

News and Views *Avila*

A publication of the Resident Council at Avila Retirement Community

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JODI MITCHELL-ROSA, LMSW

Avila's Resident Service Advisor

The Resident Service Advisor Program, provided through a contractual agreement between Avila and Eddy Visiting Nurses Association, offers supportive options which allow Avila residents to maintain their independence, while addressing changes in health and wellbeing with a dignified approach.

As Avila's Resident Service Advisor, I am frequently asked, "What is it that you do?" The simple answer is that I serve as a link between, the resident, and outside services and resources which residents may need. But in reality, my role encompasses so much more. Here are some examples of **what I can do for you.**

- I can help locate transportation services, assist in finding pharmacies that deliver, and refer you to doctors and other professionals, in the immediate area.
- I can provide information on how to obtain durable medical equipment. Contact me if you need a walker or would like to try one out. I have several donated walkers in my office.
- I can provide information about the Eddy Health Alert System, install System units, program buttons, and troubleshoot problems.
- Following a hospital discharge or a brief illness, information is often needed about obtaining reliable, temporary help in the home, such as home health aides, visiting nurses and/or physical therapists. I can provide information on these services.
- Should your health decline or if you feel the need for long term care, I can educate you about higher level of care options and can help you and your family through the transition process.
- I can provide information on designating a health care proxy or preparing a living will, and can assist you in completing the necessary forms.
- Government services for seniors are continually changing. It is my role to offer residents information on the latest changes to Medicare, secondary insurance, and long-term care insurance, including claims and prescription reimbursement.
- I have access to a network of qualified speakers regarding senior health and wellness issues and will routinely invite qualified experts to present programs at Avila.
- I have the resources to safely dispose of expired medications and used hypodermic needles.
- I can help obtain a handicapped parking sticker.
- As a Licensed Master of Social Work, I can provide informal counseling and crisis intervention services, respecting and adhering to HIPAA regulations regarding the right to privacy and confidentiality.



Photograph by Max Tiller

Finally, of course, there is the "other duties as required" category. In other words, if you don't see it listed, please ask. Working at Avila for more than two years has brought me much personal and professional fulfillment. I have had the opportunity to meet many wonderful people and continue to do so on a daily basis. It is my goal, as Resident Service Advisor, to meet each and every resident and assess how we may work together to enhance your experience.

If you haven't met me, give me a call at x436, or better yet, stop by the Resident Business Center, and say "Hello." On Friday afternoons you will often find me with a table full of residents all of us happily coloring away in our coloring books in the craft room, ending my work week in a Relaxing and Fun way.

I am ready and happy to be at your service.

VIRGINIA "GINGER" BURKE

Interviewed by Erin Teichman

Ginger was born and raised in Mechanicville, NY. Her mother although widowed when Ginger was two years old, remarried five years later. Ginger has a sister and a brother from her mother's second marriage.



Photograph by Max Tiller

She met her husband, Jack, while attending Russell Sage when he was a student at RPI. As they became better acquainted, they discovered that both had been born the same day, September 23 and at the same time, 8:30 a.m., although he was two years older. Both were the oldest child and the oldest grandchild in their families. Ginger and Jack married in 1960 after Jack's graduation. They lived in Virginia while Jack completed his Navy ROTC obligation before returning to New York.

Ginger and Jack were married 53 years. Jack took early retirement from AT&T to form his own company, J. F. Burke Consultants which did computer work for hospitals, banks, universities and other large companies. After living in Guilderland for 25 years, Jack and Ginger retired to Harwich, MA, on Cape Cod. Prior to Jack's retirement, Ginger worked first as a nursery school aide, and then for 10 years at Guilderland High School. In Massachusetts she worked for a florist and also for the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce. Ginger has been a widow for three

years.

Ginger and Jack have three children. Joe lives in New York City and does background work for movies and television.

Jayne, mother of three, lives in Minneapolis, MN and does a bit of everything; carpooling, volunteering, managing a lively household and she plays a great game of tennis. Her husband, Todd is a clinical oncologist

Tom works for the New York State Health Department searching for and recruiting doctors for hard-to-reach areas of the State. He and his wife, Tina, have one daughter and live locally. Each of Ginger's grandchildren was born in a different state: New York, Texas, Virginia and Minnesota.

