FROM THE CO-EDITOR

Murray Block

I am delighted that Lore Scurrah and the Editorial Board of NEWS AND VIEWS have asked me to join them as co-editor.

Avila is a wonderful place in which to spend our “Golden Years.” Our facilities are most pleasant; cultural and physical activities keep us involved; the food is excellent (as my increased girth will attest); the staff is wonderful and attentive; and our neighbors are friendly and outgoing.

Your fine Editorial Board has been sharing with you the news and views of your neighbors—introductions to newer arrivals to Avila, articles written by some of you about your rich and fascinating backgrounds, poems, stories and artwork showcasing their many talents—really a cross-sectional view of what makes Avila a great place in which to live. I encourage all of you to keep those stories, poems, and your thoughts coming.

On a personal note, I am especially pleased to be working closely with Lore, not only as co-editor but also as a good friend. When I finally left my post-retirement job at Excelsior College two months ago, Lore knew there was a gap I needed to fill, so she suggested I join her in putting this publication together. She will undertake the administrative/organizational tasks and a bit of editing, while the bulk of the editorial work will be mine. That is perfect for me. With my hearing problems and Lore’s limited eyesight we are a perfect match to get the job done!

FROM LORE’S DESK

IT’S NOT FAIR! IT’S NOT FAIR!

Can you remember the first time your outraged preschool self shouted those words? Partly you knew it instinctively; partly you had to learn that fairness was the best way. Although we sometimes cynically mutter, “Who says life is fair?” we know it should be.

And so I plead with you to be fair to all of us who share this home and supper time. Please reserve your time and place (Lodge or Main dining room) for dinner. It’s not fair to just walk in and disrupt the meal service of those who have reserved.
JOE CIMINO

Interviewed by Ray Teichman

Joe Cimino moved into Avila this past January after a stay at Atria. He was born, raised, and lived most of his life in Mechanicville, New York, where his family operated a restaurant called Bubbles, named for Joe’s father, Anthony “Bubbles” Cimino. The original restaurant opened in 1958 in Mechanicville. Joe remembers it as a place for comfortable, casual dining, with a long counter and a few booths for lunch and dinner, and a drive-in window for ice cream and sundaes. It is still open today. The family also ran a taxi service from 1946 to 1951; then his dad went to work for the Boston and Maine Railroad until 1961. His father died in 1981.

Growing up an only child, he was surrounded by a close-knit family of aunts, uncles, and cousins. He was particularly fond of his dog, Brownie, a pet he had for fifteen years. He graduated from Mechanicville High School in 1959 and worked in the family restaurant until it was sold in 1983.

A lifelong bachelor, Joe has devoted most of his life to his extended family, which he has meticulously documented in still photographs and in videos. While his parents lived, he spent his winters at their second home in North Miami, Florida. In retirement, he remained in the family residence in Mechanicville, taking care of his mother until her death in 1999.

His outside interests include visits to Saratoga—especially the CASINO!

JANE OSBORN KLARSFELD

Interviewed by Eleanor Alland

Jane Osborn Klarsfeld was born in the Finger Lakes region of New York State. The family moved to the Albany area when she was two and she has lived here most of her life; attending the former St. Theresa’s elementary school and graduating from Vincentian Institute. Her interest in, and talent for, art and design led her to enroll in the Traphagen School of Design in New York City. (It is interesting to note that Edith Traphagen, the school’s founder, is credited with introducing women’s shorts and slacks in the 1920’s.)

After two years at Traphagen, Jane worked with a New York City textile designer until she met her future husband, Milton Klarsfeld. Milton had been a navigator in WWII. After his plane was shot down, he served five months in a German prisoner of war camp.

Jane and Milton were married in 1946 and became the parents of six wonderful children. Sadly Milton passed away on New Year’s Day 2016, shortly after the couple had come to Avila.

Jane loves to spend time with her family, which in addition to her children, includes 13 grandchildren and three great grandchildren. Everyone’s favorite place is their Cape Cod home. It is here, too, that Jane pursues her favorite pastime – painting, especially watercolor seascapes.

