

# The Times of Halcott

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## Nature

*by Christopher Singewald  
(9 years old)*

Nature is a peaceful place.

Nature also has many,

many peaceful things too.

Lots of trees

that shake in the wind

and make a beautiful sound

that makes me relax

and feel free

lying right next to

a happy

and graceful

tree.

## Between Blooming and Fading

by R. Nemo Hill

We put out a call to local kids in the spring, a call for contributions to this our summer issue—and despite playful predictions that the call might go unheeded, we *did* get some responses. So we are leading off our summer issue with those youthful voices. We also got some feedback that the *Passages* section has been missing this year, and we have more than made up for that in this issue as well. The fact is, the last of a generation has recently passed from our little world of Halcott Center—Herb Blish, Virgil Streeter, Tommy Bouton, Jim Eignor and Tony Giliberto—and so it seems only fitting to celebrate them in these pages. The connections between them, indeed between all of us, were made crystal clear to me when Wilma, Virgil's daughter, requested that someone invite Tony to Virgil's funeral—only to be told that Tony had died as well. I trust that, somewhere, they are still enjoying each other's company.

Summer is a time of thriving growth, vibrant and green and so alive; and though our elders have passed-on, the memories they leave behind them are as alive as everything around us at this season. Still, we must not lose ourselves in memory and thus forget all the other activities of this life: from births and betrothals, to barbeques and berry-picking. And so we've done our best to collect some of those occasions in these brief pages as well. Many thanks to Pattie Kelder who has constantly supplied bits of local lore and current events that might have slipped right by us otherwise. In the end, I think there is a nice balance here between living and dying, between blooming and fading, between doing and remembering. After a slow spring, full of late frosts and unexpected droughts, we are feeling the full explosion of summer at last. The earth is green, as are our memories of those who have enjoyed it before us, and our affection for those who, now in the bloom of youth, will enjoy it for years to come.



## Talking Trash

by Landon Vogler

(11 years old)

On a recent outing with my mom, I noticed trash on dirt paths, sides of roads, and on the fields. My mom and I started talking about how littering affects wildlife, water, domestic pets and humans. Animals can eat trash. They can ingest plastic bags that can tangle their insides.



When a can gets thrown in a field, a tractor and haybine can cut it up making for a dangerous snack for livestock. My dog Ellie had to make an emergency trip to the vet after she cut her paw on a broken piece of glass from an old bottle. Trash can also affect fish, turtles, frogs, and other water loving amphibians and reptiles. These creatures suffer when their environment is tainted, or they

mistake a piece of trash for food. They can easily get tangled in old fishing nets, wire or the plastic rings found on beverage multi-packs. Water can become contaminated from spills or improper disposal of garbage. I get very discouraged when I see trash in our beautiful valley. Sometimes it's an accident. For example, if a napkin fell out of a car it would be no one's fault. If you intentionally threw it out the window it would be littering.

Please be part of the solution by responsibly taking care of your garbage and if you're out for a walk, carry a reusable bag and pick up any trash you see along the way. Thank you for protecting the earth for future generations like me!



### **“In My Father’s House There Are Many Rooms” Herb Blish (1926-2023)**

*by Sue Blish*

Goats' milk must be pretty good stuff. Weighing in at a scrawny 5 pounds 10 oz, Herbert Laurence Blish was born on March 12, 1926, the second of 3 sons of Milford and Muriel Price Blish on Highmount. The doctor reportedly told Muriel, “Ye’ll never raise him.” Indeed, he lost a little weight but started to thrive when fed goats' milk. (Shows what doctors know.)

His childhood was spent on Highmount where his parents were caretakers/farmers on the Gunnison/Butler estate. Later, the family moved to Clovesville. Herb graduated from Fleischmanns High and served in the Navy in WW2 as Seaman Second Class. The role he most enjoyed was in meteorology at the Virginia base. He had been reassigned to go to the Pacific on what was commonly assumed to be a suicide mission, but the atomic bomb ended the war before he was deployed overseas. Thus, Harry S. Truman probably saved Herb's life, but no one ever heard him express thanks to that Democratic office holder.

The family home, a pre-fab bought from Sears Roebuck, arrived at the Fleischmanns train depot and was erected on a parcel bought from the Garrison farm (now the Ed Bennett property). Herb maintained the home and garden and added a bathroom and a bedroom as the family grew. A self-described “painter and paperhanger”, Herb was well recognized in the community for his high standards and excellent workmanship. For many years the family operated a fresh fish market



in town where the kids learned the basics of customer service, scaling fish, and making change. Winters he worked as a ski mechanic on Belleayre. Among his more notable jobs, he shingled the steeple of the Fleischmanns church; and he was even prouder of placing the cross on top of the Margaretville Roman Catholic Church, a job professional outfits from as far away as Albany had declined. He was proudest of all of the parquet floor he painstakingly installed in one room of the family home from irregularly sized pieces of wood.

