



Wisdom under the mulberry tree A senior studies abroad

by Cathie Scott

I've audited many courses through the University of Washington's [ACCESS Program](#)—from architecture to script writing to anthropology.

One day, an anthropology professor who's taught a few classes I've taken said, "A colleague of mine is teaching a study abroad class this spring. I think you should sign up for it."

"What? An old lady taking study abroad. Is this possible?"

"Look into it and find out."

Preliminaries

And so my journey began. The UW study abroad office confirmed that I can enroll but that I'd have to do the course work (no auditing) and that I may end up with a 21-year-old roommate. Both gave me pause. I still was not on board.

Have you ever taken steps toward something just to see where fate leads you? Well, that's what I did. I completed the gazillion online application forms and waited. I was told everything was in order. The course professor sent an email setting up a time for an online interview. She, thankfully, was close to my age and acknowledged that I would likely want a room of my own if I were to be accepted. Hallelujah!

And then as you inch closer to it, the more you want to do that something you had left in fate's hands. So, when I learned I was put on the waitlist, I was disappointed but resigned to whatever happens.

One week later, I was in! Then, the dread set in. Yikes. Can I do this? Do I really WANT to do this? What have I gotten into?

Course overview

The course was called The Culture and Politics of Food in Italy. It consisted of a few weeks at home completing all the reading and writing assignments so that we wouldn't have to bother with them in Italy. The remaining seven weeks consisted of time in Rome and then the town of Trevignano Romano and a regenerative farm, both north of Rome.

Seven weeks! You can imagine what I had to do besides the coursework before I left.

Rome

Ah Roma. The city still has its charms, but they're getting harder and harder to find. Tourism has turned all the shops into leather purse shops, supposedly made in Italy but doubtful. I do wonder where all the past shops and shopkeepers have gone. But I wasn't there for shopping.

UW runs an incredible Rome Center housed in a 15th century building on Campo de Fiore. It boasts classrooms, study centers, a small library, and a couple apartments.

I stayed in a tiny apartment about a 15-minute



Volunteering at a community garden in Rome

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walk from the center. Here's all the learning activities we took on while there:

- Lectures on the history of food markets, nutrition, herbology
- Lecture on the health benefits of olive oil and an olive oil tasting
- Trips to an old enoteca for a wine tasting and to an herbal shop for a tour and lesson on its long history
- Trips to community gardens to learn why and how they started and who participates
- Trips to four different open-air markets, which are experiencing a resurgence just like in Seattle
- Group preparation of meals in the teacher's apartment using produce, meat, and herbs from the markets

One community garden was started by locals who removed all the construction debris left on vacant land below their homes and basically squatted on the land. The city didn't like it and even tried to arrest the ringleader, to no avail. Another garden was started to occupy and feed unhoused people. We volunteered at one garden that's dedicated to growing plants that ancient Romans grew.

In my free time, I explored Rome on my own: a couple museums, a live performance of Verdi's Requiem, neighborhoods, and sites. I even took a train to Naples for a weekend. I love traveling on my own.

Trevignano Romano

The town of Trevignano Romano sits on the north end of a huge lake (Bracciano) that supplies water to Rome via, in some places, ancient aqueducts. It's a lovely town with a long walkway astride the lake, a medieval section, and lots of homes owned by Romans who holiday there. Our first week in Trevignano was cool and rainy. A heat dome descended the second week, and we swam to cool ourselves whenever time permitted.

While there, we took trips to a couple of natural dairy farms, one raising sheep and cows and the other raising cows. We helped make ricotta cheese



Preferred mode of transport to the farm

on one and mozzarella cheese on another while learning how these farmers raise their animals in pastures and how they ensure that their pastures grow the right plants to nourish and sustain the animals. We also visited honey makers where we donned beekeeper suits to observe the hives.

One of the co-teachers who lives there gave us Italian cooking lessons in her apartment that was set up for such lessons. We learned how to make hand-made pasta and pasta sauces among other things. She also owns a large property near the lake and is converting it into a permaculture environment, which includes olive and fruit trees, plants that naturally grow there, and animals. She strategically mapped out where to plant each tree so that it would get enough light and would be compatible with other trees close to it.

This co-teacher had written a book on herbs and took us foraging on her property and nearby while explaining the properties and nutritional value of each plant. We made a salad from the plants we foraged.

