



Frigid and Fragrant MLK Day Clean-up in Lake Claire Park

by Kai Artley Nathaniel

The annual Lake Claire Park clean up on Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Day was both fragrant and frigid.

When the more than 50 volunteers gathered at the park at 10 a.m., the temperature was in the high 20s. Puddles in the field were frozen, and the younger volunteers had fun playing with the icy mud. The City of Atlanta had deposited a huge pile of Christmas tree-scented mulch at the end of Marlbrook Drive. The volunteers filled wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow of the best-smelling mulch anyone with a shovel or pitchfork could hope to spread.

While the adults, and teens like Deacon Baker of Leonardo, hefted the wheelbarrows, Cubs, like Hugh and Henry O'Donnell of New York Avenue, piloted a red Radio Flyer wagon down the bumpy path to dump their sizable load of mulch. Once the paths were cared for, extras were spread under the trees to replace the mulch swept away by this winter's considerable rains.

The annual Lake Claire Park cleanup was again spearheaded by Judy Hammack of Lakeshore. As the head of the Friends of Lake Claire Park, she arranged with the City to deliver the supplies needed to spiff up

the park. Dozens of Cub Scouts from Pack 586 worked to collect garbage, spread pine straw, and mulch the pathways into the park. Each scout was tasked with finding at least five pieces of trash before moving on to the bigger projects.

Ben Witt-Sandy of Marlbrook and Cooper and Parker Herzegh from McLendon helped form a patrol line to cross through the park's bioswale to make sure even the tiniest piece of trash was collected. Kai and Ari Mitchell, scouts who live on Palifox, had different attitudes on spreading pine straw. Kai found the frozen bits of straw unpleasant to work with, while his sister cheerily worked to help protect the plantings in the park. "This is fun!" Ari said.

Oliver Grosse, of McLendon, carted the pine straw up the Lakeshore Drive entrance so younger scouts like Crosby and Shaw Gordon could cover up the bare soil and prevent erosion. After the mulch was spread, Sam Fowlkes of Claire Ave. helped uproot the invasive cherry laurels and privet. Sam merrily pulled the invaders from the soil and pitched them without ceremony to the side of the trail.

Ms. Hammack was very happy with the turnout and the work that



Volunteers on MLK, Jr. Day Brave Chilly Weather

was completed. She had arranged with John Ahern of Park Pride to coordinate the support from the City of Atlanta. Bretta Hunnicut, the city's supervisor of the parks in Northeast Atlanta, ordered and delivered the pine straw and wood chips. The exceptionally cold weather kept the volunteers from putting a protective layer of polyurethane on the park benches and tables.

When Tate Mikula, a Mary Lin 5th grader and former Lake Claire resident, walked down the freshly mulched path, he told his fellow scout Luigi Marra, "We really accom-

plished something!"

To reward the volunteers for the efforts, they were treated to hot chocolate poured by Anna Fowlkes of Claire Ave., cookies baked by Ms. Hammack, and Cub Scout popcorn.

Kai Artley Nathaniel lives on Lakeshore and is a 4th grader at the Waldorf School. He turns ten years old on March 8, and he's in the WereBear Den of Pack 586. Thank you, Kai, for the timely article, and thanks to all the Lake Clarions who braved the cold in this annual volunteer effort.
~Ed.

Dear Neighbors,

Let me start this message off by welcoming Cecily Stevens to the Lake Claire Neighbors (LCN) Executive Committee as VP for Safety. She's replacing Ann Mauney, who decided that her travel plans this year would make it difficult to carry out her responsibilities adequately. However, I want to thank her for the more than adequate job she has done this last year making reports at our regular meetings, and writing several informative articles in the Clarion. Since our bylaws do not allow for a special election, the ex. comm. is authorized to make an appointment to fill any vacant position until the next election in November, if a candidate has attended a minimum of four regular LCN meetings. Cecily is the ideal person. A Georgia native and 12-year resident of Lake Claire, she co-founded the Candler Park/Lake Claire Patrol and served on

its board for two years while active in the neighborhood in various other ways such as contributing articles to the Clarion, leading brownie scouts, and directing the Epworth Methodist Church's Children and Youth Ministry. She even did a season with the Lake Claire Softball Team! In addition to all this, she became a licensed Zumba instructor after seeing how much fun people were having working out to awesome music, instead of treading on machines, and is now carrying the message.

As for the last part of 2018, Julie Roseman, with her great organizational skills and with able assistance from Annsley Klehr, carried off a very successful Arts and Crafts Sale in the Atrium of the Frazer Center—earning close to \$2,000 for Mary Lin Elementary and the LCN. This, in spite of a very rainy day! Next came

Cont. on p. 3

LCN Officer Eileen O'Neill

This begins a now-and-again series in the Clarion for you to get to know our neighborhood officers. This issue we begin with our Treasurer, Eileen O'Neill. 2019 will kick off the second year of Eileen's role as Treasurer for Lake Claire Neighbors. She is a 'Dorfer and has lived in the neighborhood since 2014. Eileen lives with her two children, Sophia 13 years, and Sean, 4 years, and dog Brutus.

