

MONTGOMERY MESSENGER

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Never at a loss for words

www.montgomeryplace.org/newsletter

AUGUST MEMORIES

One of my favorite childhood memories took place in August. Revival Week at the family's small white frame country church began on the first Sunday in August. The event was also known as Homecoming Week because many families in the community welcomed back visiting friends and family who had migrated north. This celebration included the fiery sermon from a guest minister followed by a feast called "Dinner on the Ground." Following is a description of this happy event as I remember it:

They are perched on the edge of the pew, two little girls in flouncy Sunday dresses of polka dot organza and cotton sateen—Vaseline-smearred brown legs swinging—and white hair ribbons coming untied. They are waiting for the long-winded preacher's benediction. They are waiting for the Sunday ritual at Africa Baptist Church.

When the preacher finally intones "Amen," they race to the long tables placed end to end in the gravel yard in back of the church and covered with red and white checkered gingham cloths. Behind the tables, wearing aprons, stand talcum powdered, ample bosomed mothers of the church ready to serve the feast. The girls look around them and smile. . . they are close to the head of the line.

You want some fried corn or potato salad, honey?"

"Yes ma'am. . . can I have both?" They look ahead to the dessert table and see that Miss Ceolia's famous pound cake has been cut—Miss C's pound cake is always the first to go. They take the green beans with white potatoes and fat-back but pass on the black-eyed peas and okra; they take chicken-fried, not baked.

"Greens for y'all?"

"No ma'am. . . just some cornbread, please."

This is Miss Lillie's hot water cornbread with the crispy, crunchy bottom crust.

They are getting close, can almost smell the vanilla in that pound cake. There are several sweet potato and apple pies and someone just put out a snowy white, three-layer coconut cake! They each take a slice of their favorite pie. At last they reach the pound cake.

"You all got enough..." Miss C begins...but she reads their eyes and stops herself...then hands them each a slice.

At the end of the tables there are big ice filled tin tubs filled with Nehi sodas and orange, strawberry, and grape flavors of Coca-Cola and Royal Crown Cola. They each grab a soda and take a seat on the back steps of the church to enjoy this southern ritual known as "Dinner on the Ground."



Ida Watanabe

MY LIFE AS A SPY

The administration's current hysteria about immigrant spies has prompted them to threaten to revoke foreign student visas. Harvard could lose a quarter of its student population if the Trump administration prevails. According to a recent *New Yorker*, 277,000 Chinese students are in the United States. In 1854, Yung Wing graduated from Yale as China's first to graduate in America. Afterwards, he helped found a Chinese Educational Mission that sent 120 Chinese people to study in New England. In 1873, widespread hostility to Chinese immigrants, who helped build the transcontinental railroad, led to the infamous Chinese Exclusion Act. The Deng Xiaoping thaw after 1979 increased the number of Chinese students in America, and my wife and I were invited to teach English in colleges near Chongqing and in Kunming. We were welcomed cordially as teachers of English, not suspiciously as spies.

A recent American-Russian exchange of 26 prisoners at Turkey's Ankara airport included three Americans accused of espionage and given 16-year prison terms: Evan Geroshkovich, reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*; Alsu Kurmasheva, a Radio Free Europe reporter; and Paul Whalen, a former US Marine. In 1951, I graduated from college into the Korean War. I beat the draft by enlisting for three years. I joined the Army Security Agency that dealt with communications intelligence. I was assigned to study Russian at the Army Language School in Monterey, California. When I arrived, the *Monterey Herald's* front page was a facsimile of *Pravda's*. An article featured the language school, illustrated with a photo allegedly showing a skit with students newly landed in Russia as spies. I was taken aback to discover that Russians considered me a spy, where my only personal agenda was making a Russian friendship or two and reading Dostoevsky in the original.



I was sent to a small spa town in Bavaria where, on a former Luftwaffe post, I was assigned to monitor Russian air and tank traffic by radio. Russia then occupied nearby Czechoslovakia and lower Austria. In the spring, we set up a canvas-roofed listening post where, in a bucolic setting, German *kinder* in *lederhosen* on our perimeter begged for "cow-gummy," their anglicized word for chewing gum. On days off, we traveled by train to Salzburg, Innsbruck, and Vienna. The only "intelligence" I ever got was an occasional "How do you read me?" from a pilot speaking in Russian to ground control.

In later safely civilian visits to Russia, whether as exchange teachers or camping tourists, we were warned not to reveal where I had learned Russian. Once, when we stayed with Russian friends in their Leningrad apartment, I wandered out alone in the city with a camera. It was raining, so I protected the camera under my raincoat and took it out occasionally for a picture. While taking a photo of what I thought was Gogol's entryway, I was suddenly arrested as a spy by a vigilante with the iconic red armband around his upper sleeve.

On the way to the police station, I resisted the urge to escape into the crowd; then thought happily that this might be the very station where Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov was interrogated by his nemesis, Porfiry Petrovich, the detective in *Crime and Punishment*. We arrived at the station, where I played the clueless American tourist but understood every word of the policeman's Russian, including, "Of course any citizen has the right to take pictures." The admonished vigilante and I left headed in opposite directions. And although there were no signs of Raskolnikov or his interrogator, I had escaped the gulag.

Stan Moore

OUT AND ABOUT

As always, sign up in the trip book for all the events you wish to attend. The times listed are the departure time. “Tickets Required” means you are responsible for obtaining your own tickets. If you need help, contact Marisol at 4546.

♦ Friday, August 1, 1 pm. The National Museum of Mexican Art showcases *Into the Hourglass*, a traveling exhibition from the National Hispanic Cultural Center Art Museum in Albuquerque. It celebrates *paños* (Spanish for handkerchief), ink or pencil drawings rendered on handkerchiefs, pillowcases, or sheets. They reference historical themes, religion, popular culture, *la pinta* (prison life), family, and more. The exhibition pulls from the collection of over 300 *paños* amassed by the late collector and community advocate Rudy Padilla (1951-2006). Free.

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♦ Wednesday, August 6, 5:30 pm. The Grant Park Music Festival presents violinist Joshua Bell playing Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet Overture-Fantasy*. Free.

♦ Friday, August 8, noon. Jazz in Harper Court presents premier vocalist and songwriter Dee Alexander. Dee is one of Chicago's most gifted and respected artists. Her performances span virtually every music genre related to the African diaspora: gospel, blues, neo-soul, R&B, and world music. Her true heart belongs to jazz. Limited seating will be available, but we cannot guarantee seats. Free.

♦ Friday, August 15, 5:30 p.m. The Grant Park Music Festival concludes with the grandeur of *Carmina Burana*, featuring the Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus, and Uniting Voices children's chorus. Giancarlo Guerrero conducts this season finale which also includes Rimsky-Korsakov's *Russian Easter Overture*. Free.

♦ Friday, August 22, 12:30 p.m. This month's lunch outing is at Maggiano's Little Italy on North Clark Street. Maggiano's specializes in the rich flavors of Italian-American dishes inspired by Nonna's traditional recipes.

♦ Monday, August 25, 1 pm. The Museum of Science and Industry has exhibits such as a United Airlines Boeing 727, the Pioneer Zephyr (the first streamlined diesel-powered passenger train in the US), the command module of the Apollo 8 spacecraft, and a 3,500 sq.ft. model railroad. Permanent or special exhibits cover manufacturing, environmental science, chemistry, physics, computers, the brain, mechanics of the human body, and agricultural science, among other subjects. Free day.

