Fast Times on the Rivers

Back when email was in its early stages and there was no Facebook, a group of neighbors banded together to Watchdog developments on Totuskey Creek. The purpose was to protect our property values and prevent certain industry from developing on the creek. It worked and eventually the email group trickled down to nothing.

While I was not a dues paying member of the group, I was lucky enough to be on the email list. When I designed and built my house—it was the second house I built, the first one was built two years earlier in Illinois—I failed to do all my homework. We had natural gas in Illinois, heat pumps were a foreign item to me.

I soon learned that the heat pump was not warm, nor was it affordable when the temps dropped below freezing. So, I bought a wood stove. I found someone to deliver wood and learned to haul it from the wood pile to the front porch. The guy who delivered the wood stacked part of it on the porch. I managed the refills. Then I injured my knee and was unable to carry it up the three steps on to the porch. Remember that list? One day I asked if there was anyone who could help me out.

A lady answered, said she had girls, and she thought they ought to learn to do this sort of thing. So they’d come over, we’d load the wood on the back of my Suburban’s tailgate, I’d drive it to the porch, they unloaded and stacked. In the spring any leftover wood was stacked back on the wood pile for the next year. Eventually I installed a propane furnace for back up heat. But the wood stove remained in use when we had power outages. Twice a year, fall and spring, the girls loaded and unloaded wood on to and off the porch. After Irene last year, I added a whole house generator and sold the wood stove.

I installed a small fish pond, complete with pumps and filters. And I have concrete dog runs. Again, the girls would help out regularly, cleaning the runs, hosing them down; they cleaned the fish pond pumps and filters; helped to cover the fish pond in the fall, and uncover in the spring; shoveled snow in the dog runs; in summer they cleaned and filled the doggy swimming pool, and in the spring they brought it out of the basement and in the fall returned it there.

Their mom and I became friends and would have tea or coffee while the girls did the odd jobs. She has a house key and takes care of my animals if I have to be away too long. She and her husband have been there for me in animal and medical emergencies—and once when a young snake came indoors in the fall with my houseplants.

As the girls grew older and were able to drive, they’d sometimes come without mom. I’d hear about their proms, and have enjoyed watching them mature into young women. Two of the girls have graduated from high school. I usually give a money as a gift.

A lady who delivered wood said she had some that I could have. And in the fall a lady who delivered wood, wanted me to have her wood. I was stunned! What a unique note! No one has ever thanked me for doing this sort of thing. So they’d come over, we’d load the wood on the back of my Suburban’s tailgate, I’d drive it to the porch, they unloaded and stacked.

Letters to the editor are welcome. The editor reserves the right to edit all submissions for clarity, lousy spelling or any other reason that strikes her fancy. Chesapeake Style is a free circulation magazine published eight times a year by Chesapeake Bay Marketing. To have it delivered for one year, please send your name, mailing address and a check or money order, for $24 for postage and handling, to the address below.

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Ships Sail Again!

Maritime traditions, the brotherhood of the sea, and naval history were alive and well in Virginia waters as the “Tall Ships” sailed into Norfolk recently in OpSail 2012’s Bicentennial Commemoration of the War of 1812 and Writing of the Star-Spangled Banner. Twenty-two of the historic ships, accompanied by U.S. Navy and Coast Guard vessels, a British submarine, Canadian ships and hundreds of small craft from throughout the area rendezvoused in Hampton Roads to participate in the celebration.

A flotilla from the Yankee Point Racing and Cruising Club in Lancaster joined the Tall Ship Escort Fleet under its Commander Tim Leighton for review by the USS Wasp and Official Parade of Sail procession into Norfolk Harbor. “It was the sailing experience of a lifetime—almost like traveling back in time,” said YPRCC Fleet Captain Warren Hottle who noted that travel by sea had been bringing the world closer together for centuries.

Operation Sail is a national non-profit organization officially dedicated to sail training and promoting goodwill among nations. The organization does this in a number of ways through partners, programs, agreements and diplomatic avenues, but most visibly through initiating and participating in special and historic events that bring people and nations together.

In addition to tall ships from Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Florida, Michigan, Maine, and New Jersey, this year’s celebration included vessels from the Cook Islands, Bermuda, Germany, Norway, Mexico, Ecuador, Indonesia, Denmark, Brazil, Colombia, Spain, England and Canada.

Since its inception, OpSail has played a major educational and entertainment role in the New York World’s Fair in 1964; the Bicentennial Celebration hailed as the “greatest birthday party in the world” in 1976; the Centenary Celebration of the Statue of Liberty with a fireworks spectacular illuminating the entire fleet and billed as the largest pyrotechnic display in American history in 1986; a tribute to the Age of Discovery in 1992; Coming of the New Millennium—the largest peacetime assembling of naval and training ships to date—in 2000; and the current celebration commemorating the War of 1812 and Writing of the Star-Spangled Banner.

From Norfolk and Baltimore the tall ships sail to celebrations in New York, Boston and New London, Connecticut. For more information, go to OpSail2012.com. Ellen Dugan photos edugan@chesapeakestyle.com
By Susan Grandpre

RuthE Forrest, owner and operator of Spa 2 U, has worked in the health profession for many years. She believes that focusing on preventative maintenance is essential for the health and well being of all people and this idea is a primary theme for her Spa 2 U practice.

After relocating to Reedville from Baltimore approximately eight years ago, RuthE launched her current business, Spa 2 U. She has a Bachelor of Arts in Movement Therapy and while still living in Baltimore she worked with dementia patients in long term care facilities. For her, studying movement therapy was a way for her to integrate her years as a dancer with her interest in psychology.

Movement Therapy is a discipline that combines psychology, emotions and movement together. RuthE comments that movement therapy is “science of body language”. She explains that certain movements indicate certain emotions and that people with dementia or who have severe handicaps express emotion through their movements.

After becoming nationally certified in massage therapy, RuthE decided to refocus her career once she moved to Reedville. She studied the teachings of Edgar Casey, the father of holistic medicine, and she wanted to establish Spa 2 U so that she could help people remain healthy as long as possible. She believes it is important for people to understand that mind, body and spirit all work together and impact a person’s overall health.

After working for many years with people who were already ill, RuthE wanted to focus on healthy people and help them live pain-free and healthy lives. With her focus on overall health, she incorporates many facets in the treatment of her clients including a focus on nutrition, massage therapy and acupressure.

Massage therapy is something that she believes is for everyone and she hopes to get that message across. Her clients include men and women, young and old, healthy and those struggling with their health. She knows from experience that massage therapy has benefits for all people. RuthE stresses that touch is an integral part in the overall health picture and makes a difference in our lives. Through Spa 2 U, she provides patients the opportunity to focus on their health and to improve their lives or maintain their optimum health.

Most of RuthE’s clients find out about her through her Chesapeake Style column, ad, referrals from friends, family or other health professionals. Many find their way by word of mouth. She has many regular and on-going clients who she sees on a weekly or monthly basis. She also meets with clients on a less regular basis as well. “It really depends on the patients’ needs and goals in establishing a health plan for them,” she says.

When a new patient comes to RuthE, she meets with them to discuss their overall health situation. This initial intake interview allows for a discussion to determine the specific needs and goals of the patient. She also establishes if the client is in pain, if the person has an injury and, ultimately, if she can help them. Everyone is different and they require a different course of action based on their individual needs.

“Every therapist has their own style and it is important for people to find someone that are comfortable with in order to have success,” stresses RuthE. She thinks it is exciting to work in an industry where western practices and eastern principles have fused and where she is seeing improved health in individuals as a result.

RuthE is one of those rare individuals who feels that she is “doing exactly what she is meant to do, in the exact place where she is meant to do it”. She has traveled to many different places and knows the Northern Neck is where she belongs and working to help people is exactly what she should be doing with her life.

RuthE sees people by appointment and encourages those interested to call 453-5367 to arrange for a meeting. RuthE keeps an office at 25 Augusta Street, in Kilmarnock, where she works two days a week. Her mobile office in Warsaw and is in Time Square shopping center. She usually makes her house calls on Thursdays. She accepts house calls in a large territory extending to areas like Port Royal and Montross.

sgrandpre@chesapeakestyle.com
Spotlight on People in Style

By Ellen Dugan

If you lived in North Korea and were born on July 8, you would have to wait until July 9 to celebrate your birthday. This is because their former leader’s father, Kim Il-sung, died on July 8, 1994, and it is against the law to trump the anniversary of his death with your own happiness. However, if you wanted to, you could officially change your birthday.

In this country we can’t change our actual date of birth but we are free to celebrate it on the correct day. So, this month we asked: What is your most memorable birthday?

For Marie Marsden of Saluda who is retired from Rappahannock Community College where she was a counselor and taught psychology, memorable birthdays include the year she graduated from high school and got her first car. “I guess everyone remembers this,” says Marie, “but it was very special to me.” Another birthday she remembers with fondness is when she joined the faculty at RCC. “I was so happy to get this job,” she remembers, “and I stayed.” Marie has also done counseling at Hanesville prison.

Michael Kuhnert was totally surprised on April 23, 1989 in Bermuda. “At that time I was still sailing long distance and about ready to deliver a boat from Bermuda to South Africa,” says Michael. He was surrounded by “a great collection of friends,” two British, one from the States, some from Bermuda and several South Africans. Since it was Michael’s birthday, they began singing and then presented him with a one-of-a-kind yellow and turquoise cream cake, colored and shaped like his own racing trimaran, Ayr Express. “It was a great party,” he laughs.

Michael now lives in Topping where he started Bay Aviation, which is a flight school and also specializes in Warbird rides and sight-seeing flights. Sherry Gregory who is the pleasant and helpful sales manager of Office Supply of the Northern Neck in Kilmarnock, is a very young-looking mother of three and grandmother of ten. She is from Weems and has lived there all of her life (so far). As a Jehovah’s Witness Sherry acknowledges birthdays per the tenants of her Faith, but “we don’t celebrate them,” she says modestly. “This is because there are only two birthdays mentioned in the Bible; one was John the Baptist, who was beheaded, and the other was the chief of the Bakers who was hung,” she explains.