With her background in tax law and accounting, serving as Treasurer seemed like a good fit. But most importantly, Eileen hoped that serving on the executive committee would allow her to meet more of her neighbors and contribute to this wonderful neighborhood, which she holds so dear.

"There is no other place I'd rather raise my children than Lake Claire,"

Eileen told the Clarion. "It is a beautiful neighborhood, where greenspace, community, and diversity are valued. I love that we have multiple parks (including the Land Trust!), coffee shops, and the Candler Park Market, that we can walk to. Thanks to the warm familiar faces we see day to day, we're happy to call Lake Claire home."

*Editor's note—I *think* you all know, but just in case not, 'Dorfers' live on Hardendorf, 'Leos' on Leonardo; if there are any other streets who've nicknamed themselves, let us know.*

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 Cover banner photo by Sarah Coburn

The Clarion Newspaper (and its predecessor Neighbors Monthly Newsletter and its predecessor Lake Claire Neighbors Flyer) has been written, edited, and distributed by volunteers since 1989.

February Calendar

1 to March 3 Horizon Theatre—*The Wolves*, by Sarah Delappe, re a girls' indoor soccer team. See www.horizontheatre.com/plays/the-wolves/. (13+, adult situations and language).

1-24 Actors Express—*Octoroon*—MacArthur Genius Grant recipient Branden Jacobs-Jenkins turns a nineteenth century melodrama on its ear in this hilarious, riotously subversive romp. www.actors-express.com.

2 & 16 Drum Circle, 8 to 11 p.m. Please walk, bike, or carpool. Bring a friend! Please help spread the word.

3 Annual Women's Tea for Lake Claire Women. Please join Betsy Hoddinott and her friends on Sunday, February 3, 2-5 p.m., for an afternoon of tea, treats, and talk. Please bring your favorite pastry or tea sandwich, and your smile. Hats and gloves encouraged! 1759 Indiana Avenue. Also—**you know**—the largest American sporting event of the year in the Atl—causing lots of traffic, perhaps all day, so best to stay in our neighborhood!

6-26 Atlanta Jewish Film Festival: cutting-edge films, many running at multiple cinemas (www.ajff.org). Tickets went on sale Jan. 28—best to purchase ASAP. The brand new Sandy Springs Performing Arts Center at City Springs is the “anchor.” Guest speakers include Melissa Faye Greene and a host of others (see www.ajff.org/festival/guest-speakers).

9 Mid-Winter Land Trust Dance Party, 7 p.m., First Existentialist Congregation (\$10 donation).

16 Land Trust Community Work Day, 2 to 5 p.m. Pizza and drum circle follow. Note winter hours!

17 Memorial Service/Gardenia Planting for Marilyn Leah Rosenberg, at Amata Community (next to the Land Trust), 317 Nelms Avenue, 2-5 p.m. (gardenia planting in her honor at 3 p.m.), rain or shine. **See article on Page 7.**

21 Lake Claire Neighbors monthly meeting—and every 3rd Thursday, in the Rose Room at The Frazer Center, 7 p.m. socialize, 7:15 meeting. **Pizza provided free from Savage (THANKS, SAVAGE). Minutes on the website, and when room, in the Clarion.**

27 to March 23 The Theatrical Outfit presents *The Pitmen Painters*, by Lee Hall (1934-1947 in Great Britain: a group of miners and a dentist hire a professor to teach Art Appreciation & embark on one of the most unusual experiments in art history.) www.theatricaloutfit.org/

Send calendar entries for the MARCH Clarion by February 15 to editor@lakeclaire.org. I'd love to make this calendar relevant for YOU—send ideas!

**Teaching Inclusion: Frazer + ALC**

by Dina Shadwell

In early 2018, Frazer Center began a partnership with the Adaptive Learning Center (ALC), thanks to a grant from the Goizueta Foundation. Inclusion is at the heart of Frazer's mission, so this pilot program is a perfect fit, allowing for two Inclusion Consultants, contracted through ALC, to be at Frazer five days a week. Annie Brown and Nympha Meadows have become part of the Frazer family, and their work is invaluable.

Both Annie and Nympha hold a master's in Applied Behavioral Analysis (ABA). ABA is known to be a very clinical practice—the science of behavior. But Annie and Nympha's gifts stretch beyond book knowledge and scientific research. Every day they enter a non-controlled environment—the classroom—and apply their skills to whatever situation arises in the moment. They work directly with the teachers to share resources and model behavioral interventions with children who have special needs.

