

THE HILLTOP

DECEMBER
2024

A quarterly publication of writing and art by North Hill residents

Volume 155



From the Editor

Dear Friends,

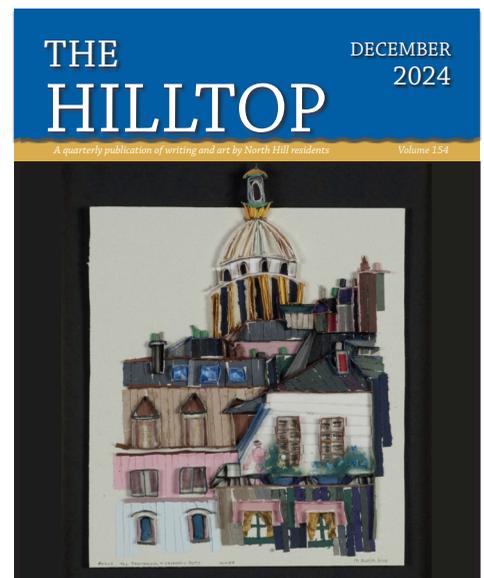
Martin Bloom (1934-2021), whose collages are featured in this issue of *Hilltop*, retired as Professor of Social Work at the University of Connecticut in 2006 to become a full time artist. Having taken UConn's BFA studio art courses for several years, he realized that after a long career as a social psychologist it could take another seventy years to become an artist: "I really started to live as an artist only a short time ago, so I have to work fast to catch up with myself as an adult artist." Inspired by Picasso's creativity and productivity well into old age, Martin created about 100 collages a year for fifteen years. These four pages and the cover offer glimpses of Martin's extraordinary artistic vision, wit, and inventiveness that permeated his personal and artistic life at North Hill. My thanks to Lynn Bloom and Lew Dana for curating this exhibit.

I hope you will enjoy the rich variety of articles and features chosen to complement Martin Bloom's art. On behalf of the entire Editorial Board I wish you all a happy and healthy holiday season.

David Crellin, Editor

Cover

In 2010, Martin and Lynn Bloom spent a glorious summer in Paris. Their apartment on Quai Montebello, across the Seine from Notre Dame, looked over the rooftops toward the dome of the Pantheon. Every morning, across the way, a man stepped *au naturel* onto his terrace to water his plants. Martin rendered shrubs out of Brillo pads.



The Hilltop

Editor: David Crellin

Editorial Board: Lynn Bloom, Anne Chalmers, Lew Dana, Marianne Fisher, Steve Foote, Bob McNiff, Tom Selldorff •

Back Cover photographs and text: Irene Gladstone

The Hilltop is published quarterly and welcomes fiction, essays, poetry, and graphic arts.

Information about submissions can be found on My North Hill under the North Hill Info tab

Please submit your work to NH-Hilltop@outlook.com

NORTH HILL 865 Central Avenue, Needham, MA 02492

Would You Like a Knödel?

Tom Weiss

Every spring and fall, I announce that I will make knödel for my family and everyone makes plans to attend the knödelfest. Knödel, or their Anglicized spelling knoedel, are boiled dumplings made throughout Central and Eastern Europe, and called knödel in Austria, knedlíky in Czechoslovakia, gombóc in Hungary, knedle in Polish, and knaidlach in Yiddish. They can be made savory to accompany meat or made sweet for dessert.

Dessert knödel are formed by making dough and filling it with a variety of sweets. The filled knödel, which are spheres 2-6 inches in diameter, are boiled in water. When fully cooked and drained, a topping is applied that always includes butter. Many combinations of dough, filling, and topping are used; none are low calorie, all are delicious.

The lightest dough is made with topfen, a farmer's cheese similar to a small curd cottage cheese. Dough can also be made using potatoes or a flour dough using yeast for leavening. The yeast dough knödel (or germ knödel in German) are time consuming to make, heavy to digest, but delicious to taste. Fresh fruit, sweetened by replacing pit with a flavored sugar dot or cube, are the best fillings. Fruits for fillings include plums (especially Italian prune plums), apricots, and cherries. [A plum dumpling that I made with Farmer's cheese dough and topped with ground walnuts, sugar, and butter is shown here and a recipe is given in the next column.] Sweetened strawberries are also used as fillings. In the absence of good fresh fruit, knödel are filled with prune or apricot butter, ground poppyseeds, ground nuts, jams, and marmalades.

