



The Village at Stone Ridge

THE QUARRY BULLETIN

VOLUME 2

ISSUE APRIL 2005

A Combined Form to Fitness: Yogalates

by Tom & Barbara West

When we first went to the Yogalates class we didn't have a clue what it was. It sure didn't sound like fun. If we had known what Pilates was, we might have had some idea of just what we were going to be doing. The concept of Yoga, which we had also just started, was still foreign to us and now mixing it with something else didn't sound like a good idea, especially since it began at 8:30 a.m. But, attend we did.

It was not only a great workout, but a lot of fun. It is only 45 minutes and instructor Donna is a great teacher. Everyone can attend - beginners included.

(Continued on page 3)

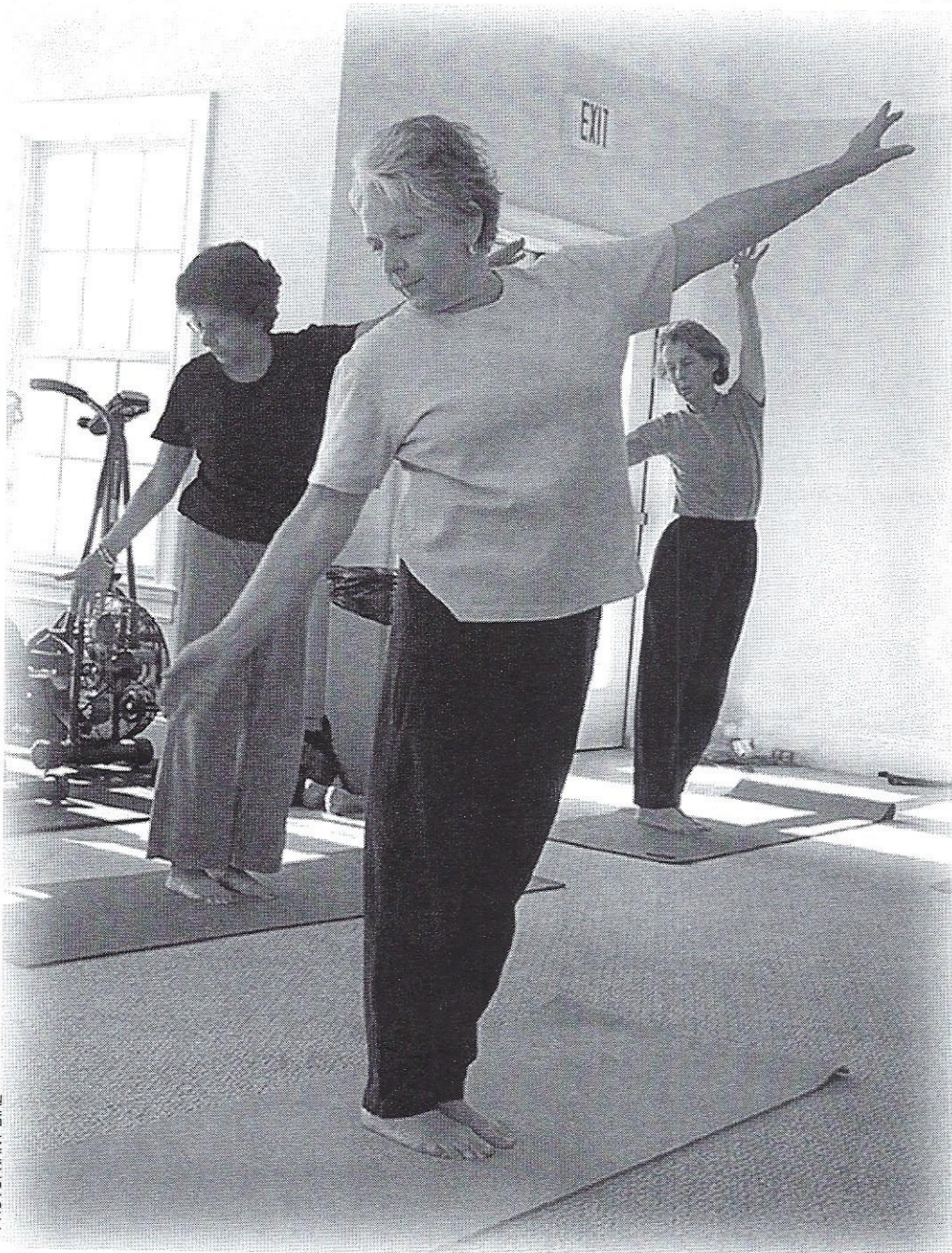


PHOTO: NANY DIAZ

Sharon Erickson, Reeno Agha and Susan Neyman concentrated on one of the flowing poses of the Yogalates class on Friday mornings.

GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS

Badges



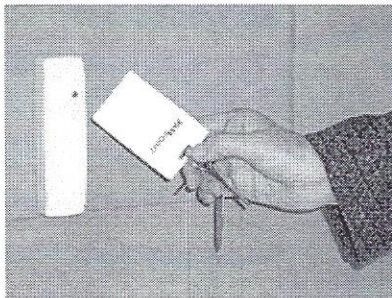
by Herb Shanzer

The condominium association has just assumed responsibility for the system used to control access to the clubhouse. A computer runs the system and makes sure that only authorized badges are used to gain entry. The small numbers on the back uniquely identify each badge.

Each household was assigned two badges when they moved in. Occasionally these badges have been misplaced. Either a replacement was provided or another badge was found and used in its place. In the latter instance it is sometimes unclear whether it was the original badge that was found, or someone else's badge.

Since it is in all our interests to ensure that only Villagers have access to the clubhouse, we are asking that, should you lose a badge, you contact me, Herb Shanzer (h.shanzer@comcast.net, 978-302-1508). I have volunteered to manage the security system. If you lose your badge I will get back to you within two days, invalidate your lost badge and issue you a new one. When you do this, I will need to know the number that is on the badge you still have, in order to identify which of the original two you have lost. There will be a nominal \$10 fee to cover the cost of the new badge.