About twenty percent of the children enrolled in Frazer have a developmental delay or disability. Although Frazer has some teachers with Special Education degrees, it is not a requirement for employment. Thanks to the Goizueta grant, the partnership provides for professional development while in the classroom. One teacher, Shirley Drew, recently com-

pleted her Special Education degree. Annie frequently visits Ms. Shirley's class to make observations, confer with her and the other teachers about possible interventions, and model behavior with the children. She'll often ask another child to demonstrate for a child with special needs. “I've learned a lot of things from Annie that are not in the book,” says Shirley.

Nympha says of the program, “It allows the teachers to look outside the box so we can find the best ways to assist a particular student. I think it's also made a big impact on the parents. They get clarity about how important the consistency with their children is, and since we are coordinating communication they feel more included and can clearly see their children's progress.”

As our mission says, Frazer is a place where people gather, learn, and flourish. “That applies to everyone, not just to the children. We want our teachers to flourish as well,” says Susie Riddick, Child Development Program Director. “This program nurtures their growth, and that in turn benefits the children and families.”

Annie and Nympha are helping to foster Frazer's inclusive community, and we are hopeful that the program will thrive well into the future. (info about the Frazer Center, www.frazer-center.org)



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Dear Neighbors

Continued from Page 1

the Annual Lake Claire Potluck, also at the Frazer Center, that was well attended, with entertainment provided by Joe Reed, a local musician (as reported in last month's Clarion). A crucial part, of course, was the gathering and comingling of long- and short-term residents, along with attendance by our Councilmember, Natalyn Archibong, and Kim Widman for Bee Nguyen, our state representative. And many thanks to Kathie Ryan, former VP for Safety, who has been organizing this event for many years. Although permanently retiring this year, she will happily offer advice and has left a good amount of supplies for the next person willing to take on this enjoyable celebration. Thanks as well to Miriam Herbers, who has been responsible for ordering the lasagna for many events, and Genise and Bernard Spence, who consistently help with the set up. Last but not least, thanks to Pen Sherwood for the table decorations and picking up dues and handling sales of LCN merchandise at both the above festive occasions.

On the administrative front, we have updated our variance process to incorporate a formal review by the LCN Zoning Committee. This aligns better both with our bylaws and the processes of the other neighborhoods within Neighborhood Planning Unit (NPU)-N. Atlanta's NPU process

provides us an opportunity to review proposed construction—whether that be new construction or additions to existing structures—that require variances. The positions taken by the neighborhood and the NPU are recommendations, but are taken into consideration by the City's Board of Zoning Adjustment or Zoning Review Board when they vote.

Continuing with the tradition established by some of my predecessors, let me comment on an upcoming holiday, which in this case will be St. Valentine's Day. As with Mother's Day, it's pretty much a creation of the greeting card industry. Not surprisingly, as with many of these modern festive days, oftentimes there are background stories that may have little or nothing to do with what they have become in our time. The founders of Mother's Day did not intend for it to be a commercialized celebration of motherhood but more of a protest against losing sons in wars initiated by men. The increasingly popular Cinco de Mayo celebration is not the equivalent of Mexico's Independence Day, although still a good excuse for consuming massive amounts of avocados and margaritas, but began as an anti-slavery protest during the Civil War.

Back to Valentine's Day, its origin may go back to an ancient Roman fes-

tival named *Lupercalia*, taking place in the middle of February, when young men and women got drunk and naked ending with a matchmaking lottery. Maybe an early version of Internet dating, but apparently no cards or any other information was exchanged. The name St. Valentine came from a Christian who was martyred on Feb. 14 in the 3rd century A.D. around the same date as *Lupercalia*, although there was nothing romantic about the event. How the date later became associated with an amorous experience is very obscure, except that in 1382 Geoffrey Chaucer mentioned a St. Valentine's Day having to do with birds mating and, by extension, people. By Shakespeare's time the connection with love poetry was pretty well established, and some couples began exchanging written notes. However, the modern concept didn't take off until, you guessed it, the arrival of the postage stamp in 1840. In the United States, Esther Howland is credited with the first mass production of Valentine's Day cards in 1847, and today select individuals are honored with the Annual Esther Howland Award for "greeting card visionaries." That is one way to make your mark in history! As for the extent of commercialization, Valentine's Day card sales in the U.S. are now the second largest, only surpassed by Christmas, with Mother's



Joe Agee at the Annual Arts & Crafts Sale, December 2018

Day coming in third. Not counting e-cards, about 200 million were sold last year. Although there is no romantic connection it's hard to forget the St. Valentine's Day Massacre but at least it hasn't been commercialized, yet. Concerning the moral to all of the above, it confirms my heartfelt belief that history is stranger than fiction and actually more interesting, since it's a major part of who we are—whether we're aware of it or not. Somehow we find ways of expanding on past events to create new realities, whether they make sense or not.

Sincerely,

Joe Agee,
President, Lake Claire Neighbors, Inc.

The History/Mystery of the Old Stone Church in Candler Park

Compiled by Amy Meyer Burns and Edith Kelman (www.biracialhistoryproject.org)

The "Old Stone Church" at 470 Candler Park Drive has quite a story to tell. The church, now home to the First Existentialist Congregation of Atlanta, has been a fixture in Candler Park since 1922. Yet, its part in the pioneering history of the area is unknown to many.