The highlight of our time in Trevignano were presentations on students' gastronomical explorations of Italian food. Students chose topics such as coffee, pasta, tomatoes, balsamic vinegar, honey, and fermented foods. I chose medicinal wine and made some to share. I bought a couple bottles of marsala wine, added digestive herbs according to a recipe from an ancient Italian monastery, and let it sit in a dark place for several days. It DID taste medicinal!

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Regenerative Farm

Have you heard of regenerative farming? If not, I suggest you go to this website: <https://www.apricotlanefarms.com/biggest-little-farm/>. While there, watch the movie *The Biggest Little Farm* and read about regenerative farming.

Industrial farming and smaller farms that use industrial methods have depleted soils everywhere in the world. Adding fertilizer may help the plants grow but doesn't replenish the soil. Once the soil is replenished, marvelous things happen. Seeds of plants that naturally grow in the area but lay dormant for years can sprout; seeds that birds drop can sprout too.



Petting Adolph the donkey

Animals hold the key for such regeneration. Really, it's animal poop. Plants and animals work in harmony to sustain each other. On the farm we visited, in an area nestled between Tuscany and Umbria, I saw this in action. The owners, a married couple, started farming in their twenties.

Both are devoted and passionate about their venture. The property had very few trees when they bought it. Now, 24 years later, it's lush with vegetation and home to cows, chickens, goats, sheep, donkeys, and pigs.

The husband would sit under a 100-year-old Mulberry tree each day and tell us about his philosophy, methods, challenges, and strategies. And we'd ask questions. Then, we'd set off to work—feeding chickens, moving cows, gathering eggs. While enroute to our tasks, he would stop and share more knowledge, including properties of plants we passed. He's unsentimental about hav-

ing to slaughter his animals to sell their meat. It's a passion and a business. Clearly, he's very fond of his cows, though, who bear calves and stay on the farm for many years.

Here's one of his strategies. When he purchases or rents a new plot of land, he brings in one type of animal, then another, and another according to what they eat and what they can give to the soil. Maybe the goats come first to clear foliage and leave their remains, then cows who may need supplemental hay until the land produces more of what they need, then chickens who peck at the cow dung and push it into the soil and leave their remains.

And what's beautiful is that when the soil can sustain a diversity of plant life, the animals benefit. Diversity is the key. Animals instinctively know what plants to eat at any given time. For example, cows may eat ivy as a natural dewormer.

I could go on and on about the farm. I loved it there and became fond of little Brava, a lamb who hung around the compound and was being bottle fed because her mother didn't have any milk.

Reflections

I learned so much on this trip. That was its purpose after all. I learned how important it is to eat locally produced food and to support the production of a diversity of crops. Not the monocultures of soy, wheat, and corn pushed worldwide by industrial agriculture. Just like other animals, we need this diversity of foods. And, perhaps with time, we too could intuit what to eat at the right moment to sustain and heal us.

But most importantly, I learned how beautiful and bountiful nature is if we just observe and follow its cues. Our farmer said that he must quietly observe what is going on every day on the farm. Are some animals behaving strangely? Are some chickens flourishing and others aren't? Are the dogs barking in a different way?

I'm still reflecting on everything I learned and may share more in a future article. In the meantime, my next project is to research which plants I can forage in my yard and neighborhood!



Volunteer In the Spotlight



by Barb Doherty

Suzette Birrell is a bona fide Seattle native born in Discovery Park. WHAT?? Well, it wasn't the Discovery Park we know and love. It was a military installation known as Fort Lawton. Her father was serving during the Korean War. It

had a hospital, as well as living quarters for active military. A link to its history follows this article.

Suzette has been a volunteer since before PNA Village officially opened for business. Lots of technical tasks (mostly databases) had to be set up. Volunteers worked under Janice Dillworth, the first Village Director, to assure smooth operation for all the services the Village would be offering. The Volunteer Committee was formed for those who offered their time and effort to fulfill the village mission. Suzette started vetting candidate volunteers and continues doing this important task to this day.

Currently, 274 volunteers support the Village. The time Suzette spends vetting volunteers varies according to need. It spikes after an information session for potential volunteers because, at that event, interested people sign up for tasks according to their interests and skills. They may sign up to be a handy helper, serve on one of the Village's many committees, or perform services like walking a member's dog or driving a member to an event or appointment.

