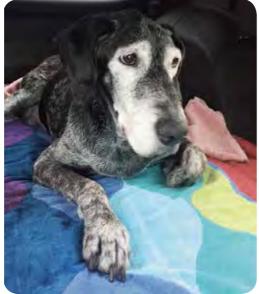




Fast Times on the Rivers A Good Sad Day



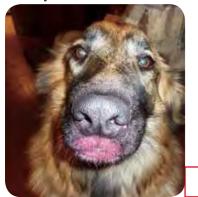
Two years ago, April 15, a bright light came into my life, in the form of a rescue German Wirehaired Pointer. She was almost 14, her owner had died and her canine companions were adopted elsewhere. She was black and white ticked, her AKC name was Megalloway Onyx and it was love at first sight. Because she was from Maine, and was now a Southern Girl, I called her Onyx Jane. All Southern Girls need two names. We bonded quickly, and I thought it would be great even if she lived only a few months.

She was born in Maine, on May 30, 2003. On June 20, 2004, she was tested in

NAVHDA Natural Ability—a test for Versatile Hunting Dogs, before they are 16 months old. She earned a Prize I, with a score of 108—112 being a perfect score. In January 2017 her owner became ill and National German Wirehaired Pointer Rescue rescued four GWPs, Onyx being the oldest.

Last May 30 (2018) we celebrated her 15th birthday. We conquered her arthritis, she was the easiest and most gentle dog to medicate, she took treats gently and trained me to give her (and Brandy Lee, her hound mix sister) treats every time I went into the kitchen. Like most GWPs, she was a Velcro dog, following me everywhere, including the bathroom... "Wither thou goest, go I". She was vocal when she wanted to go outside (via a doggy door), wanted to get up and get water, and especially when it was time to eat. She loved to hunt in my large backyard, blue tailed skinks in the summer, being a favorite quarry. One night she pointed an errant mouse who popped up in the living room.

Earlier this year she was diagnosed with oral cancer. She managed to maintain her normal lifestyle until last Saturday, when she could barely drink water and she was no longer able to eat, one of her favorite activities. She always walked like a drunken sailor, but by Sunday her legs began to fail her. Today we took the ride to my vet, who came out to the car and helped her across the Rainbow Bridge. Her ashes will join other GWPs on my headboard. My daughter, Kathy and I picked out two knockout roses, one yellow, one coral to plant in her memory. *Today was a good sad day*. Onyx lived 15 and 11/12 years, the last two I will always treasure. Until we meet again at the



Rainbow Bridge, rest in Peace Sweet Onyx. Thank you, Dr. Bill Armstrong for gently helping her across the Rainbow Bridge, Mary Ann for facilitating a graceful passage, thank you, GWP Rescuer, Suzanne Oslander and National German Wirehaired Pointer Rescue, for giving me these wonderful memories. *April 29, 2019 Janet A. Fast*

June has a National Kissing Day. Athena is ready. Joy Brenda Burch photo

CHESAPEAKE Otyle

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The mission of Chesapeake Style is to serve and celebrate the Chesapeake Bay Region and its people, past, present and future. Letters to the editor are welcome. The editor reserves the right to edit all submissions for clarity, lousy spelling or any other reason that strikes her fancy. Chesapeake Style is a priceless magazine published eight times a year by Chesapeake Bay Marketing. For delivery for one year, please send your name, mailing address and a check or money order, for \$24 for postage and handling, to the address below.

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Bob Diller photo of a blue crab. All blue crabs are a genetic rarity, and I'm honored to have gotten to share his existence in our Bay area with you. Farm to table, or Bay to plate; there's often something worth immortalizing in the travels of our favorite foods. Nothing just materializes at the market. It all led some life before, and our blue crabs are no different. Many Virginians have never seen the locally sourced fish, shellfish, and crustaceans in the wild that reach their homes. Long ago, people were more connected to the land and sea than today. Families grew

or gathered food together, prepared it, and shared their days' events over a meal that was part of a bonding tradition. It may have been The good old days, but they are a memory for most of us. The crab in the photo was summering in the marshes of Northumberland County in 2018. Being in a nature preserve, it surely lived to see many more fine sunrises. Hopefully he met some beautiful ladies there, as he was a special fellow. Bon Appetit! www.wm.edu/news/stories/2018/once-in-a-blue-moon-crabber-catches-rare-all-blue-blue-crab.php

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ACROSS FROM TRI STAR

LJJ

Gardening in Otyle~Hummingbirds and Gardening



And once they reach the eastern United States, many still have thousands of miles to travel before reaching their summer homes. They travel as far north as Canada.

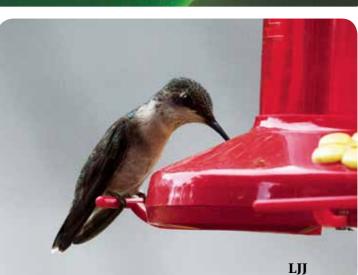
Male hummingbirds arrive first in spring and stake out their territory and prepare to court the females that will arrive a few days later. North America is where the hummingbirds will breed and raise their young. This incredible journey is made solo

> as they do not travel in flocks.

As you can imagine, they are tired and hungry and that's where you can help. Hummingbirds have an incredible memory and will often take the same route each year and remember good

feeding locations. Put out nectar feeders in early April even though you have not seen any hummers yet. More importantly, plant flowers that attract and feed them.

> Balm, Butterfly Bushes and of course, Trumpet Vines. They also enjoy Azaleas, Honeysuckle and Bleeding Heart. They are instinctively attracted to bright colors and they



enjoy plants with a tubular bloom.

It is very easy to attract hummingbirds to your garden by having a constant food source. Simply provide a variety of plants that are blooming all summer in bright colors and they will come. Larry Jenkins, Jr and Sharon Wood Fine photos.

By Nancy Shelley

ardening and hummingbirds go hand in hand. Those amazing little creatures arrive on the Northern Neck in mid April and delight us with their antics until early fall. Our little visitors are known as Ruby Throated Hummingbirds and that is very evident in the males. Females are iridescent greens and whites as well as males, but the males have a bright red throat that definitely stands out.







Seen Any Squirrels Lately?



By Ellen Dugan

f your attic is warm and your bird feeder full, it doesn't matter if you live in the country or the city, you'll see squirrels. In numbers too big to ignore.

How did we get so many? Who's responsible? Well, when it comes to urban squirrels, you can blame Philadelphia. They were the first to introduce these furry creatures into a city, not because Philadelphians wanted to wreak havoc on future power lines and home insulation, but because their hearts were in the right place. They believed that Nature was inherently good for people. Their vision was simply to expand it.

Initially, Philadelphia's naturalists,

administrators, cemetery managers, and children's writers lobbied civic leaders to create gardens, parks, and more open spaces for everyone to enjoy. They wanted to uproot Nature from the country and replant her firmly in the city. The parks they cultivated in the 1890s and turn of the century were well designed and beautiful, but...not quite as pastoral as envisioned. They could be improved. The experience enriched. City dwellers were missing out on the actual feeling of being in the country.

Perhaps a touch of wildlife was the answer? Yes, something more visually exciting than birds, but a little less real than rats and opossums.

As the bucolically correct wildlife choice, squirrels were a shoe in. They were soft and fluffy, cute and industrious, plus fun to watch. Everyone, young and old, could enjoy feeding them. And conceivably more

important, country squirrels could be easily and cheaply introduced.

Thus, the Adams and Eves of our present day urban squirrel population met in Philadelphia. Later, they were



introduced to Boston, New Haven, New York, Chicago, and other cities.

These pioneering park squirrels didn't know it at the time, but their metamorphosis from country bumpkin to city slicker had moral and spiritual implications. Folks like Ernest Thompson Seton, a founding father of the Boy Scouts of America, strongly believed that "missionary squirrels" could cure boys of their "tendency toward cruelty."

The squirrels were charged with teaching the value of compassion and kindness by allowing the boys to establish trusting, sympathetic, and paternalistic relationships. Cats were not mentioned in the plan, and neither was the possibility that little girls might also be guilty of unkind behavior.

Before squirrels became urbanites, many of their country cousins were migrant workers who followed acorn harvests of red and white oak

trees in our early Colonial forests. The information on great squirrel migrations—a family of squirrels is a dray, and a group of drays is a scurry—is sketchy at best. However, the last documented scurrying of scurries occurred either in 1963, 1968, or 1998, in either Wisconsin, the eastern United States, or the shores of Bull Shoals Lake, Arkansas. Millions and millions of squirrels are said to have made the trip—or trips.

And while no one has ever said that squirrels could inherit their ancestors' memories or that paranoia could make them squirrely, their personal history goes a long way in explaining why they engage in spastic, almost suicidal behaviorespecially when crossing a street. Stay tuned and we'll open a nutshell into this behavior next issue... Sharon Wood Fine photo of enterprising squirrel on a bird feeder!



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Otyle Spotlight~Many Things Old Are New Again In Warsaw



By Mari Bonomi

enewal in a town that dates back several hundred years might be resisted in some places, but in the county seat of Richmond County it's an exciting movement.

When asked what makes Warsaw special, Joseph Quesenberry, Warsaw's Town Manager, replied immediately. "The pride this community has in its town, the people, the renewed vision of paying homage to the past but gearing up for the future," he said, is what brought him to Warsaw two and one half years ago and what energizes him every day.

Warsaw is in the midst of a complete, town wide revitalization. "We have received over four million dollars in grants from state, federal, and nonprofit sources," Joseph said. "The town council told me 'We have the vision—your job is to revive Warsaw." That's what he's doing.

Joseph praises the town council for having the vision to move Warsaw forward. "We're looking beyond the Northern Neck and even Virginia to compare ourselves to similar size towns all over the US, to see where we can go," he said.

Numerous projects are ongoing. One exciting project on Main Street is the Old Rappahannock Brewery. It will be a large scale brewery, marketing across the state. The building, currently under renovation, will open in October.

It will include a tasting room, a banquet hall, and the brewery itself. Three other retail businesses will also open in the renovated building, including a new restaurant that will serve breakfast. Grants and loans have helped facilitate the project.



Warsaw is welcoming a group of Mennonite families to town. They have opened a market in June on Main Street. The town has provided a dedicated hitching post for their horses and buggies.

Willow Stitch, a custom embroidery and gift shop, is moving, along with their five employees, from Tappahannock to Warsaw's Main Street and will share the building with the Mennonite market.

The public sphere is also getting

upgraded. Richmond County has added a new animal shelter and EMS facility. Warsaw's police department is getting a new station on Main Street to house its five officers and Chief Joanie Kent.

One of the most popular restaurants on Main Street, Relish, is remodeling.

Once upon a time, there was a Levi Strauss factory in town. While the jeans maker is long gone, the

building remains. It's recently been purchased and tentatively will house a manufacturing business once again.

River Pools is adding fifty full time jobs in town. The Healthy Harvest Food Bank now has its regional distribution center and headquarters in Warsaw. New town homes are being built, and Joseph

said, "Town population is increasing and our revenues are up."

One extremely exciting project is happening in what was called, the Bottom, where Warsaw once had its primary shopping area but which has sat idle and decaying for some years. The town acquired the property through eminent domain.

"We had a big ceremony to knock down the old buildings," Joseph said, "and now we're creating a three and a half acre lake, eight feet deep in the middle, with an aeration fountain

containing LED lighting that will change with seasons and holidays." Walking trails and a large outdoor amphitheater are part of the project, along with a monthly Farmers Market.

"We're calling it The Bounds, which was the original name for the area," Joseph said, "and we received major grant funding that fully covered demolition and the creation of the park. We're placing no real estate burden on our residents."

Other projects include a dog

park, expanded municipal parking, new facades for businesses, park benches, and new lighting.

The town has a wonderful park, with child friendly equipment and a large gazebo. Recently, Gregory Packett donated a 200 year old brick building, The Saddlery, to Warsaw, if the town would move it. "We were glad to accept the offer and move it to the park area," Joseph said. The building will be the Northern



Neck Regional Visitors Center, where people can learn about the region and even receive assistance in local genealogy projects. The plan is to work with Menokin, the Francis Lightfoot Lee estate.

"This is just a fun time to be here in Warsaw," Joseph said. "Warsaw is a very forward thinking town. I love Warsaw, and am so glad to be a part of it."

