

THE TIMES OF HALCOTT - SPRING!!

Volume 26

2004

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Salsa!

Halcott's been sizzlin' on Friday nights! For a nominal fee throughout January, February, and March, a few brave souls- sometimes 3, sometimes 7 or more - gathered to demonstrate how incredibly difficult it is for Americans to learn the art of salsa. Could we honestly say we danced? Perhaps not, but we tried, and had a very good time at the attempt.

Our leader and instructor, Gaudys Quinones Sanford, brought from Venezuela a natural ability to communicate the spirit and nuance of salsa with movement that is a pleasure to watch, and almost impossible to replicate. But we tried. And we looked pretty funny.

One of the most memorable classes began with Warran Bender pumping fuel into the Grange because it was 38 degrees *inside*. Not to be daunted, we proceeded with the class - coats on, hoods up, gloves and all. We looked like Eskimos, practicing our steps to hot, spicy Caribbean music... a contrast in cultures,

Mixing our metaphors, so to speak. Same class an hour later: the six of us all warmed up (to 48 degrees), outer wear strewn about the chairs, the wild abandon that accompanies the feeling that we were finally getting the steps, and Karl vonHassel walked in to check on the heat. I can still picture him shaking his head and chuckling.

I really think we almost got him to come out on the floor with us, but then perhaps his better judgment prevailed and he left. (Although we have it on good authority that ballroom dancing is somewhere in his past.)

Another memorable evening had the room filled to capacity with about 18 of us in various stages of salsa competence doing our individual and collective salsa thing, having an absolutely wonderful time. There were Halcott residents, Halcott

weekenders, three teenagers, a couple from New Kingston, a certain dental hygienist from Margaretville, and almost a dozen carefree souls from Woodstock and Saugerties.



As you can imagine, not only was a good time had by all, the energy and exercise level was exhilarating and invigorating. Just what we needed on those below zero, blustery, cabin-fever nights. And for those not inclined to participate, the entertainment value alone would have been worth the trip.

Many apologies, esteemed readers, for not announcing this occurrence in our previous issue. At the time of publication, we had not yet finalized the details, and so word of mouth and mention in the "Cats News" (Castkill Mt. News) was the best we could do. We will attempt in the future to plan further ahead, as we strive to bring to Halcott an eclectic array of offerings. If any of you would like to lead a class or experience (yoga, music, travelogue, you name it), give me a call (845-254-4492) and we'll set something up! *PD*

The Return of the Highwayman

Those who have been witness to the life of Alan Reynolds have always wondered where this favorite son of the Halcott Valley would finally end up—figuratively and literally. Alan has led a life of twists and turns that would leave many hard pressed to predict his ultimate destination.

From the beginning, pinning a label on Alan was challenging. When he graduated from Fleischmanns High School in 1965, it seemed Alan might be destined for a tweed-jacketed career in the academy. A lifetime lover of literature and poetry, he published his work in the National High School Anthology of Literature and went off to SUNY Albany to complete a degree in English. He enjoyed the literature of Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad and Ernest Hemingway as well as the poetry of Shakespeare, Alfred Noyes and Robert Herrick. At the same time, however, he was honing his mechanical abilities, repairing

farm equipment at his family's dairy farm and spending summers in Fleischmanns at first working with his uncle Odell as a heavy equipment operator for Slavin Construction and then



gradually doing more and more mechanical work. Odell moved on to Trailways as a bus driver and Alan began his Trailways career servicing buses at their Fleischmanns garage. When he graduated from Albany in 1969, Alan was still undecided on his path in life. He taught English at Margaretville Central School for a semester but had also begun driving for Trailways in the summer.

Chance would ultimately steer Alan on to the road rather than to the classroom. After his first year driving part-time for Trailways a number of drivers retired and he was offered a full-time position. This presented a rare opportunity for such a young driver and Alan seized it. For the next eight years Alan primarily shuttled tourists and upstate residents back and forth between New York City and Cooperstown. One of the job's hidden perks was the chance to meet a lot of interesting

people. Alan got to know the actor Lee Marvin's brother Bob, who often came to visit his parents in Woodstock, as well as Henny Youngman and a couple of Playboy bunnies who had houses in the Catskills. However, it was driving charters to California and Florida that gave Alan his first taste of long-haul trips.

