



THE CLAIBORNE CLARION

A NEWSLETTER FOR THE
CLAIBORNE COMMUNITY

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PAT FLORY, JANUARY EDITOR, PHOTO BÛCHE DE NOËL CREATED BY HAMLYN AND RICHARDSON
BARBARA REISERT, CLARION FOUNDER AND EDITOR EMERITA *, MARY GREGORIO, PRESIDENT, CLAIBORNE ASSOCIATION

January Birthdays

Barbara Haddaway	2
Judy Cockey	17
Koa Cureton	21
Ciara Lednum	23
Barbara McCaughey	27



if you want to add your name and birthdate to the Claiborne Birthday List, please contact Pat Flory at patflory@gmail.com



Guest Editors Needed

The Clarion team is seeking guest editors for any month in 2021. Pat Flory will happily answer your questions, help with formatting, and the editing process.

If you are interested, please contact Pat at patflory@gmail.com or [443-472-6800](tel:443-472-6800).

Hello friends and neighbors,

“Believe that a farther shore
is reachable from here
Believe in miracles and cures and
healing wells.”

*(part of the final chorus section from
The Cure at Troy 1990)*

Seamus Heaney

Happy New Year to you all!
Mary



Photo by Sarah Sayre

2020 December Association General Meeting



Hope you will join us next time!

Business Meeting followed by zoom Happy Hour was held on December 18th...Unsurprisingly, the business component of the meeting was completed in record time. It was great to see our friends and neighbors and there is a rumor the Happy Hour part may happen again soon.

A poem... by John C. "Jack" Scott Jr.



Hallowed are the corners of
this house by the Bay,

The lintels and eaves above, the
boards below.

Consecrated are the doors and
entry way which protect and
welcome all our friends.

And from the starlit castled
crown,
May we forever share the
peace and beauty of the Bay
and the loveliness of our little
town.

*(Rediscovered by John Scott while
cleaning his office).*

New Post Office -Day 1



*Lisa Frock – the first customer to use
the new mailbox cabinets.*

Dear Claiborne Neighbors,

We are deeply saddened to tell you that our dear friend, Jo Batters, died unexpectedly on Christmas morning.

Jo loved Claiborne and all the friendships she made here. Perhaps you first met Jo when she and Hedley walked Ruffles around town or maybe at a Village Hall event when you wondered “who made that incredible dessert?”. Jo’s cheerful, funny presence will be sorely missed. Please keep Jo, Hedley, and their family in your prayers.



We would like to remember Jo's love of Claiborne and her love of flowers with the establishment of a garden feature in her honor. If you'd like to make a contribution in Jo's memory, please send a check to the Claiborne Association, 10403 Claiborne Rd., Claiborne 21624, **Attn: JB Flowers.**

New Mail Facility Receives Raves!!!

The reviews are in and, as expected, the new Claiborne Mail Room is the smash hit of the season! Critics are calling it “warm and wonderful,” “masterfully crafted,” “cozy and welcoming,” and “an almost alarming improvement!” One famously hard-nosed reviewer even managed a “well, you can see what you’re doing now, and it’s not nearly so spooky in there.” Rumors are circulating that the facility might even be nominated for the coveted “MIMFie” award which honors the Most Improved Mail Facility in the Western Eastern Mid-Shore Region. Huzzah to all involved!



“I know we shouldn’t be surprised they fit but it’s a relief all the same” – editor (wife)

Book Shopping in the Age of Covid

Among the blessings we're counting in this new year is the fact that no matter what other diversions remain on hold, there is nothing stopping us from reading to our heart's content.

So, in order to help us all safely find our next favorite book the program committee has set up a Covid-Safe (Hands-Off) Book Exchange. When next you pick up your mail you will see a board on which you are invited to post a list of any books you are ready to part with. If you are browsing for your next read, just take a note of what's offered or - even easier - take a photo of the booklists and browse them online at your leisure. Then you only need to call or text the book donor to fix a pick-up/drop-off arrangement.

Now, go cull your bookshelves! or nightstand stacks, attic boxes, piles under the bed, the trunk of your car — wherever you keep your overflow!