Warsaw is at the heart of Richmond County. The town offices are located at 78 Belle Ville Lane. The phone number is 804-333-3737, and their active Facebook page is Town of Warsaw, VA. Mari Bonomi photos of Joseph Quesenberry and town clerk/ treasurer Julia Blackley-Rice, l to r, Officer Wendy McElroy and Chief Joanie Kemp. Saddlery building with Joseph standing near it.

Faith Matters~Welcoming New Neighbors

By Torrence Harman

he line of cars ahead of me on a quiet stretch of Route 3 flashed brake lights warning me to slow down. Filing in behind them I heard then saw the reason. The clop, clop clopping sound of hooves on pavement while a box shaped black buggy slipped politely to the roadside shoulder to let the line of cars pass.

The horse's eyes were fixed straight ahead as



were the eyes of the black clothed passengers in the buggy, despite the curious glances of passengers in the vehicles moving on. A few weeks later a new VDOT sign graced the Route 3 roadside just beyond Chinn's Mill Pond. Displaying a black horse and buggy and the word Countywide

it was another reminder, like the VDOT school bus signs at frequent intervals, that there are reasons to slow down.

Richmond County is acquiring new neighbors as Mennonite and Amish families are quietly but steadily slipping into the area, initially from the St. Mary's County region of Southern Maryland, but also now from Wisconsin. County officials estimate the presence of five plus Mennonite families and up to fifteen or more Amish families. And more are expected, lured by the availability of expansive parcels of farmland here.

On the first Saturday a new small storefront opened on Main Street in Warsaw. A straw hatted Mennonite standing beside the sign announcing the Mennonite Farmers Market offered a gentle, welcoming smile to the folks who stopped in, lured by the beautiful hanging baskets and bedding plants he had to offer. Buyers had a hard time choosing a purchase in what seemed a magical jewel box of blooming colors.

A child clutched her choice of a couple of bedding plants, her face glowing as brightly as the yellow faces of the flowers she had chosen. Her mother, Krista Sisk, delighted about the arrival of Mennonite and Amish families here offered, "I'm a child of a farming family with roots in Northumberland County and am excited about these folks coming here and using the land for what it was intended." Another customer, Summer Downs finally selected a purple and red flowered hanging basket but

delightedly added a jar of local honey to her purchases. She had read in Facebook about the Mennonite Farmer markets in the Warsaw area.

The Warsaw town location of the Mennonite Farmers Market has resulted from cooperative planning by the Town of Warsaw and the Mennonite family that also offers a large roadside farmers market stand a few miles east of Warsaw on Route 3. Last year housed in a makeshift tent, the Route 3 location this year is newly housed in a larger sturdier open air shed. There, baked goods, vegetables, fruits, herbs join the flower and other

plants for sale.



Further along Route 3 past Calvary Church newly cleared land has been rezoned for a saw mill to be constructed and operated by an Amish family from Wisconsin. In Farnham, across from historical

Farnham Episcopal church, an Amish family has acquired a parcel of land with a quaint two story wooden structure.

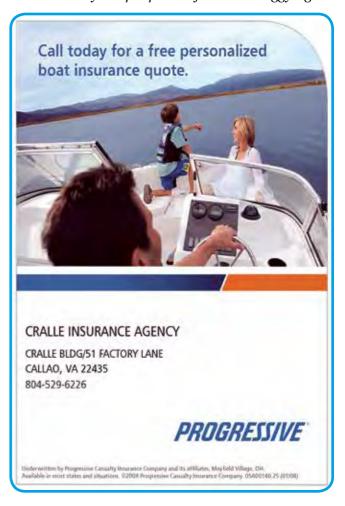
Farnham is eagerly awaiting what will emerge there, but area residents are excited about their Amish neighbors and what they are doing. According to the County Planning Department, the near future holds the potential of an Amish school house and church house nearby. Our landscape is changing in exciting ways with the influx of these industrious families.

The Mennonite tradition was birthed out of the Anabaptists emerging out of the Protestant Reformation in Europe in the late 1500's. A group to be known as Amish, seeking to live within a stricter community structure and doctrine separated from the Mennonite tradition. It is said that the Amish believe that God is pleased by people working in harmony with nature, the soil, the weather and with care for animals and plants. But it is obvious that the Mennonite families in this area live grounded in these same values. Both traditions have a strong focus on family and their faith community. Both traditions are characterized by pacifism and non violence with a goal of living peacefully together and in relation to those around them.



These new neighbors may live in ways very different from the more fast paced contemporary life style of those around them. Strangers they may seem to us as they take root in the Northern Neck. However, the Bible has some important things to say about strangers and hospitality. There we are reminded that

when hospitality is shown to strangers, we may be surprised to discover that we are entertaining angels unawares. And Jesus offers us a lovely truth by which to live, that when we welcome the stranger, we welcome Him. May it be so! The Rev. Torrence Harman is the Priest in charge of Farnham Episcopal Church and St. John's Episcopal Church in Warsaw. Torrence Harman photo of County sign and Summer Downs. Kathy Cooper photo of Horse & Buggy sign.



Otyle Spotlight~Foxy Means Eye Catching and Stylish

By Joy Brenda Burch

ou will find a thoughtful and caring staff at Foxy. For example, on my first visit we talked about what style tops would be the most flattering. I had been attracted to a top that when tried on, it showed bulges I was not pleased to see. Kathy Lukasewicz explained to me why that happened and what sort of style would minimize those problems.

I came back to the store a couple of weeks later and she told me she had found a top that she thought would fit and look good. I loved the colors. When I tried it on, it was perfect. It was the style she had described as better for me. Sold! I have gotten many compliments and it goes with so many of my other clothes.

Foxy, a women's clothing store in Kilmarnock, has been in business since 2002. It is the place to go for a woman who enjoys clothing that fits and flatters. As owner Kathy Lukasewicz says, "We have, fun clothes for people that like to have fun." There is something for everyone.



Versatility is an important part of the inventory. They carry sizes small to 1X. The staff is good at picking styles which are figure flattering. They also help pick outfits for a trip so that the pieces coordinate, allowing one to have a lot of wearing variety without overloading the suitcase.

Natural fibers, mostly cotton, linen and gauze, are important because it is easy to care for on the road or on a cruise. Much of it is multi-seasonal. The staff wants to help customers look good and

> appropriate for any occasion. The customer service is personal, and they are willing to help you find outfits or let you browse if you prefer. While I was there, I saw customers come in. greeting everyone and being greeted by name, as family and friends. The atmosphere is friendly and relaxed. A customer is a friend. Many customers are returning tourists from other parts of Virginia and farther.

Most members of the staff have participated in various areas of the fashion industry. Kathy Sholar, as a beautician; **June Pfister, creates** all the windows and decorating; Bobbie Bates, is a fashionista; and Remy Rodgers, a fashion consultant.

They fit Foxy and like being there.

They help customers who want to try something that is not in their usual type of selections. Sometimes it is good to explore a new look. A customer might be surprised and pleased and then they can broaden their choices. However, they will not encourage anyone to buy something that is not suitable.

Foxy is the place to shop if you want to expand your style or explore outside your usual fashion choices. The staff is good at helping you choose outfits that explore a newer look. You will be pleased because they are good at knowing which styles are flattering. Then make it even better with jewelry accents, bags and scarves.

A consistent goal is to provide fashionable and easy to wear apparel for a variety of occasions for a variety of people at reasonable prices. A second goal is help customers make happy choices.

In 2016, Foxy was chosen as one of the top three

women's clothing stores in eastern Virginia by Virginia Living Magazine.

Kathy likes the Northern Neck, Middle Peninsula and Chesapeake Bay area and appreciates the people also. She admires their strength and community involvement.



Foxy participates in the community with North Neck Partners for Pets, a no kill shelter. In the summer one dollar of every sale goes to the NNPC. Foxy also participates in fashion shows for various charitable ventures. Kathy has sales where part of the item's price is donated to a particular charity.

It is not necessary to go to the big city to shop for clothes. Even if you live in the big city, Foxy should be a regular part of places you go to buy your wardrobe enhancements. It is friendly and caring with fashion choices that speak to the times while meeting the activity needs of people who want to play, work or relax.

Summer hours, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday -Saturday, 12 to 4, Sunday. Foxy is at 12 Main St. Call 804-435-2200. On Facebook, Foxy in Kilmarnock. Joy Brenda Burch photos.

ARTS in the VILLAGE

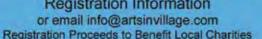


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Spike's Wildlife Almanac~White-eyed Vireo

By Spike Knuth

was walking along a hedgerow of dense growths of alder, willows, smilax (greenbrier) blackberry, wild grape and Virginia creeper along with a variety of tree saplings. I heard an unusual song or call which resembled a catbird's but I wasn't sure. Upon investigating further I was surprised to see a white-eved vireo staring back at me. Rarely seen and identified, I later found out it has always been known and widely distributed in the eastern half of the United States—in the southeast particularly, although maybe not so numerous.

White-eyed vireos tend to be earlier arrivals in spring compared to their more common cousins the redeved, vellow-throated and warbling vireos. Measuring about 5.5 inches, their colors are olive green above with some gray on the back of its

head and upper back with white undersides washed with vellow.

They have a pair of white wing bars and that conspicuous white eye. In front of and around the eve is a ring or spectacles of yellow. White-eyes are often found in areas along a stream or lake shore, or in swampy terrain. While the white-eye is somewhat secretive and seemingly timid, it is also active and curious, often sneaking up on a

Its song is a series of notes which is offered over and over and has been described in a number of ways. One description is that it sounds

visitor to its territory quietly at first.

like "chick-perwee-oo-chek." Its song may include imitations of robins, house wrens, brown thrashers or the catbird which is what I had mistaken it for.

Nest building commences by both sexes, usually in early May. The nest is built low, about three to six feet above the ground and well hidden in dense, low

growths. It is normally suspended under a forked branch. The nest is a somewhat bulky and ragged affair constructed of leaves, plant stems, moss, wasp paper, spider silk, plants fibers, fine grasses, lichens, animal hair and even paper scraps.

Three to five eggs are laid, white with markings of dark brown, purple and black at the larger end. Both parent birds incubate the eggs which hatch in 12 to 16 days. Both parent birds also participate in the feeding of the young. White-eyed vireos are mostly insect eaters, feeding on beetles of all kinds, stink bugs, scale insects, flies, wasps, and some bees, They feed by searching diligently through the dense foliage, sometimes hanging upside down and sometimes hovering like a flycatcher. They also feed on various wild berries such as blackberries, wax myrtle, and others.

Come October they migrate either solitarily, in pairs, or often flock up with other small birds, and winter along the Gulf and Atlantic Coasts, and the Yucatan, Honduras and Guatemala. Carl "Spike" Knuth artwork.











Otyle Spotlight~Country Cottage Is The Sweetest Secret On The Neck



By Tracy Graham Lanum

id you know that in 2018 and 2019 Country Cottage was voted by Virginia Living readers to be the Best Chocolatier in Eastern Virginia? Did you further know that Country Cottage was designated Best Rivah winner in second place as Best Ice Cream and in third place as Best Place for a Date? It's all true and if you are not acquainted with this delightful Florist and Gourmet Sweets shop you

have a great deal to look forward to.

The owners are Pam and Tim Sawyer, although Pam is the forerunner. She opened the business in 1998 as a garden center and gift shop in what she calls a "small house in the country" on one half acre of land, which she uses to its maximum boundary. As you approach Country Cottage you are welcomed to sit at one of the colorful tables and chairs while absorbing the many pleasing plants, tress and vegetation. As you enter the store all of your senses will be overcome with the myriad of fun notions and goodies.

As a young woman Pam and her sister helped their mother make corsages to sell in order to help the family financial situation, while her father suffered from asbestos poisoning. All these years later she continues to love making custom flower arrangements for weddings, special occasions, funerals and everyday living. She is a favorite for young men looking for a special corsage for their high school prom queen, as well as a boutonniere for himself. Country Cottage is adorned with luscious flowers of every kind for this purpose, as well as silk flowers if preferred.

But that is just the tip of the

iceberg. Pam and her staff of six parttime workers make delicious fudge and gourmet chocolates of every kind. One of her newest additions are chocolate covered pretzels. There are 25 flavors of fudge, two of them being reduced in sugar. Do you like ice cream? Country Cottage is the place to go, as Pam and her staff have 24 flavors of Hershey's Ice Cream, all being hand-dipped and delicious.

Perhaps you are looking for a unique gift for a loved one. Again, Country Cottage is the Place to go. They have expanded the gift line as well as their greeting cards.