Like so many things in life, often special memories are bittersweet. Such is the case with Becky Bigger’s most memorable birthday. Becky, who lives in Hartfield (between Saluda and Deltaville), is the quietly efficient waitress at the Pilot House in Topping who’s been getting your order right, no matter how many times you change it or make a substitution, for the last 36 years. Her birthday memory is forever tied to her daughter Ruth. “My birthday was the day after she was killed in a car accident,” said Becky. That was six years ago on December 27th. Becky thinks of Ruth often, but remembers her especially during her birthday.

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Dolls, dogs and divine antiques—Gail Griffith collects them all, but only two of the categories are sold at The General Store; Tiny Tim the Yorkie is definitely not for sale!

Located in Burgess, The General Store offers antiques and collectibles of all sorts. Seven vendors, a diverse range of items. The dealers’ diversity means that customers can find anything from flow blue china to 19th century rose medallion export porcelain, from primitive Early American pie safes and farm tables to elegant formal highboys and sofas, as well as dolls, oyster plates, sterling, linens, quilts, jewelry, nautical motif items, lamps, pictures, wall hangings, mirrors and more.

“We always have some new and wonderful old item,” Gail said, “something out of the ordinary, like a farm wagon inside the shop or a sleigh out front.” And most days, Timmy is also there to interact happily with customers in the most engaging doggy way.

Gail has been a collector and purveyor of antiques and vintage items for most of her adult life. Originally, she and her husband went to auctions for used tools Jerry could use. Gail’s first purchase was a primitive pie safe she spent months carefully restoring to its original state. The two of them collected coins, dolls and other items, learning how to recognize the quality and age of items. When the building business slowed in the ’70’s, they went to an auction house and rented space, selling some of their collection. From there being antique dealers just grew.

Gail started a small mall in Fredericksburg, renting spaces to other dealers. Jerry refinished furniture that had been damaged—He still does that, and also builds beautiful farm tables from salvaged antique wood. Gail read everything she could get her hands on, teaching herself about furniture, china, glassware, silver and other antiques.

Since those days, Gail has also had a crafts business and opened her first General Store in the building next to the current shop. There she sold antiques and gifts, while in the back operating a craft workshop making Noah’s Arks, Santas, and other items that she sold at wholesale shows.

When Gail’s dad became ill at the same time she took on the responsibility of raising a teenaged granddaughter, keeping a store became too much, so she moved her antiques to an area antiques mall and began doing appraisals and estate sales.

Eventually, family obligations lessened, and while driving down Route 200 one night, “I saw the current space for rent. It just seemed meant to be, so I went home and talked to Jerry. Then we talked to the owner, and I was back in the antiques business full time,” said Gail.

As part of The General Store’s services, Gail does both insurance and estate—or “real value”—appraisals. This process usually starts with a visit to see and to take copious photos of the various items. “Then I go to work,” Gail explained. “I do hours of research both online and in books to find items that match the ones I’m appraising. Then I consider condition and rarity before writing up the appraisal document.”

Gail has also run estate sales.

Gail’s Santas have been coveted treasures around the Northern Neck and Middle Peninsula, as well as further afield. “I fell in love with the German Belsnickel Christmas gift-giving figures,” she said, “but they retail for around $1000, which I wasn’t about to pay, so I decided I could make one for myself.” And so she set to work. “After destroying my kitchen with fur, fabric, lambs wool and papier mache, I came up with a realistically antique-looking Santa.” Gail took her Santas to a Wholesale Market where, among other customers ordering the figures, were the American Museum of Folk Art in New York City and the Eddie Bauer Christmas Catalog. Customers from Australia to Canada purchased them for retail shops and museum gift shops. That year she made so many Santas she decided to limit herself to local sales from then on.

Even today Gail occasionally makes Santas, which may be seen at The General Store’s Christmas Open House each November.

The General Store is at 684A Jessie Dupont Highway, Route 200, in Burgess and is open Tuesday through Saturday. Summer hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Winter hours are 10-4. Phone 804-453-3066 or visit the website at www.thegeneralstoreantiques.com for more information.

Mari Bonomi photos.
Bret Hanover~Legendary Pacer

By Paula Shipman

Tattoo number 2094B9 belongs to the late Pacing Triple Crown winner Bret Hanover. May 19, 1962, Bret Hanover ($922,616) was born at Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania. Bret is out of a Tar Heel ($119,148) mare named Brenna Hanover ($21,946) and sired by the Multiple World Champion Standardbred stallion Adios ($33,329). I visited the grave of Brenna Hanover when I visited Hanover Shoe Farms this year.

Bret was undefeated in his first 35 career starts, he was a naturally talented pacer. During his entire racing career he had 68 starts with 62 wins and was second five times with one third. Bret was also the first two-year old Standardbred to be named USTA’s Horse of the Year and he is the only horse to have won that title three years in a row from 1964 thru 1966.

Bret Hanover tasted defeat from only three other pacers in his career. Cardigan Bay ($1,000,837) whom Bret would later beat in the Revenge Pace at Yonkers racetrack became the first Standardbred to win a million dollars in North America and appeared on the Ed Sullivan show with his trainer/driver Stanley Dancer. Adios Vic ($455,896) who was also Bret’s half brother and True Duane ($366,050). Bret set two World Records winning both heats of The Little Brown Jug in 1965. The first heat went in 1:57 and the second heat went in 1:57.2 never had a horse paced faster. He bested Rival Time ($303,449) and his nemesis Adios Vic, Skipper Gene ($136,587) and Tuxedo Hanover ($170,590) among others in The Little Brown Jug.

Bret Hanover is one of only ten Pacers to win the Pacing Triple Crown since it was created in 1956. Adios Butler ($509,875) who is a half brother to Bret was the first to win the crown in 1959 and No Pan Intended ($1,581,735) was the last to win the title in 2003.

As a two year old Bret spooked at The Red Mile racetrack when a band that was playing struck a cord suddenly. He reared and flipped over backwards on top of his trainer/driver Frank Ervin sending Frank to the hospital with broken ribs, a tear in his kidney and other injuries, Bret was unharmed.

Bret was a big fan of Starlight Mints made by the Brach Candy Company and Bret’s fans would always make sure he had plenty mints to eat. He was nicknamed The Peppermint Kid and Frank Ervin lovingly called him The Big Bum. There is also a book written about Bret titled Bret Hanover, The Big Bum. Bret also seemed to favor eating the flowers presented to him in the winners circle and he hammed it up for the cameras and his fans as he would customarily bow to them after his races.

When Bret Hanover retired in 1967 he was the fastest and richest Standardbred of all time. Bret was bought by Castleton Farms for stud duty in Lexington Kentucky for an unheard of price of $1 million. His offspring had combined earnings of $64,380,702.

Bret died on November 1, 1992 at 30 years of age. Bret was originally buried at Castleton but was later moved to The Kentucky Horse Park accompanied by a statue of his likeness.

Bret Hanover forever changed the sport of Harness Racing.

Bret Hanover is Bret with trainer/driver Frank Ervin in the bike. Bret Hanover Farm, Bret in his later years as a stud at Castleton Farm.

The mission of the Unwanted Horse Coalition is to reduce the number of unwanted horses and to improve their welfare through education and the efforts of organizations committed to the health, safety, and responsible care and disposition of these horses.

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Conquer the Unconquerable

By Joey Stinchcomb

There is a man sitting on a park bench reading a newspaper, and he is trying to keep his mind off everything. He is trying to focus on the newspaper, the sky, or really anything else. If he did not keep his mind occupied, his mind would wander to the past, the place where misery and never-to-be-forgotten happiness that he will likely never experience again lies. The past promises regret; it promises pain that leads to an undeniable self-hatred that plummets him into a profound depression he cannot release himself from. Distraction is his only salvation. He has to keep his mind occupied or his life, his mind will shatter. His story lies in the few lines ahead.

Rob was a happily married man with a gloriously beautiful wife and a baby on the way. Rob and Rebecca had been married for a year now, and they were expecting their first child. They could not be more thrilled. Even though, they had bought a house after their marriage and were struggling slightly to pay off the bills. Rob was stressed to provide for his wife, and their soon-to-be-their baby on the way. Rob was a real estate agent, and he also had a job as a photographer on the side. His dream had always been to be a photographer, but that would never pay off the seemingly insurmountable stack of bills they had accumulated. So for now he was a mediocre real estate agent who, on the weekends and on some weeknights, took pictures of birds, houses, and any other assignments the local newspaper had available.

Rebecca was a columnist at that same local paper her husband often did freelance photography for. That is also where the happy couple met; that is where two, well three including the baby’s, lives were altered forevermore. Rob and Rebecca settled on Emily if the child was a girl and Jack if the child was a boy. Rob’s father had died on two months prior, and he was named Jack. Rebecca had already been seven months along at that time, and just before Jack died he had prepared a room for the child. Jack was a handyman, and he painted the room a variety of oranges, greens, and yellows. For no matter the sex of the child, the room would still be impeccably and masterfully done. Rob had been very close to his father and Jack’s death took a massive toll on Rob’s emotional and mental health. Nonetheless, through Rebecca’s warmth and benevolence, also due to the ecstatic bliss of his wife’s pregnancy, Rob was able to overpower his rampant emotions.

Rebecca had been on an emotional roller coaster for months, mainly because of the hormones thrust upon her by her pregnancy. Rebecca had to console Robert after his father’s death, which brought up her own brother’s death which occurred only a year ago, deal with the changes her body was experiencing, and worrying about the economic dilemmas her family was undergoing. Her pregnancy seemed almost bittersweet due to all of the hardships. The real estate business took one of the hardest hits during the recession, and Rob was never a very astounding real estate agent to begin with. Rebecca was due any day now and both she and Rob were incredibly anxious about the whole ordeal.