Unfilled knödel with just a topping of a fruit sauce are also delicious. A common topping is ground nuts, sugar, and butter. Another is breadcrumbs that have been browned in butter. The knödel are rolled around in the bread crumbs to coat them and sprinkled with sugar. [This type of knödel served with a berry sauce at Café Landtmann in Vienna is shown here.] Some people have been known to put ground poppyseeds on their knödel; others add cinnamon. The aorta blocking properties of knödel are unchallenged in potency.

Around 1960, I made germ knödel for my wife and close friends, Charlie and Donna Molnar. I hadn't made them in years, but touted them in advance as great delicacies. Perhaps due to my recent inexperience, the knödel came out rather large—exceeding softball size—and as they were bobbing around and crowding each other in a large pot of boiling water, Charlie said “This is the biggest damn delicacy I have ever seen.” This is a comment specifically meant for the knödel but more aptly applied to the excesses of Viennese desserts.

Dough: 1/4 lb. butter, 2 eggs, 1/2 lb. Farmer's cheese, 1 1/2 cups flour (sifted), vanilla, lemon extract, and/or lemon zest

Filling:
Sugar dots or cubes: soaked in orange or lemon extract and dusted with cinnamon
6 prune plums

Topping: extra butter, ground walnuts, sugar

Mix dough ingredients until well blended (works well in a food processor). Chill dough. Form into 6 equal balls. Pat into flat rounds.

Slice each plum open on one side, remove the pit and replace with a sugar dot or cube dipped in orange or lemon extract and dusted with cinnamon.

Close plum around flavoured sugar and cover the plum with dough. Pinch edges to carefully seal the knödel around the filling.

Drop the knödel into gently boiling water and give them a gentle stir to unstick them from bottom of the pot. Usually they will float to the top. Do not boil vigorously or the knödel will burst. Cook for about 15 minutes. In the meantime, melt the extra butter, grind the walnuts. When the knödel are cooked, drain them and place each in a separate bowl. Sprinkle with sugar, ground nuts, and melted butter. Makes 6 knödel.

Plum dumplings made with Farmer's cheese dough from my mother's cookbook.



Vote for Buddy

Lewis Dana

So, my friend Arthur, a long-time Rhode Islander, and I are standing in front of our condo in the historic Jewelry District of Providence one afternoon in October a few years ago.

Our building is in a part of town that once bustled with jewelry manufacturing, then declined to the point that our building was derelict. In 1978, it was bought and turned into residences and studios by a group of artists.

The area was known for raucous night clubs. A super highway ran spang through the middle of the district, effectively cutting it off from the business part of town that they call "DownCity." When the Interstate was torn down, its land became prime development territory.

As we stand there, shooting the breeze, a pickup truck pulls up across the street.

Guy calls out to Arthur, "Hey, I seen you someplace before." Arthur, "You look familiar, too."

Truck whips across the street and parks, facing the wrong way. Guy, medium height, stocky, not recently shaved, armless t-shirt, steps out, smiles, walks over and asks, "Wheredja want the lawn sign?"

Arthur and I: "What sign?"

"Whaddya think?"

Arthur and I: "You mean for Buddy?"

"Hey, you goddit!"

Arthur and I simultaneously, "Sorry no signs on this building."

"Whaddya mean? No signs? I got an order."

Me: "I'm President of the Condo Association and we have an order that says no signs. Besides we don't have a lawn."

"Hah! I'll tell you about condo presidents. I live in Florida. My sister, she lives next door. She likes flowas. She builds a patio. Wid' flowas. Condo president comes over, says it ain't allowed, he's gonna tear out the patio. I told him I'd show him some tearing out if he didn't get off my sister's patio. Dat's condo rules for you."

We were all laughing at this, and the conversation went on.

"So, who you guys gonna vote f' maya?"

Me: "Anybody but Buddy." Arthur, "Not Buddy."

"Hey, whaddaya mean? He turned Providence aroun'. He had great ideas!"

Us: "No argument. He's smart. But he's a crook."

"Hey, c'mon! Just 'cause summutha people around him weren't so great, that's not Buddy's fault."

Us: "How's that not going to happen again?"

"Hey, he's a great guy. He's learnt his lesson."

Us: "Yeah, don't get caught."

"Aw, c'mon Buddy's The Guy."

He looks across the street at the night club that used to fill our nights with howls, shouts, screams, breaking glass, police sirens and general mayhem. It went bust two or three years earlier, and our building's residents began getting a full night's sleep.

He sizes up the boarded windows and says, "It must be really (expletive) dead in this neighborhood with that club closed... So, no sign, huh?"

Us: "Yeah."

"OK, you'll be sorry." He got back in the pickup, drove slowly down the block and stopped at the next condoed factory.