We welcome Jane to Avila and hope she will share her passion for art and design with us.
BOBBI SCHILLER

Interviewed by Erin Teichman

Roberta “Bobbi” Schiller was born and raised in Brooklyn; attended Brooklyn schools—kindergarten through college. Her first teaching job was also in Brooklyn. She and her husband, Jay, married in 1955, shortly after graduation from college.

Bobbi characterized Jay as “very romantic”. He presented her with a dozen red roses and one white rose on their first anniversary. Each succeeding anniversary, he gifted her with another dozen red roses and a white rose for each year of their marriage. Unfortunately, one month short of their 11th anniversary, Jay died.

She returned to teaching to support their four children, Karen, Bill, Eileen, and Richard. While working on her Masters in Special Ed and teaching full time, Bobbi also taught part-time in a Hebrew School for 19 years.

Bobbi loves to travel. She achieved her goal of visiting all seven continents—to three with her grandchildren. She took granddaughter Jessica to Africa, grandson Matthew to Australia and New Zealand, and granddaughter Jennifer to Greece.

Her children Bill, Eileen, and Richard, all of whom live in the Albany area, encouraged Bobbi to move to Avila, as they were concerned that the long drive from Long Island was becoming too much for their mother. Bobbi’s oldest daughter, Karen, lives in San Francisco.

Bobbi’s new goal is to go hot air ballooning this spring. She thanks all of her Avila neighbors for being so warm and welcoming. It has made her move here much easier.

OUR LATE TRIP TO THE OPERA

A Short Story

Jim Leonard

We filled our new ten-cylinder Cymbalta with duoxitine but found that we were still immodium. In time, we headed to the opera to hear the new Tenormin in the opera Xerelto.

We didn’t arrive until atenolol, so we knew next time that we had to be more accupril, and had to keep that on the tips of our lipitors so we could get to the opera in amlodipine. The next opera is Levothroid, the story of Levothyroxine, the poor waif Norvasc, an atorvastatin land in Lacosamide.

We heard that the performance is eliquis, due to the new soprano Jeannine Cialis, a local girl from Viagra Falls.

And so it goserelin.

(EDITOR’S NOTE: Let’s Celebrex!)
BACK THEN

Pat Connally

Growing up in a large, three family house on a hill was anything but dull and boring. There were 12 of us, seven girls, three boys, momma and poppa. We were born over 21 years, so you can see that at all times someone was doing something - at home, in school or at church. We had a very big backyard and a sizable garden where we entertained ourselves building forts and playing games.

When our older sisters were around they would take us to the library and sometimes to a movie. On Sundays we might go to Prospect Park to swim or to enjoy a ball game. But they never failed to remind us that our housework chores must be done if we wanted ice-cream.

Mother stayed at home doing laundry on a wringer type washer machine, the only kind available in the 1940s. Then she starched the men’s shirts and the girls’ school and church dresses. She ironed twice a week. Believe it or not, she also managed to cook a big dinner for us every day.

Since we didn’t have a car, we walked most everywhere and were in close proximity to our school, our church and all the stores. This walk would include bakeries, fish markets, cleaners, theaters, vegetable stands, drugstores, shoe repair shops, other schools and churches, and even a small Chinese laundry, where we were fascinated watching the women ironing shirts on a large mangle.

Luckily, or so we thought, there was a small corner store next to our house where we could buy penny candy, and ice cream for five cents. We also had home deliveries from the milkman, the water and ice truck, the red Freihoffers van. and the produce and fruit trucks.

One of the things we enjoyed most was going to the corner store to watch the owner, Mr. Julian. He had a little book with a piece of carbon paper between two sheets. Little old ladies in house dresses and aprons, sneakers or slippers and heavy cotton stockings rolled down to their ankles came into the store to play numbers. What they would say is, “Two cents on one side and three cents on the other.” Mr. Julian would take their pennies and give them a copy from the little book. Of course we had no idea what this was all about but noticed sometimes one elderly lady would get all excited.

Another interesting activity in the corner store was when the store keeper opened up a pack of cigarettes - Lucky Strikes and Chesterfields to name a couple of brands we had in the 1940’s and 50’s. He would sell them for a penny a piece if you bought one, two cents apiece if you bought more, two for three cents, three for four cents and so on. How funny was that!

