JMU Professor
Henry Myers
Historian and Valley Farmer

Snapshot: Photographer
Bernie Boston

Tune Up With
Taylor & Boody
Organbuilders

Riding High With
Valley Stable Owners
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Curio, Spring 2005

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Through Myers' Eyes
by Clay Gaynor
JMU history professor Henry Myers has pursued a life of adventure from post WWII Germany to his Valley farm.

Favor More Flavor by Leah Larson
For those wishing to diversify their palates, Harrisonburg offers many opportunities.

Fruitful Endeavor by Clay Gaynor
The monks at Holy Cross Abbey bake fruitcake outside of Winchester, Va.
To our readers,

Curio has offered a glimpse into the lives of Shenandoah Valley residents for the past 28 years. It has delved into people’s passions, challenges and the events that comprise their daily existence.

We have continued this tradition in the 2005 edition of Curio. In this issue, you will read about the individuals who begin their days with bettering the lives of those in the community, such as the Shenandoah Valley Migrant Education Program and Covenant Presbyterian’s Hispanic Ministries. You will also meet Henry Myers and Barbara Lewis, exceptional professors with amazing stories to tell.

Being a part of telling these stories is what most excited us about this magazine. The writing, photography and art in the following pages all work together to bring these stories to life.

We feel honored to be a part of this process and have worked with such an amazing staff. Each person brought her or his own vision for this year’s Curio, and together we were able to create a unified and cohesive product.

This year’s staff agreed on new designs that gave the magazine a fresh, more modern look. After countless brainstorming sessions and hours of experimenting with new ideas, we felt confident that we had developed ideas for the magazine’s content and design, which both challenged the staff and paid homage to the tradition of Curio.

Through this endeavor we have learned a great deal about the process of producing a magazine and working closely as a large team. We would like to thank our advisers, David Wendelken and Toni Mehling, for their continued support and encouragement. We would also like to thank Professor Dietrich Maune and John Gruver for their valuable insight.

We hope you enjoy the magazine as much as we enjoyed putting it together!

Sincerely,

Lisa Gerry Cheryl Lock
Co-Executive Editors

Curio Staff

CHERYL LOCK is a senior SMAD major with a double minor in American Studies and biology. She was a section editor for The Breeze for two years and had an internship with Montpelier last summer. After graduation she is moving to Florida and hopes to pursue a career at a magazine.

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LAURA DE YOUNG is a senior SMAD and TSC-Online Publication major from N.Y. She interned at Pioneer Media as a design assistant last spring, and last summer interned in the photography department at Vanity Fair. This semester she is interning at the Journal of Mine Action as an editorial assistant.

KIM BOTTIN is a senior SMAD major and Interior Design minor from Monterey, Va. Her internships include the Highland County Chamber of Commerce and the Desktop Publishing Department at The Homestead Resort in Hot Springs, Va. Currently, Bottin is the graphics editor at the Harrisonburg-Rockingham Chamber of Commerce.

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CARY BELL is a senior SMAD major originally from Williamsburg, Va. She has worked as a sports writer for The Bluestone and has interned at NASA Langley creating a newsletter for the Human Resources Department. She hopes to work for a magazine or newspaper after graduation.

KELLY PETERSON is a junior SMAD major with minors in Creative Writing and Art. She currently resides in Woodbridge, Va. She grew up in a military family that has lived all over the globe in places such as Tokyo and Alaska.
Getting Down to Business

Story by ERIN LEE • Photography by CASEY TEMPLETON

From the opening of Henry Shacklett’s general store after the Civil War to the fire at Main Street Bar & Grill in 2004, the evolution of downtown Harrisonburg is revealed by the businesses that used to occupy its buildings, as well as by those that currently do.

Despite downtown’s fascinating past, there have been recent attempts to revitalize the area, which has been home to a wide variety of businesses over the years. The city has continued to expand since its settlement by the Thomas Harrison family in 1737, according to “Images of America Harrisonburg.” The history of downtown tells a story of the growth that has taken place here over the years.

Downtown Renaissance

Eddie Bumbaugh has been the executive director of the Harrisonburg Downtown Renaissance since it began on July 1, 2003. The formerly volunteer-only staff now consists of a paid staff of three and over 100 volunteers who are split into different committees.

“The goal is to essentially revitalize downtown, so that its appearance and economic health is restored and that people view our downtown as the center of our town for shopping, dining, history and arts,” Bumbaugh says.

One of the plans on the revitalization agenda is to improve the appearance of downtown. Bumbaugh hopes for new sidewalks with a historic look, benches, streetlamps, banners and trash containers. The goal is for banners featuring the Downtown Renaissance logo and a Harrisonburg city scene to run from Cantrell Avenue to downtown within the next couple of months. They are also working with individual property owners to improve the facades of their buildings through restoration work.

“There are four areas that we intend to focus on as far as marketing downtown: the people who work and live in downtown, students, tourists and local people who live in the surrounding area, particularly those who live in walking distance,” Bumbaugh says. He also hopes to add a JMU orientation component to market downtown, which he hopes will help freshmen discover what it has to offer. To attract tourists, the city of Harrisonburg is renovating the Court Square–area home of Harrisonburg’s first mayor, Isaac Hardesty, into a visitor’s center.

Bumbaugh’s hard work is paying off. “We are a Virginia Main Street Community,” he says. “The criteria for being accepted are fairly stringent and it was one of our goals to be accepted.” The Community is a national revitalization model, and each state works with its downtown communities. “They have experience that we can draw on, which is much more effective than if we were on our own,” he says. There are 20 designated Virginia Main Street Communities, including Staunton and Waynesboro.

The uniqueness that each store brings to downtown makes the area exceptional. Many of the downtown businesses have a strong, positive opinion about the recent revitalization efforts.

Glen’s Fair Price

Walking through the doors of a store that was best
Owners Gary Stiteler and Melinda Bare, amongst the array of merchandise in Glen’s Fair Price.

known for being so crowded and packed to the brim with odds and ends, one can see that there is now much more space in the new location of Glen’s Fair Price. However, the familiar sense of down-home appeal is still present. The easily recognizable and unique selection of Mardis Gras beads, wigs, face paint and cameras is what makes Glen’s Fair Price popular with all ages.

Gary Stiteler and his sister Melinda Bare grew up in the store that their father Glen opened in 1941. Over the years, they have changed locations three times. The first location on South Main Street is now the home of Wilson’s Jewelers. In 1952, they moved to their second store, where they remained until last year. Only a few doors down at 227 N. Main Street, they have opened in their newest location with all of the same old items.

“It originally started out as a patent-remedy drug store — which sold everything but prescriptions — camera and photography store and a lunch counter,” Stiteler says. They continued to change with the times and fill their store with products that customers demanded.

Despite an increase in merchandise, the camera shop remains one of the most frequented sections of the store. The other major reason to shop at Glen’s, at least for JMU students, is the costume shop that satisfies their endless need for theme parties, Halloween outfits and decorations.

Stiteler says he wouldn’t change a thing about his store. “We love our customers and dealing with the public. We could probably find jobs other places and make a lot more money and not work as hard, but we enjoy what we do.” As a board member of the Downtown Renaissance Committee and the former president of the Harrisonburg Retail Merchants Association, Stiteler feels strongly about the revitalization of downtown. “I see so much change to downtown and I know Harrisonburg has grown immensely, and in another five years the JMU population could be 20,000, which would bring even more students and faculty,” Stiteler says. “We hope that more students find out about downtown. There’s a lot to offer.”

“We love our customers and dealing with the public. We could probably find jobs other places and make a lot more money and not work as hard, but we enjoy what we do.

- Gary Stiteler, co-owner of Glen’s Fair Price

JMU senior Jared Shenk, who grew up in Rockingham County, is well aware of the evolution of downtown Harrisonburg. “I want to see continued revitalization of downtown and more focus on bringing businesses there, and taking a little less focus off places like Harrisonburg Crossing,” Shenk says. He remembers when there used to be a Woolworth’s on the Court Square block where Artful Dodger and Calhoun’s are now located. “It’s becoming more of a shopping area than when I was a kid.”

One change that he would like to see is more housing in the downtown area to accompany the small businesses. “I’d love to live downtown; there are just not that many opportunities.”

Ragtime Fabrics

Some business owners come downtown because of its innate sense of nostalgia. Laura “Belle” Stemper is one of them.

Ragtime Fabrics owner Belle Stemper surrounded by her wide variety of fabrics.
She still helps her husband Casey with their remodeling business.

Since the store opened two years ago, it has become what Stemper calls the “Glen’s of fabric stores.” They sell a little bit of everything. Merchandise includes auto-reconditioning supplies, upholstery, yarn, Husqvarna/Viking sewing machines, beads, notions and, of course, every kind of fabric imaginable. They also give sewing, crocheting, knitting and spinning lessons upon request for $8 an hour.

Harrisonburg resident Kathleen Temple offers her veteran tailoring services and quality couture experience there. “Ragtime is a really unique and fascinating fabric store; it’s unlike any other I’ve been in, and I’ve been in a lot,” Temple says. “Being downtown Harrisonburg, we have a wide variety of customers.” She attributes that to the JMU and EMU students as well as Harrisonburg residents and “rural folks.”

On Thursday nights Stemper has organized a knitting circle. “It used to be that Thursday evening was the day to shop in downtown where all of the stores stayed open late in the days before the mall,” she says with pride. “I want to revive that, so I stay open an hour later for our knitting circle.” In keeping with the times, Stemper has created a Web site, www.ragtimefabrics.com.

The store still maintains a sense of the past. It is this welcoming atmosphere that is sure to charm customers.

**JAMES McHONE ANTIQUE JEWELRY**

James McHone is a busy man. He is most often found chatting with clients at his store, located at 75 S. Court Square. It’s easy to see why, since his infectious personality makes him quite entertaining and easy to talk to.

It is apparent that he is involved in the student community of Harrisonburg. He gives out his store T-shirts like candy, and if he sees you wearing one on designated days he will give you $100.

McHone opened his store about 20 years ago, specializing in antique jewelry and diamonds. The store is not large, but it is packed with baubles and gems for the discerning jewelry purchaser.

He also buys, sells and trades jewelry, especially if it is older. “Although it doesn’t have to be old to be estate,” he says. “You know how that goes.”

As a specialty shop, he says, “You could have this store on the second story of a bank building and probably do as much business because people seek you out.”

McHone is a gung-ho supporter of the revitalization of downtown. “I was born in this town,” he says. “I’ve watched it change.”

As a member of the Downtown Renaissance advisory board since its conception two years ago, he has been hoping to see downtown become more student-friendly. “I’d like for JMU to be like the University of Virginia and Georgia where the downtown runs up to the university,” he says.

“JMU makes this town, and if it’s going to work, there needs to be a merger of the two.” He would really like to see an anchor store like Abercrombie & Fitch that would draw students downtown. Other specialty stores, including clothing and a wilderness store, top his wishlist. “We already have great restaurants, Dave’s [Taverna] and Callhoun’s.”

He thinks that free taxi service from downtown would draw more students, especially if there were more nightlife. “You have to be realistic about what you’re going to draw,” he says. “I’d love to see a hotel or bed and breakfast for Parents’ Weekend and Homecoming.”

Wide-eyed, McHone compares downtown Harrisonburg to downtown Charlottesville. “Charlottesville started 15 years ago, and it’s just now getting good.”

McHone has great expectations for the downtown area, and he hopes that his dreams will come true soon, but in the meantime he continues to wait patiently.

**INDIAN-AMERICAN CAFE**

After shopping in downtown Harrisonburg, a bit of cultural cuisine can make for a well-rounded experience. Patrons of the Indian-American Café encounter the strong scent of curry and spices. It is a smell that grows on the senses and can be uniquely pleasant. Although the cuisine is Indian, the café has a charming European look with a few scattered posters of India and Nepal.

Owner Shyam Shrestha moved his restaurant from busy Washington, D.C. to quieter downtown Harrisonburg in 1993. “Harrisonburg was a very nice place with the mountains,” Shrestha says. “It was so peaceful and quiet with such nice people.” Having been here for more than 10 years, he admits that downtown has changed a lot. “There are more restaurants now,” he says. “I like it when something new comes in though — I hope that more people will come in with the Renaissance.”

The café, located at 91 N. Main St., is in good company with various other ethnic restaurants like Dave’s Taverna, which serves Greek food, and Luigi’s, which serves Italian. “It would be nice if people would like to visit some place different every now and then, and that’s what they’ll find here,” Shrestha says.

Despite all of the revitalization efforts for downtown Harrisonburg, Bumbaugh does not fail to recognize the value of existing businesses like Glen’s Fair Price, Ragtime Fabrics, James McHone Antique Jewelry and Indian-American Café. “Each of these businesses are locally owned specialty stores that have been in business for a number of years,” Bumbaugh says. “Many people value locally owned businesses because they’re unique, not like chain places across the country.”

**Erin Lee** is a senior SMAD major from Hopewell, Va. She has written for The Breeze, and has interned at Richmond Magazine, and will be interning at a publishing company in London this summer. She hopes eventually to become an editor.
One Stitch at a Time

Story by KIMBERLEY BROAS • Photography by PAUL RILEY

Her hands are dyed a light shade of blue, and the corners around her fingernails are filled in with shades of purple, green and yellow. Beneath the wire-framed glasses that rest high on her nose there is still a sparkle of youth and motivation in her light-blue eyes. After more than 30 years of teaching, Barbara Lewis continues to educate students about her passion in life, and it is the simple things that are most fulfilling. “I am proudest that I have been a good teacher for so long,” she says. “I’ve never lost my desire to teach or my interest in teaching.”
Lewis, who is affectionately known as “Barb” to her students, has been teaching weaving classes at James Madison University since 1972. Her experiences in the classroom and years of traveling have helped her experiment with color and fabric, making each finished project a mosaic of patterns.

Lewis originally came to JMU to teach weaving and art education courses. In the years since, she has taught a variety of classes including color theory and pre-Columbian art history. Now she teaches courses such as introductory and advanced weaving and surface design.

Lewis brings knowledge to the classroom and an abundance of hands-on experience from decades of teaching. Her students leave her class with more than just an awareness of the arts — they have a work of art that is a product of their imagination. “I will be able to pass on the things that I have created in Barb’s class to my children and then they can pass it on to their children,” says Amy Gebhardtsbauer, a junior studio art major. “To have put so much time into something and then be able to see and hold the finished product is an amazing feeling. That is not something you can put a price tag on.”

The knowledge she passes on to her students is something they will never forget. “I have taken away so many valuable lessons from Barb’s class,” Gebhardtsbauer says. “She has taught me that there is no limit to one’s creativity and imagination.”

As a child, Lewis never imagined that she would one day be showing students how to thread a loom. “I didn’t know such a thing as weaving existed,” she admits.

Raised in Shawnee Mission, Kan., Lewis was told by her mother that she would become a teacher. As Lewis, the self-proclaimed “world’s worst speller,” leans back in her chair behind a desk piled high with papers and books, she laughs out loud remembering her high-school days. It is this kind of enthusiasm that she brings to the classroom. Her flair for creativity and her knack for teaching make learning an enjoyable experience.

Looking out her office window, Lewis recalls that growing up in her generation meant that a new world of experiences lay ahead, opportunities that women before her did not have. “I don’t remember thinking I would be anything, but at that time I knew I would go to college,” Lewis says. “We were the first generation that was going to college and everybody was going to go. You were going to go to college, period.”

While her fellow high-school classmates prepared for graduation, Lewis made different plans. “I was going to go to Hawaii,” she recalls fondly. “I was going to teach whales and work with dolphins.” Instead, Lewis ended up at The University of Kansas in Lawrence because her parents told her there was not
enough money for her to go to Hawaii. She majored in biology. She was not sure what she would do with a biology degree, but she did know that she loved to experiment. “I still love to experiment,” she says proudly.

