

# THE Villager

◦ NEIGHBORS HELPING NEIGHBORS ◦

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## Autumn Splendor

**We** here in Lake Barcroft have just enjoyed the most spectacular fall season in many years. Some of our readers were kind enough to send us photos taken during this wonderful autumn.



Photo by Waltraut Nelson

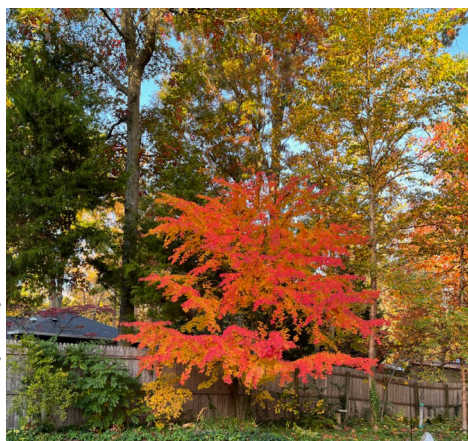


Photo by Judy Hilton

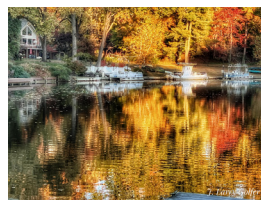


Photo by  
Larry Golfer



Photo by Larry Golfer



Photo by Larry Golfer

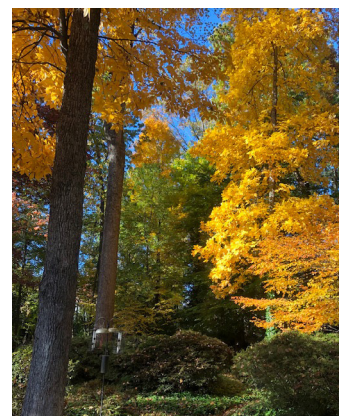


Photo by Ellen Haberlein



## Why Do I Exercise?

Dottie Bennett

Jane Guttman swears that someone will be interested to know how I decided to make exercise part of my life. Considering that I was totally embarrassed by something that went on during my childhood, it's a wonder I work out at all. Let's get this straight, I do not enjoy working out. I do it because of the benefits that accrue to me. Back to the beginning....I am a child of refugees from Europe. My Mom was an ardent sports person having played serious field hockey; she also skied, played tennis and swam well into her 80s.

When she came to the US in 1939, she found a group of refugee women who were interested in exercise and thus began the weekly "gym" classes on our enclosed porch. My sisters and I were totally flummoxed by this and Wednesdays became the day we refused to bring home friends out of sheer embarrassment. This may seem like a small deal but

growing up in Great Neck, NY, it was hard enough for us to "fit in" let alone explain what these crazy women were doing.

My Mom felt so strongly about fitness that she would take us out of school for two weeks every winter to go skiing. When told that these would be unexcused absences, she stated that we would learn a lot of different things while away and that her children would easily make up

what might have been missed. This is but a small example of how far ahead of the times my Mom was.

Eating clean, organic fresh food was a given long before that became en vogue. The words "frozen" food never came into play. I have my Mom to thank for putting me on the road to fitness and even though I can't do as much as I used to do, I try to keep moving hoping to stay physically active for a long time to come. ■

## Building Strength with Pilates

Marcia Grabowski

Screen shot



Lake Barcroft Village member Louise Ziebell has been doing Pilates for almost 20 years. And if you knew Louise like we know Louise, well....

Joseph Pilates was born in Germany in 1883 and was apparently a frail child. In 1912, he lived in England, and during WWI, he was interned with other German nationals. During this time, he further developed his technique of physical fitness which he had already been working on for several years, by teaching his fellow internees. During the latter part of the war, he worked with patients who were unable to walk and began developing his equipment, much of which is still in use today.

