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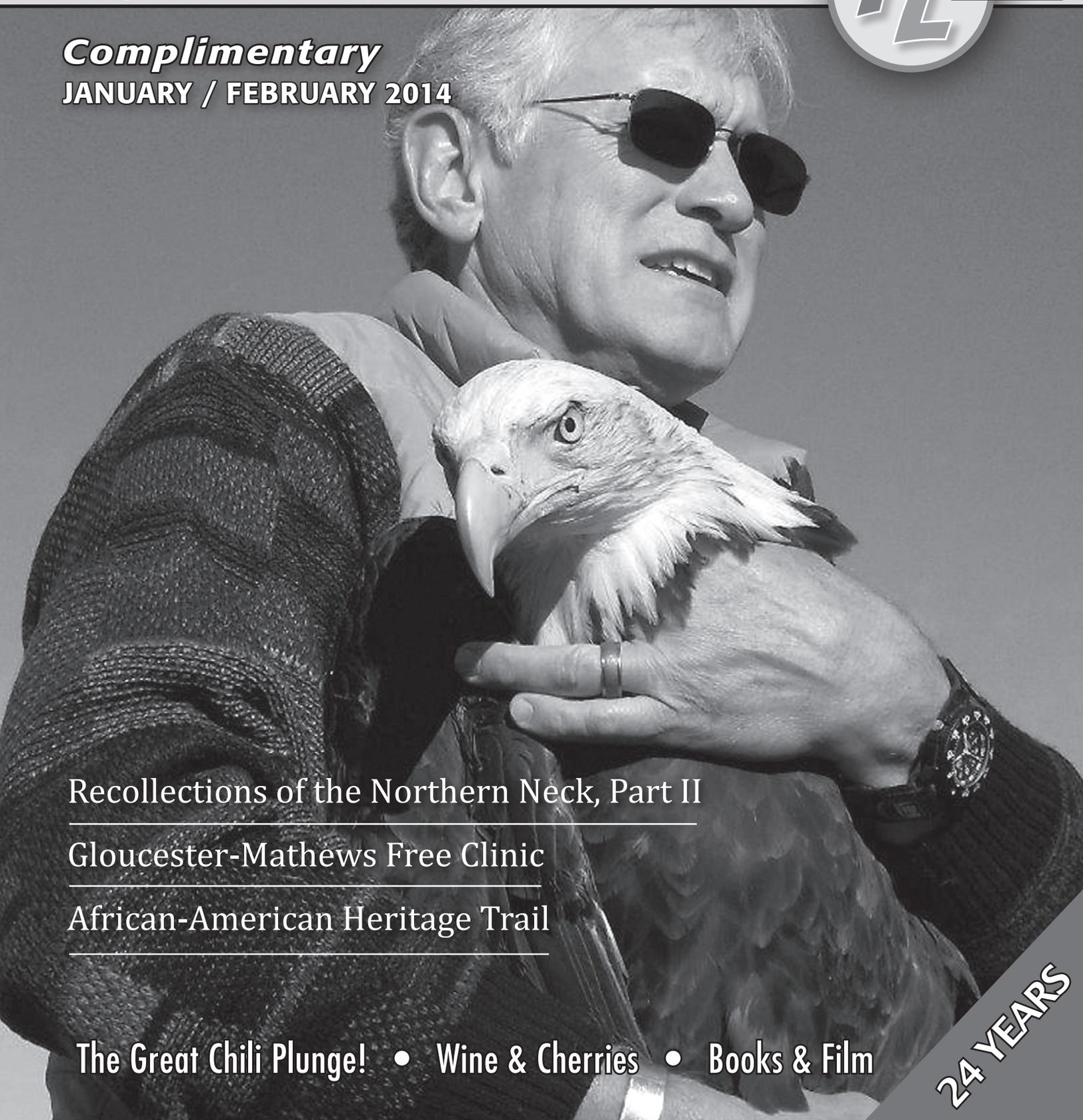
A Magazine for the Chesapeake Bay and River Country



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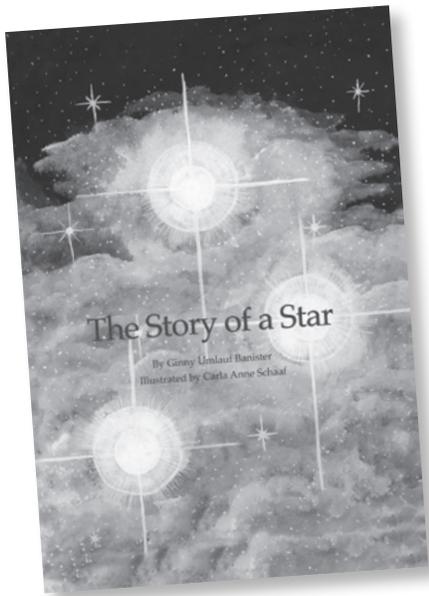
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A Magazine for the Chesapeake Bay and River Country