Buying Naïve Art from a Farmer in Croatia

Dave Donohue

In the spring of 2010, I taught a five-day executive management program for the national oil company of Croatia. It was held in a small town in the eastern region of the country, near the Hungarian border. On Wednesday evening we all went to a nice restaurant that served great local food. Before dessert I took the opportunity to look at the very unusual art pieces on the wall. One of the executives joined me and volunteered that the art was the work of self-taught local farmers, referred to as Naïve art, and that they were painted on glass, reversed, and placed in a frame. I really liked what I saw, and he offered to take me to meet one of the well-known local farmer-artists when our program ended on Friday after lunch.

I must admit that my expectations were not very high as we drove about fifteen minutes out of town, along a rural country road, and stopped in front of a small door in a high white fence. I followed him through the door into a yard with a white farmhouse, a large barn with chickens scattered nearby, and cows and goats grazing in the distance. I followed him through the large barn door into a typical barn area filled with farm implements and then into a second door where I stood in awe at what I saw in the room. It was filled with about 30 medium and large pieces of Naïve art on the wall and leaning against each other along the floor.

I then met the artist, Mijo Kovacic, an older and animated farmer-artist, with a twinkle in his eye, who, he soon told me, was about to go on an

exhibition and sales trip with his art to Berlin, Amsterdam, London, and New York. I was amazed even more when I asked him the cost of a medium size piece and he replied 30,000 euros! I told him how much I liked his work and asked whether he had one that I could afford. He pointed to a much smaller, framed one, leaning against the wall in the far corner and said, "I would be happy to sell that one to you for 2000 euros." That was

much more affordable and, because I was soon leaving for the airport to fly directly home, I said that I would take it and handed him my credit card. "Sorry David, I don't take credit cards. Only cash or checks." "Sorry, Mijo," I said, "I don't have much cash and I did not bring my check book with me." "That's OK, Dave. Just send me a check after you arrive home!"

So off I went with a nicely wrapped work of art that

my wife loved when she saw it. We hung it in our dining room until we moved to North Hill and now it is in a special spot in our living room. Oh yes, I sent him the check soon after I arrived home!

If you are interested in Croatia's Naïve art, take a look at

<https://www.peopleareculture.com/croatian-museum-of-naive-art/>



Martin Bloom: Portrait of an Old Man as a Young Artist



Welcome to a world of fantasy and reality created from scraps of paper --- cut, torn, folded, twisted, quilled and enhanced with other materials, including thread, yarn, cotton balls and Brillo pads.

“Before I retired from UCONN as a professor at the School of Social Work I started auditing classes at the art school. Eventually, I struck out on my own into the relatively uncrowded field of collage where there are essentially no rules of what to do or how to do it. With my experimental orientation, I tried all manner of materials, subjects and techniques.”

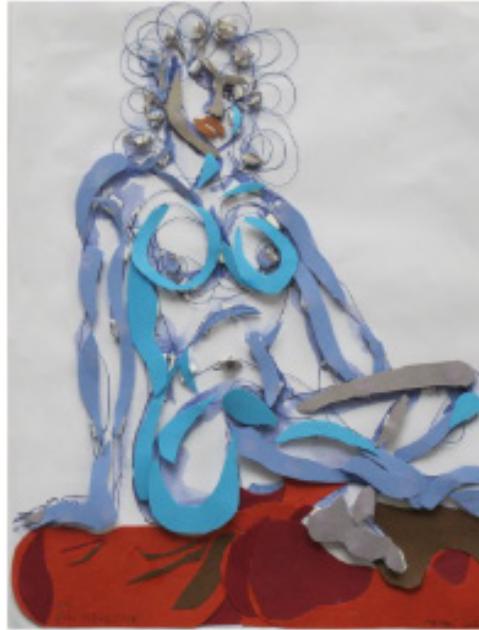
—*Martin Bloom*



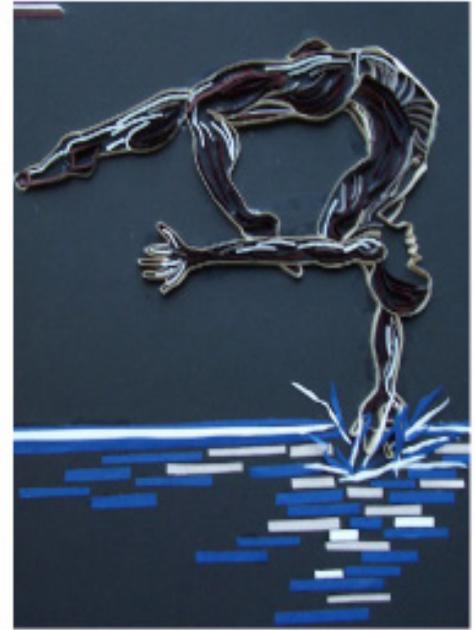
Klimt's Fulfillment



Black Man in Shower



Woman in circles



Diver

In retirement, including his years at North Hill (2016–2021), Martin Bloom created more than 1,500 images—landscapes, portraits (50 self-portraits such as Dimensional Man and “Portrait of an Old Man as a Young Artist”), copies of masterpieces (Klimt, Turner, Van Gogh), illustrated tales and abstractions. Renderings of his remarkable creativity appear courtesy of the Bloom family.