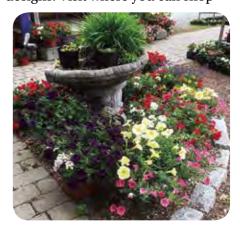
Encouraging mugs are very popular (God is Good, Be Still and Know, Count Your Blessings) as are the inspirational Angels. Handblown molten glass molded on wood are fascinating for a number of uses, including terrariums, fish tanks or whatever your heart desires. They now have popup greeting cards, which are always a favorite.

Pam has further enhanced her gourmet line to include preserves, jellies, hot sauce, Belmont peanuts, pecan pie in a jar, and Tortuga rum cakes. She also carries a variety of Mobjack Bay Coffee Roasted coffee.

Now, Pam and Tim, who delivers Mission Foods to grocery stores, have two grown sons and eight grandchildren. For children Pam

has for sale necklaces of a small harmonica, pipe whistle or compass.

Country Cottage sells lotions and soaps as well as Souvenir ornaments for White Stone featuring nautical designs. Visit where you can shop



to your heart's desire while eating a delectable Hershey's Ice Cream cone.

Country Cottage is at 795 Rappahannock Dr, White Stone. Call 804-435-3812. Website, www. countrycottagews.com. Email is bowk4u@protonmail.com. Facebook, Country Cottage. Tracy G. Lanum photos.



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Maiden Voyage of the Wanderer



By Ann Eichenmuller

loyd, Virginia is three hundred miles and a world away from the Chesapeake Bay. A mountain community known for its scenic Blue Ridge Parkway views, most of the town's younger residents had never even



seen open water, much less sailed in a boat. But all that changed this May, when fifteen students from the Springhouse Community School came to Dividing Creek. Not only did they learn to sail a twenty-two-foot wooden boat—they also built it.

Their journey to the Northern Neck began last year, when Head of School Jenny Finn had a feeling that one of Springhouse's three annual field experiences for 2018-2019

would involve sailing. Then teacher David Reece walked through the door, looking for a job, and it turned out he had a passion for sailing and experience building boats. Just like that, the sailing project was born.

Springhouse Community School is small, with integrated classes for grades seven through twelve, and it offers a unique approach to education. Rather than dividing classes by discipline, core subjects are taught holistically through project-based learning.

"We study a phenomenon through all of these different lenses," Jenny observes. "Our students learn by doing."

In this case, "doing" meant building not one boat, but fourthree PD (Puddle duck) Racers, eight-foot, flat-bottomed wooden sailboats, and the twenty-twofoot Wanderer. David Reece chose a fourteen-foot Phillip Bolger design known as a Pirate Racer, used in California boat racing, and scaled up using a factor of 1.5, reworking the sail configuration to allow for three masts and a job.

"I wanted to take at least eight people, and I needed to keep the kids busy. I did that by providing lots of smaller sails so everyone has a job," he explains.

The Floyd community got behind the project, donating money and building materials, and New England Ropes donated all of the lines. The students did the work themselves, from learning to build to scale to pouring their own lead for the weighted rudder.

In addition to using mathematics skills in the boat building process, the students studied the physics of motion, the history of sailing, and basic seamanship, including knot tying and navigation. The arts were involved as well, as students learned about boating through literature and song. Each student then researched a specific topic and did a presentation.

"I've learned so much about so many things," says student Jarrah Callister, who demonstrated essential knots to the group. "It was extremely fun."

Classmate Tatiana Alba agrees. She studied navigational charts. "This is just this big body of water, and I thought, how the heck do you know where you're going?" she laughs. Now she knows.

Learning about boats and building them was only the first half of the project. The second half was sailing them. Fifteen students and eight adults would need to spend a week along the Bay, and for that, the Springhouse Community School students needed help. Staff member Roxanne Greenberg had recently attended a workshop with someone from the Northern Neck, and they put her in touch with the Northern Neck Sail and Power Squadron (NNSPS). She credits them with the trip's success.

"They've been amazing," she says enthusiastically.

"We were overwhelmed with the response from their organization," David agrees.

The NNSPS provided a cookout



on the students' first night, complete with lessons on oyster shucking, and a crab feast a few days later. In addition, member and local historian Dave Herndon provided the escort boat, Wayward Wind, a twenty-five-foot Fisher motorsailer.

"Their community supported them getting here, and we wanted to support them once they were here," says NNSPS XO Jim Wray. "We have some of the best people at plotting, charting, and knowing the water. We have members who have been sailing their entire lives. We wanted to do everything we could to make sure the kids had fun, and to keep them safe on the water."

As we watch the students launch Wanderer for the first time, it is clear the Squadron has accomplished its mission. The teens can't wait to unfurl the sails and let the wind take them out of the creek and into the open water of Chesapeake.

As the sailboat catches the light breeze, the creek is filled the sound of young voices singing sea shanties as the Wanderer slips out of sight. Eric Eichenmuller photos.



Otyle Spotlight~Take Time at Thyme in a Basket



By Marie Stone

treat you have in store when you enter Thyme in a Basket and wander through each room both downstairs and upstairs. Take your time...you must! So many unique items for any occasion and items change with the seasons so you need to keep returning.

hat a wonderful

Thyme in a Basket is owned by Melissa Foster who welcomes each and every customer who comes through the doors with a "Welcome, can I help you with anything? Enjoy your stay".

Such a variety of different items, the majority being made in the USA and Canada. Colorful items, funny knickknacks, greeting cards, pottery, candles, a nice selection of scarves and leather bags. This is also a nice variety of teas for you to share on a quiet afternoon with friends.

Melissa tries to keep items in stock that are different from other local shops. "Make you feel good" items that you want to share with others who may need a little uplifting. She does not carry

clothing but does have a variety of accessories to compliment your outfits. There is a nice selection of jewelry made by a local individual. She steers away from cookie cutter items and the delightful variety you will find in her shop keep you coming back frequently.

Many of her customers live away from this area during the winter months but once the weather starts to turn to spring and warmer days, familiar faces appear in the shop and Melissa says it is like family coming home! Happy Days!

Melissa and her husband, who is a minister, live in the Tappahannock area near their son, who is married. He and his wife are going to be presenting Melissa and her husband with their first grandchild later this vear. There will be much excitement

when we stop in to visit or shop we just might hear a little cooing of a baby being cared for by this new grandmother.

was born in the D.C. area and lived in Northern Virginia and Maryland at different junctures of her life. She came from a so during her early years, up

to seventh grade, she and her family lived in Germany. After returning to the United States and finishing high school she attended Averett University in Danville, where she met her husband. He now ministers at one of the oldest churches in Essex County in the Caret area.

Melissa travels to Atlanta during the year to select new items for her shop which will compliment what she has in stock. Her selections are eye appealing and I have found it very hard sometimes to resist picking something up for myself or a gift for an upcoming birthday or anniversary.

In fact while I was there chatting with Melissa she made a couple of suggestions for an upcoming wedding I will be attending in June. I like to get something different that the recipients will always

remember who gave it to them.

And...I found a beautiful ceramic bread basket with a lovely hand towel expressing a wonderful thought about their future together. Now is that different or what?? Melissa happily wraps your purchases that you are buying to give someone else. The

> pretty bags with cheery yellow and green tissue paper and ribbon makes vou want to dig right in and see what you are receiving.

> I asked Melissa if she does craft work herself and she said ves. She has always enjoyed basket weaving and has several nice selections in her shop that can be used for multiple uses. This craft led her to

open her shop five years ago and helped with the name—Thyme in a Basket. This name and shop certainly peak your curiosity when you go by and, conveniently enough, most times you have to stop at the traffic light which gives you time to peek in the windows.

This unique and quirky shop must be added to your to do list. You will find yourself going back time and again if only to chat with Melissa who loves to welcome the familiar faces as well as the new customers who come through her door. Thyme in a Basket can be found at 325 Queen Street in Tappahannock. She is open Tuesday through Friday 10 -5:30 and Saturday 10 -4. You can reach Melissa at 804-443-4626. Follow her on Facebook, at Thyme In A Basket. Marie Stone photos.

in their lives and perhaps one day

Melissa military family



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Brain Injury~Compensatory Strategies Work!

By Martha M. Hall

n important part of post brain injury treatment centers on developing the use of compensatory strategies to accommodate deficits that sometimes occur as a result of the injury. A compensatory strategy is not mysterious or difficult to create; all of us usually engage in some kind of work around to accomplish things that are difficult to do.

A friend of mine, for example, was sent as a youngster by her grandmother to burn trash in the incinerator bin on their farm. Afraid to strike a match, my friend was more afraid of telling her grandmother that she could not complete the task. Looking around, she found an old corn cob, stuck the safety match into the end of the cob, and was then able to strike the match without fear. Classic compensatory

strategy! Her work around got the job done because she recognized the issue and found a way to address it.

Finding compensatory strategies for brain injury deficits requires understanding the often invisible ways that a brain injury can make seemingly simple things difficult. Most often, brain injury deficits center around the cognitive functioning of the individual, such as having difficulty with short and/ or long term memory, experiencing concentration and attention problems, having difficulty following directions, or struggling to find words for objects or feelings.

Compensatory strategies don't have to be expensive or high tech. Sometimes we just need to use ordinary items, or logical patterns, to deal with issues present in our day to day living. Calendars or notebooks record things we don't want to forget. Post it notes are helpful

for to do reminders. Household items can be useful—a friend with a brain injury used a rubber band to remind herself not to leave her hose on after watering the garden.

She kept one on the spigot, and when she turned on her hose, she placed the band on her wrist. If the band was still on her wrist when she went into the house, she knew that she had left the hose on. Another friend couldn't remember how to use the microwave, so he wrote out the instructions, step by step, and pasted them on the side of the appliance.

A support group member keeps a daily journal in which he records his thoughts, along with the date and time, to ensure that he has the information that he wants to share. Another member keeps his journal and car keys in the same place next to his front door to ensure that he doesn't forget those things when he goes out. When he

comes in, he returns those items to the same place, every time.

The first step in developing a compensatory strategy is to recognize that you need one. There is no shame in figuring out a way to work around a deficit, and often the only thing more invisible than your brain injury deficit is the strategy you devise to work around it. For more information on brain injury, contact the Brain Injury Association of Virginia at 800-444-6443 or at www. biav.net. The Northern Neck Brain Injury Support Group meets on the second Tuesday of each month at the Bay Transit building in Warsaw from 10:30-12:00. All are welcome!





Mariam Mani's Legacy, Crow's Nest Café

By Lon Crow

here were no free cookies given out at the Crow's Nest Café. You would have needed to correctly guess the origin of the owner's accent and no one guessed that origin.

Mariam Mani operated the Crow's Nest Café in Warsaw from 2000 until 2009. The café was a dream and the café was, for Mariam, family and not one free cookie was ponied up during the nine years it operated. To get a free cookie you would need to guess correctly the origin of Mariam's accent.

When asked about her accent, she always asked people to guess but,

throughout her life in this country, no one guesses correctly. Most would guess she was Italian or Spanish. No one guessed she was Iranian. Since Iranians make up less than 0.3 percent of the population, it is easy to understand the inability of locals to guess correctly. But I am sure, eventually, everyone would find the origin of that accent. She was proud of being Iranian. Food is an integral part of the Iranian culture and Mariam would bend your ear talking about Iranian food. But details related to her Iranian family would not be as forthcoming.

Few people knew Mariam's family was part of the upper echelon of the Shah of Iran's government. Her father was in line to become one of the Shah's ministers in the late 1960s and early 1970s. I have pictures of him with foreign dignitaries and Iran's Queen Farah. It would have been the golden age of Iran. Her father's job in the 1960s was to scour the world, including the United States, and bring new education ideas back to his native Iran.

When she sold her café in 2009, the front page article in the local paper about Mariam, entitled Leaving the Nest, mentioned she came to the US from Iran in 1975. Her father brought Mariam and her three younger siblings to the United States in search of better treatment for his Parkinson's disease and to escape Iran.

By the time her family left, the Shah had evolved to be someone Amnesty International labeled



"the worst dictator in the world" in 1976. The Shah's secret police. the SAVAK, would be at work imprisoning, torturing and executing Mariam's countrymen. Mariam's middle brother disappeared, and she blamed the SAVAK. In 1957, our CIA helped the Shah create the SAVAK. Her youngest brother died in the Iran/Iraq War when, with tactical support from the United States, our buddy Saddam Hussein invaded Iran in 1980.

When I first started dating Mariam, she told me about her dream of owning her own restaurant and she also posed a question to me.

