



The Times of Halcott

Summer
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Volume 43

Editors: Innes Kasanof; Peg DiBenedetto; Judy DiBenedetto; Karen Rauter. Art: Nina Kasanof.

Beesness

Carrie Neves

It was both a practical and a sentimental loss when Virgil Streeter dismantled his honey stand last year, after it had glowed beneath the colorful shingle on his house at the entrance to Halcott Center for decades. It doesn't get any more convenient or local than that, for those of us who stopped at the self-serve (or drove past, knowing, just knowing)—nor more charming. There was something profoundly pleasing about picking a pot of honey there, so pure and simple but like a golden elixir alive with magic, virtually from the hands of the craftsman, a neighbor, who made it, and from within the hum of the tens of thousands of workers who made it before him.

Surely considered our town's emeritus and resident bee expert, Virgil actually didn't begin the beeguine until his mother, who knew he'd been interested since childhood, gave him a box of bees for his fortieth birthday. (About the "beeguine" thing—I hereby promise I won't indulge in endless puns like that...but somehow, with the bee thing, it's so easy and a great temptation—

like taking honey candy from a baby bee. Okay, okay, I hereby promise, at least, that if I indulge, they'll be good ones.)

Although he was and would be a construction man for most his professional life, with his new bees Virgil was inspired in a new avocation, and fell in with Paul Ballard, whose bee empire held at that time about seven hundred hives in Roxbury and other parts of Delaware County and its surrounds. As many beekeepers working on that scale do, and reportedly for considerable more profit than from sales of the honey itself, Ballard loaned hundreds of his hives to fruit farmers—there just aren't enough wild bees to pollinate the large orchards of produce growers. Preparing the boxes for loan and savings was a Herculean task. And so, in an approximately two-week apprenticeship of sorts, Virgil learned much of what he needed to know. "He put me to work right away," he says. "He went along tearing them apart and I followed behind putting them back together."

Eventually, Virgil had about a hundred hives of his own, all of which he maintained by himself (there went his weekends).

He acquired a centrifuge extractor that held thirty frames at a time. He learned about bee from A to diseases. We grew accustomed to his place. And then, forty years later (he turns the round, bee-bodied number of eighty this month), he retired. When we told him we missed his honey, he had this to say: "Well—sorry."

Those boxes are heavy! As much as eighty pounds when they're full of honey, and they need fairly frequent repositioning. The bees may clump in a lower box, so you swap it with the one above it to encourage them to spread out. (You want the bees to be comfortable; if they feel crowded, they may "swarm," which means they will form a pack and fly away, looking elsewhere for a home.) The honey needs harvesting. The bending and lifting, never mind all the other tasks of a hobby that turns into labor of love that turns into... well, not just labor, but we are grateful we have had Virgil Streeter's hard-working honey, and we certainly don't blame him.

Then, like a fluid arc in the circular dance that forms the center of the mystery of bees, a new wrangler arrived in town, right around the time Virgil was hanging up his bee veil.

Allow me to introduce you to some of our newest fellow townspeople: Kurt and Sheila Reynertson, along with their six-goin'-on-seven-year-old daughter, Ruby, 11-week-old son, August, and beautiful little fluffy black cat, Luna, moved into a house on Elk Creek last March.

Also newly in attendance: approximately 4,500 honey bees.

Yes, believe it or not, Kurt is a bee-keeper. (I didn't say that, I swear—typo! typo!) He is also a doctor of botany, specializing in

the field of phytochemistry, which led him to his current work in a pharmacology department as an analytical chemist, looking for potential anticancer compounds in plants. Sheila is a women's health advocate at a nonprofit, doing policy consulting and coalition building; the organization she works for did a lot of negotiations for the recent Kingston Hospital/St. Benedictine merger. August is a fan of sleeping and eating and is just learning about the beauty of bath time, and Ruby, fairly new to the country, is learning about snowstorms, bike rides, trees, long walks through fields of hay and phlox, and caterpillars and fireflies. Bees, however, she already knows. Her father started keeping bees seven years ago, and he remembers Ruby at the age of four, bending her veiled head into a cloud of bees to get a closer look.