From her years in Guilderland, Ginger knew several Avila residents which helped her make the decision to move here. She recognized the name Teichman through her sister, Diane who had lived in the same Poughkeepsie apartment complex as Ray and I in 1970.

Ginger's lively, outgoing personality is already making her a sought-after dinner partner.

ELLIOTT MARINSTEIN**Interviewed by Maxine Koblenz**

Photograph by Max Tiller

Elliott Marinstein, one of our newest residents, came to Avila in early December. He is an attorney, and his law firm has practiced in Troy for over 50 years. He is grateful that one son joined him in private practice 25 years ago and is now assuming the legal work, while Elliott handles the administration. This close personal-professional relationship sustains him in his senior years. He still drives to work daily for his 10-4 shift.

Born in Brooklyn, NY, he remained there until his Army days, serving two years in an anti-aircraft unit in El Paso, TX. Elliott graduated from NYU Law and initially practiced in the New York City area. He moved to the Albany area to accept a position as prosecutor with the District Attorney's office.

Elliott's two sons followed him into the legal profession. One graduated from Cornell Law; the other from Case Western Law in Cleveland OH.

Elliott, married for 56 years, loved traveling with his wife, and still keenly feels her loss three and a half years ago.

He has four grandchildren, two boys and two girls. All were recently together in Cancun. He is looking forward to the next family trip with his brother-in-law and his wife to Myrtle Beach.

He finds Avila to be a great friendly environment, and appreciates the casual "hellos" and the dinner invitations. He is still in the midst of moving into a "new space", figuring out what is still needed, and where to put and find things. "That's my big job now!"

In the new year he looks forward to signing up for trips and theater opportunities, and making new friends. He continues to enjoy reading his mysteries, and appreciates all the Avila services that make life easier.

FATHER RONALD MENTY**Interviewed by Wilbur Shapiro**

After graduating from Catholic Central High school, Father Ronald Menty attended the Seminary of Our Ladies of Angels in Glenmont and was ordained in the Priesthood in 1969. Most of his assignments were in the capital district area. He served as priest at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Albany, St. Patrick's in Troy, Our Lady of Grace in Ballston Lake, St. Patrick's in Ravena, St. Joseph's in Scotia, and All Saints in Albany. His last assignment was at St. Clare's parish on Central Avenue in Albany.

He retired in 2014. Although retired, Father Menty still serves St. Clare's parish, as priest, but does not have administrative duties or responsibilities. He also served as Priest Personnel Director of The Albany Diocese. In 1983-84 Father Menty used his sabbatical to study in Rome for three months.

Father Menty came to Avila in November 2017 on the recommendation of resident relative, Janet White. He enjoys reading and gardening, and his very pleasant persona makes it easy to engage him in conversation. His knowledge and experience make him a very welcome and valuable addition to the Avila community.



Photograph by Max Tiller

SR. KAREN OLSON, RSCJ**Interviewed by Karl Gohlke**

Sr. Karen Olson joined her Kenwood alumnae in the Avila Lodge this Fall after many years of service at a number of the Sacred Heart educational facilities. Her career as a Catholic educator had taken her on a journey through most of the Society of the Sacred Heart schools on the East Coast, principally in, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, and also in Michigan.



Photograph by Karl Gohlke

Karen is a native of Syracuse and was raised in Fayetteville, NY. Her mother enrolled her in the 1st and 2nd grade classes of the New York City based Convent of the Sacred Heart. Later, Karen entered Kenwood in the 5th grade, and continued with the Kenwood educational system through high school, continuing on to and graduating from Manhattanville College. Thereafter, she spent a year travelling overseas before returning to Kenwood as a postulate. Following the completion of the novitiate and profession of her vows, she had entered the

Order.

Having started as a classroom teacher, she moved into administration where she continued for a number of years. She functioned in a variety of managerial positions in the schools and for the Provincial headquarters. She achieved advanced degrees in educational administration from Manhattanville and Georgetown. Although retired, she continues to serve as a board member of a number of the Sacred Heart schools.

In addition to her interests in spirituality and secondary school education, Sr. Karen has had a long-term love of photography and the outdoors. Camping, especially in Acadia National Park, environmental education, music, computers, and construction management are high on her current list of interests.

She has assimilated easily into the Avila community and is adjusting well to the new lifestyle.