Herb could, and did, fix anything. He was very gifted, with intuition bolstered by experience, for bending his mind and hands to any interesting task. In his later years, he repaired chairs and re-caned seats. Many homes have had a family heirloom brought back to life through his efforts.

Brought up during the Depression years, both he and Eleanor whom he married in 1954, embodied the value of thrift. The mantra was always “work hard and save your money.” The family did forgo a lot of luxuries in the interest of ensuring financial security and making sure the kids had every possible opportunity—though there were some hotly contested pinochle games in the family home with cherished family and friends. Herb and Eleanor were pillars of the Fleischmanns UMC during their child-rearing years.

Herb is the last Blish of his generation, and he was pre-deceased by his wife of 67 years, Eleanor Louise Moseman. He is survived by 3 children, 2 grandchildren and his beloved corgi dog Baby Doll.

God hired Herb on June 14, 2023. If “In my Father’s house are many rooms”, they will keep Herb busy forever. And the Place will never look better.

Please consider a gift to Halcott UMC, Delaware Opportunities Senior Meals, or Helios Hospice, in his memory. Services were at graveside in the Halcott Cemetery at 2 pm Tuesday, June 20th, followed by a celebration at the Halcott Grange.

At the memorial, Steve Craft spoke about seeing Herb put up a 40-foot ladder in the bed of his truck and lash another ladder to it so he could get up on the steeple in Fleischmanns.

Andy Kelder told MaryEllen and Sue about a church supper where Dad had helped himself to jello, and shaking it a bit, remarked that it was “nervous water”.



Anita Rubin spoke about the ceiling that he painted for them years ago and how it still looks great and he was so neat there was no paint where there wasn't supposed to be any.

Pattie Kelder spoke about a chair he did for the church and charged for materials only.

Sue said, "When I was in the 5<sup>th</sup> grade, I was not allowed to ride my bike on the County Road even though I had had a neighbor the same age who was allowed—so I went ahead and did it. Dad was coming home one afternoon in his old 1946 orange truck, and he saw me. I expected to be reprimanded at the very least, but that man never said a single word about it. It's been a puzzlement to me ever since."

Faith spoke about her brother working in the Fish Market and going to Kingston to meet the truck for the weekly delivery out of Boston. Linda Amour's brother also worked one summer and did some of the nighttime driving. There was generally one kid every summer. The Fish Market was where the apartment house is now on the corner of Main and Bridge in Fleischmanns, but eventually moved up the street, across the river from Todd's garage where the sharpener shop moved in later.

He kept an immaculate veggie garden when the kids lived at home. Mom canned a lot for the winter. Dad was often out there hoeing and weeding, wearing just a thong in plain view of the (few) people who went by.

He was always a "doer". He renovated 2 houses in the village of Fleischmanns for rental units—one for the former fish market across from what was Roberts Auction, the other near the Millyard where Lynn Blish lives now.



## Virgil Streeter (1928-2023)

Virgil was born on June 4, 1928 and died on May 29, 2023. He was born and raised in Halcott, moved to Dunraven where daughters Wanda, Wilma and Wendy were raised, and then returned to Halcott for many years until the pandemic marooned him in his South Carolina winter residence. He returned after the death of long-time companion, Genell Webb, but was soon unable to continue living alone.

Virgil was a union member, in Local 17 for over 40 years. He was on the crew that built the original slopes of Belleayre Ski Center in 1949, where cutting trees and dynamiting stumps



were the order of the day. After that, he worked on the Pepacton Reservoir where, among other things, he was the torch-man when it came time to burn the villages; and then was part of the road-crew that built Route 30 around the reservoir from Margaretville to Downsville. In connection with road work, he also set a lot of charges in the quarry by Dunraven to harvest necessary road building materials.

In his spare time, Virgil enjoyed pursuing many interests, including hunting and keeping bees. He hunted with several local men through the years. His last and biggest bear was bagged on the top of Balsam Mountain in 1988. It weighed 350 pounds (likely the dressed weight). Two of his sons-in-law, Marks Buerge and Tim Balcom, helped him drag it out. He later had the hide tanned. Turkey hunting with Ray German consisted of finding the roost the night before so no time was wasted in the morning. When the price of raccoon hides was good in the 80's, Virgil used dachshunds to chase raccoons up trees. In earlier years, his father, Smith Streeter, raised an orphaned female raccoon, kept in a cage outdoors in the daytime. Virgil and his dad could handle her, but his mother, Ethel, couldn't get near her. As a result, young cousins Pam and Jerry Kelly say they were sternly warned—"don't pet the 'coon, just look at it!"