Like Virgil in a way, Kurt came to bee-keeping later in life and somewhat by accident, although he too had always been fascinated. His father started keeping bees after Kurt left for college, but by the time Kurt really got involved—when he accidentally inherited a hive on the roof of the lab building on the campus of Lehman College in the Bronx where he was working and studying—his dad had let his interest lapse, and it never became something they did together. Kurt's interest has been high-flying ever since, though, and, when his city hives (he labeled his honey Bronx Gold) didn't make it through last winter, he was happy to start anew, when he and Sheila survived a long journey of house hunting and found true love with their bungalow here in Halcott.

My husband, Marc, and I were very happy to meet the Reynertsons on a recent Sunday. For one thing, they are very friendly and very interesting people. For another, we have had visions of bees flitting in our heads for a



couple of years now—partly out of a (ahem) besotted mixture of awe, admiration, fondness, and respect and wanting to be close to the miracle, I guess; and partly because amid reports of declining bee populations nationwide, it occurred to us we were in a position to help, even just a little bit—say to the tune of a box or two. But we were a lot mystified and a little daunted, and unsure if a couple of boxes would do.

The good news for Marc and me, as Kurt told us, is that while a bee cannot survive long on its own—so interdependent is every aspect of a swarm and their hive and food source—beekeeping can succeed on a broad range of scales. From Ballard's seven hundred hives to Virgil's one hundred to Kurt's two, nature loves a bee vacuum. (A bee vortex? I don't know, ask those guys...) And when you're thinking in terms of long chains of reaction, and the food and oxygen contained within the grasses and trees of our valley—well, every bee counts.

And after a visit to Kurt's hives, Marc and I were smarter, touched by the genius of bee society, and as curious as ever, but with one difference: turns out the bee thing seems less complicated and labor intensive than I thought—as long as you can sustain a working level of passion—but *more* so than Marc thought. You decide:

(Mind you, between Kurt and Virgil, we learned more during our brief interviews than I can detail here, or even distill. I recommend an in-person visit to all of you.)



Unless you want to start by trapping a wild swarm (Kurt can tell you about that, too), you need to order a box of bees—a three-pound crate holds 4,500 bees, and you

really need a couple thousand to make it work—way in advance of spring. The scarcity of bees is apparently extending even to retail; Kurt ordered his

in January. In that swarm will be drones—the males who inseminate the queen (don't need too many of those guys)—and workers—the females who live nonstopingly up to their name: gathering the nectar in their abdominal sacks; chewing enzymes into it back at the hive, spreading it into the honeycomb, and fanning it to help it dehydrate into honey; cleaning cells and feeding pollen to larvae; making wax; regulating the drone population. (That last process is pretty harsh—again, go ask.)

You need a queen—the egg maker, who comes, mated and marked for identification, if you like, in a special little private queen crate, with attendants, from your bee supplier. She's only about half again as big as a drone (who is on average slightly bigger and a little more rounded around the edges than the workers) but she has huge powers—she makes the eggs, she decides what sex they will be (fertilized eggs become female worker bees and unfertilized eggs become male drone bees), she can hold semen in reserve for up to her entire lifetime and plan the swarm from there, without ever mating again (luckily for the drones, who die after the act). Queens live two or up to five years while workers live only about six weeks during busy summer months. But sometimes queens die or otherwise become unproductive, and then the swarm takes over and picks a new one, feeding it that fabled royal jelly (another one of those great stories





for live narration).

You need a couple of deep boxes called “hive bodies” (the towers of white boxes with scooped handles you’ve always seen when you’ve seen bees are composed of a number of these) for the bees to make and store the honey that they need to survive winter (a fully active hive has upwards of 60,000 bees, which need about 80 pounds of honey to get through the frozen months), and these are fitted with a series of vertical-sitting, framed flat panels, called foundation, imprinted in wax with a comb pattern on each side that encourages the bees to begin their own wax comb-building. On top of those you stack shallower boxes, called “supers,” from which you harvest—or steal, really—the honey. In between is the “queen excluder,” a fine-mesh screen that keeps the plump queen, and therefore any brood, below and only honey in the supers.

You need a centrifuge to clean the honey. You need to learn about diseases and decide whether or not you believe in treating your hive with various manmade preventative inoculations (another long story). You need to monitor the health of the queen, box crowding, which comb frames need replacing (occasionally), and the winter food supply (if it’s short, you can either return honey or supply sugar syrup for them).