The day was Saturday November 5th and the time was 5:11 p.m. when Rebecca went into labor. Rob rushed Rebecca to the hospital at an overwhelmingly fast pace. Rebecca’s pupils were huge and black; she was frightened, nearly irreversibly so. Something did not feel natural. The whole experience seemed frantic but perhaps also remote and distant as well. The experience felt like it was not truly happening to Rebecca—it felt like an out of body experience. Rebecca was taken away before Rob even got to say, “Good luck” or “I’ll see you in a few minutes, honey.” Rob was ready to support Rebecca all the way. Yet, the doctors stole her away before Rob even knew what was going on. Rebecca had been gone for more than forty-five minutes, and Rob was starting to become uneasy. He then questioned the nurse about his wife’s whereabouts, but the nurse simply kept saying that when she found something out she would let Rob know. Then a pale-looking, stone-faced doctor came to speak with Rob. Rob quickly asked, “May I see her now? Is she ready to deliver…is everything alright?” The doctor hesitated and just breathed. “Your wife…the baby was under something called fetal distress; the child had a slow heart beat. So we needed to do a C-section in order to better insure the baby’s health. But…your wife was losing blood too quickly. Rebecca then got a blood clot in her leg, and I’m sorry Mr. Williams your wife did not make it. And your son’s heart failed. We attempted to revive him, but nothing could be done.” Shock and utter dismay jumped across Rob’s features. First it hit his eyes; they grew very wide at first and then shrunk to despairing slits. Soon after his initial panicky eyes, his mouth sank with his jaw, and he swallowed one of those once-in-a-lifetime, heart-wrenching swallows that he had never had the misfortune of experiencing, not even when his father died. Rob then tilted his head to the floor, setting his eyes on the dreary, white hospital tiles. The tiles she just walked on not even an hour ago. Rob’s knees sank under the pressure of his body, his vision distorted from the commotion, and his hands, his baby-smooth hands gripped his straw-like hair and pulled at it. He covered his eyes with those same hands, and he wept on that bleak, somber floor.

Two years, two lengthy melancholy years: that is how long it took Rob to yank his life back from the edge of unbearable torment. Rob woke up one day with the realization that wallowing in self-pity is never going to bring anyone back. He might never be happy again, but this would never help him ameliorate. Life would seldom improve; he would simply plummets farther down into the depths of agony, to the depths of certain misery. So he would go out and find a new job in an attempt to redeem his worthless existence. He could not think in his house; his house that reminded him so acutely of his wife, his son. The day was bright and lovely, so he went to one of her favorite places: central park. He bought a newspaper on the way, so that he could find a job in the Classifieds. Rob sat down on a park bench and searched for a while. Then he saw it, someone was looking for a wedding photographer. He felt a cooling breeze wash over him; he knew that was his new job: his dream job. And so life went on. Not a day passed by when he did not think of Rebecca or little Jack, but he knew that somehow, someway his life would continue. He had conquered the unconquerable: the pain of the death of a most beloved family.
Did your Crab Cake Pass Through Customs?

By Rocky Denson

Imagine that you live outside of the Chesapeake Bay Region and have planned a family vacation in the area. Your research has found that the Bay has a deep and rich seafood heritage established in the early years of our great country. The Bay’s bounty was specifically noted by Captain John Smith during his exploration and mapping of this beautiful area.

It’s summer and the Blue Crab season is in full swing. Crab Cakes, Crab Norfolk, and Deviled Crab are on menus at almost every eating establishment. You arrive at a well-known Northern Neck eatery, and can’t hide the excitement of enjoying your first Crab Cake in the region that made them famous. Your entrée arrives to your table golden brown and accompanied by local sweet corn, homemade slaw and sweet tea.

It was a delicious meal and all is right with the world as your vacation begins. You let your server know that the meal exceeded your expectations. He or she advises you that they receive that response on a regular basis, and that the imported and pasteurized crab meat that made up their Crab Cakes came from the “Blue Swimming Crab” that is native to Indonesia and other counties of Southeast Asia. As a matter of fact, your server states, “you can hardly tell the difference unless you have a very discerning palate”.

You have traveled many miles only to find that the Crab Cakes you have read about and seen on TV have been made with crab meat that is not native to this area, or even this continent. Is this a fictitious scenario? Not at all, with the exception that there is a good chance that your server is not going volunteer the origins of your crab meat.

Imported and Pasteurized Blue Swimming Crab (Portunus pelagicus) can be found as a main ingredient in crab dishes locally and nationally. It is regularly used as a substitute for the “Beautiful Swimmer” that we all know as the Chesapeake Bay Blue Crab (Callinectes sapidus). What’s the difference between the two? The immediate answer is that they are two different types of crab. One hails from Southeast Asia, the other can be found here in the Chesapeake Bay. They are similar in appearance, but you will be hard pressed to find our local waterman catching Blue Swimming Crabs in the waters in the Land of Pleasant Living.

Don’t be shy when ordering a crab dish whether on vacation or when you go to your favorite restaurant. My suggestion would be to ask two questions of your server. Is the crab meat fresh and local? If so, does my meal contain 100% fresh and local Blue Crab meat that has not been blended with imported crab meat? If your server cannot answer the question, ask for the manager. One of the best articles that I have read concerning the difference between these two types of crab was published recently in the Washington Post Style section. The attached link will provide some valuable information, including the results of a taste test that was conducted last year at the Maryland State Fair.

www.washingtonpost.com/lifestyle/food/cracking-the-code-on-crabmeat/2012/07/02/glQA3IAHLW_story.html

Editor’s note: Captain Faunce Seafood Inc sells only Chesapeake Bay Blue Crabs and crabmeat.

Rocky Denson and his wife, Blaire, own Denson’s Grocery in Colonial Beach and they serve and sell only fresh seafood, including Capt. Faunce’s Seafood.

Top left, Chesapeake Bay crab (Janice Vogel photo); Swimming Blue Crab from SE Asia.
Right now a little rain and cooler temperatures will make gardening easier for everyone. Also, the right tools can make gardening more effortless and efficient for both women and men. Naturally, besides the tools, first and foremost is the condition of the soil. When the soil is very poor with clay in some areas and sand in others adding compost will make your soil healthier over the long run.

Moving on to the tools, we can start by considering a pair of gloves to protect your hands from thorns, poison plants and insects. I have two pairs; one is thick and one thin. If I am in a hurry and forget my gloves, I am always sorry. However like many gardeners I enjoy getting my hands in the soil. Some of my favorite tools are a weeder. If you try to pull weeds from dry soil you’ll snap off only the tops and then battle them again when they sprout with the first bit of moisture. If you must weed now, use a weeding tool shown in the photo. You can get down under the plant and dig up the roots. A trowel is useful for transplanting and digging small holes. The hoe belonged to my Dad and was sharpened in an oval shape to really get at the weeds and loosen the soil. Finally the last tool among my favorite hand tools is a mattock/pick that I consider the perfect tool for digging in difficult soil and weeding out the deep-rooted plants. This mattock/pick is small, light weight and easy to handle.

For bigger jobs like cutting a lawn we use a Neuton Rechargeable Battery Powered mower. It has a safety slide and squeeze start and it is light and easy to use. Battery-powered mowers are quiet and clean with no emissions, cost only 10 cents to charge and require no maintenance. We run ours for 45 minutes on one charge. Not only does it cut grass, but it edges too. We have an extra battery in case we want to cut for double the time.

A Mantis Tiller/Cultivator is a preferred garden tool for digging holes, working compost into garden soil, weeding and general cultivating. It is electric so there is no problem with starting it or adding messy gas or oil. A book you may enjoy is How To Cheat At Gardening And Yard Work, By Jeff Bredenberg.
By Spike Knuth

By August and September, most birds have or are completing nesting and rearing of their young. But one colorful little bird is still in the middle of their reproductive duties. While some may begin nesting as early as late-June, most of them nest in July and August; raising young into early September.

To many people, the goldfinch is known as the wild canary because of its resemblance to the caged birds, but it is also known as thistle bird, catnip bird, lettuce bird, yellow bird, or sunbird. The summer male is a bright lemon yellow with a black cap that resembles a hat tipped jauntily forward on its forehead. Its relatively long, pointed wings are black with two white wing bars, and white-edged secondary feathers. Its forked tail is also black with white edgings. Females and young are olive-brown above with yellowish-olive under parts and blackish wings and tails. Come winter, the male will look similar, except with more grayish under parts.

During the winter, goldfinch will flock up often with other finches and sparrows. In late March, April, and early May, they gather together with their own kind feeding in the tops of large elms, oaks and maples, on buds of flowers and fruit sets. At this time you will hear the constant noisy chattering or twittering, along with the common “swee,” notes that have an upward or “questioning” inflection on the end.

They also they utter a call described as “per-chick-o-ree” as they fly with an undulating or roller coaster-like flight style. Even while feeding in a field or flower bed, they exhibit the fluttery up and down motion; almost butterfly-like. They spend most of the spring and early summer carefree and just seeming to be enjoying life.

After a short courtship period in late-June, the female begins building a compact, cup-shaped nest while the male follows her around. The nest is built of grasses, plant fibers, and lined with fine grass and plant down from thistle, milkweed or other soft material. Usually it is placed in the fork of a small tree or shrub from three to 20 feet off the ground. It is built so compact that it is said that it can hold water for a time.

Three to six pale blue eggs are laid and incubation takes 12-14 days. While sitting, the female is fed mostly by the male. Once hatched, both parent birds feed the young. The rearing of the young is timed perfectly with the production of great varieties and abundance of plant seeds. They are fed a partially digested, regurgitated mixture of these seeds as well as some insects. In about two more weeks the young will fledge and leave the nest.

Goldfinches are mainly birds of the fields and flowery meadows that contain scattered trees and bushes. Here they feed on the seeds of goldenrod, ragweed, millet, asters and the various sunflowers. In the yards and gardens, they eat the seeds of dandelion—in spring—zinnias, coreopsis, salvia, coneflowers, garden crops gone to seed, such as lettuce and radish, and herbs such as catnip and coriander. Here you’ll see them swinging and swaying on branches fluttering to maintain their balance. They’ll even grab mouthfuls from the disk of a sunflower before its formed seeds. They also eat certain smaller insects.

They will also come to backyard feeders all year round. Black oilseed sunflower seed and niger (thistle) seed are among their favorites. A tube type feeder with thistle seed will attract them all summer long as well as in winter.

Original artwork by Spike Knuth
In all the hustle and bustle of our lives, we were finally granted a vacation. However, it was just in time for the electricity to go out and the temperatures to reach record highs. Still we were able to relax in the Northern Neck; our favorite place to be. It was hot, but we used our time valuably. During our time off, we shared our air conditioning and Northern Neck lifestyle with dear friends who were without electrical power. We fished early and in the evening, visited with friends, went to the pool and enjoyed more company for dinner.

