

Karen & Jeffrey 2022



Karen's "Mews"

2022 was a year of “mews”, I mean News! One mew knee in December 2021 and then another mew knee in March, 2022. Besides having Mo (my cat) help me do my mew exercises (I had to lift my legs to step over Mo and not trip), I also had Sue, Lynne and Jeffrey being my medication and exercise coaches as I learned to walk with straight legs. I’m still amazed that I can now stand with both knees and both ankles together. I had awesome care while recuperating. I’m extremely blessed to have such good caregivers in my family. Thank you, Lynne, Sue and Jeffrey!

My first trip after my second surgery was to NC where the family attended the belated 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Shad Festival where both Mom and Dad were recognized. It was lots of fun and my mew knees served me well.

I spent May-November in Rensselaerville, Mew York (ok Mo, that’s New York) working in my garden and volunteering at the Rensselaerville Historical Society (RHS). The RHS had a mew fund raiser this year — Attic Treasures — that was very successful. Appraisers were on hand to teach about the “attic treasures” participants brought in. Many learned so much they returned with different items to be evaluated. It made me want to go exploring in our attic to find more treasures to be evaluated in 2023.

The garden had some mew additions too: dill, oregano, dwarf blue curly kale (my mew favorite kale), cilantro that grew taller than me, and three pollinator gardens added in three corners of the garden The fourth corner will be planted in 2023 – thanks Annie, for all the seeds! The garden also had mew volunteer tomato plants that i just let grow. If it happens again, I’ll have to move them since they grew in the garden walkways!

My friend Marghi came for a visit the beginning of June and we co-facilitated a virtual Ageless Grace<sup>®</sup> recertification, worked on our presentation for the Ageless Grace<sup>®</sup> Retreat in July, walked, cooked, explored, gardened and relaxed. It was a great time for both of us and we thoroughly enjoyed our coffee on the porch every morning.

In July I traveled to Hendersonville, NC to attend and present with with Marghi, at the Ageless Grace<sup>®</sup> retreat. Our presentation was based on the book *The Tiny Seed* by Eric Carle. We had a great time presenting and enjoying the other workshops until Marghi unfortunately tested positive for COVID. Then we had to quarantine. I tested positive on my return to MD and had to stay in MD an extra five days which made me miss the biggest ever MillerFest in R’ville. I was disappointed, but did not want to be a super spreader, so I stayed away. I had all the vaccines so my case was a mild one, thank goodness.

Finally returning to Rensselaerville, I had an abundance of cherry tomatoes to harvest, eat, and give away. It was a very dry summer with hardly any rain, and all the plants were delayed, but I had a good late harvest. I’ve had the best luck with the cherry tomatoes so I’ll continue with those in 2023.

We continue to have visitors stay at Candy Ladies house often, including Stringplicity, (string trio from Rochester, NY) who gave a benefit concert in our yard in honor of Mom to benefit the RHS. Although the weather was threatening, it turned out to be a fabulous evening of music, food, rainbows and glowing clouds.

In mid-November, with Jeffrey's help, I loaded up the cars, closed up the R'ville houses — Sue actually closed up Candy Ladies house (thanks, Sue)— and headed back to MD for the winter. After a few days in MD Jeffrey and I headed to New Bern for Thanksgiving. Lynne had a houseful and we all had a great time, as usual.

After Thanksgiving, it was back to MD for a week before flying to Turks and Caicos (another mew for me) for the Haseley Family and Friends reunion and to help Allan celebrate his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. It was such an amazing time and it flew by too quickly. It was great reconnecting with so many family and friends all in one place. Thanks Allan for pulling this together for all. It was a trip that holds a lifetime of memories.

After Turks, Christmas was spent in New Bern. Lynne loves having guests and is always entertaining so Jeffrey and I got a good taste of everything (people, food, Christmas, and more!)

Here's hoping your holidays were amazing and 2023 brings lots of joy and blessings to each and everyone of you.

