

THE VALE NEWS

May 19, 2010

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Spring Conferences

Club Calendar & Speaker Assignments

May 26 Dave Ruane - Dr. Corin Bauer
June 2 Manny Apigian Classification Speech
9 Helmut Hietzker
16 Win Smith- Sugarbush Resort
23 Dinsmore Fulton
29 Changeover Party (Tues. 6 PM) Hogan's Pub
30 No Meeting

Editor's Note: Please inform Wini (496-6710) of the name of your speaker at least 2 weeks in advance. If you can't get a speaker for that date, please try to trade with another person on the list.

Birthdays: Brian Crandall - 5/25

Anniversaries: Caryn & John Crump 5/22; Karl & Susan Klein 5/24
Claire & Len Rubin 5/23; Gene & Virginia Scarpato today

Editor's note: Some people are unwilling to have their birthday's mentioned. I feel they should rejoice!! It's great to be alive and live in our Valley.

Meeting News

The weathermen predicted slight chance of rain today, they did not say all day rain. Just shows, in Vermont even the weathermen don't know what's coming. Small crowd today, only 35 including our small guests Anna & Benjamin White.

Announcements

Duck Race.

Jack Simko - GOT people willing to host musicians (for the opera) from June 13 - 21 and the make-up person from June 11 - 21. Doreen told Jack to thank the volunteers.

Reminders: Frank Rodgers' and Bill Heinzerling's memorial services will be on May 29th at 10 AM and 3:00PM respectively.

District Conference will be held on June 12th & 13th (Fri. & Sat.) Dave

Koepele has the registration forms and hopes at least 6 of our members will attend this event.

Dinsmore showed us photos of our members at work on the Mad River Path (our \$ at work across from the Chittenden Bank.)

Ralph Walker handled Mega Bucks today in Heli's absence. Prize = \$527 to the winner. The winner would have been Dave Ellison if he had drawn the right ticket.

Tom Byrne handled Happy Bucks:

He went first - Art Conway read Tom's son's book

Dave Koepele - headed for California to join wife

John Daniel - just happy

Dave Ellison - summer is almost here and work in garden

Bob Holden - Happy (Bob wordless???)

Bob C. - another happy one!

Dinsmore - MRPath members did sign

Carol Hosford - conference for children's book writers

Sissy - Ralph started stone wall

Art - Ken Friedman helped

Audrey - joined the happy folks

Betty - happy for planting season

Len Rubin - happy for wedding anniversary on the 25th

Joe Koch - sailboat time

Joe Klimek - lovely weather

Ken Amann - Farmers' Mkt. starts Saturday

Gene - married the right woman

John Basile - another happy

Ken Friedman - repaired Art's computer

Bruce B. - grandson

Jim Leyton - selling tickets to Yankee game at Fenway by private jet

Ken Friedman - Needs drivers and bakery goods for the musicians.

Doreen - has hosts signed up for the musicians.

Attention Golfers! Randolph Rotary Club is having a Golf Tournament on June 5th.

Carol Hosford - Still asking for your on-line VOTE to help Waitsfield win a grant for an orchard at the Flamer Field. The Fruit Tree Planting Foundation will award 5 grants each month for the next 5 months : We are in 5th place now. Need your votes to stay there.

Please visit: <http://www.communitiestakeroot.com/plant/index> and vote as often as once a day between March 15th & August 31st. We are in 10th place and need a lot of votes to remain in the top 10. A lot of votes are needed this month.

Big item on today's agenda - Leo Cohen (BFD) made up a chart of all the possible businesses in MRV that we could ask to sponsor our Duck Race and asked everyone - one by one - to volunteer to get them committed i.e. give check for anywhere from \$200. to \$1,000 and benefit from our publicity.

The commitments are needed by June 1st for marketing purposes.

Leo gave each of the volunteers a list of Seguin points.

Jim Groom warned that some of the larger companies have made up their donations lists at the beginning of the year.

Program

Dave Koepele introduced Trish Hopkins, our latest member to tell us all about herself today and what attracted her to our club.

I grew up in Amherst NH; a small colonial town nestled between Nashua and Manchester, complete with 3 village greens and a center flag pole where every kid had the opportunity to raise and lower the flag by the time they were 12. The village was lined with white houses with black shutters and glowing white candles in the windows come December. I lived in the center of town, between the village grocery and the library, with two dogs, dozens of cats, and 5 siblings to wrestle with. It was postcard New England, small town USA. I am so grateful for the nurturing, fair and honest support I had from my parents and community.

My father was a graduate from Annapolis and served on mine sweepers off Cuba and Korea. Upon transitioning from active duty into the reserves he taught at Holy Cross and joined his uncles in running Granite State Feeds in Greenfield NH, one of the largest grain mills in the northeast at the time, until it burned to the ground in the late 70's. There wasn't enough insurance or interest to re-build, so the formulas were sold to Blue Seal and UCF and Dad went on to work with Management Recruiters out of Nashua.

Mom graduated from Smith College with a degree in Political Science and French. She could have succeeded in any career of her choosing, but opted instead to devote her time to raising 6 kids, volunteering for endless

community projects, drove the town ambulance, and was instrumental in developing numerous recreational programs.

I did go to Plymouth State College for several years but had no distinct interest or goal, and jumped at an opportunity to explore California which opened up a whole new experience for me. Everything was so BIG; big highways and big trees, big farmland and big cities, big cliffs and big beaches. My sister and I lived in our pop-up VW van that summer in the middle of San Francisco, on Pope Avenue, then travelled leisurely along the coast until landing in the smog infested outskirts of LA. Where I grew up, outskirts means within two minutes of the border; in LA, outskirts could mean within two hours. I worked a variety of jobs- waitressing, contributed to a column for a local paper, sales (which I hated), and taught skiing at Mtn. High Ski Area. The San Andres fault ran right through the parking lot but I never once fell off the chairlift!