SINCE 1989

Volume 27, Number 6

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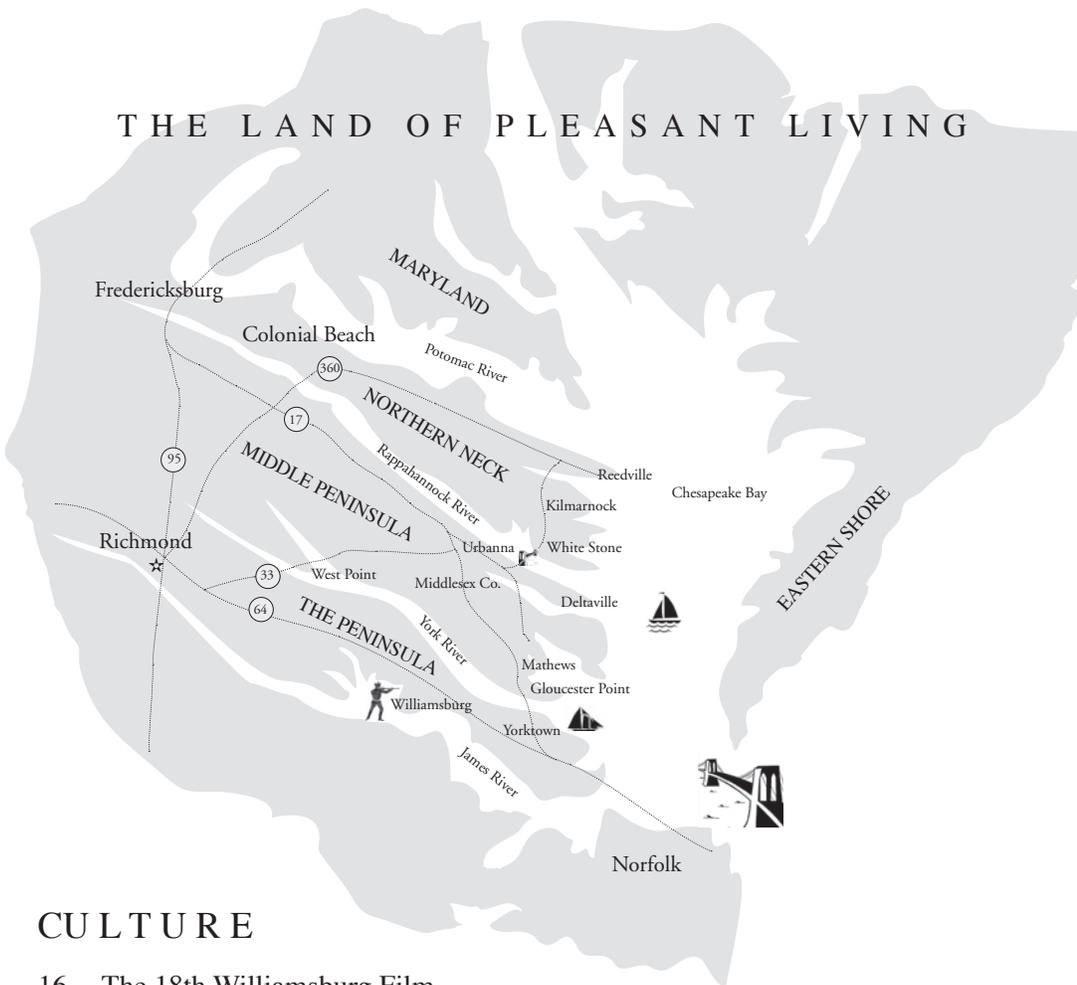
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The Pigeons

When I was about 14, I had a preoccupation with pigeons. There was something about them—their eyes, bobbing heads, the sound they made when taking flight—that fascinated me, and the colors in their wings and breast could be breathtaking. They had such sweet dispositions, even when held, and I loved to be around them. I'm not sure exactly how it began, but I remember finding myself with Johnny Phelan on top of a downtown office building in the dark. That's where the pigeons congregated, and at night, they were often sleeping—perched on ledges, feathers ruffled against the weather, cooing their soft muffled sounds—and this meant they were easier to catch and put in a bag. Looking back, I see the risk we took stumbling around a dark rooftop and climbing on ledges to capture the perfect bird.

On these clandestine adventures, we must have climbed up the two- or three-story buildings four or five times, braving the fire escape or a narrow ladder in the dark after the streets were mostly deserted and we were less apt to run into trouble. Compared to today, being 'downtown' in 1960 was almost as safe as being in your mother's womb, so getting caught by the police was the only potential threat (or falling to our death). Tyler was a town of forty thousand, spread out like many Texas towns. The business district was built around the courthouse on the standard town square, and the local cops often circled the square or parked at the courthouse. We were in the lion's den, ducking into alleyways, trying to avoid being seen, and having an enormously great time.