Barbara Dwyer

NEW ARRIVALS

Hans and Christel Betz moved into apartment 1313 (phone 4602) on April 23, 2025. Hans was born in the medieval town of Lemgo, Germany. He grew up, the oldest of six children, in Detmold, where his father was director of the Gymnasium. He studied for the ministry at the seminary in Bielefeld and the University of Mainz, where he lived with family who were wine farmers. He went to Cambridge on a scholarship from the World Council of Churches and did research for his dissertation at the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale. He got his PhD at Mainz and served as a pastor for a few years. It was at a Christian church group in Mainz that he met Christel.

Christel was born in Sternberg, Germany, where her father was a minister. Very soon he was reassigned to a tiny village where the family lived with no running water and no electricity. Christel and her six siblings attended a one-room school. After the war American soldiers occupied their house and the family moved to the barn. Christel was sent to Schwerin to live with her aunt so she could go to school. Her aunt had three children and took in several cousins and refugee children for a total of twelve kids in the house. Christel sometimes went back to her parents for weekends, where Russian soldiers took over the house and the family lived upstairs.

In Schwerin, she got into a mostly boys' school, where she learned Latin, Greek, and Russian. To continue her education, she had to get to West Germany. Her father managed to smuggle her and her sister to Berlin, from where they flew to Frankfurt. They were met by an uncle who was a professor at Mainz. Christel went to teacher's school, did exams

in physics and biology, and married Hans. They have three sons.

The Claremont Colleges in California were looking for a New Testament guy who knew Latin, Greek, English, Hebrew, and French; Hans filled the bill. He taught there for 15 years. Christel learned English, gave tours of botanical gardens to school kids, did civic work for the city, and served as treasurer of the PTA.

Then the University of Chicago Divinity School lured Hans to Chicago, where he taught, did research, published, and mentored graduate students for 25 years. He wrote nine books and many essays; he is perhaps best known for his 700-page commentary on the Sermon on the Mount. He was chief editor of *Religion Past and Present*, the definitive encyclopedia of religions worldwide: 14 volumes, 1300 authors.

Christel was a docent at the Oriental Institute for 35 years and worked with the Service League, the Comer (Hospital) Committee, and the children's programs at First Presbyterian Church in Woodlawn. The whole family went on many of Hans's sabbaticals and guest lecturing trips, in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England, Scotland, Italy, Greece, Holland, Israel, South Africa, Switzerland, and the Papal Institute in the Vatican. When he retired, he donated 3500 books and 70 boxes of papers to the Regenstein Library.

The Betzes' sons are Martin, director of an art museum in Claremont; Ludwig, a graphic designer in Kalamazoo, Michigan; and Arnold, a minister in Toledo, Ohio. They have three grandchildren.

And Christel says "Montgomery Place is just the right place for us now."

Paula Givan

Nalini Perera moved into apartment 605 (phone 4030) on April 25, 2025. Nalini was born and grew up in Colombo, Sri Lanka. She attended Good Shepherd Convent school through high school. She had a twin brother and four sisters. Her father ran a coconut plantation and was a superintendent of several other coconut, tea, and rubber plantations. Her mother stayed at home. After Nalini graduated from high school, she stayed home to help take care of her mother. At that time most women were not allowed to work in Sri Lanka. A few became teachers.

When she was 37, Nalini married Edmund, who was a good friend of her brother. Edmund had studied architecture in Australia. They soon left Sri Lanka for Africa with their baby girl. Sri Lanka had had a change of government, and they no longer felt comfortable there. They lived in Zambia for seven years where Edmund worked as an architect and Nalini was a housewife. There was a community of people from Sri Lanka in Zambia and Nalini said life was easy there. But they soon applied for visas for the United States.

As soon as they could, they came to the US where they settled in Memphis, Tennessee to be near two of her sisters who had moved there earlier. Her brother who was a doctor in Sri Lanka also later moved to the United States. In Memphis, Nalini taught at a Montessori school. She said she had a nice garden in Memphis, and she likes to garden. She enjoys sewing and made many of her daughter's clothes, as well as her own.



After Edmund retired, they moved to Chicago to be near their daughter Minoli who teaches at Northwestern School of Medicine. Minoli has two sons. The older is 18 and about to go to college.

Nalini said she likes Chicago, although it took her awhile to get used to the weather. She decided to move to Montgomery Place after her husband died. She said she likes living here. In her apartment, a whole alcove is filled with houseplants. We are glad you moved to Montgomery Place, Nalini.

Gretchen Falk



AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

8/2	Sandra Thompson
8/3	Beatrice Lumpkin
8/8	Barbara Gardner
8/9	Regi Sigler
8/18	Gretchen Falk
8/18	Mary Lee Greenlee
8/20	Phoebe Johnson
8/21	Astrid Mack
8/21	D. Maria Neighbors
8/22	Lois Baron
8/23	Pat Wilkerson
8/28	Deanna Pearson Brown

SNAKES IN THE GRASS?

When I graduated from college, I volunteered with the Peace Corps and was assigned to teach in a boarding secondary school that was situated in a medium-sized town near the Jong River in Sierra Leone.

On the edge of the campus there was a row of modest houses—three rooms, plus a pantry and space for a kitchen on the back porch or near an open fire outside. There was also an outbuilding that housed a storage room, a shower room, and a privy; the last door was just a few feet from the edge of the rain forest or “jungle.”

I was assigned to one of these houses. No one had lived there for a few weeks and the grass surrounding the buildings was knee high. And, I had learned, several of the local snake species are lethal and everything grows *fast* and *thick* in the rain forest.

I was advised to have the grass cut short to discourage snakes from slithering out of the forest and up to the buildings. This seemed like a good idea, and I asked around about who could help me. “Ask for Momadou,” someone said, “He’s not very bright, but he really knows how to cut grass.” So I was introduced to Momadou, a pleasant, tall, strong man who came to survey my yard and said he certainly could help me. We agreed on a date and bargained to a price for his labor that was mutually acceptable.



On the appointed day, Momadou appeared bright and early, with his hand-held scythe, and we agreed that if he finished the work before I returned from teaching, he would come back at sundown to be paid. That afternoon, I was delighted to see the short grass around my house and when Momadou arrived, I expressed appreciation to him and paid him what we had agreed upon.

We said goodbye but he lingered, apparently having something else to say. Eventually, Momadou reached into his bag and produced some lovely, ripe squashes. He inquired if I would like to buy them.

“Very tasty,” Momadou said and I agreed; they looked delicious. So we bargained over the price of the squashes and I paid for them and Momadou went away, quite satisfied with his day's labors.

It was not until a day or two later that it dawned on me—those beautiful squashes had been growing in MY backyard, hidden by the tall grass! Momadou had sold me my very own squash!

So, who do you think was “not very bright”?!

Nancy Reed

AFRICAN ANT-IC

I was a senior in high school when President Kennedy created the Peace Corps and immediately knew I'd serve in it, specifically in Africa. It took me 30 years to fulfill that dream, but in 1992, I was posted to teach English in Kenya.

My assignment was a secondary school on the equator near findings of early human remains, and I marveled daily at waking to essentially the same scene they'd seen. At around 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. a few months after arriving, I was awakened by my neighbor banging on my empty window-frame screaming, "SIAFU!" (safari or army ants, genus *Dorylus*, so called because they travel in hordes).

Still half-asleep, I jumped out of bed and, by the time my feet hit the floor, hundreds of the voracious vermin had engulfed my body, snapping with their sharp jaws. Too shocked to scream and flapping my arms and legs and brushing at myself, I stumbled through the pitch-black hut feeling for the can of Doom insect killer I'd fortified myself with after being warned about them. Finding it, I mercilessly sprayed everything, everywhere at once, screaming like an Irish-Jewish banshee.