To delineate shapes, Martin developed his *vertical rim technique*—thin strips of art paper glued on edge. The three-dimensional image changes as the viewer’s angle shifts. As he described it, “The viewer—as well as the artist—constructs the work of art. It puts collage between sculpture and...flat paintings.”



DaVinci man ▲

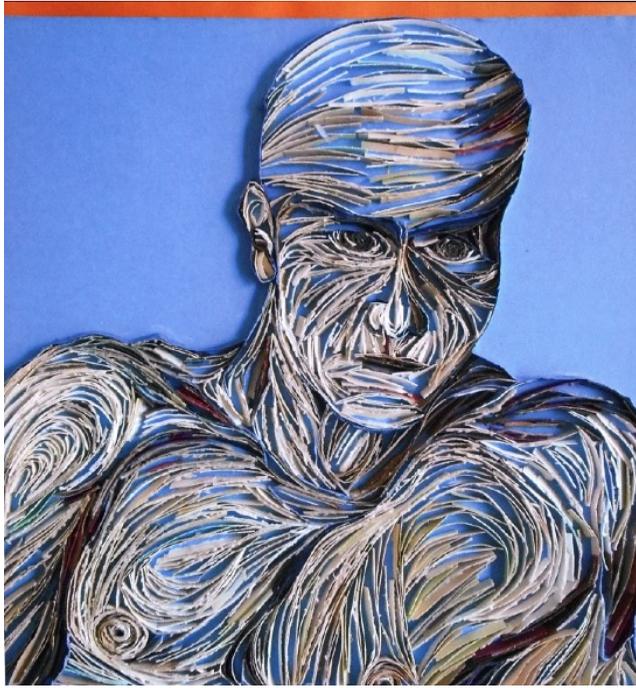
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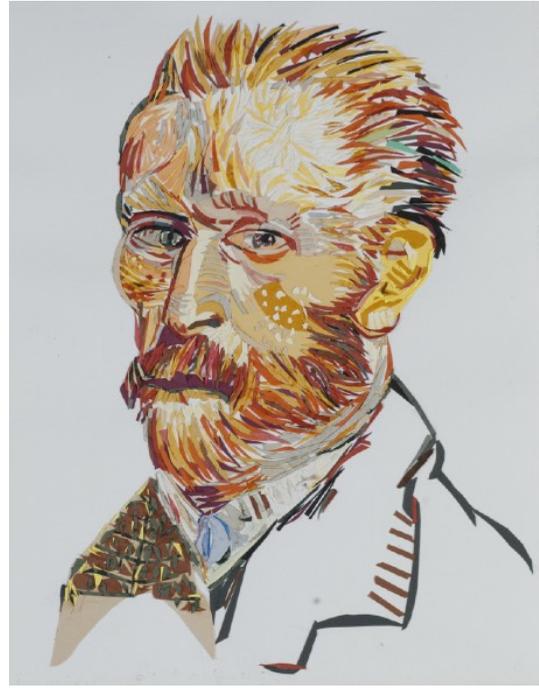
Hawaii 2006

Martin Bloom

Hawaii Surfer



Dimensional Man



Van Gogh



After J.M.W. Turner's "Soldau with the Lake of Zug in the distance."