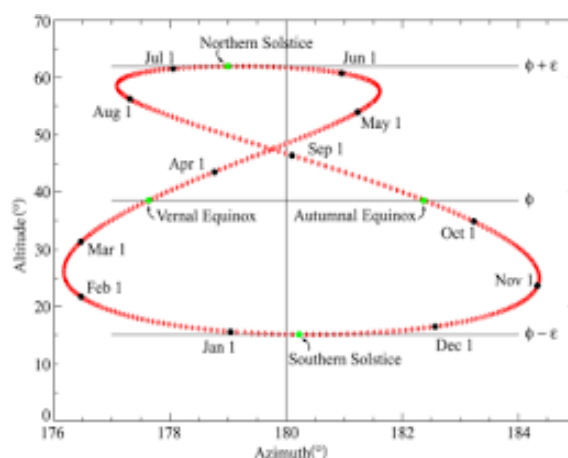
Science Corner – Why does it take so long for the days to get longer after the solstice? Reported by Sarah Sayre

It is because the sun's position in the sky, during winter in the northern hemisphere, changes its position slowly in the weeks right after the winter solstice. In early February it starts to move more directly higher, giving us discernibly longer days.

The left-hand photo shows how the sun would appear if you took a photo at the same time each day, from the same place over the course of a year. It is not a round shape, but an "analemma" due to the fact that the earth has a 23.5-degree tilt and its slightly elliptical orbit combine to make this pattern. The upshot for us is that after the winter solstice the sun does not change its position in the sky rapidly, but moves almost sideways from the solstice to early February when it begins to rise dramatically, giving us longer thus warmer days.

Your reporter finds this fascinating and looks it up again every year to remember why it happens. For more information go to

<http://solar-center.stanford.edu/art/analemma.html>



New Year Resolutions? by Pat Flory



It's time to say goodbye to 2020 and hello to 2021. Do you make resolutions? A wise person once suggested that I first identify a blessing from the past year, and then create my resolutions as if I was reviewing them as successes from the end of the coming year.

How about we make a plan, not a resolution? Starting small and manageable – think about what you need to feel safe and secure... Here

are a few references that may help you:

[This Year, Try Downsizing Your Resolutions](#)
[How to Manage Your New Year Resolutions](#)

Meandering...by Mary Gregorio

Children's author and illustrator, Maurice Sendak, tells a story about an interaction he had with a young child. He said that he always responded to notes and cards from children – sometimes with just a quickly-dashed note, but on this one occasion he lingered over the card from this child and he took some time to respond with his own thoughtful note. Some days later he received a note from the child's mother who told him that the child was so happy and excited to receive the note from Sendak that he ate it. That's right: he ate it.

I was reminded of the Sendak story when I read Teresa Thayer Snyder's blog post about what to do about the children after the pandemic. And that made me think about something that artist Sue Stockman shared with me over a pile of broken pottery.

She said, "taking broken pieces and making them into something beautiful is so powerful and healing."

And then Busy Graham shared: "QuaranThings: A Gallery of Self-Portraits 2020" (<https://tinyurl.com/yd27lrsm>)

If there is a theme to my meandering, it is reflected in the blogpost. Line the path back to "normalcy" with art supplies, writing material, music, dance, storytelling, and the details of math and grammar and biology will follow in good time.

[Diane Ravitch's blog](#)

A site to discuss better education for all

[Teresa Thayer Snyder: What Shall We Do About the Children After the Pandemic](#) December 12, 2020//134

Ice Storm...by Jim Richardson

As the rain fell throughout the night,
Drops turned to ice, covering the village
Like a heavy quilt quietly thrown
Over a sleeping child.

Large trees under their heavy loads
Announced their surrender
With endless tinkling sounds
Of crystal glass breaking.

Limbs cracked with loud explosions,
Some fell on telephone and electric lines.
Silver maples, pine, and rhododendron
All suffered with stronger oaks and ashes.

A man reported that a large branch fell
On his roof, piercing his bathroom ceiling.
Neighbors moved their cars around the store
Like pioneers circling their wagons.

We collected flashlights and candles,
And filled the bathtub with water.
The village lost electricity and by nightfall
We listened to the unsettling sounds of trees falling.

The next morning the temperature dropped.
And the house was without its furnace.
We drained the pipes and wondered
When the winter siege would end.

Neighbors talked by telephone,
And asked each other, "Is your power on?"
For days we cooked on a friend's wood stove,
And slept on his floor in sleeping bags.

It was a storm that happens only once
In every hundred years, they told us.
A storm that left us battered trees,
Frazzled nerves and uncertainty.

But also brought us unexpected gifts
From our thawing freezers,
And the happy chance
To renew warm friendships.

Be Safe, Wear Your Mask, Wash Your Hands, and Hope We Will All Be Together Soon!