Virgil's memory and sense of humor contributed to his ability to tell stories well. He has been a generous contributor to TTOH through the oral tradition. He was also a good neighbor who readily shared what he knew in order to help others. His blind cousin, the late Shirley Finch, was very fortunate to have Virgil available whenever needed.

—Pattie Kelder



I remember a lot about that little store in Halcott—from the time when I was a kid spending time with the Crosby's, and when Bob & I were living in that old house on the corner. I remember that because our kids, Jim & Kelly, used to go over for candy etc. and Mr. Streeter always took them out back where they lived and showed them the fish that he had. The kids got a kick out of that. I have many memories of that place, and of Mr. and Mrs. Streeter. They were very kind to us, and to me when I was growing up. —*Pat Bellows Moran*

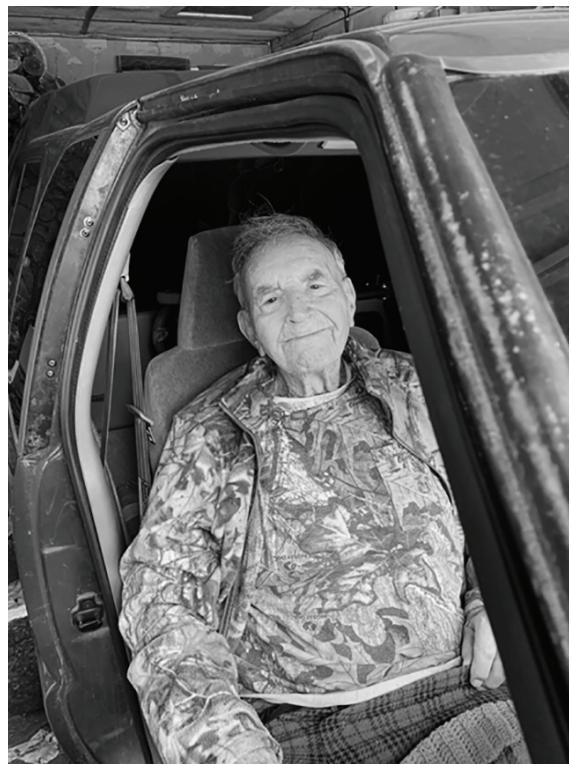
You might occasionally catch sight of Virgil's pick-up truck rolling down Route 3 and beyond. We purchased it almost two years ago, topped it with a black cap, and immediately christened it "Virgil"—! And so, in a way, Virgil is not gone, he might drive right by your house at any moment!

—*R. Nemo Hill & Julio Perea*

Apparently, Uncle Virgil was quite the jokester and love to laugh and play practical jokes on people. One day when he was on the upper farm in Elk Creek at his camp on the upper meadow of the mountain, he saw Uncle Kenny Streeter heading up to the fields with his hippie hired man to go get the cows in. So, Uncle Virgil crept down the mountain without being seen and followed them. He hid behind the stone wall just as it was dusk and hard to see. Then he let out a screech like a wild cat. It scared them both so much they went running back down the mountain to the barn as fast as they could, leaving the cows in the field all night. Uncle Virgil was always playing all kinds of tricks on people like that.

My brother, Eric Sanford, one of Virgil's nephews, said Virgil loved to tell everyone that tale, and had lots of stories like that. He had a great sense of humor and was always laughing. And he knew a lot about Halcott, and hunting wildlife—in fact, he could mimic every sound an animal made so he could fool people.

One memory I have: when I was young, he bought a \$500 blue tick hound for hunting and took the dog to the woods to go hunting for the first time. When he shot the gun off, the dog ran off and never was seen again. I imagine it was down in Tannersville or wherever over the mountain. That was a lot of money back then to lose also. —*Eileen Harris, Eric Sanford*