Pilates and his wife, Clara, moved to the US in the early 1920s, and taught Pilates in New York in 1926 (during his lifetime, it was called "Contrology"). The apparatus he designed to enhance his rehabilitation work soon became very popular, especially with dancers since it gave them the chance to improve technique or recover from injury. At the time, the majority of the clients were men. His method was passed on after he died at 83 in 1967 through books he had written and through his students.

The ultimate goal of Pilates is to encourage the body to move with ease and fluidity through use of the Pilates Principles: breath, concentration, centering, control, precision, and flow. Pilates can help improve posture, health and overall fitness, rehabilitate after injury, surgery or illness, and aid in the rehabilitation of conditions such as sports injuries, spinal and disc issues, hip and knee replacement, MS and Parkinson's, among oth-

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### THE Villager

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ers. Clara established the method of adapting Pilates to individual clients' needs.

With this in mind, Shirley Timashev filmed Louise Ziebell in three short videos that all Village members can watch in order to do simple Pilates exercises directly upon waking. In the first, "LBV: Exercise Introduction," Louise describes the exercise program that begins her day, while still in bed, and has helped her recover fully from a broken hip. In the second video, "LBV: Morning Exercises," Louise demonstrates a morning routine that takes less than 10 minutes and wakes up all major muscle groups. In the third video, "Standing Exercises," Louise demonstrates exercises that round out her morning routine; this video is just 90 seconds long.

These videos are available for unlimited use if you go to [lakebarcroftvillage.org](http://lakebarcroftvillage.org). If you want to learn more about Pilates there are a number of studios in the area. ■

## In Memoriam

I am very sad to report that long-time Village member Barbara Rothman passed away on Saturday afternoon after a brief hospital stay. Barbara and her husband Sam were original members of the Village and played vital roles in getting the Village started and in keeping it going. Personally, I will miss her infectious giggle, sunny disposition, and her willingness to help especially at Happy Hours and Quarterly Meetings. Barbara and Sam have three sons—Karl, Mark and Scott—all of whom live nearby with their families.

Cindy Waters



We are very sad to announce that George Ftikas, a long-time Lake Barcroft resident and LB Village member, passed away on Saturday, 20 August, in Thessaloniki,

Greece; George was born there, and had been visiting with family for about a month. Further information will be posted to Lakelink and the Lake Barcroft newsletter when it becomes available. You may remember George's wife, Duffy, who was active in the LB Woman's Club and in planning the Half Moon/Waterway block party, among others, and who passed away in March 2019. Their presence in the neighborhood is sorely missed.



We are very sad to announce that Anne Murphy O'Neil, who has been providing *The Villager* with interviews of members and volunteers, passed away on November 22, 2022. We will miss Anne's insightful columns and, most of all, we will miss Anne.

## Tour of French Painters

Bob Schreiber

AT THE INVITATION of Marie-France Smith, a group of Village members toured the National Gallery of Art on Monday afternoon, October 24th. Marie-France is a long-time docent at the museum and has led many different types of groups through the galleries—for instance, school children, tourists from many parts of the world, non-English-speaking visitors, viewers with disabilities and the general public.

Through her docent training and years of study and experience, she is especially expert in the numerous French painters of the 18th and 19th centuries, and our private tour concentrated on those world-famous painters of that era. She gave us extraordinary insights into these artists' compositions, techniques, intentions and the world in which they lived. Our private tour group consisted of Jan Barrett, Walt

Cooper, Charlotte Flounders, Paul Napier, Bob Schreiber and Millie Schreiber. ■



Woman with Parasol,  
Claude Monet  
National Gallery of Art

The Memoir Group, led by Shirley Timashev, wrote memoirs on losses they had experienced. Here are two.

## An irreplaceable loss

Urmilla Khanna

I purchased a Toyota Camry with all its safety and comfort features as a belated eightieth birthday gift for myself. When I took it out for a test drive, I felt exhilarated—the large, tinted windows, the stylish expanded sunroof, the self-heating leather seats. It was love at first sight. I brought it home and looked forward to its taking me places at will. It was the summer of 2016.