North Hill READS Celebrates its Tenth Anniversary

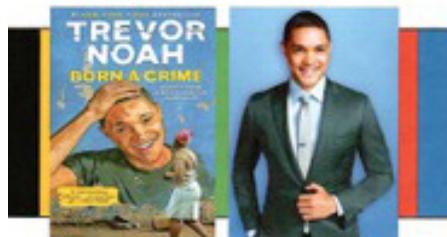
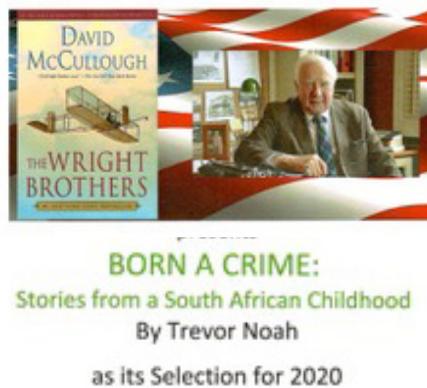
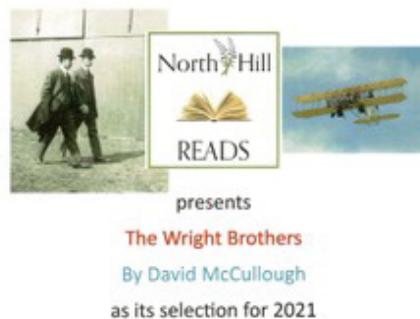
Imogene Fish

North Hill READS is an annual community-wide reading project that will proudly celebrate its Tenth Anniversary in 2025. A special Happy Hour in January will kick off a month of book discussions, author talks, films and field trips based on the year's chosen book.

The enthusiastic response to the initial READS project, in 2014, far exceeded its founders' highest expectations. North Hill's discerning readers have since relished a yearly shared reading experience, enhanced by engaging programs, for bringing together individuals with divergent interests and life stories.

The choice of each year's book is an elaborate process. In October, the READS committee invites Residents, as well as Team Members, to submit book suggestions. The books, fiction or nonfiction, contemporary or classic, best sellers or not, must offer compelling or engaging topics, themes, and characters. We prefer books of fewer than 400 pages available in various formats.

A delightful dilemma emerges as the committee considers the fifty or so titles suggested. Culling the daunting list often involves heated, if friendly, exchanges as READS committee members battle for our favorites. We keep the process private and enjoy the buzz of



residents' frequent asking, "Have you chosen the book yet? When are you announcing the book?" The book selected is announced in the *Communicator* in early December and fully described in a colorful flyer distributed to Resident mailboxes. A display copy of the book in the Post accompanies order forms for residents who like the convenience of a copy delivered to their apartments. We purchase 100 copies and sell them at cost. Some residents prefer to read the book on their Kindles, listen on Audible, borrow a copy from the library or purchase their own.

A sampling of past books: Our first year's winner, Stephen Puleo's "*Dark Tide*" gave a harrowing account of Boston's surreal 1919 molasses flood disaster, when a thirty foot high wave of molasses killed twenty-one people. Since then we've journeyed around much of the world: to South Africa to be inspired by Comedian Trevor Noah's coming of age story in the fraught twilight of apartheid; to India with Jhumpa Lahiri's poignant novel, "*The Namesake*," illuminating the heartbreak of the immigrant experience; to Myanmar with "*The Elephant Company*," a nonfiction account of an unlikely hero and his profound devotion to the elephants that helped him save lives in World War II. David McCullough's

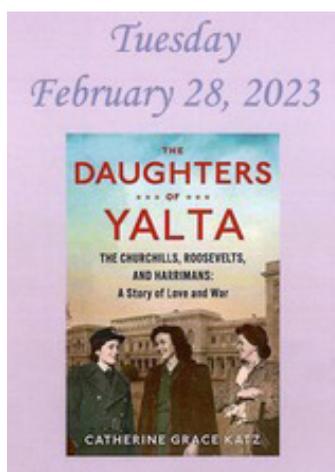
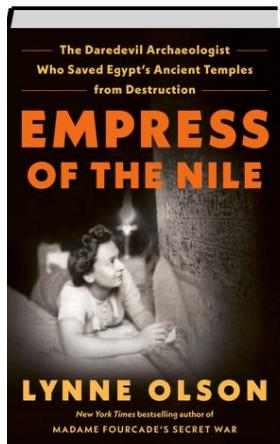
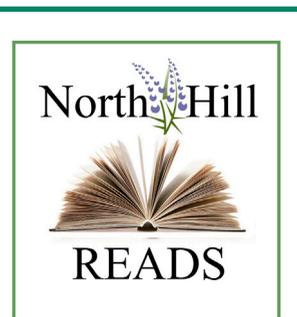
compelling "*Wright Brothers*" gave us new insights into the lives of those two single

minded aviation pioneers. Related programming included North Hill residents' sharing their own heart-stopping aviation experiences, notably among them U.S. Navy pilot Dick Page's describing the terrifying hazards of aircraft carrier landings in the dark of night or fog. On a lighter note, a hilarious paper airplane flying competition found residents launching their meticulously crafted gliders from the Commons to the floor below.

