



# Rockland Metro

## "The Buzz"

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*The Old School*  
Fellowship Education

### Good Trouble

by McCabe Coolidge

I want to look like I am one of them. My reddish bronze short sleeve cotton shirt, white Bermuda shorts and expensive blue running shoes. I parked my 2004 Dodge Dakota truck several blocks away on a side street hoping no one would bother it since it looks like a construction vehicle.

So I am standing on the corner of Country Club Drive and Cleburne. There is a six foot high black cast iron fence surrounding this multi-acreage estate and I cannot see any buildings because of the dense foliage.

It's 3:30 pm so I hold up my hand-written 2½ feet by 4 feet sign that in great big print says: "Resign DeJoy Resign." The first car makes a turn at the corner, the window comes down on this tinted windowed vehicle and a nice looking white man sticks his head out the window and yells, "F... you dude!" Window goes up and he zooms off.

Last Sunday several hundred of us gathered in front of the DeJoy family mansion to protest Post Office General's decision to take away some blue boxes, fire high level personnel and put mail in votes in jeopardy. A little research shows that the DeJoys, big time contributors to the Trump campaign, bought this estate, the most costly in the history of home purchases in Greensboro for the sum 5.8 million dollars. DeJoy is the founder of New Breed Logistics. He is a billionaire now.

And we are standing on the corner, on the sidewalks and into streets and as the crowd grows a hundred or so of us are on the fairway and under the pines of the golf course. Several golfers have already come by and yelled at us to get off their property and now one of the security guards drives his golf mobile to get us off "their property." We say there is a 10 foot city easement and we are not moving.

It's Thursday and a second car comes up the hill and I hold my breath and raise my sign high, the car slows and down comes the window, and a woman yells out "right on and raises her fist."

At the end of an hour and fifteen minutes, 68 cars have passed by me. Five f... you's, five signs of support: a honked horn, two waves and a "thank you for showing up," and a construction worker that gives me a fist pump. One golf cart rolls perpendicular to the fairway and comes over as I hold my sign up. A woman jumps off and yells to me, "I can't tell you how much I support you but I cannot say a word." "You already are," I rejoin. She says, "But I work for the country club and they have told all the employees not to say a word!" She jumps back on and scoots off into the distance.

Thirteen walkers come by, giving me lots of space even though I have on a mask. One couple in a speed walk, come up the hill, the man my age yells at me, "He's a good man, he knows what he is doing. He's excellent at logistics."

Three bikes and two mail trucks pass me by as if I am invisible. At least 20 golfers walk by, intent on their game that they seem not to see me, a distraction on their way to a par.

So I roll up my placard and walk on back to my truck, reflecting on the 50 plus years I have been a protestor. One of the first, DuPont Circle during the anti war protest, the police showed up and tear gassed us. My baby girl Robin was in my Kelty backpack. I fell down trying to protect her and then I ran away.

Today I am remembering John Lewis. Good trouble. I am remembering my life long commitment, 'Stand up for what you believe in.' DeJoy will testify before Congress next week and you can find me at the corner of Country Club Drive and Cleburne reminding his neighbors that I am standing for Good Trouble.'

### Down Main Street with Phil Groce All About Union



Not a happy time when Leslie Fillnow, the last manager at Sylvania lightbulb filament factory in Waldoboro, closed for good in 2002. That ended the last large local industrial opportunity for work, mostly for dexterous women, with good pay, retirement, and health insurance--finally, power to many of these older women. Leslie still has contact with some of the former employees, but feels the scar of having to close the place.

On a happier note, it gave her the opportunity to live in the area, and she maintained that tie though she still had years more work for Sylvania, then called Osram, which included a stint in the Czech Republic as manager of a plant. During this time, she was single from a divorce, and her one son attended college in the U.S. She recalls the difficulties dealing with attitudes of employees in the factory only having known communism. She struggled to empower them to think on their feet and innovate when necessary, rather than do only what they are told to do. A year later, she returned to work in the U.S.

After retirement, she and her second husband (also retired from Osram), moved full-time to Maine, choosing to live in Camden. As is so common nowadays, Leslie's son suffered through problems of drug addiction, both when he was using, and when he was trying to go straight. A tragic over-dose ended his troubled life last year—(unrealized) Fentanyl-laced-grass snuffed life from his body, chronically ill with liver and heart failure. The on-going problems with her son and his death catalyzed a direction for service she was raised with. That motivation continued, but now, she and her husband had the time and resources to put into action something they had been thinking about for years.

