



## LAMOILLE NEIGHBORS

### **We're *Still* Thinking of You**

To both members and volunteers;

- ❖ We have two copies of the documentary, ***Lives Well Lived***, which celebrates the wit and wisdom of adults 75-100 years old who are living their lives to the fullest. This is truly an inspiring movie. If you missed the showing last May, sponsored by Lamoille Neighbors and the Lanpher Memorial Library, feel free to let us know. We can drop a copy off at your doorstep. We will disinfect and wash the DVD and cover and let it sit for a few days before the next delivery. E-mail [lisadimondstein@me.com](mailto:lisadimondstein@me.com) if interested.
- ❖ Keep sending musings, poems, recipes, photos of art work, tips for surviving this stressful time. E-mail [lamoilleneighbors@gmail.com](mailto:lamoilleneighbors@gmail.com) or send by mail to Lisa Dimondstein, 130 Davis Hill Rd., Hyde Park, Vt 05655
- ❖ We have delivered 18 masks. A big thank you to our volunteer, Jan Gearhart, who made the masks for us. E-mail [lamoilleneighbors@gmail.com](mailto:lamoilleneighbors@gmail.com) or call 802-585-1233 if you want a1 or 2 masks and didn't receive one.
- ❖ Join a Zoom yoga class, Thursdays 9AM. If you would like to join this class, "A Meditation in Movement", please email [lisadimondstein@me.com](mailto:lisadimondstein@me.com) and I will add you to our Zoom link.
- ❖ Join us April 22nd, 1-2 PM on Zoom for an article discussion group, led by Kathy Geiersbach. This article is from the New York Times: **Ann Patchett on Why We Need Life-Changing Books Right Now**. The novelist Ann Patchett doesn't have children and didn't read middle-grade books. Then she picked up one by Katie DiCamillo and couldn't stop until she had read them all. Please e-mail [esgibs@yahoo.com](mailto:esgibs@yahoo.com) if you would like to join. Anyone with internet can access this group. We are limiting the discussion to 8 participants but have a second date set if we get more interest. Click to read the article. [Article For Discussion](#)
- ❖ Bonnie McDermott, our program manager, will be decreasing her hours during this time. You can reach her Monday and Wednesday 11-2:30 and Friday 9:30-12:30. Call 803-585-1233. Leave a message and she'll call you back during those hours.

## **Chocolate Fig Bites-submitted by Paula Ratchford from Giada De Laurentiis**

14 oz dried Mission figs, stemmed and coarsely chopped (3 cups)  
2 TBSP unsalted creamy almond butter  
1 Cup (6 oz) 41% cocoa chocolate chips  
2 tsp coconut oil  
3/4 tsp flakey sea salt

Makes 34 bites

Line a baking sheet with parchment paper.

In a food processor, combine figs, almond butter and 2 TBSP water. Blend until smooth, scraping down the sides of the bowl as needed with a rubber spatula. Using a teaspoon scoop the fig mixture and roll with your hands into 1 inch balls. Put the fig balls on the prepared baking sheet.

Put the chocolate chips and coconut oil in a heat-proof medium bowl. Set the bowl over a small saucepan of barely simmering water and stir until the chocolate is melted, 2-3 minutes.

Using a fork, dip the fig balls in the melted chocolate to coat evenly, allowing any excess chocolate to drip back into the bowl. Return the fig bites to the baking sheet and sprinkle with the salt. Refrigerate until the chocolate has set, about 30 minutes. Store covered in the refrigerator for up to a week.

## **Crispy Chick Peas-submitted by Paula Ratchford from Giada De Laurentiis**

Vegetable oil cooking spray  
2 (15 oz) cans of chickpeas, rinsed and drained  
2 TBSP olive oil  
2 tsp smoked sea salt

Position an oven rack in the center of the oven and preheat to 350. Spray a baking sheet with vegetable oil.

Put the chickpeas on a clean kitchen towel and dry thoroughly. In a medium bowl toss the chickpeas in olive oil to coat. Sprinkle with smoked salt and toss again. Transfer in an even layer to the baking sheet.

Bake, shaking the pan 1/2 way through the baking time, until the chickpeas are crunchy, 50 minutes to 1 hour: the chickpeas will become crunchier as they cool. These are best eaten within 1 day.