The church was a cornerstone for a vibrant African American working-class community that resided in this neighborhood from the early 1870s. Many of these Black families were members and leaders of the Antioch Baptist Church, founded close by in 1874. Circa 1880, the Antioch congregation built a wooden church "for religious and educational purposes," on what is now Oakdale Road, north of McLendon Avenue. That building burned to the ground under mysterious circumstances in 1916. For the next several years, the congregation held services at the African American Edgewood Evening Star Lodge nearby. In 1918, Antioch purchased property across the street from the lodge and began construction, this

time building their new sanctuary out of granite from Stone Mountain. It took four years to complete; the Old Stone Church stands in the neighborhood to this day.

The congregation continued to worship as Antioch East Baptist Church, until September of 1950, when Antioch was obliged to move south of the railroad tracks by growing hostilities from White neighbors. The stone building, on its single lot of land, was bought by the Caucasian-only Candler Park Improvement Corporation/Candler Park Civic Club and was converted into their club house. By the time they sold it to the Phoenix Unitarian Fellowship in 1977, the club had added four adjacent land lots to the original parcel.

In 1980, the First Existentialist Church took over the mortgage from the Phoenix Fellowship. Creating a welcoming space dedicated to human liberation, First Existentialist has assumed full ownership of the church and the surrounding property. As current stewards of this remarkable

historic structure, First E is honored to be in collaboration with Antioch East Baptist Church, Early Edgewood-Candler Park Biracial History

Project, Candler Park Neighborhood Organization and involved neighbors to bring this history into public awareness.



Antioch East Baptist Church members on the steps of their hand-built sanctuary, the Old Stone Church, Candler Park, 1948. Notice holes in stained glass windows, said to be from golf balls, rocks, & other projectiles. (photo courtesy of Mrs. Sophie Carey)



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Wild in Lake Claire

by Flora Fauna (*aka* Carol Vanderschaaf)

Here we are in almost mid-winter. The holidays are over for now, and it will soon be Valentine's Day, that red day of love. Do you ever wonder if animals can fall in love? Well, it's official! Animals can fall in love! Professor Paul Zak of Claremont Graduate University recently discovered that animals can fall in love the same way that humans do (oh, oh!). Dr. Zak measured the hormone oxytocin as a bonding agent in relationships. One experiment took place in Arkansas, in which a terrier and a goat were said to have "a very special relationship." The animals' oxytocin levels were measured before and after they had played together. Both of their levels had risen after their play time, the dog's by 48% and the goat's by 210%. The goat was in love with the dog, while the dog saw the goat as a good friend. Love can be complicated everywhere, I guess.

And what about the flora? No one has come up with evidence that plants can fall in love, but new research shows that plants have some abilities we haven't attributed to them before. Michael Pollan wrote an article for the New Yorker saying that in the field called neurobiology the research shows that plants have ways of taking the sensory data they gather in their everyday lives, integrating it, and then they behave in appropriate ways in response. So far, there is no data on if plants can love as we do. Stay tuned.

Now to the 'hood. Ilene S. reports seeing lots of woodpeckers, including Downy, Hairy, and Red-bellied. Ilene also saw some Red-winged Blackbirds, Grackles, Bluebirds, and White-breasted Nuthatches. She also saw an owl species fly over some houses. And one Black Vulture, "a real treat!" While out walking she saw "sadly" at least five small garden snakes that were dead, mostly, she suspects, from the recent amount of rain that may have driven them out of hibernation too early.

Bernard S., off the boat on the Gulf: "The only thing I have to report here are lots of egrets, green and grey lizards, pelicans and blue herons. Not very local fauna... Lots of flowers, too,

but I have no clue what their names could possibly be." Thanks, Bernard, for making us city folk all jealous!

Dorothy D. reports hearing the call "Who cooks for you? Who cooks for you all?" Aha, it must have been the Barred Owl, all agreed?

Melissa B. reports two sightings, one a Barred Owl on Indiana Avenue. It was sitting on a branch across from my house, hard to see until it flew up into the "peace sign tree." Then we (she had alerted me to it) could see the full body of the bird, a beautiful night sight!

Melissa also saw a wonderful sight in her neighborhood, a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks teaching their two youngsters how to fly. All four birds were perched on a branch, then the adults would nudge the young off the branch. They would take to the air fluttering at first but managing to make it unscathed to the ground. It took several rounds of these efforts before the chicks were able to do it for themselves. Later Melissa saw a stout little bright blue bird, the Indigo Bunting, a rare migration treat.

