



# ***Heritage Happenings***

**December 2023**

*The monthly newsletter published by residents of  
Heritage on the Marina*

## **Special Events**

*Highlights of December's events, speakers, and performers*



### **Little Brothers: Holiday Card Project**

**Monday, 4 & Thursday, 6 December at 10:00 in FH**

Heritage on the Marina partners with the non-profit volunteer-based Little Brothers every year. We need your help to sign and send over two hundred cards!!!



### **Jason Myers: Holiday Sing-along**

**Wednesday, 6 December at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

We welcome Jason back for another gathering of festive tunes! Drawing primarily from a vast repertoire of standards from the 1930s and 1940s, he captures the spirit of the era while simultaneously adding his distinctive voice.



### **Teddy the Labradoodle: SPCA Visit**

**Thursday, 7 December at 1:30 in Friendship Hall**

A "Labradoodle" is a crossbreed dog created by crossing a Labrador Retriever and a Standard or Miniature Poodle. Labradoodles are generally friendly and energetic.



### **Grace Wu Piano Studio: Holiday Recital**

**Thursday, 7 December at 3:30 in Morgan Parlor**

Please join us for a special piano recital with performances of classical pieces by students from Grace Wu's Piano Studio: children ages from seven to seventeen.



## **Christmas Tree Lighting Ceremony**

**Friday, 8 December at 4:30 in Morgan Parlor**

Join us for our annual Christmas Tree Lighting Ceremony. We will have hot cocoa, cider and Christmas cookies.



## **Head Start Program: At the Women's Building**

**Tuesday, 12 December with van departing 9:30**

Every year Heritage on the Marina sponsors a gifting project for a Head Start children's class in the Mission. This year twenty stockings will be filled with gifts, warm hats and scarves knitted for each child.



## **Christmas Party and Dinner**

**Wednesday, 13 December at 5:30 in Morgan Parlor, Dining Room, & Friendship Hall**

Live music & *hors d'oeuvres* before a sumptuous holiday meal in the first holiday event since 2020 to allow guests.



## **Songbirds Choral Group: Christmas Carol Program**

**Thursday, 14 December at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

We welcome back the Songbirds choral group for their Winter concert. The Songbirds are a part of the Children's Theater Association and serve as an outreach to the community.



## **Marin Men's Chorus: Holiday Concert**

**Saturday, 16 December at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

The Marin Men's Chorus is a group of men whose common denominator is the joy of singing. Since our founding in 1981, chorus programs include a variety of vocal music.



## **David Peritz: Professor from The Fromm Institute**

**Monday, 18 December at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Discussing: Is there any way out of the on-going cycle of crime, revenge, and further vengeance in Israel-Palestine?



## **Holiday Ugly Sweater Happy Hour Karaoke Party** **Thursday, 21 December at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Residents are encouraged to wear ugly sweaters, but it's more of a spirit than a party prescription. Join us as we sing Christmas Classics and enjoy holiday treats and spirits!



## **Jeanne DeMeio: Holiday Cookie Social** **Monday, 25 December at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Christmas Day join our activity team led by our own Jeanne DeMeio in festive conversation and holiday cookies and good cheer!



## **Stephen Camarota: New Year's Eve Game Night** **Sunday, 31 December at 6:00 in Morgan Parlor**

Let's ring in the New Year with a toast to 2024 with glass of "bubbly" while playing countdown games hosted by our own *bon vivant* Stephen Camarota!

### **Photos**

The thumbnail photo for the Day of the Dead celebration in the November issue was of the altar in Anne's apartment.

The "Hannukah Bush" by the Christmas Party notice in this issue is a photo of the tree now in Til's apartment.

### **Bottle Recycling**

Katie Loo has been running a bottle recycling since August. All bottles are taken to the San Francisco BottleBank. So far, she has collected \$111 for the Employee Appreciation Fund. Bravo Katie!

### **Tea Party**

Tony and Pam have both raised the idea of helping organize a tea party fundraiser for the Employee Appreciation Fund sometime this spring. Let's see if we can get their kettle to boil!

### **Lost & Found: Did you know?**

The Lost & Found box at the Front Office has dozens of pairs of eyeglasses. Any of 'em yours?

### **Elevator Etiquette**

When you are waiting for the elevator, it's a good idea to stand away from the door. This gives more room for all the hungry folks to rush off to the dining room. And it's safer for everybody!

**Heritage Happenings**

is the monthly publication published by residents of [Heritage on the Marina](https://heritageonthe-marina.github.io).