A favorite poem of Jack  
Anderson's

**Stopping By Woods  
On A Snowy Evening**  
by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I  
know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with  
snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen  
lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a  
shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sounds the sweep  
Of easy wind and a downy flake

The woods are lovely, dark and  
deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep



April 7th, 'Pink' full moon. Photo courtesy of  
Joe Haynes

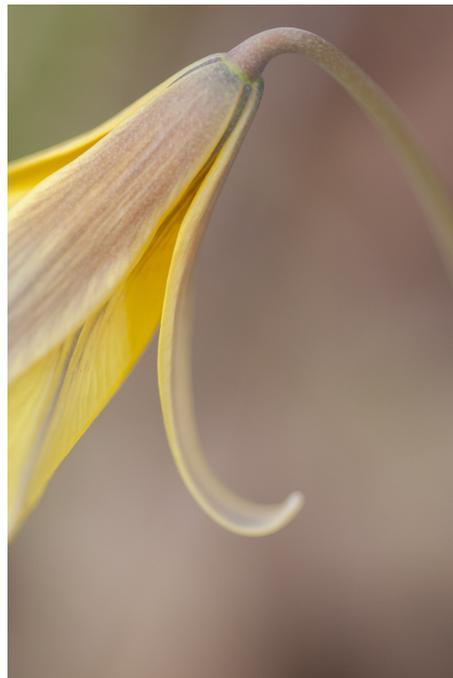
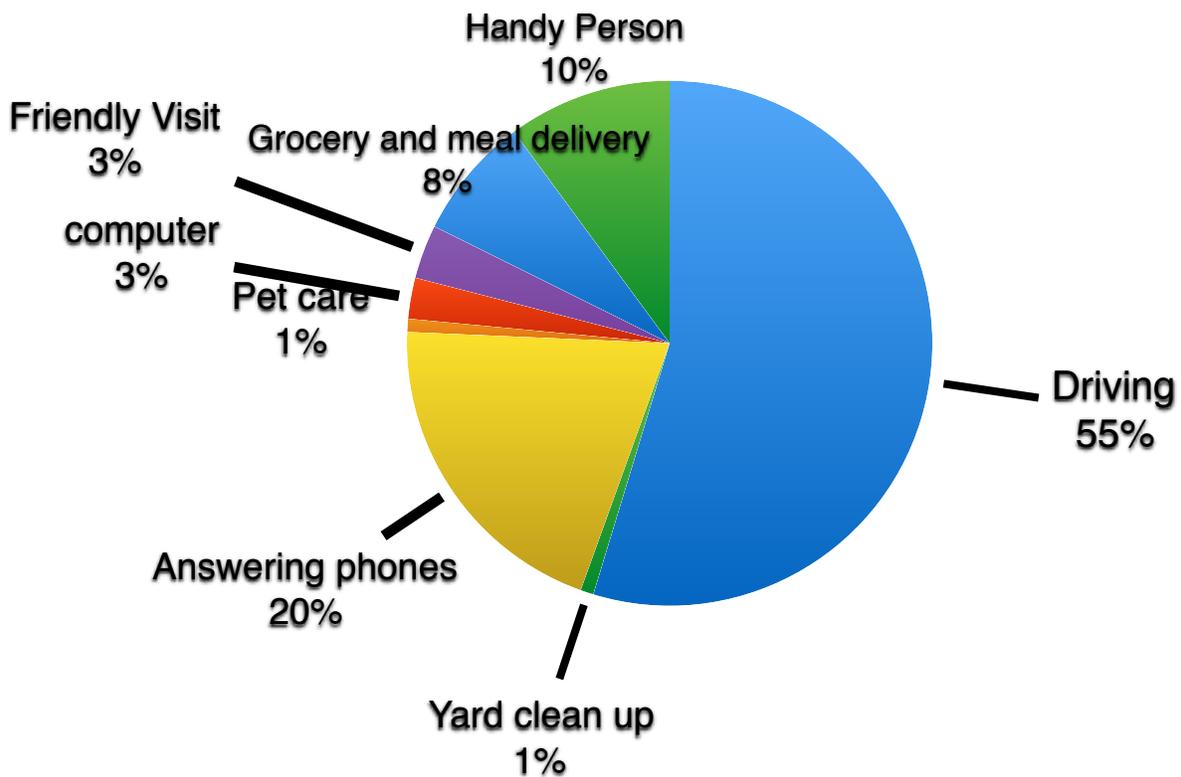


Photo by Lisa Dimondstein. Trout Lily last  
spring, we will see them soon!

Lamoille Neighbors had its first year anniversary April 1st. We had a celebration planned which has been postponed. **When we can gather again we WILL celebrate!** It's been an amazing first year. Since launching we have done **236 services by volunteers**, since launching. We organized **5 large public events/speaker** and offered **54 events for members**. 66% of our members are also volunteers. We currently have 50 members and 53 volunteers.