## **“C’mɒn-ɒvər-ɪt’s-a-Sunday”**

### **Tony Giliberto (1942-2023)**

*by Rob Singewald*

Here is Tony’s official obituary: “Carl Anthony Giliberto, known as Tony, passed away on April 3, 2023 following a brief illness. Giliberto was an artist whose large-scale canvases were purchased by major museums in the United States and Europe. Born on January 29, 1942, Tony was raised in Park Ridge and Chicago, Illinois. Having earned accolades in the Chicago art community, he moved to New York in the early 1980s to further his career, but he never left his Chicago roots far behind. A graduate of University of Illinois, Giliberto served in Korea in the 1960s as a company clerk and special assistant to the commanding officer. For four decades, he maintained an art studio in Soho and worked as a highly sought after mason, tile, and stone worker. An expert on Carrara and other marbles and stone products, his celebrity clientele refused to accept his retirement in 2022 and will always remember him fondly for his meticulous work and easy-going nature. He is predeceased by his brother John and survived by his sister-in-law Alice Giliberto, and by his cousin Christee Angeli. He will be sorely missed.”

But these lines might serve just as well as a memorial to Tony . . .

Well, it’s all right riding ‘round in the Halcott breeze,  
It’s all right if you live the life you please.

Tony’s was a magical spirit. He bought the house on the corner of County Rt. 3 & West Settlement in 1990 after coming up to “visit” the year prior. The house was built by Virgil’s Uncle, and my own family (Jiyeon & Christopher) first met Tony in Virgil’s backyard for a cookout. In the middle of flipping steaks Virgil pulled out a 10-gauge shotgun & nailed a pesky red squirrel that was interrupting our dinner from a nearby pine branch. I was half-convinced we were going to grill that tiny fur ball. Tony was loving this outdoor living—we all were—and we became instant friends.

At Tony’s cookouts, he always let us know that the ribs from Price Chopper were 40% cheaper—even if it cost more in gas to get to Delhi. Karen Archibald & her wife Barbara got hooked on Tony’s spirit as well, supporting him in every way and, more importantly, on every day. (Thank You Karen & Barbara!!) Perhaps it was his Italian heritage that was behind his love for everyone. “C’mɒn-ɒvər-ɪt’s-a-Sunday” went the invitation, and the food was damn good. Tony did Tony—he brought people together, inspired simply by what is possible. The rule was: after a long day, why not just enjoy yourself & the people you’re with.



I went fishing with Tony probably because he saw me fishing everyday with my son in downtown Halcott Center at the bridge 50 feet from his house. He would stop in his van and ask, "Catching anything today?" Well, pretty much every day we caught something: crayfish (which he thought was hysterical), large minnows, trout, the occasional apple tree. Eventually, he gave my son his fishing pole.

The next summer, Tony & I went trout fishing up at the Beaver Kill Trout Hatchery. We were scheduled to meet in my driveway at 6:30AM Saturday morning. I was a little slow in getting up . . . actually I was on-time, but Tony showed up at 6:15AM—lights on, waiting in the driveway. He was decked out in his fly-fishing swag, looking sharp—and he definitely knew how to fly-fish. On a dewy, mud-covered hill smelling of fish, with the sun barely breaking through morning fog, Tony demonstrated the techniques & mechanics of fly fishing, and caught five trout in the process. It's a moment that I often re-live, I can still see it, and feel it, and I'll never forget it. Thanks, Tony. You never know when you're making a memory that will last a lifetime! You did just that, my friend. You lived with determination and freedom. I can only hope to do the same.

And, everyone, please welcome Cynthia Lewis who has taken over Tony's house, and has known him better and far longer than any of us. Cynthia, we love you & welcome you to our Halcott Community.



## Fishing

by Christopher Singewald  
(9 years old)

Fish growing sadder,

and sadder,

as the fishermen

start to come closer,

and closer

to the stream.

And now the fish

freaking out!

Because the hook is coming closer!

## SWIM AWAY!!

But wait a second,

that's not a hook,

that's a juicy, yummy worm.

**YUM!!!**

Oh, shoot, it's a trap! It's a worm, but  
with a hook inside it!!!

**AAAHH!!!!**

## **Tommy Bouton (1941-2023)**

Thomas K. Bouton, 81, of Halcott passed away January 22, 2023 after an unexpected illness. He was born September 6, 1941 in Margaretville, son of the late Robert A. and Margaret "Peggy" Greene Bouton. Tom was a veteran of the United States Navy having served from 1959-1965. He was a sawyer by trade, and had worked with several local logging operations over the years. He was an avid outdoorsman who loved the Catskill Mountains. He was a woodsman who enjoyed hunting, hiking, and simply taking daily walks. Tom was a quiet and reserved man, whose family was paramount to him.