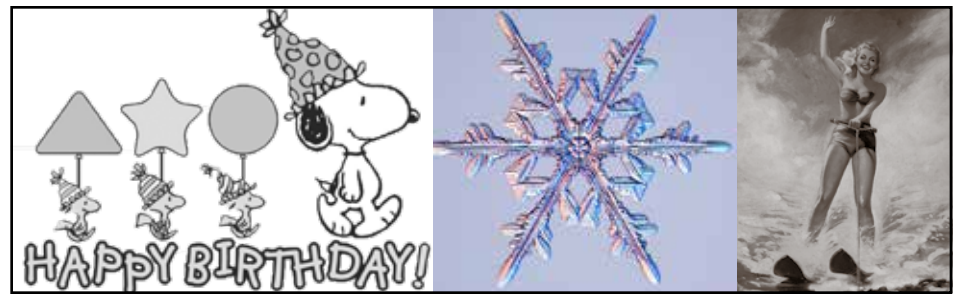
I had a lot of action in my backyard on Indiana. First a big mixed flock of Grackles, American Robins, and Red-winged Blackbirds, followed by some Cardinals and a Brown Thrasher. There is nothing quite so beautiful to me as the bright epaulet that flashes on the wing of the blackbird as it starts up in flight. All the birds seemed to enjoy the meal of suet I had in my feeder. I've given up on seed for now due to those pushy rodents.

A recent report from James W. of a coyote on Adolphus Street, too close for comfort, but I still wish I had seen it.

One more sighting by me. In passing the Presbyterian Church at Ponce and East Lake I spotted a crowd of goats slowly making their way across the hill on the Ponce side of the church. Very thrilling.

Well, everyone and everything, have a joyful Valentine's Day.

Your correspondent,
Flora Fauna



Hello – Safe Journey – Skiing in and around Lake Claire

February Birthdays:

- 1 – Linda Maynard, Delaware Avenue (we miss you tons and tons)
- 2 – Isla Roberts (happy 6), Claire Drive; Daniel Babinslei, Harold Avenue, Luke Mawson-Puckhaber, happy 7, Palifox Dr.
- 3 – Beth Damon, your dedicated editor (happy 60-something to me—gulp!), Delaware Avenue
- 4 Ann Shirra and Feb 5 Scooter MacLane (♥♥♥ anniversary 2012), Arizona
- 6 -- Happy b'day to Jennifer Ruddell, Hardendorf
- 9 – Amelia Roberts (happy 10), Claire Drive; Anne Weldert, Harold Ave.
- 14 – Gillian Landgraff, Harold Ave.
- 16 – Joanna Babinslei, Harold Ave.
- 17 – Eva Capps, happy 9!
- 24 – Eamon, Emmett, & Brigitte (the triplets of 'dorf!) McNulty—13 years old. + 13th year in L.C.
- 27 – Lucien DeMan, happy 4, and Esther Williams, happy 10! – both on Harold

Anniversary:

Craig and Emily Allen—Harold Avenue—Feb 8—Happy Anniversary!

Send us stuff—birthdays and other life cycle changes for March—**help make this series inclusive** (editor@lakeclaire.org) by **FEBRUARY 15**

February into March in the Garden

by Elizabeth Knowlton

As I write in mid-January, hellebores, snowdrops, and species crocus 'Snow Bunting' are in bloom. Narcissus are up six inches. Buds on spring-flowering shrubs are poised to open. And Korean asters that flowered in December are still showing pink blossoms.

February is the time to plant peas and onion sets, just not together. Be sure to add plenty of compost and some sand if your soil is the normal Lake Claire clay to prevent rot if weather is cold and wet. The onion sets should be the size of a dime to make the best harvest in a few months. If the sets do not "bulb up," they will at least make good green onions.

Peas do not like our acid soil. A simple test kit will show the pH, 7 being neutral, 6 or lower acidic, and above 7 being alkaline. Peas like a little higher than 7. Liming the soil is too late now, but you could mix a *little* wood ashes from your fireplace into the pea bed, keeping a light hand. Gardening is like doctoring: Do no harm.

If you have never planted peas before, try sugar snaps. They have large seeds, easy for children to handle, and the whole pods can be eaten right off the vines. The downside is that you may never get any for your actual dinner with all the grazing going on; how-

ever, sugar snap peas probably beat out everything but cherry tomatoes in getting people to eat more vegetables. Don't confuse them with snow peas, also eaten in a pod, flat in this case, and needing a little steaming.

English peas are my favorite. Once I was visiting a sister's house in Maine during high summer when the peas loaded down the vines, threatening to stop production if not harvested. I must have stood amongst them for an hour, picking, shelling, tossing the pods, and stuffing the raw peas into my mouth. They were so tender and sweet that I could barely force myself to stop. Be sure to pick the pods as they swell because the plants will stop producing if you let the seeds—those peas we eat—mature.

Some sticks or privet loppings will support short vines (18"). For taller varieties I have a fold-up metal trellis that can be used for melons or cucumbers in the same bed during the summer months, for of course in Georgia pea vines are gone by the end of May. So, keep plants well-watered if spring is dry, mulch with wheat straw, and pick regularly. You can try planting flowering sweet peas at the same time, but like the liming that is best done in October.