With no electricity and no kerosene for the lantern, I sat huddled on my plastic couch in shock amid my mass insecticide. Holding the torch (Kenyan English for "flashlight") in my mouth, I tiptoed around, as if afraid to wake the dead, and realized that the entire cement floor and a foot or so up the walls were carpeted with powdery, Doom-laced corpses—thousands of them.

All I had for a dustpan were sheets of paper from the students' composition books, but following the flickering torchlight, I Brownian-motioned through the room, dumping the detritus into a large bag left over from the digging of the garbage pit behind my hut.

Without water and not trusting my night vision to draw any from the cistern ten minutes' walk away, I just sat, smelling myself and my carnage until it occurred to me to get rid of the bag. Balancing and disposing of its bulky weight would require both hands and the entire front of my body and head, so I couldn't use the torch. However, I'd walked from the door to the pit hundreds of times and was sure I knew exactly how many steps that took.

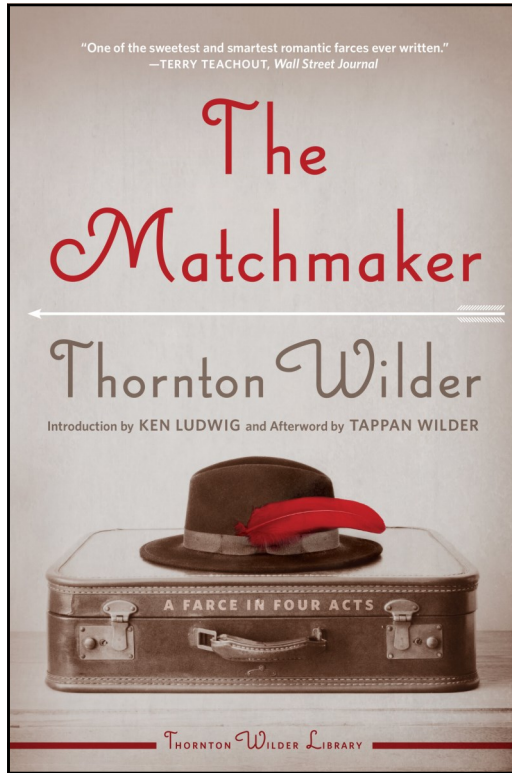
So I hoisted the bag, stepped out the door to the count of *one* and took five more steps. *Six*, however, stretched sibilantly out, "ssssssssssiiiiiii..." as I fell feet-first into the pit, spitting out the "ks" as my teeth met on impact.

My landing dislodged discarded animal, vegetable, and other waste products that mingled with the Doom-and-*Dorylus* detritus that flew out of the bag and rained down on me. Shaken, I just stood there. Sodden, stinking, and shivering in the night chill, I desultorily picked at the mess while gauging how slippery the mud-and-muck sides of the pit were and how far over my head the top was.

After numerous Sisyphean backslidings, I crawled out and rolled onto the ground. All I could do then was sit on the edge of the couch until the sun came up (which it did at precisely 6 a.m. every morning). Between giggles, I hummed "Oh, What a Cultural Experience" to the tune of the signature song from *Oklahoma!*

Sheri Steinberg





PLAYREADERS PRESENTS A CLASSIC FARCE

Prepare to laugh out loud when our Drama Group reads *The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder on August 12 and August 14 at 7:15 p.m. in the East Room. Light refreshments will be served. It will be read as a radio play, complete with sound effects and narration, with each set design projected on a screen.

The play, like all farces, has an intricate plot with lots of hiding and discoveries. The setting is the 1880s, and all the action takes place in one day. It opens in Yonkers, New York, about 15 miles from New York City; then the locations shift to the city.

Dolly Levi, a strong-willed and witty matchmaker, is hired by a wealthy, miserly merchant from Yonkers, Horace Vandergelder, to find him a suitable bride.

Mrs. Levi has introduced him to a widow, but he is entranced by her description of another woman.

Midmorning he leaves for New York to meet each of them. He sends his niece Ermengarde to his sister in New York to separate her from the man she loves—a man he fiercely opposes. But the couple take the train to New York together.

Mr. Vandergelder leaves his two clerks in charge of his dry goods store; the clerks also leave for New York in search of adventure. Complications follow as the characters find themselves in the same locations throughout the day; the clerks are forced to hide in a cupboard, under a table, or behind a screen, and Dolly Levi plots to get Horace Vandergelder to marry her.

If the plot sounds familiar, then you have seen *Hello, Dolly*, the musical based on *The Matchmaker*.

Come and be entertained by our wonderful cast: Liz Rickert as Dolly Levi, David Fleer as Horace Vandergelder, Paula Givan as the niece Ermengarde, Michel Rivlin as the lover Ambrose Kemper and the cabman, David Lebowitz as the head clerk Cornelius Hackl, Sandy Weiss as the apprentice clerk Barnaby Tucker, Chuck Bernstein as a newly hired clerk Malachi Stack, Roberta Bernstein as Vandergelder's sister Flora Van Huysen and the waiter Rudolph, Lois Baron as the milliner Irene Molloy, Jay Neal as her assistant Minnie Fay and Flora's cook, and Trudy Davis as Gertrude and the waiter August. In addition, Bernie Strauss will be our narrator for acts I and III, and Paula Givan will be our narrator for acts II and IV. David Lebowitz is in charge of projection and sound effects.

Natalie Goldberg

MAH-JONGG

Contrary to popular belief, The game of mah-jongg was not invented by Confucius. It appeared in China, in the late 19th century, and spread all over the world with many variations. In China, where the hotels have mah-jongg rooms, it's a loud gambling game traditionally played by men. The National Mah Jongg League was started in 1937 in New York City by a group of women who codified the rules for American mah-jongg. If you have ever played gin rummy, you understand the basic idea: pick and discard one tile at each turn and arrange tiles into combinations that match those on the card that the League issues each year with changes that keep the game interesting. Compared to a deck of cards, the tiles are a treat for the eyes, just as their click-clack on the table is a satisfying sound for the ears. Hence the name "mah-jongg," which translates to "clattering sparrows."

Arlene Rubin, a longtime teacher of the game, instructs the American version we play today. Our collection of mah-jongg sets in the Game Room includes a beautiful old set that belonged to Arlene's aunt.

The game begins with the ritual of building walls of tiles, distributing them, and placing and sorting them on individual racks. There is another ritual of passing and exchanging the tiles—all this before play begins. In Chinese hotels, there are electronic tables that build the walls automatically, but I enjoy the tactile experience of handling the tiles.

The 152 tiles include the winds: North, South, East, and West; the numbers 1-9 in



three suits with their matching dragons of green, red, and white; lovely flower tiles (plum blossoms, chrysanthemums, orchids, bamboo); and jokers, a much-appreciated American addition. Once you have learned to identify the tiles, you can win the game by luck or by strategy. Since the tiles on your rack are invisible to others, nobody knows if you make a mistake.

I had never heard of the game until I came to Chicago and was invited by my neighbors to play in a mothers'-night-out game. It took me a very long time to even think about strategy. We'd play a few rounds, break for a treat, share life hacks, and yes, of course, gossip. Our experiences with the game are not dissimilar to those described by Amy Tan in *The Joy Luck Club*. At Montgomery Place, depending on the day and who's playing, the game is quiet or boisterous, and always fun.

We play in the Game Room at 1:30 p.m. on Thursdays and Saturdays. Please stop by and watch us for a while, and, if you are intrigued, we will teach you to play.