70% of our members completed the survey we sent in February. Thank you. The vast majority felt that their experience had exceeded their expectations. We received wonderful ideas and suggestions, and we hope we can implement them in the coming year. You have all been a part of “changing the culture of aging” in our county. We would love volunteers and members to lead discussion groups, organize a class, a support group, etc.. We want members and volunteers to feel empowered to be leaders for Lamoille Neighbors, and we can support you to make it happen.

## Musings by member Ken Geiersbach

### Baseball Dreams

At 83, I have been pretty much housebound since last fall because of a sedentary life--use it or lose it--and now because we are playing hide and seek with a virus. So I have spent a great deal of time gazing out the same window day after day whenever I look up from my reading chair at the still center of my universe.

The grass on our front field is greening up and reminding me of baseball--springtime always does that. I grew up in a western suburb of Chicago and so had two teams, Cubs and White Sox, to choose from. The Cubs, who had recently won the pennant in 1945, were the better choice because Wrigley Field had no lights, which meant that virtually all their home games were televised, giving us something to do to escape the baking daytime heat--nobody had air conditioning then.

For a few years in the late 1940's when I was in junior high, my friends and I were mad about baseball and at first played pick-up baseball, meeting at Forest Park Park (sic). Other kids from the other end of town did the same thing, and so nine or ten of us--no more, for nobody wanted to sit on the bench--formed a team to challenge them. Park supervisors intervened to schedule our use of the baseball diamond, and to meet the registration fee--maybe ten dollars--we had to get a sponsor, so we hit up our local barber. Some boys wanted to name the team *Lions* or *Tigers*, but naming the team *Stanley's Shavers* clinched the deal--ten dollars was a lot of haircuts in those days--and though Stanley never came to any of our games we regularly showed up to his chair to brag about *his* team, especially if we ever won a game.

All of this was a few years before both Little League and pizza came to our town. My younger brother got to play in Little League and had a uniform with name and number on it and maybe even baseball cleats, along with--a downside--coaches and parents who *yelled at* the players, big time. Our team had no coach and no attendance except stray kids and dogs. We had no equipment either, except our own gloves and bats. For baseballs--softballs actually--we got our team balls by standing outside a local stadium, the home of the Bloomer Girls, a pro team in a then popular women's league. Our "team" distributed itself outside and around the stadium's night games--with our oiled gloves--to snag a brand new softball that made it over the walls in both fair and foul territory. A good night was one ball, a spectacular night two. I don't remember our ever getting three, for we had competition--other pick-up teams had also found the gift that kept on giving. Someone had lifted a string bag from the school gym for our shiny softballs which, carried by our team captain, gave a professional touch to our arrival on the field, our bikes all parked in a row.

We had no coach--dads were all at work--and therefore no one to tell us what to do or how to do it. Mostly we learned through embarrassment: Infielders learned to crouch, knees bent, with glove to the ground so an easy grounder wouldn't go between their legs so often, and outfielders eventually learned how to look at the ball, not the sun. It was common knowledge in our boy world that it was the weight of the bat, not bat speed, that counted, and so it took a long time to discover that it was going to be no hits, no runs, if we couldn't lift the bat off our collar bones. Our captain, operating in a free republic of boys, had little power beyond the string bag, and so we did what we did. During a game we sometimes traded positions the way we traded baseball cards--you can play center field if I can play third--and stubbornly resisted each other's advice. One of us batted cross-handed and also liked to slide into first base just to show off, but he could run like hell and had a higher batting average than most of us. We all

religiously kept track of our batting averages. Grief was going two for four in the first game, nothing for four in the second, and then discovering that my season average thus far was .125. One outfielder didn't watch his own game until a hit ball arrived in his territory, and then he would run around with the ball while he figured out where to get rid of it. We had a lot of fun, and that was the last of my playing career.

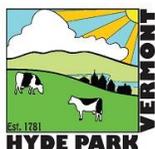
Years later when asked to coach prep school baseball, I found myself using what I had learned in 1949 and 1950. Pay attention to your game. Learn from your mistakes. Practice. Remember: run out your grounders, for three absolutely miraculous things always have to happen--someone has to catch the ball *and* then throw it, *and* someone else has to catch it, but all *you* have to do is run like hell. The grass is greening in my front field, and I can still see my old team if I look hard enough.



## THANK YOU TO OUR PARTNERS, SUPPORTERS AND BENEFACTORS



**Park Street Collective, LLC**



**Lanpher Memorial Library**

**Howard Manosh**

Join this exciting movement as a Lamoille Neighbors member, click [HERE](#)  
As a volunteer, click [HERE](#)  
As a donor, click [HERE](#)

Or any combination of the above! Volunteers can be members and members can be volunteers and anyone can be a donor.