

Rhythm



Fall 2014

Fall 2014, etc.etc. Vol. LXXXVIII No. 2

Board Members:

Martha Mott-Gale, President marthamottgale@gmail.com 215-426-8099
June Roche, Vice-President no email 508-636-6853
Meg Brooker, Secretary/ Membership megbrooker@gmail.com 347-742-5241
Emily Arwen Mott emilyarwenmott@gmail.com 617-872-4432
Sue Bayley susanabayley@icloud.com 401-729-1564
Patricia Carhart Collins p.carhart@verizon.net 978-371-8079
Skeeter (Elizabeth) Scheid skeetfeats@gmail.com 705-971-0490
Carol Ribner Membership carolribner@gmail.com 347-415-4983
Rina Rinkewich rinarinkewich@gmail.com 718-855-2080

Ann Partlow, Treasurer partlow@gmail.com 212-924-0291
Mary Graham, Assistant Treasurer seaislemary65@hotmail.com
Meg Brooker, Archivist megbrooker@gmail.com 347-742-5241

Rhythm Committee: Chair-Emily Mott, Patricia Carhart Collins, Nancy Nichols, Amy Colon, Martha Mott-Gale

Property Committee: Chair-Sue Bayley, Evelyn Foster, Mary Graham, June Roche

ARIA Committee: Chair- Skeeter Scheid, Evelyn Foster, Trudi Van Dyke, Mary Graham, Emily Mott

Finance Committee: Chair-Martha Mott-Gale, Ann Partlow, Sharon Rowe, Joe Dirr and Linda Rapauano.

The Fall edition of Rhythm is typically sent by the beginning of December but, due to a series of fortunate and unfortunate events, it is a few weeks late. Thank you for your patience.

Rhythm Report

This was another summer of deep learning and joy at Shepherd's Nine. Where the people with many years lived in Rhythm work share their old and new discoveries with those who are enthusiastically entering it. The smells and sounds of the woods, the masterful piano music, the feel of the Pavalon under the feet, or the renewing process of dropping into the 'under earth' are things that don't change. (With thanks to all endless efforts that go into making sure we have a healthy forest, sturdy wooden floor, pianists etc etc.) Even as we welcome new people, some new vocabulary, and perhaps new ways of doing things, our purpose is to always rediscover what is so beautiful and unique about studying Noyes' system. The teaching has been very good: clarifying original intents, starting to push back into more challenging techniques, creating group movement that goes beyond performance, continuing private lessons, trying to become aware of the different types of students we are helping. Teachers are the heart of the community and we continue to figure out how to support and be supported.

Those six weeks at Shepherd's Nine are so precious and so rich that they feed our efforts to bring more and more workshops and classes to the other seasons. Last year, there were classes in Massachusetts, Florida, Texas, and Virginia. This Fall we had a successful workshop/retreat on Cape Cod. We have a circle of fewer than fifteen fully-qualified teachers but many more serious students, teachers 'in development', and happily-involved participants. This feels like our time to blossom again in a world that sorely needs this very thing. I hope we continue to practice the work enough that our overflow will serve others in exactly this way.

Emily Arwen 'Pegasus' Mott



Pegasus and Selene, two teachers...one woppity!

Dear Noyes Friends,

I'm looking back on another glorious summer of Noyes Rhythm at Shepherd's Nine. The weather goddesses were especially kind, sparing us any heat waves or monsoon rains--just sweet warm breezes and the brilliant skies we remember in gray February. The classes were inspiring, the ARIA programs varied and enriching. Whatever complications there may have been behind the scenes (and there always are), it all came together like a lovely Saturday Night.

We are so fortunate to have this place of nature and music, the legacy of Rhythm. One of our challenges is balancing the old and the new: our Camp has evolved from Diana's summer intensive for the New York School into a place for all sorts of women to experience Rhythm. This unique approach to movement and the arts fosters a sense of play, uses imagery that takes us beyond body limits, all inspired by live classical music and the natural beauty all around us. What more could we want? We have to find ways to invite more people to enjoy Rhythm while preserving what makes it special.