After capturing one or two with care not to injure, we took them to Johnny's backyard, where he had several sizeable cages to keep his flock of a dozen or more. My mother was particularly skittish about anything on four legs or with feathers, so after a couple of my hamsters got loose in the house and caused quite a stir and made my mother's hair stand on end, she didn't allow hamsters or birds. I had to love them from afar.

Visit almost any city square today and you're certain to find at least a few pigeons perched above you or skittering along a walkway. They're so ordinary and their numbers so great—much like throngs of people on a crowded street and other commonplace things—they're easy to miss or ignore. But stop for just a moment, choose a bird, and really see. You may discover that she's really quite beautiful. *pl*



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PART II

Recollections of the Northern Neck and Other Happenings

Dedicated to my children, grandchildren and their children's children
Life in the Northern Neck near the end of the horse and buggy era

to the rear gate on the truck, and that flew open and the cattle
the road. It was late at night, so we could not do anything that
morning we were able to round up all but one cow. She was
week later over around Warner. I was in a rather bad humor.

The hurricane of August 23, 1933 was the worst storm to hit
hundred years. It washed out all steam boat wharfs on a
and we lost the steam boats for all times. I was living at the
time, and I remember it blew down trees in our yard. Mr. Kie
Remick Hall at the time had a large yacht by the name of
at his wharf on Robinson Creek. The storm tore the boat

By Virgil Headley Gill

Photos by Shelley Gill

[Brackets denote editor Dan Gill's comments for clarity]

See the November/December 2013 edition of PL for previous parts of Recollections,
as well as Dan Gill's profile of his father, Virgil Gill

Events in the Northern Neck

The church in those days was the only social contact with the neighborhood. Before the service the men would gather in the churchyard and talk and the women would go in the church. When it was time to start the service someone would come out and inform the men and they would go in and sit on the left hand side. The women and children sat on the right hand of the preacher. The big event of the year for the children was a picnic held every year usually in August on the church grounds. Each family would bring an ice cream freezer, made up [with ice cream mix prepared] and cakes. Ice was brought from our icehouse and

each man of the family would turn his freezer of cream. The freezers were opened one after the other and we ate all we could hold.

Another big day held maybe twice a year was dinner on the church grounds. It was some special day; the Superintendent of the district was preaching. Every family took food, mostly fried chicken, potato salad, sometimes country ham, all kinds of pickles, maybe some vegetables and all kinds of cakes and pies. Everybody was welcome and the church was always full for those meetings. Another event looked forward to was Santa

THE STEAMBOAT WAS THE WAY IN AND OUT OF THE NORTHERN NECK. WE HAD BOATS GOING TO BALTIMORE TWICE A WEEK FROM OUR LANDINGS AT TIPERS, MILA AND HARDINGS.

Claus coming. He would arrive at the back of the church and come down the isle with a big pack of bagged candy with maybe an orange. Each child's name was called and he went up and got his bag of candy. It was quite a treat as we did not get much candy in those days. Once a year the women of the church would put on an oyster supper, mostly held at Shiloh School in Ball's Neck. They were bountiful meals, oyster stew, fried oysters, pickles, pies and cakes. The cost was fifty cents and you could eat all you wanted. Quite a lot of people could not even afford the fifty cents. The cakes and pies that were left over were sold to the highest bidder, mostly twenty five cents, but this little money they collected took care of the things needed in the church, such as carpets, hymn books etc. So, the life of the community centered around the church. The men had one other gathering that was quite important, and that was court day held every three months at the courthouse in Heathsville. March court was the big one. Men came from all over the county. They traded horses, mules, had races, talked politics and kept up with all the goings-on in the county.