"You do know Iran is not what you see on TV, right?". If you knew Mariam, I am sure she would pose this very question to many of my fellow citizens if the subject of Iran was broached. To this West Virginian, Iran was mullahs, camels, sand, oil and our embassy hostages that were held for 444 days. I found out I was wrong, totally wrong.

Iran is not, as Mariam mentioned, what I saw on TV. I found that TV did not mention that the United States had trashed Iran's fledgling democracy in a coup on August 19, 1953 (google Operation Ajax). I also found that, even though he was executing Mariam's countrymen during the latter part of his tenure as Iran's dictator, we showed the Shah boundless support after we brought him back to power after the coup.

The Shah thanked us for the coup with half of Iran's oil and, over the next two decades, he spent more money on US made AWACs, jets, helicopters, missiles, destroyers and other military hardware than any other country in the history of the world. I also found that the hostages were taken when President Carter brought the Shah to the US after Iranians had, for a second time, thrown him out. Iranians did not want a repeat of Operation Ajax and they took US Embassy staff hostage as insurance. To be frank, every time I see something about Iran on the TV, I simply pick up the remote. Mariam was absolutely

right, I will not find Iran on that screen.

On our fourth date, Mariam revealed to me her dream of one day owning her own place. When we bought our bungalow in Virginia's Northern Neck, we fell in love with the people and realized we would be spending the rest of our lives here. We hunted everywhere in this part of Virginia to find her own restaurant.

Everything came into place when a friend had purchased the old Levi-Strauss Building and the Crow's Nest Café was born in what was once the cafeteria of the plant. For Mariam it was about healthy food and family. Her customers became Mariam's family. If you were a customer, you know this to be true. It was also a place where the state police officers knew how to refill the tea dispenser and where to get the spoons when the spoon jar was empty, it was where the customer shouted at Mariam that she would pay her tomorrow for that salad because she could not wait in line and it was the older gentleman who Mariam instructed, in no uncertain terms, that the next time he had a doctor's appointment he had better let Mariam know so she would not worry when he did not show for lunch. Mariam's landlord told me that



he never knew anyone who had as many friends as Mariam. He was not accurate. He should have said family—he never knew anyone who had a family as huge as Mariam's family. That is what The Crow's Nest Café meant to Mariam.

In that front page article in the local paper, Mariam stated that the sale was prompted by health scares. She was quoted as saying, "life is too short to waste much time". Parkinsons disease would take her father ten years prior to her opening her Café, her dream. If you know Parkinsons disease you know it is sneaky and it is unfair. The





disease was not satisfied with taking Mariam's beloved father, it started inching its way into Mariam's life the last year she owned the Café. It took her seven years later.

The day her Crow's Nest Café was sold, there were tears in the eyes of her customers and there were tears in the eyes of her employees. No tears were shed by Mariam. She had lived her dream and what was around the next corner, who were the new people she would meet and what new places she would visit was her future. I am now convinced she knew she would not get to experience as much of life as she would have wanted.

The fear she would suffer the same fate of her father haunted her. That is why she was always running forward and why she compressed a lifetime of affection into the time she had on the planet. As she said, "Life is too short to waste much time".

But the people of the Northern Neck enabled Mariam to live her dream. She was able to acquire this huge family, one much bigger than the family of eight siblings that populated the Mani house in Iran, 7,000 miles away. A dream born, 45 years earlier, in a kitchen in Tehran. A dream made perfect by the beautiful people of the Northern Neck of Virginia.

Mariam place a little piece of her heart inside every member of that family. I am betting there are hundreds of people in this part of Virginia that still have a little piece of an Iranian heart inside of them now. They may never have gotten a free cookie, but they got something much better. Much much better. *Mariam's legacies will be the family* created by her dream, the Crow's Nest Café and underprivileged children around the world being sponsored in her memory (more info at www. MariamsWish.com). Her life and her legacies will be spelled out in a book entitled - "I Love My Booboo More. A Story about Mariam, Iran and Parkinsons". The book will be gifted to those who made her dream perfect, her family. Thank you all. l to r, Martha Davis, Michelle Gibbs, Nina Kelly, Mariam Mani. Lon Crow photos.

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Otyle Spotlight~Plum Summer is Plum Wonderful



By Joy Brenda Burch

hen you go to Plum Summer, if you do not find something you like, or a friend or family member would like, you forgot to open your eyes!

So how did the shop get its name? Carol Muratore explained that she loves the purplish color of plums and also loves summer. Voila! But the shop is more than that. It is brimming with a multitude of items that represent the many themes and interests of the Northern Neck, Middle Peninsula and Chesapeake Bay area. There are also many items that are not necessarily part of any theme, just a happy part of life.

This gift shop is full of delightful items. Owner, Carol, and manager, Nancy Rahn, have put much thought into the types of items people enjoy. Their pleasure is having those special items that please customers. They have popular themes throughout the shop such as crabs, nautical, flamingos, newlyweds and bridal gifts, babies, dishes, clothing and hats.

There are a number of hats which would turn anyone into a hat lover.

More areas focus on mermaids. cats and dogs items. These themes are represented in the jewelry, wall hangings, tchotchkestrinkets-and many artsy things that you will not find everywhere. They have slippers, crazy socks, handmade soaps, angels made

from oyster shells and even some



furniture. Also, on display is eye catching jewelry made by a Virginia artist. She makes it from silverware. The manager, Nancy, showed me her lovely ring that was made for her from her silver baby spoon. Nancy also makes imaginative necklaces.

Everything brings a smile and some things make you laugh. In the

bridal section are a set of mugs. One has printed on it, Mrs. Awesome, and the other, Mr. Awesome. In another area, baby items, there is an adorable black infant outfit with a collar and bow tie drawn on it. Printed on it is, My First Tuxedo. How can you pass those up? Like bling? There are some colorful sunglasses and glitzy scarves and shawls. These would dress up any outfit.

The atmosphere is friendly and helpful. I mentioned that a friend was getting her Master Gardener certification. I asked if she had anything appropriate for a gift. I happened to also mention that she had a great sense of humor. Carol disappeared into another area of the shop and came back with a nice sized tote that had printed on the side, Crazy Plant Lady. Perfect!

Their inventory comes from a wide

range of providers from all over, as well as some local artisans. Being aware of the interests and needs of the people in area makes Plum Summer the place to go. Go there for that hard to find special, but not quite sure what you want gift. Or, go there if you just want to please yourself.

Carol's artistic appreciation and talents extend to another special venue. She is an experienced

watercolorist. Her shop has many of her prints which beautifully depict the Chesapeake Bay area. She also artistically recycles items. She has taken old CD's, painted them delightfully and hung them. In the shop, some are hanging from a chandelier. Even the chandelier has been enhanced by



Carol's special artistic touch.

There are so many charming and imaginative items to see. So, take your time and enjoy the exploration.

A woman came in to shop for accessories for three beautiful outfits she was planning to wear to a special family event. She found three sets of jewelry, one for each outfit, that coordinated as if they were made for them. The woman was very pleased with the results. Both Carol and Nancy have excellent taste and look forward to helping their customers find that the perfect answer to their search.

There are two other unpaid employees, both are Yorkshire Terriers. Enzo, is head of Human Resources, and Stella, who manages Public Relations. They both do a very good job.

Plum Summer is the kind of shop that you will want to visit often to see what else is there. Plan to visit slowly so that nothing is missed. You will want to make it a frequent stop. It is located at 15170 Northumberland Highway in Burgess.

Open Wed - Sat10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Call 804-453-4553. On Facebook at Plum Summer. Joy Brenda Burch photos of Carol Muratore and Nancy Rahn, and l to r, Stella and Enzo.

Books in Otyle ~I Want to Go Home

By Cindy L. Freeman Review by Carol J. Bova

iddle class life does not offer lessons on how to survive outside the world of home and family, work and school. Trusting in the normal actions of going to work every day, having insurance, saving for retirement, provides no game plan for a time when catastrophe strikes. In I Want to go Home, the story follows the life of fifteen year old Abigail Jordan after her father is hospitalized in a two year attempt to survive cancer.

Abigail has to take over more of the responsibility for her four and six year old brothers and their household while her mother Elizabeth is either at the hospital or struggling with insurance administrators, or figuring out how to pay the mounting bills.

Elizabeth is soon overwhelmed

by the stacks of forms and the interminable waiting on hold to talk to someone in insurance or benefits offices, only to be shunted to yet another number and person. Even when the forms finally get filed, she can't manage to follow up to claim benefits that would keep them afloat.

Last resort experimental treatments wipe out the family's financial

reserve, and when they fail, Abigail's widowed mother cannot cope with the depression and devastation of her husband's illness and death. Elizabeth's shame at being unable to manage compounds the problems, placing more demands on Abigail to try to maintain the family in

I WANT TO GO HOME



CINDY L. FREEMAN AUTHOR OF THE DARK ROOM

an increasingly untenable situation.

The book deals with the issue of unexpected homelessness, and the message of the book is that help is available, and there is no shame in asking for it. No one needs to manage alone. These are lessons that need to be shared with children and adults.

The author said, "I Want to Go Home identifies some of the

factors that contribute to unexpected homelessness: death of the provider, economic recession, and alcoholism. to name a few. I think the story will resonate with young adults who can relate to the teenage Abby, older women who can relate to Elizabeth, her mother, and the sense

of helplessness that drives her to medicate with alcohol and drugs."

In an interview with Neal Steele on the Chesapeake Bay Writers Second Monday Radio Show, Freeman said, "I wanted to write a modern day survival story." She has done an admirable job of that in *I Want to Go Home*. The podcast of that interview is online at chesapeakebaywriters.org.

I Want to Go Home is Cindy L. Freeman's third novel. She began writing fiction after forty-five years as an educator and musician. Her bio says, "She relishes a good mystery, as in her novella, Diary In The Attic, or an intriguing family secret, as in her novel, Unrevealed." Cindy and her husband, Carl, live in Williamsburg, where she has directed a music school for twenty-six years. They have two children and five grandchildren. Her website is www. cindylfreeman.com, and I Want to Go Home is available on Amazon.

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The Skipjack March Gale Part I By Joe Phillips

By Joe Phillips Goddammit Cappy you gonna bust the mast right out of her you keep drivin her like this!"

Charles the cook. eyes big as saucers and obviously uneasy at the angle of heel—the lee rail was awash—and the speed the old girl was making through the water as he poked his head up through the companionway doors.

Even with a deck load of oysters the March Gail was fairly flying across the bay.

Atrus gave him a hard look. "I'll thank you not to use that language on this boat, Charles. You need to get below, tend your galley and leave the sailing to me. Send me up another shot o coffee too if it's any made."

"Yessir Cap, ah jus put on a fresh pot, it'll be done in no time"

Charles scurried back below, and raised his eyes toward heaven and

said "Lawd please let this ole boat hold together till we git to the dock!"

I was with rest of the crew on deck and watching with interest the race between the March Gale and the Lorena M.

Old man John, the Captain of the Skipjack *Lorena M.* had been making a point to antagonize Atrus. It particularly annoyed him that Atrus and the crew of the March Gale regularly bested him. All morning, while they were dredging, taunts and rude comments, shouted over the wind and directed toward the Captain and crew of the March Gale. All morning, Ole Captain John would try to cut across our bow or try to get up to windward and steal our wind.

We knew eventually all this was going to end badly, and it did! On one tack, the Lorena M cut us real close just as we were coming about. Well sir, the end of our boom swept right across the stern of the

Lorena M Nothing hung up, but ole Captain John had to duck to keep from getting clobbered!

We all couldn't help but laugh, Captain John all red in the face, getting madder and madder, yelling at his crew and all. Captain Atrus seemed like he didn't even notice, He set us on our new tack and just kept workin.

Captain John was given to having a good snort a whiskey in the morning time, "just to get me going" he said. His crew, usually having to be rousted out after staying too late at the bar, were generally not at their best either, 'specially first thing.

The Lorena M was shoddy and ill found, her sails and rigging were raggely, patches here and there just to keep her going. Her multiple layers of paint were peeling off and her galley and cargo hold was cluttered and dirty. Castoff gloves and oilskins and various other items cast aside and strewn every which way. A thick pall of stale cigarette smoke and rotten bilge smell in the galley completed the effect.

The galley deck hadn't been mopped in...well a long time.