Ollie Solomon



Barbara Asner, Trudy Gertner, Jay Neal, and Judy Simkin enjoy an afternoon of mah-jongg in the Game Room



This year, the Perseid meteor shower, will peak on the nights of August 11 and 12, with the best viewing times between midnight and 5:30 a.m. The radiant, where the meteors appear to originate, is in the constellation Perseus, which rises around 11 p.m. The waxing crescent moon will set by midnight, minimizing light pollution and enhancing visibility of the fainter meteors.

AUGUST METEOR SHOWERS

On July 4 and, in some places—including the southern sky over Montgomery Place—and for many days thereafter, Americans enjoyed the annual display of bright and beautiful fireworks in celebration of our country's declarations of independence from England. The fireworks were human-made and executed. In August, Mother Nature gets her turn at lighting up the sky with meteor showers called Perseids.

Meteors come from leftover comet particles and bits from broken asteroids. When comets come around the sun, they leave a dusty trail. Earth passes through these debris trails, which allows the bits to collide with our atmosphere and disintegrate to create fiery and colorful streaks in the sky.

The Perseids Shower is considered the best meteor shower of the year. With swift and bright meteors, Perseids frequently leave long wakes of light and color as they streak through Earth's atmosphere. The Perseids are one of the most plentiful showers with about 50 to 100 meteors per hour.

Key Details for 2025:

- ◆ Peak Dates: August 12 and 13.
- ◆ Active Period: July 17 to August 24.
- ◆ Best Viewing: after midnight, especially in the pre-dawn hours.
- ◆ Moon: The waxing crescent moon will set by midnight, so after that, it won't hinder your view.
- ◆ What to expect: swift and bright meteors, some leaving persistent trails, and the possibility of fireballs.

To see the Perseids:

- ◆ Find a dark location with a clear view of the sky. It takes time to adjust and for your eyes to become adapted to the night sky.
- ◆ Look northeast: The radiant point is in the constellation Perseus, which is in the northeastern sky.
- ◆ Observe after midnight: The peak viewing time is between midnight and dawn.
- ◆ Consider the weather: Check for clear skies before heading out. They occur with warm summer nights, allowing sky watchers to comfortably view them.

Wishing everyone happy viewing.

Roberta Bernstein

AUGUST MEMORIES

For some years, a high point was the annual August trip to the Maine coast. We stayed at Baymount Cottages, a small cluster of cottages on the rocky shore of Penobscot Bay, just north of the town of Camden. The town was picturebook New England tucked between the bay and the neighboring mountains, with towering elm trees lining both sides of Main Street. The one traffic light in town managed the traffic down to the public landing. The harbor was constantly busy with lobstermen, visiting yachts, and windjammer cruise boats, and of course top-notch clam chowder at informal restaurants.

Further north on Route 1 are more towns along the shore with lobster pounds, where you could select the one you want and repair with it and corn on the cob to a nearby picnic table. There, with bib and



claw crusher, you would learn to disassemble a lobster and eat it efficiently. In salt air and balmy ocean breeze it was truly gourmet.

Almost to Canada, at Schoodic Point, a peninsula extends into the ocean with a rocky but walkable beach. Looking out over the turbulent water, you realize that the next land you would see is Ireland. Having come from a flat land, with endless fields of corn and soybeans, you are struck by the vistas that are open to you not all that far away.

Bill Barron

The first day of my assignment working for IBM in Rome, Italy was August 1, 1994. I had visited previously and had a furnished apartment and knew where the office was. I arrived a few days early, and on Monday morning I made my way to the office by bus, arriving around 9 a.m. My new boss came in about an hour later (they don't do early in Rome). He casually mentioned that the office would be closed for mandatory vacation August 8-19! My second and third weeks of work! Turns out so many people took vacation in August they decided to just shut down for half of the month! But somebody decided I should start the new job on August 1!

After I recovered from the shock, I realized it wouldn't be so bad. I had four full weeks of vacation coming in my five months of 1994, plus four holidays (Assumption Day, All Saints' Day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, St. Stephen's Day—not really much of a holiday, but an excuse for giving people the day after Christmas off). I don't count Christmas because it was on Sunday that year, and Italians don't move holidays around. If Christmas comes on Sunday, tough—no day off.

I spent my two weeks getting to know my neighborhood. On Assumption Day I went to watch the procession with a statue of Mary under arches of flowers. I walked over to the Trevi Fountain and saw a naked tourist taking a bath. I visited the Capuchin Cemetery, several underground chapels elaborately decorated with the bones of 3700 Capuchin friars. I discovered the English movie theater with the retractable roof. If this wasn't supposed to be just a paragraph, I'd tell you about the night they retracted the roof and a dead cat fell into the seats. Another time.

Paula Givan



AUGUST MEMORIES

We considered ourselves experienced campers. For years, each summer we packed up our family, our large tent and all our camping gear and drove across the country to most of our national parks and some state parks, and enjoyed 10-mile hikes along mountain trails. So, we were sure to succeed in our last frontier: a backpacking trip into the wilderness. Little did we know.

We decided to start near civilization—the Wind River Mountain Range in Wyoming. We had seen these snow-topped mountains from the interstate and they looked stunning, a perfect place to start our wilderness adventures. Friends lent us their backpacks and cooking utensils, and we borrowed a 2-man tent from UIC. We purchased good sleeping bags, inflatable mattresses, and packaged meals. We practiced hiking with our backpacks filled with what we planned to take. But our practice hikes were here in Hyde Park—not exactly mountaineering.

We arrived at the trailhead and signed in. It had been raining for several days, and the forecast was cloudy, but no rain expected. We noticed as we signed in, a requirement for backpacking the trails, that everyone had only one day visits. We had planned for a

weeklong trip. We had a trail map and set off. We saw that the main trails were under water, so we had to take the secondary trails and use a few logs to cross some unexpected streams. We knew that whatever food we carried in we would have to carry out. No garbage pickup in the wilderness. Unfortunately, I took a pound of M&Ms for energy, and that pound felt heavier and heavier as we hiked up the mountain.

Also unfortunate was the dearth of good spots to set up camp. We finally located a clearing near a rushing creek but had to sweep deer scat from our tent site. All the rain brought a plentiful supply of mosquitoes—so large you could saddle them—along with horseflies for good measure. Our repellent was only moderately successful. The only place we could comfortably eat was at the creek, where a breeze kept pests away.

At the end of the day, we discovered that our brand-new borrowed tent had never been waterproofed. It rained during the night. As our socks floated by, we decided to pack up and head to a motel.

Natalie Goldberg

In August 1970, my husband and I and our children (13, 11, and 8) visited my parents in NH and David's family in Pittsburgh by way of Sault Ste. Marie, Expo '67 in Montreal, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and the Bay of Fundy. Nine thousand five hundred sixty-five miles. We mostly tent camped. Memories include the children's first roller coaster ride at Expo, our son's persistent practicing of casting with his new fishing rod, and our varied and mostly beautiful campsites, along with museums, natural phenomena, glorious scenery, and warm family time.

The extremes of misery and joy can best be illustrated by our first 24 hours on Prince Edward Island. We arrived at the campsite in rain. Worse yet, we'd packed our gear in the rain that morning, so everything was damp or wet. The tent leaked, the air mattresses were damp, the sleeping bags wet. We wondered why we put ourselves through such ordeals. We woke the next morning to our daughter's cheery voice saying, "We're on the beach!" The sun was shining, we were indeed close to a red sand beach, the water was vivid blue, and local workers were harvesting dulse, a tangy, chewy seaweed variety used for snacks or in soup that they invited us to sample. We were joyous, experiencing local color both figuratively and literally. *Vacation!*

Anna Mary Wallace

In August 1970, with 13-month-old Paula, Walter and I and set off to Colorado to visit my sister Kathy, brother-in-law Ray, and nieces Kimbre and Kristen, ages 9 and 7. Our plan was to go tent camping in the mountains of Wyoming. We liked to camp, but this was our first experience camping with a baby. Paula had not much outdoor experience—her life had been mainly spent in a Chicago apartment. We got to our

campsite and discovered Paula wanted nothing to do with the ground. We had to keep her in her baby seat, mostly in the tent.