Surviving are his long-time companion Kathleen, two daughters: Debbie (Terry) Kmetz, and Valerie (Blair) Verity, a sister:

Dianne (Louis) Schlee, 2 grandchildren: Cassandra and Rachel, 2 great grandchildren: Gianna, and Ryder, and several nieces and nephews also survive. He was predeceased by his beloved wife Alice, and brothers: Robert and Ronald Bouton .

A Service to Celebrate the Life Of Tom was held privately at the E. B. Gormley Funeral Home in Phoenicia. Burial was in the Halcott Center Cemetery.

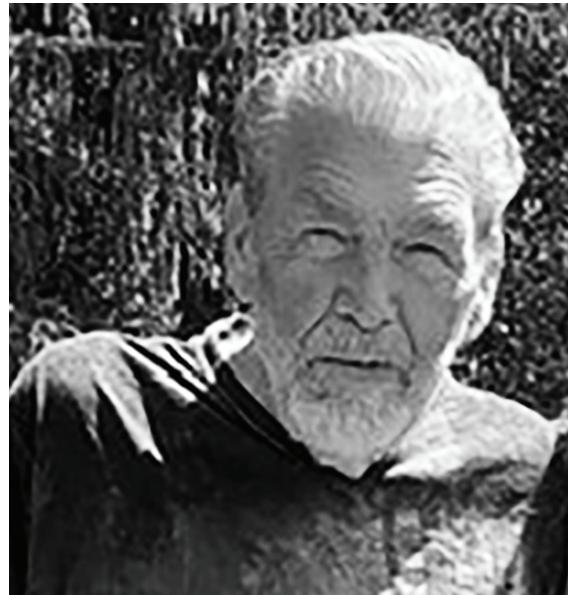


## **Jim Eignor 1947-2023**

James Giles Eignor, 76, passed away at home on July 4, 2023. Born in Halcott Center, NY, Jim was the son of the late Carl and Mary Eignor. He was the valedictorian of the class of 1965 at Fleischmanns High School. He then went on to Union College, where he graduated in 1969 with a degree in civil engineering, and proceeded to earn two master's degrees. He worked briefly for New York State, designing bridges including the Martin Hill Bridge near Binghamton.

Jim spent the majority of his career in the power division at General Electric, designing power plants, including innovations for which he was awarded multiple patents. A former colleague recently remembered Jim as the guy people went to whenever they had a problem to solve. That was true at work, at home, and in his volunteer work.

Following his retirement, Jim volunteered for the Schenectady County Historical Society, where



he served as vice-president of the board and did everything from building tables for displays with his considerable wood working skill to advising on buildings and grounds issues. He and his wife Ann traveled the country, visiting all 50 states while he sharpened his photography skills.

Jim will be remembered as a respected source of knowledge and wisdom across a broad range of topics. He spent hours writing math problems for his daughters, which has a direct line to their work in math education, leaving a legacy of countless children who will benefit from his expertise.

Jim leaves behind his wife of 53 years, Ann M. (Thorington) Eignor; his children, Kristen DiCerbo (Mike) of Avondale, AZ and Karla Reynolds (John) of Sterling, MA., and his grandson Bec Reynolds, as well as his sister-in-law Barbara Green (Paul), brothers-in-law Stanley Thorington and David Thorington (Audrey), and numerous nieces and nephews. Jim's remains will be buried at the Halcott Cemetery at the convenience of the family.

Halcotters may be interested to know the family homestead was a farmhouse that now no longer exists near the intersection of Kaftas and Scudder Road. At that intersection there used to be a little shelter where Jim waited for the schoolbus.



### **Dear Mother Earth,**

Remember when the mountains were made?

When the Ocean made its first wave?

How settlers came to make Halcott great?

Remember the times when you saw the rocky soil and how farmers' hardships and toil would turn to blessings and joy?

You know it is worth remembering the time before You and I, when Halcott was a beautiful place to be and rest and think of all the joy and pleasure you hoped to measure in the town of Halcott.

Love,

*Naomi Delpratt*

(13 years old)