In the following years, I took small trips—testing my stamina and dexterity. I drove to Toronto, Canada, to Ann Arbor, MI and up and down the east coast. The driving was a breeze. I began to plan a cross country trip.

When I had first arrived in the United States in 1968, the expanse of our roadway system had intrigued me. I had an intense desire to traverse them all. I learned the lingo—the differences between highways, byways, and country roads. I was impressed by the way

entries and exits were designed to ease the driver in and out of the highway. I was impressed by the numbering of the highways—those going east-west will have even numbers and north-south will have odd numbers. I was taken aback by the cleanliness of the roads. There were signs even in remote areas to say that I would be fined \$250.00 if I threw a wrapper out my window. And people obeyed these laws.

Life changes and with it our plans. In late 2019 I was hospitalized for left hip and leg pain. By the time I was discharged, unbeknown to most of us, the WHO announced that the Corona Virus that had caused illness in pockets of China had rapidly spread around the world. It was now a pandemic. Local stores, restaurants, and libraries began to shut down and life came to a standstill. A long cross-country trip was out of question.

I will have to just wait it out, I thought. My faithful Toyota will always be there. In the meanwhile, I could dream and plan.

Well, life does change. In the three years that we all lived in limbo, my life changed again. For one thing, I aged. I also suffered various reversible illnesses including a mini stroke. Now the handwriting was on the wall. I should not be driving.

Says who? I thought. I still have a valid driver's license, can start the car by the touch of a keyless button and drive in reverse with ease, thanks to the wide angle back-view camera. I know the rules of the road and will ace the test given by AARP in a classroom. I have been accident free and have a clean driving record. Why then do I have this hesitation?

There are two aspects of safe driving. The first is the mechanics. We learn this at an early age, continue to use it and over time it becomes a simple muscle memory. It is something like swimming or riding a bicycle—once you learn it, it stays. There is yet the other aspect, more complex and not easy to measure or describe. It utilizes different pathways—the autonomic system, cortisol surges and our reflexes. In short, the reaction time, the split second judgment when turning left on green.

There is also the element of enjoyment, the emotionality that is such a major factor in driving.



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## Irreplaceable loss

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I realized that this too was slipping away. I did not want to drive after dark. In this scenario I could go to a friend's for dinner, but would have to take my toothbrush along, just in case. If I was to meet friends at a place I had not been before, I stewed about it for days. I carefully studied the Google map. At times I made a dry run prior to the event.

I realized driving was not fun anymore.

In April 2022, I voluntarily gave up driving. I stood teary-eyed in my driveway and saw my son drive my eightieth birthday present out of my carport. Now I look at that huge empty space. I could set up parties in this two-car carport, I try to console myself, but know I am fooling myself. There is no loss compared to the loss of your independence.

I cannot go to the Senior Center for a class in Tai Chi. I cannot go to Audrey Moore Rec Center for a swim. No, I cannot do any of these things. I cannot go to the grocery store to pick up an item or two. I miss the spontaneity.

Taking an Uber has its own issues. Once I called for an Uber. I waited on my porch. The car arrived promptly. While I was shuffling in my seat, steadying my gait and getting ready to walk to the curb, the car was gone. It was an insult to my dignity and an emotional blow.

What then have I gained by losing this freedom. I have discovered that there are many good people around me ready to help—get my groceries, take me for my appointments, even pick me up to go out to dinner.

“One less thing to worry about, mom”, says my son. To be truthful, the loss is inconsolable. But the alternative is not good either. ■

ation I see a different person in the mirror. That one is so old and has so many wrinkles. Who is this? I am shocked! Who lives in this house that was once tidy and organized? There are dishes and papers in the den and bedroom on the floor and bed. Who is this? That is I!

Many years ago, when I visited older people and saw the mess in their home, I thought that I never will be like that. But life teaches me differently.