The next day we set out to hike up a nearby mountain, with Paula on Walter's back. We loved the view from the mountain. On the return, I realized I had lost my hat, and Ray went back to find it. He would catch up with us. We reached a junction and could not remember which way to go. Here we were with three children, and we were lost. We sat down to wait for Ray. It started to rain. Kimbre said, "I didn't think grownups got lost." We hoped Ray would come back the same way we had. It seemed like a long time when, finally, we saw him coming down the mountain. What a wonderful sight!

Gretchen Falk

Close to the end of WWII my mother, father, brother and I had some vacations at a very basic and old cabin on Lake Brandywine in Michigan. There was no running water or electricity. On the sink there was a pump that could bring up water for washing dishes and bodies. There was an outhouse in back and we had kerosene lamps to use at night. We had a cast iron, wood-burning stove for cooking. There was a windup Victrola in the front room, stocked with Isham Jones records from the 1920s.

My father and brother chopped wood and my mother did the cooking; she didn't think it was much of a holiday. My brother and I stayed in the lake until our lips were blue and we bought fresh produce from local farms. My brother and father fished and we ate what they caught in the evenings, perch mostly, but some sunfish. At age 9, I thought it was all fun.

Lois Baron

WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER?

At the Fort Wayne Red Cross blood bank we drew from and supplied blood to folks in the upper third of Indiana. Every weekday we three, Ruth and Bee and I, processed over two hundred samples of the blood drawn the day before.

We determined the donor's blood group: A, B, AB or O, and the Rh-type: positive or negative. We tested to screen out hepatitis and syphilis. And when we were sure of the characteristics and wholesomeness of the blood, we labeled each bottle (later, plastic bag) and stored it in our walk-in refrigerator for our drivers to deliver to regional hospitals.

After my day in the lab, I sometimes had a beer at Hank's Place. On one such evening I told a large white beer-drinker on the neighboring barstool that I ran a blood bank lab. "Then I got a question for ya," the big man said. "Do you guys take blood from..." and he used an unsavory plural noun to designate a number of our fellow Americans.

I cautiously assured the biggish fellow that our Red Cross accepted blood donations from any healthy adult who was not currently pregnant. "The reason I asked..." my beer buddy began, "is, if I ever got sick or cut myself real bad, I would want some of that [that word again] blood. Them people got so much energy! Getting some of their blood would be like getting health medicine."

Orlando, a speech therapist and White Sox fan, was also Chief (or, as he preferred to say, "the Grand Dragon") of our NAACP branch. Orlando explained to us why he, a militant Black, had joined by mail the Allen County Klavern of the Ku Klux Klan. "If those white-sheeted Crackers plan anything nasty," he said, "I want to be the first to hear about it."



Orlando was my go-to guy for information on Fort Wayne's Black community, so I asked him why our blood bank attracted so few Black blood

donors. "That's because us folks think that you folks don't respect our blood," Orlando said. "It's like in that movie last year. This uppity white socialite volunteer at a blood bank has been handed a bottle of blood from a Black donor. The bitch drops the bottle on purpose, smashing it to the floor. My folks, Allen, don't wanna give your people our blood because we know you don't respect it!"

I made an appointment to meet the minister of Fort Wayne's biggest Black church, The Reverend Mr. Dixie. I asked Pastor Dixie why his congregation wasn't donating blood in proportion to their numbers. He replied, "Proverbs two, verse fifteen."

I just sat there. Reverend Dixie smiled. "Allen, maybe you Unitarians don't quote the Bible quite as much as we do," he said. "So I'll tell you. 'Through patience a ruler can be persuaded, and a gentle tongue can break a bone.' Tell you what. Come to my church some Sunday and persuade us. Not to break a bone, but to donate a few pints of our blood."

Fitted in amongst the Youth Choir's songs, and the Women's Gospel Singers' anthems, and the Men's Choral Society's call-and-response, and of course, The Reverend Dixie's sermon, I nervously pitched for blood donations. I offered to deal with any questions during the coffee hour. Which I did.

With help and support from Pastor Dixie, I made much the same pitch at Fort Wayne's other two Black-majority churches.

After all this practice, I testified for blood donations at my own church.

Allen Lang

JOIN THE CONVERSATION: THE RACE RELATIONS SEMINAR AT MONTGOMERY PLACE

Are you interested in exploring current events and important topics with your neighbors? The Race Relations Seminar is a resident-led discussion group that offers a thoughtful and open space to do just that. This discussion group is a great opportunity to engage with one another on matters of race relations. There are no sign-ups or commitments—you can simply join us whenever you're able.

The seminar is driven by the articles and stories you find. We ask participants to find articles on racial matters from newspapers, magazines, or online sources. These articles form the basis of our discussion. Once you have an article you'd like to share, send it to me to be distributed to all participants before the meeting.

- ♦ For a printed article: Drop it off at my resident mailbox, apt. 1412. Attach a note with your name.
- ♦ For an online article: Send an email with a link or even just the title of the article to dlebowitz@sbcglobal.net.

The Race Relations Seminar meets every other Wednesday at 1 p.m. Our next meetings will be August 13 and 27 in the East Room. All residents are welcome to join the conversation at any time.

For any questions about the group or submitting articles, you can contact me directly by email (above) or by phone at 4388.

David Lebowitz



NOT THE MINUTES OF JULY 17, 2025 RESIDENTS COUNCIL MEETING

This is a personal summary of the main issues raised at the meeting and is not to be confused with any official statement or document.

Mark Mullahy announced the following: (1) Montgomery Place has hired Lawrence Eckels to replace Tyra Young as Facilities Director; (2) staff has found the blueprints to the pool so that we can reinstall the railing; (3) the renovated portal is expected to be ready in September; (4) safety pendants will be available once the phone system is upgraded; (5) our website is in process of improvement—two existing sites are being combined into one; and (6) the Front Desk staff needs training to learn how to fix the DVD system when it breaks down.

Mark also explained the Montgomery Club, which allows people who have shown an interest in living here to get to know the community and the available activities. Members can visit Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays to participate in activities and have lunch.

The vending machines in the Café will be restocked with items we originally ordered. We will have fresh fruits, vegetables, and sandwiches available for residents, staff, and visitors. A grand opening is planned for the end of July.

Richard Muller

SPEAKERS COMMITTEE

The next meeting of the Speakers Committee will take place on Thursday, September 11 at 11 a.m. in the Game Room. There will be no meeting in August.

Sheri Steinberg for the Speakers Committee

AUGUST FILMS

Film Committee selections are shown each Monday, most Thursdays, and most weekends in the Lounge and on Channel 4.1. Many films benefit from viewing in the Lounge on the big screen. All Film Committee movies start at 7:15 p.m. The Film Committee meets the first Thursday of each month in the Game Room at 2 p.m. This month the theme for weekend movies is Nordic Noir.



Monday Films

♦ August 4, *The Departed*, 2006. A crime thriller directed by Martin Scorsese, starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Matt Damon, Jack Nicholson, and Mark Wahlberg. When the South Boston mob and the police discover they both have “plants” in their staffs, they try to discover the other’s identity before they are found out. 2 hours 30 minutes.