We kids in the neighborhood would be given a nickel or a dime to go to the store for our elderly neighbors – sometimes pennies if only one item was to be purchased.

Before going to the Troy Boys Club, my three big brothers would take out the ashes and fill the coal scuttle after school. They were both so fun to be around as they had comic books, and cool toys, like wooden puzzles that came apart and had to be put back together, and a little wooden box where you had to remove a penny enclosed inside.

Now for the highlight of the boys’ adventures, fun and games - They were pretty good at making race cars out of scraps of metal, boards and carriage wheels. They used a stick for a clutch and a wheel for steering. Well the boys can’t have all the fun so one fine sunny day my sister Roselaine and I decided to go for a spin. Spin it was as we went flying down an incline and crashed into the side of our brick house. My bleeding leg was not nearly as scary as what would face us when brother Lou came home to find his car demolished. On that note I will say good bye for now and tend to my bloody leg.
GRAVITY WAVES

Joe Shapiro

Homage to Einstein
One hundred years passed until
Mortals fell for it.

“ONE FOR YOU, AND ONE FOR ME”

Anonymous

On the outskirts of a small town, there was a huge, old pecan tree just inside the fence of the church cemetery. One day, two boys gathered up a bucketful of the pecans and sat down by the tree, making sure they were out of sight, and began to divide their treasure.

“One for you and one for me,” said one boy. “One for you and one for me” he continued, as he divided their loot. Several of the nuts dropped off his lap and rolled away toward the fence behind them.

Another boy came riding down the road on his bicycle. As he passed by, he heard an unseen voice declaiming: “One for you and one for me,” over and over. He knew exactly what that was. He jumped back on his bike and took off like a flash. Just around the bend, he saw an old man hobbling along the road with his cane,

“Come with me quick!” the boy shouted. “You won’t believe what I heard. Satan and the Lord are down by the cemetery, dividing up the souls!” “Beat it, kid,” replied the old man.

“Can’t you see I have difficulty walking?” However, when the boy kept insisting, the man hobbled after him to the cemetery. Reaching the fence, although no one seemed to be in sight, they clearly heard: “One for you, and one for me.”

The old man whispered: “Boy, you been tellin’ me the truth. Let’s see if we can see the Lord.” They peered though the fence but were still not able to see anyone. They both gripped the bars of the fence even tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord. At that point, the “voice” said, somewhat authoritatively:

“One for you and one for me. And that is it. Now let’s get those nuts by the fence and we’ll be done.”

The old man had the lead by a good half-mile, before the boy on the bike zoomed past him...
WHEN I LOST MY PAUL
Mickey Fleischman

It was Sunday, February 1, 2015. I had left Teresian House around 3:30 that afternoon. Paul was almost in a coma, and was having a hard time breathing. The Super Bowl was on that night, and I decided to watch with friends. I did not want to be alone that evening. The game ended around 10:30, but I could not get to sleep. I just laid in bed, thinking about Paul. Shortly after midnight, the phone rang. A nurse at Teresian House said: “Your husband passed away at 12:05. “Would you like to come and see him?” “No,” I answered. I had already said my goodbye to him in the afternoon.

I began thinking of all that had to be done now. I called his sister and his brother to tell them about Paul’s death, and to discuss arrangements for his burial and services. Around 1:40 AM, the phone rang. “Mickey, this is Michael Landron.” Michael is a good friend and an undertaker in Schoharie, where we used to live when Paul was a professor at SUNY Cobleskill. “I just picked up Paul from Teresian House and I’m on my way back to Schoharie County. Paul is right behind me. It’s snowing like hell on I-88 and very slippery. I will come over tomorrow and make all the arrangements with you.”

Michael came the next day and we made the necessary plans. Paul was to be cremated. Michael suggested we not plan any service until April. Winter weather might make it more difficult for family and friends to be with us. I decided to have a “Sending Him Away” gathering on April 11. The burial of his ashes would not be until later, so I kept his urn in my apartment until October 15, when I drove to Rhode Island to bury him in his sister’s family plot.