In contrast, the March Gale was well cared for. The boat was clean, and her gear and rigging were all first class. She had just come off the railway, so her bottom was nice and clean. The crew too, worked hard for Captain Atrus, we all knew he brooked no foolishness, but we all

knew we would make money. Some of us he would keep on during the off season to help keep the *March Gale up.* We knew too the Captain would look out for us, he made sure we ate good and the galley was always as comfortable as could be. Old Charles the cook always seen to that!

Charles, an older black man, had been working these boats before most of us were even born. Some said he was a descendant of runaway slaves from the underground railroad and from the Indian tribes that used to live on the shores and marshes of the bay. None of us cared, we just knew him to be a good friend and a vital part of our crew.

Even at his age he was as spry and agile as they come. We tried to keep him in the galley, but I swear he could not stand to see any of us working on deck. He had to jump in to lend a hand.

Charles could also throw together some of the best biscuits and oyster stew you ever eat. He had worked with Captain Atrus for many years and made it his business to look out for the Captain. Captain Joe Phillips is a 10th generation Chesapeake Bay Waterman and an Eastern Shore native. He has sailed as a Merchant Seaman and Tug Captain. When not at sea, he can be found aboard Tarry Not, a replica Chesapeake Bay Brogan or on his small farm near Mathews.

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Writers In *Otyle*~Where to Find Your Inspiration?



By Carol J. Bova

t an author's talk by Brad Parks at the **Mathews Memorial** Library in April, I remembered another program from 2010 that influenced my career as a writer—a joint meeting of the Virginia Writers Club and Chesapeake Bay Writers. Karen Jones (kjwriter.com) spoke about writing nonfiction and discussed her humorous and informative

book, Death for Beginners: Your No-Nonsense, Money-Saving Guide to Planning for the Inevitable, now in its third edition. The other speaker was Brad Parks (bradparksbooks.com) who spoke about his first Carter Ross Mystery, Faces of the Gone. Since then, he's published five more Carter Ross mysteries, been translated into 15 languages, and has won an impressive list of prestigious awards.

Nine years ago, I had no idea I'd publish both a nonfiction book and a novel, with a second novel nearing completion, and three nonfiction projects awaiting their turn. But the information and encouragement at that CBW/VWC 2010 program was a solid step toward my path as a writer.

Seeing Brad Parks in person at the Mathews event, where he was introducing his third standalone novel, The Last Act, sparked that realization and gave me the chance to say thank you.

Writers have a wealth of resources in this area, but it's up to each person to make use of them and look for the opportunities to encourage their writing goals. As writers, we never stop learning, and we never know in advance what situation, program or comment will inspire us to createor complete a planned work.

This list of upcoming programs is just what I know about, without doing any major checking:



Chesapeake Bay Writers, Dinner Meeting and Program in Gloucester, June 19. Abigail Putnam from the Muse Writers Center speaking about Short Stories. https:// chesapeakebaywriters.org.

Lancaster Community Library and Virginia Writers Guild, Kilmarnock, June 22. Authors Expo: A community event celebrating local Virginia authors. Keynote speaker Craig Shirley, author of four best sellers

about Ronald Reagan and Honored *Madam*, a definitive biography about George Washington's mother, Mary Ball Washington. Twenty local

> authors will be reading from their books too! On Facebook as Lancaster Community Library.

Virginia Writers Club 2019 **Navigating Your Writing** Life Symposium, August 3. Hampton Roads Writers Conference, September 19-21. www.virginiawritersclub. org/2019-Symposium.

Local libraries are a great source of programing for readers and for writers too. Critique groups and open mics are other valuable opportunities. There's a list of those in each issue of the CBW Bay Writers

News on the CBW website. Carol J. Bova is the author of Chestnut Springs and Drowning a County: When Urban Myths Destroy Rural Drainage, blogger on InsideTheCrater.com and columnist for Chesapeake Style magazine. Sara Harris photo of Brad Parks. Craig Shirley photo courtesy C-SPAN.



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When We're Gone...

By Bill Graves

be up, but it's going to happen...
someday. We all know of the value
of Wills and Trusts. It goes without
saying they're very important, but
that's not what this article is going

to address. It's not going to be about leaving a legacy, be it wealth or memories. It's about the practical stuff nobody ever thinks about, but quite frankly, is as important to your passing as anything else.

I have a document titled "When I Die" that I am continually updating for my wife. You may ask, what's in it?

Some of it is pretty mundane. I cover all the things I know will be

helpful to her when I'm gone.

Let's start with how things work. There are the lawn mowers, how to start them and their peculiar idiosyncrasies. Don't shut the rider off, or you'll have to jump start it with the car. The portable generator always needs a shot of thrust booster, and it will fire right up. The weed wacker and chain saw use the mixed gas and oil mix. The boat won't start if it's not in neutral.

The refrigerator should be pulled off the wall annually. And the back panel removed to be cleaned, especially the fan, and put a couple drops of 3 in 1 oil on the fan's drive shaft. My \$400 refrigerator is 15 years old, and I know a couple folks that have had to replace their \$3000 refrigerators in half that time. How to shut off the water coming into the house is an important piece of knowledge. What circuit breaker turns the smoke alarm off when the wood stove triggers it?

Where is it, and what do you want me to do with it? I listed office files that need to be destroyed. Where is the key to open the files. There are half a dozen other files that need to be secured, such as taxes, certifications, insurance policies and licenses.

On the home front, there might be some personal items you want specific heirs to receive—your father's ring to your brother, mother's wedding dress to a granddaughter or your flight helmet to the VFW. These are things often overlooked in a will.

Equally important, I think, is the electronic trail we will leave behind. I enclosed a spread sheet with more than 60 passwords. That \$2,000 lap top will be a paper weight if it can't be accessed. Your spouse's only bank account will be awkward to access without the proper credentials. Don't leave your loved ones in the lurch. Bill Graves Your Reverse Mortgage Expert 804-453-4141 Toll Free 866-936-4141 bgraves@va.metrocast.net.



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A True Dog Story

By Don Loop

s a former building contractor folks sometimes asked me to do small jobs which I was mostly happy to do. Once a couple who owned an old house listed on the National Registry of Historic Places called me to do some small job. I don't remember just what. In looking at the site I realized that I would need a helper.

Being alone I began thinking whom I might ask to help me. Remembering a young man who worked a brief time for me, I contacted him asking if he would be available. Explaining that

it would be for only a couple of days, he asked if he would earn one hundred and twenty five dollars. Upon assuring him that he would, he agreed to help. I went out in the country where he lived, with whom I didn't know. He had no car.

We did the job and I paid him. I asked him why he needed the specific amount of money he had mentioned. He replied, "My boy was stayin' with



me for a few days, an' he stays with his mother half the time. We ain't married. They was a dog come up an' my boy started playin' with it. The dog hung around a couple days an' my boy liked it. Well about the third day the Animal Control officer showed up an' ast me if the dog was mine. I was in a fix. I knowed if I said no what would happen. They'd take it an' kill it an' burn it. That's what they do with stray dogs. My boy liked playin' with it, so I told him yes, it's my dog. Well he wrote me a summons for having a unregistered

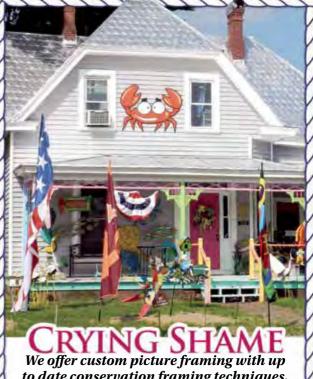
dog. So the judge charged me fifty dollars for a unregistered dog, an' seventy five dollars for Court costs."

"I'm sorry," I said. "But at least your boy's got a dog now."

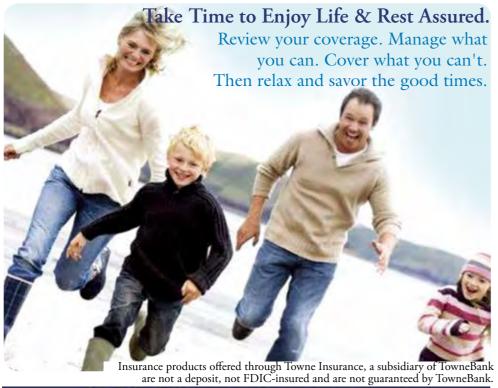
"No he ain't."

"How come?" I asked.

"Th' damn dog left!"



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Our Journey to Seed the Future



By Cindy Balderson

y journey with
Healthy Harvest
Food Bank
began on the first
business day of
2017 and my life has been a whirlwind
of excitement and growth ever since.
I am continuously grateful to be part
of such a vibrant organization. I work
with an amazing team and together

we are
making great
things happen
in our little
piece of the
world. Our
concept is
simply people
helping
people.

I quickly learned during my first gleaning and harvesting

season at the food bank that our building was not even close to an adequate size to effectively or efficiently do our core job of feeding those in need and reach those who may be under served in our sixcounty region. I came in one morning during peak gleaning season and had just enough room among the bins loaded with fresh produce to walk

sideways to my office.

Not only had we outgrown our current facility

two years prior, we also work in an old, uninsulated warehouse that's cold in the winter and hot in the summer. These are things we don't normally talk about because the work we do is crucial to those who don't have enough food to eat in our region.

After much discussion, it was clear that a new facility wasn't just needed, it had become imperative. At the end of 2017, we purchased a four acre parcel on Commerce Parkway

in Warsaw to build a new facility that would give us a permanent location and see us into the future and our plans to **Do More** in the community. The Seed the Future Campaign was launched in

After 18 months and countless meetings and planning, we had raised 1.24 million toward our goal of 2.5 million. Having spent another season of gleaning and harvesting in our old warehouse and having raised just over 50% of the funds needed to build the facility, the decision was made to break ground and move forward hoping that the additional funds

its private phase in January 2018.

A huge leap of faith on our part. But with the increase we have experienced from 800,000 pounds of food and 6,000 clients in 2013

would come in as we needed them.

to 2,042,067 pounds of food and 12,765 clients in FY18, it was time.

The 10,000 square foot warehouse resolves our space limitations, provides us with expanded dry storage and much needed cold storage as well as a designated sorting area for better workflow. The 3,000 square foot administrative space includes an educational center for future programs geared toward school age children.



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We may not know when or where we will reach our fundraising goal, but we do know the need resides here and hunger pains are sharp no matter your age. When asked why I work for the food bank—because what I do makes a difference in someone's life every single day.

We continue to fund raise and take donations for our new facility. To learn more visit hhfb. org or call 804-577-0246.

Cindy Balderson is the Vice President and Development Director of Healthy Harvest Food Bank in Warsaw. Cindy Balderson photos. Staff photo by Kathy Bergeron.



Laugh and Learn



By Ann Eichenmuller

hen is the last time you laughed so hard you cried?
If you'd like to get that feeling back, here's a suggestion—take up wakeboarding or waterskiing. Or better yet, get

one of your rivah house guests to give it a try. I guarantee, you will have trouble catching your breath from sheer amusement.

One of the first purchases we made when we moved to the Northern Neck was a used runabout we saw for sale in a field near our house. It was a 1967 Galaxy with a nearly new Honda 50 HP motor for which we spent a whopping two thousand dollars. We added a new Bimini top and seats and painted the deck, then picked up a set of skis and a tow rope. We were ready to go.

The last time my husband had gone waterskiing was during the Reagan administration, and back then—and this is not a criticism—that size motor pulled him up easily. I tried waterskiing once around the same time, and no motor could pull me up. Still, I

remembered having fun anyway, so I was game to give it a try.

Waterskiing is like riding a bike, except without the water,

dropping a ski, so I traded them in altogether for a wakeboard a year later. One plank is much easier to deal with than two. We found to our delight that less than ten dollars in gas and a cooler of sandwiches and drinks provided us with a full day of cheap and healthy entertainment. Our daughter and son both visited over the summer, and both picked up the new sport quickly, though their first spectacular falls were the stuff of Facebook posts.

We traded up to a newer, bigger boat with an inboard/outboard, and we have subjected numerous guests to an initial dragging through the river. Some make it up, some drop the line, but all end up laughing. And while there are plenty of jobs to do on warm summer days, mowing the



of course. Despite being a little underpowered and submarining for the first few seconds, my husband was up and slalom skiing in no time. It took me a little longer, but a dozen face plants later, I finally managed to get up on two skis. Sweet success! There is nothing like the excitement of learning something new when you are middle aged. It makes you feel like a kid again.

I never quite got the hang of

lawn and weeding the garden can always wait. Summer is for making memories, so whether you slip on skis, hop on a tube, or paddle, get out on the water. Learn something new. And laugh until you cry. Eric Eichenmuller photo of Ann Eichenmuller trying out her wakeboard. Liesl Eichenmuller photo of Eric Eichenmuller as he carves a turn.