Some of our time was spent with Travis fishing from the dock in the shade. He showed me more kinds of fish than I knew were there. In a couple of hours he caught five different kinds of fish and crabs too. As hot as it was, he could have fished all day, enjoying every minute. I thought about how much I had treasured these moments as we laughed together pulling in fish and wondering what kind we would pull in next.

These times were even more valuable as we enjoyed these moments more than sitting in front of the TV set or video game screen. It amazes me how much Travis enjoys fishing and how much he knows about it. We will continue to soak up these outdoor times between now and when football starts. This all reminds us how grateful we are to enjoy the great outdoors, what it has to offer and we are thankful that our kids treasure these times as much as we do.

There is such a variety available in our area this time of year on the water. The variety includes stripers (in nearby Maryland and Potomac River waters), puppy drum, spot, croaker, blues, Spanish mackerel, flounder and kingfish. Travis has particularly enjoyed catching flounder, puppy drum and kingfish. One day he showed off with a double header, one kingfish and one spot.

Early morning drift fishing with fish bites and night crawlers has brought us great success. We prefer to drift across inshore drop offs with top and bottom rigs. We love to have our own family fishing tournaments; however, Travis was winning before we had time to set it up. We also have had great success using strips of cut spot or squid for flounder drifted across the shallow drop offs.

Bluefish can be caught chumming or trolling with small spoons, surgical hose/eel lures or bucktails and Spanish mackerel will take many of the same trolled baits, often at a faster speed. Watch for signs of moving fish and birds working bait. Try spoons in chrome, gold, red, orange, chartreuse or white. Tube lures come in green, orange, red or chartreuse colors. Use Monofilament leader in 30 to 40 pound test.

Spanish mackerel are usually caught at faster trolling speeds than bluefish. When using trolling weights, try various sizes from four to ten ounce sizes and a heavy duty snap swivel for flexibility. If planers are preferred, rig them in number one or number two sizes. When fishing for Striped Bass (rockfish) in Maryland or tidal Potomac River waters, anglers should try using tandem rigged bucktails. Keep your eyes open for breaking rockfish and try casting, jigging or trolling. Another option is to chum for blues or rockfish. Anchor up along areas including the Northern Neck Fish Reef, the Asphalt Pile, the Middlegrounds or the rock pile areas east of Point Lookout. Create a chum slick behind your anchored boat with ground menhaden. Use light spinning tackle and light monofilament leader, but compensate with higher pound test for the toothy blues. Avoid using terminal tackle while chumming to prevent spooking the fish. If needed, try small pinch weights, a few feet from the hook.

Make the most of the summer months by taking some youngsters on a fishing trip. You may end up with a lifelong angling partner.
Elwood Tignor—Owner, Breeder, Trainer, Driver

By Paula Shipman

For the majority of his life Elwood Tignor has been involved in Harness Racing in some form or another. His father John Tignor owned and bred Standardbreds when Elwood was a young boy and still does. But for the past 20 years Elwood has been holding the lines all on his own.

The first Standardbred race horse he owned on his own was Jamie Mike ($72,419) whom he named after his son. Jamie Mike was a good horse but was routinely beaten by his adversary on the racetrack, Crew Cut Zach ($1,006,055).

Elwood has owned or co-owned several good Standardbreds over the years. His best horse was out of his father's brood mare, Pershing Angela ($90,457), a gelding named Not Alone ($85,970). Not Alone had 56 career starts (five of those being qualifying starts) with 11 wins, nine second place and 3 third place finishes and has a record as a 3 year old pacing a mile in 1:55 flat.

Classy Deal ($47,117) was his fastest horse when he paced a mile as a 3 year old in 1:51.2. Classy Deal also beat the former, local Richmond County Pacer, Cool Flying Fun ($627,918) who used to be stabled at the old fairgrounds in Warsaw, before the race track land was sold and replaced by a business. Classy Deal was sired by the impressive Cam’s Card Shark ($2,498,204) who’s offspring have made over $121,000,000. Cam’s Card shark is also enrolled in the Full Circle program. Elwood has also owned Chameleon Hanover ($65,353) and Southern Glory ($66,065) to name a few.

In 2011 Elwood bought a yearling trotting colt which he named Gacobe. He is sired by Master Glide who is a full sibling to the phenomenal stakes winning mare Passionate Glide ($2,060,447). Master Glide never made it to the races as he suffered a catastrophic injury as a yearling. It would seem Gacobe is trying to follow in his sire's footsteps. Gacobe injured his right front leg in his stall in January of 2012 and did it again, this time to his left front leg a few months later. The colt is healing and Elwood is trying to get him ready for the stake races at Colonial Downs this fall.

June Baird, whose late husband Ben Baird, was Elwood's mentor, friend and confidant in the Standardbred world bought a Standardbred Broodmare sired by the late world record holding champion Abercrombie ($984,391) named East Side Becky ($114,965). She was in foal to Cheyenne Rei ($729,933). Elwood owned half of the unborn foal. When the time came for her to deliver the foal it was apparent the mare was in great distress. A vet was called but there was nothing that could be done for the mare or her unborn foal other than to end their suffering, the mare and foal were humanely destroyed.

A few short weeks later Elwood's father John, would also lose his brood mare sired by Bonnie And Clyde ($501,138) named Mad Libs ($237,549). Mad Libs who was in foal to Riggins ($924,758) gave birth to a beautiful colt. The mare and her colt were lying a few feet from one another when Elwood found them in the horse pasture, both had perished. Sometimes this racing game will fill your heart with joy or break it into pieces.

Elwood has a yearling named Jiggy out of his gorgeous brood mare Sesame Bagel ($21,333) sired by Four Starzzz Shark ($2,537,267) to break this fall. Jiggy and her Dam appeared on the cover of Chesapeake Style in October 2011. He also has a beautiful bay colt out of the same broodmare, sired by Riggins, born on April 4th of this year he was nicknamed Peter Rabbit and a foal year old pacer named Bindy Rivah.

I have been to see all of Elwoods horses at one time or another and I can tell you that Elwood takes very good care of his horses, he feeds them well but doesn’t spoil them. He gives them every opportunity to do their best and that, my friends, is a 24 hour-seven day a week way of life. Elwood and his three month old Standardbred pacing colt who has no registered name yet nicknamed Peter Rabbit. Elwood and his two year old trotting colt Gacobe who seems to always injure himself.

Paula Shipman photos.

Standardbred owners are taking advantage of a no cost, no obligation USTA program that helps to connect horses in need of a new home with their breeder, former owners, trainers, drivers, caretakers or any other interested individual. The program is called Full Circle. Email fullcircle@ustrotting.com pshipman@chesapeakestyle.com

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One short year ago Libby Lipscomb Boyer was introduced to the unique art of fusing glass for use in making jewelry. She was immediately hooked and set about to learn all she could, while building an inventory of fusible and dichroic glass, a myriad of tools and kilns. Always an artistic and crafty person, this new-found love overshadowed her other hobbies. She developed a hidden talent, launched an international business and has created hundreds of unique pieces of jewelry in her home studio.

Life has not always been so sweet. Ten years ago Libby was in a wheelchair—compliments of Multiple Sclerosis (MS), a neurological disorder that forced her into early retirement from her beloved career as a bank executive in Gaithersburg, Maryland. She and her husband, Richard, elected to move to Mathews, into the small cottage her parents had owned on the North River. Those early days were spent lying on the sofa watching TV because she was unable to do anything else. Thanks to advances in treatment of MS, the wheelchair is unnecessary now. She still has some bad days when it takes all the strength she can muster just to get out of bed, and, on occasion, she relies on a cane to get around. If she's having a good day, she works on fusing glass; if it’s a bad day, she engages in more sedentary activities—updating her web page, taking photos of her jewelry or braiding a Kumihimo necklace.

Libby never intended to turn her love of jewelry making into a business, but her universe saw it differently. Friends and acquaintances loved her work and begged her to make something for them. It didn’t take long to realize she would need to sell some of her creations in order to offset the cost. KittyKat Glass Designs was originally born of necessity, but it quickly matured into a perfect cottage industry. Through this business Libby is able to incorporate her love of crafting with her business and computer expertise. She has a reason to get out of bed once again! Her neurologist told her it was the best therapy she could have found.

Her work is featured on Etsy, an online venue for handmade and vintage items, from which she has established customers all over the world. Her pieces are also available in local shops such as Cattails Fine Gifts and The Bay School in Mathews, as well as Naturals in Gloucester. She will have an indoor table at the Bay School during Mathews Market Days on September 7th and 8th. She will be one of the featured artists at An Occasion for the Arts in Williamsburg on October 6th and 7th. Libby smiled as she added, “I feel quite honored to be selected for this venue, because it is a juried show featuring artists from all over the US. This was my first attempt to get in, so naturally I am very excited to have been selected.” Her booth will be on the Duke of Gloucester Street in the heart of Colonial Williamsburg.

Richard is very supportive of Libby and her business. He goes with her to the shows to set up the tables, jewelry displays and tent, and he helps at home with the jewelry making process. “I’m in charge of the drill press,” he laughed, noting he didn’t understand why she would want to cut holes in the glass. “It’s the holes that I need,” she told him, “for making the circular ornaments!” He believes Libby’s business is good for the economy. “At least a half dozen people have a guaranteed job because of her—the UPS and FedEx drivers and the vendors who make the lampwork glass beads, to name a few!”

Libby has a life beyond KittyKat Glass Designs! She is actively involved at Apostles Lutheran Church in Gloucester, where she serves as an organist, choir director and a member of church council. She donates a percentage of sales to charity, with the proceeds divided between The National Multiple Sclerosis Society and Lutheran World Relief.

When she can, Libby spends time with her granddaughters, “one of whom shares my talent and will probably take over the business!” She always has time for her three cats and Richard. “I am so blessed!” Call 804-725-1471 or go to, www.kittykatglassdesign.com and find her on Facebook.