As a freshman in college Lewis grew bored with the biology curriculum. She often would try and explain to her professors, “You don’t understand; I’ve done frogs! I was just bored to tears,” Lewis says laughing.

She considered dropping out. “It wasn’t what I thought I wanted to do,” she admits, but her parents encouraged her to stay in school. That’s when she began to tune into her more creative side. She started spending more time with her friends who majored in art. “I would stay up late with all my art-major friends telling them how to do their projects.” She recalls how a friend told her one night that it was about time she took her own art classes. With encouragement from her friends and pressure from her family to stay in school, Lewis began exploring the world of the arts.

She started off taking a semester’s worth of art classes. “We were in class forever and I loved it, I just loved it,” Lewis says. She was in class from 7:30 a.m. until 11 p.m. “We never left,” she says. Lewis was soon immersed in her new obsession.

It was in college where she first became familiar with the art of weaving. She took a variety of classes and developed a love for all of the arts, especially weaving and ceramics. “But I decided that the loom was easier to drag around than the kiln and wheel and all that stuff, so I had to make a choice at the time.”

After finding her niche in the world of weaving, Lewis says she was inspired to pursue her learning of the arts through Dr. Cary and Dr. DeGraw, two memorable and inspirational professors at The University of Kansas. “They were very, very encouraging.” Lewis says. Their support fueled her interest in weaving, and she continued to stitch together her newfound passion in life.

Years later, after receiving her Master of Fine Arts Degree in weaving and moving to Wichita, Kan., Lewis went to the library and researched colleges and universities that had weaving and jewelry programs. She wanted to move away from Kansas and teach in an area that she referred to as “the green places.”

Lewis sent about 400 letters to prospective schools and went on many interviews before she got a call from Dr. David Diller, former head of the JMU art department. “When he said [JMU] was in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, I probably would have paid him to come here,” Lewis says.

Moving to Virginia gave Lewis the best of both worlds. Not only could she teach, but the climate was perfect for her favorite pastime — gardening. The climate in Kansas was not favorable for growing the different kinds of plants that Lewis enjoyed, but the warm spring days in Virginia were much more agreeable. “People in Virginia don’t understand how you can kill honeysuckle,” Lewis says. “But you can in Wichita.”

Like many other artists, she has a few heroes. “I was fortunate enough to know two of the first four women that started the whole wall-hanging idea,” Lewis says. She describes how there were only a handful of people who were weaving in the 1960s. “Sheila Hicks and Leanore Tawney were both women that I just idolized, I just loved their work.” Lewis says the dedication and time that they put into their work was inspirational.

Lewis was often able to meet with both women. She remembers an exhibition of Tawney’s art at JMU. She describes how Tawney’s life was pretty much “dedicated to her artwork.”
One of Lewis’ most memorable moments came after Tawney’s show when she answered questions from the audience. One of the students asked her if giving up her life for her art was worth it. Lewis distinctly remembers Tawney looking straight at the student and replying, “Yes.” It was this kind of attachment to the arts that inspired Lewis.

The attitude and dedication that she modeled after her heroes is what she brings to the classroom. “Her love for teaching is very motivational,” Gebhardtshauer says. Junior fine-arts major Kathleen Paulicki says, “I’ve never heard Barb say that she doesn’t know how to solve a problem. She can solve any problem you have when it comes to fabric.”

When Lewis gets an idea it “festers” in her mind for a long time. For a recent project that Lewis completed in October, her inspiration came from an outdoor market in Paris. She got the idea to make a quilt out of silk ties that she acquired from different markets around town. “As soon as I started picking up ties, then a lot of people started picking up ties, it was really hysterical,” Lewis says.

After returning home from Paris with all of her ties, she realized what the purpose of the quilt was going to be. Her niece and her niece’s fiance had both been to France and now, “They like everything French,” Lewis says. “So I got out all my French ties to make them a quilt. So things just kind of go together to make a project that you need to do.”

Lewis likes to weave tapestries and quilts during the cold winter months and prefers to garden in the summer. She ties the two hobbies together by making many of her tapestries represent things that are growing in nature. She pulls the colors straight out of her garden and weaves them into her work. Over the years Lewis has done a lot of experimenting with colors that normally would not go together. “You can plant anything by anything and it all goes together beautifully,” Lewis says. “The less attention you spend on planting things, the more wonderful surprises and contrasts of color you have.”

According to Lewis, experimenting with different colors is one of the most fascinating aspects of weaving. There are so many colors that you are able to create, she explains, each with a variety of different shades and hues. However, all of the color doesn’t always end up in her artwork. The dark clothes she wears are good camouflage for all the dyes that have been spilled in the past.

Many students have walked in and out of her life over the years. While many things have changed, one thing remains the same: Barbara Lewis loves her students. “I am proud of the fact that a number of students have gone on to earn their living as weavers,” Lewis says. From school and jobs to socializing with friends, there is always a strong demand on time, especially for women, Lewis says. “To have your art be able to be a part of your life, that’s really good.”

As she reflects back on her years at JMU, her pale cheeks become flushed. Her students are a constant reminder of why she chose teaching. One of the greatest gifts a teacher could ask for is, “Seeing them get excited about something that they had no idea how to do before. The growth of the student’s ability is tremendous,” according to Lewis.

Junior fine-arts major Lauren Childs says, “She emphasizes quality over quantity. If your work takes you a month or a few years, it doesn’t matter — Barb doesn’t want you to rush.”

While the Shenandoah Valley and the home Lewis has made at JMU are far away from the dreams she once had of living in Hawaii and working with dolphins, she would not change a thing. Her eyes grow misty as she says, “I’ve always had the job that I’ve really loved to do.”

Hundreds of ties that Lewis has collected from around the world fill the studio in her home. Silk ties, like the ones seen below, were the inspiration for the Tie Quilt Lewis made for her niece as a wedding gift and exhibited in the faculty show.

You can plant anything by anything and it all goes together beautifully. The less attention you spend on planting things, the more wonderful surprises and contrasts of color you have.

- Barbara Lewis

Kimberley Broas is a senior SMAD major from Williamsburg, Va. She has a minor in art and this is her second year working on Curio. She enjoys traveling as much as possible and after graduation will move to London, England for an internship with a theater magazine.
Story and photography by ALICE ASHE

Bernie Boston: View Finder
As he sits back in his leather recliner, Bernie Boston's soft face hardens as he recalls the events of October 22, 1967. "It was early afternoon," he says, "they marched over from the Lincoln Memorial." His voice is serious as he remembers the throngs of anti-war demonstrators marching to the Pentagon in protest of the Vietnam War. It was the largest anti-war protest the country had seen, as more than 250,000 people of all ages and races gathered in Washington, D.C. As always, Boston was on the scene with his camera ready. He remembers calling his editor at the Washington Star newspaper to let him know he was going to drive over to the Pentagon. Instead, he ended up marching along with the protestors at his editor's request, only to return later to a car with three slashed tires and a bouquet of flowers tucked under his windshield wipers. New Pirelli tires were not the only things Boston would get out of the day's events. He was about to take a prize-winning photograph.

"When I saw the sea of demonstrators, I knew something had to happen," he recalls. Boston had positioned himself on a wall at the Mall Entrance to the Pentagon. The Military District of Washington had been called in as a means of crowd control, and the troops were doing their best to keep the protestors from clambering up the steps of the entrance. "I saw the troops march down into the sea of people," Boston says, "and I was ready for it." One soldier lost his rifle. Another lost his helmet. The rest had their guns pointed out into the crowd, when all of a sudden a young hippie stepped out in front of the action with a bunch of flowers in his left hand. With his right hand he began placing the flowers into the barrels of the soldiers' guns. "He came out of nowhere," says Boston, "and it took me years to find out who he was ... his name was Harris." That picture, titled "Flower Power," won Boston second place for the Pulitzer Prize that year.

Bernie Boston}

When I saw the sea of demonstrators, I knew something had to happen. I saw the troops march down into the sea of people, and I was ready for it.

- Bernie Boston

in New York, where he continued to study photographic science in addition to illustration. He graduated in 1955 with a degree in photographic science. After that he studied at the School of Aviation Medicine in the Air Force and then served time in the Army, spending two years of his term in Germany practicing radiology in the neurosurgical unit. He was discharged in 1958 and moved back to D.C. to work as an assistant manager at Custom Craft Color Service, which specialized in custom photography and processing.

With all of those experiences behind him, Boston began to concentrate on photography. He started working as a freelancer and eventually found his niche as a news photographer. In 1963, he left Washington to take a job at the Dayton Daily News in Dayton, Ohio, only to return three years later to work at the Washington
Star. After a mere two years with the Star he became the Director of Photography, a position he held until the paper folded in 1981. He was then hired by the Washington Bureau of the Los Angeles Times to establish a photo operation in D.C. “Ninety-nine percent of the time it was up to me to determine what I figured to be the top news of the day,” Boston says of his position with the L.A. Times. “I found it fascinating and challenging; it was like I was my own editor.”

Boston’s fellow D.C. photographer and RIT alumni Mike Geisinger tells me, “Bernie was one of the least uptight photographers on the street. He is focused when he’s working, but does not carry it over to the rest of his life.” I notice this myself, in the ease and excitement with which he discusses his work.

Placing his boots on a leather stool, Boston sits farther back in his chair. It was tough at times, he notes, lugging camera bags around while chasing after news in D.C., but he did not mind it. He spent most of his time running around Capitol Hill and the White House. “I loved covering Watergate and the Iran-Contra hearings,” he says. “It was sitting on the floor all cramped together [with the other photographers], that was just the fun of it.” He continues, “Washington is the city of IDs; you don’t get convenient access and your photography is controlled. But the events and people are not anywhere else. All news is made in D.C.”

Boston’s 1987 picture of the unveiling of the bust of Martin Luther King, Jr. in the Capitol Rotunda also won him second place for the Pulitzer Prize. “He enjoyed the craft and was good at it,” says fellow Star photographer Ray Lustig. “He had a good nose for news.”

Pausing for a second and clasping his hands, Boston tells me that what he enjoys most about being a photographer is “the access it gives you to everything that is going on, to modern-day history.” Boston has been one of few fortunate enough to climb inside the Capitol Dome to see the statue at the top; something he describes as “unique to D.C.”

He has flown on presidential press planes numerous times and once, during Reagan’s inaugural party at the Capitol Center, was even aboard a helicopter when it lost a rotor during take-off and slammed back down to the ground. With the exception of George W. Bush, Boston has photographed every U.S. President since Truman, whom he snapped as a young high school cadet. And he knows many of them personally.

“[As a photographer] you get to shake hands with royalty and the scum of the earth,” he says. “There are a select few that have had the opportunity to do and see what we saw.” Boston tries to visit or speak with President Ford at least once a year, and he has pitched horseshoes with President Bush Senior, whom he knows on a more personal level.

“[Bush Senior] used to whisper things in my ear,” recalls Boston. “I would know where he was going before anyone else.” Boston says he had more access to the President than anyone in
Town when Bush Senior was in the White House. Laughing, Boston recalls one occasion when he walked unescorted across the South Lawn of the White House and past the center ellipse to the street. He remembers being confused by the ease in which he made his trek across the prohibited grounds, but got his answer later from a Secret Service agent who simply told him it was his hat. “Always wear that hat,” he says the agent told him. “Wear it and we know who is under it.” Boston grins from ear to ear, proud of his trademark cowboy hat.

It should be pointed out that Boston was recognized around D.C. not only for his cowboy hat, but also for his good humor. Within the first half hour of my meeting with him, he lightened up the mood with a joke. “If I had to be a stand-up comedian I could not do it,” he insists. “I do not have a repertoire of jokes] at hand. Words, situations and life trigger me.” According to Amanda Zimmerman, former photo editor of Newsweek, that is the thing about his personality that most made working with Boston fun. “He always had a joke, whether it was good or not,” she recalls. “He makes light of a lot of situations, but he is very serious when he is on assignment with a camera around his neck.”

As Boston continues to describe the hectic scene that made up his daily routine as a journalist in D.C., he also describes, with warm sentiment, the bonds that formed amongst the photographers, or “boys on the bus.” While there was always competition between them, there were also friendships. “You would not give away secrets, and you would let your talent do the talking, but there was always fun,” he says. He laughs about one occasion when he and others in Ohio filled the bottom of a fellow photographer’s camera bag with heavy lead bagging, which he unknowingly lugged around for the rest of the day.

Boston chuckles again as he recalls the games that entertained the journalists on the press planes. Orange-rolling contests involved trying to roll an orange from the nose of the plane to its tail without hitting anything during lift-off. In another lift-off competition, the journalists fashioned sheets of cardboard into “skis” and used them to slide down the aisle. “The press plane was always fun,” he exclaims.

As we begin to conclude our get-together, Boston tells me matter-of-factly that he does not have a favorite photographer. Of course there are those he studied and admired, including Avedon, Penn, Fred Maroon and Eddie Adams, but none of whom he can distinguish as his favorite. He simply says, “You do not copy, but admire them for what they did.” As for a camera and film, he says he has always preferred the Leica M camera and Kodak Tri-X film. Nowadays he has converted to digital photography, which he went into “kicking and screaming” but now admittedly loves. He shoots all digital for the newspaper and even considers taking out the darkroom in his house, which has recently succumbed to storage.

He is pleased with the newspaper and with his and his wife’s quieter lifestyle at Bryce Resort. “The newspaper has afforded us the opportunity to meet a lot of people,” he says. “And it’s good people here.” Boston undoubtedly fits in. Lustig insists, “Bernie has a big heart and is always in good humor. He is a delight to be around.”

And Geisinger agrees, “What probably separates Bernie is his easy-going personality and dedication to photography. Bernie always has been and always will be a great photographer.”

Alice Ashe is a senior SMAD major concentrating in Corporate Communications, with a Spanish minor. Last summer she was the Communications Intern for the Institute for Women’s Policy Research in Washington, D.C. and participated in the New Faces, More Voices intern program for women’s organizations in the Washington area. Upon graduating in May she plans to move back to Washington where she hopes to work for a magazine.

When not taking photographs, Boston relaxes at his home near Bryce Resort where he lives with his wife and two dogs.

1967  Second place for Pulitzer Prize for "Flower Power"
1975  Rochester Institute of Technology's Outstanding Alumnus
1987  Second place for Pulitzer Prize for a picture of the unveiling of a bust of Martin Luther King, Jr.
1991  Kodak/White House News Photographers Association Achievement Award for service to his profession and the industry
1993  National Press Photographers Association Joseph A. Sprague Memorial Award — the Association's highest honor in the field of photojournalism — given to an individual who advances, elevates or attains unusual recognition for his profession
1996  Hall of Fame of Sigma Delta Chi, the Society of Professional Journalists
2000  Sigma Pi's national Founder's Award — the college fraternity's highest honor for an alumnus
2003  RIT Distinguished Alumni Award — College of Imaging Arts and Science

In addition, he has received awards from the Washington-Baltimore Newspaper Guild and the Ohio Press Photographers Association.

Graphic by Shelby Giles
Kim McCray helps Yanahina Montoya sound out the word "isolation" from one of Montoya's history books and then explains the meaning. Montoya sounds out every syllable in her thick Nicaraguan accent. As part of their weekly tutoring session, McCray helps Montoya go over her homework and then practice her English by making sentences with new words. A small smile creeps across Montoya's face as she writes a sentence with the word "jazz." McCray looks over her shoulder and reads the sentence: "I don't like jazz music." They both break into laughter.

Situated on a comfortable couch covered with a bright...
tapestry, these two young women couldn’t be more different but are laughing like old friends. Arroz con pollo, “chicken with rice,” is cooking on the stove, and the strong scent wafts under their noses. McCray and Montoya have a special relationship that transcends a very strong language barrier. A native of Nicaragua, Montoya is fluent in Spanish and is learning English — and JMU junior Kim McCray doesn’t speak any Spanish — yet the two find common ground.