I saw a PBS program about happiness that spoke about the role of dopamine in the brain for happiness and brain health. One major factor in slowing the decay of dopamine receptors is the experience of Flow--the very experience we have when we are really on Rhythm. I trip over my own feet when there are "steps" to remember, but I soar to music. That is the gift we have!

And, we are a community of women (and a few special men); some of us have been coming to Camp for years, some are newcomers, some old, some young, from all kinds of backgrounds. We share joy and we share sorrow. This fall we lost our brilliant pianist and friend, Michelle Kelly. She was an essential part of our community and we mourn her deeply. We have to believe that she is making music with Schubert and Rachmaninoff in a better universe. We'll hear the echoes.



Martha Mott-Gale, President
Noyes School of Rhythm Foundation

Our Noyes community expresses our sympathy to Clío (Nancy Nichols) and her family on the passing of her son, Malcolm, on September 25.

Condolences may be sent to:

Allison, Steffany, and Justin Nichols
10 Westcott Circle
Tewksbury, MA 01876

From Teff's facebook page:

"Come to the woods, for here is rest. There is no repose like that of the green deep woods. Here grow the wallflower and the violet. The squirrel will come and sit upon your knee, the logcock will wake you in the morning. Sleep in forgetfulness of all ill."

-John Muir

Memorial contributions may be made to the Damon Runyan Cancer Research Fund.

News from Noyesians

Please use my current email address: noyesdance@gmail.com.

I've asked several times, but alas, Camp keeps sending me info at this address, which check infrequently.

Sincerely,

Laura Lutton

Camp 2014, as perceived by Flip :

Was this ever a good summer ! Also weather-wise, it could not have been better.

Seeing many friends from former days, and getting to know new ones better was so wonderful. Good , enjoyable classes, activities, and Sheila's cooking all added to the summer's success.

Of course, being back in my old home, Peachtree, was great !

Among the fun things this summer were blueberry picking (remembering all those past summers Nancy took us to Rose's farm) with Martha Mott this time, of course, pottery with Evelyn, etc.etc. Then there was a spontaneous Wednesday evening ride with Susan Bayley, who needed to charge her battery she said, the car (also) needed it. We got lost. In Meshomasic State Forest. It was getting dark. No idea where the private road we were on, by mistake, with nowhere a possibility to turn around, was leading to. Miles and miles. Deeper and deeper into the forest. Darker and darker....

All of a sudden, bright light flashing. Chased by the police ! How would we communicate with camp, giving our new lock-up address ! No cell phone. It was indeed getting more and more exiting by the minute , after we heard what the police man had to tell us

More about that later... Needless to say we all were very relieved to drive back through the gate finally...Back home.



And now some This and That's : questions asked; info. dug up from the past

The Pavalon. The architecture of this building was unique when it was built, as there was nothing like it in this country at that time. The architect, Ralph Twitchell, said many years ago that he had to see unwilling insurance people about it as they predicted that the roof would cave in under the winter snows. He convinced them that it would not, and we got our insurance. It was built in the early spring of 1930 after a fire swept across our land from the road higher up on Penfield Hill and completely burned down the earlier Pavalon.

Florence Fleming Noyes, the Founder of the School, had the earlier building constructed in 1919. (The Noyes Junior Camp Pavalon is exactly like that earlier building.) When it was finished Mrs. Noyes looked at it and said : "Let's call it the Pavalon, sort of a combination of Partheon and pavilion... It does look like a pavilion."

The present Pavalon is about 45 feet by 42 feet. (This may be approximately). The floor is maple,

polished by dancing feet, over the years. In winter there are shutters which completely close it; but in summer the breezes blow through and the music floats out, inspiring even the birds around it.

The Pavalon was erected on the very site of the original homestead on the hillside below the present house, which was also built in pre-Revolutionary times." Middletown Press, July 17, 1950.