Cont. on p.6

Thanks for Paying Your Neighborhood Dues!

Lake Claire suggested annual dues are \$20/year per household. Lake Claire Banners are \$45, but a package deal dues & banner is only \$60! **Join these neighbors who have paid dues since the last issue:** V. Breedveld, S. Wagner-Craven, J. Miller Tobin, J. Rosenberg, S. Jacobsohn, A. & P. Sherwood, M. Ehrhardt, S. Thompson, and Anonymous (please specify if you pay dues and do not wish to be listed). Pay dues at lakeclaire.org via the link OR with the old-fashioned check in the mail, to Eileen O'Neill, Treasurer, PO Box 5942, Atlanta GA 31107. **Thank you to all who have paid dues and/or contributed your time to our great neighborhood, Lake Claire!**

February into March in the Garden

Continued from Page 5

Cabbage plants can be set out now; and if you have a cold frame or cloches, all the brassicas plus lettuce sets will survive nicely under cover. When something lower than 27 is predicted, throw an old blanket over the frame until the temperature rises. And don't forget that February is the last month to plant new trees and shrubs so that their roots get a good start before the heat.

Rose pruning, a pleasant meditative chore, should be done now. Wipe down pruners with alcohol between bushes to prevent the spread of various diseases. Because this is an area where rose borers enter through fresh cuts, I dab a little Elmer's glue on twigs larger than ¼ inch; some people say to use wood glue since Elmer's washes off too quickly in rain. Make slanted cuts at a point where you can see the bulge of a leaf bud facing a direction you would like the branch to grow and cut at a slant, leaving the bud at the upper end. My roses do not grow so prolifically that I need to prune hard, but I understand that those who raise hybrid teas hack them nearly to the ground.

Gather any fallen foliage or leaves with black spot together with the prunings and put it all in your yard waste container. I have heard that pine straw is the best mulch for roses and tomatoes, both of which are splashed in hard rains with fungal diseases from the bare soil.

It is never too late to start a composting system. If you buy a composter, skip the plastic, and spend on metal because rodents will gnaw through the softer material. Animals do rummage through my wire and board bins. Either put no garbage in such a structure, using weeds, grass clippings (but only if not from "treated" lawns), and shredded leaves for your green and brown during the year; or bury the garbage deeply in layers of stored leaves. Garbage can also be buried a foot deep in garden beds. I do add compost starter between layers as I turn from one bin to another (now done by garden helper), especially in the winter. I need never store my compost because I never have extra. Mountains of leaves and weeds turned twice become a wheelbarrow of black gold.

Elizabeth may be reached at knowltonew@earthlink.net. ~Editor

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Upcoming and Ongoing at the Land Trust: included in the neighborhood calendar on Page 2, but please note in particular, **Saturday, February 9**—Mid-Winter Land Trust Dance Party, 7 p.m., First Existentialist Congregation, Hair of the Dog & Friends (\$10 suggested donation)

A Georgia Peach Grows Strong Roots

by Noah Glassman

My mother, Marilyn Leah Rosenberg, an original co-founder of the Lake Claire Community Land Trust, passed away of natural causes on December 17. Services were held Sunday, January 20, in Bonaventure Cemetery, Savannah. However, we will also have a memorial in Atlanta at Amata Community (next to the Land Trust), 317 Nelms Avenue, on Sunday, February 17, from 2 to 5 p.m., with a gardenia planting in her honor at 3 p.m., rain or shine.

Marilyn was born in Statesboro, Georgia, to Reuben and Esther Ida (Bergman) Rosenberg. Reuben ran Rosenberg's Department Store. Though in the 1950s, the store treated black customers the same as white ones, not always the norm in small town Georgia. After adventures that included a year in NYC and a marriage proposal from celebrity musician Tiny Tim, she was set up on a blind date with my father, Norman Glassman, in Atlanta. My father had recently bought an overgrown property next to the Land Trust, which he first spied after peering over his backyard fence. Marilyn almost quit dating my father because she thought he was too much of a hippy, but fortunately she decided that his good qualities outweighed the rest!

Years passed, and MARTA announced that they would auction land left over from constructing the east-west line. The Land Trust organization was formed by my parents and neighbors in anticipation of the auction, which occurred through a sealed bid system. My father and several other founders went downtown to submit their bid. While discussing how much to bid, Marilyn noticed that there was only 3 minutes left before the deadline to bid. If she hadn't warned the others that time was almost out, the Land Trust might not exist today. Her brother Jack, an attorney, also advised in those early days. A developer won the largest of the three original Land Trust parcels. I guess he didn't see the value of having a community garden smack dab in the middle of his future apartment complex, so he forfeited, and the Land Trust purchased all three.