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**Giving Thanks this Autumn**

On a Sunday afternoon just after enjoying a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, I am sitting in a spotless and clean apartment in one of the most beautiful parts of the city. There is much to be thankful for. In particular, it's nice to notice the changes. The fun and pleasure we've had stands in deep contrast to the isolation we experienced in the three previous years. In particular, residents of Heritage on the Marina enjoyed a number of excursions and activities. Four projects stand out:

- The bus excursion to Baumgartner Ranch where we enjoyed a barbecue of grassfed beef courtesy of the Morris family (and I had a good swim ;-)
- The annual picnic at Samuel P Taylor Park in Marin with a "surf and turf" barbecue grilled by executive chef Kevin
- The in-house Eye, Ear, Nose, & Throat Health Clinic that evaluated 16 residents for a variety of symptoms
- The Sonoma Valley Author's Festival presented interviews with twenty authors over two weeks

Each of these had multiple logistic considerations: fall prevention, safety, transport, liaison with third parties, IT and more.

For these well-managed delights along with the innumerable daily events managed and staged for both Independent Living and Assisted Living residents, we owe our deep thanks to the Activities Department. Karina, Stephen, Roxana, and Jeanne: Please take a bow while we applaud you for your impressive performance!

Theo Armour, editor



## Letter from the President

Dear Residents

I would like to congratulate and thank the residents' community on the result of the money raised for the Employee Appreciation Fund.

This will make a significant difference to the staff who have served and taken care of us throughout 2023. Eventually this helps both the residents and the members of the staff who receive this bonus. The members of the staff will stay with us longer and residents will continue to have excellent service.

The year 2023 has not been easy for any of us at Heritage on the Marina. Inflation added to all our burdens. Staff members who mostly commute by car have seen the cost of fuel almost double during the last 12 months and the same goes for the price of food. The bonus funds the residents raised this year will go a long way to helping those who have served us throughout the year.

Thank you and well done everyone!

Sincerely

Patrick

President Residents Council

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## Can You Identify the Location of the Photos?



Both photos display some lichen. Answers on page 16.

## **Peter Skytte ~ Licensed Vocational Nurse**

*By Martha Nell Beatty*



*Peter then*

As an infant Peter was adopted by a family in a rural part of Chico, where he lived until his twenties. His adoptive parents had two biological children and another adopted child, younger than Peter. It was a blended, mixed-race family.

In school, Peter was drawn to song and dance and found immense pleasure in being a member of a band. He played several instruments, his favorites being oboe and clarinet. As Peter says, "Some people are just born doing music." He could compose his own harmonies

and melodies and play them. But he couldn't put them on paper. In band, he would simply memorize the music.

Peter was raised in a church where there weren't many children. He was always around his elders and was a natural at communicating with them. He felt he had a calling to help them. He was always "doing his job before it was a real job."

He enrolled in a nursing program in a technical school in Redding, which was 13 months. It was tough because "you were learning on the fly." After studying the texts, students were allowed to practice on each other. Then it was on to two clinical settings. His first job in the field was in Grass Valley as a nursing assistant in a Skilled Nursing Facility.



*Peter now*

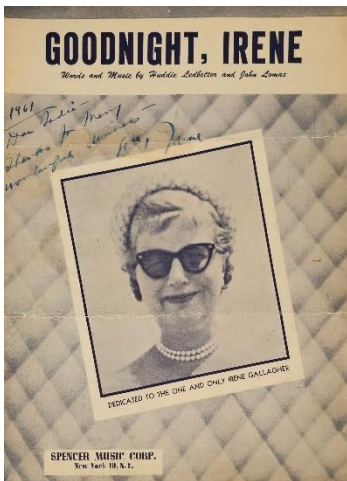
San Francisco kept beckoning him from the valley cities. After moving to the city, where he now lives, Peter felt that this was a place he belonged. We first came to Heritage on the Marina through an agency. Thankfully, he is now on the staff.

Peter's long-term plan is to become a nurse-practitioner. Peter is one of those lucky people who knew his calling early-on. And let's hope that he is able to draw music back into his life.

## My Aunt Irene Gallagher

*By Dr Doris Howard*

My aunt was a bit of a character but was also interesting to me when I was growing up because of her work. She was the private secretary, for about 25 years, to the owner of what became the largest music publishing company in New York City in the 1920s. Her work life centered on musical theater.