Elizabeth D. Huegel photos.

ehuegel@chesapeakestyle.com
Lord Byron said, “All who would win joy must share it, happiness is born a twin”.

What brings joy and happiness into your life? If you asked a hundred people this question you’d probably get a hundred answers. It might be a fabulous spouse or life partner. It might be the children in your life. Your faith may be the key. Good health would rate high on the list. A special pet would be important. Your hobby or occupation is often a source of joy and happiness. Antoine de Saint said, “True happiness comes from the joy of deeds well done, the zest of creating new things”.

In this modern fast paced world joy and happiness seems to be lacking among many of our fellow spirits. Stress levels are high. The way people drive; lack of manners, consideration and courtesy is a sure sign of a self-centeredness issue void of joy and happiness. Aristotle said, “Happiness depends upon ourselves, it is of the highest good, being a realization and perfect practice of virtue, which some can attain while some have little or none of it.

Our possessions can bring us a level of joy and happiness. It might be your home, car, boat, art or wealth. It may be something else more intrinsic like fond memories and the great abundance that surrounds you; Photographs, books, music and roads traveled that bring a smile to your face.

Yet we may need more joy and happiness in our lives. “Your successes and happiness are forgiven you, only if you generously consent to share them,” wrote Albert Camus. So maybe it’s time to take stock in where you are in your life and if you can, seek out the resources to see the glass half full. Maybe considering awarding some of your inheritance while you’re alive is the ticket to joy and happiness. I know of a couple that gave their son a quarter of a million dollars to open up a veterinarian clinic upon his graduation. I know of countless similar stories, from funding grandchildren’s Virginia 529’s (college funds) to down payments on homes, to paying off student loans.

Maybe it’s as simple as doing something your heart has always desired. “Happiness is found in doing not merely possessing”, said Napoleon Hill. I think Billy Graham summed it up best with, “I may be here for a short while, or gone tomorrow into oblivion or until the days come to take me away. But, in whatever part you play, be remembered as part of a legacy...of sharing dreams and changing humanity for the better. It’s a legacy that never dies.”

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Each rug is cleaned individually and one at a time. They are never washed in big vats or scrubbed with harsh chemicals. A ten-step custom cleaning process is used and is gentle enough but thorough, and leaves them soft, fresh, and squeaky clean. Colors that have been dulled and forgotten come back to life—adding years to your rugs that otherwise would have been lost, protecting your investment in your home. King’s will happily pick up and deliver your rugs for you.

King’s Cleaning also offers mold removal, water damage restoration, carpet cleaning, furniture cleaning, and air duct cleaning for your home. Ed says, “Many insurance agents and adjusters call us first for mold remediation and water damage.” The mold removal multi-step process which not only kills existing mold, it also prevents its return. This two-step process is patented and is warrantied. Many Virginia homeowners discover mold growing in their crawlspace after they started noticing a musty smell or start having unexplained health problems, such as asthma, allergies, respiratory issues.

Homes breathe upward like a chimney, so whatever is in your crawlspace finds its way into your living space. Ed also says that “the air in our homes is 20 times dirtier than the air outside. “It’s a scary thought.” Mold is a very powerful fungi. It has the ability to destroy both your health and the value of your home if left untreated.

Any kind of misfortune can happen at any time. Imagine your washing machine goes on the fritz and water spills all over the floor and you have left your home to run an errand. Who hasn’t done this before—I sure have. When you return your floor is completely flooded. After your initial shock and dismay a call into King’s and they can be there within an hour—they are on call 24 hours a day/7 days a week for emergency calls. High efficiency air movers and powerful dehumidifiers will be utilized to quickly and efficiently dry your wet structures and furnishings.

King’s knows it is important to dry water-damaged areas and items as quickly as possible to prevent malodor and mold growth.

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Scotch Guard is also offered to their customers. Ed says, he had a customer with white plush carpet and every year they had to return to clean the carpet every day wear. Ed had suggested to this customer to purchase the Scotch Guard treatment but the customer did not want to spend the extra money to do so. While cleaning the carpet one time he says he applied Scotch Guard to the foyer area only of the carpet free of charge. Throughout the year as dirt and grime worked its way into the carpet this one area stayed clean.

King’s Cleaning website offers a huge knowledge of information on their website, including available services, cleaning tips and coupons, too! www.Kingscleaningservices.com. King’s phone lines are open 24 hours a day for emergency calls. To schedule appointments, call Ed or Loretta at 804-529-7697. “If you can’t breathe, nothing else matters!”

Melissa Haydon photo.
mhaydon@chesapeakestyle.com
Preparing for Emergencies Makes Sense for Older Adults

By Jean M. Duggan

Regardless of age, preparing for emergencies makes sense, period; however, many older adults have special needs that require an emergency plan that fits those needs. The Department of Homeland Security urges people to consider the following when developing their plan:

Think through the details of your everyday life. If there are people who assist you on a regular basis, list who they are and how you will contact them in an emergency. Create your personal support network by identifying and working through a plan of communication for assistance during an emergency.

Transportation. Do you drive or do you mainly rely on others—including Bay Transit—to get you where you need to go? If you require handicap accessible transportation be sure your alternatives are also accessible to meet your ambulatory needs.

Develop a family communications plan. Your family may not be together when a disaster strikes, so plan how you will contact one another and review what you will do in different situations.

Medications and other special health care needs. Do you require a steady supply of oxygen? Are you in a wheelchair or use a cane or walker? Do you have other special health care needs and medical supplies? Do you undergo routine treatments administered by a clinic or hospital? Your plan should include a list of all your medications, contact information for your physician(s), the type and model numbers of medical devices you require. Keep additional items ready—wheelchair batteries, oxygen, catheters, hearing aid batteries, food for service animals and other items you need. Wear medical alert tags or bracelets to identify your disability or special need.

Deciding to stay or to go. Depending on your circumstances and the severity of the emergency, the first decision you need to make is whether you stay or go. Common sense prevails. Tune in to your local radio and television stations to monitor the status of the emergency. If you live in an area that is prone to flooding or if you are specifically told to evacuate, do so immediately. This is where pre-planning for transportation could become your lifeline. It must be noted that fire and rescue vehicles cease operating when winds reach 50+ miles per hour and resume when conditions are safe for rescue operations. Don’t wait until the last minute to decide if you are going to evacuate!

Consider your pets and service animals. Whether you decide to stay or go, you will need to make arrangements for your pets and service animals. Remember—it’s best for you is also best for your animals. Keep a ready supply of food and water for your animals—including any medications they require. If you evacuate to a public shelter, most will only accept service animals. Plan in advance for shelter alternatives that will work for you and your pets.

For more information and assistance in developing your plan, go to www.ready.gov or call 800-BE-READY. You can also visit www.bayaging.org for planning resources. Get ready now!

Jean M. Duggan, is Senior Vice President, Development, Bay Aging

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The Guinea Connection~Part V

This is a continuation of the July article about the childhood of Pauline Allen Alexander, Elizabeth Stokes' mother.

By Elizabeth Allen Stokes

Farming was primitive one hundred years ago compared to today’s standards. Most of the soil preparation was done by the menfolk, using the plow or harrow to break up the ground. Then the seeds of the corn or wheat was broadcast by hand after the rows had been marked by string. My mother’s father, Robert Allen, along with her brothers, Lawrence, Robert Monroe, Clyde, Rodgers and Ernest, my grandfather’s brother, James Monroe Allen, as well as the neighbors hired out Robert Stokes’ teams of oxen and mules to haul their wheat and corn to Cow Creek Mill near the courthouse to have ground into meal.

Creek Mill to Cow Creek Mill

Creek Mill near the courthouse

haul their wheat and corn to Cow Stokes’ teams of oxen and mules to the neighbors hired out Robert

James Monroe Allen, as well as Ernest, my grandfather’s brother, Robert Monroe, Clyde, Rodgers and along with her brothers, Lawrence, My mother’s father, Robert Allen, rows had been marked by string. was broadcast by hand after the

First, the wheat was cut by hand—scythe or sickle—then baled and stacked in the field, the corn—sometimes by hand, other times by use of a separator—and then loaded on wagons. Neighbors always helped each other in the harvesting—with as many members as possible.

Breakfast and noonday meals were sometimes held outside under shade trees and even though this was hard work whole families enjoyed this time together. It would take at least a month to harvest the neighboring farms. The trip to Cow Creek Mill

would take up the whole day, and the men would still be unloading well into the evening. The Allen family would then spend the night with relatives, resting their animals and make the long trip back down the Great Road the next day.

My mother often talked about her trips to Mobjack Bay in Mathews County to the wharf to take her three aunts—her father’s sisters—very impeccably and fashionably dressed ladies who worked as companions for rich elderly women—Ophelia, Susan and Buelah—or pick them up once a month, from the steamer coming and going from Baltimore, where they worked.

The team of horses were harnessed to the buggies to fetch them and it was always a special outing to see her very fashionable aunts—what they were wearing, what lovely bolts of material they’d bring back to her mother for her making dresses—treats in jars of candy and recipes for her mother’s kitchen from famous Baltimore restaurants. My mother recalled donning her aunts’ castoff dresses and hats and modeling them for the children at the Allen Chapel.

A community outing that always brought excitement was the annual Labor Day boat trip from Sarah’s Creek to Allmonds Wharf near Puritan Bay. The Allen family oyster workboat, the Mary Carter, competed with the other crafts as they sported their

gaily decorated awnings and flags. Canoes and bateaus accompanied the workboats laden with tables and chairs, fried chicken, potato salad, watermelon, assorted pies and goodies, fresh corn, tomatoes, squash and string beans from their gardens, jars of pickles, sauerkraut, chow chow, pigs feet, endless family specialties for the grand picnic once they disembarked. The children and teenagers, young adults, some just beginning to court, dreamed with delight as they rushed to seek out the shade trees and put down blankets and horseshoes setting up. Space had been cleared a week before for croquet and horseshoes, smaller children entertained themselves with their marbles and ring games. Prizes were given for the best decorated boats, first caught and largest fish at the dock. Whole families waded in the shallow waters of the York River to cool off. Fish caught minutes before was fried in cast iron skillets, grease popping, over a campfire, and afterward, before the cleanup arms were linked, songs sung, before getting ready to load up for home. The setting sun claimed the sleeping babes and young children, courting young folk held hands as the work boats and accompanying bateaux slipped back into Sarah’s Creek, a memorable day behind them.