By Sandra C. Fykes

didn't know a human was thrown overboard. That explains *Everything*! And people claim he was a prophet, but apparently he wasn't thrilled about his assignment and decided to quit, or maybe, to just take an unplanned vacation day. Anyway, he tries to get as far away from his Boss, The Big Boss, as possible, so he gets on a ship with a group of guys headed for Tarshish.

Before he can get comfortable, the skies open up, the wind gusts, and within seconds they're in trouble, deep trouble. It doesn't take him long to realize that he's busted. The Big Boss found him, not a surprise because He knows everything, and needless to say, is not happy with His prophet! Well, the ship begins to go down and they decide that someone will have to jump, voluntarily or involuntarily, so they try to do things fairly by casting lots. The prophet,

Bad Seafood (Jonah I & I)

still not having a good day, lost that game and eventually confessed to his shipmates that he was the reason why they were sinking. So, he decided to accept the consequences for his insubordination and jump ship. Talk about having a bad day!

But you know, at that time, I was having a pretty good day. I was just hanging out with my buddies and eating sushi, my regular diet. I have a huge appetite because I'm a big guy, as you can see, I was born this way. Because of my size, my Doctor, Dr. G, the greatest, loving, most compassionate Doctor in the universe, keeps me on a weight management program by supplying my food. He constantly tells me not to worry, that He will supply all of my needs; He's got me!".

So, I'm just floating around, enjoying the day with a few of my buddies, and Boom!...there's thunder, lightning, waves, chaos in the water, and things go from calm to shaky

in seconds. I'm actually used to these storms, and just try to stay in deep water until they pass, but my stomach starts to growl, and I realize that I'm ready for some real food, not just shrimpy appetizers. It's like when you're so hungry or hangry that you're ready to eat whatever's in front of you, and you don't care what it is at that point. Well, Dr. G. must have heard my prayer because all of a sudden the storm passed as quickly as it came, and voila, out of nowhere appeared my deluxe size entrée, right on time, just like He promised. I thanked Dr. G for providing my food before quickly swallowing it whole, having no idea whatsoever what I just devoured. Within seconds, I could tell that it was Not sushi! In fact, after swallowing it, it just laid in my stomach like a heap of bones.

I immediately felt the urge to puke to get it out and to get some relief, but I couldn't. I frantically called on Dr. G.; He's the only doctor that's

always available, and He reassured me that "I would be ok, and my stomach distress would pass after "3 days and 3 nights." Dr. G.hasn't failed me yet, so I decided to trust Him, as usual, and wait it out. Now I'm not gonna lie, those "3 days and 3 nights" were awful. Whatever I swallowed seemed to still be alive, tossing and turning in my stomach as if there was a wrestling match going on inside of me. I can't really explain it, but I felt like there was something more, something bigger happening, I just didn't know what it was.

I still wonder why Dr. G gave me that bitter, bony food to eat, whatever it was? Everybody thinks I just ate some "bad seafood". But regardless of the reason, Dr. G got me through it. He nailed it, as usual. And by the way, He's always accepting new patients! Just take my advice and always follow His orders, wherever they lead you.



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The Life And Times Of Nicholas Nichols, Part Two



By Darleen R. Nichols, Nicholas' Mom

inally, the vet told me that Nicholas was getting worse—the Cushing's was getting worse and would cause him excruciating pain. I loved this little guy way too much to let him suffer so I made arrangements for the vet to allow Nicholas to go to sleep and never have to endure any more pain. Nicholas was taken to the vet on the morning of February 14, 2019.

This was the day of love and this was a very loving albeit heartbreaking decision that I had made. I asked the vet one more time if there was anything, at all that could be done to save Nicholas and the vet sadly shook his head no. So Nicholas was placed on the table with his blue blanket that he slept on nightly, in our bed, under him.

The first shot injection was administered and it pretty much put him to sleep. When he stretched out, I leaned over him and held his body in my arms and put my face down to breathe in his beautiful scent one more time—he had been groomed the Friday before. It didn't take long before it was all over. The

vet told me that I could stay as long as I wanted but I knew I couldn't hold myself together that long.

I asked the assistant if she would please wrap him up in his blue blanket and she said yes. At this point

my kind friend-who had driven me there and I left. I was taken home where I started sobbing the moment I walked thru the door and my Nicky wasn't there to greet me.

I have spent a lot of time during the last six weeks weeping at the loss of my best friend and then thanking

God that he wouldn't suffer any longer. Nicholas and I had an amazing, loving bond. Again I thanked God for letting me keep my Nicky for four wonderful years.

Now I see Nicky in heaven romping with the other animals, enjoying being able to see again and feeling no pain whatsoever. That is what mom prefers to see.

Nicholas was cremated and he will be coming home soon. His next trip will be with me when I pass on. Our ashes will be scattered together along with those of my deceased husband, Jack, and our other little dog Inky-Dink. Nicky's urn with his photo on it, is sitting on the bureau in our bedroom where we slept at night and took long naps during some of the gloomy afternoons. Nicholas will be in my heart always.

Someday, but not today, I will probably adopt another older dog from one of the rescue shelters and try to give it a good home for a few years.

If you are considering getting a pet dog, cat or something else, I urge you to select an animal from a shelter. That animal is sad and lonely longing to have a forever home and family. You will never be sorry because they don't forget that without you they wouldn't exist very long. Please do both of you a favor and save one or more of God's special creations. They are full of pure love and absolute forgiveness. This website shows various ways of honoring a beloved pet who has passed. Most of them are inexpensive. *Just giving people the website might* help them with ideas. Go to www. itsrosy.com/Ways+To+Honor+You r+Pets+After+They+Pass/articles Darleen Nichols photo.



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Exceptions

arcos (not his real

name) first came

By Kenny Park

to the States when he was 14. We met in 2005, when he and his wife were expecting their second child. They had an older son whom they had left in the care of his grandmothers. At the time, they were sharing a house with a few other people, and shortly after their son was born, one of them got drunk and was shooting a gun off in the backyard. They were already making plans to travel back home to Mexico and were looking for a place to stay temporarily—away from drunken gun-shooting housemates until their travel date arrived. We offered them our basement.

For the next few months, we were family. We shared meals, stories, doctor's visits, and life. In November,

they pulled out of our driveway with a loaded down SUV heading across the continent to return home. It was a tearful farewell. We didn't know when or if we would see each other again.

A few years later, we received a call from Marcos' sister, asking if we could put him up for a while until he found a job and a place to live. When he showed up at the door, he looked...weaker, he'd lost weight, and there was a look in his eyes that wasn't there before.

As we sat around the table, he told us his story. A couple of months earlier, he had crossed on his own and was making his way to Phoenix. He came to a small town, and saw a group of young men who were hanging out and seemingly having a good time, drinking beers and laughing. He greeted them, and as he was asking for some water and a ride, the men surrounded him and

grew quiet. They attacked him, cutting his throat and stabbing him multiple times in his chest and abdomen.

He survived in part due to his size—he has a belly—but also because a neighbor saw what was happening and ran out and velled at the men, and then called emergency services. He was flown by helicopter to the nearest trauma hospital and spent two weeks in the Intensive Care Unit.

The woman who called 911 identified the men who attacked him, and with his testimony in court, they were sentenced to extended stays in prison. Through his cooperation with the authorities, he was able to secure a "U" visa, which is given to crime victims who assist in the conviction of the perpetrators of that crime.

Marcos had left his wife and now four children back home. with the promise that he would send for them. What he Did bring with him were his demons—drug and alcohol addiction. Over the course of the next few years, he was charged and convicted of multiple instances of Driving Under the Influence of either alcohol or drugs.

He met another woman, moved to another state, spent time in prison, and finally, last year, he was deported three times in the course of a single month, and lost his permanent resident status.

I have other stories, of pathologically abusive men, of murderously reckless drivers, of others who have abandoned their families. They are very much the exception. Because they are far outnumbered by the rest of the folks I know, who lead quiet, caring, responsible and loving lives.

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Excepciones

Por Kenny Park

arcos llegó por primera vez a los Estados Unidos cuando tenía 14 años.

Nos conocimos en 2005, cuando él y su esposa esperaban a su segundo hijo. Tenían un hijo mayor que habían dejado al cuidado de sus abuelas. En ese momento, estaban compartiendo una casa con otras pocas personas, y poco después de que naciera su hijo, uno de ellos se emborrachó y disparó un arma en el patio trasero. Ya estaban haciendo planes para viajar de regreso a casa en México y estaban buscando un lugar para quedarse temporalmente hasta que llegara su fecha de viaje (lejos de los compañeros borrachos que disparan armas).

Les ofrecimos nuestro sótano. Durante los siguientes meses, fuimos familia. Compartimos comidas, historias, visitas al médico y la vida. En noviembre, salieron de nuestro camino con un SUV cargado que se dirigía por todo el continente para regresar a casa. Fue una despedida llorosa. No sabíamos cuándo o si nos volveríamos a ver.

Unos años más tarde, recibimos una llamada de la hermana de Marcos, preguntándonos si podríamos alojarlo por un tiempo hasta que encontrara un trabajo y un lugar para vivir. Cuando apareció en la puerta, se veía...más débil, había perdido peso, y había una mirada en sus ojos que no estaba allí antes.

Cuando nos sentamos a la mesa, nos contó su historia. Un par de meses antes, se había cruzado solo y se dirigía a Phoenix. Llegó a un pequeño pueblo y vio a un grupo de jóvenes que se reunían y, al parecer, se lo pasaban bien, bebían cervezas y se reían. Los saludó y, mientras pedía un poco de agua y un paseo, los hombres lo rodearon y se callaron. Lo atacaron, le cortaron la garganta y lo apuñalaron varias veces en el pecho y el abdomen. Sobrevivió en parte debido a su tamaño (tiene barriga), pero también porque un vecino vio lo que estaba sucediendo, salió corriendo y gritó a los hombres, y luego llamó a los servicios de emergencia. Fue trasladado en helicóptero al hospital de traumatismos más cercano y pasó dos semanas en la Unidad de Cuidados Intensivos. La mujer que llamó al 911 identificó a los hombres que lo atacaron, y con su testimonio ante el tribunal, fueron condenados a largas estancias en prisión. A través de su cooperación con las autoridades, pudo obtener una visa "U", que se otorga a las víctimas de delitos que asisten en la

condena de los autores de ese delito.

Marcos había dejado a su esposa y ahora a cuatro hijos en casa, con la promesa de que enviaría por ellos. Lo que sí trajo consigo fueron sus demonios: la adicción a las drogas y el alcohol. En el transcurso de los próximos años, fue acusado y condenado por múltiples casos de Conducir bajo la influencia del alcohol o las drogas. Conoció a otra mujer, se mudó a otro estado, pasó un tiempo en prisión y, finalmente, el año pasado, fue deportado tres veces en el transcurso de un solo mes.

Tengo otras historias, de hombres patológicamente abusivos, de conductores asesinos imprudentes, de otros que han abandonado a sus familias. Ellos son en gran medida la excepción. Porque son mucho más numerosas las otras personas que conozco, que llevan vidas tranquilas, cariñosas, responsables y amorosas.

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First Annual Keating Award Winners~Part One

By Carol J. Bova

Chesapeake Bay Writers chapter of the Virginia Writers Club created The Keating Award, an annual literary competition in honor of author and renowned scientist Jean Clarke Keating. Ann C. Eichenmuller and Sarah Honenberger did an exceptional job as the contest coordinators.

his year, the

Jean Keating, born March 3, 1938, received her Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Georgia and her Master of Arts Degree from the George Washington University. A true rocket scientist, she had a key role in the development of the space program at NASA in the 1950s and 1960s, earning NASA's Special Service Award in 1968. In 1970 she was named Virginia's Outstanding Young Woman of the Year, and one of ten Outstanding Women of the

Year recognized nationwide.

Jean's varied and illustrious career included acting as the **Assistant Director** of Institutional Research at the College of William and Mary and serving on the Virginia State Council for Higher

Education. She was also active in volunteer work, chairing the Virginia Lung Association's regional health education committee, serving as president of the Williamsburg Woman's Club, and chairing the leadership development committee of the Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs.