OUR NEW BUCKET LIST**Erin Teichman**

In August 2017, after visiting the President Gerald Ford Museum in Grand Rapids, MI, we had the start of a new bucket list: visiting the many sites associated with our 45 presidents.

We had already been to the birthplaces of John Adams and John Quincy Adams which were across the lawn from each other in Quincy, MA. Over Memorial Day weekend we had toured the homes of James Madison and James Monroe, neighbors of President Thomas Jefferson near Charlottesville VA.

However, the 'home' we visited for President Monroe had been built some years after he sold the property. It was located in front of a guest house Monroe had built in 1818. The original house built in 1799 had burned after Monroe sold the property. It was not until 2016 that archeological excavations showed the foundation of the President's original house. The planned new visitors' center will have a virtual reality component; visitors will feel that they are there with the Monroe's.

Because of debts incurred by Dolly Madison's son, she sold the Madison home, Montpelier, in Virginia after President Madison's death. Eventually the home came into the possession of the DuPont family. Today volunteers can participate in the archeological dig at the former slave's quarters on the Madison property.

Prior to 2017, we had visited President James Buchanan's home, Wheatland, near Lancaster PA; President Martin Van Buren's home in Kinderhook NY and President Ulysses S. Grant's Galena, IL home which had been a gift from the local citizenry in 1865.

While in high school in Peoria, IL I visited Abraham Lincoln's home in Springfield, and while working for the Roosevelt library in Hyde Park, NY, Ray visited the Herbert Hoover Library in West Branch, IA; the Harry S. Truman Library in Independence, MO; and the John F. Kennedy Library in Columbia Point, MA near Boston.

We stopped at two presidential sites on trips to and from Florida. Woodrow Wilson was born in the manse of the First Presbyterian Church in Staunton, VA where his father was the minister; and we briefly visited the Carter Library (shown at right) in Atlanta, GA, when we stopped to congratulate Dr. Donald Schwewe who had been named the Library's first director.



Next on our bucket list are the Eisenhower Farm, Gettysburg, PA and Andrew Jackson's home. The Hermitage, near Nashville, TN.

Do visiting the gravesite of President Chester Arthur in the Albany Rural Cemetery in Colonie, and the Trump Tower in New York City count as presidential visits?

TWO BLACK HOLES

Joe Shapiro

From The Wall Street Journal, October 4, 2017

"Three Win Physics Prize for Gravity Works [when] ...a fleeting cosmic distortion [was] caused by gravitational waves...in an instant released more energy than all the stars in the universe put together, but by the time the wrinkle in the fabric of space-time reached Earth a billion light years away, it was much tinier than an atomic nucleus."

Four Haikus

Here, as we despair,
Aged...at a loss to explain
How and why we drain.

Summer's a day we Lolled
Rambled, Strolled, with Joy Untold...
Eons. . .Far Away.

Memory, Fading,
Forlorn, Loves shines through the mist...
We sweetly kissed.

A Wrinkle in Time
Eternity, that may be...
Love powers us all

LET'S MOVIE

Gloria Herkowitz

Prior to 2013, one resident selected and projected the Tuesday night movies. (At that time there was no movie night at the Lodge.) When he retired, no one was willing to undertake this demanding task.

Rather than let movie night disband, Barbara Kidd agreed to take on the job of organizing a committee to carry on the Tuesday night movie program. The Committee developed selection guidelines and happily was able to recruit Max Tiller as projectionist. Also serving on the committee are: Mary Ellen and Jack Bendick, Murray Block, Laurel Edwards, Pat Frey, Janet Gelzheiser, Shirley Levey and Fred Silva. Sue Hansen, Bob Picchione, and Prentiss Carnell take turns announcing the movie on Tuesday before it is shown. An announcement of future movies and the date they are to be shown is posted in various locations, as is a list of the Saturday night Lodge movies.

There is a suggestion box in the mailroom next to the Events book encouraging residents to submit signed requests for specific titles.

Come; enjoy the free popcorn and a great movie every Tuesday night in the Media Room.