Cow Creek Mill photo by Elizabeth Stokes.

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Mason~A Paradox
By Paul B Stimson

Mason is seventeen pounds of glistening black panther. Years ago, somebody dropped him off on the grounds of the local animal shelter on a Sunday; on Monday morning the staff found him, cold and hungry. Several weeks later, after a period of mourning for our beloved LadyBug, my lady and I went to the shelter to look for her successor. Mason was one of the few privileged cats who had the run of the cat room; all the rest were in cages.

Mason, incidentally, had been named by the shelter’s young volunteers. A Gloucester, Virginia soldier by that name had recently lost his life in Iraq and they honored his memory. Under other circumstances we might have renamed him, but the subject never came up.

As we entered the Cat Room he leaped from a tabletop onto my shoulders, wrapped himself around my neck and started rattling my teeth with his purring. His jumping and climbing, his raucous voice and the distinctive shape of his face suggest he probably is part Siamese. I have had great success with Siamese mixes. The rest of the visit felt perfunctory; we listened to catcalls and did a cat scan, but the deal was done.

At home he is alert, inquisitive and affectionate. I soon noticed, though, that he was wary of my face; I could see him cringe as I bent down toward him. Perhaps he had been mistreated by a man, so I backed off. Time passed, and one day he startled me by raring up and rubbing the full width of his cheek across the tip of my nose. Aah, the healing power of love! But there is one slight problem: his upper cuspid teeth are prominent; sometimes their tips are visible under his upper lip. Instantly, instinctively, I realized that I must suppress my reaction to the stab of pain. He would not have understood. Now I try to dip down under his chin as that saber-tooth approaches; sometimes it works and sometimes not. The moments are precious.

So I ponder a paradox: how can a sensation that doesn’t feel good feel so good?
Blue Shoe by Lawrence Smith, Sophomore

DC Joy!
By Dondre Harris

ADOPT A SHELTER PET
At Northumberland Animal Shelter
I was named Trouble when I was a cute, wiggly, get-in-trouble baby. I have grown into a love-everyone, mature lady. I need a loving home—my human mom died.

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Sarah Ipson, Junior

For Guidelines and Permission Forms go to www.chesapeakestyle.com, click on Teen Style.
the artwork is available for sale. Beginning Friday, July 13th the gallery features a one woman exhibit. “Hot Flashes, Cool Splashes!” is a collection of original paintings and jewelry by Jacquie Colligan, a local artist whose work is in collections nationwide. Each exhibit is on display for two months and opens with an invitational reception. The next exhibit will begin on September 13th.

The Urbanna Harbor Gallery and Art Services opened for business on Friday May 13th, 2011 after six months of grueling renovations. The 5,000 square foot building at 202 Virginia Street became the ideal place to operate numerous businesses under one roof. Cloyde Wiley and his wife Barbara Hartley have always wanted to open their own art gallery.

Cloyde, a native of Urbanna, and Barbara, who grew up in a military family and spent many of her formative years in Rhode Island, decided to move back to Urbanna with just that goal in mind. Cloyde had been a photography professor at Central Virginia Community College in Lynchburg for 35 years. Barbara, a communications specialist, has been employed as a teacher, designer, editor, and a registered business lobbyist and is also an accomplished artist. Three years after moving to Urbanna on a full-time basis in 2007, their dream of owning an art gallery was soon to be realized.

The building was originally owned and operated by Taylor Ford Motor Company from 1906 to 1970. The last occupant was the Dollar General Store, which moved to Saluda a few years ago. The building sat vacant for three years and was in dire need of renovation when Cloyde and Barbara bought it. Although it was much larger than they originally intended, they decided the building on Virginia Street would be the perfect location for their art gallery and a few extra businesses to boot.

They bought the building and spent the next six months completely renovating the mammoth structure. Eighteen hour days were the norm, not the exception during the reconstruction process! Everything from the ceiling to the floor needed to be cleaned and painted, and much of the facility needed to be replaced or upgraded. They did most of the labor themselves, and contracted out any work beyond their expertise. All of the electrical wiring was replaced and special lighting was installed to highlight the assorted works of art tastefully hung on the walls. Barbara traded in her small art brushes for much heavier brushes and rollers…plying her skill to the walls, ceiling and floor. “I used to paint with an easel,” she laughs, “now I paint construction projects!”

Finally, tucked into a corner between the Art Gallery and Antique Mall is the Frame Shop and Design Studio. It is here that they cut and assemble the mats, frames and glass used in the custom framing business. Whether you buy a piece of art from them, or bring in your own masterpiece, they will happily frame it for you. Their Design Studio offers complete services pertaining to all aspects of graphic design. If you are looking for advertising design, logo development, graphic standards, layout, copy writing, editorial services or professional print management, they are ready to tackle the job. “We can design anything from letterhead and business cards to posters, brochures, signage and almost any other design application you desire,” Barbara explained.

So, now you know the whole story. Whether you wish to peruse fine art, shop for antiques, acquire a custom frame, or you need some graphic design work done, the Urbanna Harbor Gallery is the place to go! Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sunday, 11 a.m. – 3 p.m. Elizabeth D. Huegel photos.

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The Better it Gets
By RuthE Forrest BA, CMT, NCTMB

What does the Bible, Edgar Cayce, the father of American holistic medicine, and Dr. David Simon, MD co-founder, CEO, and medical director of the Chopra Center for Wellbeing have in common? JOY!

It’s a common theme in all healing systems whether ancient, modern, or old-become-new-again. The mind-body-spirit connection is completed when we experience joyous emotion. And that connection heals, banishes stress and adds years to life.

In the Bible joy is abundant. Jesus had a great time healing and teaching in a group atmosphere of relaxation and joyous discovery as evidenced by his wonderful stories that survive to this day. In religion, joy is the criterion of physical and psychological health whereby all our powers are enriched, afflictions are harmonized, and we achieve the soul satisfaction of attaining our every desire. Look up the word in any Bible concordance and you’ll be amazed how much fun is in those old manuscripts.

During his lifetime Edgar Cayce read the Bible from cover to cover 67 times—one for every year of his life. He mentioned joy 1,193 times in 683 documents related to the 15,000 trance readings given during those years. The readings counseled ailing recipients seeking healing to create more joy in their daily activities.

Bringing more joy to those around you to encourage more joy in your own experience heals physical as well as mental and spiritual dis-ease. They repeated that helping others to help themselves would bring joy, peace, contentment and a life infinitely more worthwhile to any soul who made the effort to start where they presently stood. The better it gets—the better it gets!

Cayce is called America’s Prophet. The healing center he founded in Virginia Beach contains a wonderful Health Spa, healing garden, a labyrinth overlooking the ocean, and The Cayce/Reilly School of Massage Therapy (edgarcayce.org). Read any or all of the readings at the The Association for Research and Enlightenment (ARE) Library. The ARE was founded to continue his work. It curates the second largest metaphysical library in the world—second only to the Vatican—Edgar would be joyous! The ARE press and Atlantic University enjoy global recognition as avenues of healing and joyous learning for all peoples.

Dr. David Simon MD has the courage to recognize that most physicians today are in a kind of no man’s land when it comes to the whole body-mind-spirit thing. The average doc doesn’t address the emotional, psychological or spiritual components of an illness. But more people are realizing that these pieces are critical to their health and wellness and are taking matters into their own hands. His new book encourages just this kind of joyous exploration—freetolove.com.

He explains that doctors learn early on to make critical decisions because many of their patients are unable to make those decisions for themselves—unconscious, major injury, require major surgery. He prefers the old method of physician as teacher/educator—remember those Jesus stories? His idea to transform the current disease care system is for physicians to become partners in health with their patients. On some level each of us knows what we can do for ourselves to make us feel better. Helping people to realize that their own choices help influence the outcome is a healing journey in itself. Ask yourself what brings you joy, then give yourself permission to receive, share it. Joyous summer!

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August 2012 23
If you want to be a volunteer, there are many opportunities in our area. Each county has a YMCA and is always looking for volunteers. Get in touch with your community YMCA or other volunteer organizations. It is the volunteer that make our community a better place to live. Volunteer groups provide opportunities to meet new people and establish lasting relationships. Explore the volunteer opportunities available in your community and make a difference!

In the 1950’s here in the Northern Neck we didn’t have many formal volunteer programs other than Church, the Red Cross, and the Scouts. But, of course, in that era, children never came home after school to an empty house, and at dinner it was Dad who talked about his work day. Yes that was a time when people looked forward to reading the Sunday funnies; especially the comic strip Blondie. Blondie, the faithful housewife greeted Dagwood each evening when he returned home from work and stood at the door to watch him leave each morning. My how times have changed! But we already knew that, didn’t we? Today for a Mom to stay at home it is almost a rarity; maybe even an 8th Wonder of the World! The comic character Blondie has also evolved and now is a modern day business owner.

Our community has different needs today and those needs are fulfilled by loving caring people. It is more than that—these are people who willingly give their time to make our community a better place to live. For years a group of people dreamed of building a modern facility for the Northumberland YMCA. And, as we know, they made it happen! In Northumberland County we have a community facility with offerings for the entire family. It took years of planning and fund raising to get enough money to start the project. In the past a dinner and auction fund raiser was held for the building fund. Now that the building is complete, the need to raise funds still exists.

The proceeds from this year’s Dinner and Silent/Live auction will benefit the Northumberland YMCA Guardian Program. This program helps anyone, regardless of their inability to pay for membership or services to enjoy the facilities and programs offered by the YMCA. On their web page the calendar for the Northumberland YMCA shows current events that include Summer Camp and School Age Children Day Care. In March, the Co-Chairs for this year’s Dinner and Auction, Shirley Haynie and Edie Withers called their committee of volunteers together to start planning the Sept. 15th fundraiser.

So, how can we as a community support this effort? We can buy tickets. The cost per ticket is $35.50 and can be purchased directly from the office of the Northumberland YMCA. Seating is limited! There will be wonderful food, prepared by Chief Charlie Santageo, owner of the Luna Restaurant in Callao. There will be a silent auction for those who prefer not to stand up and be seen, and there will be a live auction conducted by Manual Haynie. What more can you ask for?