Great Hill Lake. Across the water is Great Hill. It is easy to see why having a lake here was important to the two Noyes School-Camps. We saved it, some years back, from the manipulations of a ruthless land speculator. The case went to the Supreme Court of Connecticut twice. We finally won, but no damages were possible, even though they were awarded. It was an expensive, long drawn out case. The Senior School of the Foundation -- Shepherd's Nine--has met its legal indebtedness. You should have seen the lake, when our antagonist had broken the dam and drained the lake; it was just a swamp. If you had ever seen it in that dreary condition, you would doubly appreciate it now. It means not only water, but also victory.

Question:

O.C.S. tent. Why O.C.S. when many of the tents have Greek names ? Answers often uncover some practical aspect of the past. One summer this tent was used as a convenient storage space for extra cots, mattresses, and so on. It was such a conglomeration that Diana (Mrs. Noyes) called it "Old Curiosity Shop", and that soon became O.C.S.

Question: Where did camp get those big, brown candle holders we have on the tables ?

A. Campers picked them up along the roadside where they had been discarded by men working on high-power electric lines.

Question: Pepperidge name ?

A. It's a pepperidge tree, also called sourgum tree. There is one by Hilltop near the fire pit, we used to sit under at the Sunday night cook-out.

Finally, a bit of interest: Around 1930 there was a Noyes Outdoor School in Sarasota, FL. There were 62 parents and 73 children enrolled in the Rhythm class.

*Vintage photo submitted by
Clio and taken during an
annual meeting.*

*(L toR) Clio, June Christiaen,
Flip, lawyer? Stoney in front.*

*(Notice the familiar photo on
the wall in back.)*



From Mary Ann Buckley

Fall here in CT has continued to blaze with such outstanding color and record warmth that nobody seems to be complaining about the predicted polar vortex about to descend. We're just getting our snow blowers out and reflecting how thankful and blessed we are (well, ME, at least) for Noyes Camp and CAMPERS. I've been asked to tell you that Lena loves Pratt and being in New York! I'm also sending along this picture of Echo, taken last August at the finale of Middletown's children's circus, to document what can happen when children have been encouraged to build impromptu obstacle courses at Family Camp with June and Nancy in the past! Kudos to all involved!