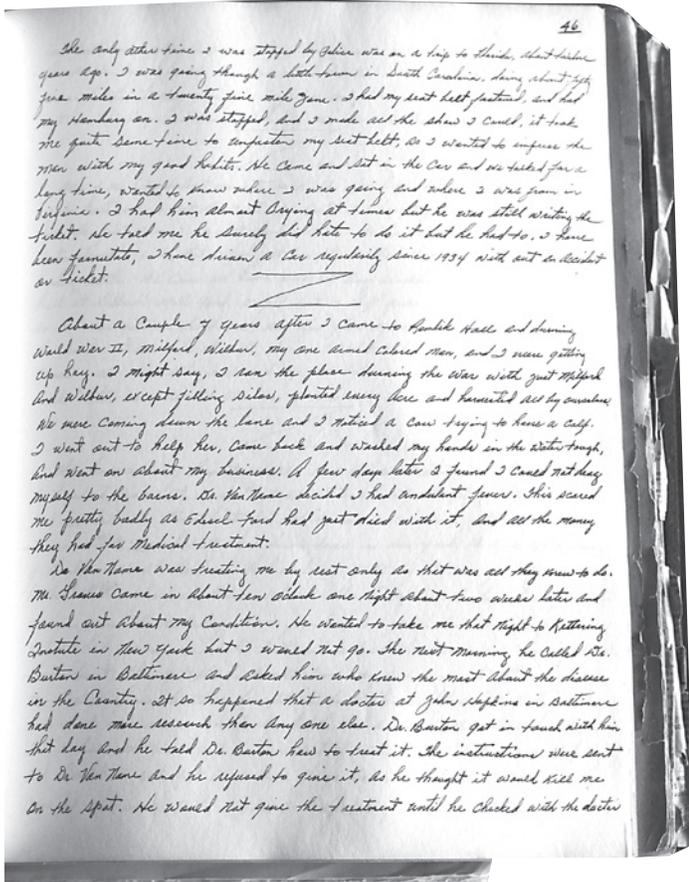
The other big events of the year were the Camp Meetings. Marvin Grove was the Methodist, Kirkland Grove and Wharton Grove the Baptist. Marvin Grove was near Rainswood, Kirkland Grove near Heathsville and Wharton Grove near Weems. When my Grandfather Headley was living he had a cottage at Kirkland, as they were Baptist. The cottage was a couple to three rooms downstairs and two to three rooms upstairs, all rough, unfinished with a porch facing the grounds. There were no kitchens as every one ate at the eating establishment. Water was brought in buckets from a pump behind the building. If there were toilets, I never saw one. Men went in the woods. Kirkland was usually held first, about the first week in August, then Marvin Grove and Wharton Grove. [Camp meetings were held in the height of cicada and katydid season. They made

quite a racket and therefore the author always called cicadas and katydids "Camp-Meeting bugs"] The meetings lasted for ten days and no expense was spared in getting the finest preachers of that religion in the land and the very best singers that could be found. The people who had money moved into their cottages for the ten days. They came from as far as Reedville and up to Montross. That is one reason every body in the Northern Neck knew every body and their background. Services were held every day at two p.m. and at seven p.m. in the tabernacle. This was a large affair, open on all sides with benches and a sawdust floor. The young did not go to services if they could help it, but would promenade around the whole circle looking for the opposite sex. When they met they would stroll around the grounds. Many Northern Neck couples met and were married because of the camp meetings. The older folks would sit on the porch all day when services were not being held and talk and look to see who was moving about that they knew. It was always hot and dry at that time of the year and the dust was terrific. No way to sprinkle the grounds, as now. There would be ten thousand there on Sundays. This was the slack season on the farms, corn was laid by, there were no soybeans in those days and the wheat was thrashed, so there was nothing to do on the farms until fodder pulling in late August and September. When we lived on the farm we would go by carriage for the day. I do not remember how late we were getting home, but it must have been after midnight. Our cottage was sold after Grandfather [Headley's] death, I suppose to settle the estate. I do not remember going to Wharton Grove but once. This was not too highly thought of by the church-goers as it was on the water and the youngsters would spend most of the time in the water. Steamers would come from Baltimore and Norfolk to bring people to the meeting. We left home early in the morning on Sunday and I suppose it took us four or five hours to go to Weems. This was in the days of bad roads and very, very few cars. One car passed us on the Weems road and it must have been awfully rough, as we picked up as we came

along, tire pump, seven or eight wrenches and all kinds of things that had bounced out of the car. We were never able to find the owner so kept the tools. I never could understand why they built two camps in the middle of the woods as the woods cut off all movement of air and it was hot in August. For years we were too poor to go to the meetings. I would want to go so bad. When I was about thirteen or fourteen, I would set out walking from Wicomico and would walk most of the way. Sometimes I would get a ride, but I got there.

As I said earlier, there were no telephones, everyone took the *Northern Neck News*, published weekly at Warsaw, and this was read from cover to cover several times, not to miss anything. We were able to keep up with all the doings and family affairs through the paper. So you see, through the church, court days, camp meetings, visiting and the *Northern Neck News* we knew everyone from one end of the Northern Neck to the other.

Travel was very difficult as the roads were bad. I have seen the rim of the wheels sink in sand and all the hills were steep, as no grading was done. The roads were Indian paths and those cut by the county wound around everybody's place. The steamboat was the way in and out of the Northern Neck. We had boats going to Baltimore twice a week from our landings at Tipers, Mila and Hardings. She was the old *Piankatank* and came from Baltimore to Gwynns Island and worked on up the Bay and her last stop was Mila. She usually left Mila about seven P.M. for Baltimore, and the next morning when you awoke, the boat was tied up to the pier on Pratt Street in front of the McCormick spice company and what a delightful smell. The farmers would bring their produce, barrels of potatoes, apples, peas, coops of fowl, calves, eggs etc. to be sent to merchants in Baltimore, some from as far away as Lara and Miskimon. The boat would bring back all the merchandise sold in the stores and fertilizers. Farmers did not use much fertilizer back in those days. Just think of having to haul all of this produce for about



ten to twelve miles in sandy roads and all of the wharfs were down steep hills and then you had to climb a hill [with a load] to get out of the necks. I remember having to meet the steamer at Tipers at three A.M., cold as blazes, had to hitch up old May to the buggy and drive to Tipers Wharf, a distance of about five miles.