Several of Irene's friends were the most popular composers of the time. She lived much of her adult life in a beautiful apartment just a few blocks above the theater district. She went to all the opening nights of new plays on Broadway. Her apartment had personal photographs of actors and composers hanging on the walls. It was very glamorous for me and my sister. I recall seeing a beautiful picture of George Gershwin that was signed by his brother Ira (who wrote the lyrics to Gershwin's music). Ira Gershwin wrote: "George would have loved for you to have this." She always had amusing anecdotes about the music business and its stars. When Huddie Ledbetter—better known as "Lead Belly"—wrote his famous song: "Goodnight Irene", he dedicated it to my aunt.

Irene was married to one of my uncles. The marriage lasted only a few years. Despite their divorce, she maintained close relationships with our family. Because musical theater was the center of her life, Irene's idea of entertaining us was to take us to an expensive restaurant, followed by the best musical of the season. I remember sitting in box seats in theaters and eating at restaurants where I was introduced to finger bowls.

She remained good friends with my uncle. She married and divorced twice more. Irene was extremely pretty; tall, with black hair and blue eyes. The last thing I discovered about her was in a biography of Lorenz (Larry) Hart, the lyric-writer half of the song-writing team of Rogers and Hart. The last few sentences in the book described his death from pneumonia in a hospital in 1942. The last sentence in the book read: "Irene Gallagher called President Roosevelt to ask if the new drug Penicillin was available to save Hart's life. Roosevelt was unable to help."

## After the War

*By Jane Standing*

After the end of World War Two in Britain we were still critically short of food. I have eaten whale meat—double UGH—and reindeer—quite good—and lots of rabbit and corned beef. It gradually eased and we were delighted as items were removed from the list. Rationing did not completely end until 1954, two months before I was married. Rationing was gradually eased and we were delighted as items were removed from the list. In the beginning, to help matters, the Ministry of Food put pig bins down the middle of the street to collect vegetable peels and other scraps of food. They encouraged us with this ditty: -

*Dearly beloved brethren, is it not a sin,  
If when you peel potatoes, you throw away the skin?  
For the skin feeds the pigs  
And the pigs feed you.  
Dearly beloved brethren, is it not true?*

A few years ago, I wandered into a Second World War exhibition in London. I recited this and wrote it down so it could be included in the exhibition.



Wartime poster published by the British Ministry of Food



## **My Rooms: Chapter Four: New Orleans**

*By Margaret Johnson and her son Tom*

### **Marriage and Getting to New Orleans**



Duncan and I were married in the Salem NJ, Friends Meeting House on the day after Thanksgiving. He was a first-year medical student and a Private at an Army hospital in New Orleans. His flight from New Orleans was delayed by fog, so he came back by train. Although he sent me a telegram (a "Night Letter") to say he would get into Philadelphia the morning of the wedding, we of course didn't get it until that morning. My sister Libby and a friend drove to Philadelphia

to get him, then we had a mad dash to get the marriage license, show him the venue and the arrangements, and get dressed for the wedding.

The wedding went OK, but if anything could go wrong after the ceremony, it did. The hotel in New York where we were to spend two nights (our honeymoon) before flying to New Orleans was overbooked, so they found us a room in a hotel on the upper West Side. The flight was on a tiny airplane (not the one I had booked) that broke down in Jacksonville, stranding us for several hours with no food—just coffee—while repairs were made. Duncan had an exam the next morning, so we had a nail-biter of a trip, finally getting into New Orleans about 2 am.

Our first place was three good-sized, high-ceilinged rooms (including the bathroom, which was not originally meant to be such) in an old Victorian mansion at 1907 Esplanade, in the oldest

part of the city. It was a flat on the second floor with bare lightbulbs hanging in the center, tatty curtains, and a kitchen made from the balcony outside. The large Morris chair that we sat in together many times was the apartment's best feature; elsewhere an iron bedstead and a gas water heater in the bathroom ("geyser" to the English), which sent steam out of even the cold faucets when we left it on one night when out to dinner with friends. I chalk up not burning the place down to Lady Luck!

New Orleans was incredibly buggy. That first morning I planned to make breakfast for Duncan before he went off to the exam, but the entire kitchen counter was swarming with small ants! Duncan just said, "Deal with it—I have to go." So, I boiled water and dealt with it! Of course, there were cockroaches and water bugs in Philadelphia and New York. But the cockroaches were small and didn't fly at you when you tried to smack them and the water bugs were one inch long, not four. Only years later, in Iowa, did I encounter more numerous flying lifeforms, but never any larger than in New Orleans.