Outside of PNA Village, Suzette enjoys working for Aditi Yoga and Wellness at the Wallingford Center. Her special joy is teaching prenatal and postnatal women who sometimes bring their babies to

sessions. She also is an active gardener and a volunteer at Dunn Gardens and the Washington Park Arboretum. It's fair to wonder how Suzette finds time to eat or sleep. She loves the Northwest: its diversity, its creativity, its weather especially in spring and fall. It's probably why her children have stayed in the area too. And Suzette gets to see her grandchildren often.

We're so glad she takes time to volunteer with the Village!

Read the historical article about Fort Lawton and Discovery Park at <https://www.dailyuw.com/article/a-long-path-to-discovery-the-complex-military-history-of-discovery-park-20250530>.

From groovy to locked in: teens and seniors decode for each other

by Maddy Norell

Every meaningful tradition starts with a first conversation. In June, we gathered for the very first Teach Me Something Club, a group where high school students and Village members came together to discover that while the words we use may change, the desire to connect never does. Our group took on one of the biggest communication gaps between generations: slang. Our high school presenters gave members a crash course in the words and phrases they use every day, explaining what they mean, when they're used, and why they seem to change every few months.

Together, we unpacked terms like "locked in" (completely focused) and "cooked" (when things aren't going so well). We even learned how to use "low key" and "high key" in a sentence. There were plenty of laughs as everyone practiced using the new vocabulary and discovered that understanding each other's language is a fun way to build connection.

Of course, our members weren't about to let the teens have all the fun. They fired right back with

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Teach me something club

classics like “groovy,” “fink,” and “rink,” leaving more than a few teenagers wondering if they were the ones who

needed a translator.

The club was started by high school student Kasen, who was inspired by a project in her Human Geography class. After studying Ireland and South Africa, she was especially drawn to South Africa’s strong sense of community, where friends and neighbors are often treated like extended family. Looking at Seattle, she noticed something missing: more opportunities for older and younger generations to genuinely connect.

She shared, “Teenagers want to be listened to, and so do seniors.” That simple idea has grown into something quite special. These conversations remind us that while our technology, fashion, and vocabulary may change, many of our experiences do not. We all remember the excitement (and awkwardness!) of high school, the importance of friendship, and the value of someone who will listen.

By the end of the hour, everyone was locked in and, thankfully, no one was cooked trying to keep up with the new vocabulary. You could even say the whole thing was...groovy.

In a world that often separates people by age, this club reminds us that the strongest communities are built when every generation can both teach and learn. The future isn’t shaped by one generation passing the torch. It’s created when we choose to carry it together.

Our next club meeting will be held September 16 at 3 pm at the GSC and will continue to meet on

the third Wednesday of each month. RSVP by emailing village@phinneycenter.org or call at 206.789.1217. We hope to see you there!

The saga of my 50th college reunion

by Elena Louise Richmond

Walla Walla is a beautiful town. I’ve visited it since I was a small child. My father was born there. The house my great grandfather built is still there although obscenely remodeled. I know of four other houses my family lived in, two of which are now gone.

I spent four years at Whitman College back in the 70s when there wasn’t a vineyard or winery in sight. The land around the town was that of endless wheat fields. I loved the drive to Walla Walla. Coming out of the Cascades on the east side, I watched for my first sighting of a magpie and then always looked behind me at the mountains I’d left behind.

I usually stopped at the rest stop at Indian John Hill, often finding cookies and bad coffee courtesy of whatever sewing circle, Rotary lodge, or biker gang was volunteering. The first sign for Walla Walla was noted, then the little bend in the road at the ranch outside of Wallula junction. I calculated once that I made the trip about 75 times.

The last reunion I attended—my 40th—took place in 2016. It was a golden September gathering before everything changed in the 2016 election. This year—my 50th reunion—there were fewer attendees and fewer activities. I guess they figured we’re now so old, we really don’t want to do much of anything except sleep.

Andrew, my partner, and Mary-Ellis, my closest friend from college days whom I’ve kept up with all these years, drove across state. We went through Oregon at Umatilla so that we’d approach Walla Walla from the south.

In 2016, my friend John, the long-distance runner, and I drove to the reunion together. The roads and

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Mary-Ellis and Elena

signs had changed so much that we crossed the Columbia River early and strayed into Oregon. I was stunned by the beauty of the river and the gorge. Until

I realized I could drive through Yakima, the drive from Seattle went through Vantage and the Hanford Nuclear site. But in those days, even the drive through Yakima was not as beautiful as it is now.