I have many early memories of wandering on paths among the kudzu when the Land Trust was overgrown in its youth. Every day was an adventure for a 6-year-old. The earliest bonfire on the Land Trust I remember was roughly at the location of the old fire pit near the sauna, above

the large pond. The other kids and I would sit on a small fallen tree whose thick branch arched 5 feet in the air and provided a nice level perch for 4 or 5 children to overlook the fire. The kudzu enveloped everything, and we would find old discarded treasures in short kudzu mounds. The best were old blue bottles from the early 1900s. My parents eventually bought goats and chickens. The kids would make forts in the bamboo forest and urge the goats to attack us (very reluctantly).

This was the early 1980s. My mother bathed me in a metal farm basin in the yard. If you think claw-foot tubs are the pinnacle of Lake Claire luxury, think again! For the following decades she would insist on hanging her clothes to dry, rather than wasting energy. While my parents became more politically moderate later, they were decidedly far left back then. Apparently they were arrested for trespassing at a nuclear power plant protest. While her tactics changed, my mom never gave up her concern for the environment and community. For her, community was a concept, not just a place. Yes, there was the community locally, but community was also something we created by getting to know our neighbors, growing organic food together, and sharing resources. She often talked about how unnecessary it was that everyone had his or her own car, clothes washer, and paid childcare. In her view, a strong neighborhood community would cooperate so that all had what they needed, when they needed it. In many ways, this goal was achieved in the small Amata Community that

Marilyn and my father created next to the Land Trust.

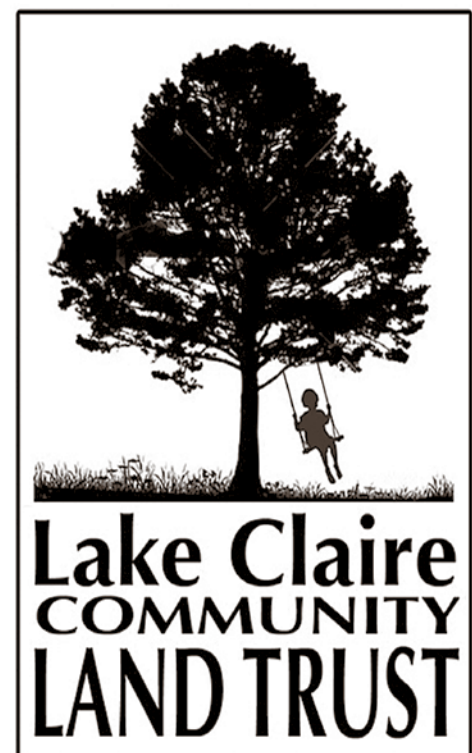
My mother was also pleased to see the Lake Claire Cohousing built, which exemplified many of her principles of sharing. Her good friend Kay Kuck was an original homeowner there. Our family friend Greg Ramsey helped with the master plan of both the Cohousing and Amata Community. The cohousing was so innovative in its time that it was featured as the headline story in the USA Today newspaper. This was before new urbanism and walkability had really taken off. Moving intown wasn't yet truly trendy, and mixed use wasn't on developers' tongues. We were all pioneers back then, who urgently wanted America to take a different path.

Marilyn received a degree from Georgia State in Urban Studies, which must have given her perspective on the potential for shared living in constricted settings. I knew that she was a social worker after college, but mostly knew her as a nurse for many decades. She was loved by her fellow nurses for being caring, reliable, and not afraid to roll up her sleeves. I always had immense respect for the work she did, especially since I'm a bit squeamish. She worked hard, often enduring double shifts taking care of new mothers and their babies.

Our home in Amata Community next to the Land Trust was a social gathering place, and this wasn't always compatible with my mom's sleep schedule. Nevertheless, Marilyn came up with the idea of constructing a common house at Amata Community to harbor even more social life. She never fell completely out of love with



Marilyn (in the striped shirt in the middle), at Amata, with her cousin Marth (on left), sister Bernice (right), and niece Elise



fostering community. We often talked about whether Amata was an intentional community, a term used by the Fellowship for Intentional Communities. I found a copy of their directory in my early '20s, and it directed my life on a different course. I ended up visiting dozens of intentional communities in the U.S. and at least one in Europe. This turned me into an international traveler, and today I view the world as my home, and its people my friends.

My mother spent most of the last decade living on Tybee Island, Georgia. It was a lifelong dream of hers to retire to her childhood vacation town, and she eventually bought an old home that reminded her of those her family used to stay in. With my father Norman, she fixed it up, and life was pretty good. She continued to work part time at a school and taking care of the elderly until age 70. She was involved in the local Tybee community, even attempting to organize the construction of a public pool.

When she stopped working completely, Marilyn decided to owner-finance the upstairs of her Tybee home to another nurse. This was yet another experiment in communal living, the idea being that eventually both parties would own respective sections of the house. Then in 2016 and 2017, Hurricanes Matthew and Irma hit Tybee. Irma brought 18 inches of floodwater into my mother's house. While not living there when Irma hit, my parents went to clean up. The waters receded within minutes, but the physical and emotional damage lasted longer. Nevertheless, my parents mostly had a good experience living by the beach, and some of Marilyn's fondest memories include the summer I lived there with her. Today, my father and I have continued to fix up the beach house and make it into a dream home.