Should you misplace a badge and then find one, you can usually tell whether it was the original issued to you.



If it was, its number will be one removed from your second badge. If this is not the case, or if you have any questions, please call me with the number of the badge you found. I will ascertain whether it was the badge originally

assigned to you or someone else's. In either case, you will be able to continue to use that badge and since no replacement is required, there will be no fee. If this has happened in the past, please check the numbers and call me now so we can update the system.

If you have found a badge, call me as soon as possible and I will be able to tell who the owner is and get it returned.

A security feature of these badges is their anonymity. We are aware that some people have written their names and/or phone numbers on their badge to facilitate its return. But, if outsiders finds it, they will be able to use the card to figure out where it gives them access. Writing a name etc., on the badge increases our security risk. Now that there is a simple procedure for dealing with lost badges, we ask that you obliterate any personal identifying information on them.

Thanks for your cooperation.

From the Management

There is a new toll free phone number to reach Great North Management Company, which is:

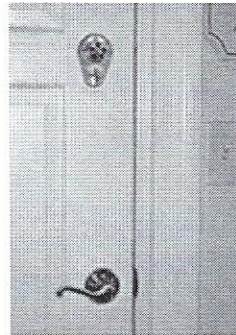
1-800-221-0210

The old 603 number, of course, is still available and will not be closed.

Remember, do not call outside of regular business hours, unless it is an emergency. If you call, they will come... and... they will charge.



THE GYM DOOR LOCK

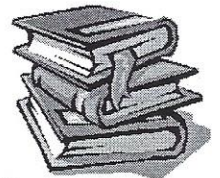


The new lock for the gym door is now operational. If you are a newcomer to the facility and don't know or remember the combination to open the door, please call 978-692-0648.

Book Club

First Meeting will be
April 7th at 1:30 pm
at the Clubhouse Library

No need to call, just come in and join the group.