I didn’t feel as sad then as I thought I would. I felt contented now. Paul is safe and resting in such a beautiful place – pine woods all around a beautiful cemetery. He always appreciated the natural beauty of the environment. I arranged to have a headstone with both our names on it, so I will be there some day, too.

Paul is always on my mind. I felt so alone coming home from Rhode Island. No one was there. Paul’s empty chair was next to mine. In his room, all those books belonged to him, but he was no longer there to read them. I looked around the apartment and thought of Paul. He hung all these pictures on the walls. And the saddest memory – looking at all his clothes hanging in the closet.

Last May, a friend invited me to lunch in Schoharie. I decided not to drive on I-88, but to take Route 20 to Route 7 to go slowly to see the beautiful view of Schoharie County. I drove around Oak Hill to a hilltop for the best view. My tears began to flow and would not stop. We had driven though here a million times together, and each time commented how lucky we were to live here. So beautiful – I felt like I was coming home again and Paul would be waiting for me.

Time is going by. I am training myself. This is life. No mater what I do, he will never come back. It is human destiny. Why not comfort myself, accept my life in a beautiful retirement community – Avila? They give me what I need. Someone friendly is always there. I have to get going and make it my life here. After all, I decided to come and live in this country and crossed almost 6,000 miles to get here – and life has been great ever since.

My thoughts remind me of a poem by Charles Wright:

“What ever happened to Al Lee?
What happened is what happens to all of us.
We walked on the earth,
We threw a couple of handfuls of dirt into the air,
And when it came down, it covered us.”
TRAFFIC JAM
Evelyn Schwedock

I never thought in years gone by
That a wheel chair I would need.
A walker, scooter or cane as well
To bring me up to speed.

But time plays many tricks on us
It’s not as was before,
For though it’s difficult to believe,
I now possess all four!

When I first came to Avila
There were but a few trams
But now it is a wonder
That there are no traffic jams.

Whether few or many, I am convinced,
I’m sure you will agree,
That there’s no better place to be
Than in our Avila family.

CONNECTED CULTURES:
New Orleans and the Caribbean
Erin and Ray Teichman

Wednesday, January 6, we left for a Road Scholar program devoted to exploring the sites of New Orleans; then cruising the western Caribbean to study and enjoy Mesoamerica, the land of the Mayas from southern Mexico to the island of Roatan, Honduras.

We found the sounds of music in New Orleans captivating. The Holiday Inn Superdome we stayed in stands in the neighborhood where jazz was born, only a few blocks from Preservation Hall and Jackson Square. We relaxed and had a beer in a jazz club that first featured Harry Connick, Jr. A guided walking tour through the French Quarter brought us to the J and M Recording studio, now a laundromat, where Antoine “Fats” Domino and Little Richard made recordings in the 1940s. In Louis Armstrong Park we visited a monument to the black slaves who created music in Congo Square in the antebellum years and listened to jazz bands and combos entertaining us on closed sections of Bourbon and Royal Streets in the French Quarter.

Of course we couldn’t be in the Crescent City without indulging in the local cuisine. We splurged on an over-the-top meal at Antoine’s, celebrating its 175th anniversary; and watched the chef at the New Orleans School of Cooking prepare jambalaya, gumbo, bread pudding and pralines for us to taste.

Our New Orleans education was completed with an overview of the destruction wrought by hurricane Katrina, a visit to a Mardi Gras exhibit, beignets at Cafe du Monde, and a walk past the home in which Tennessee Williams wrote “A Streetcar Named Desire.”

Sunday we boarded our cruise ship, NCL’s Norwegian Dawn. Our first port in the Yucatan was Cozumel. From there we ferried across to Playa del Carmen to visit the Mayan ruins of Tulum. This walled city contains impressive temples overlooking the Caribbean. Pyramid temples are situated so Mayan rulers could easily identify seasonal changes by following the positions of the sun. Following the collapse of Mayan classic culture, c.900 AD, Tulum survived as a trading port until the Spaniards arrived in the early 16th century.
Our next stop was Roatan Island in the Gulf of Honduras where we attended a lecture on the ecology of the barrier reef which extends 600 miles from southern Mexico to Honduras. After exploring the Carambola Botanical garden, we snorkeled on the reef. Swimming after various colorful fish among the corals was a real thrill. Let’s hope we preserve the reef.