When a fellow bus driver approached him about starting a trucking business together, Alan was skeptical at first. He helped his friend look at trucks but had no intention of getting into the business. Thus, when they ended up taking a loan out together and buying his first rig at the end of the 1970s, probably nobody was more surprised than Alan. It was another instance of chance and circumstance changing the direction of his life. Later in his trucking career Alan took on the CB handle "Hop-a-long." While Alan credits this alias for his distinctive way of walking, one can't help but note its fitting application to a personal philosophy that took life as it came and seized unforeseen opportunities.

No more than two months after nudging him into the trucking business, Alan's partner decided to get out of the business and Alan ended up buying him out. This marked the beginning of over 20 years of hauling everything from paper products to milk to produce around the country in an eighteen-wheeler. Starting out, Alan worked for a leasing outfit that subcontracted jobs. However, he eventually leveraged his dependability into working directly for the paper company, Fasson. These were the fat years for Reynolds Inc. despite the difficulty of competing with large companies and navigating the rigorous regulations that govern the trucking industry. Fasson had facilities all over the country and, through the relationships he had built, Alan was able to coordinate runs that kept him loaded with freight from California to Dallas to Ohio to Pennsylvania. One of his favorite stops was Cucamonga, CA, where he would sometimes have as

much as a whole weekend to rest. Most of the time, though, there was little time for an independent operator to dawdle and sightsee. There were loads to pick up and, if there was a brief pause, mechanical work to be done. The loads Alan enjoyed hauling the most were produce. It was a segment of the trucking industry where few of the large companies ventured and it allowed small independents to build a decent business. It also provided some quality time to hang out with other drivers at coolers and packing houses and share information on rates and produce quality. Perhaps it also provided a small slice of the farm life of the past that Alan left back in New York. However, as with all trucking work, most free time was used for getting some rare sleep and figuring out where your next decent meal was coming from.

It was during his life on the road that Alan honed one of the enduring passions in his life— an appreciation for what he calls "real" country music. *[Editor's note: It would be remiss not to mention here Alan's equally passionate love of classical music, including the work of Rimsky-Korsakov.]* This is not the commercial country that some associate with the genre, but the early country that began in the 1920s and all but died out by the 1960s. Names like Carl Belew, Benny Barnes, and Hank Snow in the 40's and 50s, as well as a few contemporary musicians like Stu Phillips, Charlie Walker and Hank Thompson were true to a music that has largely veered into pop music or what Alan refers to as "southern rock."

While many associate the trucking lifestyle with country music, Alan actually found religion in country music long before he began driving a truck. Believe it or not, he discovered the music not in Texas or Tennessee but in that unlikely cradle of country music, Albany, New York. On the first day of college, he walked into his dorm room and found his roommate plucking on a banjo. Encouragement from his friend and the influence of one of the few country music stations in Albany introduced Alan to a cul-



ture that was vast yet fairly underground in the northeast. Besides playing real country, this station also sponsored live music in the region. He saw talents ranging from Sonny James to Connie Smith to Bill Anderson. Once he began trucking, Alan found a community of fellow aficionados on the airwaves of nighttime radio across the country. Radio stations such as WWL out of New Orleans had country music programs like the Road Gang that filled the long highway hours and provided a forum for experts on the obscure gems of real country music to show off their knowledge. Alan became a regular caller and, through a DJ at the radio station, was introduced to a record producer and music historian named John Morris who started Old Homestead Records in Michigan to preserve and re-release traditional country music and bluegrass. Alan eventually collaborated with Morris and got him to start releasing collections of his favorite music on CDs. He also became a major customer of Old Homestead, amassing a collection of over 5,000 albums that have made him a virtual music historian.

By 2002, profitable work in the independent trucking industry had grown scarce, and Alan began plotting his next move. As a trucker, he had worked regularly with a shop in Bovina that repaired starters, alternators and generators. While still driving, Alan got a call that the business was going to close down and its owner wondered if he would be interested in taking over. This was the chance he was looking for to start a new career and he began a training process that would last six months before he bought the equipment and opened up shop here in Halcott. He has added a new advanced testing machine to the shop and is now providing service for large engine owners throughout the region.