Following her retirement, Jean began a second career as a freelance



The Keating Award

publishing five novels about her beloved Papillons: **Amorous** Accident, Pawprints on My Heart, Pawprints through the Years, Beguiling Bundle and Love's

writer and

author,

Enduring Bond. She was a popular speaker, columnist, and champion for the creative arts, and a former book reviewer and columnist for Chesapeake Style. Ms. Keating served as president of Chesapeake Bay Writers prior to her death in 2013.

CBW is pleased to announce the winners of the first annual Keating Award:

Non-Fiction First Place: "Table for

Two" Sara Etgen-Baker, Anna, Texas Second Place: "The Last Retreat" Frank Milligan, Williamsburg, Va Third Place: "Revelation in the Wreckage" Corey Stewart Hassman, Kilmarnock, Va **Honorable Mention:** "Running with My Words" Sara Etgen-Baker, Anna, Texas Fiction First Place: "Tit for Tat"

Frank Milligan, Williamsburg, Va Second Place: "Please...Tell Me More" Patricia Procopi, Hayes, Va Third Place: "Changing Trains" Tim Holland, Williamsburg, Va

Poetry First Place: "Have You Ever Tried to Meditate?" Ellen Dugan, Richmond, Va Second Place: Collection -"Momma Don't Go," "The Mind is a Dangerous Place for a Child," "A Story for my Son" Kortni Austin, Elizabeth City, NC

Third Place: Collection - "Are the Bullets Real?" "Leaving,"







oftyle +

"Fragile People" Ellen Dugan

Honorable Mentions: "Night Heron" Craig MacQueen, Lancaster, Va; "Stormy Weather" Ellen Dugan; "Exceeding the Chandrasekhar Limit" Laura Forster, North Chesterfield, Va; "Home is Far From Where I Stand" Gloria Wang, Fairfax, Va About the Winners:

Sara Etgen-Baker's love for words began when, as a young girl, her mother read the dictionary to her every night. A teacher's unexpected whisper, "You've got writing talent," ignited her writing desire. She has been published in various anthologies and magazines including Chicken Soup for the Soul, Guideposts, My Heroic Journey, The Santa Claus Project, Wisdom has a Voice, Finding Mr. Right, and Times They Were A-Changing: Women Remember the 60s & 70s. She's now writing her first novel, Dillehay Crossing. When not writing, Sara enjoys spending time with her husband, Bill.

Frank Milligan holds a Master of

Arts in writing from the Johns Hopkins University and teaches writing at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute of the College of William and Mary, and has taught at other venues and writers' conferences.

His book, *Time to Write: Discovering the Writer Within After 50*, Quill Driver Books, received the 2009 Silver Award at the 18th Annual National Mature Media Awards. His short fiction and nonfiction have won local, state, and regional awards. He is past president of Chesapeake Bay Writers, a member of the International Thriller Writers, and a retired federal agent, law enforcement senior executive, and a former counterintelligence agent. Frank and his wife Isobel moved to Williamsburg from Lake Ridge, Va in 2009.

Ellen Dugan: I find you can say quite a lot in poetry without being hindered by punctuation. As a former newspaper reporter, I am accustomed to the need to conserve words and thoughts so that each may have the impact that its author desires. I am an avid reader of nonfiction and an equally avid reader of poetry because I love the way words sound and can be manipulated. I try to express things in

a unique, thoughtful, humorous, and sometimes, if I can, a beautiful way.

Nonfiction Judge Gary D. Kessler is an award-winning writer and former CIA analyst, news agency managing editor, diplomat, theater critic, movie consultant, book editor, and publishing consultant. His published works include the short story collections On the Downtown Mall and Shadow of the Blue Ridge; a mystery novel, What the Spider Saw; the memory book, Of Me I Muse. He is coauthor of Finding Go! Matching Questions and Resources in Getting Published and (Re)Tell Me the Stories, and, in pen name, author of more than forty novels and novellas.

Fiction Judge Tamara Beard is the owner of Wrapped Up Writing, a business that provides editing, proofreading, and content writing services. She currently lives in Germany and enjoys reading, traveling, and volunteering in her spare time. Connect with her on her website at wrappedupwriting. com or on Facebook.

Fiction Judge Steve Mitchell is an award winning writer and journalist published in *December* magazine, *Southeast Review, StorySouth, Red Fez, The Tishman Review,* and *Contrary.*His novel, *Cloud Diary,* was published by C&R Press and his book of short stories, *The Naming of Ghosts* by Press 53. He won the Curt Johnson Prose Prize and the Lorian Hemingway International Short Story Prize.

Poetry Judge Liz Cooper has taught writing to elementary age children as well as freshman college students. A retired school system language arts administrator, Liz is the author of *Granny's Teeth - a Collection of Quirky Rhyming Tales, Bluebell Skinks, Wheelchair Kid* and is currently working on her third book. See more about Liz at: www.lizcooperauthor.com. To be continued in the July issue with Bios of the other winners of the First Annual Keating Award. See more at chesapeakebaywriters.org.







Placebo?

By RuthE Forrest BCTMB

familiar with the placebo effect in which you heal yourself with a sugar pill because you believe it to be a drug compounded for your particular dis-ease. Your thoughts are so positive you create the desired physical effect with the power of your mind. Studies suggest sugar is actually a poison, and you healed yourself with it!

ost people are

Do you know the opposite phenomenon though, the nocebo effect? This is when your thoughts automatically reach towards the negative. Automatic negative thoughts seem to pop up out of nowhere. You may suddenly find that you've developed a habit of complaining, make poor snap judgements, or experience neurotic anxiety.

Your ANTs—automatic negative thoughts—may be more insidious.

You may find yourself judging your own body parts, labeling that hurtful place as my bad arm. You may even do things to a particular part in such a way as to actually create dis-ease.

Such as holding that arm bent to protect it against more injury, causing its muscles to become shortened to the point where you have difficulty straightening it again. The mind is a powerful tool. When consciously focused it can create heaven on earth, but when left to wander on automatic pilot, it can attract the opposite. Why does it seem the negative is easier?

The purpose of the mind at its most primal level is survival, protecting us against lethal assaults. It remembers and categorizes every incident that you find even remotely stressful, and puts that data into a circulating file. Each time you access this file it plays back negative possibilities, and the more often it plays, the stronger the connection gets and the easier it is to play back again.

Like the search engine on your computer, files frequently accessed over the course of a lifetime always come up first. That's our hard wired program, auto pilot mode.

Brain science shows that we can reprogram the nocebo effect into a more positive placebo experience though. How? The way we learn any new programming: practice, practice, practice. We must repetitively rewire new pathways in the mind exactly as we have laid down the existing ones, through focused intention.

It's not easy, of course. We have a long history of running the same tracks. Daily experience reinforces our negative thoughts. We're programmed into our culture's belief structures while in our formative years through the power of mass hypnosis. Focused attention in youth becomes intentional reality in adulthood. Just a few minutes of watching main stream TV will convince you

of the validity of these statements. The worse it gets, the worse it gets! But, the better it gets—the better it can also get, with practice.

Many new brain entrainment tools are available to help you reprogram habitual mind patterns. Become aware of negative thoughts, and ask yourself "is this true?" You can instantly reprogram the mind with these two strategies: becoming aware when you're replaying ANTs and questioning their validity.

A daily period of down time where you intentionally focus on things you're most grateful for will also create a more positive life experience. Intentionally schedule downtime on your calendar. Even one day each month full of bodywork, wonderful food and connecting with awesome people keeps me positive. You have to do the work to discover your own formula to relinquish auto pilot. Get to know your mindscape! *Call Spa 2 U 804-453-5367*.



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Welcome Home

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Make It a Heathsville Saturday on June 15

By Corinne Anthony Becker

here are always a lot of reasons to visit Heathsville, but Saturday, June 15 is one of the best days to Make It a Heathsville Saturday. The entire community is coming together to offer a variety of fun shopping and things to do in conjunction with the Heathsville Farmers Market.

Located at historic Rice's Hotel/ Hughlett's Tavern, (RHHT) the Heathsville Farmers Market operates from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., offering fresh Northern Neck produce, locally raised oysters and eggs, jams & pickles, handcrafted soaps, flowers and nursery plants, bread and baked goods, gourmet peanuts, and other locally made handcrafts. There are new vendors at every market.

The Northumberland Library's Tech-Mobile will also be on site and open for tours. Big Blue, as the vehicle is affectionately called, is both an internet hot spot with computers, as well as a place to browse the latest books.

This month's market theme is a First Responders Motorcycle Rally. Riders from the Blue Knights and the Red Knights will be cruising

in to show off their motorcycles.

Meanwhile, inside the historic Tavern itself, the Heritage Arts Center gift shoppe will be open for business. Shoppers will find artists working in their studios, and one-of-a-kind, locally made artisan wares for sale. The Tavern Cafe' will be serving light luncheon fare, all homemade by the volunteers of the Tavern's Culinary Guild. Special on Market Day, the cafe' makes glazed donuts, hot out of the fryer. For on-the-go eating, visit the food concession stand in front of the Transportation Museum Building.

Dating back to the late 1700's, historic RHHT is home to four active artisan guilds, which will be on-site that day, demonstrating and selling their wares. In addition to the Quilt Guild, there are the Blacksmiths working in the Tavern's Forge. The Woodworkers have both a modern and a colonial era workshop in the Carriage House, which also houses a collection of antique carriages. The Tavern Spinners and Weavers gather in their studio on the second floor of the Tavern.

But elsewhere in the Heathsville community there are other big doings. You'll find interesting shops, attractions, eats and historical sites.

Visit Ye Olde Book Shoppe, a used book store run by volunteers of the Northumberland Public Library. Browse classy church thrift shops run by St. Stephen's Episcopal and Light of Christ Anglican. Check out Kathy's Korner for unique treasures for the home. Heathsville United Methodist Church is selling homemade ice cream. The Northumberland Historical Society will be offering tours of Heathsville old jail. Pick up your Historic Heathsville Walking Map, and wander past homes and buildings from every century since the 1700's.

Make It a Heathsville Saturday will take place on the third Saturday of the month, April thru October. Each Farmers Market will have a different theme. For more information, visit www.RHHTFoundationinc.org, e-mail info@rhhtfoundationinc. org, or call 804-580-3377.

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Ditches of Mathews County~A Prediction of Failure



By Carol J. Bova

he Virginia Department of Transportation (VDOT) issued a 2019 edition of its Board of Supervisors Manual. "The purpose of this manual is to provide new members of the County Board of Supervisors, or other public officials or interested parties, with a better understanding of the

Department. The topics cover the activities most commonly performed by the residency and district offices..."

It goes on to say, "Each residency and district office has unique characteristics that may require that they perform some functions beyond what is stated in this manual." The manual does not say the residencies are required or permitted to do less. Yet that is a fact of life for many rural areas. Too often, VDOT does not perform the

most basic of required functions, particularly for drainage.

The Manual minces no words about the importance of adequate drainage conveyances, and its warning became a prediction. "Inadequate or improperly maintained drainage facilities are responsible for most pavement failures and soil erosion. A road may have its serviceability

seriously curtailed, or may even be made impassable as a result of improper drainage maintenance or inadequate facilities."

Last year, pipes under Indian

these roads inspected and cleaned every year or two as the manual describes? How many cracks and small washouts in those roadways were patched without looking for



Road, Route 605, in Gloucester County failed and washed out a section of road. Dirt Bridge Road, Route 622, in Middlesex County had to be closed in April when the pipes failed and the road washed out. These were not unique events.

Last year, there were six road washouts in Hanover, two in Lunenberg and one in Mecklenburg forcing road closures reported in May.

Were the pipe inlets and outlets on

the cause? The practice of surface coating roads conceals evidence of previous patches and ongoing pipe issues. Has VDOT thought of using a database to track small repairs that would indicate a recurring problem before washouts occur?

VDOT officials point to budget constraints as the reason for not doing proper maintenance, but has anyone in VDOT calculated the cost of repairing failed state road



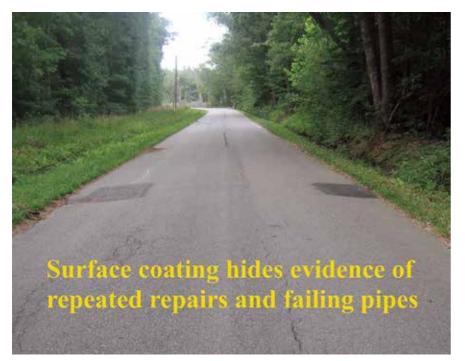
Located just off Route 360 in Heathsville behind the old Courthouse. For more information, visit www.RHHTFoundationinc.org, or call 804-580-3377.