Thursday, Jan. 14, we spent the day in Belize, highlighted by a visit to the Belize Zoo and the Garifuna Museum. The zoo began in 1980 as a shelter and preserve for Central American indigenous animals. Among the zoo’s prize exhibits are gorgeous macaws; jaguars, both spotted and black panthers; peccaries; howler monkeys; and tapirs, the national animal of Belize. The Garifuna museum is located in a private home in Belize City. It documents the history of a people who are descendants of Arawaks, Caribs and African slaves. We were entertained by native dancing and singing as well as given a history of a people whose origins date back to the 1700s.

For our final stop we returned to the Yucatan and the Mayan site of Chacchoben. The ruins date from c.800 AD; were excavated during the late 20th century and opened to the public in 2002. The complex consists of temples dedicated to the gods of the sun and moon, plazas and the remains of homes. The site is named for the nearby village where we were treated to lunch with a local family. Each of us were encouraged to make our own corn tortilla to accompany our chicken and rice and beans.

Our trip, “Connected Cultures: New Orleans and the Caribbean,” lived up to the Road Scholar standards, being both informative and enjoyable.

JEFFERSON’S LEGACY

Hy Kuritz
(In response to a 2007 Times Union Editorial which called Jefferson “the patron saint of Democracy”)

...There are problems with his definition of freedom that have plagued our society to this very day.

Jefferson, a rising politician in a slave society (Virginia) struggled with the contradiction between his Enlightenment philosophy and the reality of slavery. The basic principle of the Declaration of Independence, “all men are created equal” had to be reconciled with his belief that some people because of their dependent status could not become fully equal members of society.

Slaves, by definition, were not capable of being responsible citizens in a free society. By logical extension, Jefferson applied these beliefs to women, American Indians, and working people dependent on others. Jefferson prized autonomy or independence as basic to freedom. Slaves, and blacks, in general, by their very nature could never share equal status with white Americans.

When the revolution in Domingue (later Haiti) occurred (1791-1804) and established the first black republic in history (1802) Jefferson did not see this as a threat to the social order and the stability of the slave system in the United States. It was inconceivable to him that slaves had the capacity to organize revolution, defeat French and English armies, and proclaim a republic. Yet it was the slaves of Saint Domingue who were the first to challenge the system of slavery and go beyond the American Revolution and the democratic revolutions that swept across Europe that proclaimed universal rights for all but, in fact, limited these rights to white males.
The U. S. Congress sanctified these limitations in the Act of 1795 that limited the right to citizenship to white males. The Haitian Constitution of 1895, to the contrary, proclaimed that all people including slaves were equal.

Jefferson, as president, sought to contain the Haitian revolution and limit its disturbing influence on the entire Atlantic world. He supported Napoleon’s efforts to suppress the rebellion and offered his assistance. He denied recognition of the new republic, endorsed an embargo of Haiti and supported efforts by France to return Haitians to slavery.

The same outlook influenced his attitude toward slaves during the American War for Independence from England. When thousands of slaves fled to the British lines seeking their freedom, many of whom took up arms on behalf of the British. Jefferson saw this only as a threat to the American side. He blamed the British for instigating slaves to rise against their masters.

These are not just interesting historical events. The ideology of Jefferson and our Founding Fathers entered deeply into our culture and helped shape the social structure of our society that favored white males over others.

We all celebrate an open society where disadvantaged people can petition and demonstrate for equal status, confident that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights protects them in their efforts. But suppose we turn this around and ask why were there so many obstacles that prevented them from achieving their goals?

To answer the question calls for a more penetrating examination of the way our society has been put together. We live in a society where power is divided unevenly and which influences the way we look at things.

When settlers moved westward, they saw this as an extension of democracy. To the American Indian, it meant the destruction of his way of life. To the manufacturer, industrialization meant greater opportunity. To many workers it meant “wage slaves.” Freedom for some often meant degrees of servitude for others.

We are all in debt to Jefferson and the Founding Fathers for the revolutionary principle that sovereignty is derived from the people. It was truly revolutionary in that it challenged the authority of a monarch and opened the door to the democratic era that followed. But it also was limited in its notion of sovereignty.