We moved as soon as I could find another place, to a new tract house at 6201 Warrington Drive, next to a levee out near Lake Pontchartrain. Moving to the outskirts was not great, but finding any place then was, with almost no money, nearly impossible. When it rained (so often!), the water rose under the house, bringing all the bugs up into the house. We had a real kitchen, but the bathroom was a bit odd: the tub was a walled off end of the room lined with tiles, because plumbing fixtures, especially tubs, were hard to come by during the war. It was large enough for both of us at once, which was fun, but the square corners were really hard to clean, especially as I got larger and larger in my pregnancy.

We bought just enough furniture to get by: a sofa bed, a table, and chairs, and, I think, a desk. We preferred to spend our money on food, because New Orleans food was the best in the country.

On sunny days I loved sitting on the back steps reading and watching small lizards scuttle about. I got through a lot of Dos Passos and Russian novels. I would take clothing outside to air a little before scrambling to get them in before it rained AGAIN—damp and mold were ever-present. Duncan spent his days in medical classes, including anatomy. I once asked him to gut a chicken for me, but never again! He was so fascinated by its innards that I had to take it back or we would never have had dinner!

We ate out whenever we could, and on Saturdays a group of students and wives had a riotous lunch in an affordable-for-students restaurant in the city center. We followed that with a supermarket visit, trying to get as many of the ¼ lb. allowances of still-rationed butter as we could. I really learned to cook in New Orleans and learned what a lot of well-known dishes should actually taste like. What food! A real revelation for both of us.



After winter and spring in New Orleans we spent the summer of 1946 in Atlanta with Duncan's family, me hugely pregnant. Tom was born in late August, and Duncan left the next day for medical training in Brooklyn. I stayed in Atlanta until the spring of 1947 while Duncan tried to find a home for us in New York – we didn't see him until Christmas.

But in the spring of 1947, it was back to New York City!

## **A Really Terrible Evening**

*By Martha Nell Beatty*

This past November, I accepted with enthusiasm when I was invited to a "magical evening" given by the tourist boards of Dubai and Abu Dhabi on November 15 from 6-9 in Sens Restaurant in Embarcadero Four. A few days before the event I read that there was going to be a major dinner hosted by President Biden at the Exploratorium, which is quite near the Embarcadero Center. There was a security zone which did not include the Center so I thought I would still plan to go.

I thought it might take more time to get there so started my Uber app early. But Uber kept saying that it estimated it would be about 20 minutes. After at least four roadblocks, it took an hour and ten minutes. At one point I received a call from Uber asking if everything was okay because the car hadn't moved in so long. And then the driver, who didn't speak much English, asked if I had any ideas. I arrived over an hour late for the dinner and was anxious, thirsty, and hungry.

The private room was quite full when I arrived, and someone was giving a talk. As I walked to a seat, I went by the bar. It had wine bottles and wine glasses out, so I asked for a glass of wine. "No wine until 8:15 but we have water and lemonade" was the answer. I took my water and sat down not far from the buffet set up with tempting-looking food. Then more people spoke and spoke and spoke about the wonders of their Emirates. At 8:00pm there were fireworks on the Bay for the dignitaries at the Exploratorium. No, we couldn't hear the speakers but still they went on. Until 8:30. Finally time for wine and food.

My table was nearest the buffet as we were the latest arrivals. We rushed to the table but the lights went out! Nevertheless, we managed to put some now-cold samosas, sliders, kabobs on our plates. By the time we sat down the lights had come back on.

And so, the magical evening consisted of 2-1/2 hours of water, lemonade, and no food, with a half hour of wine and food. There had been all the talks of the glories of various aspects of the two fabulously rich Emirates, which really do have a lot to commend them for tourists.



## **Mosque in Abu Dhabi**

*By Martha Nell Beatty*

Although desert hospitality wasn't evident at the promised "magical evening" given by the tourist offices of Abu Dhabi and Dubai, when you're in the Emirates it's a different story. In the Emirates, there is warm hospitality. There are some remarkable sights and experiences, some of which I enjoyed in 2009.

At the time I wrote:



"Our first stop in Abu Dhabi was to Sheikh Zayed's overwhelming beautiful Grand Mosque, the third largest in the world after those in Mecca and Medina in Saudi Arabia. Those in the

Kingdom can only be visited by Muslims so Abu Dhabi's is the grandest non-Muslims can visit. The Mosque, which holds 40,000 worshipers, claims to have the largest chandelier and the largest carpet in the world. To enter the Mosque, we had to don abayas (black robes) and hijabs (head covering), which were available for visitors.