While reading *"Voyage of Mercy,"* set during the terrible 1847 Irish Potato famine, we virtually followed the USS Jamestown, a battleship stripped of its guns, on America's first humanitarian mission to deliver food, clothing and supplies to a desperate country.

"Daughters of Yalta: A Story of Love and War" opened our eyes to the key roles played by the three young women who accompanied their fathers, Roosevelt, Churchill and Harriman, to the pivotal Yalta Conference. Our most recent selection, *"Empress of the Nile,"* took us from the Louvre in Paris to the Nile Delta. We followed Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt, the young but determined French archaeologist instrumental in saving Egypt's ancient temples from massive flooding. A highlight of related programming featured a panel of eight amazing North Hill women, pioneers in their own professions.

With support from the PurposeFULL Living staff, Krissy Fleming and Jessie Rodrique, we schedule book discussions, identify relevant movies, entertainments, speakers and panelists, including residents and Team Members with related expertise. Whenever possible we arrange for the author to come, read from and discuss the book. Catherine Grace Katz, the young author of *"Daughters of*



Yalta" so charmed us that our own talented Hilltones serenaded her with a cleverly adapted sea chanty that deeply moved her as she told us later. One memorable field trip, in conjunction with Jhumpa Lahiri's *"The Namesake,"* took residents to the magnificent Sri Lakshmi Hindu Temple in Ashland. Graciously greeted and instructed to step out of our shoes, we were given an enthralling tour, followed by a simple traditional lunch. Another fascinating outing found us at the Mass General's Museum of Medical History's historic Ether Dome as we read *"Destiny of the Republic."* A gripping account of President James Garfield's assassination, it revealed that his death resulted not from the assassin's bullets, but from complications of sepsis of which his physicians had no understanding.

Food and drink are always key components of North Hill READS. The kickoff January Happy Hour features refreshments inspired by the cuisine of the books' settings. The "grand finale" of February's READS activities is a magnificent dinner of several courses offered as the evening's special in both Summa and The Bistro. The *Daughters of Yalta* menu featured Russian dishes identical to those for the final banquet hosted by Josef Stalin. What did the culinary staff serve up in connection with *"Destiny of the Republic?"* What else but dishes served at Garfield's inaugural dinner, including turtle soup!

Please join us for our 10th year of North Hill READS. Look for the announcement of THE book in early December!

The Road to a Gavel

Leila Kern

Superior Court Judge (Retired) Commonwealth of Massachusetts

It was 1980 and I had to decide. What was I going to do next? I wanted to leave my career in academia: teaching and doing research in experimental psychology. I read “What Color is Your Parachute,” and went to a Career Counselor. After a battery of tests and a series of interviews the counselor said: “You’re not going to like this. You’re going to have to go back to school. You test like a MALE LAWYER.” Why a MALE lawyer I asked? Because, as recently as 1980, there were still no norms for women lawyers.

I entered Harvard Law the following fall, not sure if I stuck out more as a woman, a wife and mother of two, or a 40-year-old. After my first year, having done well in all the required courses -- and despite having a B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. from an Ivy League University and having taught and done research at the university level for 14 years -- I still did not get a single interview for a summer internship at any Boston law firm. Was it my age? My gender? A combination? Fortunately, I found a mentor in a law school professor who hired me to do case studies for a book he was writing AND got me a volunteer position one day a week at the U.S. Attorneys’ Office in Boston.

That summer’s work opened up job opportunities for me: first at a large Boston law firm and later at the U.S. Attorneys’ Office itself. When, because of political machinations, a very unsuitable lawyer was chosen to become the U.S. Attorney in Boston, eighty-three of us Assistant U.S. Attorneys in the office signed a letter to Attorney General Ed Meese indicating our lack of confidence in that man’s abilities and his qualifications, as well as pointing out incidences of his misogynistic behavior and how it interfered with the performance of our duties.

Certain that we were about to be fired, many of us looked for other job opportunities. I asked four of

my colleagues, all women, if they would join me in the formation of a law firm. In the fall of 1989, as the stock market tanked, the five of us opened the largest all-woman law firm to much national media attention. This fanfare did not reflect the fact that while looking for office space in downtown Boston, we five women were shown some of the most inappropriate locations, including one in which the slanted ceilings were so low that in parts of the space we could not stand up without hitting our heads.

While four of us had worked at large Boston law firms before going to the U.S. Attorney’s Office and one of us had previously worked at the Department of Justice, people expected us to handle only “women’s cases” such as divorce, employment discrimination, or small slip-and-fall cases. It was not until the savings and loan debacle just months after our opening, when the FDIC came looking for minority owned firms to take the large cases closing banks and suing officers and directors, that we began to be recognized as a “real” litigation firm.