The energy I once had is gone. I get tired and want to rest. I get tired very suddenly and quickly. Then I stop and leave things alone and rest. My doctors told me to go to bed when I am tired, but there is so much to do, and I do not want to spend my time in bed. I have tons of pictures to organize; I have many books I have not read; I must clean out my closets; I must cut my plants that are growing like mad and I want to get larger pots; I want to see my friends in Germany. There are very few; most of my friends have died.

How can I do this when I lie in bed? I get so frustrated and that gets me depressed.

Aging is a difficult process. I must think of my years of travel and the wonderful places I have visited. I must be grateful for these experiences and for the good health I had. I must learn to adjust and be happy for the new friends I have and the ability to enjoy life.

Aging is the process of life. It is change, learning and adjustment. ■

## My Great Present Loss

Waltraut Nelson

While sitting on my porch and watching the water of the lake flowing with its gentle waves I thought about the time when we moved into this home. It was the year 1968.

At that time, I taught at Jefferson High School and had a wonderful group of students with a lot of enthusiasm about learning German. They were introduced to literature, culture, music and dancing. Some carried it into their later life and performed locally.

I enjoyed it too and this fact gave me a lot of energy. When I went home, I corrected papers, did

housework and gardening jobs, prepared lesson plans, and spent very important time with my son Peter.

My husband had a strenuous job in the Pentagon and was totally exhausted when he returned home.

There was pressure in the school system to improve oneself and I attended Howard University and American University towards an advanced degree.

My life also was filled with social activities, and I had a lot of friends who came to my home and enjoyed the beauty of the lake.

Now I am going to be 93 years of age, and since my cataract oper-



## At Last - The Greek Isles and Ephesus

Linda Woodrow

**A**FTER TWO YEARS of postponement due to Covid, my cruise to the Greek Isles and Ephesus was finally scheduled. I looked forward to a wonderful adventure. First, there was an overnight flight through Frankfurt and Athens; then I boarded the ship The Aegean Odyssey in Lavrio, Greece. This beautiful ship reserved for Road Scholars carried 300 passengers and 100 crew.

After a mandatory life boat drill, we were free to explore our floating home for the next 11 days. All passengers were assigned a guide for either an Active or Relaxed Group for our field trips. I joined an Active Group for the tour of Athens. My first adventure was to the Acropolis to view the Parthenon and other monuments on the highest hill in Athens. This was a treacherous climb to the top of the rocky crag due to the winding



Mykonos

trail on uneven steps of marble with no handrails. What a feeling of accomplishment to finally reach the top, see the monuments up close and then view of all of Athens! The Parthenon was built between 447–432 BCE and is a UNESCO World Heritage Site. This building has been called the most perfect Doric temple ever built and named for the city's patron goddess, Athena Parthenos. Our special hearing devices allowed everyone to hear our guide's commentary about the monuments. After carefully making our way down, we enjoyed a delicious meal in a Greek restaurant. Our afternoon trip was to the Acropolis Museum to view some of the original statuary and artifacts found on the Acropolis. It was hard to believe there was 2000–3000 years of history all around us.

The next day we arrived at our first island in the Cycladic Archipelago—Mykonos (MEE-kohnohs). This island known for its iconic windmills, narrow streets of stone and white masonry and colorful houses perched over the

water's edge which were built by rich shipping merchants is called "Little Venice." I had decided to switch to a Relaxed Group for the rest of our cruise which was a good decision for me.

The following day via water taxi our group visited the island of Delos. Another UNESCO-designated heritage site. According to Greek mythology, Apollo was born on this island. It is no longer inhabited except for a caretaker, some archaeologists and over 100 cats. We saw many ruins from the 3rd millennium BC including the famous Terrace of the Lions.