♦ August 11, *The Crying Game*, 1992. A crime thriller starring Stephen Rea, Miranda Richardson, and Forest Whitaker. It explores themes of race, sex, gender, nationality, and sexuality against the backdrop of The Troubles in Northern Ireland. Don’t let anyone tell you the secret! 1 hour 50 minutes.

♦ August 18, *The Gin Game*, 1981. Two residents of an old folks’ home, Waller Martin (Hume Cronyn) and Fonsia Dorsey (Jessica Tandy) develop a relationship over the card game of gin. Fonsia has never played before, so the slightly patronizing Waller offers to teach her. Astonishingly, Fonsia wins the first round, and every single round after that! Fonsia’s wins lead to increasingly strong confidence on her part as Waller’s losing streak accumulates. This improbable turn of events causes Waller to develop a slow burn. This performance was taped in 1981 in front of a live audience in London, for television. 1 hour 23 minutes.

♦ August 25, *The Four Seasons*, 1981. A romantic comedy written, directed by, and starring Alan Alda, and costarring Carol

Burnett, Len Cariou, Sandy Dennis, Rita Moreno, Jack Weston, and Bess Armstrong. Three middle-class married couples are the best of friends and vacation together quarterly. 1 hour 47 minutes.

Thursday Foreign Language Films

♦ August 7, *Butterfly’s Tongue*, 1999. (Spanish) In Galicia in 1936 Moncho develops a close relationship with his teacher, Don

Gregorio, who introduces the boy to different things in the world. But these experiences are interrupted by tensions related to the looming Spanish Civil War. 1 hour 36 minutes.

♦ August 21, *Monsieur Hulot’s Holiday*, 1954. (French) Monsieur Hulot takes a holiday at a seaside resort, where his presence provokes one catastrophe after another. Jacques Tati’s masterpiece of gentle slapstick is a series of effortlessly well-choreographed sight gags involving dogs, boats, and firecrackers; the film launched its maker to international stardom. 1 hour 30 minutes.

♦ August 28, *Chess Story*, 2021. (German) To withstand psychological torture by the Gestapo, a lawyer imprisoned by the Nazis finds refuge in the world of chess. Based on a story by Stefan Zweig. 1 hour 30 minutes.

Weekend Themed Films, Nordic Noir

Good Scandinavian films are often remade by American filmmakers, So we decided to show some side-by-side.

♦ August 2-3, *Insomnia*, 1997. (Norwegian and Swedish) A Norwegian thriller about a police detective investigating a murder in a town above the Arctic Circle. The investigation goes horribly wrong when he mistakenly shoots his partner and tries to cover it up. 1 hour 35 minutes

♦ August 9-10, *Insomnia*, 2022. (American) A psychological thriller directed by Christopher Nolan, it stars Al Pacino, Robin Williams, and Hillary Swank. Two Los Angeles detectives investigate a murder in Alaska. 2 hours.

♦ August 16-17, *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo*, 2009. (Swedish) A Swedish-Danish crime thriller. A journalist, Blomkvist is hired by Vanger, the patriarch of an affluent family, to investigate the disappearance of his niece, Harriet, who vanished in 1966 during a family gathering. He suspects foul play by his family, many of whom had Nazi connections. Blomkvist engages Lisbeth Salander, a brilliant, troubled young hacker to assist him. 2 hours 30 minutes.

♦ August 23-24, *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo*, 2011. (American) The story of the investigation to find out what happened to a girl in a wealthy family who disappeared 40 years ago. Daniel Craig is Blomkvist and Rooney Mara is Salander. 2 hours 40 minutes.

♦ August 30-31, *The Hunt*, 2012. (Danish) A psychological drama set in a Danish village around Christmas. Lucas, a divorced kindergarten teacher, becomes the target of mass hysteria after being wrongly accused of sexually abusing a child in his class. It gained critical acclaim for Mads Mikkelsen's performance and Thomas Vinterberg's direction. 2 hours 5 minutes.

Your Suggestions

We invite your suggestions for films you would like to see. Come to a committee meeting at 2 p.m. on the first Thursday of the month or send a Wikipedia listing to any member of the committee, Lois Baron, Natalie Goldberg, Becky Kruse, Joyce Mannis, Susan Meschel, Gina Volpe, Helen Wolkow.

Lois Baron for the Film Committee

GREENHOUSE GROWINGS-ON

Phyllis Booth's report in July about splitting her huge peace lily into two new plants encouraged Anna Mary Wallace to ask my assistance to split her own spathiphyllum that had taken over her coffee table. You, too, can take advantage of our workstation and the variety of potting soils and media. Tools are in the drawers under the sink.

People have been using the Greenhouse as a place to give away plants that are offshoots of their apartment plants. Two Christmas cactus plants were donated this month. One has taken up residence in the Greenhouse and I hope it will provide flowers during the appropriate season. Come and check out the Greenhouse. You may find a giveaway that will be perfect for your apartment.

Our vining hoyo carnosa, the porcelain flower, continues to produce pink fragrant bouquets and a donation of a common sunflower cheered us during the rainy days.

If you want to volunteer for the summer care of our Greenhouse, please call me at 4638.

Laurieann Chutis, Coordinator, Greenhouse



Hoya carnosa, the porcelain flower

BEAST OF BURDEN

At night,
if you dare
to let sleep open
that perilous
passage into
preconsciousness,
you will hear
the voice
of the camel.

Arising out of
the mist of the
mountain,
redolent still
of a bush
perpetually burning,
it bids you
to follow.

And, if you do,
you will learn
the lessons
of its
self-slaking
thirst and
perpetual
peregrinations.

And you will,
if you dare to
mount its
monolithic hump,
know the freedom
of motion through
the sands of the
eternal present.

Borne back to
remember the
burdens you,
yourself, bore
centuries before
you ever
woke.

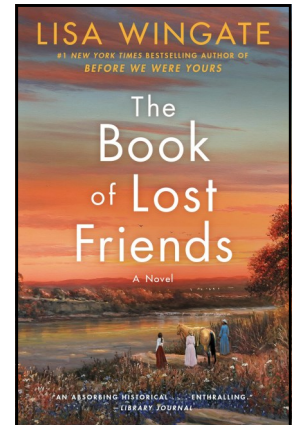
Sheri Steinberg

BOOKLOVERS

Our selection for August is *The Book of Lost Friends*, by Lisa Wingate. It is a *New York Times* bestseller and was nominated for Goodreads Choice Awards for best historical fiction.

Louisiana, 1875:

In the chaos of Reconstruction, three young women—Hannie, a freed slave; Lavinia, the privileged heir of a ruined plantation; and Juneau Jane, Lavinia's Creole half-sister—embark on a dangerous journey to Texas. As vigilantes and lingering war tensions shadow their path, each woman grapples with buried pain and personal secrets. For Hannie, the trip revives the desperate hope of reuniting with the family torn from her during slavery.



Louisiana, 1987: New teacher Benedetta Silva takes a job in the struggling town of Augustine to erase student debt, only to find a community resistant to outsiders and change. But hidden in the town's decaying plantations and twisted oaks is the forgotten story of three women, a lost journey, and a mysterious book that could transform everything.

The book shows the importance of knowing and preserving history, especially the history of one's family and where one came from, even if the truth is uncomfortable.

Join us on Monday, August 25, at 3 p.m. in the East Room to discuss this book and get a copy of the book for next month.

Laurieann Chutis, Coordinator, Booklovers



HEWSON SWIFT CONCERTS

Hewson Swift concerts are presented on Wednesdays at 7:15 p.m. in the Lounge and on Channel 4/4.1. Join us for an hour or more of wonderful music on CD or DVD.