The trip to Baltimore was always the best as you were looking forward to the big city. The food was always outstanding, mostly seafood, cost about seventy-five cents for a dinner. We were so poor after father died we could not afford a stateroom but we would sit up and sleep as best we could in the lounge. The bathrooms were not understood by a little country boy like me, as every body had outdoor toilets. I had to go and understood this room must be the place as so many were going in and out. I went in and searched, and all I could find was a sink. No one came in to ask. After some time I just had to go so I went in the sink. It is told that a person from around Lara went up to Baltimore for the first time. Lara being very back-woosy and called Quinton Oak, no one ever admitted they were from there. He had to go to the bathroom. He found it and pulled down his britches and was sitting on the stool when the toilet flushed automatically. They made an ungodly noise. He jumped up holding his britches, ran out in the salon and announced in excited terms the damn place had blown up. pl

Watch for more segments of Recollections coming in future issues.



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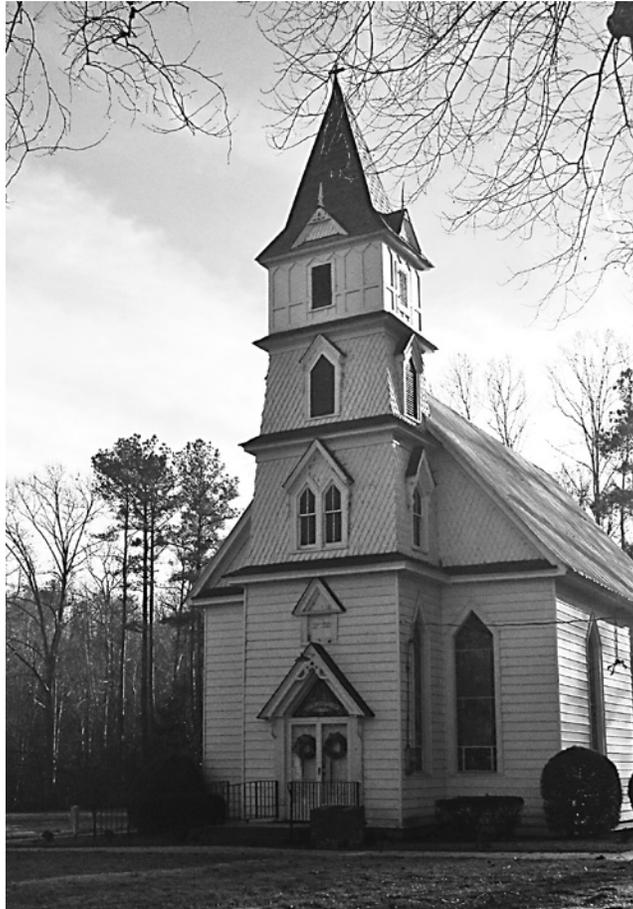
Venerating the Rich History of Gloucester

By Bryant Lampkin

The African American Heritage Trail was created as part of Gloucester County's 350th anniversary in 2001. The trail is a driving tour made up of eight historic locations that bring light to and venerate the African American presence in Gloucester, when it was formed out of York County in 1651. As this tour highlights, from Gloucester's beginnings the county was home to and was frequently visited by many black intellectuals, activists, and artists who worked for civil justice and equality, both locally and nationally.

In fact, just twelve years after Gloucester's establishment in 1663, an event took place in the Poropotank River region known as the Indentured Servant's Plot, believed to be one of the first examples of African Americans fighting against the ruling elite for freedom and against injustice. A historical marker is now erected in honor of the event on a quiet section of Adner Road, right on the Gloucester/King and Queen County line, and it is the oldest stop on the tour. The story goes that a group of indentured servants, both black and white, plotted a revolt against their masters on 13 September 1663. However, their plot never came to pass because another servant, John Berkenhead, informed authorities of the servants' secret plans.

Another important stop is the Thomas Calhoun Walker homeplace, located on Main Street in the Gloucester Courthouse area. The simple Gothic-revival style farmhouse sits back from the main road upon a hill; a classic wind-pump stands just behind. More important than the house is the man who lived there. In front of the house site is a marker that honors T.C. Walker's remarkable career. Born a slave in 1862, Walker went on to become the first black lawyer in Gloucester. He strongly advocated civil rights on both local and national levels, even serving for a time on President F. D. Roosevelt's Works Projects as a consultant



Zion Poplars Church

and advisor on Negro Affairs in the 1930s, a time when African Americans were being repressed throughout the South because of Jim Crow laws.