Delos

Every day brought a new experience. Our ship arrived overnight at Kusadasi, the port for Ephesus, Turkey. What wonders we saw here viewing another UNESCO World Heritage Site of ancient Ephesus. Hellenistic and Roman settlements left many vestiges of the former glory of the city. My favorite site was the Library of Celsus but the Great Theater, marble streets and the mosaics in the houses of the rich

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Athens



## The Greek Isles

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were equally impressive. We had lunch in a beautiful garden and were entertained by a Turkish dance group. At a school for rug making we watched women weaving rugs of silk, wool and cotton. A display of Turkish rugs followed. Later we toured the Ephesus Museum with its many original artifacts beautifully displayed. A glass of fresh squeezed pomegranate juice helped revive me before returning to the ship.

Kos, the birthplace of Hippocrates, regarded as the father of medicine, was our next island. White marble terraces and pine clad hills were the 4th c. BC site of rest and relaxation.



Santorini

The following morning found our ship at the famous island Santorini—actually several islands surrounding an active but dormant volcano. After anchoring in the bay of the sea-filled caldera, tender vessels took us to the base of the mountain below the towns. A long switch-back road led our coach to the town on top. Our group visited the town of Oia (EE-ah) to view the iconic blue domed churches, narrow winding streets and charming white houses with blooming red bougainvillea. A visit to a winery on the cliff edge



Syros

gave us a wine tasting experience as we gazed into the caldera with our ship anchored below. Back to the ship by cable car was swift and picturesque.

After days of 70 degrees and perfect blue skies with sunshine—a day of rain. Our ship had sailed overnight to Syros,

our last island to visit. Our rainy day on the ship was filled with lectures, a photography class on “Capturing the Storm” and a Book Club discussing the book *Circe* by Madeline Miller.

On our last day of touring the island of Syros, a highlight was visiting the Greek Orthodox Church—St. Nicholas. It was heavily ornamented with crystal and gold chandeliers, gold candlesticks and a painting by El Greco.

My fabulous cruise came to an end with our arrival at the Port of Piraeus. What a fantastic adventure! Each island has its own personality and special attractions. It was a great experience and the fulfillment of a dream. I would recommend this cruise to anyone. ■

All photos except photo of Linda herself are by Linda Woodrow

## National Gallery Tour

Louise Ziebell

Marie-France Smith arranged for us a special tour at the National Gallery of Art. The tour was on “John Singer Sargent and Spain,” with Nathalie Ryan, one of the NGA lecturers. The tour was held from 1:00 to 2:00 P.M. Village members Jackie Browne, Nancy Mattson and Louise Ziebell joined the tour.

For the first time, Sargent and Spain presented approximately 120 dazzling oils, watercolors, and drawings, many of which are rarely exhibited. Also featured from the artist’s travels were some 28 never-before-published photographs, several almost certainly taken by Sargent himself.



Left to right, Village member Jackie Browne, Nathalie Ryan, Bob Berry, Village member Louise Ziebell, Charles Sneiderman, and Village member Nancy Mattson.

Photo by Marie-France Smith



## Book Review: *The Lincoln Highway: A Novel* by Amor Towles

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Karen Ackerman

Fiction lovers will enjoy sinking into Amor Towles' engaging story-telling in *The Lincoln Highway: A Novel*. Towles takes us back to 1954 America where his protagonists, three eighteen-year-old boys who meet at a juvenile work farm in Salina, Kansas, are poised to embark on a ten-day adventure. Towles opens the story as the warden is driving one of the boys, Emmett, home to his father's farm in Morgen, Nebraska, after releasing Emmett from a fifteen-month sentence for accidentally killing the town bully at the Morgen fairgrounds.