If you can’t attend the event, and still want to contribute, you can make a monetary donation or give an item for the auction. The person in charge of the donations is Evie Cox. I met Evie and Herb in canine dance classes. Their dog, Bleu, and our dog Olav take dance classes together. That’s another story! The world really has changed! Evie told me about the efforts underway for the September 15th event and the committee’s commitment. I recently attended one of their meetings. The steamy hot summer has not dampened the enthusiasm and determination of this group! These are the people who contact businesses and individuals for donations. You won’t believe some of the bid items. To date they include a week-long stay at a condo by the beach in Myrtle Beach, a week on Kiawah Island, a week at a condo during ski season in Seven Springs, P., fishing charter trips, concert tickets, gift certificates and, again the most popular bid item at last year’s auction—20 five gallon buckets of organic horse manure! Hey this is still rural Virginia and it makes me proud to say it. Come out and show your support. Times have changed and so have the needs of our community. Buy a ticket, donate cash or an item for the auction.

Call Evie Cox at 804-529-5397 for information. Go to the Northumberland YMCA and purchase a ticket for the Dinner and Auction, Saturday, September 15th, Festival Halle, Reedville, Virginia. gkeane@chesapeakestyle.com
What Does Organic Really Mean?

By Barbara Sherman

Contrary to popular belief, organic farming is not a new concept or process. Until the late 1800’s all farming was organic. It is the method that mankind has used for centuries to grow crops without the use of synthetic fertilizers, chemical pesticides, insecticides and herbicides. In the 1900’s, the U.S. became a leader in the industrialization of agriculture. Technologies developed during World War II led to major increases in the use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides. The ammonium nitrate used for munitions became an abundant and inexpensive fertilizer. Nerve gas was developed into pesticides including DDT. These developments resulted in tremendous economic benefits as well as serious environmental consequences.

In 1962, Rachel Carson published her bestseller, Silent Spring. Her book has been credited with introducing the international environmental movement as well as leading to the 1972 banning of the pesticide DDT in the U.S. By the 1980’s, organic agriculture was becoming big business and there was mounting pressure on the government to regulate organic production. In 1992, the USDA’s National Organic Program was implemented to identify and prohibit questionable practices and procedures which had become common in Conventional Farming. In addition to banning the use of chemicals, it prohibits bioengineered (genetically modified) crops and the application of sewage sludge and irradiation in organic food production. It further regulates livestock farming to prohibit the use of hormones and antibiotics. Organically raised animals are fed a healthy balanced diet and housed in a clean environment to prevent the spread of infections and disease.

Making sense of organic labeling can be pretty challenging and many shoppers are actually confused by the labeling process. The USDA’s National Organic Program (NOP) is in charge of regulating organic food products. Labels are not required to provide explanations on the package, so it’s vital to know and understand the labeling system.

There are 4 different organic labels (statements):

1) 100% Organic – This refers to foods that have only a single ingredient. Such foods include fruits, vegetables, milk, meats, cheese, a carton of eggs and other single ingredient foods. Any food that is 100% Organic can wear the USDA Organic Seal.

2) Organic - This label refers to foods that have more than one ingredient (packaged foods for example). To be labeled Organic, the ingredients in the product must be 95-100% organic by weight. The remaining ingredients are not available organically but have been approved by the NOP. Any food that is labeled Organic can also wear the USDA Organic Seal.

3) Made with Organic Ingredients – This label refers to foods that have more than one ingredient of which 70% or more of the ingredients are organic. These products will not bear the USDA Organic seal; instead, they may list up to three ingredients on the front of the packaging.

4) Contains Organic Ingredients – This label refers to foods that have less than 70% organic ingredients and may only list organic ingredients on the information panel of the packaging. This label cannot wear the USDA Organic Seal.

Also confusing is that the terms “natural” and “organic” are often used interchangeably. “Organic” is a food certification system. The word “natural” implies that a product or its ingredients are made from nature. In reality, it is merely a claim that means very little on a food label because its use is completely unregulated. In the United States there is no legal definition of “natural” on food labels. Because of this, manufacturers can get away with using all sorts of non-natural processes and chemical ingredients in a food product they claim is natural. It is important to understand that Natural Is Not Organic!

The next time you visit your grocery look for organic labels to be confident that you are making smart choices and designing a healthy menu for your family. Barbara and Frank Sherman own The Health Nut in Callao
Style Spotlight~Garner's Produce, tradition nurtures future

By Cesca Janece Waterfield

Near Nomini Grove in Westmoreland County is a welcoming produce stand, and behind it, a gently rolling stretch of land certified as a “Virginia Century Farm,” an honor given by the Virginia Department of Agriculture and Consumer Services to farms that have been in operation for 100 consecutive years. It’s here that owner Meade Garner runs Garner’s Produce LLC with his daughters, Lora and Dana, and Dana’s husband, Bernard Boyle.

The Garners have inherited traditions that span a century, but they keep informed of modern developments in sustainable farming and effective growing methods. Dana earned her degree in Agricultural Economics from Virginia Tech and believes it prepared her to help run Garner’s Produce. “What I learned at Tech was business management, really; figuring out what varieties and how much to plant,” she says.

And the Garners plant a lot: more than 100 varieties of vegetables and fruits, including tomatoes, eggplant, cucumber, sweet corn, beans, squash, onion, zucchini, sweet potatoes, kale, green peppers, cauliflower, melons, fresh herbs and even soybeans. At their roadside stand on King’s Highway (Route 3), they also offer local cheese, fresh eggs, plants and flowers. The stand is open seven days a week from April through November.

Even if you haven’t yet stopped by the stand, you may have tasted their fresh produce: The Garners sell to grocers and to restaurants including Lowery’s, Hobbs Hole, and Relish in Tappahannock; Good Eats Cafe in Kinsale; and The Daily in Warsaw.

They also travel to farmers’ markets in the Northern Neck and the Washington, DC Area. “We’re blessed to be able to live in this rural atmosphere but be able to go into the city and bring people fresh food,” Dana says.

This time of year, it’s hard to catch the Garners sitting down. Their daily duties include picking, washing, packing, loading trucks, planting, weeding, and “watering, watering, watering.” They keep the hard work in perspective: “It’s seasonal,” Dana says. “Some people go to the same job five days a week, same thing. Here, it’s always different. We’re picking strawberries or asparagus. About the time everybody’s getting sick of it, it’s something else. It’s always something different—different products, different things to do.”

They employ about ten workers at the height of the season and they have six tractors, although Dana admits, “Everyone fights over the same one—the one with air conditioning and a radio.” When summer’s over, you’ll find them at specialty and holiday markets up until Christmas.

Dana credits her uncle Jack with having the idea for a roadside stand nearly 30 years ago. He passed away in 1985, but the business has grown each year; from the back of a truck to today’s inviting, open building.

Helen Murphy has been coming in “since they didn’t have a building!” She visits other produce stands in the area, but says of Garner’s, “They are by far the most diverse. They have flowers, they carry local cheese, and they’re so nice.”

Last year, the Garners introduced their own line of canned goods. “Our product line is diverse,” Dana says, but each product is “low ingredient and natural.” Hot pepper relish quickly sold out, followed by the sweet potato butter. Other offerings include dilly beans, squash pickles, strawberry preserves, and daiquiri mix.

Maintaining control over products that bear their name is important to the Garners. It’s not uncommon for canneries to combine produce from multiple sources during processing. But Dana makes clear, “I’d like the majority of it to be my produce.” So they searched for a cannery that would assure them quality control. Dana says they wouldn’t offer their customers any less.

“We’re appreciative of the support, and of our customers. A lot of times in the busy season, I don’t even get to see them. They’re the ones who make it possible. Even though we go to D.C. and so many markets, this is where our roots are.”

So what’s best about living in the Northern Neck? “Everything!” Dana exclaims. “Not having to fight the traffic. We love the water, open space to grow, the close community and support, the quiet.”

“We have great employees. We have the right varieties of produce. If we didn’t, it would be very easy for me to change something. We’ve done that with acreage, with the markets. We feel like we’ve perfected this thing. But the only constant is change.”

The Garners are particularly thrilled about one: Dana and Bernard are expecting a baby girl in November. “Right at the end of the season,” laughs the expectant mother. Will their daughter work at Garner’s Produce? “Daggone right!” answers Dana. “And I hope that she wants to.”

Garner’s Produce is located at 22645 Kings Highway (Route 3) in Warsaw. www.garnersproduce.com

Cesca Janece Waterfield photos.
Ficklin Bryant is an amazing person. Just think a brilliant poet and a very talented upholsterer! His earliest poem is Ball Point Pens written at age 14. So we know it didn't take much to get his father to ask him to write a poem. How many of us would write a poem if our father asked us to do such a thing?

These poems in the book start in 1997 and end in 2012. His poetry covers New Age/Spiritual, World Events, People, Tidbits, Songs, Holidays/Birthdays and Closing. In World Events section there is a poem called "Strip Search Granny." Most of you know exactly what that one is about. Sharing some of the poems for special occasions and sharing Ficklin's movingly brilliant words with a special loved one would be an unforgettable gift. Poems about people we know who have influenced many Northern Neckers may bring tears and smiles. Some of those people who have brought his gifted words to print are Jim Coates, Peyton Motley, Betsy Ryland, Gaylord Belfield, and James Stover.

One amazing thing about this book of poems is that you can open it to any page and there is a very special and unique poem which will reach into your heart and soul. Many people like to open a poetry book and believe that poem was especially meant for them at that time. Try it and believe it!

Ficklin has a book signing event at Union Bank (main branch) in Warsaw on August 3, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Holly Bryant photo.
A Decade of Improvements at Northumberland Animal Shelter

By Fran Warren

You'll forgive me, but I’m awfully proud of the improvements the Animal Shelter Volunteers have been able to accomplish at the Northumberland Animal Shelter. I want to brag a bit.

Residents who've been here a while will remember the small concrete block building with a capacity of ten dogs that served as the county’s shelter. There was no cat shelter.