Last summer, Alan's truck, the final remnant of his hauling career drove off into the sunset with its new owner. However, while he has retired from the business, it seems that the trucker lifestyle has made a permanent imprint on Alan. In addition to his continued love of old-time country music and his famous flair for dapper country

fashion, he still craves Southern cooking and the landscape of middle Tennessee. After spending over thirty years traversing the highways of the nation, this Renaissance trucker has finally parked himself back where he started so long ago – the Halcott Valley – to make a go of a stable lifestyle that is vastly different from the wanderlust that characterized over half of his life. It seems just a matter of time before Hop-a-long is drawn to the open road again. In the meantime, Halcott will enjoy having one of its own back in the community again.
Marc Neves

Genie with the Light Brown Nails

“Did you hear about...?” One of the most delightful aspects of living on a farm is that it is a never-ending treasure trove of characters and happenings. Of course, sharing these stories is half the fun. Get a group of

farmers together and, regardless of the topic at hand, the talk will always turn to animal stories: the big calf born last night, the sick cow that finally came



around and is doing great, the top milk cow last test day, the blue ribbon winner at the fair. These events pass from heart to heart, farm to farm, adding to one another's treasure troves. It is my pleasure to share them with our readers as well.

Our “cow tale” in this issue centers on one of the queens of our herd. Her name is Genie, daughter of departed herd matron Gina whom I wrote about a few years back. Genie, along with two other tough, productive old-timers (each being more than 13 years old), Valerie and Jolly, forms a trio of cows we are blessed to have on our farm. Making these girls even more special is the fact that they were among

the first calves we raised when we started farming. I guess you could say they're our "Timex Girls" since they just keep on ticking!

We could tell Genie was special from the time she was a young calf. She has always had an A+ personality. As she grew older, nothing seemed to faze her; in horse terms she's "bomb-proof". Whether it has been adjusting to new milking routines, living at three different farms, or clipping her hair, her attitude has always been, "Hey, whatever you wish." Genie is most often the cow we use for kids to pet because she will stand patiently, soaking up the attention like a birthday girl being showered with gifts. And, on the days the stream runs too high for the herd to cross safely, Genie plays the role of fearless leader as we take her across the bridge first so the others will follow her to pasture. She is a real dream to work with so she has rightly earned high favor on our farm.

About 8 years ago, Genie became quite ill. Dr. John Fairbairn, our trusted friend, mentor and veterinarian, diagnosed her illness as hardware disease, a condition that can occur when a cow ingests a sharp, foreign object (cows eat in a manner in which they don't discriminate much in their feed) that later perforates a part of the stomach and perhaps other internal organs. Although Genie had in her a cow magnet designed to hold fast to any metal objects (these magnets are commonly used to help prevent hardware disease in cattle), sometimes the magnet loses strength over time.

We began treating Genie immediately by keeping her still and comfortable in a stall with her front feet elevated to hopefully slow the movement of the object and by giving her probiotics (similar to active cultures in yogurt) to keep her gut functioning. Despite these efforts, not to mention Genie's willingness as a patient, her condition deteriorated. This was beyond what could be done for her here at the farm. We now had two choices: get rid of her or send her to Cornell for surgery. Naturally, this being Genie, we opted to send her to the Large

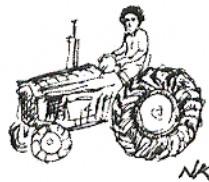
Animal Hospital at Cornell University. The morning she left, Chris gave her an IV of a dextrose solution to help her better withstand the 3 hour ride to Ithaca. Genie boarded the trailer as if she knew, just knew, that all this fuss was going to make her feel better.

Out at Cornell, Genie was x-rayed and then put into a clean, well-bedded stall until surgery. The x-ray revealed a nail which had worked its way into her stomach wall, and a fence staple. The surgery would be done to try and retrieve those items. Due to the sheer size of a cow's gut, this was akin to searching for needles in a haystack, but the vets would do their best.

