, and people who live on the outskirts of those towns, says Clark. Flagstaff is the nearest city, about 40 minutes from the area and roughly two hours north of Phoenix.

"We've had people retiring here for years and because they're from other areas, their children and families are typically out of state," explains Clark.

The pandemic left this population especially vulnerable to isolation and loneliness, some of them not even being able to access healthcare. "If they can't drive, they're just stuck, regardless of income," Clark says when describing the rural region.

Clark says transportation is her organization's biggest service, providing rides to doctors, physical therapy and other medical appointments or to pick up prescriptions or take people to the grocery store.

Clark says a recent survey showed 88% of their clients reported missing one or more healthcare appointments prior to signing up for services; 98% of clients said they could keep their appointments after signing up.

The programs through Verde Valley Caregivers provide several services, including the Guardian Angel Emergency Alert Program, which loans emergency alert devices to low-income adults at risk of falling.

The *Pets Count Too!* program aids clients' pets including veterinary care, vaccinations, medications, food and even boarding a pet if the client is temporarily hospitalized or sent to rehab. The Tech Coaching Program helps adults stay connected with family and friends by teaching them how to use their cellphones, tablets and computers.

"Because so many of our clients have family living out of state, pets help with loneliness and depression," says Clark. "And because so many live out of state, [families] were sending our clients devices, which is great, but many of our clients didn't know how to set up or use them."

One of its most successful programs in the past year has been the vaccination program, which allowed 400 clients to receive COVID-19 vaccines in their homes and got 600 more people to appointments for vaccines. Clark says the program is ongoing, now focusing on boosters.

She notes that the total number of people served is an ever-changing moving target. "We lose 300 to 400 per year, but there's always new clients to take their place," says Clark. "We've enrolled 600 new clients since January 2021."

Kerri Fivecoat-Campbell is a full-time freelance writer and author living in the Ozark Mountains. She is the founder and administrator for the public Facebook page, Years of Light: Living Large in Widowhood and a private Facebook group, Finding Myself After Losing My Spouse, dedicated to helping widows/widowers move forward.