“I couldn’t go near the place,” said one long-time Northumberland resident. “I called it the killing house.” Due to the limited space, strays could be kept only a brief time before being euthanized to make space for others.

No one remembers the date, but it was about ten years ago that then-Sheriff Wayne Middleton decided something needed to be done. Since funds were limited, he asked several women to start a Volunteer Program to improve the shelter. He had no idea how much change the volunteers would bring about in a decade.

Today the little concrete block building with ten kennels has expanded to a large, modern building that accommodates cats for the first time and houses up to 90 animals—adult dogs and pups, cats and kittens—and it has all been built with funds contributed by citizens of the community. The volunteers raised money for the capital improvements and continue to supplement the operating funds provided by the county.

In addition to the generous contributions of its supporters, the Volunteers started an Indoor/Outdoor Yard Sale in Lottsburg that has become one of the largest thrift operations in the Northern Neck. Funds generated from the Yard Sale pay for veterinarian care and other expenses at the shelter.

Join me in a quick tour of this lovely modern facility, starting with the first addition.

**Addition #1 to Shelter Building.**

**Cat Room.** For the first time, the shelter has space to accept cats. The room is furnished with 12 condos and sparkling stainless steel crates. Both the addition and furnishings were paid with funds donated by supporters.

**Small Kitchen.** Enables volunteers to store lunches and drinks.

**Lobby Addition.** Gives us space for adoption activities and is comfortable for visitors.

**Small Office.** Provides space for confidential phone conversations and storage for records.

**Furnishings.** All furniture and appliances were donated by generous citizens.

**Grounds.** Plants and shrubs were donated by a White Stone nursery.

**Parking.** The lot was expanded. Donations included fencing by citizens and gravel by area businesses.

**Addition #2 to Shelter Building.**

**Nursery.** Six very large indoor/outdoor kennels for “mom” dogs to give birth in a proper, sterile whelping box. Large kennels allow room for litters of young weaned pups. The area has a separate thermostat for regulating the temperature for the babies.

**Adoption Section.** This consists of 11 indoor/outdoor kennels. The animals here have been vaccinated and dewormed and observed by the volunteers. Later, these volunteers can share their knowledge of the animals and their personal traits with potential adopters.

**Holding Section.** These seven kennels are for monitoring the disposition and health of strays for a period of ten days required by law to give the owner time to claim the dog. If no owner shows up, and the dog is deemed adoptable, he will receive vaccination and deworming and moved to one of two adoption sections.

**Observation Room.** Stainless steel crates in this room are for young pups who come in as strays. This permits us to monitor the pups for possible contagious diseases and keep them separate from other animals if necessary.

**Quarantine Rooms.** These two rooms, equipped with stainless steel crates, are for dogs that are ill and likely to recover. One room is for small breeds and young puppies; the other is for larger, adult dogs.

**Medical/Grooming Room.** There is a weight-table, grooming table, professional stainless steel bathing tub, supply cabinets, a microscope, and double-deep sink for sterilizing equipment.

**Food Room.** Here we store dog food in large bins, and use a stainless steel table to mix special foods.

**Get Acquainted Area.** Two enclosed areas with sofas and chairs permit adopters to meet and get to know animals they may choose to adopt.

**Garage.** A garage and loading platform permit the Animal Control Officer to unload animals from the truck, shielding them from inclement weather, and minimizing possible escapes.

Two outside exercise/play areas, enclosed with six-foot fencing and benches allow volunteers to relax and socialize the animals. One of these was donated by a citizen and the other was a Boy Scout project.

Mechanical facilities include six heat pumps with separate thermostat control for cooling and heating and two commercial emergency generators to ensure lights and water.

**Future Projects.** Next on the expansion and improvement list is construction of 12 covered outside kennels to allow larger animals an opportunity to play and exercise each day. Also, the original section of the building will be remodeled.

Two Teams of Volunteers. Very special people make up the two volunteer teams that serve the shelter. Volunteers at the shelter building clean and care for the animals 365 days a year—with part-time employees who are paid for in part by the county, and in part by funds from the Yard Sale.

Another team of devoted volunteers has built and operated the Yard Sale in Lottsburg. The team's extraordinary, energetic leader is Jo Ann Smith.

County Authorities

The County Board of Supervisors, the Sheriff, and the County Administrator have been supportive throughout the planning and improving of the shelter. The Animal Control Officer has been a special asset.

Because the volunteers raise supplemental funds for the shelter, we are able to do more for the animals. Gradually, we have increased the save and adoption rate for our animals to very near 90 per cent—an extraordinary save percentage for a public shelter.

It has been heart-warming for the volunteers to experience the improvements in care and housing for the area's animals brought about over the past decade. It is heart-warming also to see the generous support the community is willing to give to provide for our homeless and abused creatures.

It is an extremely good feeling to see so many of our needy creatures prance out the door to an approved home. They seem to sense that life is going to be better.

Northumberland can be proud of its new and expanded animal shelter. Fran Warren is Volunteer Supervisor, Northumberland County Animal Shelter.
What’s The Dirt on Dust?

By Ellen Dugan

Although most of us aren’t certified sedimentologists, we do know quite a lot about dirt. Dust too. Especially when we see it floating inside sunbeams. Like mosquitoes in summer, dust is all around us. Count on it.

But don’t be fooled by its superficial radiance and illumination under bright lights. Those dust motes you see are not just moseying through space on temporary visas. They may look innocent enough, but they’re really seeking a meaningful, long-term relationship. On the surface they seem quite happy to set up housekeeping on your TV or table top. But as time goes by, it’s obvious that permanent residency – a quiet place under your bed – is what they’re really after, often for years on end. Or at least until it’s time to vacuum.

What is it with this dust? Where does it come from? And where does it go on cloudy days when sunbeams are sleeping?

As any sedimentologist worth his shovel will tell you, the dustiest place on earth is an ancient lakebed in Africa called the Bodélé depression. In its heyday, Bodélé was filled with water. It was larger than all the Great Lakes in North America combined.

It’s safe to assume that during this time not much of Bodélé’s dust was blowing in the wind.

Today, Bodélé is about the size of California. And it’s not a lake anymore. It is parched and dry, a hotbed of upwardly mobile dust particles seeking to hitch a ride on the wind. According to some estimates Bodélé provides more than half of the dust needed to fertilize the entire Amazon Rainforest. It is also responsible for most of the Saharan dust that reaches our East Coast.

To give you some idea of just how much dust this is, it is estimated that Bodélé contributes one million plus tons to the air each day during the winter. In summer its dust travels along ocean routes passing by the Caribbean.

But the stationary, happy-to-be-homesteading dust you see on your bookshelves and tables before it clings to your dust cloth, is largely made up of, well, the old you. Along with carpet and furniture fibers, tracked in soil, and pet dander, home-dwelling dust is made up of bits and pieces of your old skin that has flaked off. This enables you to remain fresh and healthy and certainly not at all looking as if you needed dusting.

Luckily, the skin cells you shed are less than a drop in the dust bucket when you consider what nature has to contend with. Hungry dust mites may find the old you irresistibly delicious, but from an historical perspective, your dust is (no offense) hardly worth mentioning. During the Dust Bowl of the 1930s, over 850 million tons of topsoil were blown away. That is more soil than was excavated and relocated during the entire construction of the Panama Canal.

Now we’re talking some real dirt! Stay cool, clean and dust free this summer.

edugan@chesapeakestyle.com
Cooking with Style by Betty B.

Since the weather has been so hot, get out of the kitchen and grill, grill, grill. This recipe is simple and good.

Ranch Grilled Chicken Kabobs
Combine 1 oz. packet of Hidden Valley Ranch Dressing mix and 2 tablespoons of vegetable oil. Mix well in a zip lock bag. Cut 1 lb. of boneless, skinless chicken breasts or thighs. Cut lengthwise in strips. Place in zip lock bag with dressing mix and marinate for at least 15 minutes. Thread chicken onto 8 skewers. Brush with remaining marinade. Grill approximately 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Muddy Buddies Snack
9 cups of your favorite Chex brand cereal (corn, Rice and/or wheat) 1 cup of semi-sweet chocolate chips

Served up with Love in Style!

By Melissa Haydon
Summer is in full swing, and the temperatures have soared. I am a full time working Mom to two kids. My son will be junior in high school and my daughter will be a first grader. I find it difficult finding my groove. My husband works a seasonal job and is gone for long hours at least five days a week, including every weekend. This makes it challenging for our family to spend quality time together. That is when the little things matter the most.

Recently, as I watched my daughter and my nephews play and laughter fills the air I can’t help but smile. I am reminded of my childhood and how much my friends and I enjoyed our summer days. I am reminded of the little things, not chores I have on list. As my laundry is piled up, toys are on the floor, and the kitchen sink is full of dishes, I enjoy the little things. The hugs, kisses, laughter and smiles on my kids’ faces are all that matter. It is in the little things.

There is nothing like a nice, cold, refreshing popsicle to cool you off on a hot day. This recipe came to me one day when I had strawberries that I needed to find something to do with and some lemonade. The best thing about these is that you do not have to have a fancy popsicle mold to make these. Just a cup and some popsicle sticks.

Strawberry Lemonade Popsicles
1/2 pint of strawberries
1/4 to 1/2 cup of sugar
Prepared lemonade
Place the strawberries, sugar, and lemonade in a blender and blend until smooth. Pour into popsicle molds or paper or plastic cups and place in the freezer. If using cups, check the mixture in about an hour and place a popsicle stick in the middle of the cup. Continue to freeze until well frozen. When ready to eat, pull out the freezer and run warm water around the cup to loosen and enjoy. This fruit dip has been a family favorite and enjoyed at many gatherings. It is super simple and easy to do and is the perfect complement to any fruit.

Fruit Dip
1 cup of whipping cream
1/2 cup confectioner’s sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

1/4 cup sour cream
Variety of fresh fruit, cut into bite size pieces
Mix whipping cream with confectioner’s sugar with a mixer until firm. Fold in vanilla and sour cream. Enjoy with fresh fruit.

I share my love of cooking, writing, photography, and family on my blog. I share many easy recipes any cook can prepare. Feeding your family should be easy. Stop by and visit for recipes to add to your collection. Much love.

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