- ◆ August 6, Susan Meschel presents Act 1 of Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* with Erin Wall, Elīna Garanča, Stéphane Degout, Shawn Mathey, Barbara Bonney, and Ruggero Raimondi. Mahler Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Harding, director. DVD. 1 hour 30 minutes.
- ◆ August 13, Susan Meschel presents act 2 of Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte*. DVD. 1 hour 30 minutes.
- ◆ August 20, Barbara Asner presents Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* prelude and Liebestod and Bruckner's Symphony no. 3, Concertgebouw and Wiener Philharmoniker, Bernard Haitink, conductor. CD. 1 hour 18 minutes.
- ◆ August 27, Barbara Asner presents Mozart's piano concertos nos. 20 and 23. Mitsuko Uchida, piano. English Chamber Orchestra, Jeffery Tate conductor. CD. 1 hour.

If you would like to share your recorded music on a Wednesday evening, please contact Barbara Asner at 4618 or Fran Vandervoort at 4396.

*Barbara Asner and Fran Vandervoort,
Co-Chairs, Hewson Swift Concerts*

SUPER-MOON TO FLORA

The gray doormat was still
on the floor.
The joyful figure on your wall
Still smiling.
Only the Mezuzah
fell twice,
as if God knows
you do not need
His protection
any more.

Many evenings
you left your door open,
inviting me to join you for
our heartfelt conversations.

On nights of full moon
we used to sit by my window
watching together—
Blue moon,
full moon and
the large red
Super moon,
Like a miracle from heaven
rising from the lake—
a giant fire of gold.

We felt so lucky
to be alive.

The moons I watch since,
look pale,
The shining sparkles in the water—
my tears.

Yet my heart sings
gratitude
for all we shared,
for our deep friendship.
Unexpected gift
in this late stage
of our lives.

Farewell dear friend
I miss you each day.

Rona Strahilevitz

MARK'S MONTGOMERY MOMENTS (MMM) —AUGUST 2025

As I reflect on my first six months at Montgomery Place, one word keeps coming to mind: *community*. I've had the privilege of meeting so many of you—residents, family members, and staff—and I continue to be impressed by the incredible talent, kindness, and resilience that define this special place.

Montgomery Place is full of people who don't just live together—they *look out* for each other. Whether it's a friendly check-in, visiting someone in a different level of care, sharing a laugh at dinner, or taking time to welcome a new neighbor, you all show a remarkable capacity for compassion. These small, everyday gestures speak volumes about the strength and warmth of this community.

One of the great joys for me has been seeing how our core values come to life—not just in words, but in actions. Over the past several months, we've highlighted these values in the *Messenger*, and I've seen them reflected in everything from the way residents encourage one another to the way staff members step in to help without hesitation. I'd like to take a moment to thank our dedicated team members. Each and every person—whether in dining, nursing, maintenance, life enrichment, administration, or housekeeping—contributes to the rhythm and heart of daily life here. It takes a committed team to support a community like this, and we are fortunate to have such an exceptional group of people working side by side.

August is a time of long sunny days and a little extra warmth; it's also a time to appreciate those around us. Summer might slow things down a bit, but here I see energy, creativity, and connection in full bloom. Whether it's music in the East Room, engaging discussions, or a casual stroll by the lake, there's always something meaningful happening.

Fun Fact for August:

August was named after Emperor Augustus, who decided he wanted a month as long and grand as Julius Caesar's (July). So he added an extra day to make it 31—because even 2000 years ago, nobody wanted to be one-upped by their predecessor!

And just a little humor to brighten your day: Someone told me, "I've reached the age where my back goes out more than I do." Don't worry—I see more movement, energy, and joy here than in most places, and clearly age is just a number when you're surrounded by good people and good stories.

Thank you for welcoming me so warmly and for making these first six months such a positive and inspiring experience. I look forward to what the rest of the year holds for all of us—more moments of connection, more shared laughter, and many more reasons to celebrate what makes Montgomery Place truly one of a kind.

Wishing you a happy, healthy, and sunshine-filled August.

Warmly,

Mark Mullahy, CEO

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS

Donated

- ◆ Beatrice Lumpkin, *Joy in the Struggle*. Her activities as a labor organizer.
- ◆ Beatrice Lumpkin, *Always Bring a Crowd*. Her husband's activities as a labor organizer.
- ◆ Eliza Griswold, *Amity and Prosperity*. The effects of fracking on a community.

We encourage anyone interested in the Library to come to the next Library Committee meeting, Wednesday, August 13, at 10 a.m. in the Library.

Richard Muller, Chair, Library Committee

MONTGOMERY PLACE ACTS!

The name Montgomery Place *Acts!* tells of an effort by Montgomery Place residents to participate in the national effort to expand voter turnout. In June and July of this year, 35 people participated in Montgomery Place *Acts!* meetings and at the June 14 No Kings rally in Chicago. Already we have written hundreds of get-out-the-vote postcards and produced rally signs. These initiatives arose from conversations following April's Hands Off! march, which several residents attended.

The proven strategy of sending handwritten postcards to potential voters was selected as a principal activity because it had interested residents in the past.

Montgomery Place *Acts!* is affiliated with Indivisible Chicago-Southside. Indivisible is a local and national movement of thousands of group leaders and more than a million members taking regular political actions and evaluating outcomes to increase voter participation and democratic results.

We are writing postcards to Virginia voters encouraging turnout in the November 4, 2025 state election. This postcard campaign was selected by Indivisible Chicago because of the importance of the Virginia governor's race and also of maintaining the Democratic majority in the state assembly. Our goal is to write 1000 postcards by October 15, 2025 to contribute to the 30,000 cards that Indivisible Chicago has committed to write.

Indivisible Chicago-Southside recently asked us to help 2nd District Councilor Alex Perez by filling backpacks with school supplies provided by the Chicago Police Council. The 2nd District Council area includes most of Bronzeville, Washington Park, Kenwood, and Hyde Park. These backpacks will be distributed by members of the Police Council to Chicago Public School students, especially



those in underserved areas, at an event in August that also includes food, games, and haircuts.

For 2026 Indivisible is making a major shift called One Million Rising, with actions more directly responding to the looming authoritarian landscape across the nation.

"In the past, we've been able to lean directly on the power of the ballot box and the pressure we, as constituents, can bring to bear on our elected representatives. Whether it was saving the Affordable Care Act or kicking Trump out of office in 2020, we've proven that organizing on a local level to drive progress works—and that is still true. But the pressing threat of authoritarianism means that we need new strategies to protect the future of our democracy and our people."—Indivisible, Summer 2025.

Co-founders of Montgomery Place *Acts!*, Joyce Mannis and Eleanor Littman, are attending training calls for One Million Rising to learn about new strategies that are part of this movement and to consider whether and how they should be adopted by Montgomery Place *Acts!* Joyce and I look forward to sharing these new strategies with you and discussing how they might be applied at Montgomery Place. Please join us at our August 6 and 20 meetings in the Lounge at 1 p.m.