The result was Earth Rockland, a compact (hot) yoga studio combined with the offering of a juice bar and healthful vegan foods in a tastefully remodeled space in the back of the Thorndike building just next to the parking lot in the back. Bob, Leslie's husband, has been integral in its success with his business acumen, organizational skills, dealing with employees, vendors, banking, and helping at the juice bar. Cheerful college students usually serve customers out front, and Leslie nurtures the yoga studio.

"With Earth Rockland," she says, "I feel a field of infinite possibility. The hot yoga is set at 104 degrees with 40% humidity which is enough of a stress to amplify changes that yoga brings about. The young know about this, but to the old, it is new. It is a way to heal, balance, and thrive, and it begins with the body—hatha yoga. The kids doing the serving have learned a lot about nutrition. I do the recipes." I mentioned that being a chemical engineer puts a novel twist on her recipe creation.

"All natural," she says in reply. "I have done yoga since I was 47, and I underwent a transformation at that time which allowed me to manage myself and my work in a complicated organization. I am seeing all ages benefit from this yoga, no matter infirmity, and I see old people now being able to climb stairs when they couldn't before. No reason that we cannot be very active throughout life."

How does it work? "When you first start, it is all physical. You have to listen to your body—something most people actually do not know how to do. It's a coordinated regime, a physical discipline, but it interrupts the running brain, quiets the mind. That sets the stage, but it takes the challenges of the space to set that stage. All of a sudden, people say that they are sleeping better. That's big. Sleep detoxifies the brain, and pain is reduced, as in fibromyalgia. Gradually, people learn to use their power of will, and they find they can accomplish things on their own. For the first time they see themselves in a positive light. We have mirrors here, and at first, few even want to look in the mirror." How does that relate to addiction?

"Because of guilt, addicts do not like themselves. I know about treating addicts, and they are not easy. They are ashamed of themselves, and our society says that they have character defects. That's an outrage. Many people are raised in dysfunction, and that's all they know. The process in our studio breaks patterns, and with yoga, brings a person to the present. It is at the present that true growth occurs. We do circulate the air, add UV light, fresh air, and minimize any mold or mildew."

A different approach compared to psychiatry, I said. "We all have patterns," she replies, "some worse than others. I promised myself that I would pass on what I have learned to help others. I teach meditation, which can be done once the mind is quieted. Before Covid, we had four other teachers, too. But they now mostly stay home. There are all sorts of tips, like learning to breathe through your nose--much healthier with filtered air through the nose; conquering indigestion by chewing food at least 25 times and getting more nutrition from the food, enabling digestion; and always keeping hydrated. Simple, but important things that go along with being more comfortable, happier, and knowing and loving yourself— 'I am happy. I am safe. I am healthy.'"

What, actually, is yoga? "Yoga means union. I had an older lady say to me that yoga was against her religion. It has nothing to do with religion. Yoga brings you to the moment. That is union. It's been around for centuries. I have found that if you do it 3 times a week for a total of 21 times, a person 'gets it.' All of a sudden, the consumption motive seen so much in our society is gone. They find that they can help others and know love. When you love deeply, you hurt deeply. But that is life—fully.

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# CAN THE PLAGUE SAVE AMERICA?

by Joe Steinberger

One way the plague can save America is by showing us, again, that we work best when we work together. We can work together by rising above the orthodox politics and sharing our experience and our ideas.

The pandemic is in part caused by ignorance and unthinking behavior. Bi-polar

foolishness is unhealthy.

On one side is an authoritarian command mission, and on the other a denial of reality. The pandemic is real. If it is not as bad as the Bubonic Plague, God be thanked. It is still giving us an opportunity to show our stuff, to show what we people can do when we get together.

Neither of our bi-polar orthodoxies is solving our problem. California and New York have been disaster areas, under the leadership of Democrats. Deep-south Republican states have been disasters too.

Indeed, one of the lessons of the pandemic has been the clear negative effect of extreme income and social class inequalities. Here in Maine, the infection rate has been more than ten times higher for blacks than for whites. If you want your ship to be safe, you don't want explosive mixtures anywhere onboard. Our rich friends may be able to retreat to their grand estates, but they would be much safer if we all were safe.