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pavement or the damage to private property from accumulated water unable to drain to a proper outlet?

What is the cost in time and money to motorists who have to make detours around road washouts from failed pipes and drainage? What is the impact on air quality from the extra miles driven as a result?

The Board Manual only gives a glimpse of what the necessary maintenance should be. Who in the VDOT hierarchy sees that VDOT's more detailed drainage and best practices manuals are followed? Does anyone?
To learn more about the issues
The Ditches of Mathews County
addresses, read Drowning a County:
When Urban Myths Destroy Rural
Drainage. It's an easy to read
solid reference work. Available at
Amazon.com, several local libraries,
and the Library of Virginia.
Carol J. Bova Photos.

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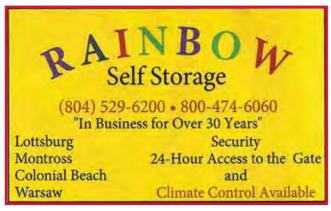














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Wild *Otyle* Cuisine~Venison Salisbury Steak



hether you

process your

By Wendy Hyde

own deer or have it done by a butcher, there is a likelihood that you'll end up with more ground meat than any other cut. Lean ground venison is great for favorites like spaghetti sauce, chili and burgers. The strong seasoning used in these preparations is effective at masking any gaminess in the meat.

It's common to add beef or pork fat to the grind for moisture, flavor and tenderness when cooked. I usually leave the ground meat unaltered

before freezing then add fat as needed depending on what I'm cooking. I'll buy fat and partially freeze it before shredding it in a food processor. (Fully frozen meat will strain the machine.) Store the shredded fat in the freezer and add it while still frozen to thawed meat in whatever ratio you need. Finely minced raw bacon is also an appealing addition for both fat and flavor.

Salisbury Steak gets its name from James Henry Salisbury (1823-1905), a doctor known for his comments on diets and nutrition during Civil War times. He recommended that beef hamburger be eaten three times a day chased by cups of hot water, especially

for soldiers who were suffering from common camp illnesses. He introduced his recipe in 1888.

This venison version of the old fashioned favorite is loaded with flavor from onions, mushrooms, and a savory brown sauce. Paired with mashed potatoes and an easy squash and red pepper sauté, it's a satisfying, inexpensive meal.

Venison Salisbury Steak Serves 6

Sauce

4 Tbsp. olive oil, divided 12 oz. mushrooms, sliced 12 oz. onion, sliced 1/4" thick



1 clove garlic, minced 1/4 c. dry red wine 2 tsp. tomato paste 2 Tbsp. Worcestershire sauce 2 tsp. chopped fresh thyme 1 1/2 tsp. Dijon mustard 3 c. beef stock **Patties** 1 1/2 lb. ground venison 1 egg

1/4 c. half and half Chopped onion/mushroom mixture

10 saltine crackers, finely crushed Salt and pepper Dredge

2 Tbsp. all-purpose flour

2 Tbsp. cornstarch

4 Tbsp. unsalted butter, divided

Heat a large sauté pan over high heat, add 2 Tbsp. of olive oil and cook mushrooms, stirring frequently, until they begin to brown. Transfer 3/4 to a medium bowl and the remaining 1/4 to a cutting board.

Wipe pan clean with a paper towel, return to medium heat, add remaining 2 Tbsp. of olive oil, onions, and a pinch of salt and cook, stirring frequently, until tender and light caramel colored. Put 3/4 of the onions in the bowl with the mushrooms, then add the garlic to the remaining onions and cook 2-3 minutes until fragrant. Transfer the onion/garlic mixture to the cutting board with the mushrooms and finely chop the mixture; set aside.

In a large bowl, combine egg, half and half, and cracker crumbs and let stand 5 minutes. Add the chopped onion/mushroom mixture, ground meat, salt and pepper and combine thoroughly with your hands. Shape into six oval patties. Combine flour and cornstarch in a small shallow bowl and coat each patty thoroughly with the mixture, shaking off any excess.

Heat a large skillet over medium high heat, add the unsalted butter, and brown the patties on both sides. Remove and keep warm.

Reduce heat to medium, add the wine to the skillet and deglaze, scraping up and brown bits left in the pan. Add the tomato paste, mustard and thyme, and cook 1-2 minutes until fragrant. Whisk in the beef stock and Worcestershire then return onions, mushrooms, and patties to the skillet. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 30 minutes, turning occasionally.

Sautéed Summer Squash

3 Tbsp. salted butter 1 c. diced red bell pepper 6 c. of mixed zucchini and yellow squash, seeds removed, sliced ½" thick

1/4 c. dry vermouth Zest of 1 lemon 1 tsp. fresh lemon juice Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in a large sauté pan over medium heat. Add pepper, cook and stir 5 minutes. Add squash and continue to cook and stir until tender-crisp, about 10 minutes. Off the heat, add the vermouth then return to the heat and stir to coat. Add lemon zest and juice, season to taste with salt and pepper, and serve. Wendy Hyde photo. All recipes included in this column are original by Wendy Hyde unless otherwise noted. She can be contacted at wildstylecuisine@gmail.com.

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Tidewater & Timber~June Saltwater Options



By Chelly Scala

ummer brings fantastic opportunities in the Chesapeake Bay and its surrounding tributaries. This area has so much to share, so bring the family and friends to spend the day on the water. Gather your rods, tackle and bait, then decide whether your team prefers trolling, chumming or bottom fishing.

My husband and I attended the Mason Dixon Outdoor Writer's Conference in Chesapeake Beach at the Rod N Reel. We were treated to great food, wonderful hospitality and fantastic rockfish opportunities aboard the Rock-N-Robin. Captain Robin Payne and First Mate Preston Amburn knew just where to find big rock. Google Rock-*N-Robin* or visit www. rocknrobincharters.com

In early June, you may catch big stripers still in the area and heading back down the rivers and Chesapeake Bay. However, now that the seasons have changed in all three jurisdictions, don't forget to plan ahead by checking the websites included below for season dates, sizes and limits.

Striped bass options may include trolling, chumming, jigging or casting. Include using small in line weights in the upper water column for any fish near the surface. Check the drops off leading from channel edges and if there are signs of fish, troll deeper than the upper 10-15 feet.

Other possibilities to try includes mid channel points where the major tributaries meet the Chesapeake Bay. Baits for trolling during June include parachutes, banjo-eyed buck tails in sizes smaller than what was used during the spring trophy season. 1-3 ounce sizes with small sassy shads or umbrella rigs are choices to consider. Try to vary the colors.

Chumming is another great option that is created from a chum slick made with ground menhaden. Rig up 12 to 15 pound test leader with a hook tied directly to the leader covered with a chunk of fresh cut menhaden. No terminal tackle is needed with the exception of a small pinch weight if the tide is running strong.

The pinch weight prevents the bait from floating. Don't forget to keep your net handy and avoid touching the fish's body as much as possible until it is measured and identified as a keeper. This prevents the protective slime that covers striped bass from being disturbed.

Bottom fishing is another great choice for the month of June. This provides chances to catch blues, rockfish, flounder, spot, croaker, perch and puppy drum. I prefer to use a top and bottom rig fitted with two hooks and weight in the 1-2 ounce size, depending on the tidal

flow. Sometimes I prefer to use a bobber if I am fishing in shallower areas. Bait options include blood worms, Fishbites, cut pieces or strips of spot, minnows, and strips of squid, peeler, shrimp or soft crab.

Visit www.eregulations.com/ maryland/fishing/striped-bass or call 877-620-8DNR (8367) for Maryland fishing information. For **Potomac River Fisheries Commission** (PRFC) Recreational Striped Bass Season regulations visit the website at http://prfc.us/fishing potomac. html or contact them by phone at 800-266-3904 or 804-224-7148. Information on Virginia's Marine Waters of the Chesapeake Bay and Tributaries can be found at http:// mrc.virginia.gov/index.shtm; or at www.dgif.virginia.gov/fishing/ or by calling (757) 247-2200. Scala Photo of Robin Payne, Joe Byers, Chelly Scala, and Preston Amburn aboard the Rock-N-Robin.



804-529-6440



Served up with Love in Hyle by Melissa



By Melissa Haydon

here is always a tried and true family recipe for potato salad at any cookout during the summer. Every now and again I love to throw a spin on a recipe to bring a little excitement into the mix. With cheese, bacon, and sour cream, this Loaded Baked Potato Salad seriously does taste just like a loaded baked potato. Try this spin at your next cookout and I bet you will get a lot of requests for the recipe.

Loaded Baked Potato Salad 3 lbs of red potatoes, cubed and

6 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese 1/2 cup green onions, chopped 1 1/2 cups sour cream 1/2 cup mayonnaise 1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon pepper

Combine all ingredients in a large bowl, tossing gently. Chill for 2 hours before serving. (you can also use any potato to make this salad)

Tomatoes and basil are two of my favorite things during the summer. My herb garden is chock full of basil this year so I can enjoy this delicious pairing all summer long in salads, sandwiches, and main dishes.



Recently I purchased a spiralizer to try some of these veggie noodles in our meals to make them just a little healthier. I'm having so much fun making recipes using these noodles. This recipe is a great lighter lunch or dinner. You could even add in some chicken to add a little protein and make this a total guilt free meal to eat all summer long.

Tomato Basil Zucchini Noodles

3 tomatoes, diced 1 bunch basil, chopped 2 cloves garlic, minced 1/4 cup olive oil

salt & pepper to taste
1/4 cup grated or shaved parmesan cheese
1-2 zucchini, spiralized or cut in long strands

Dice tomatoes and put in bowl. Add the basil, garlic, olive oil and salt and pepper to taste. Spiralize zucchini

with a spiralizer or slice zucchini in strands like pasta. Saute zucchini in skillet with a little bit of olive oil just to soften the zucchini, about one minute. Put zucchini noodles in large

serving bowl and top with tomato

mixture and toss to combine. Shave or grate fresh Parmesan cheese on top. If you prefer to have the entire dish cooked, add the tomato mixture with the zucchini noodles in the skillet and saute for about a minute. You can also substitute cherry tomatoes for the chopped tomatoes. *If you enjoy these recipes, find many* more over on my website, Served Up With Love. Where I share easy, no fuss meals to feed your family that satisfies the tightest of budgets. Please note, these recipes may not be 100% my own. I use many resources to make the recipes I share with you.



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Poetry in Otyle~

Jolly Toes

By Don Loop

Sophia's Fairy, Jolly Toes, Dances where wild trillium grows, With leaps and twirling pirouettes His fingers snapping castanets.

When he into her shadow goes,
She smiles and that's
because she knows
It's he she hears with castanets,
Clicked with fingers in two sets.

She would like to see him, too
While his dance he prances through.
She went to bed but didn't know
To fairies' hideout how to go.

"Good night," said mom, and when they'd kissed,

She drifted in what seemed a mist, Falling, falling through the night Slalomed down a ray of light

Until she lit with a slight bump Upon a mushroom by a stump Then saw someone in funny clothes Who turned and said, "I'm Jolly Toes."

He wore a sweatshirt with a hood! His flesh the hue of walnut wood, And round as butter from a print He stood, the prince of merriment.

"But--but," said Sophie in a thrall,

"I thought that fairies-they were all--"

"I know, I know," laughed Jolly Toes,

"White!" "I meant that
everyone knows

They're very small and
wear green suits,
With little green and pointy boots,
But you are just as tall as I,
Or at least, I don't seem so high."

Jolly said, "Come meet the troop, All hold hands and form a loop." They danced around a flower bed, With flowers high as Sophy's head.

The lights were dewdrops on the blooms Illuming bright these forest rooms, And Jolly standing with a smile Began a dance Flamenco style.

The rhythm of his hard toe taps, Accompanied by castanets His posturing and smiling face Complimented Jolly's race, Brought smiles and clapping at the sound
From rainbow fairies gathered 'round.
They loved to watch their Jolly Toes
Regardless of his choice of clothes.

Sophia had now grown sleepy Jolly saw her head was droopy, Slipped her in a trillium bed The bloom a pillow for her head.

Sophia sank into the night Next thing she saw was morning light, Her mommy standing by her bed, "Wake up, get up, you sleepy head."

"Mom, all fairies are not white," Recalling what she'd seen that night. "I think they are, but no one knows." Sophia did, she'd met Jolly Toes!

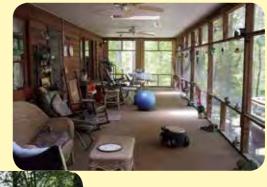
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