McCray, a History major, contacted the Center for Service Learning as a sophomore to look into volunteering opportunities within the area. “I wanted to do something for the community,” she says. “I felt like everything I was doing was just for me. I realized I didn’t know anything about the community and I wanted to take advantage of it while I could.”

Originally from a small town outside of Augusta County, McCray was intrigued by the diversity of Harrisonburg and it motivated her to become a volunteer for the Shenandoah Valley Migrant Education Program.

“Working with Yanahina has had such a positive impact on me,” McCray says. “My hometown has no diversity at all, and I’ve always been interested in other cultures, mostly because I haven’t been exposed to them.”

McCray soon found that her relationship with Montoya had turned into a solid friendship. Even with the language barrier, the two communicate through laughter.

“Yanahina has such a great sense of humor,” McCray says. “She can make fun of herself and her mistakes with English, just as I can with my Spanish. I think she likes that I don’t know Spanish so she can teach me something.”

According to migrant student advocate Anita Warner, tutors and students are matched by looking at their special interests and the enthusiasm and situation of a migrant student.

“We try to match similar personalities,” Warner says. “So if a tutor is very animated, we probably wouldn’t pair them with someone who was more quiet and shy.”

A strong relationship development between tutor and student is important to the SVMEP. “We want tutors to focus on academics, but at the same time we want a friendship to grow,” Warner adds. “Migrant students value that relationship and really want to connect to somebody.”

JMU senior Katie Young has tutored Montoya’s younger brother Allan through SVMEP for the past year and a half. They sit at the Montoya kitchen table as Young helps 9-year-old Allan work out a long-division math problem.

The Montoya family moved from Nicaragua to Harrisonburg in 2000. Because Allan was so young, he was able to absorb English much more quickly than was the rest of his family. Since Allan knows the most English, he often translates for his mother. “Sometimes I will translate important phone calls for her,” Allan says.

Young says, “Allan’s reading skills have improved drastically, and he has opened up to me a lot about his feelings and any concerns he has about his classes. My favorite part about working with Allan is when Allan finally understands something he has been struggling with. All of the sudden it just kind of clicks with him, and watching all his hard work pay off is extremely rewarding.”

“The key with Allan, and any young kid, is mixing work with fun activities,” Young adds. “Allan and I have a type of reward system going where we play games or do a fun activity after he has put in a lot of hard work. Because I have been tutoring Allan for so long we are very comfortable together and he knows what he can and can’t get away with.”

Yanahina also shares in the responsibility of providing translation for her family, especially when they go shopping. “When we get to the register I’ll usually translate what the cashier is saying,” Yanahina says.

The siblings also help each other. McCray gives Yanahina homework assignments requiring her to speak as much English as possible during the week, and Allan often helps her. “My favorite show is Full House, and Allan will help me with words I don’t know,” Yanahina says.

Young says, “I think Allan does a great job of utilizing his English skills to help his family. It’s a lot of responsibility for somebody his age, but Allan is always willing to help.”
Above: JMU tutor McCray (left) and Yanahina Montoya usually work on school assignments when they meet for tutoring. Right: JMU tutor Young helps Allan Montoya in his home. McCray and Young tutor the Montoya siblings together.

Those who want to become tutors can apply through the program Web site, www.svmep.jmu.edu/homepage, or office, then interview with coordinators and attend a two-hour orientation about what to expect from the program and the students. For McCray and Young, their experience has been unique because they tutor together.

"I love tutoring with Kim," Young says. "I think having both of us there is extremely helpful because we both have strengths and weaknesses. There have been times when we have helped each other explain things to Allan and Yanahina. Kim and I also talk to each other about our tutoring sessions, and it's great to have somebody to run ideas by and share any frustrations."

According to the SVMEP Web site, the program is one of 10 regional programs of the Virginia Migrant Education Program. It has seen many changes over the years. In 1966, the program was started and existed seasonally to assist apple harvesters who were passing through the area in the fall. Its scope increased dramatically in the early 1990s with the expansion of the local poultry industry, which offered year-round employment and enabled migrant families to stay in one place and raise a family. During the 2003-'04 school year, it tutored 677 students in the Shenandoah Valley region.

Warner says, "There is so much more of a Latino community now, and the schools have made great improvements in the way they educate English-as-a-Second-Language students."

SVMEP empowers families and focuses on their smooth integration, into the educational system while bringing people together who otherwise might never have been able to learn from one another.

Erin Hill is a junior SMAD major with a Spanish minor from Virginia Beach, Va. Hill has been a staff writer on JMU's student yearbook, The Bluestone, and has written for The Breeze. She will continue her education in print journalism, hoping to pursue a career in journalism after graduation.
Employees Larry Damico, David Nott and Karlin Warkentin in the first workshop, Middletown, Ohio, 1977.

Taylor and Boody Organbuilders keep in step with time-honored craftsmanship.

Nestled between family farms on the outskirts of Staunton, Va., is an old brick schoolhouse. But on a weekday afternoon, there are no children anywhere. Inside the building, all the desks and blackboards have been removed, leaving large open spaces cluttered with new materials. Looming tall in the main room of the building are two polished wooden structures. In every corner there are workbenches, tools and scraps of metal and wood.
Co-owners John Boody (left) and George Taylor.

Fourteen craftsmen are positioned throughout the building, each working on their respective projects. They stop now and then to share a joke. Some work on carving intricate details into blocks of wood, while others melt lead and tin and carefully shape them into small, hollow pipes. They are all working collectively to put together a church organ.

It is a routine to which they are accustomed. As employees of George Taylor and John Boody, the co-owners of Taylor & Boody Organbuilders, they produce what some argue rank among the highest-quality organs in the world.

The company fashions only a handful of organs each year, but not here. Small, personal and tightly-knit, T&B reflects an atmosphere that can only be described as similar to a traditional old-world guild. As a group of self-employed, skilled craftsmen with ownership and control over the materials and tools required to produce their goods, T&B is free to uphold the highest standards of craftsmanship.

"What we are is a whole bunch of craftspersons all in one spot, all mixed together here," Boody says. "Everyone learns how to do different things, and then they expand what they know and they get better and better."

Taylor and Boody, both craftsmen themselves, successfully manage their company and all of their employees. In return, their employees seem to have only good things to say about working for them.

Karaffa, who used to work in construction, says, "The thing I like about working here is that you can work with your schedule. It's a very good work environment. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Boody are good fellows to work for; they're very fair and they let us in on their decision making."

"It's like the island of misfit toys," employee Robbie Lawson says, laughing. Now, a skilled woodcarver, he has worked at T&B ever since they "rescued" him from his job as a Volkswagen mechanic and body guy. The T&B team comes from a wide range of backgrounds.

Craftsmen who have been there for years have acquired a wide variety of skills ranging from case, pipe and windchest making to wood carving and Computer Aided Design (CAD), though no one is made to stick to only one task.

No matter their background, employees enjoy the work that they do. "There's a lot of creativity," Karaffa says. "It's kind of like going to shop class every day — you're always making something, and even if you're making the same thing over and over again, it's always different because every organ is different."

Even the owners enjoy their jobs. Boody says, "Listen, where else can you have control over what you're making and then go and sell it? You design it, you make it. I mean look at me, I'm in my old clothes," he says, waving his hand across his body to point out the worn khaki pants and maroon cotton turtleneck he is wearing. "Nobody is telling me what to do."

No less interesting than the company itself, its founders each have an interesting history.

The choice to become an apprentice to an organ builder in Germany may not have been an unusual one a century or two ago, but it was much later in history when George Taylor decided to follow that route. His story reflects a path similar to that of a master craftsman of a guild.

A typical guild worker began as an apprentice, learned the trade and was then eligible to become a journeyman. As a journeyman, a guild worker was entitled to travel to other towns and countries to learn the art from other masters. After years of experience, a journeyman could finally be elected as a master craftsman.

After graduating from Washington and Lee, Taylor went to Germany and became an organ builder. He apprenticed for four years with organ builder Rudolph von Beckerath in Hamburg before attending the German master organ builder's school. After receiving his certificate, he moved to Ohio to work for organ builder John Brombaugh.

It was Brombaugh's company that made partners out of Taylor and Boody. Boody, a returned soldier from Vietnam and a graduate of the University of Maine at Orono, where he majored in voice, had developed a major interest in pipe organs. "I got into organ building because I sang in church choirs and fooled around with organs a lot," Boody says.

Both men ended up working together at Brombaugh's company for seven years before they decided to start their own company on the East Coast. Taylor, a Virginian, invited Boody to his sister's graduation from Mary Baldwin College in 1979. It was then that they began thinking about Staunton as a place to establish their new company. "George had a college friend who gave us the idea that if we found an old school, we could have a room to set the organs up in," Boody says.

They took the advice and went with it, buying an abandoned schoolhouse in 1979 for $11,000 and moving their new company
into it. “This was an old school,” Boody says, his footsteps echoing as he walks across the wood floor of the large, open space in the main room of his workshop. “It was 12 grades, three grades in every classroom, a principal’s office and the library.”

The schoolhouse, which served its original purpose for about 25 years, shut down when schools began to consolidate. “There’s a bunch of these little all-grade community schools around Virginia,” Boody says. “They have a standard design and they were very well made.”

After nearly 30 years of success working out of the same building, T&B is just now adding some new rooms to create additional workspace.

Though the workspace they had before never lessened the quality of their work, their new space will be useful in the future, especially for the million-dollar project they are currently working on for Yale University.

Martin Jean, director of the Institute of Sacred Music and professor of organ at Yale, says he has worked closely with T&B in the past and is enthusiastic about the newest project they are working on for Yale Divinity School’s Marquand Chapel. The new northern European style organ, which will be used during the chapel’s daily service, is scheduled for completion in 2008.

“It will fit in, in a unique way, to the organs we already have on campus,” Jean says, “between our American Classic organ and our Romantic organ.”

According to Jean, Yale decided to use T&B for the project because, in addition to having the most experience and the best track record, T&B is one of the best organ-building firms in the world.

This organ will be medium-sized, but very elaborate and with a special purpose, Boody says. “You know Yale; they have to do something that’s really unique.”

Jean says that T&B was the obvious choice for the project. “They built in the style we were looking for in very specific ways,” he says. “We even looked in Europe, but Taylor and Boody know how to build better in American style churches because they have less stone and granite than European churches.”

Having garnered respect among the Ivy League music community, T&B also has spread its reputation across the United States and overseas.

For such a small company, T&B has done a remarkable job of making its name and products well known. Boody explains that this was possible because, “First of all, there are not many people that do this in this country, that are builders like us. People ask how many organ builders like us there are in the country. I’d say maybe 10, and they’re all like us. We’re handcraft businesses, which means we make everything by hand, and it’s very high quality. So there’s not a lot of competition.”

Boody says that the clients who seek them out definitely know a thing or two about organs. “There are a couple of organ magazines in the country, and our clients see Robbie Lawson carves the decorative screens above the pipes, called pipe shades, for one of T&B’s current projects.
our work published in those magazines, and they see what we do, and they know what we do, and the people that are interested in this kind of organ building will pay attention and get on our Web site.

Beyond the United States, T&B currently has six organs in Japan. Their first job there was secured by a Japanese woman whom Taylor and Boody became acquainted with in Europe while taking a course about organs and organ building.

“She was a professor for years and years at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston,” Boody says. “She had graduated from a girls’ school in Yokohama, and they were in the market for an organ so she called us up. It was our first big organ in Japan, about a million dollars’ worth of work. When people in Japan saw that organ they said, ‘Oh wow, these guys really know what they’re doing.’”

They built another big organ in Tokyo, one 200 miles south, and they have sent over a number of their portable organs. Their clients have been impressed by the quality of the organs, which seem to have sold themselves from the start.

“Our first contract was in 1969 for an organ in Ohio,” Boody says, “and since then, we’ve had more jobs than we know what to do with.”

With an excess of jobs, what they really need is more time. Depending on the size of the organ, it can take less than six months or more than two years to build. There are a lot of steps involved in the process. Then, once the organ has been completed in the workshop and sent to its location, it takes about two weeks to assemble and an additional six weeks to listen to the pipes and tune them.

“We call this tonal finishing,” Boody says. He points to a large bucket of scrap tin and lead and explains that two of his men are currently on site in Indiana working on tuning their most recent project. “They cut this all off the pipes as part of the tuning process and they sent it back here. We’ll melt it down and reuse it.”

Of course, the more pipes an organ has, the longer it will take to tune. “Our largest organ has 52 sets of pipes, which is about 4,000 individual pipes total,” Boody says. “It also has four manual keyboards. It took us two and a half years to build it, about 30,000 hours of work.” They built this organ for the chapel of Holy Cross College, a Catholic school in Massachusetts.

As for the cost of such a large-scale project, Boody says, “That was done in 1985 so it wouldn’t cost very much then, but if we sold an organ of that caliber right now, it would be close to $2 million.”

While some of the instruments that T&B builds are large and expensive, they are not always so grandiose as the one at Holy Cross College or the one planned for Yale. No less intricate, but much more humble, T&B also makes smaller wood and portable organs. The most recent are two twin organs done in the 18th-century English style. These organs, measurably smaller, have five sets of pipes instead of 52, and cost about $250,000. Together they will take roughly six months to complete and will then be sent their separate ways.

Now seasoned experts in their work, Taylor and Boody have begun to bring in new generations to ensure the future of their business. Boody’s son, who is currently working on the odds and ends of the organ construction, recently left his job to work for his father. Boody hopes for his daughter, who is currently serving as a Peace Corps volunteer in Macedonia, to return to work for the company. But he sighs in submission and says, “She will probably want to follow a different path.”

Although none of George Taylor’s family has come to work in the business, a 25-year-old, Ryan Albashian, seems to be following in his footsteps. After graduating in 2002 as an organ major from Lawrence University in Wisconsin, he came to Staunton to learn the tricks of the trade from Taylor and Boody. Upon learning this, Albashian plans to go to Bonn, Germany, to study under organ builder Klais, much like a journeyman of a guild. In exchange, an apprentice of Klais will be sent over to study in the United States.

In Europe, guilds once dominated the market. That was before the advent of industrialism and before the French Revolution, when the guilds began to disband and were replaced by corporations. Though sparse today, a few particular trades in Europe, such as shoemaking, managed to hold out against industrialization and have preserved certain guild rituals to this day.

Pipe organ building in America seems to have followed a similar pattern. Boody says there was never much competition from industrial organ builders.

“There aren’t many of those left in this country anymore,” he says. “The largest of those companies went out of business about 10 years ago. At one time, there was a compa-

The workshop's main room.

ny up in Hagerstown, Md. and at their prime they had about 1,100 employees. Industrial organ building in this country used to be very big, but they are kind of like dinosaurs now. Also, their quality isn’t very good.”

Boody says, “We’re in a kind of higher class of competition. Really, we compete all the time with four builders in the United States, and we divide up the work and we know and love those four builders and we’re calling each other up all the time, talking on the telephone, sharing information. We very seldom compete directly.”

“It’s different over here though,” Boody says of the United States. “Europe is full of organ builders. In Germany there are 200 organ builders, and they’re like dogs — they fight over every job. Some of them are good and some of them are really bad. In Europe there are thousands and thousands of old organs, and a lot of these companies spend a lot of time repairing and restoring. They have wonderful places to build new organs because there are gorgeous big stone buildings. We have to build for punky new American churches,” Boody says jokingly.

No matter the project, T&B has left many of its clients satisfied over the years, bringing a touch of the Old World into each of their new works. In an age of huge corporations and chain companies, they stand as proof that bigger does not always mean better.
JMU students, church members and volunteers instill ...