At this critical juncture of our nation’s history it helps explain the tensions in our domestic problems, but even more so in our inability to deal with non-Western cultures as equals.

TEACHER

Joe Shapiro

Miss Ada McQuade, our seventh and eighth grade English teacher, would explain the structure of sentences, read poetry to us, and insist that we memorize some of the great ones. Standing only about five feet tall, she was, nevertheless, imposing, and of great stature to us. She was the entry point to a world quite different from the one we experienced at home. It was 1944 and 1945—the war was everyone’s concern. Homes with blue stars in their windows lined our street, and a lone gold star also appeared.
Across from the old Fort Crailo Junior High School in Rensselaer, the Huyck’s paper-maker-felt plant provided superb woolen blanket, discarding remnants from its huge rolls. In warm weather, the constant hum of the plant came through the open windows of our second floor classroom. About 20 of us sat at our desks, with inkwells and straight pens, practicing the Palmer Method. Our blackboards were filled with examples of sentence structure and vocabulary, “Words of the Day”. Story time, with Miss McQuade reading poetry and stories from great writers, was most special to us.

Johnny D. celebrated his 16th birthday, decided to leave school, and went to work at the factory. Often, he would laugh and wave and shout at us, his former classmates.

We listened as Miss McQuade intoned the mysterious words of Shakespeare’s exiled Duke in the Forest of Arden ("As You Like It,” Act II, Scene II):

“Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

We learned it, memorized it, and it became my mantra for work, play, and life. Confronted with apparently insurmountable problems, I would contemplate the “running brooks” and a very occasional toad, letting my mind wander---and solutions would evolve.

Thank you, Miss McQuade. Your dedication inspired us.
And Johnny—you should have stayed.

THE WONDERS OF WATER
John Wagner

Water is the wonder of our world. It is essential for life as we know it. It has many unusual properties, such as expanding when it freezes. (That's why the ice floats in our drinks.) Water covers more than 70% of the Earth’s surface. And water is responsible for the glorious blue color of the Earth in the photos taken by the Apollo astronauts on their trip home from the Moon. But where did all this water come from? The best answer was that water was produced by the process of planetary formation, along with all the other substances here on Earth. But the answer came with a question mark at first. If that answer is correct, why is the Earth the only body in the Solar System with such a large amount of water?

The question mark began to fade with the advent of the space age. Pioneer and Voyager probes made flybys of Jupiter and Saturn and recorded that their moons were not like our Moon. Subsequent probes such as Galileo and Cassini-Huygens provided much more detail. It is now estimated that these moons may have at least 50 times as much water as we have here on Earth.

The confirming clue came from the Hubble space telescope. Early in 2015, it detected plumes of water vapor coming from Enceladus, a small moon of Saturn. The vapor froze into ice crystals which were drawn into the outermost of Saturn's rings. However, the bulk of the water is located elsewhere, on Titan, another moon of Saturn, and on three moons of Jupiter -- Ganymede, Europa, and Callisto.
(These are three of the four moons discovered by Galileo Galilei in 1610. The discovery of moons orbiting a planet other than Earth essentially proved Copernicus' theory that the planets revolve around the Sun, not the Earth.)

Ganymede is the largest moon in our solar system, with a diameter of 3274 miles. (Our Moon has a diameter of 2159 miles.) Originally, moons were given numbers and Ganymede was Jupiter III. But by the 1800s, there were too many moons for this approach to be useful. It was decided to use names from Greek mythology. Ganymede was a prince of Troy whom Zeus brought to Olympia as a cup-bearer for the gods. The moon, Ganymede, appears to have equal amounts of silicate rock and water (in the form of ice). Beneath a frosty crust there is an ocean of salt water some 60 miles deep. This ocean manifests itself by affecting the motions of the moon's auroras. It is estimated that Ganymede has about 30 times as much water as we have on Earth.

