



University of Maine
at Augusta
Senior College

Spring 2019 46 University Drive Augusta, Maine 04330 www.umasc.org

View from the Chair: 2019

Changes



I am the only person in my pickleball group who is not on Facebook. It is a bit of a problem for the organizer as she has to email me any info that is shared with the group. I am not sure why Facebook never appealed to me, but I now know I made the right decision in not joining.

I purchased my first smart phone this year—which turned out to be a good move for me. When I took in my “flip phone” for a trade-in, I noticed there were several millennials who were laughing, and one of them called over others to look over this old phone technology. At that point I was ready to tell them about my neighbor Joan who has a black rotary phone that still works.

When I go to my bank, I have noticed a few new tellers who do not recognize me and have to ask me an

identification question: What’s my mother’s maiden name? The question always makes me smile as I think of the Cunion side of my family. And then there is the question of my first car which always has me burst into an exciting exposition of my 64 Mustang burgundy convertible with black interior and stick shift on the floor. The young teller has no idea what this car was, but she smiles and humors me anyway.

I got a new car this year that came with an 800-page manual. Lots of the information in these pages says “if equipped,” and I have no idea if my car is equipped with LDA (Lane Departure Alert) until I move over a lane line, and my car has an annoying beeping sound. Then there is the Full Speed Range Dynamic Radar Cruise Control which feels like some outside force automatically takes over the speed of your car to match the car in front of yours. These are not changes I really feel I need or want, but I know I will adjust to them over time.

As my friend Elizabeth always tells me, I do not like it when someone moves my cheese. The Spencer Johnson book *Who Moved My Cheese?* explores how mice and people deal with change. I do not like change. As seniors we all have experienced lots of changes. These changes can be anything from losses of people we love, and experiences we can no longer take part in, to having to adjust to new phones and automobiles. Having Senior College in my life has helped me to adjust to many of these changes. I love being with a group of people who can laugh with my friend Evelyn who says goodnight to Siri on her phone. These people are lifelong learners taking part in Senior College as members and volunteers. I have loved my roles of student, teacher, volunteer, and committee and board member. I hope that we all can appreciate the rich opportunities we have here at UMASC. Change is a part of life and having this Senior College community helps us as we grow and learn to deal with these changes. You might say UMASC is our own personal Lane Departure Alert System as it helps us keep cruising up to speed! (without the annoying beeping)

Carole Baldwin, UMASC Board Chair

Inside this issue:

View from the Chair	1
Help Me Help You	2
Minutes, Annual Meeting	3
Musings of a Geezer	4
Poise, a Prose Poem.....	5
Who Needs Sprinkles Anyway?	5
A Hummingbird Thank You	6
Senior College Classes	7
Book Groups, Illuminator, Website.....	8

Help Me Help You

A Mini-Book by Maggie Warren

Introduction

My generation was raised by the Greatest Generation. None of us are comfortable accepting help.

Chapter 1, Dialogue

“Yes, I did miss a doctor’s appointment yesterday. I didn’t have a way to get there.”

Did you ask anyone to take you?

“I’ve been sick for a week and can’t stand long enough to cook anything, so I’m eating crackers for all three meals now.”

Did you ask anyone to help you?

“The front doorknob is very loose, and I’m worried about the lock. I’m sure any stranger could get in here if they wanted to.”

Did you ask anyone to fix it for you?

Chapter 2, Musings

Vulnerable and Helpless versus Safe and Helped

How to get to Yes?

Chapter 3, Fears

Fear of being judged

Fear of rejection

Fear of obligation disproportion

Chapter 4, A Haiku

Do you need some help?

Can you handle the caring?

People do say no.

Epilogue

The Greatest Generation taught us that **Giving Help is a Good Deed.**

They did not teach us that **Accepting Help is also a Good Deed.**

**University of Maine
Senior College at Augusta
18th Annual Meeting and Appreciation Day
Monday, May 13, 2019**

The Annual Meeting of the University of Maine Senior College at Augusta was held in the Fireplace Lounge of the Randall Center at 12:00 on May 13, 2019. Carole Baldwin, Chair, presided. There were approximately 85 members in attendance.



After a buffet luncheon was enjoyed by all, Carole Baldwin greeted the members and introduced Greg Fahy, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. Greg is a UMA representative to the Senior College Board and spoke of the ways that UMA and Senior College have collaborated (e.g., current and retired UMA faculty have taught classes, a Senior College instructor has taught a UMA class, Senior College members have volunteered in UMA classes), and he pointed out that this work together strengthens both UMA and Senior College. He said he is always open to suggestions for collaborating.