WELCOME!

New neighbors to The Village at Stone Ridge. Just in time to enjoy our Spring sunshine.

On Landview Road

4 Gerry and Barbara Leary

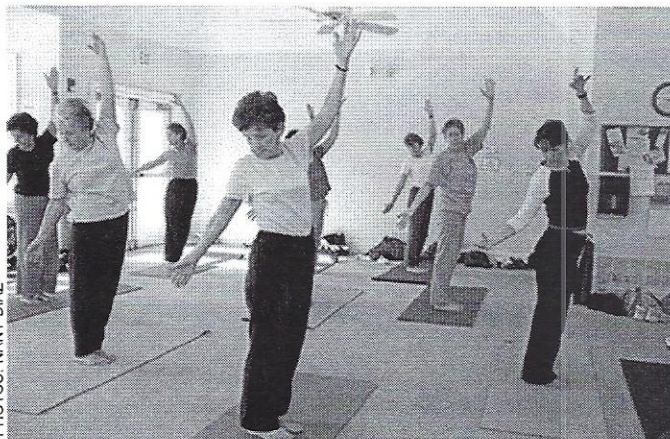
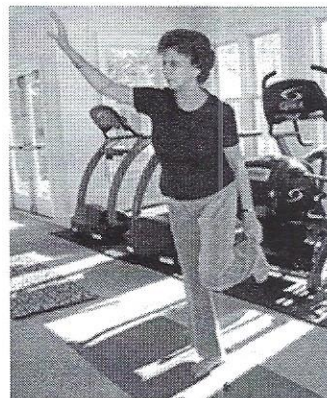
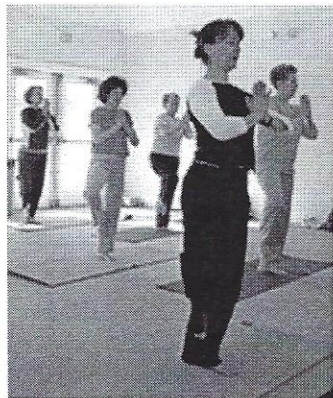


(Yogalates from page 1)

The nice thing about the exercise classes at the Stone Ridge Fitness Center is the instructors not only know exactly what they are doing, but they are very caring. First-timers can blend right in because the instructors make sure they do. Everyone moves at his or her own pace. Tom leads the way by going to the right when everyone else is going to the left.

After attending the class we finally got up the courage to ask Donna just what we were really doing-in other words, what is Yogalates? She told us, "It is a blend of traditional Yoga moves with Pilates. The benefits are stronger and leaner muscles, not to mention you are working on a multitude of things including balance and flexibility." We're sorry we asked.

Don't be intimidated! These classes are perfect for beginners, you get to meet a lot of nice people, share a few laughs-and best of all you'll feel better. You really will be glad you did. All you need to know is your right from the left and as you can see, not all of us know that.



PHOTOS: NANY DIAZ

PERCEPTIONS

Life after Digital

by Louise O'Donnell



We came together out of a longing to stay in touch -- six women between the ages of the late forties to early sixties. When our company was spewing out layoffs and early retirement packages, we found ourselves confused and feeling alone. We decided we admired each other and meeting for dinner each month would lend stability and sustenance when needed.

And what a help and support it became! We met, not to gossip or deride dreams but, rather, to listen and help whenever possible.

We discussed a myriad of topics: children, jobs, interviews, husbands (with much fondness), books, movies, gardening, hopes, fears and trips. We became interested in each other's aspirations.

We found a commonality between us, and sincerely touched one another's souls. How often can six adults of varying backgrounds and goals accomplish so much?

Thus, out of one company's loss of six talented and caring people came a bonding of hearts and minds.

Thirteen years later, we are still one, sharing the good times, empathizing over the bad times -- a true Ya-Ya Sisterhood.