Ten years later, after a successful career as a trial lawyer in this setting, one of my law partners who was by then sitting as a Superior Court judge suggested that I apply for a judgeship and join her.

I was appointed to the bench in 1999 and joined the Superior Court consisting of over 300 judges, about a third of whom were women. Here my age and grey hair certainly worked to my advantage garnering respect in the courtroom. There were of course early instances of male lawyers who would try to intimidate me and interfere with my role as judge. I, however, soon got a reputation for running a “tight ship” and tolerating no disrespect in my courtroom. After all, I was the one holding the gavel.

This is the third in a series of talks presented by eight women residents of North Hill in February 2024 during a panel discussion: Coming of Age as a Professional in a Male Dominated World.

Ruth Kennedy: North Hill's On-the-Go Dynamo

Marianne Fisher

Born in Windsor Locks, Connecticut, now living in Newton, Ruth Kennedy is a true daughter of New England. Upon graduation from Middlebury College, Ruth set her sights on the mad ad world of Madison Avenue, with jobs at BBDO and Benton & Bowles.

Four years later, Ruth realized that the real ad world did not measure up to the TV series. So, in 1988, she made, what she calls "The Great Escape" to Burlington, Vermont, a perfect setting for anyone zeroed in on relishing the great outdoors.

Ruth enjoyed her years as Ad Manager for the Burlington Free Press, a Gannett newspaper. She also spent lots of free time meeting every challenge that her favorite mountains, Stowe and Mad River, offer enthusiastic skiers and hikers.

Fifteen years later, in 2003, an irresistible offer from Aetna Insurance to serve as National Accounts Manager, brought Ruth to Boston. Some years after, her Mom became fragile and in need of care. Through the experience of finding the right care for her, Ruth became interested in senior living. Sadly, Mom passed, but the networking that Ruth had accomplished brought her to us in 2013--a real coup for North Hill.

As our chic, stylish Senior Sales Associate, Ruth's diligence and industry knowledge has brought many individuals and couples to North Hill. She admits that, "It is not only bringing people to North Hill, but seeing them thrive, that gives me great satisfaction."

Ruth conducts tours of Crescent Heights two to three times a day, from ground level up to Summa,

showing off our new Auditorium and Intermission Lounge plus a viewing of one or two apartments. A busy day, day after day.

The sales cycle from meeting and greeting to handing over the keys usually takes about 18-24 months. In her time at North Hill, Ruth has closed up to 200 units. That's our go-go dynamo!

An outdoors gal, Ruth spends much of her free time biking and walking. Whipping around on her

Specialized road bike, Ruth can easily chalk up 20 miles or so a day enjoying the ins and outs of towns like Concord and Lincoln.

I also love to walk," she enthuses, "some three to five miles a week around North Hill, usually at lunchtime and six to seven miles on a nice weekend day."

A self-admitted "beach bum," Ruth covets the sands of Chatham, Westport and Watch Hill. "I can sit on a beach all day," she admits.

Gardener? In her own words, "When my woodchuck is not feasting, I like to grow Swiss chard, tomatoes, peppers, and all sorts of

herbs." Her flower garden is a plethora of annuals and perennials: dahlias, black-eyed susans, yarrow, zinnias and begonias among others. Keeping watch over all this is Artie, her Tiger Cat with one eye and a protruding front tooth. No trespassing here!

Ruth also loves to cook, can't pass up a museum and is involved with her Church "Third Act," an organization committed to climate change.

Without a doubt, Ruth has certainly earned the title of North Hill's On-the-Go Dynamo!



Death and Dinosaurs

Sally Hammerness

As a pre-school teacher for many years in Wellesley, I found that my four and five year olds often taught me at least as much as I taught them. In that regard, I will never forget Ritchie, who made his own understanding of the world when his parents tried to hide a sad reality from him.

Ritchie's grandfather had died over the weekend and on Monday his worried parents advised me that he was not to know this for a while. He had been close to his grandfather and they both felt he would need careful preparation over time to learn about what had happened.

I was always invested in telling children the truth but respected the parents' wishes and agreed not to mention anything to Ritchie about his grandfather. When the children exploded out onto the playground that day, Ritchie uncharacteristically stayed by my side. "Sally," he said, quietly, "I know a secret."

"Oh?" I replied, with some hesitation, as secrets and children are often not a good mix.

"My mommy and daddy don't think I know about this," he confided, pointing up to the sky, "but my grandpa has gone to live with the dinosaurs."