Those familiar with the Gloucester/Middle Peninsula region probably know his name as being associated with T.C. Walker Elementary School, which is included as a stop on the trail. Before the present day school, however, the site was home to the Gloucester Training School, the first free black secondary school in Gloucester. The school was established by T.C. Walker and others in 1921 in response to the limited educational opportunities offered to African Americans at the time in the South. Before the Training School was built, black students in Gloucester could only acquire a 7th grade education because of the lack of funding for black schools. The present day brick building dates from the 1950s, and after integration the school housed Gloucester Intermediate and Middle Schools

in the 60s and 70s. In 1986, it was named T.C. Walker Elementary in honor of his courageous efforts.

T.C. Walker also helped establish the Gloucester Agricultural and Industrial School. Located in the Cappahosic region near the York River, the school's former site is another stop on the trail. Founded in 1888, the school quickly became a center for African American education in Gloucester County, Virginia, and beyond. The school trained many successful farmers and teachers, and many students went on to attend Hampton Institute and other universities to pursue a college education. Some of the most famous attendees include the orator Franklin Douglass, the lyricist James Weldon Johnson, and the singer Marian Anderson, whose 1939 performance at the Lincoln Memorial marked a milestone for African American progress.

The Dr. Robert Russa Moton homeplace, also known as the Holy Knoll, is yet another impressive location on the trail. The



Moton Homeplace

grand Greek-revival brick mansion stands boldly on edge of the York River and is also located in Cappahosic near the Agricultural and Industrial School site. Initially, it was built in 1935 as a retirement home for Robert R. Moton after he served over fifty years at both the Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes, two of the leading historically black universities in America. Following Dr. Moton's death, the mansion was turned into a conference center and served as an intellectual and political center for civil rights activists in the 50s and 60s, carrying on Dr. Moton's work in education and civil justice. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was a frequent visitor. It is even thought that under one of the property's 400-year old live oaks he drafted his iconic "I Have a Dream" speech, one of the most important speeches of the Civil Rights Movement.

Also featured on the trail are two churches that have served (and still serve) as important cultural and religious centers for the African American community, and both house some of the oldest black congregations in Gloucester. Zion Poplars Baptist Church, tucked away in a sylvan of polar trees on T.C. Walker Road, is a striking combination of Gothic-revival with American country church vernacular style. The church dates back to 1894. The beautiful interior of the Zion Poplars shows off the craftsmanship of Frank Braxton, an ex-slave who is buried in the church's graveyard. The second church is Bethel Baptist, located in the Sassafras area.

Bethel dates back to the Reconstruction Era when it was founded by an ex-slave named James Lemon, who was given the land by his former master. T.C. Walker is buried in Bethel's nearby cemetery.

Located near the Coleman Bridge area is the former site of the Old Hayes Store Post Office. This stop on the trail is celebrated because of a brave African American woman named Irene Morgan. In July of 1944, Morgan boarded a Greyhound bus at the Old Hayes Store post office. After more people boarded the bus, the driver asked Irene and another black passenger to give up their seats so that the white passengers would have a place to sit. Irene Morgan refused to move. Even when a sheriff came on the bus with a warrant for her arrest she adamantly stood her ground, throwing the warrant out the window when the officer showed it to her, resulting in her arrest. Irene, however, would not go down without a fight. She received help from the NAACP and appealed her case up to the Supreme Court of the United States. Her lawyers were Thurgood Marshall and William Hastie. They argued that it wasn't right for each state to have its own rules for buses that travelled through multiple states and the Court agreed, ruling in Morgan's favor in June 1946. Although this didn't stop the bus companies from making their own Jim Crow laws, it was an event that demonstrated the anger and injustice that black people felt in a racist, segregated society. Irene Morgan's story

would be closely replicated by Rosa Parks in Mississippi eleven years later. *pl*



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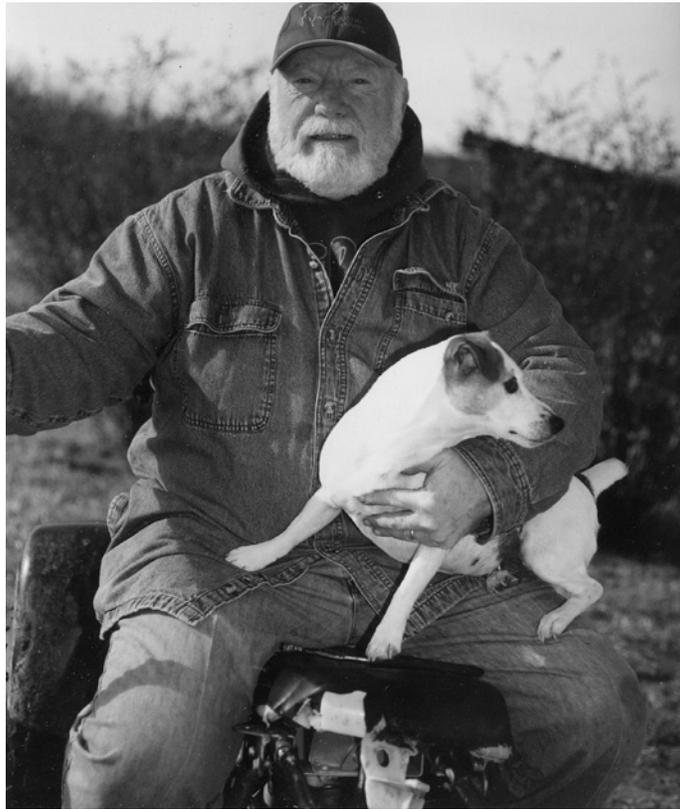
Farewell to Perdy