But once the bees are in, more than

anything else, it seems, you need fascination. That’s absolutely what got Kurt involved, he says, and there is a recurring breathless awe in his voice when he talks about bees. And Virgil, who says, “Oh, they’re interesting all right—I guess that’s the only reason I started to do it. I had enough work to do!” And Sheila says, as we watched their bees bee-lining, honing, droning, walking through the small gate of the hive, and arcing out of it, “It’s like watching a fire; it’s hypnotic.”

It is hypnotic, and the reverence fast growing, and with my new up-close view of bees and the people who love them, I was more anxious than ever about the rumored disappearance of the bees. Do we all need to throw away our cell phones? That was the last explanation I’d heard, and it just kind of made sense. What about other signals? Plain old radio??

Neither Kurt nor Virgil believe in the cell phone theory. They agree, and the current research backs them up, that there are many reasons, and yet no one really knows. Since October 2006, 35 percent or more of the western United States’ population of the Western honey bee simply flew from their hive homes and disappeared. Across the twenty-four U.S. states affected by this mysterious phenomenon, losses have ranged up to 90 percent. What’s causing the carnage, however, is a total mystery. One of the emerging hypotheses is that the scourge is explained by a collapse of the bees’ immune systems. Stressed out by cross-country truck journeys and drought, attacked by viruses and introduced parasites, or whacked out by harmful new pesticides, some researchers believe the bees’ natural defenses may have simply given way.

While I’m glad the scientists are on the case, I don’t suppose this means we should all take up bees—although it couldn’t hurt! But I can’t think of a more perfectly crystallized

metaphor, like a haiku on wings, for being mindful of nature in all its glory, connectedness, and cycles of self-sufficiency. The bees have metaphors coming out of their ears, in fact (although I'm not actually sure that they have ears): hard work; team work; sacrifice; community. Fearlessness, like a young girl gazing calmly into a universe of the unknown.

Beauty

In the spirit of all of the farmers and gardeners and walkers and watchers in and of our valley and everywhere, do what Kurt does: Point at the air and trace the flight of a bee with your fingertip, though only you may see it. You may look a little crazy, but your path will be clear.

Editor's Note: Carrie adds that Virgil's legs are stronger now after some operations, so he's looking into some casual bee-ing, and has made the acquaintance of the Reynertsons, so you may find him there. He is concerned about Kurt's innocence with bears; Kurt has heeded Virgil's warning and ordered an electric fence, and welcomes the opportunity to learn from Virgil's experience. If you'd like to meet the Reynertson's, stroll up Elk Creek, or come to the Halcott Fair on July 19th, where they will be displaying an observation hive.

Smell that Fresh Country Air....

One mid-spring evening, after Bruce Rowe had made numerous trips with the honey (well, folks, this is not made by bees!) wagon up and down the valley from Tim Johnson's manure pit, my husband Michael looked out across from Dad's and saw a strange sight – 3 people pushing bicycles up the hill. "What the heck...?" he said as watched them. They turned

at the top, mounted the bikes, and rode back down with gusto, their tracks glistening in the freshly deposited feculence. As one fellow peddled up to Michael, he was wearing - the result



of a bicycle with no fenders- a brown stripe up his back, over his head, and down his front. The aroma, particular to manure that has been fermenting for many months, was decidedly overpowering; Michael asked if they had not noticed that the field had just been spread. The reply was that, being from Florida, they "hadn't known what that was." Not knowing, apparently, was reason enough not to turn back. They peddled away up the main road, but Michael called them back, knowing that Bruce had already visited all of the fields they would find. "You know," he said, "if you want to ride in some fields that are clean, why don't you ride up there?" And he pointed to where Bruce's tractor and wagon had not yet been. "Great!" they replied, as they thanked him profusely and headed up the road, no doubt anticipating an untainted and more sweetly smelling adventure. But two minutes later, Bruce and the honey wagon were headed up Meade Road, right behind them... **PD**

Local Talents Shine

The recent Annual Trivia Challenge

saw local Halcott teams pitted against each other in some mighty intense competition. The total field included 11 teams from across the area, but the Halcotteers showed superior knowledge and acumen throughout the contest.



Left to Right: Marc Neves; Carrie Neves; Jim Rauter; Alan Reynolds.

However, high drama after the conclusion of the game meant disaster for one local team.