For most of the last 2 years Mari-

Cont. on p. 8


LAKE CLAIRE KIDS' CORNER


We hope this series is fun and a way for young Clarion readers/writers/artists to participate.

This month Emma Sullivan wrote about Valentine's Day. We see that things have certainly progressed since the old days of choosing whom you give valentines to at

school that potentially ended up with hurt feelings. Kudos to Mary Lin. Emma is eleven years old, a fifth grader at Mary Lin, and she lives with her mom (Shannon) and dad (Patrick) on Arizona. From personal experience, I can attest that she is an excellent conversationist and dog walker, Frida

being a bit of a "puller."

Hey there, Lake Claire kids of all ages: we want to see **your** creativity. Write about anything that grabs you! Submit your work to editor@lakeclaire.org. We hope this is a good start for future writing careers.

Valentine's Day at School

by Emma Sullivan

This is a short description of how Mary Lin classes observe Valentine's Day, based on other years rather than in fifth grade, since I am writing this before Valentine's Day this year. In the lower grades, our classrooms have been filled with pink, red, and silver decorations. Everyone in the class decorates a shoebox with colorful construction paper, stickers, and the like. You buy valentines for everyone ahead of time, and you write them out to the whole class. On the day itself, there is a celebration, and we give each classmate a valentine by placing it in his or her shoebox. An important reason to do it this way is that no child is left out; the teachers even check to make sure you do a valentine for every single kid in the class, vs. the "old-fashioned" way, to ensure inclusion. It works out well, and we all have fun!!



Emma walking Frida



Reese and Willa



Layla

Contest Winners

This month, sister and brother Willa and Reese Kruskamp, on Clifton Road, won the contest, finding the graphic of Martin Luther King. Willa is five years old, and Reese just turned three on January 9. Coming in 2nd, Layla Klehr is 9 years old, and is a frequent Clarion contributor who lives on Hardendorf. These three won the contest over **vast** numbers of Lake Claire children who participate every month in the Clarion Kids' Page. Congrats, Reese, Willa, and Layla! To all of those kids who didn't win, please do keep playing. See new contest below.

NEW CONTEST!

February! Spring is around the corner, and in addition to Valentine's Day the month includes Library Lovers month, Friendship month, Teen Violence Awareness month, Black History month, National Children's Dental Health Month (are you brushing), and American Heart Month. Chinese New Year in 2019 is on Tuesday, February 5, and according to the Chinese 12-year animal zodiac cycle, the Chinese year beginning in 2019 is the year of the Pig. Each Chinese zodiac year begins on Chinese New Year's Day. In honor of that, take a minute to find

the hidden pig in this issue. The winner will have his or her photo in the March issue of the newspaper. To win, send an e-mail to editor@lakeclaire.org identifying the page number, and include your name, your age, school, street, and grade. For extra credit, tell us what you did to "give back" or help others on MLK, Jr. Day or why a new year is meaningful to you. The extra-credit prize is that you'll be featured in the Clarion with your writing or art.

Hurry and look; competition is always stiff for this coveted prize.

Georgia Peach

Continued from Page 7

lyn has lived with me in her brother Jack's home in Sandy Springs, although her loving siblings and their spouses have also hosted her in Statesboro and Florida. I wish I could say that my mother was always satisfied at the end of her life. She was an enigma, and had some contradictory perspectives. On the one hand, she would discuss how grateful we should be to have food on the table and a roof over our heads. Her mother narrowly escaped the Holocaust, and it haunted Marilyn her whole life. She told me that her aunt was so hungry in Europe as a child that she stole a potato from a neighbor. Her

grandmother made her give it back. Yet, Marilyn was often fixated on the shortcomings of her financial situation, despite her needs being met. I think there was something in her genetics that made her worry exhaustively, and I feel it in myself too. It contributed to the IBS that plagued her for decades. I think worry is something that must be carefully replaced by flowers of happiness in the garden of one's own mind. And we must all take care to nurture ourselves as well as those around us.

Marilyn had a mostly happy life, however, even in her last few months. She loved to watch the news, and viewed herself as politically independent. Her second favorite show was the Kardashians. She liked to point out how great wealth, like that of Trump or Kardashian, didn't change one's human-

ity or vanquish all problems. Which is more important, wealth or the people we help in our lives? I told her that I met people throughout the country that have visited the Land Trust, some whom the Land Trust inspired to kick an addiction and change their lives for the better. Ultimately, it's the community that she built, the homeless that she housed, the mothers that she nursed, and the community center that she created, which really matter during this short time we have on earth.

P.S. Again, I want to invite all friends and neighbors, whether you knew Marilyn or not, to attend the memorial in Atlanta, as detailed above. I can be reached at 404-455-1260 or nglassman1@gmail.com with questions.