THE VALENTINE'S DAY PRESENT

Murray Block



Mom and Pop knew little about Valentine's Day. They had both grown up in Jewish regions of Eastern Europe where St. Valentine was unknown, and *love* was a topic you just did not discuss. I am sure they heard about this day after they met in New York and were later



married, but St. Valentine was not Jewish — so who paid attention? And love? Mom knew about love from the movies. She went every Friday afternoon after she had everything prepared for the Sabbath. She loved romances, mainly the ones where women, especially mothers, suffered. She saw "Stella Dallas" three times, at least! At the end, when Barbara Stanwyck stands, uninvited, outside the house where her long-lost daughter is being married, Mom would shed even more tears than the star did. "A mother always suffers." And the more the mother suffered, the better the movie.

If Mom's concept of love came from Hollywood, it was different with Pop. He spent seven days a week working hard to provide for his family. He treated Mom with respect, and appreciated the comfortable and nourishing atmosphere her home provided for him and their kids. Mom took care of Pop completely — with delicious meals, never complaining about the scarcity of money, picking up his dirty clothes, and telling him when it was time to take a bath. If all this is not love, what is? They did not need to give each other tokens of love once a year. Valentine's Day was a day like every other day — until Thursday, February 14, 1924.

The day began like any other weekday. Mom was up at 5:30, to prepare the oatmeal in the double boiler that took ages to cook — "How can I let my boys go to school in winter without a hot meal in their bellies?" By six, she had a hot breakfast and fresh perked coffee on the table for Pop who was already shaved and dressed.

"Joe, come eat, already. The eggs are getting cold." No oatmeal for Pop. It was not ready yet, and besides, cereal is for kids.

"I got no time. I'm late already."

"So what? The factory won't burn down without you. You won't take time to eat all day till you come home late tonight. You got to have something in your stomach. Eat!" And Pop ate.

At 6:30, Mom began waking the boys. Henry, age ten, was no problem. He always got up as soon as Mom called him, and he was cheerful, too. Very unnatural. Isaac, seven years old, was more like a normal kid. Mom had to call ten times before he'd get out of bed. And he'd be grumpy as hell. This Valentine's Day was no exception.

"Get up already, Mr. Grouch," Mom shouted as she pulled the covers off Isy.

By seven, both boys were ready for breakfast. Henry loved the oatmeal and toast. He wanted to be a baseball player, and knew he had to eat well in preparation for this career. And, as usual, Isy bitched:

"Geez! Oatmeal again? I hate the stuff."

"Every day I get up at 5:30 to make the oatmeal and you gimme 'I hate the stuff'? Children are starving in Europe. They'd be happy to get oatmeal for breakfast. Eat, or I'll tell your father when he comes home."

That threat never worked — Pop never did a thing to the boys — but Mom always used it anyway. That's what educated American mothers in the movies would say to naughty boys. At 7:30, the boys were dressed in their warm coats, and ready to leave for school.

"Got your books? Homework? Watch yourself crossing the street. And come straight home for lunch. And be good. Listen to the teacher."

Once the boys were off to school, Mom would usually take a few minutes out for her first cup of coffee. Not this Valentine's Day. Mom got her wool robe and wrapped it around her swollen body. She walked out the front door and climbed up to the second floor to the apartment right above hers. Her neighbor and friend, Mrs. Katzoff, quickly appeared. Mom wasted no time with greetings or pleasantries:

"I think it's time. Can you please get the doctor?"

Mrs. Katzoff went right into action, as she was prepared to do for several weeks. She grabbed her hat and coat while talking to Mom:

"Did the boys go to school yet? And your husband?"

"All gone. Better that way. I thought I had plenty time, but the pains are close now."

Mrs. Katzoff made sure Mom was back in her apartment and resting on her bed before running off to call the doctor who lived just down the block.

In short time, Doctor Isaac Goldberg arrived with his nurse, probably Mrs. Goldberg. At approximately 9:30, Dr. Goldberg was able to announce: "It's a boy!"

"It's a boy?" Mom repeated, questioningly, half-hoping she heard it wrong. After raising two active sons, Mom was ready for a daughter, who could help her learn "more American ways", but I screwed up her plans. Dr. Goldberg cleaned me up, put me on his portable scale—nine and a half chubby pounds — wrapped me in a blanket, put me in Mom's arms. Her motherly instincts took over.

"He's got ten fingers and ten toes. He should only be healthy. *Poo-poo!*" She made the spitting noise that always wards off the *evil eye*.