The blinding beauty of the marble-clad Mosque is similar to the Taj Mahal, but to me more majestic. Maybe it was because it was such a total surprise. Unlike the Taj, I had never seen an image of it previously.

The craftsmanship, materials, intricate details, the sheer size—all amazed. Yet with all its splendor and superlatives, it did not seem overdone.

## Library Corner ~ New Acquisitions ~ November 2023

*Compiled by Martha Nell Beatty*

### ***Mother-Daughter Murder Night ~ 2023 ~ F***

**Nina Simon**

An edge-of-your-seat murder mystery and family drama is set against the unlikely backdrop of land conservation in a coastal California community.

### ***Empty Mansions ~ 2013 ~ F***

**Bill Dedman**

An historical fiction account of reclusive Huguette Clark, whose father was almost as rich as Rockefeller. It's Gilded Age opulence that turns into a 21st century battle over a \$300 million inheritance.

### ***Meet Me in Monaco ~ 2019 ~ F***

**Hazel Gaynor & Heather Webb**

Historical fiction about a struggling perfumer in Monaco who becomes an unlikely friend of Grace Kelly at the time of Kelly's storybook wedding. The friendship extends for 30 years through all kinds of ups and downs.

*See Trish Otsott's review in the November Heritage Happenings.*



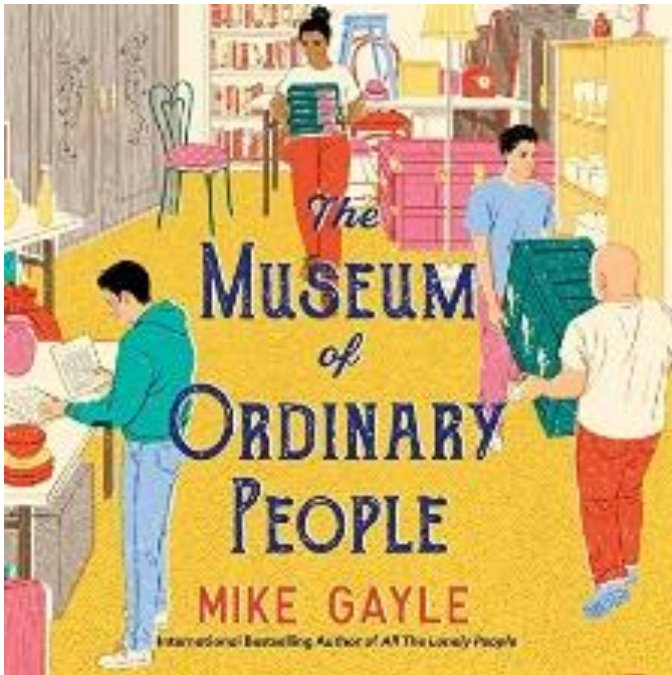
If you have suggestions or questions, please contact a Library Committee Member: Martha Nell Beatty, Yvonne Benedict, Pam Fischer, Gene Graham, or Kay Narron.

Friendly reminder: Please do not reshelve books. Please put returned books in the designated box.

## ***The Museum of Ordinary People ~ 2023 ~ NF***

**By Mike Gayle**

Reviewed by Trish Otstott



Ever wonder what you will do with all the stuff you have accumulated? Perhaps you have already experienced downsizing and have had to make complex decisions to toss or to find homes for myriad items in your household.

Our protagonist, Jess, has had to do this after the death of her mother. Disassembling an entire house full of her mother's possessions is very difficult but necessary as she plans to move in with her fiancé. The fiancé has

an extremely modern apartment with, really, no space for any of her or her mother's treasures.

Jess finally works this huge project down to a set of outdated encyclopedias her Mother purchased for her when she was young. They had meant so much to Jess, so she simply cannot part with them. One day she finds a museum with a warehoused collection of ordinary objects. A worn-out work bench, an old wedding dress, all sorts of ordinary objects others treasured, but needed to get rid of, yet could not bear to dispose of.

This museum needs organizing and needs a curator...Jess.

What a warm and quirky story! No car crashes nor murders.

I hope you will enjoy reading this book. It will be in the Stucky library as of December 1st.

### **Where are those Photos?**

The flat patch of lichen is growing happily on top of the little flat roof over the door from the parking lot. The lichen on the pine trees is a detail on the large screen opposite the nurse's station in the Health Center.



## **Miscellany**

We receive visits from Jonathan our barber every week. He has a warm and friendly personality. His other role in life is as an actor in a Chinese Opera company. Imagine having your hair cut by this man!