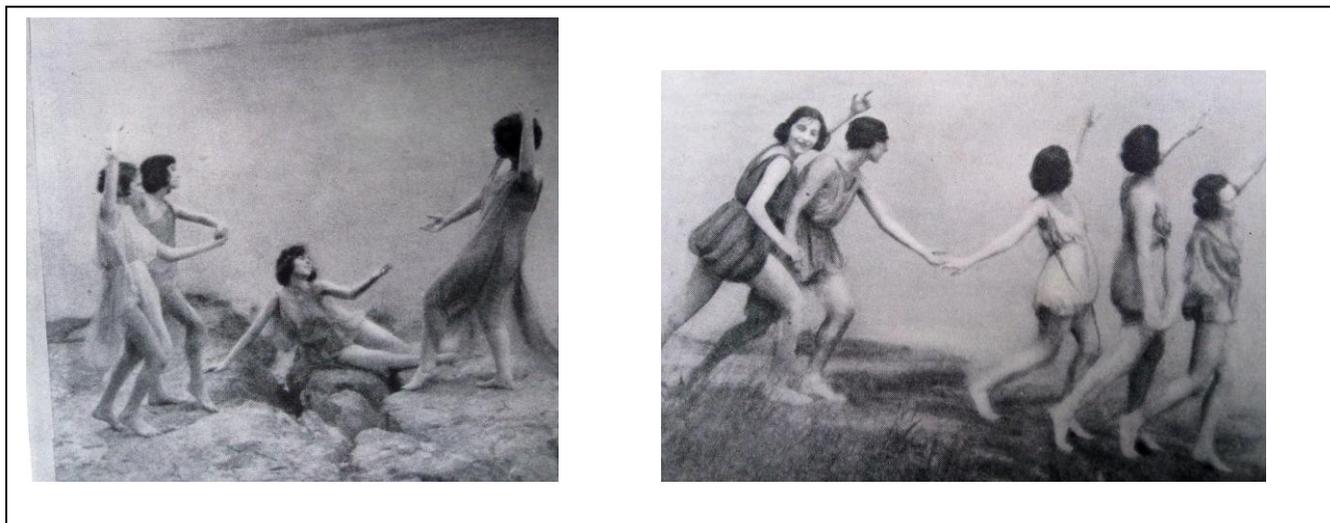


As for me, I recently attended my 55th Portland High School Reunion. During the course of the evening a few of my old friends asked, "Mary Ann, do you still go to Noyes Camp?" Yes!" I said, "I do!" "Now, we've known each other a really long time..." they said, "so you can tell us the truth! They really are nudists out there at Noyes Camp, aren't they?" "Do you think I'M A NUDIST?" I gasped in amazement. Then I went on to admit that perhaps there have been some incidences of skinny dipping over the last hundred years, showers in the woods, and talk a little about Victorian times, the dress reform movement, etc. As I watched their eyes glaze over, disappointment descend...and heard them repeat how they knew from this father, uncle, plumber, or brother, who had "hidden in our bushes... knew for a fact... had seen for himself"...I realized I was dealing with a suburban legend... so never doubt that you are the spice in someone else's life; even if not your own! MAB

Celebrating Lena's
18th birthday!



Noyesians or Not?



Hi, friends!

I so enjoyed renewing friendships and meeting our wonderful new campers this summer. Being featured in the Hartford Courant was a highlight.

Since August I've had some wonderful and some less wonderful experiences.

In October I had the marvelous opportunity of traveling around Spain. Three of my book group friends and I spent a week in Barcelona with our friend who is there on a three year assignment. I then toured for two more weeks spending three of my final days enjoying the beach on the Costa del Sol.

In November Sue Baker came to Salt Lake to visit a friend and carved out a day to spend with Barbara (ThaLia) and me. As you can imagine, we had a lovely visit!

I had a terrible setback on December 2 when my car was stolen while I was delivering luggage. The thief was caught and I got my car and phone back the next day but my purse and many other valuables were never recovered.

My work has been keeping me extremely busy and my "little, part time, post retirement" job has become all consuming, at times.

Huge apologies to all of you for getting the Fall Newsletter out so late. Martha Mott-Gale has been gently encouraging me to get it finished. I hope the information is correct and everything you sent included. If not, I'm very sorry!

Love,

Sidni

November has marked, for me, a year of writing a "haiku-a-day!" It is hard to fathom I have written over over three hundred haikus. Posting them each morning on facebook has given me an instant audience and some generous commentary. But more - it has given me the opportunity to step outside myself and try to look at the world through nature's eye. I have become more aware of things that are airborne, others that push up through the earth, and those that walk on four or more legs.

The journey of the sun, whether just for a day, or a season is always miraculous, and the mystery of the night sky is a steady stream of inspiration. Often a haiku is just not long enough and a whole poem will emerge.

I heard a haiku of mine broadcast on the radio last week in response to our FM station's request during a recent fund drive and if I am lucky I may have a poem emblazoned on a bus during next year's poetry week.

Our carport-turned-studio is seeing more action. We have had recent firings in the kiln - necessitated by some of Kate's students' work, and a bit of my own. And now that cooler weather is here my fingers are itching to get into some paint.

Here are a couple of haikus. Little dog at helm
our ship of Nod sailed calm seas
making port at dawn.

Opening, each bud
reveals a whole universe
complete and intact.

Arline Terrell

Hello! Here are three easy soup recipes to keep everyone warm this winter, even though we had them in summer!

Pumpkin Soup

1 small chopped onion

Brown onion in 3 table spoons butter

Add 2 cups chicken broth. Or veggie

Heat and stir. Add 2 cans pumpkin purée. Stir 2 teaspoons curry powder

Salt and pepper to taste

Add 2 cups of half and half, heat but do not boil.