Emmett plans to start a new life in California with his eight-year-old brother Billy, who has convinced Emmett to drive them to California on the Lincoln Highway, the first transcontinental U.S. road. Billy proposes the Lincoln Highway route for sentimental reasons; he has found a stash of postcards his mother had sent them ten years earlier after leaving the boys and their father for a new life. The last postcard was from San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Emmett's work farm friends Duchess and Woolly, have other plans for Emmett and Billy's California trip. Duchess and Woolly had escaped the work farm by stowing away in the trunk of the warden's car. They now appear as Emmett is looking over the powder blue 1948 Studebaker that he had purchased years earlier with his earnings from carpentry. Duchess, a streetwise New Yorker, and Woolly, the woebegone offspring

of an aristocratic East Coast family, want to drive first to New York City to find Duchess's father and then to upstate New York where Woolly's grandfather owns a family summer house. Here, they plan to steal \$150,000 from a safe when the house is opened in late June.

Emmett agrees to take Duchess and Woolly as far as the bus station in Omaha before driving on to California. When they arrive at Lewis, Nebraska, their entrance to the Lincoln Highway, Duchess asks Emmett to stop at an orphanage where his father had left him as a child. Here, they manage to trick Emmett into letting Duchess and Woolly steal Emmett's car with \$3,000 left to Emmett by his father in the trunk. They leave Billy and Emmett without a car or money in Lewis.

The story winds through one adventure after another as the main characters take turns narrating the chapters. Towles' characters travel backward through their short lives as their ten-day adventure advances. The story is as much about the joy and adventure

of the three musketeers' freedom on the road as their reaching their intended destinations.

Towles evokes a 1954 America that is a land of country home cooking, winding roads, small town diners and gas stations, big city subways and elevated trains, and haves and have nots. The scars of World War II weigh heavy on this story set in a time of peace between the Korean War and the beginning of the Vietnam War. Woolly's father had died in World War II and his mother had rapidly remarried, leaving her young son to navigate a chain of exclusive New England boarding schools.

Rich descriptions of 1950's prosperity and tranquility are interspersed throughout the novel with scenes of hand-to-mouth living and graphic violence. This reader, born a month before the book takes place, embraced this beautifully drawn story of young men as they navigate one challenge after another but struggled to comprehend the scenes of violence and death. The result is an excellent read. ■



Japanese garden  
at night.  
Photo by  
Kent Christian





The memoir group enjoyed an outing on the lake courtesy of Waltraut Nelson. The photo was taken by Waltraut's granddaughter, Melanie Doptis Rothstein. L to R: Marcia Grabowski, Millie Schreiber, Urmilla Khanna, Waltraut Nelson, Shirley Timashev, Sunny Greene, Bob Schreiber and Rick Kercz.

## Village Members to Participate in Volunteering at Bailey's Lower School

Walt Cooper

**W**alt Cooper, Chairman of the Village Programs Committee, is working on setting up a program to place Village members in volunteer positions in the nearby elementary schools. He is working with GrandInvolve, which runs an ongoing program that places volunteers in some 24 elementary schools in Fairfax County. Cindy Waters distributed a message about this project and four Village members have already indicated an interest in participating. The Founder and Executive Director

of GrandInvolve, Dot Keenan, has provided the following narrative announcing the establishment of a liaison with Bailey's Elementary School:

GrandInvolve – Changing the World – One Child at a Time  
Would you like to have a unique and interesting volunteer experience while making a difference in a school, classroom, family or in one child's life? Join us in GrandInvolve – a program which facilitates volunteer opportunities in your local elementary school –

Bailey's Lower School. Bailey's is a Title I Elementary School, located at 6111 Knollwood Dr, in Bailey's Crossroads. GrandInvolve places volunteers in elementary schools to assist students and teachers. Bailey's ES needs volunteers as classroom, reading and math assistants, material preparation helpers, library helpers, mentors and special event volunteers. You'll be matched to a specific class and teacher to volunteer a minimum of one hour a week but schedules are flexible. To sign up, and if you would like more information on various volunteer positions, other FCPS schools involved, or to attend an information session, please see our website at [www.grandinvolve.org](http://www.grandinvolve.org) or contact Dot Keenan, founder and Executive Director at [info@grandinvolve.org](mailto:info@grandinvolve.org). Remember the African Proverb "It takes a village to raise a child". If you are interested in contributing to the success of our local students – join the GrandInvolve team. Come participate with other volunteers at Bailey's Elementary. We Need You and Our Children Need You! We're making a difference – one child at a time! If you are interested in joining this effort, please contact Lake Barcroft Village Executive Director Cindy Waters, [lbvcoord@gmail.com](mailto:lbvcoord@gmail.com). ■