An unfortunate last-minute score recount took victory from the 4-person team of "Halcott Hellcats" Nancy Reynolds, Camille Vickers, Greg Beechler, and Sarah Shaw of Fleischmanns. Literal seconds before their 3rd place photo was snapped, the bronze medals were hoisted from around their necks and awarded to the rightful Roxbury owners. Fortunately, the 2-person teams from Halcott fared better. Karen and Julien Rauter, "The Spicy Mensaballs", finished respectably in the wide field of twosomes. Marc Neves and his bride Carrie of the "Backwoods 7's" placed 3rd. And for the third consecutive year in a row (that's for emphasis, folks), the magnificent team of Jim Rauter and Alan Reynolds took

home the gold with an adept and adroit 1st place win.

Editors note: The annual Team Trivia Challenge was held at the Roxbury Arts Group hall in late April. For the last 3 years, the Challenge has benefited the Fleischmanns Community Church Building Improvement Fund. PD

Halcott Grad

One of the truly wonderful aspects of living in a close-knit community such as ours is the opportunity to know our neighbors and their families in such a way that we are able to share in one another's joys and sorrows along life's path. Undoubtedly, each of us could share heartwarming testi-

monies of the kindness and compassion extended to us by community members during difficult times as well as good times. In this issue of the Times of Halcott our readers are invited to rejoice in one of those happy times by saluting the high school graduation of one of Halcott's special young ladies, Miss Serene Williams.

Serene is the daughter of Mr. And Mrs. Kenny Williams of Bouton Road. While at Margaretville Central School she participated in several activities. She was a key member of the Cheerleading Squad for four years, serving as its captain in the 11th and 12th grades. During Serene's time as a cheerleader, the



squad attended three competitions in addition to cheering at MCS games. Each time the group competed, they returned victorious after placing 1st overall and winning the coveted spirit award.

Other extracurricular activities Serene enjoyed were varsity softball and being a part of the **Scitamard Society**, the drama club at MCS. In softball she played right field her last two years of high school. This year's softball team has been very impressive and, as of this writing, is playing a sectional game at Deposit. Outside the sporting arenas, as a member of the **Scitamard Society**, Serene performed in the school production of "Oklahoma".

Academically, Miss Williams especially enjoyed English classes and gym. As a junior and senior, she took courses offered at BOCES in Early Childhood Education. Serene excelled in the classroom there earning a place in the NCOC

National Technical Honor Society. Surely this preparation in addition to the coursework she plans to undertake at Herkimer County Community College beginning this fall will help her to realize her dreams of owning and operating her own children's nursery.

Congratulations, Serene, to you and your family for a job well done. May God bless you in your future endeavors. **JD**

MORE HALCOTT STARS

Below is a photo of the smash performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by the MCS fifth grade on May 28. Each child in the grade had an integral part in the production which was a collaboration between Mr. Cohen, Mrs. Underwood and the Open Eye Theater Company. After the performance, congratulations are received by the Halcott players including at left, Lindsay Day (Pease Blossom) and far right, Julian Rauter (Oberon). At center is Barbara Morrow from Fleischmanns (Titania). **KR**



TOWN WORKINGS

Bill Bernhardt

In the American townships power has been distributed with admirable skill, for the purpose of interesting the greatest possible number of persons in the common weal.
Alexis de Toqueville,
Democracy in America
(1835)

As newcomers to Halcott in 2006, my family understood that our beautiful patch of meadow and forest was part of something larger, both the natural and human environments of the town. As we walked and drove along the roads, delighting in the views along the hollows and the vistas from the ridges, meeting the gaze of cattle that looked at us over a fence, we wondered about the history of the town and who our neighbors were.

Getting a sense of a town without a post office, grocery, or central path-crossing location, seemed daunting. Then we realized that there actually *was* a town center, the Grange Hall, a natural meeting place and the monthly meeting place of the Town Board. I had a flexible schedule and I decided to attend the meetings.

Many months and meetings later, my memories of the first Board meeting that I attended are somewhat fragmentary. I do recall that the Town Supervisor directed me to a line of folding chairs along the wall as the members of the Board filed in and took their places at the table in the middle of the room. None of them were previously known to me and I tried to grasp their names (as each of them was addressed by other members) and write them down on my yellow note pad.

From my vantage point, it was actually easier to focus on shoes and jackets than on faces. I constructed some theories about each of the persons present based on his or her choice of footwear—ideas that later proved to be totally mistaken: The man wearing work boots and a flannel shirt had retired from a career in the city. The man wearing loafers was the farmer whose cows I had seen from the road. I also noticed—and was impressed by—the fact that the Board immediately got down to business. No refreshments were served. Perhaps it is my own Puritanism at work, but there is something about opening a meeting with food and drink that always rubs me the wrong way and makes me wonder, “Who is paying for this?”