By Scott Duprey; Photo by Cletus Black

Back in the fall of 1997, I got the great idea that my wife K., son Ian, who was eight at the time, and I should take horseback riding lessons. That ill-fated decision would impact our lives for the next thirteen years.

By the third lesson, K. and Ian dropped out and during my fourth lesson, Charlie, the horse I was riding at a canter, suddenly lowered his left shoulder, threw his ass-end around, and sent me flying about thirty-feet into the air like a rocket headed for a crash landing. I landed on my arm and broke my wrist in three places. I lay writhing in pain for about twenty minutes before I got up and hoofed it back to the barn about a quarter-mile away where Charlie was waiting patiently for me to brush him down. To compensate me for the other two lessons that I would not be taking, the owner of the riding academy offered me a pure bred, six-week-old Jack Russell puppy. Enter Perdy into our lives.

I knew absolutely nothing about Jack Russells back then. I didn't know, for instance, that they were wound tighter than a three-day clock. I didn't know they ate twice their body weight daily, nor that their diet included traditionally non-edible items such as



cardboard, wood, bugs, and cow manure. I didn't know that they could turn a pillow into a mountain of feathers in less than thirty seconds or whittle a chair leg down to a spindle. And, most lamentably, I didn't know at the time that I would not be able to lie in my wife's bed for the next thirteen years. Perdy did.

I know all that now.

Don't get me wrong. Perdy had her good points. She loved to take long walks in the woods. She loved to chase rabbits and squirrels. She loved to climb down ground hog holes, leaving only her hind-end and furiously wagging tail above ground. And pity any ground hog that she caught.

Raccoons, too. One summer when she was about six, I heard a ruckus in the front yard. I looked out the window to see that Purdy had cornered that mischievous, shady character; that masked marauder; that late-night, moon-lit, garbage-grabbin' rogue—the raccoon. Perdy couldn't tolerate a coon.

Later that day, I guess the old boy figured the coast was clear and shimmied back down that tree. What he didn't figure on was Perdy running full-tilt and headed right his way. Perdy was happily nipping

I looked out the window to see that Purdy had cornered that mischievous, shady character; that masked marauder; that late-night, moon-lit, garbage-grabbin' rogue—the raccoon. Perdy couldn't tolerate a coon.

at the coon's heels when it finally turned and latched onto the dog's ear. That's all it took. About the only thing recognizable when she got finished with the coon was its tail. Perdy loved to play, but she was a ferocious fighter.

Perdy started to slow down when she got to be about twelve years old. Still feisty and a lot more moody, she started spending more and more time just lying around. Then, last summer, while I was sitting in the back yard, I heard another ruckus just ten feet behind me. Another raccoon had

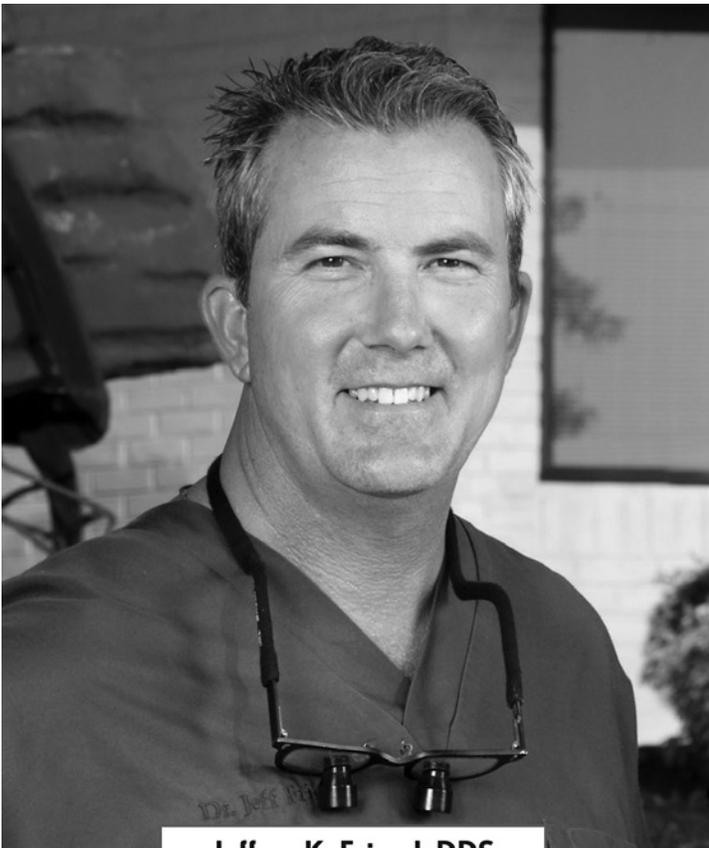
wandered into the yard. This one looked right rough. He was shaking, and unlike his fastidious and dapper reputation, his pelt was all matted and falling out. His small beady-black eyes glared unfocused with no emotion. And he moved at the speed of a sloth.