Serve with roasted pumpkin seeds, croutons or sour cream.

Broccoli Cheese Soup

1 large head of Broccoli or big bag of frozen

Cut off tough stalks and cook broccoli in water till tender

Drain and chop in food processor, set aside

Cook 1 small chopped onion in 3tsp butter

And 2 tablespoons flour, cook on low, don't brown

Add 2 cups veggie broth and heat. Add 1 cup shredded cheese, and 1 cup half and half

Simmer , then add broccoli and reheat.

Good with cornbread.

Tortilla Soup

Chop finely: 1 onion

1 green pepper

3 jalapeño peppers

3 cloves garlic

Sauté in 1/3 cup olive oil till onion is a little brown

Add 6 cups chicken broth and 1 tablespoon cumin

Put in two small or I large jar of stewed, chopped tomatoes

Heat till very hot , add 1/2 cup chopped cilantro

Serve in large bowl, on top of handful of tortilla chips , with shredded cheese on top.

Fancy it up with avocado slices, sour cream, and pine nuts! Or not!

Bon Appetit, Sheila Marie Fleming. Aka Cookie



Woods Hole Noyes Weekend
From Bobbi Bailin

We have an invasive vine here on Cape Cod called bittersweet that climbs onto bushes and produces yellow flowers and bright orange flowers each Fall-- "Bittersweet" is how I felt about the Noyes weekend here in October...

It was in some ways a sad time: Clio was spending the last days with her son, Malcolm, so Noyes North couldn't take place in New Hampshire. The Noyes community was still mourning the death of Michelle and felt the need to gather for some kind of ceremony to honor her memory. Both tragedies opened the way for a beautiful weekend on Cape Cod.

When Emily asked me if it would be possible to do a day on the Cape, I was sure I would be able to arrange something; I was happy to pull together what turned into a very satisfying weekend in the quaint village of Woods Hole. I reserved two dance spaces and comfortable lodgings at a reduced rate nearby, and, after much difficulty, a pianist for Saturday's session and recorded music for Sunday.

Woods Hole is surrounded by water, and we had planned for a lovely walk before our afternoon class. Rain interfered a bit, but we were able to see the harbors, the little houseboats, the seals at the Aquarium, Mary's garden and the bell tower at Eel Pond and then work our way across the Oceanographic Institute campus to the church hall I had rented.

Emily led us in a lovely Rec class and Patricia offered some well-appreciated techniques. Some of the music in the Rec class included favorites of Michelle.

While I got the group dinner together, everyone else wandered through the woods along a sandy path to the elevated promontory called the Knob that sticks out into Buzzard's Bay at the head of Quisset Harbor. There, in the open air surrounded by water, they held a memorial ceremony to honor Michelle and watch the sun as it set into the water.

(Note from Martha MG: While hard-working Bobbi was arranging our dinner and evening, we experienced this transcendent beauty: When we emerged from the woods and saw all the water in the golden light of day's end, we were struck with awe. We formed a circle on the windy rock and each of us spoke of a special memory of Michelle. The sky was full of the clouds that had brought us rain earlier that now reflected sunshafts from the heavens. We felt the bond between us that is such a gift of Noyes and sent Michelle's spirit onward.)

After our lavish dinner in the hall, we celebrated a happy Saturday Night with Brown Bag theater and an art project of cards to send to Clio and Malcolm's family.

On Sunday Linda Rapuano gave us a lively Rec class in the Community Center with Amy leading technique. Some folks stayed on to enjoy more of the Cape while others wandered off home, all very inspired, satisfied and renewed. Everyone expressed a desire to come back!

P.S. On a personal note, I am unable to dance for a month or two. As I was leading a visitor across some rocks at the beach recently I got a bad slice in my arch, so I am in a boot and using a walker--needing to keep my leg horizontal as much as possible.
Bobbi Bailin

You may already have something from others about the Noyes Cape Cod weekend at Woods Hole, but I am attaching a couple of shots of the memorial circle for Michelle that we held on Saturday night. It was just at sunset, on a promontory, called "The Knob," that extends into Buzzards Bay. After a day of dark rains, the clouds broke at the perfect time. It was quite moving.

Love you,

Sue







We recalled memories of Michelle and how she touched our lives in a circle on the promontory, then we gathered for this group photo. Noyes Group at Woods Hole 2014.



The view from the promontory where we gathered for Michelle. As sun was going down, the dark and dramatic sky was the music she played for us.

Hello dear friends...It's hard to believe I find myself with a canvas of open space. As I watch the more attenuated and subtle changes of autumn that occur here in the south, I too, am immersed in a lovely and languid transition, and just as in a beautiful Noyes class, I find myself sinking into all the suppressed images and then surfacing and falling back in again and again, as if in a dream. It's a gift to reacquaint myself to this activity as part of my normal day. I've so missed the time to do that. But it was a special gift to have the time and freedom to go to the Noyes gathering in Woods Hole in October. It started with a wonderfully relaxed drive up from New Jersey with Martha Mott-Gale with a dinner stop-over and overnight stay at Chez Bayley where Martha and I were treated to the best suites in the house—four star Michelin guide. We all then left for Woods Hole the following morning in time for the Noyes class that Emily and Amy were doing that afternoon. Later in the day we gathered in honor of Michelle. Sharing our many memories of her allowed the wells of our grief and sadness to surface. We had a meditational walk along trail near the water's edge to a gathering place out on the promontory overlooking the ocean. The sky was thick with beautiful, moody clouds emphasizing the gravity of feeling. It was a bit raw and unseasonably cold but there was an unmistakably, formidable and wild presence out there with us, --Michelle - and it was perfect. Also because of the free time opening for me, I was able to attend a special lecture last week at Duke's Environment School about Rachel Carson and the other women who gave birth to the environmental movement. Though they were kept out of the academy, they persisted in a very scholarly fashion to become experts, wrote books that became very popular with the public, and inadvertently became "political." They combined science and imagination and wrote from their feeling and deep love of nature. Florence Merriam Bailey was outraged when she saw women wearing entire birds on their hat. On one she counted

16! Her outrage and desire to put an end to the practice, produced "Birds through an Opera Glass"(1886) the book credited with starting the birding craze. You go girl! Realizing some of these ladies were contemporaries of our own Florence, I spoke to the guest lecturer, Robert Musil about Shepherd's Nine and the women who came here. He was fascinated and asked me to send him more information as he knew about some European women who came here to do Eurythmy. He is especially interested in the names and details of the early women who came to Cobalt to dance as he is very interested in the thoughts and contributions of individuals of that era. Robert Musil is a professor at American University and Director of the Rachel Carson Council in DC. I got the notion that he fell in love with all these wild women. His book, **Rachel and Her Sisters** is worth getting if you are interested in how these ladies got the environmental movement off the ground. I'll be in NJ for the month of December but back in Durham until the end of May, so y'all are welcome to visit. ~

Linda

Noyes Links Friends and Flowers with Historical Mother Nature
Alice Austin House Art Museum and Garden & Untermeyer Gardens

Summer at Noyes offered a creative place to meet new friends and once again old friends. Ava Untermeyer learned about Noyes School of Rhythm from Lori Bellilove. Even with Ava's busy schedule teaching and attending dance lessons, she was able to join us at Noyes the last week of our 2014 season.

Ava had joined Lori's Isadora Duncan Dance troop in spring of 2014. In August, 2014, Val and I attended Lori's Dance group's performance on Staten Island, NY where Ava performed with them in the Alice Austin House Museum Gardens, overlooking the grand Verrazano Narrows Bridge and the East River. Alice, in 1870s, was the 1st professional photographer on Staten Island.