June 18, 2023



## Busy Halcott Kids of Yesteryear

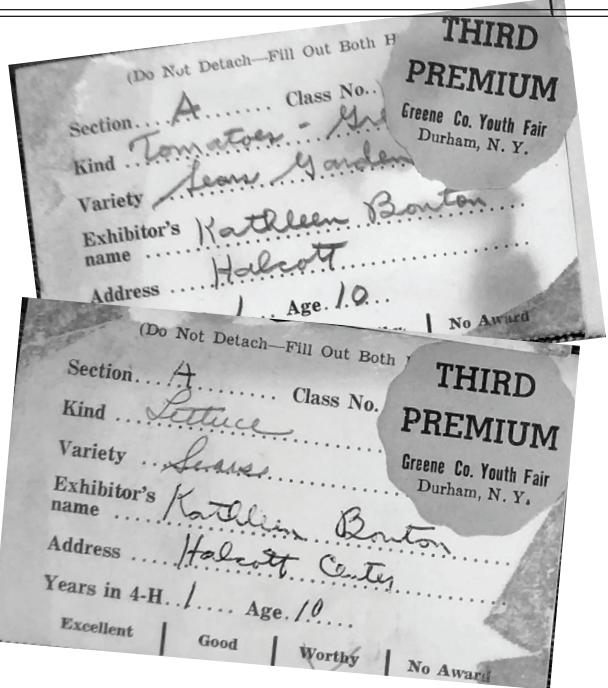
by Pattie Kelder

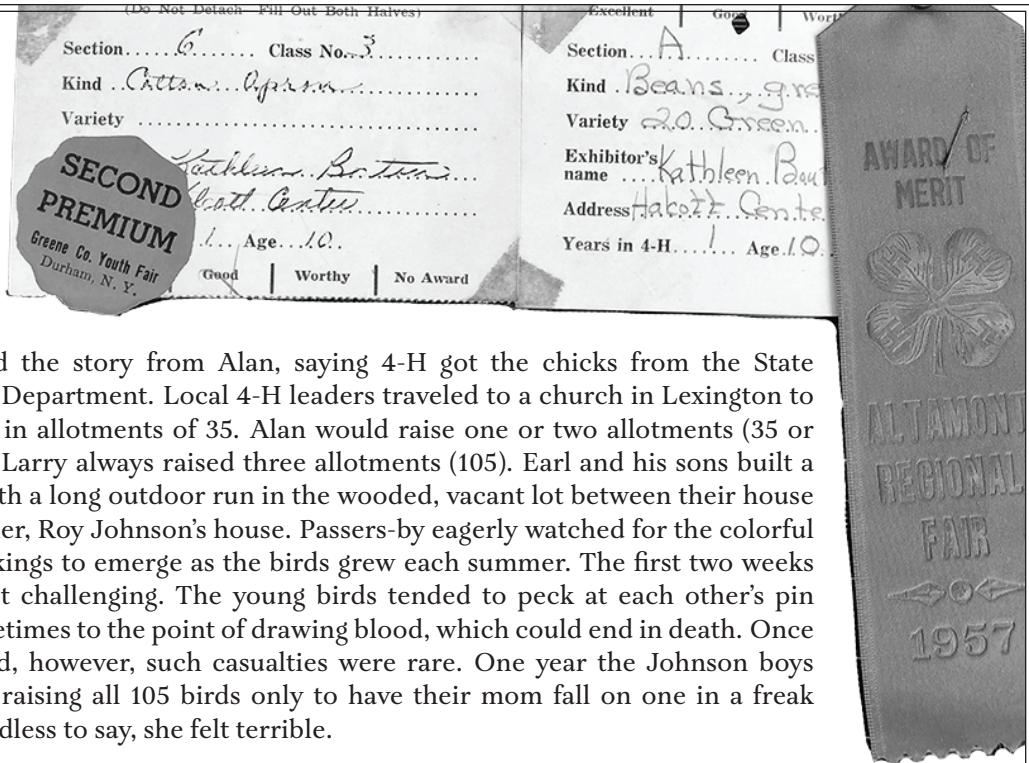
Halcott, following the war (WW II) and throughout the Baby Boom years, had plenty of kids and plenty for them to do. Formal organizations in town for youngsters during the 50's and early 60's included 4-H, Juvenile Grange and Cub Scouts.

Boys and girls in the Halcott Hustlers 4-H Group met separately. Both groups did demonstrations and submitted a variety of projects that were judged at county fairs. If they did well, they could progress to the regional, state and even national levels. According to Arline Needleman and Bill (Billy) Johnson, new members received poster sized signs featuring the iconic, four-leaf clover that symbolizes 4-H. The signs read, "A 4-H member lives here." Members had to mount the signs on boards and construct little roof-like peaks on the top. Pam Kelly says the one her brother, Paul Johnson, put on their maple tree stayed there for many years until it disintegrated and fell to the ground. Arline says she tacked hers on the wagon house next to the barn. She can still recite the 4-H pledge to this day.