Eleanor Littman

SPECIAL EVENTS IN



FRIDAY	1	9:00 AM- NOON	EAST ROOM	LAST DAY OF RUMMAGE SALE
FRIDAY	1	1:00 PM	BUS	NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MEXICAN ART (P. 3)
WEDNESDAY	6	5:30 PM	BUS	GRANT PARK CONCERT, VIOLINIST JOSHUA BELL (P. 3)
FRIDAY	8	NOON-2:30 PM	BUS	JAZZ IN HARPER COURT FEATURING DEE ALEXANDER (P. 3)
TUESDAY	12	7:15 PM	EAST ROOM	<i>THE MATCHMAKER</i> ACTS 1 AND 2 (P. 8)
THURSDAY	14	7:15 PM	EAST ROOM	<i>THE MATCHMAKER</i> ACTS 3 AND 4 (P. 8)
FRIDAY	15	5:30 PM	BUS	GRANT PARK CONCERT <i>CARMINA BURANA</i> (P. 3)
FRIDAY	22	12:30 PM	BUS	LUNCH OUTING AT MAGGIANO'S ON NORTH CLARK (P. 3)
SUNDAY	24	2:00 PM	EAST ROOM	MARLENE AND COMPANY (SEE BELOW)
MONDAY	25	1:00 PM	BUS	MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY (P. 3)

DINING COMMITTEE

The Dining Committee reviewed the 4th of July barbecue and recent dinners. Comments included: short ribs were okay; short ribs tasted like pot roast; soups were excellent; meatloaf was tasteless.

Nancy Barrera, Assistant Director of Dining, will be in charge until Mary O'Connor, Director of Dining, returns from her leave. Dinners are available for pickup in the Café at 4:30 and 6 p.m. every day.

The next Dining Committee meeting will be August 13 in the East Room. The next Culinary Corner meeting will be August 27, at 1 p.m. in the East Room.

Jay Neal, Chair, Dining Committee

MUSIC IN THE EAST ROOM

♦ Saturdays from 11 a.m. to noon, Laura Fenster invites you to observe her rehearsal. She requests that you do not ask questions as she rehearses. Questions will be accepted before and after her rehearsal.

♦ On Sunday, August 24 at 2 p.m., Marlene and Company will return to Montgomery Place to play jazz and rhythm and blues. Marlene and her group performed at Montgomery Place in 2017 and 2018.

Barbara Dwyer



PLEASE NOTE: Any event listed on pages 23 and 24 without a specific date or dates occurs on that day of the week every week. Events listed with specific dates occur on those dates only.

REGULAR EVENTS IN AUGUST

M/W/F	9:30-10:30 AM	THIRD FLOOR	WELLNESS CLINIC
M	10:15-10:45 AM	EAST ROOM	WAKE UP AND STRETCH
T/Th	1:30-2:30 PM	THIRD FLOOR	WELLNESS CLINIC
M/W/F	11:00 AM	EAST ROOM	TONE IT UP!
T/Th	11:00 AM	LLLC	FLEX AND FLOW
M/F	1:00 PM	SHAWN'S PLACE	STRETCH AND MOBILITY
T/Th	1:00 PM	POOL	WATER AEROBICS

MONDAY

	9:00 AM-12:30 PM	BUS	HYDE PARK ERRANDS AND SHOPPING
4, 11	1:00 PM	GAME ROOM	DRAMA GROUP (P. 8)
	1:30 PM	EAST ROOM	YOGA
11, 25	2:30 PM	GAME ROOM	SCRABBLE
4, 18	3:00-4:00 PM	EAST ROOM	TOWN MEETING
25	3:00-4:00 PM	EAST ROOM	BOOKLOVERS GROUP (P. 18)
	7:15 PM	LOUNGE/CH 4	FILM COMMITTEE MOVIE (P. 16)

TUESDAY

	8:00 AM-4:00 PM	BUS	SHUTTLE TO U OF C SO SHORE CLINIC (NO COST)
26	9:30 AM-NOON	THIRD FLOOR	AUDIOLOGIST
5	10:00 AM	GAME ROOM	ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE
	10:30 AM	EAST ROOM	BALANCE AND MOBILITY
	11:00 AM	ZOOM	MEDITATION (LAURIEANN CHUTIS)
	11:30 AM	LLLC	FLUIDITY AND MOVEMENT
	11:00 AM	EAST ROOM	TAI CHI
	1:00-3:00 PM	CAFÉ	IT TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE
	2:00-3:00 PM	EAST ROOM	CURRENT EVENTS
	3:30-4:30 PM	LOUNGE	WINE AND CHEESE
5	7:15-8:15 PM	EAST ROOM	SINGALONG
	7:15 PM	EAST ROOM	SHORT STORY GROUP CANCELED THIS MONTH

WEDNESDAY

	9:00 AM-12:30 PM	BUS	HYDE PARK ERRANDS AND SHOPPING
	10:15-11:00AM	EAST ROOM	MEDITATION WITH SHAWN
13	10-11:00 AM	LIBRARY	LIBRARY COMMITTEE (P. 20)
	11:00 AM	CHAPEL	BIBLE STUDY
	1:00-2:00 PM	SHAWN'S PLACE	BALANCE AND MOBILITY
6	1:00-2:00 PM	LOUNGE	WELLNESS LECTURE

13, 27	1:00-2:00 PM	EAST ROOM	RACE RELATIONS SEMINAR (P. 15)
13, 27	1:00-2:30 PM	LOUNGE	MONTGOMERY PLACE ACTS (P. 21)
27	1:00 PM	EAST ROOM	CULINARY CORNER (P. 22)
6, 13, 27	2:00 PM	CHAPEL	ROMAN CATHOLIC COMMUNION SERVICE
20	2:00 PM	CHAPEL	ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS
13	2:15 PM	EAST ROOM	DINING COMMITTEE (P. 22)
	7:15 PM	LOUNGE	HEWSON SWIFT CONCERTS (P. 19)

THURSDAY

	10:00 AM	BUS	MARIANO'S SHOPPING
	10:00 AM-NOON	IT TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE (CALL FRONT DESK FOR APPOINTMENT)	
	10:00-11:00 AM	SHAWN'S PLACE	ADVANCED BALANCE TRAINING
7	11:00 AM-NOON	GAME ROOM	MESSENGER PLANNING MEETING
	11:00 AM	EAST ROOM	YOGA
28	NOON	DINING ROOM	RESIDENTS' BIRTHDAY LUNCH
	1:30 PM	GAME RM / LOUNGE	MAH-JONGG (P. 9)
7	2:00 PM	GAME ROOM	FILM COMMITTEE (P. 16)
28	3:15 PM	EAST ROOM	ENVIRONMENTAL SERVICES COMMITTEE
	3:30-4:30 PM	LOUNGE	HAPPY HOUR
21	7:15 PM	EAST ROOM	RESIDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING (P. 15)

FRIDAY

1	9:30 AM	BUS	COSTCO SHOPPING
8, 15, 22, 29	9:00 AM-12:30 PM	BUS	HYDE PARK ERRANDS AND SHOPPING
	9:15-11:30 AM	STUDIO	DRAWING AND PAINTING CLASS
	NOON-1:00 PM	LOUNGE	WELLNESS EDUCATIONAL SESSION
	1:00 PM	EAST ROOM	STRETCHING AND MOBILITY
8, 22	1:00 PM	CHAPEL	ADAPTING TO AGING CONVERSATION
	4:15 PM	EAST ROOM	SHABBAT SERVICE

SATURDAY

	8:00 AM-4:00 PM	BUS	RELIGIOUS TRANSPORTATION
	11:00 AM-NOON	EAST ROOM	LAURA FENSTER'S OPEN REHEARSAL (P. 22)
	9:00 AM-NOON	BUS	61ST STREET FARMERS MARKET (NO COST)
	1:30 PM	GAME ROOM	MAH-JONGG (P. 9)
	7:15 PM	LOUNGE/CH 4.1	WEEKEND THEMED FILMS (P. 16)

SUNDAY

	8:00 AM-4:00 PM	BUS	RELIGIOUS TRANSPORTATION
	11:00 AM-NOON	CHAPEL	CHAPEL SERVICE
	1:30 PM	GAME ROOM	CHESS
-	7:15 PM	LOUNGE/CH 4.1	WEEKEND THEMED FILMS ENCORE (P. 16)