Titan is the largest moon of Saturn and the second largest in the Solar System with a diameter of 3200 miles. It was discovered by a Dutch astronomer, Christiaan Huygens, in 1655. The Titans were powerful warriors who ruled the cosmos before the Olympian gods. Titan has a murky atmosphere composed of hydrocarbon gases. A radar mapping by the space craft Cassini revealed that the surface features systematically shift by up to 20 miles. This suggests that the surface crust is decoupled from the solid interior. Titan's density is comparable to a body composed of 60% rock and 40% water. A subsurface ocean of water would provide the observed decoupling. Titan is estimated to have about 13 times as much water as we have on Earth.

Europa is the sixth largest moon in the Solar System, with a diameter of 1940 miles. It was named after the wife of King Minos of Crete. It is composed mostly of rock and water ice with a small iron nickel core. Europa has a smooth surface with few craters, which suggest the presence of a subsurface ocean of water. The Galileo space probe made measurements of Europa's density and magnetic field which reinforced the idea that the moon has a deep ocean of salt water (Tidal flexing is the likely source of the heat that keeps the salt water from freezing.). The final evidence for the subsurface ocean was the image of water vapor plumes spewing from Europa, captured by the Hubble space telescope in 2015. Europa is of particular interest because of the possibility that her oceans may support extraterrestrial life forms.

Callisto is the third largest moon in the Solar System, with a diameter of 2995 miles. It is named after a nymph associated with Artemus, the goddess of the hunt. Callisto was seduced by Zeus and had a child. Fearing his wife, Hera, Zeus changed the mother and child into bears and placed them in the night sky (the constellations we know as Ursa Major and Ursa Minor). Callisto is composed of equal amounts of silicate and water ices. The surface is the most heavily cratered in the Solar System and that water ice is ubiquitous on the surface. Results from the Galileo spacecraft suggest that Callisto has a small silicate core and a subsurface ocean of liquid water. (Radioactive heating and the presence of ammonia as an antifreeze may account for the liquid state.). It has been estimated that Callisto has about 13 times as much water as Earth.

Enceladus is one of the smaller moons of Saturn, with a diameter of 313 miles. It was discovered in 1789 by William Herschel. It is named after one of the giants who fought with Zeus for control of the cosmos. Enceladus' surface is varied; the most prominent feature is the warm south polar region. This area has many ravines which vent plumes of water vapor and other materials. Once frozen, the lighter crystals move to the nearby ring while the heavier ones fall like snow on the surface, making Enceladus one of the brightest of moons. Enceladus has only about 10% as much water as we have here on Earth.
These discoveries have whetted scientists’ interests, especially in Europa, where there is hope for finding life. In May, 2015, NASA announced it was planning a mission, Europa Clipper, to further explore Europa to identify possible landing sites for a robot that would examine the subsurface ocean. The European Space Agency is planning Jupiter Icy Moon Explorer (JUICE), a mission to explore Ganymede and Europa. Launches will occur sometime after 2020.

Water is essential to life as we know it. The existence of water on many moons makes the existence of life on other heavenly bodies all the more an exciting possibility.

**TIMES OF YORE**

*Sally Tiller*

I used to exercise in the mall  
Walking by every store  
But now I exercise at Avila  
I don’t walk in the mall any more.

I used to shop for all my food  
At my favorite grocery store  
But now I get my meals at Avila  
I don’t grocery shop any more.

I used to go to the movies  
Standing in line was such a bore  
But now I see movies at Avila  
I don’t wait in line anymore.

I used to invite company to dinner  
Planning meals was such a chore  
Now I invite my guests to Avila  
I don’t have to plan meals any more.

I used to clean my house  
From the ceiling to the floor  
Now Avila housekeepers do the job  
I don’t have to clean anymore.

I used to do my laundry  
Lugging clothes down to the first floor  
Now my machines are outside my bedroom  
I don’t have to do the stairs any more.

I used to write checks for utilities and taxes  
Until my head was sore  
Now Avila takes care of all that  
I don’t pay those bills anymore.

Life at Avila is like going on a cruise  
With a pool and entertainment galore  
Now I vacation at Avila  
I don’t have to travel any more.

VENTASTIC – Bob Cullon and Bob Brady thrilled their Avila friends and neighbors as Ventriloquist Sylvia Fletcher’s DUMMIES during another wonderful program brought to us by Eileen Fox.