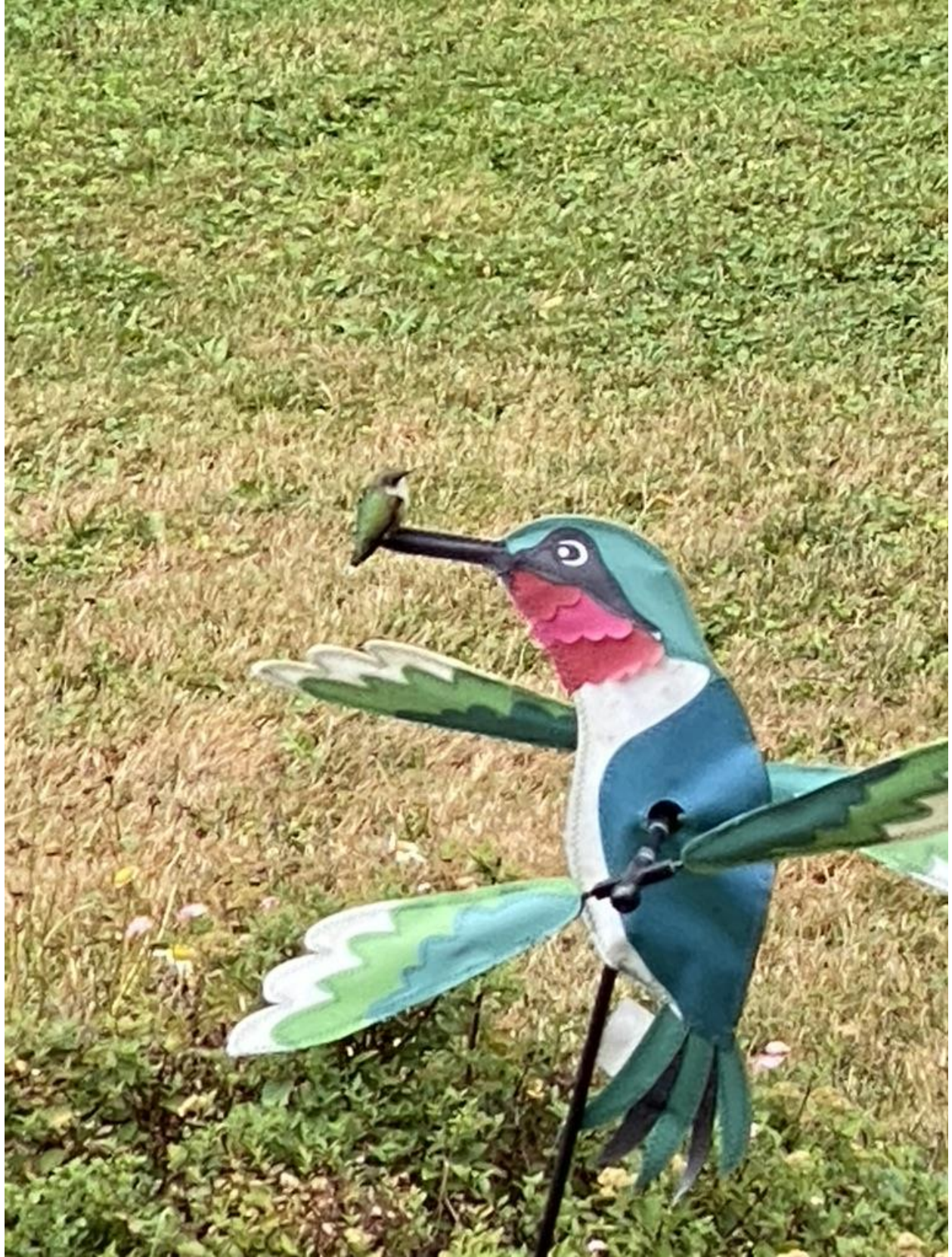
Karen and Mo Haseley

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**Jeffrey**

**A LOT TO SAY (FINALLY! AND FOR A CHANGE!)**

The two biggest events of the past 12 months were certainly helping and coaching Karen after her first replacement knee surgery (left knee operation) on December 8, 2021 and after her second replacement knee surgery (right knee operation) on March 21, 2022—all with the loving and patient care of her sisters, Sue and Lynne. And what a pure joy to see Karen walking so beautifully now after her extreme pain, hard work at physical therapy sessions and at home, and her determination to get well. (Just another reason among countless others for my pride and love for Karen.)