## Village Members Kaye and Ross Kory Foster Rescued Envigo Beagle Lulabelle

Kaye Kory

Truth-telling disclaimer: Three-year old Lulabelle, one of the first beagles to be rescued directly from the Envigo facility, now lives and thrives with us. My husband, Ross and I, are founding members of the Village. Ross is the Village Treasurer.

**E**NVIGO BEAGLES? Bred to be sold for research? What is the problem with that? My problem with that has nothing to do with my revulsion for research performed on animals, but with the casual cruelty Envigo employees inflicted upon the dogs while corporate spokespersons stated publicly at legislative hearings that the dogs were treated well.

It all started (for the Virginia General Assembly) when PETA, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, sent a staff member to work at the Envigo beagle-breeding facility in Cumberland, Virginia, as an undercover agent. That staff person videoed the horrific treatment that the 4000 beagles bred and held by Envigo experienced and shared the information with the Washington Post. Among the salient pieces of information revealed were the numerous USDA citing of violations of animal welfare law and regulations. Those USDA citations were toothless records of supposed federal enforcement that resulted in no consequential actions against or by Envigo. The treatment the dogs received did not improve after citations were made, hundreds of dead puppies were reported with no cause recorded, mother dogs were starved to be more easily forced to give up their litters, cages crammed with dogs were cleaned with fire hoses while the dogs remained inside them, dogs stuck in the grid floors of cages were left to

die--the cruelty, now documented by hundreds of photos online, continued while the USDA authorities did nothing.

But we legislators worked together across party-lines in both the Virginia House of Delegates and the Senate to enact legislation that would prevent this hideous scenario from ever happening again in our Commonwealth, to save the dogs held in the Cumberland Envigo facility and to force it to close. Since the goal of the legislation passed was not politically partisan, the dogs were saved and the Envigo Corporation breeding facility closed. Not only was the facility shut down, but after court

action, all 4000 dogs were spared being sold or euthanized and were offered for adoption nationwide.

Envigo is owned by Inotiv, a \$330 million international pharmaceutical company with holdings all over the world. Lest you think that Inotiv was unaware of the horrors of the Envigo breeding compound, think again. Inotiv hired corporate lobbyists to urge us to hold back our legislation or, when that failed, to push enforcement into future years. I am thankful to my fellow legislators who refused to comply.

Lulabelle is now living outside a cage for the first time in her 3 1/2 years of life. She hesitantly walked on grass for the first time at Capitol Square in Richmond. She is a beagle with a name, not a number, who is learning how to trust humans and how to enjoy life. There are a few Envigo beagles who still need forever homes. If you are interested, let me know at [DELK-KORY@HOUSE.VIRGINIA.GOV](mailto:DELK-KORY@HOUSE.VIRGINIA.GOV)



## Village Members Attend Providence Players Performance of David Mamet's Play "November"

Bob Schreiber

**A** group of Village members had a fun night out on Thursday, October 28. It started with dinner at the local restaurant, La Granja D'Oro. The extensive and modest-priced menu there is a treasure trove of authentic Peruvian dishes, drinks and dessert.

Dinner was followed by the short trip up the street, Anandale Road, to the James Lee Community Center for a performance by our local theater

group, the Providence Players of Fairfax. The play was the riotous comedic political satire "November" by David Mamet. The play's characters were beautifully cast and included a Barcroft neighbor, David Whitehead.

Our group were Mei and Deepak Bhattasali and a friend who is from Myanmar, Mike and Lyn Gaffen, Nancy Mattson, Chico Gholz, and Bob and Millie Schreiber. ■