Punctually, at ten minutes after twelve, Henry and Isy returned for lunch. They both rushed into the kitchen where cream cheese and jelly sandwiches and cups of hot cocoa were awaiting them. Mom was apologetic for not having had time for a hot lunch for them today. "First, come see your new brother."

Isy rushed to the table for his lunch, not at all interested in seeing me. Henry walked into the bedroom with Mom. I was lying in the middle of Mom and Pop's double bed.

"Gee, he's so scrawny," was all he said. That was the only time in my life that anyone referred to me as *scrawny!*

After the boys returned to school for the afternoon, Mom allowed herself the luxury of lying down for a nap, for as long as I would let her.

Pop came home from work close to 8:00 PM, as usual. We had no telephone, so Mom had no way of calling him with the news. I doubt that she would have disturbed him even if she had a phone. When he saw Mom in her robe, it was obvious that the load had been dropped.

"Come, Joe. Come see your new son."

Mom led Pop into the bedroom, where the two of them beamed proudly at the only Valentine's Day present they ever gave each other.



WHERE AM I GOING?

Sally Tiller

*This morning I thought, "I have to do a chore."
So, I went into the kitchen and while going past the door
I thought of something I need to put on one of my lists.
I think I will bake, so have to check my supply of chocolate chips.
Then I went to my desk to get paper and pen
And I thought of something else to do in my den.
Better check my email, something might be there I need to know.
But before doing that, there is some other place I need to go.
I turned around and walked out of the room.
Then, while walking back to my kitchen I spotted my broom.
I guess this is a good time to sweep my floor.
That must be what I came into the kitchen for.
But I know there must be more I need to do
Oh yes, I wanted to make a phone call, but can't remember who.
I will put that thought aside 'til I remember who I wanted to call.
Must be careful walking, don't want to fall.
Back to the kitchen to do my original chore.
Now I can't remember what I came in here for.
I guess I will just have to go with the flow
And ask someone who will surely know
ALEXA.*

MY LIFE**AI Staff**

After serving in the Russian Army for 25 years, fighting in the Sino-Japanese War and World War I, 1914-1917, my father knew that he had to leave his homeland. The Jews were being subjected to many hardships. The Bolsheviks wanted my father to join them. My mother hired a horse and wagon on which she had chicken coops installed. Crossing the border into Germany my father was hidden under the chickens. They travelled to Holland and in 1920 boarded a ship to America with five children.

They were both fluent in five languages, but attended night school to learn English. After living in a tenement house in Manhattan for five years, they purchased a home in Brooklyn.

I remember sitting on my father's shoulders when I was five years old watching Charles Lindbergh in a parade on Fifth Avenue. I also saw Wiley Post and the King of Ethiopia land at Floyd Bennett Field after Post, who had a patch over one eye, had flown around the world.

Along came 1929 and the stock market crash. Living conditions were so bad many people committed suicide by jumping off skyscrapers. Unemployment rose to 28%. Many people's homes were foreclosed. Prices of commodities plunged. My mother purchased a day-old loaf of bread for three cents. Gasoline was selling for a dollar for eight gallons.



President Roosevelt was a true leader. He managed the economy by utilizing many new ideas. When the United States entered World War II, the government imposed rationing of gasoline and some food products to help the war effort.

After graduating from high school in three and a half years, I attended college at night while working days for \$10 a week as a shipping clerk in the garment industry. In 1939 I left Brooklyn to work for New York State. A dream- come-true...*a permanent job!*

The Tax Department offered classes on tax law, which I attended. That gave me the incentive to start my own practice. I rented a small office in the Home Savings Bank building on State and Pearl. I sublet half of that tiny office to an insurance agent who was also just starting his own business. He eventually grew into a dominant agency.

My practice grew even though I continued working for the Tax Department. I forfeited my pension and left the Department after 14 years. Two men called me for an appointment, saying they had heard about me and wanted me to join them, giving me the whole city as a franchise. Little did I know that they were Harry and Ralph Block. I turned them down because I did not want to be subservient. My practice continued to grow.

Having attained financial success, my wife Eleanor and I started travelling. We golfed in Bermuda for seven years. We visited all 50 States. We cruised the Mediterranean and the Bahamas, visiting all the islands. We travelled to Israel and to the countries of Europe. We explored the Panama Canal.