[The rest of this article may be pretty boring to you, so you can skip down to “So, from me, at your discretion,. . .” etc. I really don’t mind. . .MUCH!]

Except for several very happy trips to Haseley Clan households in Rensselaerville, NY, Trent Woods/New Bern, NC, and a SUPERB TRIP TO THE TURKS AND CAICOS FOR THE HASELEY FAMILY REUNION, I did not travel. But when in R’ville and TOWNB, I didn’t go far afield. Just stayed put.

But, I should add that Karen and I made a special trip to R’ville in February 2022, so that Karen could reconnoiter what was needed to open the FGL (Francis Gilmore Long) House more fully in the Spring. Much fun for Karen and me seeing R’ville and nearby Thacher State Park in winter, even though there was little snow and almost no wildlife.

In early March, Karen and I went to the Conowingo Dam and the adjoining Susquehanna River (Maryland) State Park and watched American Bald Eagles, Great Blue Herons, and other birds. We also toured the surrounding Maryland countryside, especially Havre de Grace at the mouth of the Susquehanna River and the head of the Chesapeake Bay.

Thereafter—and as a big positive note on my morale—I thoroughly enjoyed helping Karen move into and open up the FGL House and helping Karen move out of and close the FGL House (NO OUCH! NO MY BACK!) Because I had never before traveled to R’ville in Spring for the northward move and in mid-Fall for the southward move, I was fascinated by the totally different look of the locale compared to what I saw in mid-Summer.

A little more detail about the northward move in May and about me. I helped Karen and her adopted daughter, Mo, The Very Mischievous Furball, by playing the part of a moving man to settle them into the FGL house (ONCE MORE, NO OUCH! ONCE MORE, NO MY BACK!) and by being a genuine organic gardener again digging weeds and grass. (VERY OUCH! VERY MY BACK!) (I certainly griped now and then, I more certainly had fun, too, and I most certainly very badly disobeyed multiple doctors—especially my back doctors. I know I am a frequent pain-in-the-ass (and elsewhere), so the pain throughout my body was more than sufficient payback—pun intended—for my oft criticized misbehavior.)

My June trip to R’ville was especially fun, because of a few hours’ excursion to and from Schenectady, Karen, I, and our friend forever Patty attended “Van Gogh: The Immersive Experience”. This multimedia exhibit on the life and approximately 2,100 artworks of Van Gogh was and is a world touring marvel. Van

Gogh has been my favorite artist for more than 50 years, and this exhibit certainly enhanced my knowledge and appreciation of this Dutch artistic genius.

In R'ville, where it is always a joy for me to relax, relate, and recreate, my best times were helping Karen with her gardening (AGAIN, VERY OUCH! AGAIN, MY BACK!). I also had a very nice time canoeing and fishing for a morning in a nearby pond with Stuart (VERY, VERY OUCH MY BACK!) but this trip was also an excellent time for my tastebuds and stomach. Because Farmer Karen had grown enough tomatoes to keep all of Heinz Ketchup worldwide production lines busy for five seconds or so—I was a tomato-eating-machine during this mid-September trip to R'ville. (But happily, not even I could finish Karen's bounty during my visit. So I gladly hauled a bunch back to my New Carrollton, MD home, where I munched, lunched, dined, and snacked for two days.) On this same trip, Karen and I drove about 40 miles round trip to a gorgeous NY state park in the Catskill mountains, Kaaterskill Falls Trail Head, with many miles of trails (easy to extremely rough terrain—proper attired absolutely needed, which I did not have (OUCH! MY BACK!) But, the definite highlight was Kaaterskill Falls, itself, which can be viewed from many locations, especially the easily reached scenic overlook. Kaaterskill Falls and the surrounding park are simply beautiful.