Beginning with my first visit, I have noticed many similarities between the monthly meetings of the Town of Halcott Board and the monthly meetings of the board of the Bronx Charter School for Better Learning, on which I

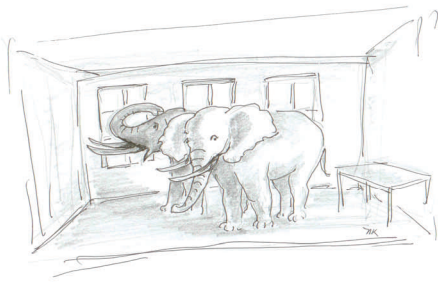
sit. Above all, a major consumer of time at both sets of meetings is the need to respond to federal, state and local government mandates of one sort or another. Some of these demands for information, requests for grant proposals, invitations to workshops and training sessions, etc. make sense and reflect democracy at work in the best sense. However, to a large extent, they seem like make-work (at best) and, at worst, a waste of taxpayers’ money. I had never really understood the meaning of the expression “rolling their eyes” until I had been at a couple of Charter School Board meetings where we had to deal with these things.

A typical Halcott meeting begins with the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag, followed by approval of minutes from the previous meeting. The first major item of business at every meeting is the Highway Superintendent’s Report and ensuing discussion of road maintenance issues and expenses, including snow removal (in the winter), maintenance and replacement of critical equipment, etc. Attempts to keep the expenses associated with the town’s roads within reasonable bounds consume a great deal of the Board’s time and effort. As the cost of fuel continues to rise to dizzying heights, this may be a lost cause.



Signing vouchers and paying bills consumes some time at every meeting, as does discussion of issues arising from the monthly Supervisor's Report. This part of the meeting differs a lot from month to month, depending on what is before the Board at any particular time.

There have been two elephants in the room at all of the meetings I have attended. They represent the two primary threats to the



survival of Halcott as the rural community that the Board members, along with the rest of us, love and treasure: government over-regulation and private over-development. On the basis of what I have seen, our current Board members are doing their level best to protect the Town from both of these beasts while, at the same time, endeavoring to respect the rights and desires of individual property owners. It is not always easy to balance these aims.

For the most part, the meetings are conducted in a spirit of collegiality and abundant good humor. The members of the Town of Halcott Board know how to reach consensus, but also how to agree to disagree.

Attending the monthly Board meetings has accomplished its purpose of giving me and my family a deeper sense of Halcott. It has also reassured us that preservation of our Town rests with the vigilance of its citizens and their duly elected guardians.

Got Computers?

Councilman Walter Miller.

I would like to thank all that took part in the Halcott White Metal Recycling Day that was held on May 10th. It was a great success. We are going to have an Electronics Recycle Day collecting all of your old computers, monitors, printers, answering machines, fax machines, cordless phones and cell phones with the batteries. This event will be held on July 5th from 9AM to 3PM at the Highway Garage. For questions, call 254-6441 and leave a message. Thank you for your participation in advance.

FROM TINA NELKIN:

Help me reach my goal! I am part of a Leukemia/Lymphoma Society Fundraiser, and have been in remission from Hodgkins Lymphoma blood cancer for 4 years. Please make a donation to: Leukemia/Lymphoma Society and send to me, at:

320 Fairhaven Blvd.
Woodbury, NY 11797

Thank you!

COME TO THE HALCOTT FAIR JULY 19

Join us for good family fun at the **TENTH** annual Halcott Fair, from 3:00PM to 9:00PM, with Karl's famous BBQ chicken or pork dinner served at 6:00PM (tickets \$10.00; kids/seniors \$8.00) and country dancing beginning at 6:30PM. We will have representatives from Delaware County Soil & Water with a stream table to demonstrate how streambeds change; perennial flowers for sale, Attic Treasurers; crafts; lots of kids' fun including a petting zoo and games; baked goods from the Halcott Methodist Church; music and magic; in short, diversions for all ages. We look forward to seeing you there!



The Times of the **Halcott Methodist Church** Summer, 2008

Pattie Kelder, Correspondent

Home in the Valley

We are delighted to invite all who have homes in the Town of Halcott to attend a special worship service on **July 6th at 10:30 a.m.** Home in the Valley Sunday, featuring plenty of music, will be an opportunity for us to praise God together for settling us here in this beautiful place we call home.