The veterinary team that worked on her was terrific. The lead vet was Dr. Daryl Nydam, son of Dr. Charles Nydam, a well-respected veterinarian in Stamford. He called often to update us on her progress not to mention to laugh about how easy she was to handle. The nail, which was found to have done damage to the stomach wall leaving a fair bit of scar tissue behind, was removed. The staple, unfortunately, couldn't be located. The vet team looked for a long time before they felt they had to close Genie up. She was given a guarded prognosis due to the extensive scarring and because the staple was still at large.

Overall, though, the surgery was a success. Genie started eating like her old self and was able to come home soon. The vets thought maybe she would last one or two more lactations. But this being Genie, she's still here 8 years later. True, she moves more slowly these days and her old feet require attention from time to time, but she's given us

several healthy daughters including a real beauty born last November. Undoubtedly, they will carry on the family tradition and create many more years of cow tales to share. *JD*



Halcott Authors

This submission comes to us from the Margaretville Central School, where the first grade class visits the fourth grade class once a week for a program called "Fourth Grade Buddies." The older students help the younger ones while working on different projects together. Sometimes they make things; other times they write things. The following book was written by Halcott fourth grader Kristen Finch about Halcott first grader, Julian Rauter.

My name is Julian Robert Rauter. I am six years old. I have three people in my family. I come to school and ride bus 77, the smiley bus. My teacher's name is Mrs. Ciaravino. I am in first grade. My favorite color is bright red. My favorite animal is a tiger. My favorite food is shrimp. My best friends are Lindsey and Zack. I have ten chickens for a pet. My favorite thing to do is go on vacation. I am special because I am nice and kind.

The author and illustrator of this book is Kristen Finch. She is nine years old. She is in fourth grade. She goes to Margaretville Central School. She likes to play with her friends. *KR*.

HALCOTT FAIR, July 24, 2004

Join us for a planning meeting on Saturday, April 3, at 10:00AM in the Grange Hall to discuss the fair for this year. As always, a little coffee, a little tea and a little sweetie will be served to help the discussion. We hope to see you there! *IK & PD*



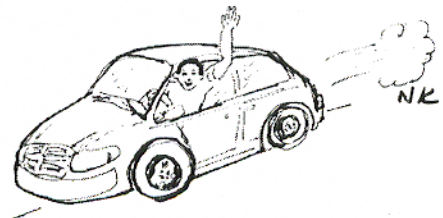
LUCAS!

There is something in the air or the water or the mountains of Halcott that produces superior children. It's a secret ingredient that con-

stantly brings smiles of pride to Halcott parents. I decided to test this theory again by checking out Lucas Bouton, son of Dennis and Jennifer Bouton, and I can safely say that Lucas upholds the tradition. Everyone I asked smiled proudly and began by telling me what a fine boy he is. Typically, I could not get hold of Lucas himself, even to snap a picture. He's too busy.

The list of his activities is staggering. Aside from his schoolwork, Lucas plays whatever sport is in season, baseball being his favorite. Last summer he was the youngest player on the American Legion team, playing both first baseman and outfielder. He plays the drums, practicing at home on anything that he can pound. His grandmother Carol Sanford tells me proudly that Lucas played a beautiful drum solo in the Winter Concert at Margaretville Central School. On weekends and holidays, Lucas works at the ski shop at Belleayre. Does he have any spare time? Both grandmothers admitted that he does manage to fit in quite a bit of television. He's an avid NASCAR race fan, following the career of Bobby LaBonte. He loves snow mobiling, dirt biking, four-wheeling – "anything with a motor in it," as his mother puts it.

But what's he like? Grandmother Shirley says, "He's as honest a child as you could find. If you ask Lucas, you can find the truth." Both his grandfather Donald and his grandmother Carol tell me that Lucas is very caring and loves his family. And he's helpful! When both his parents have heavy work schedules during ski season, he "sibling s i t s" younger brother Marshall.



getting them both on the school bus in the mornings. He loves to cook, according to Shirley and Donald, and often gets supper for his extremely busy parents. Donald says that Lucas is caring in special ways – he'll see tasks that are hard for his grandfather to do and he'll just do them, without saying anything. He helps in the garden, he helps in the hay field, he helps in his father's repair shop. He's a dependable, good and steady baseball player, always showing up for practice, making sure that he's there for all the games. He decided on his own this season not to play basketball because it would cut into his school work and all the driving back and forth was "just too much for Mommy and Daddy."