Mr. Higginson

Gary Seligson

In the fall of 1957, I was beginning my sophomore year of high school in Florida, and like most kids, uncertain of what I wanted to do with my life. The US and the Soviet Union were locked in what seemed to be an endless Cold War over nuclear weapons and international influence. Then, on October 5, the USSR launched Sputnik and suddenly the rivalry became technological.

The American secondary educational system turned to creating scientists and engineers. The pressure on students who had a technical aptitude became intense, so I naturally decided that I had to go to MIT. Any other course of action would have been clearly unpatriotic.

My 11th grade chemistry teacher was Mr. Higginson. "Wild Bill" was known for his surly disposition, tobacco-stained teeth, and a laboratory coffee pot which he never washed and which smelled like a dead skunk by the end of the day. We actually got along pretty well, so in my senior year, I asked him to write me a recommendation for my MIT

application. He agreed to do it under this condition: "With all the lying I'll have to do, if you get in, you'll owe me a bottle of good bourbon."

When I received my acceptance letter, I went to his classroom to thank him, and he reminded me of his stipulation, insisting that I deliver the bottle to him at his house. I was only 17, but it was not hard for a teenager to buy liquor in Florida in those days.

I delivered a bottle of Wild Turkey to him at his house on a Saturday afternoon which we spent sitting on his malodorous sofa watching sports on his tiny black-and-white TV, smoking and bonding over that bottle. I was not an experienced drinker, but I knew enough not to get too drunk. Somehow, I was able to drive home.

In later years, Higginson was elected to the Broward County School Board. I've often wondered what would have happened to Mr. Higginson if that story had gotten out. He had helped me, and he trusted me, so it never did.

Pat Warner: Resident Curator

Ronna Perlmutter

Most of us prepare for a move to North Hill by paring down our possessions, saving a few favorites. Thanks to the work of Pat Warner, many of our treasures have since appeared in the quarterly themed exhibitions in the Parlor.

In 2019, the Director of PurposeFULL Living spotted a wooden display case in storage. She and Pat enterprisingly put it to use for the exhibitions that now surprise and delight us in the Parlor. A hugely successful “Celebration of Baskets” initiated the program. Since then, Pat’s imagination has produced themes for more than twenty exhibitions. She calls for resident contributions which she sorts and exquisitely displays with the help of Beverly Bernson.

“Fly Like a Bird” included aviation memorabilia and related to a North Hill Reads’ book about the Wright Brothers. In the summer of 2022 “Red Hot” included a miniature red sedan, a red auto handbag, and a red British phone booth bank.

A call for “Mythical Beasts and Animal Deities” brought a wonderful collection of Dragons and Gargoyles

of all shapes and sizes from glass and wood on plates and other forms of pottery.

“Candlesticks” evoked memories of family celebrations, religious gatherings and treasures from homelands.

A gloomy March inspired “Noah’s Ark” and forty days of rain. Animals from around the globe, many in pairs, quickly became groups. They came from Sweden, Mexico, England, France, Portugal, India, Spain and Egypt. African nations were well

represented from the Transvaal to Tanzania, Kenya, Botswana and Ethiopia.

The current exhibition, “Childhood Memories,” is a nostalgic feast for the senses. Be sure to see the books, dolls, stuffed animals, letter blocks and many other treasures from our earliest years.

These exhibitions are a testimony to a remarkable woman in her ninety-ninth year and also to the curating skills of residents who fortunately did not discard the precious objects they are generous enough to share with us.



We Remember

KATHLEEN LYNCH
ELIZABETH BALL

MICHAEL HURWITZ
JOSEPH JANKOWSKI

RUTH WEINER
PRISCILLA TRUSSELL

Beauty and Joy Blossom at North Hill

Irene Gladstone

“People from a planet without flowers would think we must be mad with joy the whole time to have such things about us.” – Iris Murdoch

Peek into the Garden Room in the Creative Arts Center on a Thursday morning and you will see the Flower Group busy at work. With support from PurposeFull Living, eight Crescent Heights residents, typically, are involved in the weekly process of designing and



maintaining the floral arrangements that are placed throughout Crescent Heights. The morning begins with collecting the previous week's arrangements and disassembling them. Then it is always a surprise to see the array of new flowers delivered from Needham Florist. After several hours of creativity and collaboration the residents are ready to distribute a new collection of twenty-eight floral displays. During the week, group members keep busy watering the arrangements and replacing droopy blooms.

In season, flowers grown at North Hill are available to add to the displays. The group strives to be “green” by composting and by employing reusable materials (even chicken wire) within the arrangements.

Enjoy the flowers! The Flower Group hopes they add beauty and joy to your day.