Having observed the living conditions in all these locations, we appreciate this wonderful country of ours where we enjoy the freedom to pursue our dreams to fulfillment.

PROFILE OF A LEADER OF A MALIGNED FAITH-BASED GROUP

Karl H. Gohlke

I have had an interest for some time in those individuals who have assumed leadership roles in groups, organizations, and movements. How did they become the leader; what characteristics did they have; and, how were they perceived by others? Fortunately, I have been able to observe a number of these individuals in my career in human services. The ones who stood out were those who took on challenges that others had not. Some were called heroes; others were considered demagogues. Regardless, they took responsibility for providing the leadership, often in challenging times and places.

In 1982 I interviewed Muhammad Abdul-Aziz who was known formally as Norman 3X Butler. Many years earlier in 1966 when I was a counselor at Sing Sing Prison, he and the two other men convicted of the murder of Malcolm X arrived to serve their life sentences. In those days "Black Muslims" were considered revolutionaries and were treated with close supervision and subjected to persistent and very often severe disciplinary action in the correctional system. Despite the bias they experienced during the early years of incarceration, all three overcame the obstacles they encountered and provided positive, prosocial leadership in the different institutions in which they were housed.

When I interviewed Aziz, he was the Iman, the religious leader of the Muslim inmates at Sing Sing. Many of the departmental leaders believed that Aziz was the leader of the entire inmate population and maintained the peace and order in the dysfunctional facility. He was also a major sales executive who managed a charitable organization that sold vegetable pies to the inmates and purportedly donated the profits to a community-based charity of which he was the principal director. My investigation determined that he had run this lucrative charity under the noses of the facility staff but within the rules existing at that time. He ordered the product, managed the sales force, deposited the stated profits to the institution-based charity fund which he controlled, and then directed the contributions from that fund to an outside charity he and his wife controlled. Many thousands of dollars travelled over the walls of Sing Sing under the eyes of the staff and management. Basic money laundering 101, an activity one might view as sharp business practices or "white collar" crime.

Mr. Aziz was paroled in 1985 following a disturbance in 1983 where he had provided a positive role in the resolution of the conflict. Since his release, he has run a rehabilitation program for drug abusers. Throughout his incarceration and to date, many have believed that he and one of the others convicted of Malcolm's murder were innocent. It is interesting to note that one of the other two individuals was instrumental in safeguarding the staff being held hostage during the Attica riot in 1971. The hostages who died during the retaking of the facility were shot by the state police.



Will Rogers said it:

I don't make jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts

Congress is so strange, a man gets up to speak and says nothing, nobody listens, and then everybody disagrees.

Everything is changing in America. People are taking the comedians seriously, and the politicians as a joke.

GREETINGS

Marie Shore

*The years go past, it seems on wings...
It's hard to comprehend
That another one has flown by
And 2017 is at an end.*



*A good year? I would say so.
Must add a candle to the cake
That takes us near the century mark
For goodness sake!*

*But then 'tis said, you're young as you feel,
And we are feeling fine!
Life is still good: our health still holds
We still enjoy a glass of wine.*



*Tough times have passed, as tough times will,
And happy times we cherish still.
Best wishes for the coming year
And may your life be filled with cheer.*

*Blessed with our family (though none are near)
To the four winds we are tossed.
But reunions are such happy times
Love of family – never lost.*

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

TALKING TRASH

Yes, yes, we know how to read posted signs but I didn't really understand how our trash rooms work. Why are they so often such a mess? Here's what I learned.

Avila has comingled recycling; that is, paper and all other ACCEPTABLE recyclables are recycled together. Why do we separate them – to maximize the bin space. Only FLAT newspapers, magazines, catalogs, and broken down **light cardboard** should be in the PAPERS BIN. **No take-out containers.** They have been contaminated by food even if we can't see it. The posted signs clearly identify the acceptable and unacceptable items.

And if it's not recyclable, it is **Trash**. It goes into **your plastic bag** which you **tie up** and place in the big Trash container in the Trash Room.

Any questions?



Photograph by Karl Gohlke

FITNESS COMES TO THE LODGE

Marge Buongiorno, Fr. Ron Menty, Sr. Mary Helen McComas, Amie Sherwood,
Sr. Eleanor Carr, Eleanor Miller and Louise Cincotta enjoy a class

NEWS AND VIEWS 2018

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HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY