



THE TWILIGHT OWL

Annie Memhard Braunstein, Editor

2009 Season: Issue 7

YOUR NAME HERE

Seeking Replacement Owl Editor

The current Owl editor will be taking a maternity leave for the summer of 2010. All budding editors are welcome to apply for this most prestigious position. May be temp-to-permanent, depending on the interest of the new editor (and the disposition of the newest owlet).

Contact Annie Braunstein at 589-6284 or anniebraunstein@gmail.com for more information.

Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party and Chicken BBQ Saturday, September 5 Twilight Clubhouse

Featuring the 'RSVP' Band

Hors d'œuvres at 5:00
Music begins at 6:00
Brooks BBQ dinner
Coffee and dessert

Adults \$30
Children (6-12) \$10
BYOB



**Please RSVP and send payment to
Nora Monaco by September 1.**
Make checks payable to Twilight Cottagers.

E-mail: nmonaco@csc.com
Mail: Twilight Gatehouse or P.O. Box 211, Haines Falls

Events at a Glance

Saturday, August 29

11:00 am – 5:00 pm – Mtn. Top Historical Society Open House

Saturday, September 5

10:30 am – All Angels Auxiliary Meeting – Melina Fisher cottage
5:00 pm – Labor Day barbecue at the Clubhouse

Sunday, September 6

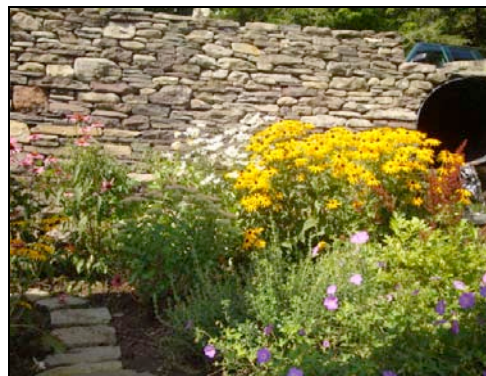
All Angels Annual meeting – During regular Sunday Services

Tuesday, September 8

Pool closes for the season

Hendy Dayton's Flower Power

This year's Silver Trowel goes to Hendy Dayton! Hers was one of few gardens that looked full this year. I know mine was a mess, what with all the rain, depredation by deer, and neglect by the gardener...



*The editor's photo does not do justice to the beauty of
This enchanted little spot created by Hendy Dayton*

The party took place on the wraparound porch at the house of Judith Shulevitz and Nick Lemann. Bob Sheridan reported on the path (*continued on page 3*)

The Hommels Thank Their Twilight Friends

Dear Twilight Friends:

We, "The Family of Hommels," want to thank you so much for the recognition you bestowed on us on Friday, August 21. We are so honored for your tribute, and for the opportunity to present all of our family to you, some of whom you may not have met before.

Each of us has been affected in some way by the time we shared here in Twilgtht Park, one of the most magnificent places in the whole Catskill Mountains. We are grateful for having had that opportunity and for your friendship during all of the 40 years of our continued association here.

So, we all say, "Thanks for the memories and the times we have shared."

Sincerely,

*Justine, Hillard, Mark, Artie, Patti, Jason, Nathan, Sherry
and Zachary*

News from the Cubs

The Cubs, the three- to five-year-old group in the Twilight Activities Center, were asked what their favorite part of camp has been. They had this to say:

Charlie Braunstein: I liked swimming.

Savannah Dhar: I liked Beth.

Uma Dhar: I liked having art and playing with dollies and stuff.

Hedda Flynn: I liked going swimming.

Colby Mack: I liked the barbecue. I had fun at camp.

Tristan Mack: I liked the goldfish for snack.

Ava Yan: I liked when I was doing art.

Bettina Yan: I liked when we went in the canoe. I went in the canoe and under the canoe.



Death of Julie Bennett

Julie Bennett, age 59, passed away on August 18 at her home in West Palm Beach, Florida. Julie's death comes after a year long struggle with brain cancer. Thank you to all the Twilighters who have shown Bill and the kids such love and hospitality during this awful episode.

Bill's address is:
8317 Bob O Link Court
Ironhorse Golf Club
West Palm Beach, Florida, 33412

Grace Wilson Earns All-America Kudos

From *The Beacon* – August 13, 2009

Three Acton-Boxborough (Massachusetts) varsity girls lacrosse players were recognized as 2009 US Lacrosse Academic All-American players.

A US Lacrosse Academic All-American is a player who exhibits exemplary lacrosse skills and excellent sportsmanship on the field while also representing high standards of academic achievement in the classroom. Additionally, a US Lacrosse Academic All-American has left her mark by making significant contributions to the school or community.

One of the three A-B players recognized this year was junior Grace Wilson, daughter of Dave and Heather (Dayton) Wilson, granddaughter of Bruce and Gracia Dayton.

News from the All Angels Vestry

Please join us for **Lemonade on the Lawn** every Sunday following the worship service. All are welcome! Even if you have not come for worship, please feel free to stop by to say hello over a glass of lemonade and some cookies! I appreciate those who have volunteered to set up our lemonade socials:

August 30 – Britt and Melina Fisher

September 6 – John and Joanne Ainsworth

Welcome to our visiting ministers. The Rev. Alistair Votaw and his wife, Rhoda, live in Charleston, South Carolina. Rev. Votaw is the Rector of Grace Episcopal Church. He will be conducting the services on August 23 and 30. The Rev. Patty Welch will be conducting our last service of the season, Sunday, September 6. She is Chaplain of the Cathedral School and an associate with the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. She and her family live in New York City.

The All Angels Annual Meeting is scheduled for Sunday, September 6. The meeting will be conducted during the announcements period. Each committee member is asked to give a brief report. The Vestry will meet briefly after the Lemonade Social on September 6, as well.

The last Vestry meeting of the year will be held on October 10, Survivors' Weekend.

Thinking ahead to Christmas – Yes, Christmas! Don't panic, you don't have to start your Christmas shopping yet! Our Lessons and Carols service last year was well received, so we are going to plan another one this year. We will set a date and location and post the information on the website to keep you informed.

Doug Hulse
Senior Warden

News from the All Angels Auxiliary

The Auxiliary will meet at the home of Melina Martocci-Fisher on Saturday, September 5 at 10:30 am. We will sum up our year of work, discuss the needs at the Rectory and plan for Season 2010. All are welcome!

Karen Hulse
Auxiliary President



Courtesy of The Phantom Comic

CORRIGENDUM

Many apologies for the error in the last Owl
regarding the date of this event

Mountain Top Historical Society Open House

Saturday, August 29, 11 am – 5 pm
Historical Society Campus, Haines Falls

Join the Mountain Top Historical Society for their annual open house, featuring hay rides and entertainment.

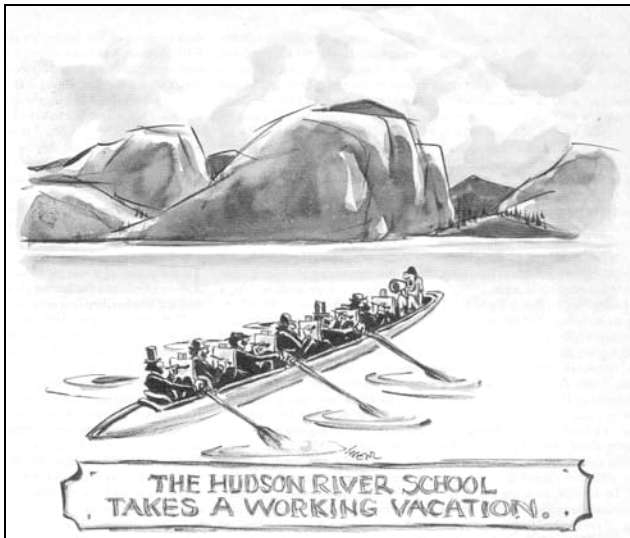
End-of-Season Pool Hours

From Monday, August 31 until the season closing, pool hours will be 10:00 am to 5:00 pm.

Walkway Over the Hudson

The old railroad bridge that spans the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie is being redone as a walkway park, very much akin to the "Highline" in New York City. The Walkway Over the Hudson, 212 feet above the river and 3,000 feet long, will open on October 3, 2009. To get details, call the Dutchess County Tourism Office at (845) 454-9649 or visit www.dutchesstourism.com.

Chardie Hay



Courtesy of The Phantom Comic

The deadline for the final Owl of the season (Labor Day Issue) is Monday, August 31. Submissions may be dropped in my mailbox at the gatehouse or e-mailed to me at TwilightParkOwl@gmail.com.

Greene County (a Twilight ditty)

Sung to the tune of the *Green Acres* theme song

Him:

Greene County is the place to be
Twilight livin' is the life for me
Trees spreadin' out so far and wide
Keep Manhattan, just give me that mountainside.

Her:

New York is where I'd rather stay
Our cottage tilts in a peculiar way
I'm dizzy from that cliff-side view
Darling, I love you, but give me Park Avenue.

Him ...The woods!

Her ...Whole Foods!

Him ...The bears!

Her ...Times Square!

Him ...That sky!

Her ...WiFi!

Him You are my wife.

Her Goodbye, city life.

Together Greene County we are there!

**Silver Trowel Award** (continued from page 1)

restoration activities this year, including the participation of children in the camp. A toast was made celebrating Bonnie MacKenzie's resilience and wishing her a speedy recovery. The party was enlivened by lots of floral hats, ranging from a spectacular Saratoga black hat with roses sported by Karen Hulse and an elegant molded hat that evoked a leaf that Sandy Gooder inherited from her mother. The blue ribbon (literally a blue velvet ribbon) for the most fun hat was pinned on Ann Collins' hat, which made it look as though pansies were growing straight out of her head. Joyce Lowrie told a funny anecdote about Olivia Mechlowitz getting caught trying to steal flowers from the former owners of Hendy's garden as a girl.

Hendy received a Good Grips trowel as well as a framed award. I recommend that everyone troop down to look at her garden. I also recommend peeking at the trumpet vine on the pergola gate at Sandy Gooder's and the bee balm that is taller than I am around the garage at Joyce Meyer's.

If anyone has ideas for other garden club events next year, please email me at m_lowrie@uchicago.edu. Cheers!

Michèle Lowrie

Twilight Park: The Heart of the Catskills

By the Rev. B. F. de Costa, D.D.

Written at the Twilight Inn, July 22, 1891

Twilight Park lies upon the southerly side of one of the valleys, known as the "Clove," which was grooved out by the glacier. Haines' Falls, at the head of the valley, simply occupies the place of the old glacial stream which once poured from under the ice at the mouth of the valley, several miles below, like the turbid stream that to-day escapes from under the Alpine *mer de glace*. On the northerly side of the valley a small ravine enters, at the head of which may be seen the Kaaterskill Falls at the Laurel House. A cross section of the valley would represent the letter V, so bold is the cut through the rocks, the sides of the valley in many places being too steep for ascent. Here one can see registered in the sides of the valley the different levels successively occupied by the glacier, which was finally reduced to a few yards. The south side of the valley, at the upper end, affords the site of "Twilight Park." It occupies a series of terraces, the lowest one being several hundred feet above the Kill. Along the terraces, known here as "ledges," the log cabins and simple cottages are built, everything being done in the simplest and least expensive style. This system is one that is spreading in the Catskills, as, for instance, at "Onteora Park," where rustic simplicity is the rule, walls being hung artistically with burlaps, and the windows draped with blue jean. There is now coming a period of reaction, marked by a distinct protest against the voluptuous villa system of Newport, that is fashioned after the corrupt sybarite plan of ancient Baïce. Spartan simplicity here prevails rather than Roman luxury, and the people follow the dictates of nature instead of the decrees of fashion. A rude log house, with a huge stone fireplace and simple fittings of yellow birch, giving the rich effects of oxydized silver, amply suffices in a community which fondly hopes it may never become Bar-Harborized. There are two Club Houses, to which most of the cottagers resort for their meals; and a simple chapel, showing the shingles outside the pine tracery of the roof, affords a place of worship on Sunday, where Church Union gives an object lesson in the Dutch Dominic and Stalwart Churchman vigorously singing psalms side by side.

One could hardly devise anything more healthful and desirable than a vacation spent here, where the frivolity of the ordinary summer resort is quite laid aside, and the people try, as far as possible, to live close to nature's heart. In fact it would be difficult to get closer to nature than some do, with cottage or cabin buried in the primeval forest or perched on or under the ledges, crowned with rich green and walled in by the living rock. The other day I suddenly came upon a remarkable example on the summit of the highest of the ledges now occupied by cottages. Ages ago two vast masses of the porphyritic rock had fallen away from the perpendicular cliff; and now, scarred, water-worn and mossy, they lie at its feet with a narrow passage between, the vast proportions of these ancient cyclopean fragments suggesting a gateway to the abode of the gods.



Yet beyond and above this splendid entrance, formed ages ago when the rock groaned under the vast glacier which played with the strata as toys, I found the abode of human beings. Looking up through the vista between the solemn and impressive walls of porphyry, the ascent being formed of rough, dizzy stone steps, suggestive of the dry bed of a waterfall, one could see portions of a simple cottage, covered with hemlock slabs, and catch a glimpse of dainty curtains with the flutter of a white dress, at the same time hearing in the upper air the notes of the robin and canary mingling with the musical voices of children at play. That a wonderful place for a *Home*. What peace reigns up in this romantic eyrie, ages after nature's wild storm, which produced the scene of devastation, that the geologist, for our instruction, is able to re-create. Yet it is in such nooks and corners that they live here in Twilight Park, where the weird, far-off ages of an incalculable, yet living, antiquity tell their marvelous story through its stoney-leaved books, cast down for our instruction at the cabin door, where the sweet restfulness of the twilight hour soothes the weary mortal all day long, and where it is always Sunday afternoon.

While here I have been wondering why some one does not write a *real* book about the Catskills, with Twilight Park as the central attraction. The theme is still as fresh as of yore. The hotel runner and real estate boomer may go on to the end of time cribbing poem and essay in the effort to depict the Catskills, without writing the region into obscurity. Each and all engaged in the effort will find in the Park alone a sufficient *pièce de resistance*. The deep romantic valley or Clove down into which I glance from the veranda of the new Club House while penning these lines, can never lose its interest and charm. Every tree is an Eolian harp, and up through the thousand harmonies of the green forests ascends the tinkling of the cow-bell from little clearings, where Creampot and Daisy nibble the tender grass in close proximity to shadowy, threatening rocks, and dusky dells, into which sunlight never penetrates, but where Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint the smoldering camp fires of his gloomy banditti. It was reserved for Mr. Wingate, two hundred and eighty-seven years after Juet of Limehouse sighted the "mountains which lie from the river's side," to discover the Catskills, by discovering Twilight Park; where nature is all untouched and the beech is as sightly and fair as when old Virgil sung its praise, and the noble hemlock is as regal and verdant as when Socrates quaffed his deadly draught. What doth hinder some happy genius from writing a book? Surely in his book he will tell the fortunate reader the story of Rip Van Winkle, and guide his willing feet to the overhanging ledges of Santa Cruz Falls, situated within the Park, where as Domine Suydam and Sanitary Engineer Wingate, with a genuine antiquarian instinct, have discovered, old Rip slept his long and memorable sleep. They may also be able in time to tell what induced the sleep, and whether it was a presentation copy of some "Catskill Mountain Guide."

Many thanks to whomever put this wonderful piece
in the editor's mailbox!