The *Illuminator* is a biannual publication of The University of Maine at Augusta's Senior College.

Chair: Carole Baldwin
Masthead Design: David Guillemette
Photographer: Elizabeth Humphrey
Production and Design: Ann Sullivan
Circulation: Bev Ludden, Ann Sullivan
UMA Faculty Reps: Pat Clark, Greg Fahy
UMA Liaison and Coordinator: Bev Ludden
Editor: Ann Sullivan

Carole called the meeting to order and mentioned that new courses and instructors are always sought after, and that there were course proposals on the tables for the taking or an electronic proposal form now available. She stressed the need for volunteers on all committees, with the Office Committee in special need.

Debbie Maddi presented the Nominating Committee report. Four retiring Board members were recognized, and certificates of appreciation were presented to each. Duane Prugh was a founder and held almost every position possible from committee member, committee chair, instructor, developer of a Senior College database, designer of the course catalog, etc. Elizabeth Humphrey worked closely with Duane in the office as well as being the Senior College photographer, a member of the Curriculum Committee, and the organizer of a woodcarvers' group as a spinoff of a class, etc. Colleen Foster has been on the Curriculum Committee and formed a bridge group made up of members who took a Senior College bridge class. Tom Feagin was Board Chair from 2010-2018, taught a number of classes, gave lectures at Brown Bags and Granite Hill, and was a member of a number of committees.



Carole Baldwin, Duane Prugh, Colleen Foster, and Elizabeth Humphrey

Debbie Maddi submitted the names of Martha Tait and Jerry Nault for election to the Board, and the membership approved. Current members of the Board were reelected with the exception of the four retirees.

Senior College requires committee volunteers in order to function, and the need was stressed again. Amber Howard, a UMA professor, asked members to consider volunteering for her summer course in pathophysiology. Members volunteered with her previously. Ann Sullivan asked for contributions for the newsletter.

Colleen Foster presented the following awards:

- ◆ Meritorious Service to UMASC – Tom Feagin (not present)
- ◆ Meritorious Service to UMASC Office – Shelly Gerstein, Gale Mettey and Jerry Nault. The new and improved website has received accolades from other Senior Colleges, and our registration procedure has improved over this school year with online registration now being an option.



Carole Baldwin, Shelly Gerstein, Gale Mettey, and Jerry Nault.

Barbara Livingston, Vice Chair of the Board, expressed appreciation of the faculty and encouraged instructors to stand and be recognized. Carole Baldwin, Chair, expressed appreciation of committee chairs and Board



UMASC Board

members, and they stood in turn. Mike Bell offered an appreciation of students without whom there would be no Senior College. There were displays from an art class, basket weaving and the photography class.



There was once again this year a long, enthusiastic recognition of Bev Ludden who with her kind, gentle, efficient manner has earned herself a place in the hearts of all of us!

Respectfully submitted,
Irene Forster

Musings of a Geezer

It's a new world we live in and it's getting newer all the time, while I am not. So allow me bragging rights. With my ancient, addled brain I've managed to adapt quite well to this ever-changing landscape we live in and the language that describes it—with one exception (more on that later). How has the world changed and how much you say? Well if you entertained that thought for a nanosecond, you are 50 years or less, so let me fill you in.



Marilyn Canavan

Once upon a time, dear love, a dish was a gorgeous girl and not a cheap way to watch TV. And software, which once was lingerie, is now front and center of our world; without it I wouldn't be writing this. And that's also true of hardware which once was a wrench or a screw driver you got at the local hardware store—which doesn't exist anymore.

A thing I've worked for years to eliminate in the darkest corners of my home is now essential to the research I conduct to get the latest movie ratings. It's called the web. And just as there are many web sites in my home, so too are there websites galore on the net which, by the way, is not just for catching fish anymore. And when I log in, I have to remember, it's not just about throwing wood in the fireplace.

It took me a while to figure out how to converse knowledgeably about technology with all its accompanying linguistic transformations. And just when I thought I knew it all (which has happened more than once in my lifetime), I learned that a partner is no longer someone you dance with at the Saturday night hop, but someone you live with sans marriage certificate. It's all okay with me. Truth is, learning a new language and accepting the relative implications was easy compared to mastering the nuances of texting. I learned a few terms such as OMG (oh my God) and LOL (laugh out loud), but got stumped with RLOL which, my grandson has informed me, means "rolling on the floor laughing." That's when I decided that the texting aspect of this brave new world is beyond my learning curve.