So what does this young man want to do with his life? Lucas turns fifteen on April 2nd and understandably is not sure about his future. He manages to get very good grades in school, but school is not his favorite activity. He looks forward to going to college though. Donald thinks he'd be a very good chef. He used to say that he wanted to be a mechanic like his father. His father told him to find a better profession. He's still looking, but wherever he lands, we know that he will bring with him a whole bundle of special, Halcottian attributes! *IK*

Lions' Teeth

We will soon be surrounded by lions' teeth. The medieval French, perhaps after a sip or two of wine, decided that the jagged leaf of the dandelion looked like the tooth of a lion, or *dent de lion*, which in English came to be pronounced "dandelion." The botanical name of the dandelion is *Taraxacum officinale*, or "official remedy," which turns out to be quite apt. Other names include wild endive, and piss-in-bed or piss-a-bed, from the French *pissenlit*. I remember that when I was a child, my mother used to tell me that if I smelled a dandelion, I would pee in the bed that night. There are various childhood legends connected with the puffy seed heads of dandelions. If you blew on them, the

remaining seeds would indicate how many children you were going to have, or even how many marriages. Sometimes that was an astounding number. For some, the seeds remaining indicated the time of day.

Last summer, as I was standing in front of my house looking at my yellow-decked lawn, Mike DiBenedetto stopped for a moment to chat with me. He remarked that if people knew how



From *Stalking
the Wild Asparagus*,
Euell Gibbons

DANDELION

beneficial dandelions were, they would cultivate them instead of cursing them. His comments caused me to look up a little about them.

Dandelions are a wonderful source of calcium and also supply potassium, vitamins C, A and B12, beta carotene, and iron. But beyond the nutritional benefits, dandelions have long been known to have medicinal uses. They are a natural diuretic (hence the name piss-in-bed), which can be used to prevent bloating and

to lower blood pressure. However, if you are a pregnant or nursing woman, are already taking diuretics or antibiotics, or if you have gallstones, check with your doctor before gobbling up all the dandelions on your property.

The roots of the dandelion act as a blood purifier, helping to remove toxins from the kidney and liver. They have been used to treat jaundice. Dandelions (remember the botanical name!) may be used for skin problems like eczema, boils, abscesses, and may help prevent age spots and even breast cancer! They may be useful in treating congestive heart failure and diabetes.

What other health problems can be treated with dandelions? Because of the folic acid, iron, and vitamin B12 in the plant, herbalists have used it to fight anemia. Its potassium helps to supply an important mineral which is often lost with the use of conventional diuretics. The diuretic properties help alleviate pre-menstrual bloating, as well as bladder infections. The potassium is good for easing muscle spasms and cramps.

Is there anything more this little plant does that is of value? Well, the root, by helping to clean out the liver, increases the production of bile, which in turn relieves constipation, and dandelions can reduce the risk of developing gallstones, though, as noted before, if you already have gallstones, better avoid consuming dandelions. The plant may have uses in fighting osteoporosis, and may be used as a weight loss aid. Historically, the Chinese used it for treating colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, hepatitis, boils, obesity, itching, and other problems. The Food and Drug Administration regards the dandelion as safe, though of course it warns against taking it if you have the complications listed above. The FDA does not, however, endorse any specific medical use for the plant.

Now that you know dandelions are good for most of us, how can they be eaten or drunk? I don't know how nutritious dandelion wine is, but it can be pretty good. Tea may be made using dandelion leaves, and you can throw dried leaves

and flowers in your bath water to prevent yeast infections! The leaves are also used in the manufacturing of medicinal teas and tinctures. Roots are also used to make tinctures, as well as tablets.

If you want to just taste the leaves raw, pick them from very young plants, preferably before they have blossomed. You can use the leaves in tossed salads, or make wilted salads by pouring a hot dressing over them, such as a garlicky vinaigrette, or a bacon dressing. Older leaves may be cooked in water, like other edible greens, and served with butter and salt. Even young roots can be peeled, sliced and boiled. Roots can be roasted and ground up, to make dandelion coffee.

Well, if you don't have any dandelions of your own, and would like to try some, I think I will be able to spare some. So stop by my place. I'm very generous. *Nina Kasanof.*

FARM STARS

Did everyone see Tim and Chris Johnson on national TV? They were featured on a new half hour television special about watersheds—**After the Storm**—co-produced by The Weather Channel (TWC) and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) on Wednesday, February 4, 2004. If you missed it, additional showings are slated for Sunday, May 9th at 8:30 and 11:30 pm EST and Saturday, June 26th at 8:30 and 11:30 pm EST. **KR**

Halcott's Comprehensive Plan

Soon after the winter issue of **The Times of Halcott** went to press, on December 10, 2003, the Town Board adopted the Comprehensive Plan that so many people have worked so hard on. The plan then lay undisturbed while the holiday season came upon the Town workers, but it is now in the process of being printed. The Town will sell the plan for \$6.00 a copy, available from Bob VanValkenburgh, Town

Clerk. If you call 254-6899 and leave your name or send an email to: Bob@catskill.net or to: clerk@townofhalcott.com your name will be placed on a list and you'll be notified when the plan arrives from the printer. Copies of the Plan will be available to borrow, for a \$6.00 deposit, returned when the Plan is returned. And don't forget that the Halcott Community Fund sells the 24 X 36 inch map of the town that was produced during the preparation of the plan for \$25.00 each. You can obtain a map by calling Innes Kasanof at 254-9920. *IK*

Grange Hall Happenings

Ten new, environmentally correct windows have been installed in the upper floor of the Grange Hall. And the building has finally been insulated! These two improvements alone will result in a significant reduction of our heating bill. But the greatest gift came from Senator Jim Seward who announced in December a grant of \$10,000 to help in the renovations of the Town Grange Hall. Over the years, the town had applied to different funding sources unsuccessfully for money to help improve the upper floor of our 100 year old Grange. When

Seward was campaigning to be re-elected to the State Senate last fall, he visited Halcott and met with constituents at the Grange Hall. He saw the condition of the building and offered to help, explaining that he also is from a rural community and understands the value of a small town. He pointed out that the Grange Hall is the only spot in town for the Halcott community to hold events. We thank you, Senator Seward! After the announcement, the Town Board appointed an "Upper Floor" committee of Peg DiBenedetto, Karen Rauter, Alex Brock, Mindy Pfeffer, and Karl VonHassel to recommend how to spend the money. *IK*

FARM CATSKILLS!

In an effort to take the "next steps" discussed during this past fall's Countryside Exchange on agricultural issues in the Catskills, a group has formed called **Farm Catskills!** Made up of farmers, citizens and people whose everyday job it is to help farmers, the group meets monthly to report on the progress of the many projects that were suggested by the Exchange team.

So far, the most compelling idea from this group is to create a printed piece that will describe the farms, stores and restaurants that provide local products to consumers – either for their own use or on the menu. There is a hope that all the Catskill counties will produce such material, but for this summer, the goal is to have a brochure for Delaware County and the surrounding area.

Secondly, to develop a greater appreciation of the cultural heritage farming provides in our Catskill valleys, an expanded Cauliflower Festival will take place on Saturday, October 2 in Margaretville. Begun as a small effort last year, lo-



cal historians worked together on a wonderful exhibit that combined oral history – or “reminiscing” – with photographs and artifacts of the crop that was once “Queen of the Catskills.” A small recipe book was the big hit last year and sold out – along with the cauliflower – by mid-day. There were also a few former “farm kids” in attendance to discuss their experiences firsthand at the exhibit.



NK

This year’s Festival, coordinated by the Margaretville Chamber of Commerce and the Watershed Agricultural Council, will include farmers who will supply the cauliflower; restaurants and chefs who will interpret this humble vegetable for connoisseurs in a variety of familiar and new ways; an expanded history tent focusing on the impact cauliflower had on life in the Catskills; and farm tours (perhaps throughout the month of October) of present-day Catskill Farms. If you’re interested in joining Farm Catskills!, hosting an educational tour on your farm, or for more information about these projects, please call Amy Kenyon at the Watershed Agricultural Council at 607-865-7790 x 175.

KR

PASSAGES

Richard L. Wachtell, who maintained homes in Tuxedo Park, NY and on Johnson Hollow Road in Halcott, died December 20, 2003 at age 83. Dick’s ties to Halcott date back to about 1960 when he used to visit his old friends, Lillian and Paul Steinfeld, who had purchased the Boscu farm in 1958.