At the end of October, Karen and I went to work as volunteers at the Craven County Cancer Classic golf tournament, which is held within a few hundred yards of Lynne's TWINB home. I truly enjoyed working once more as a volunteer. But it was—as always—a great time to get together with the entire Haseley Clan, its friends dating back more than 60 years, its friends of more recent times, and new friends made by socializing with the good folks at the golf tournament.

The second weekend of November, Sue and Sue's friend, Lucille, dropped out of the blue and closed the Candy Ladies' House all by their lonesomes plus lent their helping hands at FGL House. Before, during, and after these two New Hartford angels swooped in, I helped Karen close-up the FGL House, pack up her MULTITUDINOUS possessions to bring back to her Maryland home, put her organic garden to bed for the winter, drove my Subaru moving van south to Maryland, and finally unloaded my Subaru moving van and Karen's Lincoln moving van. (ONCE MORE, NO OUCH! ONCE MORE, NO MY BACK!)

In TWINB the 2021 and 2022 holidays, staying and socializing at Lynne's home again celebrating Thanksgiving (good food to eat, good friends to see, and a good family to be with) and celebrating Christmas (good food to eat, good friends to see, a good family to be with, and plenty of good presents for one and all to exchange) all continued to bring bunches of happiness to me. Contrary to almost no fishing back home, during my 2022 Thanksgiving stay at Lynne's house, I did a lot of fishing—but no catching—almost every day—sometimes alone on Lynne's new doc, but mostly with Scottie, Kim, Stuart, Tyler, Emily, and Shoji.

At my own home in New Carrollton MD, I temporarily discontinued to make small wooden boxes, filled my house with even more of the sounds of rock 'n roll and orchestral classical music, read more than 850 pages of Shakespeare's histories (small type, smaller type, and teeny tiny type), more diligently kept at my weightlifting regimen, walked only now-and-again, and avidly watched movies and shows on

science, technology, history, and current (even more very disturbing) events. Unfortunately once again, only rarely did I venture out for fishing.

One very special thing happened to me. On November 16, 2022, a U.S. copyright was issued to me for my prayer/poem “Jeffrey’s Variations on Jeffrey’s Prayer”. (FYI, on March 2, 2021, a U.S. copyright was issued to me for my prayer/poem “Jeffrey’s Prayer”, which was very special for me, too.)

In December 2022, Karen, I, and about 60 other Haseley Clan persons were treated to a trip to Turks and Caicos Islands for the Haseley Family reunion, coinciding with Allan’s 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. This was definitely the third biggest event for me in the past 12 months or so. EVERY SINGLE EVENT, MEAL, GET TOGETHER, WHATEVER WITH THE HASELEY CLAN (= FAMILY, EXTENDED FAMILY, FRIENDS, GOING BACK TO THE 1950s) WAS A BLAST! AND THE BIGGEST BLAST WAS THE BANQUET ON THE BEACH! This was my first trip outside of the United States in more than 40 years, and certainly the most luxurious since we were all housed, fed, entertained, pampered, and spoiled rotten at the Providenciales Beaches Resort. And all this luxury was supercharged by the turquoise waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the gorgeous 80-or-so degree weather. I NOT ONLY FELT FORTUNATE, LUCKY, AND BLESSED TO BE THERE, BUT ALSO FORTUNATE, LUCKY, AND BLESSED TO KNOW AND TO BE A PART OF THE HASELEY CLAN.

That’s it. Simply making the best of everything was all I did.

If you, the reader, has read any of the above and been bored, at least now you can’t say that I didn’t warn you in advance.

So, from me, at your discretion, a pain-in-the-neck, a pain-in-the-back, a pain-in-the-ass, and/or a pain-in-the-elsewhere—just choose the description(s) that you think are appropriate—to each of you,

Love and Friendship,

Jeffrey Dulberg, The Big Kid (TBK)