A SLICE OF LIFE

Cultural Opinion

by Mort Silverman



Ollie, a boyhood friend, lived upstairs in the apartment building that my family lived in. I became very close to his family and I was welcome at almost any time from morning to night. His family was steeped in culture: art, classical music, etcetera. My cultural education began there.

Ollie became a Psychiatrist. He met his wife, Astrid, who was a nurse, while he was doing his residency at San Francisco General Hospital. She had been born and raised in England.

Ollie and Astrid went to England to spend some time with her family. One evening, while they were sitting around the dinner table, Astrid's mother asked what the Oedipus Complex was all about. Ollie explained that during a stage in a male child's early life he has sexual feelings for his mother.

A brief, but very apparent silence ensued. The silence was broken by Astrid's mother, who strongly exclaimed, "NOT BRITISH CHILDREN."

MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS

Alicia Jolly

by Shirley Chambers

What an excitingly full life this lovely lady has led. But you be the judge after reading about Alicia's long journey that has brought her from her birthplace in Barranquilla, Colombia to numerous oil-producing countries, and finally to our VSR.

She married Joe Jolly, an American whose family (all musicians) had immigrated from England to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Joe and Alicia had met in Colombia where both were working for Intercol (same as Exxon here). Alicia says she did everything on that job except drive a truck.

They had five children: Joe Hart Jolly, Jennifer Ann Jolly, Consuelo Carroll, Robert Jolly, and after a seven-year gap (um!) Michael Jolly. Two of her children live in Lowell, one in Westford, one in Chicago, and one in Burbank, California. Alicia is bragging-proud of her nine grandchildren and she, like so many other residents here, moved to our Village to be near most of her children and grandchildren.

Joe worked for Chevron and Texaco most of his life and held various positions dealing with personnel, public relations, government relations, and labor contracts, usually as head honcho. This required moving his family often. They were in Maracaibo, Venezuela for ten years. After a stint in California, Joe was transferred to Libya just after Colonel Moammar al-Ghadafi took over. From there they were in Westport, Connecticut for ten years and after that Dallas. You can see that moving around the globe so

much while trying to raise five children was difficult at best for Alicia.

As a befitting way to end a brilliant career, Joe's last assignment was to Indonesia. Alicia describes their life at that time as pretty darn lush since



PHOTO: NANY DIAZ

they resided at the Hilton in a lanai and were able to entertain a lot. After that Joe retired and they moved back to Baton Rouge. Joe died there two years ago, leaving Alicia a very lonely widow.

This elegant Latin woman has a youthful demeanor. She says: "I don't like being old," and she chastises herself severely for not being able to remember names.

Alicia's interests are eclectic. For many years she has been an avid collector of silver spoons from all over the world. These are not just any spoons; they are rare forms and makers. She's quite proud at having

been able to complete two different sets of twelve each of apostles spoons. This grew from an inexpensive hobby to a rather pricey one. Alicia also has an intense interest in art and art history.

She has a most unusual collection of paintings and wall hangings (some in the form of collages), and because many were done by talented and dear friends, she cherishes the collection even more.

This elegant Latin woman has a youthful demeanor. She says: "I don't like being old," and she chastises herself severely for not being able to remember names. (Pshaw, I know people in their 20's and 30's who have that problem.) Today everything old is new again, so they claim, but that unfortunately excludes people.

One of the most treasured experiences in Alicia's life was building her own house in Colombia (she acted as the contractor). This was before she married, and it was a most unusual undertaking for a woman in those days, especially in her country.

Like the rest of us, Alicia had to dispose of numerous pieces of furniture and artifacts when she moved here. Many of the items that had to go were her mother's beloved antiques. She also had to get rid of 5000 books. Downsizing - what a bummer! I did admire several pieces of heavily carved furniture that were made especially for her in Indonesia. Happily, Alicia was able to keep these. (An aside: she and I agree that the Indonesians are a delightful people.) Our Stone Ridge Road neighbor insists she has lived a very simple life. What do you think?

Our 2nd Annual Pancake Breakfast: A Good Excuse to Meet on Sunday Mornings



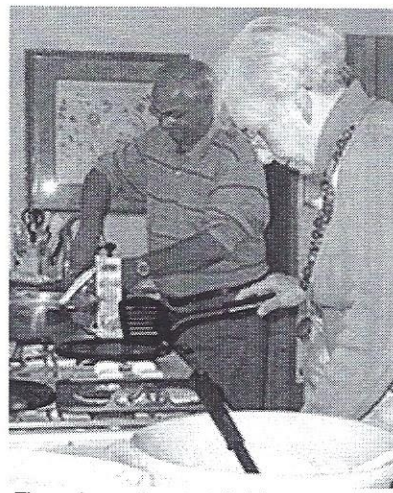
As always, thanks to our hostess Donna Hudon.



And the kitchen certainly was busy as the morning went by. Joe Pierro, our server, awaiting the arrival of more guests (Did anyone tip him?).



Linda Pierro dances along with the sound and aroma as she cooks the many pounds of bacon.



The early morning started with our volunteers, "Pancake Chefs" Lois Frampton and Gene Hudon, who did a wonderful job juggling all those pancakes.



Arriving from 2 weeks vacation in Florida, Nick and Rosalie Johnson made it just in time for the "Pancake Breakfast".



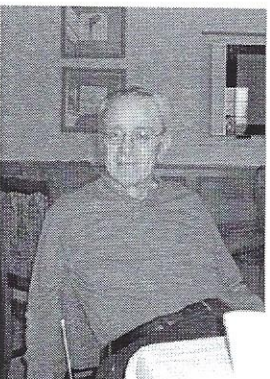
Chris and Dottie Zahos enjoying the breakfast.



Harriet Shanzer relaxing with neighbors Carol Shyavitz, Carlo and Gabriella Diprizio.



Jayne Currier on the second shift of pancake cooking.



Joel Shyavitz certainly looks very satisfied after the meal.



Judy Culver, Paul Currier and Judy Gilmartin.



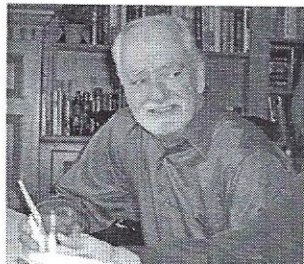
Elaine Gallant, Linda Anzivino and Rosalie Johnson.



Sisters and neighbors, Elaine Gallant and Chris Caterino.



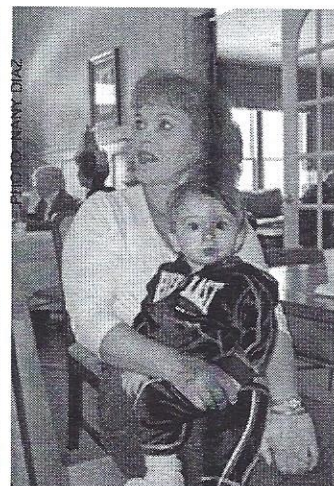
June Halio, Lois Frampton, Linda Anzivino and Len Halio.



Rick Culver



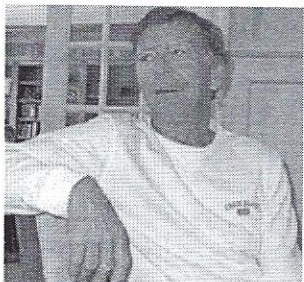
Nick Johnson and Herb Shanzer.



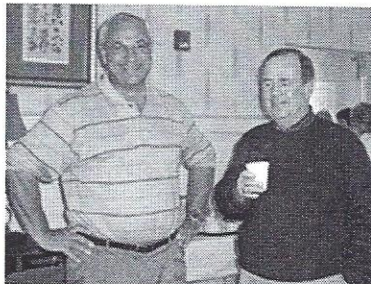
Theresa Bilodeau with her grandson.