Boys in 4-H included Billy and Larry Johnson; Colin, Emerson (Sonny), and Bryan Kelly; Alan and Warren Reynolds; and Bob VanValkenburgh, plus others. They seemed to be loosely organized under various leaders according to the projects being completed; each leader had a different area of expertise. In addition to project leaders, various family members and neighbors would also pitch in to assist the youngsters. Tommy Wilkins was one of the project leaders. There were actually two carpentry project leaders: Earl Johnson and Hugo Brunner, a GE electrical engineer from Germany. Alan and Billy built their gun racks with Hugo's help—Bill still uses his. Earl helped Billy with his stilts project, but Emerson Kelly (not a leader) helped grandson, Bryan Kelly with his. Bryan remembers his pair of stilts taking ribbons at both the Walton and Altamont Regional Fairs, before going on to the New York State Fair in Syracuse. Alas, there was no ribbon at the state level.

Alan shared, "When I was in 4-H, Earl Johnson was the leader. I remember mostly doing wood projects at his house. One of the projects that I did every year for years was raising pheasants. Phil Hubbard helped Dad and me turn a storage room in the barn next to the house into a small inside pen. Then we built an outside chicken wire enclosure where they could roam throughout the summer. 4-H supplied chicks in the early summer and it was seven weeks later that the agent would come to release them. We'd get \$1.00 for each surviving bird. Larry and Billy did this as well."





Bill continued the story from Alan, saying 4-H got the chicks from the State Conservation Department. Local 4-H leaders traveled to a church in Lexington to pick them up in allotments of 35. Alan would raise one or two allotments (35 or 70). Billy and Larry always raised three allotments (105). Earl and his sons built a small coop with a long outdoor run in the wooded, vacant lot between their house and grandfather, Roy Johnson's house. Passers-by eagerly watched for the colorful plumage markings to emerge as the birds grew each summer. The first two weeks were the most challenging. The young birds tended to peck at each other's pin feathers, sometimes to the point of drawing blood, which could end in death. Once fully feathered, however, such casualties were rare. One year the Johnson boys succeeded in raising all 105 birds only to have their mom fall on one in a freak accident. Needless to say, she felt terrible.

Full release of the seven-week-old pheasants was permitted at the location where they were raised, but Billy and Larry loaded theirs, 10 to 15 at a time, into cardboard boxes for release at various farms around the valley. The dollar per bird helped the boys learn money management skills. It was calculated to be enough to compensate for feed and the other expenses of raising pheasants.

The girls in 4-H included Roberta and Sylvia Beers; Cora and Ellen Ballard; Linda and Ginger Kelly; Marilyn and Kathleen Bouton; cousins Arline Griffin, Patsy Bellows, and Carol Crosby; as well as Mary Ball and others. Their leaders were Bob Johnson's mother, Deborah, and later, Claretta Reynolds. Mary Kelly assisted Claretta whenever possible. Since many projects involved sewing, meetings were usually held at Claretta's house because she had an electric sewing machine, a step up from the more difficult treadle-type worked by foot.

Some of the girls remember their sewing projects like they were completed yesterday. Many still have them. Marilyn remembers making a drawstring apron. It was out of white fabric with a tiny black print. Kathleen, who also made an apron, says she learned to sew in 4-H, gaining the confidence to later make her own graduation dress. In addition, she remembers making and decorating the blue-flowered print sewing box which holds her sewing notions to this day. Sylvia made a dress at age 16 that won a ribbon from the County Extension Service Association located at Cornell University. A leader from Lexington drove the girls to Ithaca for the event. Sylvia says that was the dress she wore to the funeral after her little cousin died suddenly. Arline recalls the girls taking their creations to the Clothing Revue in Catskill, the Greene County seat. Her ambitious entry was a long dress she made for the 4th and 5th grade choir concert at school. The

judge was considerably impressed with her workmanship on its Peter Pan collar, puff sleeves and scalloped bodice.

Other projects honed farming and homemaking skills. Linda mentioned learning basic household skills, like how to stir a pot safely and how to make hospital corners when putting sheets on a bed (or multiple beds in the boarding house!). The girls did demonstrations of such things and more at the Altamont Fair. Arline won a red ribbon in the tractor driving contest there one year. She says she wouldn't want to try backing-up a tractor today, though!

Kathleen has a scrapbook of ribbons won at the Greene County Youth Fair in Durham and the Altamont Regional Fair. The first year she was in 4-H, she and Marilyn exhibited home grown vegetables. Kathleen's score cards indicate that her green beans, cucumbers, summer squash, tomatoes, onions and lettuce, plus her sewing box and apron, placed well at the county youth fair that year, so she later took these exhibits to the regional fair. Premiums awarded in 1957 were \$1.25 for a rating of *Excellent*, .75 for *Good*, and .50 for *Worthy*. Kathleen's ratings netted her \$8.50 in Durham, but only \$1.75 in Altamont. Evidently the competition was stiffer at the regional level, and perhaps the garden wasn't producing as well as the summer wore on. Kathleen recalls hearing their father, Carson, and Uncle Donald tell them about showing animals (e.g. calves) they raised at the State Fair in Syracuse, so we know that the activities of the Halcott Hustlers 4-H Group were enjoyed by at least two generations throughout the years.