I'm equally flummoxed about the new meaning of the word "cloud," although the ads on television suggest it's

Poise A Prose Poem

something worth learning more about. They insist that the "cloud" will help me "gain a competitive edge, improve my brand reputation, open up new revenue streams, and increase my profit margin." Seems like a lot for a simple cloud to accomplish. Growing up, I understood clouds to be—in worldly-terms language—fluffy little things in which you could discern elephant herds and distorted faces. And in the religious vernacular, a cloud was your heavenly reward for doing good stuff in your earthly home.

I haven't twittered or tweeted yet, but the terms certainly highlight how important language is to one's thinking. Forty years ago, if someone had said to me, "Have you heard about the latest twitters?" I'd have straight out asked which arboretum they had visited and what kind of birds they had spotted there. But the new me knows instantly who they're talking about, and I can even guess the nature of the twitters. Speaking of nature, I no longer think of the Amazon in terms of a rain forest. The old Amazon is shrinking, and the new one is taking over.

So you see, dear love, how well I've adapted to this new world we live in. I even accept that mailmen no longer deliver handwritten love notes, that books are fast vanishing, that paper maps are a thing of the past.

But I draw the line at the monster called Facebook because the word "friend"—so closely associated with social media and all that it represents—still means something very different to me than the current connotation.

When I was in grammar school, a friend was someone you walked to school with and shared secrets with. In high school, a friend was somewhat of a rival, but someone you could still count on to listen as you poured your heart out, knowing it would all remain in confidence. As a young mother, a friend was someone you shared notes with on baby's progress.

Even today, in my world, a friend is a face-to-face friend—someone who knows the color of your eyes and notices when they're watery or crinkled up with a smile. A friend laughs at your dumb jokes and cries with you when life is no joke.

To the Facebook crowd, friends number in the hundreds. By my definition, real friends are few and far between. If that brands me as a geezer, so be it.

Marilyn Canavan

The Complete Idiot's Guide to Writing Poetry doesn't describe the mechanics of a prose poem until page 202. Because it's my favorite verse form, let's give it a go. A prose poem is a hybrid of a poem and short story. A little of each genre in paragraph form. Most prose poems are lyrical and narrative, telling a little personal story. For the moment, hark back to our initial class when Stephen and I were outnumbered by females, ten to two—greater odds than those of *Outnumbered* on Fox TV. But, nary a whimper did we wheeze. Female smiles, smartly coupled with verbal intuition daunts masculinity! Our classroom instructor was Janet Cowperthwaite! She shared a warm conversational manner. Classmates needed only to close their eyes, to find themselves in Gifford's Ice Cream Emporium where Janet was instructing the new crew in correct customer service. "Here's your notebook of flavors," she said, holding the ringed sheets high, "from chocolate-almond to pistachio-raisin. Always dip diligently!" Gifford's manager, Jim, beamed ear to ear. Each of us shared Jim's appreciation for Janet's enthusiastic, confident teaching manner; writing is her craft! She displays a carpenter's knack of prompting pupils to take up writers' tools to frame sentences into paragraphs that eventually could lead to personal writing styles. Telling-it-like-it-is, Janet got to us! We leave, but not alone!

John Benoit

Who Needs Sprinkles Anyway?

One of the risks in creating friendships is that friends sometimes move away.

The news that the Augusta Friendly's restaurant had closed was a shock. No warning, no closeout sale, no chance for one last ice cream sundae. They locked the door and put a "Closed" sign in the window. Even the employees didn't know. What kind of a friend leaves like that?

Friendly's was a special kind of restaurant. Its red-cupolaed rooftops were recognizable throughout the Northeast. Their menu offered standard comfort food that kids would eat—macaroni and cheese with apple slices for

our family. They provided placemats with games and puzzles and crayons to keep young minds and hands busy. And “Cone Head” or “Monster Mash” sundaes came with the meal! Their slogan “Life with Extra Sprinkles” promised fun and happiness.

The location of the Augusta restaurant with its windows on Western Avenue provided fascinating entertainment for diners. The Catholic Church across the street often hosted services which people could attend vicariously as they munched their French fries. We watched brides and grooms being pelted with rice and heard the mournful strains of bag pipers playing “Amazing Grace.” On one occasion, an adventurous group of small dogs escaped from the Humane Society shelter and ran pell-mell down the middle of the avenue. Diners were alternately horrified and jubilant as they watched traffic screech to a halt and volunteers race to catch the little runaways. Friendly’s sold a lot of celebratory ice cream that night!