Andrew and I stayed at The Maxwell House, a lovely bed and breakfast just a few blocks from the college on Boyer Avenue. Penny, our hostess, was darling. She was older than me by possibly 10 years and had 10 times my energy. She bicycles around town and plays pickleball when she isn't taking care of her houseful of guests. It is an enormous 1905 house that Penny has made into four spacious apartments plus common areas, all furnished with lovely pieces from her mother, grandmother, and aunt. She told us that she hadn't bought a thing for the house; she just moved it up from Sacramento.

We occupied the California Suite, including a sitting room, bedroom with a king-sized bed, and bathroom with walk-in shower, all were enormous and comfortable. Every day, the bed was made for us and new chocolates appeared in a candy dish. The bathroom was designated as clean by a toilet-paper rose on the roll. I was so delighted with this that I kept it there for the entire visit.

Each morning, our breakfast table boasted a different color scheme than the day before—a different tablecloth, different napkin holders, different China and flowers. The breakfasts were delicious. At 4:00 pm, freshly baked cookies were packaged and labelled

for each guest. So, Andrew and I enjoyed tea and cookies on the front veranda every afternoon.

We'd signed up for everything on the reunion schedule that didn't cost money and for all the meals, which did. Almost all my peeps were at the first reception: Mary-Ellis, Debi, my roommate for senior year who stayed in Walla Walla with her husband Jim and who knows everyone in town, and John, the runner. A highlight of the trip was meeting John's wife Helen whom I had met online but had never seen outside of her tiny Zoom box.

We are all grayer, if not whiter, and wrinkled. John is wiry with not an ounce of fat on him; he's all muscle and you'd never know he'd been a redhead. Many of us limped around, me included. Something was going on with my hip, although "hip" was not on my Bingo card. It's never the stuff one worries about (like diabetes or being audited by the IRS) that actually happens. It's always something one hasn't thought to worry about.

We ran into an emeritus professor. "My goodness," I said. "You're the only one of the professors we knew who hasn't died!"

The next morning, we stopped by the Baker House to pick up my swag. For such a wealthy college, I expected better swag.

Andrew said, "I know you wanted a tote bag."

"I don't want a tote bag," I said. "I want the free stuff to be more than pens!"



Reunion picnic

Having been self-employed all my life, I never got to go to conferences and conventions where you

got free useless stuff you didn't need. We went to the college bookstore where I bought some swag.

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We summarily skipped all the events we signed up for in favor of walking around town and taking naps until the pickleball courts opened in Pioneer Park, just up the street from The Maxwell House. Andrew has wanted to learn to play for years. My hip gave me an excuse to just watch. Andrew has long arms and has played tennis. I was impressed with his form.

In the evening, we walked to a gorgeous old home on Issacs Avenue to attend a party offering “hearty finger food” for the Class of 1976. A party at our age consists of standing around talking about arthritis and going home early. There would be old friends and acquaintances with new medical stories to tell. We walked up the front walk behind a figure that looked familiar.

“Kurt?” I asked.

The figure turned. It was Kurt. I had so much fun with Kurt at Whitman but hadn’t seen or heard from in 40 years. Kurt once snuck a cow pie into my crock pot as a joke. (I scoured it out thoroughly, but when I went to make soup in it, I couldn’t. I gave it away without disclosing its history and bought a new one.) Kurt became a pastor and hospice chaplain, and his fun-loving, prankish self became more subdued.

“Elena!”

“I recognized your butt,” I said.

There it was, the smile on the now serious face. Kurt had changed so much. Seeing him again was another highlight of the weekend.

The last thing I did before we left The Maxwell House was to drag a length of toilet paper downstairs and ask Penny to show me how to make the toilet paper roses. I now have the secret, one of many fun memories of the weekend.

On our way out of town, we stopped at Klickers, famous for their berries in the summer. There were no berries yet and no organic produce to take to our next stop, an Airbnb on a ranch in Garfield County. Klickers seemed a little tired, and I was disappointed.

“Maybe it’s never been how you remember it,” Andrew said.

It may also be that the memories don’t mean what they used to.

Walla Walla, Twenty -Five Years Later a poem by Elena Louise Richmond

It used to be a long journey
For beater cars full of sorority sisters
And boys I thought I was in love with,
Straining up the slow lane
To the summit.

Then the miracle of sunshine,
The appearance of magpies and sagebrush
East of the mountains,
And in the mirror
The stark white mountains
That separated us from Seattle.

