

# THE CLAIBORNE CLARION

A Newsletter for the Claiborne Community  
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JIM RICHARDSON, PRESIDENT, CLAIBORNE ASSOCIATION

## Note the Dates:

Sunday, January 7 – 4 PM Concert  
at the Claiborne Village Hall

Wednesday, January 10 – 7 PM  
Claiborne Movie Season  
Premieres

January 11, 7 PM -  
Claiborne Association Board  
Meeting. All are welcome to  
attend.

## January Birthdays

Barbara Haddaway	2
Paul Cooper	4
Judy Cockey	17
Koa Cureton	21
Ciara Lednum	23
Barbara McCaughey	27

## Clarion Guest Editor Needed

The Clarion needs a guest editor  
for the February edition. If you  
are interested, please contact Pat  
Flory at [patflory@gmail.com](mailto:patflory@gmail.com) or  
[443-472-6800](tel:443-472-6800).

Whew! We made it through the whole long holi-daze! But fear not, this  
welcome lull won't be allowed to continue for long! The program committee  
folks will gather their wits and their energy and bring a variety of fun things to  
the Hall. We know there will be concerts and movie nights and Bingo in our  
future, but there will be more, and you are more than welcome to put forth  
any fine ideas you may have.

So what sounds like fun to you? Drop a note (or a notion) to Martha  
at [marthahamlyn@gmail.com](mailto:marthahamlyn@gmail.com).

## Claiborne Concert Series



Ready for some toe tapping,  
hall rocking, hand clapping  
traditional American music?  
Then come to the Village Hall,  
January 7th, 4:00 pm, for the  
treat of hearing Hubby Jenkins.

Hubby Jenkins is an American multi-instrumentalist who studies and  
performs old-time American music. He is a former member of the  
Carolina Chocolate Drops and the Rhiannon Giddens band, and has been  
nominated for Grammy and Americana awards.

<http://www.hubbyjenkins.com>

Hubby will also be appearing at the Avalon Theatre's main stage  
on Saturday, January 7, 7:00pm---along with Ken and Brad Kolodner,  
Rachel Eddy and Alex Lacquement:

<https://avalonfoundation.org/event/ken-brad-kolodner-hubby-jenkins>

Anyone able to attend both shows will be in for an even more special  
treat!

## [A Week in the Life of the Claiborne Village Hall - January](#)



Monday: Quiet day here. Folks popping in and out, checking mail, reading the blackboard notices and birthday lists, getting organized. Who needs celebrating this week? What needs remembering.... Ah. Another bill? Ho-hum. Hum-drum. But then... Five o'clock arrives and the silence is broken. The sauce and the saucy arrive: the ladies congregate and with great "spirits" and solve all the problems of the village, the county and the world. So much fun to eavesdrop :) Makes me a happy Hall.

Tuesday: Namaste Claiborne! Mike Keene helps the folks find flexibility and inner harmony. When I was a church, I used to do that! Not sure what I think about inner peace. I want world peace....

Wednesday: Hump Day? Fun Day!!! I love Wednesdays :) Renny always has something up his artistic sleeve. What video adventure will he take me on tonight?? Can't wait. And will we have soup and bread? I love the warmth and laughter of Wednesday nights.

Thursday: Namaste again. More yoga. But Thursdays are serious. The end of the week scramble begins, intensity ramps up, and once a month the Claiborne Association Board meets to decide my fate. I try not to eavesdrop (only on the ladies) but I do appreciate their focus and concern. Without them, I'd be a wreck :( Thanks, Jim.

Friday: It's cold in here. The reds and bells of the holiday season have been put away for another year, deep in my bowels. People buzz about Florida trips. The postman no longer delivers packages. What is next?? I could get lonely. Luckily, sometimes Busy brings me music and dance; sometimes I get a presentation. I loved Marty Bollinger's talk about the ferries and trains. Can he do another?? I love to have my history explained.

Saturday: Years ago when Claiborne's teenagers didn't drive and needed a parent-free spot to congregate, I had the best time observing their antics and silly dance steps. But those days are gone and now I wait for something to happen. Maybe a party? Maybe a meeting? I don't like to sit empty longing for my people. On Saturdays they don't even check their mail. Makes me feel useless.

Sunday: My favorite day. A day of peace and reflection, a day all my ghosts from my church past join me in contemplating the beauty of life in Claiborne and the spirit of this special community that refuses to let our history die. Our legacy lives on... thanks to them.

*And so the week goes.*

Poetry Corner

Some Songs by Jim Richardson

There are some songs  
You cannot sing,  
Or have words  
To remember.  
These are songs you hear  
When you walk in the woods  
Underneath the loblollies,  
Songs that you may not know  
But that have a melody  
that can make your feet  
Want to dance  
And your heart  
Want to sing.



Dear 2023,

Allow me to let you go  
Allow me to let you go and bid you  
a grateful goodbye.  
Together we have endured to  
much;  
Loses, gains, bliss & sorrows.  
Dear 2024,  
Let's write a new tale together"

auth: miniwritings - M3

Shared by Mary Gregorio

A New Table at the Wharf



Thank you to Barb, a friend of Claiborne, who provided this wonderful table in memory of Libby Moose's dog, Ruffles with a bit of help from Mike and Jeanne. Enjoy!

December 2023



*The advice below comes from readers of The Morning from the New York Times. Hopefully there's something in here you can use, a motto with which to start the new year.*

The best advice you received...

Keep a running list of the nicest things anyone has ever said to or about you. It's a lifesaver on days when the world is getting the best of you. — Dave Clarke, Wauwatosa, Wis.

If everyone is driving you crazy, then the feeling is probably mutual. — Bill Chappell, Atlanta

Life is too short not to tell the people you love that you love them. — Abby Thomas, New Canaan, Conn.

We are all juggling so many balls. Differentiate between glass balls and rubber balls — and don't be afraid to drop the rubber balls. — Kathryn Cunningham, Carrboro, N.C.

Wait as long as possible to get your kids a phone. — Laura LaGrone, Asheville, N.C.

Instead of calling someone out, call them in: Invite them into a judgment-free conversation with the intention of promoting understanding. — Rita Maniscalco, Huntington, N.Y.

Every time you receive a box containing something you bought online, fill it with items to donate. — Christina Poynter, Dimondale, Mich.

Before doing something, ask yourself, "Is this something that someone who loves themselves would do?" — Cathy de la Cruz, Brooklyn, N.Y.

You're 73 years old — can you stop with the one-man shows? — Michael Kearns, Los Angeles

Nothing good is happening on your phone past 8 p.m. — Miriam Lichtenberg, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Feel what your body is saying and stop trying to think your way through your feelings. — Tobey Crockett, Paso Robles, Calif.

Drive slower: It's safer, less stressful and gives you time to look around. — Rick Juliusson, Cowichan Station, British Columbia

Breathe in, thinking, "I listen for the silence." Breathe out: "I am not the hero of every story." Breathe in: "I will not get free alone." Out: "I am worthy of belonging." — Richard Ashford, Chevy Chase, Md.

Wear a watch. This way I pick up my phone half as often. How many times do you pick up yours to check the time and get sidetracked by 30 minutes of doomscrolling? — Jen MacNeil Danenberg, Newtown, Conn.

There are many things I can't control, but I can control how I do or don't respond. I can't control others' thoughts of me. — Chloe Stuck, Rolla, Mo.

Be proactive with your health by getting tests and establishing baselines. — Mary Anderson, Bend, Ore.

Be a fountain, not a drain. — Christine Clemens, Lowville, N.Y.

Just book the trip. — Emiley Shenk, Toledo, Ohio

A boundary is something you set that requires nothing of the other person. From Dr. Becky Kennedy on the “Armchair Expert” podcast. — Anna Politiski, New York, N.Y.

Walk at least a little way down into the Grand Canyon; don’t just stay up on the rim. — Stephen Edgerton, Chapel Hill, N.C.

Retire from your job, not from life. — Margaret Johnson, Dunedin, Fla.