Faith in the Community

Story by Julie Kim • Photography and Photo Illustration by Casey Templeton
Great is God’s love.
So high, you can’t get over it.
So low, you can’t get under it.
So wide, you can’t get around it.
Great is God’s love.

It’s a song both young and old sing joyously — arms outstretched and bodies swaying to the beat: “El Amor de Dios es Maravilloso” — “The Love of God is So Wonderful.” In one corner of the room, a volunteer stands behind a 3-year-old boy and guides his arms to its rhythm. Scattered around the room, other volunteers sing with the children, occasionally catching their eyes and giving them big, warm smiles. The room quiets down as Sandy Hernandez, assistant to the director of Hispanic ministries, prepares the children for a short Bible story.

Five years ago, Covenant Presbyterian Church bought land on Mosby Road overlooking vast green pastures southwest of Harrisonburg. It was there that a new church would be built to serve a growing congregation. But behind the church and through a thin layer of trees lies a secluded community, housing low-income families striving to overcome cultural and language barriers.

A trailer community with approximately 100 units, National Coach Estates is home to many families of Mexican descent. Hernandez admits time and time again to seeing Hispanic teens become mothers. The result is a dampened future for an already disadvantaged youth.

It was the children of National Coach Estates’ needs and Covenant’s desire to serve that allowed a harmonious relationship between two distinct communities to flourish.

It started with a program called “Mexiquito” — Little Mexico. Joe Slater, associate pastor for youth, and kids from Covenant decided to play basketball with children who lived in National Coach Estates. Mexiquito progressed from being solely recreational to including snacks and Bible study. The women at Covenant also wished to minister, and so began the Covenant Coach Club, a program in which 20 kids are selected to join a six-week summer program consisting of Bible study and stimulating activities. The program is now entering its third year.

Hernandez and her husband, Jacinto, both members of Covenant, yearned for something more — a program that would incorporate not only recreation and Bible teaching, but also an outlet to help children succeed academically and develop socially.

“The greatest risk for children is right after school because their parents are not home,” Hernandez says. With that in mind, the Covenant Presbyterian After-School Program was created.

The program serves children in pre-kindergarten through fifth grade. Of the 78 kids in National Coach Estates, 50 participate, with 35 regular attendees. The program is nonexclusive and welcomes all who wish to join. This embracing outlook allows children as young as 3 who have older siblings in the program to participate, and middle-school teens who participated as elementary students may also remain.

“They didn’t want to stop coming, and we didn’t want them to stop coming,” Sandy Hernandez says with a soft, delighted chuckle.

The program is offered Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays during the school year. Even though the Hernandezes oversee the entire program, each volunteer is assigned a particular day to manage.

Slater, who directs the program on Wednesdays, prepares the volunteers for the kids’ arrival by gathering everyone in a circle to pray.

JMU senior Rebecca Anderson has been involved since “Little Mexiquito” began. Waiting for the children to arrive, she recounts one memorable moment playing basketball at a makeshift playground on the Coach Estates property. All the kids made a big circle holding hands around a trash can and tried to force others to touch it.

On this typical day, bus No. 114 pulls up to the church’s front entrance. Slater stands at the bus door and cheerfully greets each student with low fives and the occasional high five. The squeals of children’s laughter become contagious as volunteers and children chase each other in circles. The students then make their way to the playground, or to a grassy lawn for a round of soccer.

A few girls linger behind and file into a room to practice for an upcoming ballet performance. Blue-and-white socks glide over the cool stone floor as ballet instructor Katie Keplinger positions the girls for a human pyramid as the finale.

Outside, four young boys crowd around a CD player with their heads huddled together to catch the tune of Eminem’s CD, “Encore.”

On another playground bench, a few children gather to chat under a bright afternoon sun. When asked what he wants to be, 9-year-old Ervin Guillen-Mendez hastily replies, “Let me think about it because there’s a lot of things I want to be.” Still pondering, he continues, “Musician, is that it? Where you go to different countries and talk about God?”

Another child offersquestioningly, “Missionary?”

Eyes lighting up and grinning from ear to ear, Guillen-Mendez excitedly replies, “Yeah! That’s it.”

After 20 minutes of playtime, the kids are ready to wash up and settle down for snacks. Today’s menu: Rice Krispy treats and apple juice, courtesy of the Blue Ridge Food Bank. The children take their snacks and hurriedly join their buddies on the lobby floor. The volunteers also pick up some refreshments and join their young friends sprawled comfortably about the room. There’s plenty of food to go around, even for those late-comers who missed school but managed to make it to the program.

With snack time coming to an end, JMU senior Daniel Bordsem
is surrounded by three children all vying for his attention. Bordsem found out about the ministry through a friend. "I love it. It's great but it wears me out," he says, struggling with the kids as they try unsuccessfully to climb his back.

Tummies content, the children head into a room for praise and worship. As soon as the kids are seated, Hernandez leads them into the Spanish version of the song, "The Love of God is So Wonderful." Afterwards, a Bible lesson from John 14:6 is taught. "Maybe you can help me out," she says. "I am..." As soon as these words are spoken, all the children chime in to finish, "I am the way, the truth and the light: no one comes to the Father, but by me."

The service ends and volunteers escort the children into their respective classrooms, which are divided into different grade levels. "Mrs. Karen," as she is known to her third graders, takes her students upstairs where they start multiplication and geography. A dedicated member of the community, Karen Montgomery, sits on the floor in her room with two girls trying to figure out a geography learning kit while her assistant helps the other kids with their reading. As class comes to an end, a student turns from the doorway and yells, "I love you, Mrs. Karen!"

The teacher shouts back, "I love you, Miss Suzette." Quietly, she whispers to herself, "That makes my day."

The success of the program lies in the unified effort to build a strong foundation for the children. The children need someone to care for and accept them in addition to receiving help with their studies, as most of the parents are not bilingual, says Slater. The program also provides a place and a group where the children are safe and loved.

Even though the program started only two and a half years ago, the success is already evident. "We do see concrete changes by the way [the children] listen to God's word being taught, and [how they] respond in prayer and singing," Hernandez says. "[The ministry] might seem little but, without a doubt, it changes a person — their whole future."

Jeorgina Ledesma, whose five children attend the after-school program, says, "I love it because they help me, with the kids, learn more about God. They help [my children] with homework." She adds reassuringly in her broken English, "They can stay here safe. I trust everybody."
The ministry’s effectiveness also stems from its willingness to work in conjunction with nearby schools, such as Turner Ashby and Mountain View Elementary. A network of caring individuals provides an atmosphere of communication that allows the school staff, church volunteers and parents to learn about the children’s progress. Hernandez recalls a time when report cards had gone home and a teacher had contacted the father, only to have the father refer the teacher to the church.

Not only does the program’s success develop from a working relationship between the schools and church, but credit must also go to the 65 volunteers, consisting of high-school students, students from JMU and EMU and members of the community. “It’s an incredible response so dedicated to these kids,” Hernandez remarks. “They love and serve them.”

Whole families will come to volunteer. Slater and his own five kids diligently serve together. “I bring my children because they need to grow up with the perspective that they are not the center of the universe,” Slater says. “God is.” They can reach certain kids in ways that adults cannot, simply because they are kids, Slater adds.

It was during the beginning stages of Covenant’s ministries that Eddie and Maria Bravo were introduced to Jacinto Hernandez while he was passing out flyers about the program. “I met him walking around here one day,” Eddie Bravo recalls. “The kids pointed him out and we introduced each other.”

Bravo, who is a second-generation American of Mexican descendant, and his wife who was born in Mexico, both nod emphatically, agreeing that the program has helped their children. “It helps a lot in many ways — homework, manners, how to behave, how to be polite to people,” Bravo says. “They [even] teach them how to share.”

As the program draws to an end for the day, the children put away their homework, pick up their backpacks and make their way downstairs where they line up at two church exits. Volunteers are ready to escort the children back to their respective homes.

It’s 5:15 and the sun is ready to set. The children make their way around the side of the church in a loose, haphazard line. Some have already crossed a familiar path through the woods while others stray leisurely behind, holding hands with several volunteers.

On the other side of the wooded area, the children step onto Opal Drive. The road is on a steep hill that leads downward and then up again before curving around a corner lined with more homes. To the right, a quiet white trailer rests on the bottom of the hill. Next to it, another trailer house is decorated with lights from last year’s Christmas. One by one, the children say goodbye as they return to their respective homes.

“See you tomorrow,” they shout, to the group of volunteers.

Julie Kim, is a senior SMAD major with a concentration in print journalism. She aspires to become the next Lisa Ling.
With Berlin, Germany, and life in the Shenandoah Valley as bookends, Henry Myers has much to share about life in between.

Story by CLAY GAYNOR • Photography by CASEY TEMPLETON
Shuffling around his Jackson Hall office with shoulders hunched, tie tucked into his belt as if it’s pulling him down, history professor Henry Myers, who came to JMU in 1969, looks like a veteran of academia that could be found at any university reciting rote lectures to glassy-eyed students ... until he begins to speak.

“I could see a parade, lines and lines of people, some in uniform, some in regular civilian clothes,” Myers says. “As I got closer I thought, ‘You know, there’s something funny about this.’ Then when I got real close, I realized I was the only spectator. There’s thousands of people marching to a phonograph somewhere being broadcast. No bands, just people marching to the same beat. I got still closer and saw that every hundred feet or so there were members of the People’s Police. One of them turned around and took his gun off his shoulder and pointed and motioned for me to get in the ranks of the people passing by. Of course I didn’t want to, but I didn’t want to get shot either. So I did.”

Myers’ account of being forced into a pro-Soviet parade — the last lines delivered with his dry sense of humor, along with other tales from time spent around the world — are guaranteed to keep students engaged.

“...I was kind of an exchange student,” Myers says, sipping coffee in his squeaky desk chair, explaining how he got to the Free University in West Berlin from Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania. “This was before the days of formal exchange programs. I was kind of looking for something new, something adventurous. I was in my sophomore year; the college routine was OK, but it wasn’t that exciting.”

Following Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin’s death in March 1953, adventure and excitement are what Myers got by venturing into East Berlin to see anti-Soviet demonstrations. According to Myers, “You didn’t have to be there long to see the unpopularity of the regime.”

Students wanted a free press, and workers in East Berlin wanted an end to compulsory Saturday afternoon work clearing rubble from World War II. The rumor that America would aid those rebelling against communism was rampant. President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon had talked of “rolling back the tide of communism” in Eastern Europe, and many East Berliners believed America would assist them.

Myers notes that Stalin’s successor, Georgi Malenkov, seemed more tolerant than Stalin, further stimulating dissent. “One thing you learn in history is that revolutions don’t occur when a dictator is at his most ferocious, or even under really severe dictators,” he says. “They tend to occur when a regime is trying to reform a little.”

With the communist regime in a state of flux, the demonstrations Myers had gone to watch erupted into chaos.

“There were thousands of people in the streets on June 16,” Myers says, eyes brightening through his glasses. “So I thought it would be nice to participate in a revolution. Maybe subconsciously I kind of wanted to get even — here I was forced to march in support of Stalin, and now I have a chance to demonstrate against him.”

Myers boarded the subway and headed into the heart of East Berlin. After he exited the station, the gates came down and didn’t open for three weeks. He would have to get back on foot. Prior to the uprising, the People’s Police had become the People’s Army and were taking the brunt of the crowd’s abuse. In the morning, demonstrators took over the Army’s headquarters and wrecked it without Russian interference.

“Then, in the afternoon, the crowd I was with marched on the Soviet embassy,” Myers says, frequently pausing between sentences, as he travels back to the events buried in his mind. “Before long trucks of Russian soldiers came up, and these guys knew what they were doing. About half of them had machine guns and about half of them had bayonets, Clockwise from top left: In the dimly lit barn; shutting a stall containing newborn lambs; Myers leading a horse around the stable; chasing his horse Lucy around the barnyard.
and they surrounded the entrances [to the embassy]. They didn't wait for the crowd to get close enough to think about coming in. They fired over the heads of the crowd and the crowd would stampede back a bit and then the soldiers with bayonets would take up the slack. And that was the end of the attempt to take over the Soviet embassy."

As evening approached, the protestors' morale was dwindling. "In the morning it was great to be an American," Myers says. "People would say, 'It's great that your President Eisenhower has decided to support revolts like this.' And I'm thinking at this point, 'Is President Eisenhower going to do anything of the sort?' He was afraid it would release World War III. And so the uprising was put down."

Much has changed in the 50-odd years since Myers' time in Berlin. He's traded revolution in the streets for a teaching career and a home on an Augusta County farm.

"I try to stay in the black, just barely," Myers says of Elk Run Stables, the farm to which his family moved in 1977. "We raise horses, sheep and cattle, and we have lots of poultry: ducks, geese, chickens and peacocks." The farm is managed by a former student of Myers' and is maintained to a large degree by JMU students, who exchange farm work for horseback riding.

It's on the farm that Myers comes alive. Following him through the dimly lit barn, where cobwebs decorate the ceiling and hay covers the floor, Myers loses his classroom shuffle and walks with a purpose, showing visitors newborn lambs and the stables. In the barnyard, ducks, geese and chickens clamor to be fed when they see him approach with an old Folger's can full of corn, black rubber boots squishing in the mud.

With Berlin and life at JMU as bookends, there were several important stops in between.

After finishing school, Myers joined the Army Counterintelligence Corps and returned to Germany. "I had thought when I did, I might make a career out of it," he says. "As a student I got the impression that the Counterintelligence Corps did real exciting things." He chuckles, his smile framed by a white mustache and sideburns, as he laments that as a junior officer he got to question only ex-Nazis; communists were interrogated by senior officers. He quickly realized that paperwork outweighed excitement and began to look for something else.

In September of 1956, while still in Germany, he married Nancy, who he had met at Swarthmore. The first of their four children, daughter Terry, was born there in 1958. She now heads an after-school program for 20,000 children in nine African countries.

Myers then took tests for the State Department, but with the appointment process taking up to two years, he needed something to do in the meantime. An army buddy told him about an opening to teach German at Lowell Technological Institute in Lowell, Mass. Since he'd lived in Germany, he took the opportunity. Myers stayed at Lowell Tech for 10 years; his oldest son Dan, an actor and bartender, and daughter Lisa, an attorney, were born there. He got his State Department appointment but says, "I really liked teaching so I turned it down."

After earning his masters from Boston University and his Ph.D. at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., Myers decided to move on from Lowell Tech. He liked the Valley, having spent childhood summers here with relatives, and decided to pursue a job at JMU.

"We still came down here some in the summer," Myers says. "Madison College seemed to be thriving and expanding, and a friend of the family got me an interview with the fellow who was head of the social sciences and he said, 'Yeah, you'd like it here; we could use someone teaching history and political science and that kind of stuff.' I had, I think, the first and maybe the only joint appointment of half political science and half history, and I've been here ever since, and expect to be here a couple more years anyway."

For students like seniors John Ardovini and Lauren Gualdoni, it's fortunate Myers has stuck around JMU. "I remember I was always interested in what he had to say because he had such a wealth of knowledge from his experiences around the

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- Henry Myers

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world, "Ardovini, a history minor, says. "I would recommend anyone to take a course with Henry Myers."

Gualdoni took the class to fill a general education requirement. "He looked like a typical history professor with his old blazer and tie tucked into his pants," she says. "At first I thought it was going be boring, but it was fun to listen to him tell stories about all the stuff he'd done — it wasn't just history. When I see him shuffling around campus now I just smile. I never missed a class."