Blessings

How wonderful of Howard Killion to share supper and Holy Land slides with us at the Grange Hall on **June 18th** on his way to a national conference in Niagara Falls. The conference will focus on "Mentoring for Next Level Leadership", and will address practical training for Christian students who will be returning to Muslim, Hindu and Chinese cultures. Howard continues to write Bible curricu-

lum in simple English for international students who study at American colleges.

We are happy to have a lovely border of red geraniums along the front of the church from Todd's Greenhouse. The location, which they seem to like, just may be the only stone free strip of earth in the Catskills!

At last count, there will be two graduates who qualify for Janet Kelder Riss Graduation Awards at the end of June. Congratulations!

The Old Testament (interfaith) Bible study, which is currently in the midst of Exodus, continues to meet twice a month. Visitors and new members are always welcome.

Upcoming Events

Pastor Bill reports that the number of people using the Food Pantry in Rox-

bury continues to increase. The same is probably true in Margaretville. Usage will continue to rise as schools, which serve breakfast and lunch at no or low cost to many of our area children, close for the summer. Any donations that are made will quickly be put to good use. Please be sure canned and boxed goods have current sale or "best used by" dates.

Halcott Fair Bake Sale

Another food need will be baked goods (and patrons!) for the Church food table at the Halcott Fair on **July 19th**. Your support means a lot. Please let us know if you have a special request. Thank you in advance.

Once again, young people are needed for assembling health kits. Response to recent natural disasters in Asia has diminished relief supplies. If you can help, please call to set up a packing date and/or request a list of items to purchase for the kits.

General Conference

Every four years, there is an international meeting of United Methodists to establish or amend various rules, policies and procedures. Rev. Tim Riss (who served here in the 1980s) just spent two grueling weeks in Dallas/Fort Worth, having been elected to General Conference for the fourth time. A few of the matters under consideration included the church's positions on abortion, capital punishment, ecumenism, education, ethics, health, homosexuality, immigration, marriage, mem-

bership vows, ordination, retirement of clergy, and war and peace. General goals for the next four years are to 1) develop principled Christian leaders, 2) create new congregations (and revive existing ones), 3) engage in ministries with the poor, and 4) improve global health.

From the Pastor

Pastor Bill recently shared these insights on the matter of responding to trouble. His advice? Avoid faulty ways of dealing with troubles.

- 1) Do not hold God responsible for any trouble that might come into your life. God is not a mean God who takes delight in our troubles.
- 2) Do not resort to resentment and hatred toward people or blame others for your problems.
- 3) Do not surrender to self-pity and despair. These can be destructive. They never provide the pathway to healing and happiness.
- 4) Do not seek escape through the anesthesia of alcohol or drugs. You will only emerge with a heightened awareness of your troubles.

The only way to truly face trouble is to face it with faith in God. Ps. 121:1 - 2 says "I lift up my eyes to the hills - from where will my help come? My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." God our creator is ready to help us in our time of need. We can *trust in the goodness and power of God for help*.

"I can do all things through him who strengthens me." (Phil. 4:13) "All things work together for good for those who love

God, who are called according to his purpose." (Rom. 8:28) "No testing has overtaken you that is not common to everyone. God is faithful, and he will not let you be tested beyond your strength, but with the testing he will also provide the way out so that you may be able to endure it." (I Cor. 10:13)

These are wonderful promises. We need to *discover and depend on the promises of God*.

Be There, Be Hope

We all get those dunning letters - often from a good cause. But sometimes the organizations we don't hear from are the ones which use our dollars most efficiently - by putting them in the mission field rather than by spending some of them on fund rais-

ing. Chances are that you won't ever hear from the United Methodist Committee on Relief. But UMCOR promises to use 100% of your gift in the ministry you select. That's right - 100%.

Here are some ways to be involved.

*To find out about UMCOR's work, visit umcor.org. They post frequent updates on work throughout war-torn Africa; AIDS and malaria awareness; worldwide disaster recovery and other programs representing the heart and hands of the church.

*To keep current with other critical humanitarian issues, sign up for the UMCOR Hotline, a weekly digest that comes right to your email box.

*To provide feedback or make contact, write to umcor@gbgm-umc.org or UMCOR, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 330, New York, N.Y. 10115



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