I was especially grateful for the opportunity to explore the coastline from northern California to the southern tip of Baja California.

In summer, my buddies and I would drive across the desert to Lake Havasu City, Arizona, to water ski and drink buckets of mai-tais on the tiki terrace. Havasu is the southernmost lake damned on the Colorado River and home of the London Bridge. I fell in love with the red rocks and open skies and moved there. I bartended, shingled roofs (they're primarily flat in the desert), did drywall taping, learned to drive speed boats, parasail, jump into the lake from 40' cliffs, and cycle 100 miles in 100 degree desert sun without passing out. I earned enough money to buy a home on a gentle slope looking out across the lake to the California mountains and desert. It was a carefree happy time for me, but bartending introduced me to a life style that didn't serve me well. I wanted something else.

When the call came that there was help needed back home, it was an easy decision to make. I packed up the truck and drove across the country with my dog for the seventh, and last, time. My parents moved to Peterborough NH, a delightful area of rolling hills and apple orchards, folk music and a thriving arts community, and home and backdrop for the play, Our Town. Taking care of my grandmother and mother gave me new meaning in life, and purpose. I was starting to think I'd like to be in healthcare to some capacity, but nursing didn't grab me as it did my sisters, and I wasn't eager to commit to a career that kept me indoors.

Then came an opportunity of a life-time and in the summer of '88 I worked for the Fish and Wildlife Service in Togiac National Refuge in Alaska. I lived in a tent for 3 months and the only way to get in and out was by float plane or by a 5 day raft trip down the Good News River into Bristol Bay. I learned

how to handle a rifle, work a communications radio, determine the altitude of cloud cover and plane activity, how to chart data from lake samples. I learned about the life cycle of salmon and how to catch and scale and cook them. I learned about the Athabaskan Indians and bear and caribou and bald eagles. I discovered I had a knack for rock climbing, and scaled some outrageous cliffs. Mostly, I discovered peace within myself. I could have stayed out there forever, and truly, the transition back into civilization was far more difficult than the transition out, but there were people back east anticipating my return.

As winter approached, I checked out various ski areas I might work at. I had always wanted to live in Vermont or Maine, and I landed at Sugarbush. Back then you had to attend a week long hiring clinic before they decided to take you on or not, and in the winter of 88/89, I taught the first of 9 years at Sugarbush, during which I earned my Level 3 pin from PSIA and co-taught such programs as Center Skiing and Women's Turn. I loved the skiing, but when the leaves burst open and the grass turned green, I knew I was here to stay.

I worked for Von Trapp Greenhouses and Helen Bridgewater Landscaping in the summer, grateful for jobs that kept me in nature. In the start of my second summer here, a close family friend from my home town suffered a stroke. Her husband was battling multiple myeloma, a bone cancer. I left immediately to help with their care. In watching and assisting her Physical Therapist, I discovered that hands-on body work was a natural for me. I enrolled in Bancroft School of Therapeutic Massage in Worcester, MA. While attending that program I worked at an Auyurvedic Healing Center in Lancaster, MA under the direction of Dr. Deepak Chopra (author of Ageless Time, Ageless Body and Perfect Health, and now director of an alternative healing ward in a San Diego hospital). I lived out of my pickup truck, rigged to provide all the necessary comforts. It was one of the healthiest, happiest times of my life.

When I returned to the valley I started my own practice out of my home and continued various part time jobs. In '96 Annie Shields and I started Mad River Massage out of her home off Inferno Road by the mountain. We became very busy and searched for another option, and in '98 found the perfect spot at our current location in the 1850 Starch House, a small barn which originally was used to manufacture starch from locally grown potatoes.

It took me some 15 years to find a direction I was passionate about, and I am forever grateful for the events and people that led me to this work. It has opened many doors for me, personally and professionally. My business

partner married a Scottish boy and they moved to his home land, and I have run the business solo since 2001. I wear many hats and it hasn't always been easy; sometimes outright lonely, but I am always grateful for an opportunity to stretch myself.

I have taken a particular interest in working with cancer patients and other clients with serious health concerns. There is tremendous research being done at the Touch Research Institute at the University Of Miami School Of Medicine under the direction of Tiffinay Fields, PhD. Along with researchers from Duke, Harvard and Maryland, research efforts are showing that touch therapy has numerous positive effects on health and well being. Among them, therapeutic touch can alleviate depressive symptoms, reduce pain, improve immune function, and reduce stress hormones.

Massage has been shown to lower levels of cortisol, a stress response that increases blood pressure and heart rate, slows tissue repair, and can trigger an inflammatory response that is responsible for tumor growth and spread. Massage has also been shown to increase levels of oxytocin, the hormone of "calm, love, and healing". Oxytocin spikes in mothers when nursing. It increases the ability to connect, an important component in facing a serious diagnosis. By increasing levels of oxytocin, massage can reduce inflammation and pain and enhance wound healing.

These studies and many more are proving to the medical community the viability of massage on so many levels. Pre and post massage is being offered in increasingly numbers of hospitals. My sister, who is a leading lactation nurse in the Dover / Durham area, notices that many patients choose their hospital based on whether massage services are available or not! Clearly, folks are recognizing that massage contributes significantly to one's health and well being.

Thank you for listening. It is an honor to be welcomed into your club.

THE FOUR WAY TEST

of the things we think, say or do:

- 1) Is it the Truth?
- 2) Is it Fair to All Concerned?
- 3) Will it Build Goodwill and Better Friendships?
- 4) Will it be Beneficial to All Concerned?

The Vale News

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