Myers' own kids also have a lot to say about their dad. Their well of experiences, stories and humorous anecdotes appears to be bottomless. Recalling childhood in Massachusetts with her father, Lisa Myers seems to have an endless amount of tales, many involving his off-beat sense of humor. "Maybe one of the most valuable aspects of my dad as a parent is that he provided a living example of thinking outside the box," she says. "Of course a child assumes that all families are like his or her family, and it's not until one is older that one can appreciate the differences. Maybe the simplest way to put it is that he would often mess with our heads! Of course it was all in good fun, but there was an air of a science experiment about it — pushing buttons to see what would happen."

"One of the ways he used to drive us nuts as little kids was in the fall when Daylight Saving Time would end," Lisa continues. "All the clocks in the house would ritually be set back one hour, except dad's wristwatch. He would explain that he was saving his hour, to use it when he wanted. 'No!' We would say, 'You can't do that!' He would just sit back and quietly smile, saving his hour."

Lisa also remembers a Halloween tradition, taken seriously by the children, that brings a smile to any adult. Each year her father took her brother Dan out in the woods behind their house in Massachusetts to re-enact the slaying of Grendel's mother from Beowulf. They would always return with a hideous monster mask, quest completed. "Anyway, for a long time I thought everybody slayed Grendel on Halloween," Lisa says.

The family's youngest son, Allen, a communications technology consultant, was the only one to grow up entirely on the farm. As a child Allen enjoyed feeding the ducks, fishing in the creek and, later, catching chickens with a fishing net. "We'd..."
also get chickens out of the trees at night when they were sleeping," he says. "We had one tree in particular that was easy to climb and full of chickens, aptly dubbed the ‘chicken tree.' When we caught them, we'd put them in the chicken house, from which one could be taken whenever we had an occasion for a chicken dinner."

Allen also mentioned his father’s way of instilling values and a love of knowledge in him almost solely by example. "He was always a role model in terms of how hard he worked, the way he treated other people, and the vast variety of his interests," he says. "He has always seemed so genuinely interested in seeking out and applying knowledge that it was contagious — I couldn’t help but be interested in a wide range of things myself."

“He’s a great fit for the absent-minded professor type,” Allen says, as he recalls one more humorous anecdote about his father. “But be careful if you ever let him use your microwave. I have a vivid memory from many years ago of seeing sparks in the microwave emanating from the coffee mug within. As I was looking alarmed, he reassured me, ‘Don’t worry, it’s just a little metal on the cup.’ And when someone has lived a life like this, what harm is that?

Back in his office, Myers pours another cup of coffee as he readies for class. While it’s not marching into revolution, or even questioning ex-Nazis, grabbing students’ attention with tales from the past must be pretty exciting, too. Exciting enough to keep Myers at JMU for a few more years anyway.

“Maybe one of the most valuable aspects of my dad as a parent is that he provided a living example of thinking outside the box.”

-Lisa Myers

Clay Gaynor is a senior SMAD major and native of Roanoke, Va., the Star City of the South. He has been a feature writer for The Breeze and looks forward to working in print journalism after graduation.
Tee Time with THE BEAR
Lugging the heaviest bag on the PGA Tour over his right shoulder, James Madison University alumnus Scott Tolley approached the opening tee shot of the legendary Jack Nicklaus during a Palm Beach golf exhibition in January of 1997. Nicklaus asked the inexperienced caddy how far he was from the pin. Tolley made his best approximation; having received training just hours before the event — just enough to write a first-hand account about caddying for Nicklaus as part of a publicity stunt. Nicklaus, puzzled by Tolley’s response, realized how inaccurate the calculations were. “The first hole, and you can’t get it right,” Nicklaus facetiously commented to the newly trained caddy. “Don’t quit your day job.”

Ironically, Tolley’s day job later would become publicist for Jack Nicklaus and director of communications for the Nicklaus Companies. The two men continued to joke around and create a nice rapport as the day went on. Six months later, during the 1997 U.S. Open, Nicklaus approached Tolley on the driving range and offered him a position. “The Golden Bear” needed someone to handle his media and public relations concerns as well as assist him in his writing. According to Nicklaus, the position was very open-ended and Tolley could make of it what he wanted.

“When we hire someone, first we look at their qualifications,” says Jack Nicklaus II, the oldest of five Nicklaus children and president of Nicklaus Design. “Beyond that we look at personality and whether they are a good person and someone we could work with.”

Tolley jumped at the chance. “It was a great opportunity to learn the corporate side of the golf industry, and who better to work for than the greatest golfer in history,” Tolley says. “I feared I would become a dinosaur,” he says, referring to the direction of the newspaper industry. “But I failed to realize that nothing beats a cup of coffee and a newspaper in the morning.”

Long before Tolley caddied for Nicklaus on the links in South Florida, he was a high-school student in Lynchburg writing short stories and poetry and loving sports. It was while attending the Virginia Governor’s School for the Gifted, a two-week summer program for high-school students wanting to further their education, that he was first introduced to journalism. He attended several writing classes there, including a sports-writing class in which he covered some minor-league baseball games.

Tolley’s grandfather also greatly influenced his choosing to pursue a career in sports. His grandfather was a huge sports fan, and one of his last wishes was for Tolley to play football. So in the spring of his freshman year, Tolley suited up and played for the JMU football team. After his freshman year, he shifted his focus from football to academics, and pursued other sports-related avenues, such as writing for The Breeze.

A few weeks after caddying for Nicklaus during a publicity stunt in January 1997, The Golden Bear sent Tolley this autographed photo that the writer-turned-employee still keeps in his office.
Tolley was a communications major with a concentration in journalism while attending JMU. At JMU he was sports editor for *The Breeze* and managing editor for *Curio*, where he learned a lot about design and magazine layouts. “It was a great experience and a great atmosphere,” Tolley says. “Every interview I went into after graduation, they cared less about my grades and more about the hands-on experience I received working on *The Breeze* and *Curio*.”

After graduation in 1985, Tolley went back to his hometown of Lynchburg and covered sports for *The News & Daily Advance*. He focused on the Washington Redskins, Liberty University athletics and sports in the Atlantic Coast Conference. With a minor-league baseball team based in Lynchburg, Tolley also went to Florida each year for spring training, and began to fall in love with the Sunshine State.

In 1989, *The Palm Beach Post* began getting a lot of recognition as one of the top newspapers in the nation, as well as being the country’s fastest-growing newspaper, and Tolley wanted to be a part of it. Without a job waiting for him or any certain future he packed up his things, left Lynchburg and moved to Palm Beach with ambitions of working for *The Palm Beach Post*. Tolley “crashed the doors” of the newspaper and asked for a job doing anything.

His first job was as the outdoors writer in 1989, but he later became the Florida State University and ACC beat writer, eventually working his way up to covering the Florida Marlins and Major League Baseball. It was his work as golf beat writer in 1996 that led him to his future employer, Jack Nicklaus.

Tolley’s beloved grandfather had introduced him to golf at a young age. “My grandfather loved golf,” Tolley says. “He used to sit in his recliner and watch golf every weekend ... and I hated it. I guess you could say I developed a love for the sport.”

In August of 1997 Tolley was officially part of the Nicklaus Companies. Although writing for Jack and his family is only one aspect of Tolley’s job, it may be the most challenging, especially when he is asked to write speeches for the family.

“He has such a talent for his writing ability,” Jack Nicklaus II says. “He is able to assess what crowd we are talking to and gives outlines and bullets of what we need to talk about.”

Tolley assisted Nicklaus on two speeches he gave as a part of campaign rallies for President George W. Bush. Tolley describes the experience as very rewarding and meeting the President was another of his “most gratifying experiences.”

One of Tolley’s most rewarding moments came in 2000 when Nicklaus took a draft of a speech to review on his private jet, and cried while reading it. Although Tolley doesn’t get a byline for the speeches he writes, he says he finds satisfaction knowing his boss is happy and any public-speaking anxiety Nicklaus might have is reduced.

As the years have passed, Tolley has gained more responsibilities and “wears many different hats around the office.” Tolley has a hand in the world’s leading golf course design company, Nicklaus Design, which has close to 300 golf courses open around the world and another 100 projects currently under development. He also assists design clients with positioning and promoting the Nicklaus association, organizes events and grand openings at Nicklaus golf courses and supports the marketing efforts of clients. Tolley jokes that his job is sometimes like “an agent but without the commission.”

In 2002, Mark Peterson, CEO and Publisher of *The Palm Beach Post* takes notes of Nicklaus’ play during the 2000 PGA Championship at Valhalla Golf Club in Louisville, Ky. It was The Golden Bear’s last round in the PGA Championship, which he won a record tying five times.
Tolley poses with President George H. Bush during the 1998 President's Cup in Melbourne, Australia. Bush is one of three presidents Tolley has met working for Nicklaus.

Media Partners Publishing, Inc., had ambitions to develop a magazine branded with the Nicklaus name. He approached Tolley, and in December of 2002 the first issue of Nicklaus was distributed across the country. Peterson describes Nicklaus as "a country-club lifestyle magazine for golf enthusiasts and fans of Jack."

"I wanted us to do this magazine as an exercise in branding because, as Jack plays less golf, it's helpful to have ways to keep his name out there," Tolley says. "It is a nonpaying gig, but it brings me back to what got me in the business." Tolley is the publication's editor-in-chief, and his job includes input on editorial direction, story assignment, photography and art, some layout and editing — and he even writes occasionally.

"Of course, Scott does a lot more than write for the magazine, but we use hundreds of freelance writers and, if he is not the best writer, he is one of the top three," Peterson says. "He has a very creative mind and is instrumental in the direction and focus of the magazine."

After years of working side-by-side, Tolley has learned that there is more to Nicklaus than his legendary golf career, and he sees Nicklaus as a "father figure." "Jack has been an inspiration and a role model to me," says Tolley, a father of three. "Jack is a great family man and I have learned a lot from him on how to balance your professional and personal life."

For more than 40 years, Nicklaus has kept a promise to his family to never stay away from them for more than two weeks at a time. Nicklaus also is proud that all his children and grandchildren live just five minutes away from his North Palm Beach home.

"I am a bigger fan of the person than the legend, not that there is anything wrong with his legend," Tolley says. "This job has been one of the most unbelievable opportunities I could have ever scripted. The people I have met have been amazing and I cherish all of the friendships I've made."
The blaring sound of jazz music bounces off the gray cement walls down the hall from Dr. Pat Rooney's office. Trumpet and clarinet players tune up, and groups of students chat in corners. In his office, Rooney sits comfortably in an oversized chair with his feet propped up on a round wooden coffee table. Framed pictures of Marching Royal Dukes band members dressed in purple and gold uniforms, framed awards and published articles surround him. There is even a small photo of Rooney and his wife Glenda at a football game with a smiling Duke Dog between them.
A conductor's stand rests near a beautiful, black upright piano that has sheet music strewn across its shiny bench. CDs of marching band recordings, wind ensembles and classical music line the rack next to his stereo.

Dr. Pat Rooney has been JMU's Marching Royal Dukes band director for the past 23 years. Announced at halftime shows as "Virginia's Finest," the 325-piece marching band is truly deserving of the title. Under Rooney's conducting, the MRD have received worldwide recognition.

Surrounded by elements of his success, Rooney leans back in his chair and recalls how he got to where he is today. Rooney's father was a high-school band director, and he played clarinet in his father's band.

"If you ask anyone about music at JMU, usually their first response is 'Wow, they have a great marching band.'"

- William Pease, director of bands from the University of Virginia

"My father was an excellent trumpet player," Rooney says. "He was also a very rigorous band director," he continues as he pounds his fist on the chair for effect, "but he was most of all a kind man."

After enrolling in the University of Southern Mississippi, Rooney's strong background in music took the forefront.

"I didn't know what to do when I got there," he says with a faint Southern drawl. "I just knew music."

In 1964, after his second year at USM, Rooney left school to travel the country as a saxophone player for the Russ Carlyle Orchestra. With support and encouragement from his parents, he was able to gain the life experience he needed before returning to finish his degree.

"That was one of the best times of my life," Rooney says. "I was on the road during one of the most important years in this country. I was seeing rock 'n' roll, as it is known today, happen."

During the '60s, the Russ Carlyle Orchestra played at exclusive nightclubs and ballrooms across the country. They often were broadcast on national radio.

"I remember one time we played at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and halved the program with Chubby Checker," he says. "Those few months really made me grow up and become professional. I came back to school with a new outlook and ready to go."

After graduation, Rooney took yet another risk when he asked Glenda to marry him. A sweet smile plays across his face before he speaks.

"We first met when I was a senior in high school and she was a sophomore," Rooney says. "My best friend happened to be her cousin, and he set us up on a blind date. We dated off and on throughout our college careers, going to different schools. It wasn't until she came to see my band perform during the winter break of her senior year that we really began to date seriously. We saw one another throughout the break and I asked her to marry me by the end of it. I told myself, 'She's too good-looking to give up!'"

The Rooneys moved to Texas, and Rooney received his Masters of Music Education from the University of North Texas and began to teach band at a junior high school.

During that time the couple had two sons, Sean and Jason.

Rooney was soon called for an interview for a band director position at East Central Oklahoma University.

"The people from ECU were suspicious of me working as a band director for a university since I taught at a junior high," Rooney says. "But after they heard my class play, they offered me a job right there on the spot."

Rooney learned the ropes of band directing from the small program.

"That was the greatest thing for me," Rooney says. "I learned everything from the grassroots up. It was like student teaching, and I could make mistakes and grow."

While Rooney was directing the band, Glenda was busy making a name for herself as the director of alumni and career services. In addition to her position with the university, she became involved with her husband's band when she took on the role of leading the color guard.

"Pat came to me and basically said, 'Glenda, you're going to do color guard.' I knew nothing about it; I basically learned from scratch."

Rooney gushes, "She became nationally known through her guard clinics. She went all over the country leading these clinics and showing students how to become color guards. She was known as 'Ms. Guard.'"

Although Glenda—who works at JMU as assistant to
the provost—doesn’t work with the MRD, she has an active role with its members.

“I’m still very close to the band,” Glenda says. “They call me the unofficial guard mom. I’m a people person and have always enjoyed students. Working with college and high-school students is wonderful; that’s the breath of life.”

While some couples may find working together difficult, Pat and Glenda take full advantage of working so close to each other.

“I think that it’s nice for the students we work with to have a successful couple as a role model, to see us work so well together,” Glenda says. “It’s rare to find that today. Anytime you support each other, it only makes the other much stronger.”

Even with their busy schedules and involvements in the community, the Rooneyes always find time to mix work and pleasure.

“Since we both work on the Quad, Pat will sometimes come over and bring me coffee or we’ll go for walks,” Glenda says. “We work out together at the gym and do Tae Bo. We’re each other’s best friends.”

During their summers at ECU, the family would go to Disney World where Rooney directed the All-American Band, a group of 20 college band students from all over the country chosen to play at Disney World for the summer.

In 1982, band director Mike Davis left JMU for Disney World and spoke to Rooney about replacing him.

“I was a little hesitant at first about taking the job because I was interested in working with a larger school,” Rooney says. “But there were a lot of intriguing things about JMU. You could just tell this was going to be a happening place. We came here and the bigger school ended up coming to us.”

Anthony M. Falcone, associate director of bands at the University of Nebraska, says, “I was in the band when Dr. Rooney came to JMU in 1982. At that time we had a pretty good college band program. Since then it has grown to become an outstanding program, which is nationally respected in all facets. People all over the country know about JMU bands, and it’s because of Pat Rooney.”

In addition to directing the MRD, Rooney teaches several music classes. One of those is Symphonic Band. In room 108 of the music building the sounds of flutes, clarinets, saxophones, xylophones and marimbas travel through the halls. Rows of students noisily tune their instruments and quickly practice before class begins. As soon as Rooney steps onto the small stand, the room quiets. With a wave of his hand the room begins to play in time to the day’s selection. A slim man, with his glasses resting on the tip of his nose, Rooney is a giant as he conducts. His hands glide gently through the air, flawlessly directing the crowded room. His soft voice and movements create a strong bellow from the students’ instruments as the sound resonates throughout the room. He stops the music suddenly as his perfected ear detects a flaw.