There’s a little bend on the road to Walla Walla:
Nothing remarkable except that
I always noticed it with affection.
When I passed it,
Well then, I’d passed it.

I don’t find it this time.
The road has changed,
Lost its scrappy edges,
Its cowboy roughness.

The old two-lane highway opens,
Brief and presumptuous, into four
With an exit for the college.
I check into a hotel, not a dorm.

And when I lie down at night,
I wonder what happened
To that little bend in the road.

April 2004

*Answer to trivia question: The average
age of a PNA Village volunteer is 59.5 years.*

What's in store for Greenwood Senior Center?

by Natalie Wainwright



As Phinney Neighborhood Association (PNA) nears its 50th year, the Greenwood Senior Center (GSC) also marks its own half-century as a provider of services and activities for community seniors.

Now, plans are under way to improve GSC buildings and operations.

The GSC is “the newest of our old buildings,” according to PNA Executive Director Christi Beckley. The building, at 525 N 85th Street, was built by Dr. Clayton T. Noonan as a medical clinic in 1950–51. The sloped site allowed for its lower floor to be exposed and accessible from the parking lot. This and its original rectangular footprint of 112 by 27 feet helped lessen the impact of a professional building in an area comprised primarily single-family homes.

The City of Seattle purchased the building for use as a senior center in late 1976 or 1977, and within the year, it opened as the Greenwood Senior Center. This may have been when a one-story addition was made along the eastern end of the north elevation, giving the building its current L shape.

GSC was run by the city until 2006, when it came under the operational management of PNA. The city continued to own the building until 2021, when ownership was transferred to PNA. At the same time, ownership of two city-run senior centers in other areas were also transferred to their neighborhoods.

The PNA's main buildings, the John B. Allen Elementary School (built in 1904) and its later addition, the Brick Building (1917) below it, closed as a school in 1981. They're on the National Register of Histori-

cal Places and therefore have restrictions on changes that can be made. The GSC building, however, does not have these restrictions. Ms. Beckley says, “PNA owns the building and has the flexibility to do what we want—and also the responsibility for its upkeep.”

“We're focused on investing in our buildings so they can continue to serve our current and future needs, to support the needs of our community.” Ms. Beckley says, “And I know our community is growing. Keeping things going as they are is really the bare minimum.”

Improvements that PNA has made to the senior center include the lift installed in 2021. Ms. Beckley emphasizes that “...accessibility is a big concern,” especially in a building not originally intended for use by seniors and others with mobility issues.

“In the past year, we've made two improvements to the Green Room [the large upstairs room]: new speakers and panels for acoustics.” New air conditioning units have been installed in the dining room, and the installation of the deck outside has expanded the kinds of events GSC can hold. This fall major repairs will be made to the roof. The City is funding this project.

There are other safety and mechanical issues at GSC that are acceptable but could be better. Ms. Beckley says, “We're engaged in exploration: How do we keep our buildings working for us and invest back into them for the future? It's exciting. We're at a point where we can focus on” our present needs and “have ...conversations about what...we need our buildings to do for us. What are the big audacious goals we can strive for?”

One such goal might be extending hours GSC is open. Right now, the funding is not available to pay staff for regular evening programming. Other possibilities might be renovating part or all of the building into more usable configurations. Ms. Beckley says, “We're in discussions with a consultant who helps nonprofit organizations develop their spaces. We would like more drop-in space, hang-out space,

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storage space, accessible sight-line parking—especially for memory-loss participants.”

How is PNA hoping to fund projects? In addition to applying for grants, Ms. Beckley says, “Rental is part of our revenue model. We rent space for weddings or for events held by mostly community-based businesses.” She says, “We’re actively soliciting funding to support our capital needs. We need the community’s help—both input and support.”

Craving for intergenerational communication

by Judith Hansen

I’m going to step forward to claim my “elderhood” on the cusp of my 85th birthday. I seem to have arrived without being scrunched over and still able to do 10,000 steps a day...but very few stairs. My knees start to ache when standing. I find that I hand over my iPhone to others for help in making new entries or when I get totally confused by a map that’s not telling me which way to turn when walking to a destination. “Old age” I mutter to myself. I guess it’s about time.

But even with knee failure, I gather with my cohorts every Saturday at noon on the multi-corners of Leary Avenue NW, NW Market Street, and Ballard Avenue NW to hold up our political signs and hope that passersby honk or wave. It brings back so many memories of other moments of political protest.