Our friend Glen, whose cartoons often adorn these pages, emailed me some online evidence that dose of exposure is important and that breathing-in-less-coronavirus-means-you-get-less-sick. Glen wrote:

"More related to the non binary value of wearing a mask...i.e protection in degree of severity if CV is contracted. Not just the value of the source wearing one but the target as well. If more people understood this it might make more sense to them. "Wear a mask so you don't kill old people" doesn't have much traction. Wear one so you have an illness like mild flu vs going on a ventilator, that might have more of an impact as a message. Selfish? you bet!"

Well put Glen. Selfish is a good thing, in moderation. Our first impulse must be to save ourselves. Put on your oxygen mask first, then your child's.

The key is to look for win-win possibilities. Human success has always been about social solutions. We are not king of the jungle because we have big teeth, we are the dominant species because we put our heads together. And, of course, because we are smart.

So let's be smart.



Fish Pier, Rockland, Maine, USA

## COVID-19 RANDOM NOTES WHILE SHELTERING IN PLACE

by Phyllis Merriam

All summer the Sweet Pea vines have entwined their tendrils around a wooden support. But the pale blue flowers are now spent. Their blossoms have turned into edible peapods I may add to a salad. Oops! Just googled and pea pods are inedible. (But the pods can be used to propagate next season's flowers. Glad I checked...)

A schooner is on the ways at the Mechanic Street shipyard for repairs. If I block out electrical lines, I could be in the 19th Century. A few years ago, I was given the gift of a weekend cruise on the schooner Nathaniel Bowditch, an 82 ft. two-masted schooner built in 1922 as a private yacht. It was a great experience sailing on Penobscot Bay but so cold that June I had to wear every bit of clothing I brought. Several of us huddled around the galley wood stove to keep warm. The food was tasty and plentiful. The only hitch was a group of passengers, three sheets to the wind, who boarded around midnight, before we set sail the next morning, and only toned it down after some hours and didn't make an appearance at breakfast. Sadly, US Marshalls seized the Bowditch in a 2014 Admiralty court foreclosure order. She went up for auction in 2015 and I don't know her fate since then.

The South End sellouts have begun. A trailer is on offer for a quarter of a million and a tear-down/re-build is almost \$900,000. Many vacant lots have been snapped up. Every South Enders waits anxiously for property tax bills to arrive any day now.

I wonder, does such a thing as feline dental insurance exist? Our 18 year-old tuxedo cat, BigBoi, needs his teeth cleaned and probably some extractions after his course of two antibiotics has finished. By the time his dental care is complete, I could buy a high-end bicycle. But he's a lovely cat and worth it. If you make a commitment to a pet, it should be for life. Our two previous cats, Harry and Flora, lived to be 21 and 23 years old. And BigBoi's girlfriend, sixteen year-old Girl Cat, had to be euthanized last January so she wouldn't suffer more from cancer. He's been clingy ever since.

The almost full moon rises like a giant golden coin over The Head of the Bay. I can read by its light. Long shadows are cast in the street by the moon's illumination.

Taking short car trips around the area are confining. Most public bathrooms are no longer available during the pandemic. Portable toilets are few and far between. Those that were available pre-covid are mostly not accessible for the handicapped.

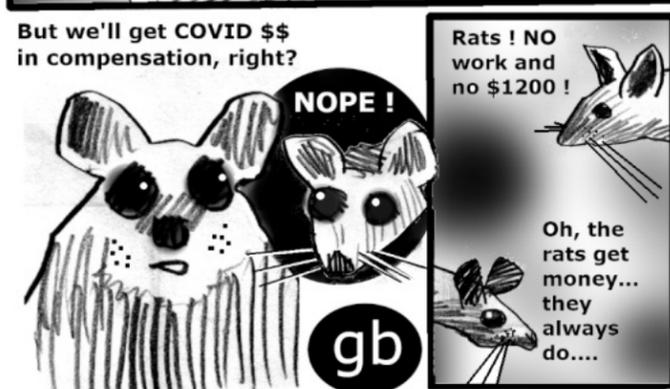
The Americans with Disabilities Act requires access in public places for persons with disabilities, such as those who are physically handicapped, like my husband.

I plan to do an informal, unscientific survey of ADA compliant facilities.

The fall bird migration is underway. The other day I saw a large massing of Canada Geese flying over the harbor in two raggedy V formations.



## Overheard at Jackson Lab



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*The Buzz* is composed and printed by the Fellows of The Old School at the WRFR studios, 20 Gay Street, Rockland. Email: wrfr93.3@gmail.com