“Is that the most beautiful sound you can make?” Rooney gently asks a trumpet player.

“No, replies the student.

“Then do it again,” he says with a smile.

This is the way Rooney conducts his class—with a gentle yet focused sense of determination.

Rooney steps down from his stand and walks into the sea of instruments, paying individual attention to each student.

“It’s obvious that Dr. Rooney enjoys his job, and he’s a very enthusiastic conductor who brings a lot out of his players,” says Laurie Grim, a freshman percussionist.

According to Rooney, his biggest legacy to JMU is his former students who have gone on to become great band directors.

Dr. Pat Rooney teaches several music classes as JMU, such as Symphonic Band. He is renowned for his conducting, and his students greatly admire his skill. “It’s obvious that Dr. Rooney enjoys his job, and he’s a very enthusiastic conductor who brings a lot out of his players,” says Laura Grim, a freshman percussionist.

Photo by Paul Riley
Former student and high school band director Jenny Ryan says, "He is very inspirational. I often laugh to myself when I find myself doing a 'Rooneyism' conducting gesture or using words like 'dim' and 'zot' to show how a note or notes should sound."

William Pease, director of bands from the University of Virginia says, "If you ask anyone about music at JMU, usually their first response is, 'Wow, they have a great marching band.'"

"I could have gone to any grad school in the country to study conducting and I chose JMU because of Dr. Rooney," he continues. "I wanted to see what it took to create a first-class marching band, concert band and become a better band conductor. I want the Virginia band to someday have the reputation of quality and excellence that the Marching Royal Dukes have earned."

Falcone adds, "Often in my career when faced with difficult situations I've tried to act in a way that I thought Dr. Rooney would have. In my years as a student and teacher in Harrisonburg, there was a concept everyone knew called the 'JMU Way.' It was an attitude that we all took great pride in. I knew from the first time I set foot on that campus that it was a special place. Nobody I know exemplifies this attitude better than Dr. Pat Rooney."

The MRD are a fixture at JMU football games, and a strong relationship has formed over the years between Rooney and Coach Mickey Matthews.

"The focus of the football program is for our players to have an enjoyable experience as college players, and I believe Dr. Rooney conducts his program in the same way," Matthews says. "He wants his students to enjoy marching in the band. The enthusiasm they bring to the game is contagious on a Saturday afternoon. I have always been so impressed with good band directors and they are good role models for me. It's impressive how they plan and organize practices and games for 300-400 players."

"I'm probably an unusual football coach because I really enjoy watching the band practices," Matthews adds.

As the season came to a close, the sound of the band resonated through the stadium. At the forefront was Rooney, with a balance of humor and resolve, conducting the group of individuals that composed his accomplished ensemble.

"For the band, the end of last season was much more enjoyable than it ever has been," Rooney says. "The football team winning the national championship title was great closure to a sweet season. It was one of those storybook years."

Right: This photo of Pat Rooney and wife Glenda with the Duke Dog hangs in his office among pictures of Marching Royal Duke band members and framed awards.

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**Marching Royal Dukes**

Performed at NFL games in Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington

1983 **Halftime show for the NFL championship game between the Washington Redskins and the Dallas Cowboys**

Featured performer for Walt Disney Productions

Richmond Christmas Parade

1988 **Featured band at the Bands of America Grand National Championship (repeated in 1991)**

1994 **Selected as recipient of the Sudler Trophy by the John Phillip Sousa Foundation**

1997 **Featured in President Bill Clinton’s inaugural parade**

Toured first European tour and performed at the palace in Monaco for the closing ceremonies of the 700th anniversary of the Grimaldi family

2000 **Performed in Europe for the New Year’s Celebration in Athens, Greece before an audience of more than 500,000**

2001 **Performed for the inauguration of President George W. Bush**

Perform in the 75th Annual Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade in New York City

2003 **Third European tour: Ireland and Heidelberg, Germany**

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Well-known for its recordings, the band’s first album was produced in 1978. In 1983, they began producing a new recording each year. In 1988, they produced their first compact disc. This led them to do featured recordings for Warner Brothers Publications, Columbia Pictures Publications, and C. L. Barnhouse Publications.

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Graphic by Shelby Giles
They RISE
When the

Sun SETS

Story by LEAH LARSON • Photography by PAUL RILEY
It is a little after 3 a.m. and though the lights are off in most Harrisonburg businesses, Panera is aglow. Cherif Ndiaye, the baker for the night, pulls out a rack of trays filled with loaves and bread bowls and places it next to the other racks to cool off. The aroma of pastries and other baked items permeates the room.

The Harrisonburg Rescue Squad station, located next to Sheetz on Reservoir Street, is yet another building that never sleeps. Run by Chief Brandon Peavy, it is considered one of the busiest rescue programs in the state. “It’s not a small town at all,” Peavy says.

The rescue squad, started in 1949, currently has about 90 active members. In the station’s main entrance are two showcases filled mostly with trophies. They’ve won so many competitions that there’s not enough room for their awards, and some have to be thrown away, according to Peavy.

“We usually come in between 7 and 7:30 p.m.,” says Wilda Knight, a member of the Daily News-Record press staff. “We don’t leave until we’re done, which is usually around 3 a.m., but sometimes it’s later.”

The presses are already running at 1 a.m. at the DNR. The press prints about 35,000 papers a night, going through around four sets of paper rolls, each weighing up to 1,000 pounds.

But the DNR doesn’t print just its own newspaper. On Sunday and Wednesday nights, James Madison University’s student newspaper, The Breeze, gets printed there as well. Four weeklies normally get printed on Tuesday nights, and the Hispanic paper New Roots is printed on Wednesdays. Needless to say, the press is almost always running.
Panera Bread

Ndiaye, a native of West Africa, has been working at Panera for three years, coming in at 10 p.m. and baking until 6 a.m. Although sometimes another person helps him, tonight he is alone and constantly on the move, running through several processes at once. Except for the clanging of pans and oven doors, he works silently.

As soon as he separates the dough into different loaves, he places them in the deck oven and then heads over to check on the bagels in the rack oven, where most of the sweeter items are being made.

"In one night, I can make about 2,500 things," he admits. This is no small feat, considering all the different breads — for both the whole loaves and sandwiches — and pastries he has to make so that they're ready for customers the next day.

The Daily News-Record

It is a process that involves about 40 people, including editors, reporters, the people working the pressroom and a distribution team.

The press itself is an enormous machine, loudly working through the night. One almost has to yell in order to be heard above the whir and noise of the press. Once the paper has been assembled, it comes out into the next room on a conveyor belt where the advertising sections are added. Afterward, the papers are separated into different sections, depending on whether they are to be mailed or distributed to other businesses.

While the newspaper is being printed, another important task is being performed upstairs: updating the Web site. Each night, the site has to be changed and updated to reflect the top stories and other features that will appear in the next day's paper.

The DNR, which can run up to about 48 pages, is usually done printing by 4 or 4:30 a.m. Although bad weather could make paper delivery impossible, or should something happen to their printing press, the paper is always printed, even if someone has to go to Staunton to get the job done. Knight, who has been working at the DNR since 1967, attests to this: "There's never been a day we've never gotten the papers printed."

Harrisonburg Rescue Squad

But what makes this squad different from many others is that all of the members are volunteers. Although many of them are students, the squad is also made up of members of the community.

"Some of the reasons I volunteer for the Rescue Squad are for personal satisfaction, and to help out the community," Chief Peavy says. "This is one of the best ways to do it."

A minimum of 30 hours a month is required by each volunteer, but most end up putting in much more. There are bunkrooms on the second floor to allow members to get some rest while on the night shifts.

But as soon as the alarm sounds, everyone is downstairs and ready to go, whether the call is for a brush fire or a car accident. One thing is certain — others in the Harrisonburg community can sleep a little bit easier knowing that the rescue squad is on the job.

Because this organization is run by volunteers, donations are greatly appreciated. They can be made out to the Harrisonburg Rescue Squad and sent to 1700 Reservoir St., Harrisonburg, Va. 22801, or to P.O. Box 1477, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801.
Four Shenandoah Valley women are dedicated to educating the public about the qualities of horsemanship — the skills involved in handling and riding horses. Juggling families, careers, school and running a stable is a 24-hour-a-day commitment, but one they would never abandon. Though they are unique individuals, each shares a common bond — all are entrepreneurs in the equine industry, driven by a passion for horses ...
Starting a business is never an easy task, but for Ann Gardner, Maureen Waldron and Darlene and Brooke Kemper, owning their own farm is a dream come true. Together, the local properties of Oak Manor, Mill Creek and Kemper Knoll provide riding lessons to the Valley community.

Specializing in hunters and jumpers also unites these farms. Traditionally, a hunter is any breed of horse that might be suitable for fox hunting. A jumper is any horse that has the ability to jump a course of large, colorful fences without knocking them over.

Horse owners are a unique breed. Each has his or her own goals and plans for their barn, horses and themselves. Whether they own horses for the purpose of competition or for companionship, there is a rare bond that forms between horse and rider.

**Back in the Saddle**

Ann Gardner, owner of Oak Manor Farms, believes the bond between a horse and its owner is like a disease. “You are born with it,” Gardner says with a laugh. “It doesn’t matter how hard you try to treat it, there is no cure. You might as well just not even try to fight it.”

A devoted mother, loving wife, veterinarian, stable owner, teacher and rider are just some of the roles Gardner plays. Since the age of 5, when she took her first horseback-riding lesson, she knew that horses would always be a large part of her life.

Originally from South Carolina, Gardner grew up showing junior hunters and junior jumpers. Her passion for horses gave her the inspiration to pursue a career in veterinary medicine. “I thought I’d be a veterinarian my whole life, but I grew up in a time when they said women can’t be veterinarians,” Gardner says. Despite the odds, Gardner attended Virginia Tech for veterinary school. It was during her first year that she met her husband to whom she’s been married for 19 years, Dr. David Gardner. Both were graduates of the Virginia-Maryland Regional College of Veterinary Medicine.

Together, she and her husband opened the Maple Lane Veterinary Clinic in Weyers Cave. The 200-acre property is not only where their family resides but also the home of their hay crop business.

For 13 years, Gardner owned the Harrisonburg Animal Hospital, but wanted to have more time to devote to raising her three children. With support from her husband, she sold her practice and decided her 23-year hiatus from riding was over — it was time to get back in the saddle.

In 1998, the Gardners purchased Oak Manor Farms located in Burketown, a “subsidiary” of Weyers Cave. When they purchased Oak Manor, only a few horses were there. “We bought it thinking that I’d have three or four horses and would start riding again,” Gardner says.

The Gardners knew they wanted to turn the farm into a business. The first thing they did was find a trainer. Sarah Irvine was suggested to them by friends. Irvine joined the team and helped the farm start riding lessons. “The first year we had six people from JMU that rode here, and the second year we had 26 and the next year we had 50,” Gardner says.

From dawn till dusk Gardner is on the grounds of the farm helping her staff take care of the horses. Duties range from making sure all the activities are planned to bringing in all the horses for lessons. She also makes sure the riders are on the right horses and the horses are ready for the ring. There are a lot of steps involved in preparing a rider for competition. Gardner teaches her students how to clean, tack, lead and blanket the horses. “I try to teach them horsemanship things,” Gardner says. Whether a rider is taking his or her first lesson or a more experienced rider is preparing for a competition, certain qualities are essential.

“When I ride it’s important to me that I be sensitive to what the horse is doing and that I am a little proactive rather than reactive,” Gardner says. She believes that compassion and sensitivity are the most important qualities a rider should have. “When I watch the kids ride our horses, I want that kind of rider on my horse.”

The farm has turned into a family affair for the Gardners. Ann and Dave, along with their three children, Trevor, Sydney and Tucker, are extremely involved in the activities that take place at Oak Manor.

“We’ve built the businesses that we have together,” Gardner says. “I am really proud about this farm. Our goal is to make it a place where riders of all ages can come and love the horse.”

The 95 acres of pasture that make up Oak Manor Farms are home not only to the Gardners and the 50 horses that reside there, but also to all those who have walked through the old barn doors. “Ann’s dedication to her farm is visible in all that she does,” says Sarah Axelson, a member of the JMU equestrian team. “She not only provides me with a place to ride, but also with a place to call my second home.”

Gardner says, “When I was a little kid growing up, I told my dad one day that when I grew up I was going to have a farm, and my kids were going to go to school in the morning and I was going to spend all day with the horses. We were going to live on a farm with a creek running through it and live happily ever after — and we do.”
A Lifetime Pursuit

A winding dirt road leads to the entrance of Mill Creek Farm, where Maureen Waldron has lived for the past 15 years. A slight breeze blows a “Welcome Friends” flag that hangs from her front porch. Her country-style home overlooks the picturesque Blue Ridge Mountains and the 89 acres of pasture she owns. While her roots are in West Orange, N.J., she is now firmly planted in the soil of the Shenandoah Valley. Since the age of 10, Waldron has had one goal in mind — to one day own her own farm and be surrounded by horses. This is a dream she now lives out every day.

“It’s the only thing I ever wanted to do,” Waldron says.

Waldron rode horses as a child and hoped that one day they would play a larger role in her life. Growing up in a town with four stables gave her the opportunity to learn about these majestic animals. The lessons she learned early in life taught her the basics of horsemanship and of the love and time that one must devote to animals. “When everyone else was having a job somewhere else, I was working at a barn,” Waldron says.

During her college years at James Madison University, Waldron devoted a lot of time to riding and participating in various competitions. While her love for horses grew stronger, she realized they were not her only passion in life — she also enjoyed teaching. It was not just about competition anymore; it was about teaching children the foundations of horsemanship and passing her passion along to them. “My parents couldn’t figure out why in the whole world I would want to do this,” Waldron says. But for her, there was no confusion. She always knew she would one day own and operate a barn.

After graduating college in 1972, Waldron returned to New Jersey where she taught lessons at different barns. During this time she met Debbie Forrest, who is now co-owner of Mill Creek Farm.

Waldron says she always knew she wanted to return to the Shenandoah Valley. In 1989, she and Forrest purchased the land that would become Mill Creek Farm. At the time its purpose was to raise different types of pasture grass for Virginia Tech.
about her job. "It's very rewarding to see the kids do well," she says. The many people who have left her program and continued working with horses are one of the things that makes her most proud.

"Most people get into this because they like horses and because they like the people," Waldron says. "I can't imagine anyone doing it for any other reason."

**Cowgirls**

Portraits of her daughters and her horses line the walls of her country home. A basket full of ribbons sits beneath a window overlooking the 105 acres of pasture land that have been in the family since 1947.

There are not many true working farms left. The Kemper family home, Kemper Knoll Farm, is more than a place to rest a hat at the end of the day. It's a farm that has turned into a family business.

The Kemper family business has evolved into a dynamic mother-daughter duo. Darlene Kemper and her daughter Brooke spend almost all of their time together taking care of their 40 other family members — their horses. "It is definitely a family thing," Brooke says.

But as a child, owning her own farm was not what Darlene imagined she would do with her life. "I wanted to ride horses all my life, but my parents were afraid of them," Darlene says. It wasn't until she moved to the Shenandoah Valley to attend college at JMU that she realized she could follow her dreams of being a member of the equine community.

She started taking lessons at local barns during her sophomore year at JMU. "The more I got into the horse community and the more I got a chance to ride and do things with horses, the more I loved it," Darlene says.

She started taking lessons once a week, but that quickly escalated — as did the beginnings of her own farm. She went from taking lessons to teaching them, which paved the way for the purchase of her first horse, then her second — today she owns 25.