I look at us and realize we’re mostly over 60ers. Seasoned. Our issues, not like at most other protests, are all over the place—from Ukraine to healthcare to antiwar to Palestine. The wavers in cars tend to be younger. Most probably, they’ve little idea of past protests that many of us older folks made as a way of life. We were of a time before social media. Our “social” part was gathering to march and chant. We wanted to be a visible, noisy force. We still do. We want to use our democracy to voice what we feel passionate about. We want to

use our democracy to give words to the injustices we feel.

There are few younger protestors among us. I stand with mid-thirties Diane from San Antonio, Texas, asking where they are, the folks her age. She holds a sign saying, “support unions.” Unions? I thought unions were becoming extinct but am heartened by workers who are rallying for unionization.

I wonder if the younger people know the union songs we sing nostalgically on the corner. New protest



being written, *The Saturday noon cohorts* but perhaps

very few about unions. One exception is the Seattle Labor Chorus, founded by Pete Seeger many years ago. Yes, many chorus members have been around for a while, but younger people are joining up. Check out their concerts (<https://seattlelaborchorus.org>).

Some protest songs are in elders’ DNA, filled with the emotion of hope and change. Some are offshoots from Black churches, shared as we walked shoulder to shoulder. Do the young ones feel out of place among our walking sticks and walkers, or are they internalizing many of the things they too feel about our country? Or are they acting in other ways? I’ve heard that younger voters were key to victories of progressive candidates.

We talk of generational and even cultural divides, and I’m certainly feeling it at moments like this when I long so much for us to come together. Perhaps modes of communication have divided us. As soon as leaving the work force, elders generally haven’t kept up with technology, creating a greater schism. It feels like a picket sign is the best I can do.

Every generation has its cool words, cultural

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slang, and even shockers, but now elders are faced with words we don't understand that tell us what to do with devices and programs to help us communicate in ways we long for.

At age 85, I even have a problem with instructions. What I'm told to open doesn't seem to be there. I can do the basics on my computer and phone but little beyond. Even the group lessons on technology never seem to address exactly my problem, and the call for Village help is like crying wolf one too many times.

I try to think back to other times of great divide. The 60s had the words "love," "peace," and "freedom" that caused the hair of traditionalists to bristle. Maybe these words were naive and were bandied about, but they weren't cruel or mean. The division seemed to be alcohol vs. drugs and anti-materialism vs. a corporate lifestyle. Now I read that around 35 percent of our country believes violence may be needed to get our country back on track. Arms and anger and unknown "passkeys" and maybe not communication are the most dangerous threats of all.

On my tree-shaded street behind the Ballard Library, a group of elder folks often sit outside the Cheryl Chow Court on these beautiful summer days. I wave to these neighbors whose names I still don't know. They're very positive about their community. This is a real model for very low-cost, mostly senior living. Some use walkers, a few are in wheelchairs, and all sit as if they were on a stoop in an Eastern US city.

Their method of communication is still talk. A cellphone is never in sight. Directly next door is the Urban Rest Stop where people living on the street can get a shower and do their laundry without cost just by signing up. The clientele is mostly young. They sit and wait their turn. On this patch of street, I don't feel division by age but by circumstance. One group has good affordable housing; the other group has no housing at all. The most basic dividers can cross age. On our street, it con-

tinues to be between the haves and the have-nots.

[Editor's note: See Maddy Norell's article in this issue to learn how the Village is hosting intergenerational conversations.]

Book Review

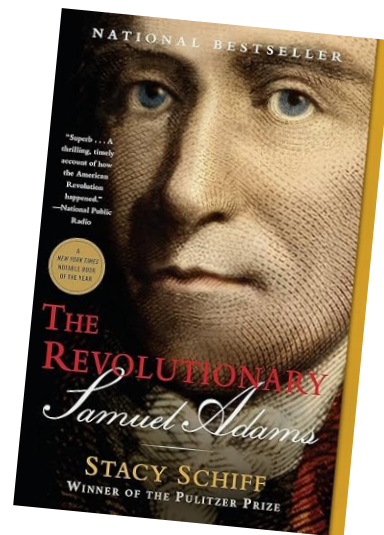
by Barb Doherty

I read *The Revolutionary: Samuel Adams* by Stacy Schiff and learned remarkable things about his life. I chose the book for my library book club, and I'm happy I did. It's an informative read about a remarkable life. I marveled at Samuel Adams' persistence and his crucial role in gaining our independence from Britain.