Dick was an avid gunsmith, ballistics expert, collector and builder of firearms. These hobbies related to his profession of metallurgist. He used to practice with old muzzle loaders and new high powered rifles first at the Steinfelds and subsequently on his own property. In the early 1960s Frank Beers parceled and sold off his farm which extended along Johnson Hollow Road and

westerly from Brunner Road (County Route 3). At that time, Dick and his wife Clara purchased the parcel containing the old farmhouse, barns, and 127 acres of meadows and forest. One aspect of Dick’s devotion to conservation of our region’s natural resources was his long membership in the Catskill Forest Association.

The Wachtells invested much in repairing and refurbishing the old farmhouse with antiques. One day in 1983, during their absence from the farm, in a heavy thunderstorm, the house was struck by lightning and burned to the ground together with all the furnishings. There remains now only the old stone chimney, stone foundation, springwater system, and thick lilac bushes by the old housefront. The two barns on either side of Johnson Hollow Road remain intact. Subsequently the Wachtells built a new residence of pine logs on the east side of Johnson Hollow Road with a sweeping view southward to Belleayre Mountain.

Richard is survived by his wife of 62 years, Clara, and by his daughter, Nancy, son-in-law William Burstein, and by three grandchildren all of Petersburg, NY. **Paul Steinfeld.**

Walter Miller adds: Dick Wachtell was a good friend to the Town of Halcott. One of his many acts of kindness was to donate all the gravel from his gravel bank for the extensive repairs to Johnson Hollow Road following the January 1996 flood.





THE TIMES OF THE HALCOTT METHODIST CHURCH*

PATTIE KELDER, CORRESPONDENT

LENT

We are in the season of the church year known as Lent, which concludes with Easter. A former pastor once challenged us to take on something for Lent rather than give something up. Examples:

- ❖ ***Call*** a shut in once a week;
- ❖ ***Pray*** for someone who bugs you;
- ❖ ***Attend*** a Holy Week service;
- ❖ ***Perform*** Good Samaritan acts of kindness.

The Parish churches are taking turns **servng lunches each Wednesday** during Lent. The public is welcome. There will be a free will offering for missions as well as a short meditation. Halcott UMC will host lunch on March 24th at Fleischmanns UMC at noon.

BARBEQUE

Every year the Halcott UMC holds a chicken and ribs barbeque take out at the Arkville Fire Hall. The date is always a little too far away to publish in the Winter issue of the **Times of Halcott**, and has already passed when the Spring issue comes out. If you missed this year's barbeque, (March 13th) mark your 2005 calendars for the next one. It's always a welcome taste of summer. Thank you for your support!

MISSION SCHOLARSHIP II

Who do you see in your mind's eye when someone mentions "The Nation's Poor?" Chances are, your first thought is not of the Native Americans, America's forgotten minority. Yet living conditions on many reservations are as primitive as those in the Third World. In the 1960s, Halcott UMC Pastor at the time and his wife, Reverend and Mrs.

Horace Bohea spent their vacations ministering to the Navajo in Arizona. Some years later we were able to provide scholarship aid to a young Navajo pastoral student. Now we have been matched to a young Navajo couple studying for the ministry, the Tullies. Any scholarship help that can be provided is desperately needed.

SUNDAY SCHOOL **God's Mysterious Ways**

Much of what we do in life seems to go unnoticed. But once in a while someone comes along and says we've made a difference. Such was the case for the Sunday School children whose Valentine was read at Peg Osterhout's funeral. Now, Peggy never received that card. It arrived later the morning she died. But that was not the sad end of the story. God allowed the message in the poem to minister to the fresh grief of her



family, even before everyone could gather to offer comfort.

The moral of the story? God can use small acts of kindness to provide unexpected blessings. And He can work through children to make this world a better place. Young people's ministry is tremendously important at Halcott UMC. Not only does it help build neighborliness for the next generation, it enriches lives right now. If you have children or know children, why not encourage their participation in Sunday School or Vacation Bible School? Wonderful things can happen! (To enroll, call Pattie Kelder, Superintendent, at 254-5589.)