While obtaining a teaching position at JMU, Darlene continued riding and educating herself about horses. "I read every book that you could get your hands on, I watched every horse movie; anything that had to do with horses, I was there," Darlene says.

In 1982, she and her husband moved to his family farm, Kemper Knoll. "When I came, the horses came with me," Darlene says.

Over the years, the Kemper's business has grown by leaps and bounds thanks to referrals from clients and friends. "My business has grown to the point now where if I go to a horse show and take 15 horses and 17 students, I don't have much time to compete myself," Darlene says.

While her competition days have slowed down, the rewards she
receives from teaching her students are endless. “When you see a rider that can get on a horse, and it looks like the horse and rider are one — it is just a beautiful thing to watch,” she says. “It is rewarding to be there, and it’s rewarding to see it.”

Patience and organization are two of the most important qualities a stable owner should have, according to Darlene. “I don’t always think of myself as being patient,” she says. However, “If someone has a genuine desire to learn and a genuine fascination with the horse, I have all the patience in the world.”

According to Brooke Kemper, her mom is a lot more patient than she gives herself credit for. “She is very patient... one of the most patient people I know,” Brooke says. “She is very good with kids and she is very good at getting things done.”

Brooke’s experiences with horses have been very different than her mother’s. She has been riding since the moment she could sit up. For her, with the exception of school, everything is horse-related. Running a farm has become a normal way of life for both Kemper women.

There is more that goes into running a family business than just providing riding lessons to the community. The entire process is a team effort. “You have to find people to help you that care about your horses, that are going to come whether the weather is good or bad,” Darlene says. “It is definitely a team effort.”

Brooke Kemper says she always had the urge to ride, and her mother helped her. With her mom being her only coach and trainer, the two women spend a lot of time together. Not only are they together when they travel to shows, but they constantly support one another. If Darlene is not around, then Brooke teaches lessons. If there are extra chores in the barn to be done, they work together. Both women are motivated to keep the farm a family business.

A great deal of background work is required to keep everything running. The duties include making phone calls, billing clients, lining up appointments with the vet and getting the horses ready for the farrier. “There are a lot of things that people don’t realize we have to do,” Brooke says. But they wouldn’t do it if they didn’t love it. Their horses are like children to them.

With interest in horses growing so much, Darlene decided that there needed to be more opportunities for beginners to learn the basics of horsemanship and have the chance to compete without the pressures of large groups. Thirteen years ago, she started a series called, “The Great Beginnings Show Series.” This local program is intended to give beginners a feel for what it is like to compete. Riders compete in smaller classes that are tailored to their skill level.

The program has become so popular that other local farms have teamed up with Kemper Knoll. Waldron was the first to join the program, extending the series to four shows each year. Another local barn, Hunters Edge, joined and extended the series to six shows a year, and now Gardner has joined the team, making the program a seven-show series beginning in May and running through October.

“Great Beginnings” is a great way for riders to get acclimated to competition and also is helpful for the horses. It gives young horses a chance to get exposed to the traveling and showing without having to start off at a larger competition.

The mother-daughter team of Darlene and Brooke Kemper is made up of two self-motivated women. “When you run your own business, nobody tells you this has to be done at this time,” Darlene says.
Unlike some businesses, there is no such thing as a day off when you run a farm. Any amount of farm work is very labor intensive, and great care needs to be taken when dealing with such large animals. “You have to be willing to cancel your personal plans to do what [the horses] need you to do,” Darlene says.

Brooke says not only are they mother and daughter, they are friends. And at the end of the day what it really comes down to for these four women is a passion and a love for their horses.

This basket of ribbons illustrates the hard work and dedication the women put into their passion for horses.

A Shoe In

by KRISTEN GREEN

The art of shoeing horses has been around for hundreds of years. The trade has changed due to new technology and evolving uses for horses. Farriers, however, still practice the carefully crafted art with skilled hands — learning their trade through ways of old in apprenticeships with the masters.

Shenandoah Valley farriers still work at a level of mastery that was practiced hundreds of years before their time. They perfected a craft that entails understanding all parts of a horse, both inside and out. The ultimate goal of a farrier is to maintain each unique horse’s foot to work at different angles.

Farrier Bill Jackson perfected his craft through study and on-the-job experience. Based in Winchester, Jackson has practiced farriery for almost 14 years, serving four to six clients daily.

When Jackson’s master for his apprenticeship began training “in the late ’60s, early ’70s, you had two or three brands of shoes, maybe one or two brands of nails,” Jackson says. “If you needed anything that was corrective for a horse that had a lameness problem or conformation problem, you pretty much had to make it up yourself — you had to be well-versed in blacksmithing. Nowadays, they make anything and everything. If you need special shoes for a horse, instead of pounding steel you can buy the right size. We have it a lot easier now than they did.”

Roger Robinson based out of Bridgewater/Fort Defiance, has practiced farriery for almost 27 years. “Things are still being done today as they were at the turn of the century when horses were at their peak,” he says.

Robinson realizes he is part of an art much older than himself, and appreciates those who promoted his craft through the years. “I have enjoyed talking to the old-timers about horses in the old days, how they grew up and how they used horses in the olden days...,” he says. “I do enjoy that very much.”

To properly shoe a horse, farriers must consider many aspects, including the horse’s environment, discipline, body composition and the way a horse’s body is composed as a result of its breeding and bone structure. As true artisans, farriers learn to show each horse individualized care. “It’s not a cookie-cutter operation,” Jackson says. “You have to take into account conformation, what the horse does for a living.”

Farrier training is usually done in one of two ways — either an apprenticeship or farrier school. Some farriers choose to complete both. “More than anything, it takes an apprenticeship,” Robinson says. “The best way is to learn under an experienced farrier. There are schools, but they’re only a couple months long — they usually only give an overview of anatomy.”

Jackson says, “I [apprenticed] with a couple of different people because they all have 100 different ways to skin the same cat. If you watch different shoers, you can incorporate something they use and the way they shoe... into the way you shoe certain horses. The more people you can be around who are doing what you want to do, the more you can learn from them.”

With farmland development across the nation, some in the Shenandoah Valley may question whether farriery is in jeopardy. Jackson hopes this isn’t true. “Nowadays, most of your horses are around for pleasure,” he says. “I’ve got customers who their grandfathers used to use horses to clear fields, haul lumber off mountains — they used them as a tool to make their living. Now, about 90 to 95 percent of those who have horses are using them for pleasure. Hopefully, about 100 years from now, people will still be using their horses for pleasure, and about 100 years from now, people will still be around to shoe them.”

KRISTEN GREEN is a junior SMAD and TSC major from Springfield, Va. She has been a senior writer and copy editor at The Breeze for two years and currently is news editor. This summer, she will intern with Scripps Howard, reporting on Capitol Hill.
AGAINT ALL ODDS

2004 JMU alumnus Emily Graham beat the odds of a life-threatening brain injury. This is her story ...

People always ask me what was the first thing I remember after emerging from my coma. What was it like to suddenly wake up and not know where you were? They don’t comprehend that suddenly the light bulb doesn’t go on, your eyes don’t open and you don’t understand. Life isn’t a movie.

Memories come in bits and pieces. Nothing was left whole and nothing was left untouched. It has taken me every moment for the past 5 1/2 years to understand and try to accept what has happened. My life has forever divided itself into pre- and post-accident — two different worlds violently split by a car crash.

The misty blue sky and promising sunshine seem a perfect backdrop for the purple and gold flags imprinted with “James Madison University Graduating Class of 2004.” Blooming flowers and trees signify that spring is finally here. The overload of questions about future plans, along with tears and goodbyes, are reminders that this is the last year we all will be together.

Story by EMILY GRAHAM • Photography courtesy of EMILY GRAHAM
But it also helps me to remember how grateful I am to worry about the future — to have a future to worry about.

"Where has the time gone?" is on the tip of everybody's tongue, or at least in the back of their mind. The excitement reminds me of how I should have been feeling — how everyone else was feeling — five years earlier when I graduated from high school. After all, as a high-school senior, your whole life is in front of you ... or so you think.

But for me, a life that had been sailing smoothly suddenly was blown off course. My whole life is in front of you ... or so you think.

1999 high school graduation elicited tears from my eyes different than from those of my peers. Each step across the stage was a miracle, and each was as tentative and uncertain as were my “first steps” many months earlier.

By Dec. 13, 1998, the browns and oranges of fall had quickly faded into the dry, withered motif so characteristic of winter. On that particular winter morning, a light rainy sleet hung in the air, and on one specific curve — less than a mile from my home — the oil from so many previous accidents was brought to the surface of the icy pavement, making the notorious curve even more dangerous.

Yet in the safety of my best friend’s car we were shielded from the rain and cold as she drove along. We discussed dresses and rumors from our winter semi-formal the night before, and our plans for college. Lifelong best friends, Melanie and I had attended school together since nursery school. The thought of attending different colleges in the fall was scary.

But inside that car, time seemed to freeze as we sang along to Ino’j’s new version of Cyndi Lauper’s “Time after Time.” If you’re lost you can look and you will find me ... Time after time .... Somehow these words silently reassured us that no matter what happened in the next year, we would always be friends. We gloated at the thought of having the pressures of school alleviated with our light course load the following semester and our acceptance letters to the universities of our choice. We drove up the road to my house, anxious to bake Christmas cookies with my family and welcome the holiday season. Silently, we both wondered what the future would really hold ....

The last thing I remember isn’t the night before, it isn’t driving along and it certainly isn’t the crash. A lifetime of memories were shaken — many floating away forever — as the impact of an oncoming car threw my head side-to-side, forward and back. I felt nothing. I remember nothing of the impact. I never will. No airbags cushioned my head. My seatbelt saved my life, preventing me from being flung through the windshield. But in the process of saving me it shattered my pelvis, broke my ribs, which punctured my lungs and made me gasp for every breath.

I was thrown so violently that the L1 vertebra of my back and the C3 vertebra of my neck were fractured. Paramedics had prepared to declare me “dead on the scene.” A passer-by came and held my hand, calling to me to “stay with him,” reassuring me that my mother was on her way. By the grace of God, I stayed.

With my hair still swept up and fastened with silver barrettes and hairspray from the night before, it was hard to fathom the severity of the situation.

The shattered glass and totaled car told the story to the gathering crowd of neighbors. With no visible injuries or blood, I simply looked like “Sleeping Beauty.”

No one else was hurt in the car accident, but the Jaws of Life had to pry me out. A helicopter airlifted me to the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Through hours of several emergency surgeries, none of which I remember, my lacerated spleen was removed. My back and pelvis were put back together with bars and bolts, another bolt was put in my head to alleviate pressure, a filter was placed inside my heart to trap blood clots, tubes forced me to breathe and eat and a catheter removed waste. The doctors gave me less than a 20 percent chance of survival through the night. But I made it through the night ... and then remained in a coma for nearly two weeks.

Family and friends kept a 24-hour vigil at my bedside. The outpouring of support was amazing! Relics from saints were faithfully given to my parents and placed under my pillow. Prayer networks were created literally world-wide through Melanie’s family in Brazil and my grandfather’s friends abroad.

And I slept.

Another close friend began folding cranes after the Japanese legend, Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes. Before long, kids in my high school were making cranes during classes and at home. And soon my room was covered with the vibrant colors of the origami cranes.

And I slept.

The machines beeped and blinked, but still the prognosis was dire. I had suffered a traumatic brain injury (TBI) with a condition called “diffuse axonal injury,” meaning there was extensive tearing of nerve tissues throughout my brain. One neurosurgeon matter-of-factly told my parents, “If she does survive, be prepared to place her in a nursing home for the rest of her life.” I had less than a five percent chance of full recovery, but I had youth on my side. At 17, the brain is still developing — had I been 27, I probably would not have survived.

My eyes fluttered one evening when Melanie was by my side, as she had been almost every day. Technically, I awoke from my coma on Christmas Eve — giving my friends and family the best present imaginable. That afternoon, when my parents were there, I opened my eyes and said in a casual but groggy voice, “Hi Mom.”

Shortly after the New Year, I was transferred by ambulance to a rehabilitation hospital. With an external fixator — two metal poles that were drilled into the bone and stuck out erect from my hips — screwed into my pelvis, I wasn’t allowed to bear weight. Consequently, I was in a wheelchair for months.

My 18th birthday — more than a month
after the accident took place — is the first thing I remember. A dozen friends came to my room throughout the day to celebrate my birthday — and my life — with me. We “partied” with my first bite of “real” food—stir-fry and angel food cake — and had candy cigarettes and non-alcoholic beer. For the rehab center it was a party! It wasn’t the birthday celebration I had imagined months earlier, but then again nothing was the same anymore.

Even then fog clouds my memories, blurring the next few months.

I was utterly and completely helpless, but I was also completely unaware. I had gone from 17 to 75 overnight. Unable to shower or go to the bathroom alone, I learned the true meaning of dependency. Faces and memories flashed through my mind, but only for a second before they were lost. Nurses and doctors and therapists ... pain ... friends’ visits ... pain ... and confusion all blend together. For weeks the days were all one.

I had to relearn how to walk and talk. For a short time, I no longer knew my little brothers’ and sister’s names. My word recollection was broken into minute goals. On good days, I met two goals. I could remember which was the dishwasher and which was the oven, and the purpose of each. There was a goal to each session, and gradually I was able to meet them. I was also able to remember the therapists’ names and what I had done the day before and, maybe, the day before that.

The days dragged on. I would take one step forward and two steps back. With hard work and the help of family and therapists, I tediously recovered cognitive ability and physical therapy, speech and cognitive therapies no longer intermingled. Each task was broken into minute goals. On good days, I met two goals. I could remember which was the dishwasher and which was the oven, and the purpose of each. There was a goal to each session, and gradually I was able to meet them. I was also able to remember the therapists’ names and what I had done the day before and, maybe, the day before that.

The “graduation march” booms out of the speakers surrounding the Quad. The students ahead of me rise to receive their diplomas. The butterflies in my stomach are getting worse. I bite my lip to hold back the tears and to stop it from quivering. I look down at my blue robe and ahead at the purple tassels — and the life — in front of me.

There was a time when no one would have believed I would graduate from college — from a competitive four-year institution. There was a time when I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to, either. Chronologically, I lost a year of my life. Emotionally, cognitively and mentally, I lost much more than that.

The year I spent at home in rehabilitation and attending the local community college part-time was the hardest of my life.

Since I had turned 18, I was required by law to hear all the doctors’ reports. My neuropsychologist, a man I have come to hate, told me, “You have lost too much ... and it isn’t coming back.” I would never be able to fulfill my dreams of finishing my high-school honors classes and attending a competitive college. The emotional trauma of hearing a professional tell you that you have no future is indescribable. “She’ll never be the same,” he explained to my parents, as if I weren’t there.

I wanted more than anything to prove him wrong, and to prove to myself that I could still fulfill my dreams and be the person I was before. I worked that much harder and hurt that much more. But things no longer came easily to me. Simple tasks, such as remembering whether or not I had put shampoo or conditioner in my hair became next to impossible. Everything took longer and was exceedingly harder.

Slowly, though, things began to make sense. The extensive occupational therapy and physical therapy, speech and cognitive therapies no longer intermingled. Each task was broken into minute goals. On good days, I met two goals. I could remember which was the dishwasher and which was the oven, and the purpose of each. There was a goal to each session, and gradually I was able to meet them. I was also able to remember the therapists’ names and what I had done the day before and, maybe, the day before that.

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The question “Why me?” constantly ran through my head as I lamented over what I had lost. Depression is common post-TBI, and I struggled to overcome that as well as a multitude of other issues. Being “left behind” by friends, I angrily asked where I fit in and where I was going. With college admission on hold, I worried and wondered and prayed over whether I would ever be able to leave home.