## Births

Please welcome new resident Fiammetta Aurora. This miracle was born with the rhythm of cosmic timing in Gemini season, to the sounds of Alice Coltrane. Fiammetta already likes to dig in the dirt and can't wait to pull out the onions in the community garden. So far, we love to look up at the leaves and touch the trunks of maple trees, and to listen to the abundant bird sounds all around us. With her second word being "owl," we already can see that Fia's got wings. — *Ann Marie Svilar & Kerry Black*

From The Times Of Halcott, Summer 2020: "Twin boys, Taet and Everett, were born to Christi Gavette and Erick Hinkley on February 5th, 2020." And NOW: born on April 3, 2023, twin girls, Braelynn Rose and Walker Virginia, born to Christi and Erick.

## Nuptials

Sean Penchoff and Sophia Randazzo were married at her grandparents' home on Turk Hollow on Saturday, June 24th. The outdoor ceremony was immediately preceded by a brief cloudburst, but several children with towels quickly dried the chairs so the show could go on. Butterflies were released at the conclusion. Al and Joan Doubrava sold their Turk Hollow home to Sean and Sophia, who will reside here full time.

# Halcott Bulletin Board

The first Halcott United Methodist Church sit-down salad supper in *five* years was held on June 23rd. Given several conflicting factors . . . advertising glitches, a busy graduation/wedding/camping weekend, a change to Friday evening instead of Saturday, many people away, some folks sick, and so on . . . the attendance was lighter than usual, but everyone had a wonderful time visiting with each other and the food was excellent. In fact, some diners even purchased take-outs to eat the next day! We thank the very generous folks who set up, provided food and donated above the ticket price. We hope to see everyone at a crock pot supper later in the season.

Several outreach events have been hosted for young people in recent months. Our young folks made Valentines, filled Easter eggs, and picked May Day violets for Mountainside residents. In June, they packed school-kits for urban churches to distribute as needed here in New York. Some from Halcott attended a stellar, intergalactic Vacation Bible School,

hosted by the Margaretville United Methodist Church for area communities as the school year ended. Stay tuned for the next event!

The Janet Kelder Riss Memorial Graduation Award from the Halcott UMC went to Olivia Suyama this year. Olivia earned an Advanced Regents Diploma, as well as many monetary awards, and graduated as Laureate from Margaretville Central School in June. She plans to attend Temple University in Philadelphia, which is coincidentally where Jan's sons earned their master's degrees in music education.

We were pleased to patronize both Half Fast Farm in Halcott and the Finch Farm on Hog Mountain for geraniums to plant at the Church and the Grange Hall this year. Keep shopping locally!

Though construction work on the church restoration has not begun yet, we are hoping to get started over the summer months. Your contribution are still needed, and much appreciated.

**Well, the time has come once again to approach our readers, hat in hand, and ask them to help support The Times of Halcott, and through that support help to keep our community connected. In these days of increasing fragmentation and political division, it seems more important than ever to hang onto those threads that hold us together. If our beautiful mountains and abundant streams provide the common background, sometimes we must work together in the foreground to complete the tapestry with our shared humanity. The Times of Halcott aims to do just that: to remind us of what we share, from one day to the next, as individuals. From those of who step-up to the civic plate, contributing time and energy to town government—to those who choose to remain further off-stage—all of us matter, and all of us make-up the whole that is our town. For the sake of all of us, then, the Halcott Community Fund has generously agreed to continue funding our little paper through its change of editorship, and we humbly ask you to support the Halcott Community Fund through your annual donation. Enclosed is an envelope for your much appreciated support.**

Above me spreads the hot, blue mid-day sky,  
Far down the hillside lies the sleeping lake  
Lazily reflecting back the sun,  
And scarcely ruffled by the little breeze  
Which wanders idly through the nodding ferns.  
The blue crest of the distant mountain, tops  
The green crest of the hill on which I sit;  
And it is summer, glorious, deep-toned summer,  
The very crown of nature's changing year  
When all her surging life is at its full.



*Amy Lowell (1874-1925)*



**Summer 2023**

Halcott, NY 12430

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The Times of Halcott