An extended hand was offered to me by one of the dancers to join them during one of their movements. By the grace of God, I was able to follow, turn with the rhythm and precision with the dancers in a triple group to balance the triple group on the other side of the garden. I felt as a tiny bird soaring, twirling and moving so lightly as if through thin air. It will be a moment in life for me to go back to when I want to relax in a happy and exciting moment to bring me tranquility and balance.

I am the volunteer Assistant Tour Manager for our Senior Center bus trips. It was ironic; the first trip scheduled for the fall season was to American's greatest forgotten garden, Untermeyer Gardens Conservancy in Yonkers, NY. Ava's Great-grandfather, Samuel Untermeyer, commissioned Welles Bosworth to design the gardens in 1912.

Several years ago, Isadora Duncan's Dancers performed, "clothed in classical garb in the Greek gardens (which are actually Persian and probably the finest in the country). Persian gardens actually date back to 2000 BCE or so, with the oldest visible garden, that of Cyrus the Great, from around 500 BCE". Source: <http://www.untermyergardenss.org/the-garden.html>

The Temple of Love, also known as the Eagles' Nest was built on the top of very large hollowed-out rocks used for flower planters, small shrubs and trees. When I asked Ava what were some of her fondest memories and where would I find her beautiful spirit and love of nature the very most, she said: Under the Temple of Love where she remembers her Sister taking her wedding vows. My friends on the trip insisted that Val and I pose for this picture on that spot. From the peak, looking toward the south is a glorious view of the Hudson River. Long term plans include the cascading waterfalls all over these beautiful plants to be functioning again. Crumbling stones, walk ways, and stairs ascending all the way to the river on the far right side of the property are to be restored. This article is just a snippet of the detail of this wonderful property.

The day we visited, film stars Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline were on-site filming a movie (unnamed as yet) in the walled Persian garden. Walkways bloomed with bright yellow and orange marigolds as in the olden days.

What a privilege it is to be linked to special people who love to share, live, grow and express themselves through the art of dance.

Martha Mathews 2014

Scraps From the Notebook

Florence Fleming Noyes. Appeared in Newsletter IV, 16 and on page 153 of "Rhythm for Dance and Art".

You are not you, ever. You have got to get wholly off the old premise in movement, and entirely in the new. Then you will not feel things, you will sense them. Close your eyes and sense the cyclone, the sea: subjectively you are part of them--one with them. You are now beginning to function differently. Sense great earths-- how they grow, gather, burst-- great marvelous things. Sense-- then experience. Do not feel like poor little self-conscious sandpeeps! Who are you? Escape to realms where there are no people. There sense the great creative power that creates flowers and forests.

Back into it--melt into it--become one with it, and leave all the old shells outside. Sense nature; do not imitate it, nor try to feel it.

* * * * *

If you really get in a great universal rhythm, you cannot feel yourself--there can be no self-consciousness. It is the monotony of rhythm that does it. You must be humble enough to love monotony---approaching a sense of eternity.

If you go along on rhythm long enough, it eliminates the body entirely. I close my eyes, and I see nothing and feel nothing. I just sense great constellations whirled and held, in space.

Because of the fact that you know and sense everything to be held in space, when released you are whirled over gravity in place, and are gradually gaining a sense of place. With each whirl--each time the up-through causes a revolution---there is a re-adjustment of parts (trailers) to preserve the equilibrium.

A sense of law is what holds---a dynamic force closing in from the universe, forming the periphery. The spot---the nucleus--moving on law and gathering all the beauty that is.

This is the point where law with a small "l" and Law with a capital "L" function together.

Another favorite passage that always bears repeating. I can almost hear her voice, strong and clear over the class where she taught this. I never heard Mrs. Noyes, of course, but I fancy that those of us who took Thetis's classes (Valeria Ladd) heard echos of her teacher.



Pavilion Dreaming

Yankees in Connecticut,
green grass grows.
Yankees in Connecticut,
make joyful noise.

Tunic traces
touch wondrous places,
Coax smiles to faces
frozen for too long.

Rhythmic urging,
hopeful surging,
Limbs uplifted
Join with trees.