Samuel Adams was born September 27, 1722, and died October 2, 1803. A Harvard graduate and cousin of John Adams, he was a principal organizer of the Sons of Liberty and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He helped draft the Articles of Confederation and the Massachusetts Constitution, later serving as lieutenant governor and then governor of Massachusetts.

Why isn't Samuel Adams as well known as the other Founding Fathers? The answer is simple: he preferred to stay in the background. The British government was not fooled. King George III and the British who were living in the colonies, especially in Massachusetts, were very much aware of his exploits.

Samuel Adams never accumulated great wealth like others, nor did he pursue it. He was a lifelong resident of Boston who failed at every career he tried. It was the Stamp Act crisis in 1765 that gave him his political voice. and he wrote anti-British tracts in colonial



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newspapers under pseudonyms. He was one of the most vocal opponents of taxation without representation. His gift for prose elevated him to a position of influence with political leaders.

Adams tirelessly argued in support of colonial rights even when the idea of liberty seemed to flounder. He attended many meetings and began the Committees of Correspondence to alert the other colonies of British troop movements. In addition to denouncing the Stamp Act, he protested the Townshend Acts, which led to the Boston Massacre in 1770, and other proclamations that burdened the American colonies with unwanted taxes.

Adams moved around so that the authorities would have trouble finding him. He was one of the people who Paul Revere warned of British troop advancements before going to Concord and Lexington. King George wanted his neck but warned “only if conviction was assured.” They never did corner him; he always seemed to know when to flee.

Samuel Adams was a controversial figure in his time, but he burned with the ideals of liberty and freedom and had a hand (or maybe a lot more) in orchestrating the Boston Tea Party. Even Thomas Jefferson saw him as “a man of the revolution.” We have his steadfast belief in colonial self-government to thank for eventually leading to victory and independence for the 13 colonies.

Adams, a Calvinist, preferred high moral virtue to financial gain, and his ardor bolstered the revolutionary fervor in his fellow patriots. For example, he refused to ratify the US Constitution even though he was on the Ratifying Committee in Massachusetts. He declined because it was missing bill of rights.

Some say Adams was better at making a rebellion than at contributing to the nation’s government framework. But we need those who are brave enough to make rebellions. He was a true rebel to the end. And we may be better for it.

VOLUNTEER CORNER:

Volunteer Workshop: Helping Members Declutter

Many of our members ask for help with decluttering and downsizing—not because they need someone to organize their home for them but because they need a cheerleader, a partner, and someone to help them stay motivated and accountable.

Join us for a ***decluttering workshop***, just for PNA Village volunteers, to learn practical tips and strategies that can help you feel more confident in supporting members with these requests.

Wednesday, September 16

1:00 pm

Greenwood Senior Center

You don't need to be a professional organizer to make a difference. Often, the most valuable thing you can offer is your presence. Working alongside someone, encouraging them, and helping them take one small step at a time can be exactly the support they need. If you'd like to attend, please RSVP at 206.789.1217 or village@phinneycenter.org.



On the 2nd Wednesday of every month, you'll find lively conversation at the Village Book Group! They meet at 11am at the Couth Buzzard.

Phinney Neighborhood Association
PNA Village
525 N. 85th Street
Seattle, WA 98103
Phone: 206-789-1217

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PNA VILLAGE SERVICE AREA



Village Outing: Mariners vs. Rangers

Cheer on the Mariners with fellow Villagers at a fun afternoon at the ballpark!

Thursday, September 10: Game time 1:10 pm

We'll be seated in the 300-level on the first-base side. You can ride the bus with a group from the Greenwood Senior Center or meet us at the stadium.

Cost: \$25 per ticket; **RSVP by:** August 20

Payment must be received by the RSVP deadline to reserve your ticket. Contact the Village office for more details or to **RSVP:** 206.789.1217 or village@phinneycenter.org.



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Village Trivia

We'll pose a question in each issue with the answer inside.

Trivia question: What's the average age of a PNA Village volunteer?

NEWSLETTER COMMITTEE

Editor: Cathie Scott Layout: Laurie Radin

Writers: Barbara Doherty, Judith Hansen, Betsy Kruse, Roberta Maguire, Maddy Norell, Elena Louise Richmond, and Natalie Wainwright. We welcome guest writers and invite ideas for articles.