Speaking of ice cream, Friendly’s made the best! They offered a wide variety of rich, tasty flavors that ranged from Forbidden Chocolate to Rockin’ Poppin’ Cotton Candy. Their signature thick milkshakes were originally called Awful Awfuls (for awful big and awful good) and later morphed into Fribbles. They packaged their ice cream in half-gallon containers to sell in grocery stores featuring my favorite, Peppermint Stick, in December.

Friendly’s was a local, accessible, affordable place to celebrate life’s events—birthdays, good report cards, soccer championships, bowling league trophies, that science project that just wouldn’t work when the judges were around. It was always filled with families and senior citizens who benefitted from their special meal deals.

Though it was part of a national chain, the Augusta Friendly’s had a local flavor. Their counters often featured money collection containers beside pictures and stories about local people who needed help with illness or other trauma in their lives. On one poignant night, we met the person whose house had burned. She had lost everything, including her two dogs. She was so grateful that Friendly’s cared enough to help.

Why did Friendly’s close? The corporation has a long history, starting during the Depression. The only time the restaurant chain ever shut down was during World War II. They have expanded to over 500 stores. But now they are closing some.

Why? Why ours? Is it the economy? Have people stopped eating out? Is there too much competition for family dining? Was the Augusta facility just too old to bother renovating?

Whatever the reason Friendly’s closed, they did a poor job communicating with their Augusta friends. They didn’t even say goodbye. But we will carry on. We will meet our friends at Applebee’s and buy our ice cream at Hannaford. Who needs sprinkles anyway?

Margaret Bean

A Hummingbird Thank You

On warm spring days I often left the backdoor open. I came into the kitchen and saw a small bird fluttering between the double panels of the window. The space created by installation of a window air conditioner had a narrow gap where the windows crossed. The bird had tried to use it for escape. Going down must have been difficult, but going up and squeezing through was impossible. The little bird kept trying. I ran to get a shrub branch and then lowered it down. She grabbed hold, and I pulled up carefully. Just before reaching the escape opening, she lost her grip and fell. I thought of some gauze ribbon in my gift-wrap box. Gauze should be much easier for those tiny feet to clutch. I got a long piece and dropped one end down to her. Even with exhaustion she didn’t hesitate to try again. I moved it slightly. She seemed to have a good grasp. I pulled and prayed. She held on tightly, and I pulled her through that narrow space. Her eyes were closed, and she wasn’t moving. I carried her out to a large garden planter, placed her gently on a soft mound of Greek oregano and sat down nearby. I drifted into that strange state of intensity and timelessness. There was a soft touch on the top of my hand, and I opened my eyes. There sat the tiny bird, eyes wide open, darting twists of the head, lively and alert. We simply looked at each other. Timelessness. The little bird flew to a nearby Penstemon bush. The flowers are nature vases of nectar and a hummingbird favorite. A few visits to several of the flowers, then a quick vertical flight, and the beautiful bird was on with its life.

I am forever grateful for the moments it chose to sit on my hand.

Karen Burke

Senior College Classes—2019



A Capella Singers



Digital Photography



New Orleans R&B



Whose History Is It?



Religions of Scientists



Soul Collage



The Racial Divide



Spanish 1.75



French Conversation

Do you have a hobby that you're passionate about? Do you love history, or literature, or art? Or maybe you're interested in religion, or philosophy, or issues around health and well-being? Why not consider sharing your knowledge and skills with seniors just like you who are enthusiastic lifelong learners?

UMA Senior College is looking for instructors to teach classes next fall. We are also looking for folks interested in giving lectures at the Granite Hill or Brown Bag lecture series.

An added bonus: instructors receive a free yearly membership to UMASC, and a free course for every course they teach!

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Book Groups

Senior College has two book groups. One meets on the third Monday of the month, and the other on the fourth Thursday. The groups include both men and women. We read a variety of books chosen by the group itself, and the discussions are enthusiastic and lively. If you are interested, please call the Senior College office (621-3551) and leave a message.

Contribute to the *Illuminator*!

To be considered for the spring issue of the *Illuminator*, please send your articles, stories, poems or artwork to the editor, Ann Sullivan, at asullivan47@outlook.com. The deadline is Nov. 8, 2019.

UMASC Website

Are you wondering when the next Concert at Jewett will be held? Who is performing? Have you signed up for an upcoming class, but would like to know more about the instructor? Lost your copy of the latest issue of the *Illuminator* before you finished reading it? All of this and much more is available on the UMASC website—www.umasc.org.

Our website is just another wonderful benefit for being involved with Senior College. You can learn how and when to register for classes and check the weekly course schedule. You'll find information about the concert series and Forum on the Future. The best part, like all else on the Internet, it is available 24/7!