Paula Townsend, Lucille Borrello and Shirley Chambers



Jack Bilodeau



Gene Hudon relaxing after a hectic morning with Mike Gallant.

...and thank you all for coming...



Simply Social... *By Donna Hudon*

It's good to see the sunshine more often and will be great when we turn the clocks ahead on April 3rd for those extra hours of daylight! Spring has sprung—finally?



What a marvelous attendance for our 2nd Annual Pancake Breakfast!! Thanks to Lois Frampton for those great sourdough pancakes and to Gene Hudon and Linda Pierro for their cooking skills! "Thank you" to all who contributed to make this event a success! We couldn't do it without you!

Ten ladies attended the "tea" last week at the Stonehedge Inn. Champagne cocktails, hazelnut scones and dainty sandwiches were part of the delightful menu. We are planning a "luncheon" for next month, watch for details.

On April 16th, we will be having a Wine Tasting. Joe Garibotto, owner of Fallon Liquors in Littleton, will be hosting the event. Please watch for details and sign-up sheet on the bulletin board.

The "Knit, Stitch & *Itch" group have been busy knitting "kemo caps" for the cancer patients at St. Memorial Hospital in Lowell. Anyone interested in joining the group, please contact Harriett Shanzer at 978-392-1508.

Weight Watchers has come to Stone Ridge!! Barbara West and Tink Nussbum have arranged to have 10 weeks of the very popular Weight Watchers program, held at 4:30 pm on Wednesdays at our Clubhouse. The first meeting will be on March 30th. If you would like more information, please contact Barbara West at 978-692-3262 or Tink at 978-392-4613.

Kitchen Korner Etiquette

When there is an event, please take any dishtowels home, to wash and return for the next event. If any supplies are running low or have run out, please replace or bring an "extra" (i.e. paper towels, foil, saran wrap).

Also, please discard any trash that you have from any of your events.

We will be having another "Paper Drive" in the fall. We could use more coffee and plastic cups for now, along with aluminum foil and some zip-lock freezer bags. If anyone would like to donate any of these supplies, please give me a call. Happy Spring!

Enjoy your day!

April Events Calendar

Thursday 7th – Business Meeting: 7:00 pm - 9:00 pm

Saturday 16th – Wine Tasting: 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm

Monday 18th – Board Meeting: 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm

Clubhouse Bookings

April 1, 2, 11,30; May 9, 16, 22, 29

Social Committee Meeting

Wednesday, April 6th, 7:00 pm at the Library

THE LAST WORD **A Sweet Story... Italian Cookies**

For all the Italians out there, or those who are lucky enough to be married to an Italian, or even to be friends of Italians...

An elderly Italian man lay dying in his bed. While suffering the agonies of impending death, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favorite Italian anisette sprinkled cookies wafting up the stairs.

Gathering his remaining strength, he lifted himself from the bed.

Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom and with even greater effort, gripping the railing with both hands, he stumbled downstairs. With labored breath, he leaned against the door frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven, for there, spread out upon waxed paper on the kitchen table were literally hundreds of his favorite anisette sprinkled cookies. Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted Italian wife of sixty years, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man? Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees in a crumpled posture. His parched lips parted, the wondrous taste of the cookie was already in his mouth, seemingly bringing him back to life.

The aged and withered hand trembled on its way to a cookie at the edge of the table, when it was suddenly smacked with a spatula by his wife...

"Back off!" she said, "They're for the funeral."

—Sent by Gabriella DiPrizio

TRIVIA

It is impossible to lick your elbow. (75% of you will try.)

The average number of people airborne over the U.S. at any given hour is 61,000

Intelligent people have more zinc and copper in their hair.

111,111,111 x 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987,654,321

1. What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers, and laser printers all have in common?

2. If you were to spell out numbers, how far would you have to go until you would find the letter "A"?

In the 1400's a law was set forth that a man was not allowed to beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. Hence we have "the rule of thumb"

Answers: 1. all invented by women.
2. One thousand.

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