Raise your flagons,
Soar with dragons!
Thou art free
to trip to there.

Argus, son of Arestor,
builder of the *Argo*, the
ship in the tale of the
Argonauts.
Duncan S., Class of 2014

Thoughtfall

The gusty winds of autumn
blow me away.

Whirling and swirling
the leaves about
all through the day.

Sweeping along,
rolling in sway.

Wandering with haste
they sing out
crunching to say.....

seasonal change
bids me adieu!

Birdi

JUNE'S GARDEN IN JULY

By Rina Rinkewich

Three Graced Lillies

Rosie cheeks so smooth

With their best tunics on

Their entourage of grass surrounds, applauds

Lovers all, they play and sway

Red heads every single one

These are red heads that have more fun

Nodding yes, nodding no

Who to choose? Which way to grow?

Stems bend this way

Pistols and stamens that

Bodies arching towards the sun

Their fragrant dance shall surely end

Before next day's begun

Thistles at Valley Forge

by Martha Mott Gale

It's thistle time at Valley Forge,
thistle, milkweed, goldenrod,
summer's end spikes of purple and gold,
bursts of seed fluff overhead.

Sunday runners pound past on asphalt paths,
strollers, bikes, old folks, taunting children,
all squeezed between the tangled fields gone wild.

I come here for the space,
for earth underfoot,
to feel small in a landscape.

People have tried to tame this place for a long time.
It was farmland when soldiers spent that terrible winter here.
Their diseased and bloodied bodies have long since rotted into the ground.
Highways, malls and suburbs push against the edges of the park.
The deer have been culled.

Still, in no time, the fields that were mown last spring
are dense with a riot of plant life,
the thistles as tall as I am,
goldfinches chipping and dipping in streaks of sunlight.
I can't walk through it--some twisted vine grabs my ankles.
Stay back, it says, you don't belong here.

But I can't help a rush of optimism on a day like this,
clear and sharp-edged, the wind high in the trees.
The grasses are heavy with grain, the thistles keep pushing higher.
Who am I to doubt nature?

We do our best to erase it,
but here it is again:
I breathe deep into my body
the hay-scents of autumn,
and beneath the loam and roots
lie the waiting seeds of spring.

Awakening! Spring To May in Shenandoah Valley !

One way to stay warm during this first snow storm is to use forward thinking and dream of attending Noyes May Day 2015 Celebratory Weekend! Flowers will be in bloom in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Trudi, Martha and Skeeter are experienced in welcoming our Noyes Family members to come for friendly fun, sharing conversation with new and returning Noyes Campers. Doing our Noyes Rhythm Dancing outside and on the porches, one is inspired by viewing George and Trudi's farm with rolling hills of green grass, and vegetable, fruit and flower gardens.

Country air and hospitality abound; that includes warm, cozy beds and some-times water beds. Sitting around the indoor and/ or outdoor fire places, reading poetry, telling jokes or stories, you could be roasting marshmallows. Art experiences using several mediums, and taking early morning or sunset walks are enjoyed by others.

Aromas from the kitchen draw people together to prep and set up the meals, which are planned and cooked deliciously by our Chefs Trudi, Skeeter, and George with contributions from the group.

Decide now to put this grand trip on you calendar to join us in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, Friday, May 1-May 3rd. Use your Fall Newsletter list to contact Trudi, Skeeter or Martha for more information. A notice will also be sent out closer to the date. Until then, Happy Days Ahead ! Martha Matthews

**Noyes Rhythm
Summer Season 2015
June 28-August 9
Annual Meeting July 19th**



We greatly appreciate any and all donations from you, our kind contributors.

DONATIONS TO THE NOYES SCHOOL OF RHYTHM FOUNDATION, INC.

Name: _____ **Date:** _____

(a) Cash in the amount of \$ _____

(b) Property* (including securities) described as follows:

To be used for:

Contributions may be deductible from taxable income.

*Please contact the property committee if you'd like to donate an item or property to determine whether it's needed.