Through the continuous support of family and therapists, I learned coping strategies. I learned to accept who I had become. And I slowly began to agree with the belief that “everything happens for a reason.”

The accident nearly destroyed the life I had known. But the detour I was forced to take led me to the life of compassion and strength that I know now. As I step onto the stage and reach out to accept my diploma, I know that I have learned more about being alive than many of my peers. I know who I am and who I want to become.

I know that I have learned beyond the walls of the institution from which I am graduating. I have learned how to be empathetic and compassionate working with people with disabilities. I have learned the power of faith and the virtue of courage. I have learned that things do happen for a reason, and that the lessons that can be derived from one’s struggles are endless.

Like everyone else in my graduating class, I have gone through highs and worked through lows. I remember struggling to put simple words together to make coherent sentences and then writing my first college essay. I remember the fear of admitting that learning was hard, and that I would need accommodations. But I also remember the joy of getting my first “A” in college and meeting my goal of graduating in four years despite warnings that it would be too challenging.

I remember the fear of not waking up after reconstructive surgery — eradicating my myriad of scars. But I also remember feeling beautiful when I was voted “Prom Queen.” Most important, I will always remember that “everything happens for a reason” — that with faith, determination and love, miracles do happen.

Among the many cheers at Bridgeport Stadium, words from the past resonate through my head: “You’ve lost too much. It’s not coming back. You’ll never be the same,” countered by, “You can do this, Em!” And I can do this — I can, finally, look to my future with hope and with joie de vivre — counting every day as a treasure, every challenge as another miracle to pursue.
That which does not kill you makes you stronger, a cliche which certainly holds true in Emily Graham’s case. Graham has overcome a tragedy that some predicted would keep her from attending college and having a career. Despite the odds, she received her degree from James Madison University in 2004 and is now making her mark on the world.

Graham has been working in Philadelphia, Pa., since June 2004 for a non-profit organization that helps people with intellectual disabilities. Some doctors believed she would be living in a nursing home right now; instead, she is getting ready to move out on her own.

Graham is now focusing her attention on the future, but admits that it is impossible not to reflect on the past. “I think [what I went through] is something that has become a part of me, so I can’t not think about it,” Graham says. “It’s really shaped the person who I am today.”

When she does think about it, she tries to remember the positive things that came from her experience. “My relationships with family and friends have become stronger,” Graham says. “I try and value everything a little more.”

Writing about her horrific accident and courageous recovery also turned out to be a positive experience. “It gave me an opportunity to reflect on everything,” she says. “My outlook on life had completely changed.”

Despite some lingering side effects, like short-term memory problems and back pains, she is excited about what lies ahead. “In five years, I see myself doing similar work, continuing working with people with disabilities, or going back to school to study speech therapy or public relations,” Graham says.

JMU will always hold a special place in her heart. “All JMU professors were excellent,” Graham says, but Media Arts and Design professor JoAnne Holman sticks out in her mind as being one of the best.

“She encouraged me by expecting the same high caliber of work from me as she did from all of her students,” Graham says about her former professor. “There were times when school was very hard for me, and I can’t tell you how great it was to have such caring and understanding professors like Holman. She was readily available and very accommodating.”

I think [what I went through] is something that has become a part of me, so I can’t not think about it. It’s really shaped the person who I am today.

- Emily Graham

Holman shares similar feelings of respect and admiration for Graham and admits she probably would never have known about the tragic accident had Graham not told her. “I remember the first time she told me she would have to take her exams on the computer,” Holman says. “She came right out and told me [about her accident]. It’s telling that I didn’t know. She acted the same as everyone else; there was no reason to treat her differently. She made it normal.”

Emily Graham’s story is a rare case of somebody who refused to accept what she was told would be her future. She has proven to be a strong, courageous college graduate with what is sure to be a successful career ahead of her. Though memories of her accident will always remain, her eyes are fixed on her future.

Robert Babusci is a junior SMAD major with a focus in print journalism. He is from Leesburg, Va. He hopes to go into sports writing after graduation, and his dream job would be covering the Steelers for a Pittsburgh newspaper.
In Harrisonburg, residents have their share of McDonald’s, Applebee’s and other chains. In the past, people often looked outside of town to add a little culture to their meals. Now, thanks to an array of ethnic restaurants, Harrisonburg has the world on a plate.
TASTE OF THAI

Ponsy Phonelath, the owner of Taste of Thai, opened her first restaurant in Richmond and then moved to Springfield, where she lived as a photographer.

However, she got tired of the traffic and bustle of Northern Virginia, and wanted to move to Harrisonburg. She discussed with her father, who owned the Oriental Food Market (now located behind the restaurant), the idea of starting a business. There was no Thai restaurant in town at the time, and Phonelath could put to use the skills she picked up in Richmond. And so Taste of Thai was born in November of 1999.

Manager Prasert Saesow explains that it used to be much smaller. “It could only seat about 61 or 62 people,” he says. The restaurant underwent refurnishing, which was finished in October 2004. Lack of space is no longer an issue — the restaurant can now accommodate between 170 and 180 patrons.

Tom Phonelath, Ponsy’s husband, is the restaurant’s chef, and the creator of some of its dishes. “We sell a lot of almost everything,” Saesow says. Some of the more popular dishes include pad thai, panang curry, and chicken with cashew nuts, according to Saesow. He also boasts of the broccoli sesame chicken — Tom’s own creation. “The flavor is pretty much authentic,” he adds. “Although we do tone down the spiciness a little bit.” People have developed a taste for it, however, and he says that he now gets more customers coming in and asking for spicier food.

Some of the ingredients they use include rice noodles, crushed nuts and Thai chilies. They also use a tropical fruit called tamarind, which has a sour taste.

Business has been good in the five years since opening. “People come for the quality and variety of our food,” Saesow says. With 71 dishes, plus the chef’s specials adding about 15 more, there are definitely enough selections to satisfy every customer.

BLUE NILE

Engdawork “Work” Arefaine and his wife Hamelmal Shiferaw came to Harrisonburg as refugees from Ethiopia in 1982, sponsored by a small church. They first started a catering business of international food, serving mainly church groups. They also catered for the James Madison University International Festival for four consecutive years — and kept running out of food. “In 2004, we sold everything we had by 4:30,” Work says.

Because of the popularity of their catering business, the couple thought of opening a restaurant. “We’d been planning that for the last five to six years ... we were just waiting for the right time,” Work explains. They began looking for a place two years ago and opened Blue Nile on Dec. 4, 2004.

The restaurant does well with locals and the student crowd, who are not from around here and may want something different. Then there are those who just want to try something new.

Along with the authentic taste come authentic eating habits as well; usually there is no silverware use in this restaurant. Instead, the food is brought on plates lined with injera — which is a crepe-like bread — with food on top. Rolls of injera are brought out with the meal as well, and you eat by breaking off pieces of the injera and using it to scoop up food.

“Once people come have our food, they keep coming back,” Work says. “We don’t fry anything — everything is traditional.” No sugar is added, and everything is well seasoned with a variety of Ethiopian spices.

“A lot of JMU students call us a vegetarian heaven,” he explains. On Wednesdays and Fridays, he and his family follow a tradition where they do not eat any dairy or meat. This is
reflected in their cooking with vegetables, “So you get the spices you’d get with meat.”

The Blue Nile also has a variety of popular dishes. “We don’t sell just one — we have chicken, lamb, seafood and vegetable entrees.”

One thing Work emphasizes that sets them apart from other restaurants is that their chef is also an owner. Hamelmal quit her nursing job to cook, and she takes great pride in what she does.

In all, the Blue Nile is a tasty hands-on experience well worth trying.

BOMBAY COURTYARD

“I came from the Valley,” says Tony Trieu, owner of the Bombay Courtyard. He grew up in Roanoke, but now resides in Harrisonburg with his wife and two young sons.

This Indian restaurant was opened four years ago in 2001. Since then, business has been doing well. “Any new restaurant, people are going to want to try,” Trieu says.

It’s easy for customers to tell that he loves what he does and is proud of the results. “We haven’t changed a thing,” he explains. Everything is authentic. However, he does understand if people are wary of trying his food. “Curry has a bad reputation,” he says. People seem to think that Indian food will be too spicy, but he is quick to calm these fears. “We buy our own ingredients, such as cumin, coriander powder, turmeric, and when we make the curry, chili is the last thing we add, so we control our spiciness.” They use more dairy products, which is custom of northern India. “That way, the spiciness is very subtle, and not overpowering.”

Some of the popular dishes are chicken tikka masala and a spinach appetizer, in which the spinach is pureed with dairy and spices. If a person prefers a milder dish, Trieu recommends the korma, and the vindaloo for something spicer.

Another feature of this restaurant is that the food is cooked in a Tandoori oven, which resembles a roasting spit. This gives the meat a pleasant, woody taste, complementing the spices, according to Trieu.

“There are no preservatives whatsoever,” he says. “When customers leave here, they tell me that they just feel better.”

MACONDO’S

Salsa music meets the ear when one enters Macondo’s. Colorful pictures are hung along the walls, one of which is of La Sagrada Familia, a majestic unfinished cathedral in Barcelona. And suddenly, the claves stop and Bob Marley’s voice quietly fills the room. The different styles reflect the variety of foods found in Macondo’s.

Chef Neri Haianj and his wife Rosa Rivera-Haianj, a JMU chemistry professor who is also the owner, opened this restaurant Dec. 23, 2003. He is from Albania while she is from Puerto Rico — a blend of cultures that is found in their menu as well.

Haianj is proud to say that his food is all authentic. Ingredients include vegetables, especially potatoes, a lot of garlic and white wine. One particular dish, fierce potatoes, is a family recipe made with a special sauce. White wine, sautéed in a pan, is used to cook almost all of his food.

What makes this restaurant unique is that it doesn’t just feature food from one country. “The Caribbean is not just one country; it’s made up of several islands, and they don’t all have the same foods,” Haianj explains. “We take some of the food from each place and put it in a menu.” For example, featured on one menu are a couple of dishes from Argentina, three or four from Puerto Rico, one from Cuba, two from Java and so on.

Some of the popular dishes include jerk chicken and paella, because some people have heard of them but have never gotten a chance to sample these foods. Neri recommends the saffron shrimp pasta.

With so much food from different places, it’s almost impossible to get bored with Macondo’s. Haianj admits that people come back for that very reason. “It makes it exciting for the customers,” he says. More than one trip to this restaurant is required if a person wishes to get a full taste of the Caribbean Islands.

Leah Larson is a senior SMAD and English major, currently residing in Burke, Va. Having been a military brat her whole life, she hopes to continue her travels, starting with London in the fall.

Macondo’s serves a variety of Caribbean dishes from various countries including Argentina, Puerto Rico, Cuba and Java.
Monks at a Valley monastery engage in a Fruitful Endeavor

Imagine a monastery. Ages-old stone buildings, heavy oak doors banded with iron and men in meditation or prayer, all set on a misty hill in Middle Ages Europe, is probably what comes to mind. Now fast forward 500 odd years, replace the stone structures with a turn-of-the-century farmhouse and adjacent buildings reminiscent of a country day school. Add a modern bakery producing fruitcake, give it a Blue Ridge Mountain backdrop and the transition from imagination to reality is complete.

Located on a tree-lined country road that meanders alongside the Shenandoah River, near Winchester, Holy Cross Abbey is one of 12 Cistercian monasteries for men in the United States. Home to 24 men ranging in age from 31 to 86, it was founded on Nov. 18, 1950. Known as “Trappists” after an early French monastery called “La Trappe”, the monks at Holy Cross practice a simple life of community worship, personal prayer, reading and manual work.

Between rising at 3 a.m. every day for prayer during which is called the Night Office of Vigils and retiring at 8 p.m. after a prayer service called the Office of Compline, held in a darkened church, the monks celebrate Mass, sing praise, eat vegetarian meals, perform manual labor and have Vespers.

Cistercian monks are “meant to live by the labor of our work,” says Father Robert Barnes, abbot of the monastery. In his 44 years at Holy Cross, Father Robert, 63, has seen many transformations in the monastery. What began as a working cattle farm changed to a bread bakery and has now evolved into making fruitcake for financial support.

“We do about 630 cakes a bake,” Father Robert says, adding that the monastery bakery has been featured on two Food Channel shows, “Food Finds” and “Roker on the Road.” “We get swamped with orders whenever we’re on TV.”

Ernie Polanskas, general manager in charge of the bakery and sales, says plans call for 26,000 of the cakes — which contain candied fruit, nuts, raisins and dates — to be baked this year. The cakes are handmade — passed from monk to monk as they add ingredients and prepare them for baking. Before coming to the bakery five years ago, Polanskas had visited Holy Cross in the mid-1980s to learn about monastic life. “Things haven’t changed much since then,” he says.

In addition to fruitcake, the monks make fraters, creamed honey and chocolate truffles. Fraters are fruitcake slices dipped in dark chocolate, and creamed honey is natural clover honey whipped with one of six flavors, including brandy, raspberry or cinnamon. The truffles, new this year, are produced at the facilities of a candy shop in Martinsburg, W. Va., called DeFluri’s.

“We have a gift shop where we sell our products and products from other monasteries,” Polanskas says. Fraters, creamed honey and truffles are available through direct mail and can be found at other monasteries and small shops. Fruitcake is available only at Holy Cross’ gift shop and through direct mail. Those interested can visit their Web site, www.monasteryfruitcake.org. Polanskas adds that the monastery is currently working on a more user-friendly Web site.

The monastery is open to visitors from 3:15 a.m. to 8 p.m. Guests can attend services, spend time in prayerful silence or just visit the gift shop. Those looking for a longer stay can reserve a space in the abbey’s guesthouse, a brick ranch with 15 single rooms containing private baths. A sixteenth room is kept for a traveler who may appear at any time or someone in sudden need. The stays, open to both men and women, are from Monday to Friday or Friday to Sunday, include simple meals, and cost only a donation. The monastery hopes for $50 a night, but has no set charge to avoid dissuading anyone.

“It’s not a high-gear thing,” Father Robert says, stressing that it isn’t a scheduled program. Guests are free to do as they please, be it silent meditation, walking the grounds, participating in services or conferring with a brother. It’s a “personal sharing with God,” where guests can “slow down, get quiet, listen to God,” he says. With upwards of 1,000 guests a year, Holy Cross instituted a rule limiting people to no more than two stays a year.

Men who express an interest in monastic life can become a part of the Holy Cross community for an initial three months. Whether or not the man and brothers feel that life at the monastery is the right choice, the individual must return home for one month to decide if monastic life is his calling and to sort their affairs.

“We don’t move too quickly,” says Father James Ortmann, the man who potential monks work with throughout the process of becoming a brother. After a one-year postulancy, or trial period, a man becomes part of the community. He takes his first vows two years later, but doesn’t make his life commitment until three years after that. “All told it’s about a six-year process,” Ortmann says, adding that nowadays most learn about the monastery on the Internet.

It’s a “personal sharing with God,” where guests can “slow down, get quiet, listen to God,” Father Robert says.

Interest in monastic life peaked in the 1950s and ‘60s, when many young men entered religious communities. Today more men show interest in their 40s and 50s. Any single, practicing Catholic male with no dependents or debt and who is in good health is welcome to try out life at Holy Cross. “We help people discern what God wants them to do,” Father Robert says. “The majority of those who come won’t remain in the monastery for life.”

Whether a visitor is just curious about monastic life, wants to shop, schedule a stay or perhaps more, Holy Cross Abbey provides a welcoming and friendly environment. While taking the country road leading to the monastery won’t send visitors back 500 years, it will show where monastic tradition meets the present.

Clockwise from top left: Monks pass fruitcakes down the assembly line; Father James adds candied fruit to the cakes; Father Robert walks to his office from the bakery; bakery manager Ernie Polanskas readsies the fruitcakes for baking.
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