That sick coon was headed straight for me, but Perdy intercepted and dispatched it quickly. She might have saved my life.

This past fall, ole Perdy got sick. When she quit eating, I knew it was the end. K. and I took her to the vet

in Heathsville. But before we could get her inside, we laid her down in the cool shade of a big oak tree. We sat beside our Jack and petted her as her breathing became shallower. Then she took one big, last sigh and died. We carried her into the vet who told us she died of kidney failure. Needless to say we cried all the way home with our Jack on my wife's lap and buried her not far from one of her favorite places, the barbecue pit.

Thirteen years with Perdy, all part of living the good life. *pl*



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The Great Chili Plunge

By Dan Gill, Ethno-Gastronomist



On the 15th of February the Urbanna Business Association will host a Polar Plunge in the frigid waters of Urbanna Creek, followed by a cook-off to determine who makes the best amateur and professional chili in the Middle Peninsula and Northern Neck. Amateurs will be judged by popular vote and a panel of judges will determine the professional winners. The finale will be a throw-down at *Something Different* between the two pit masters to determine whether people in this neck of the woods prefer authentic Texas-style chili or the ubiquitous Eastern-style with beans.

This all started innocently enough when Mike, the primary pit master and prep maestro at *Something Different*, made his chili for the store. It was good and customers loved it, but it wasn't really *Something Different*. I had developed a signature chili several years before. Mine was based on extensive research and experimentation and was an authentic Texas Red made without beans and with precious few tomatoes. Mike's was similar to what is normally made at home around here and typical of the chili found in truck stops and diners throughout Virginia. Mine had been popular, too, but mostly with people, especially Texans, who understood what real chili should be and where it came from. After considerable bantering and posturing (it's a male thing), I challenged Mike to a throw-down to determine which style of chili people around here prefer. When I told the Urbanna Business Association about our plans they thought it was a great idea and suggested that we host a chili cook-off as well. A committee was appointed and now we have a full-blown event planned, including a polar plunge, entertainment and refreshments!

We decided to hold our cook-off on the 15th of February, the day after Saint Valentine's Day, because chili is a "love food." Spanish priests recognized the sensuality of chili 200 years ago. They called it the "soup of the devil" and warned their parishioners of the dangers of indulgence. Suppression only made it more popular, especially amongst cowboys, ruffians and adventurers of the frontier. Chili is one of the few foods classified as an aphrodisiac that actually has sound scientific and physiological support. First, chili peppers induce sweating, quicken the pulse, enhance blood flow, and make the lips swell and blush—all

subliminal signals of arousal. Capsaicin, the chemical that makes peppers hot, stimulates the release of endorphins, the pleasure hormone. Endorphins are the narcotics of our brain released in response to pain, stress, danger or exertion, resulting in a feeling of euphoria that can actually cause an addiction to risk and spicy cuisine. They interact with opiate receptors in the brain, which reduce our perception of pain and mimic the effects of morphine and codeine. Long distance runners "hit the wall" then run through the pain as endorphins take over. Thrill seekers, daredevils and even some writers behind deadline and on the edge experience and seek an endorphin rush when facing and overcoming intense challenges. Chili peppers have the power to arouse passions, stimulate lust, lower inhibitions and generally make folks feel frisky. Garlic, a defining ingredient of chili, is also implicated in the release of endorphins. Chocolate is a secret ingredient used in many award-winning chili recipes to enhance the depth and richness of the broth. Chocolate also triggers these same hormonal responses, heightening the effects of capsaicin. Amy Reiley wrote on eatsomethingsexy.com, "... chili (pepper) was used as a key ingredient in the fortifying chocolate drink the great ruler Montezuma consumed to make his tongue dance and his pulse quicken in preparation for his daily visit to his beautiful concubines." In the culinary world, chocolate and chili are natural companions and seem to have a synergistic relationship where each enhances the qualities of the other. Add garlic and the combination is greater than the sum of its parts. It is no accident that we use this potent trio in our *Hot Chocolate* ice cream.

It is generally recognized that chili evolved in Texas as a way to make tough critter-meat palatable. Most of the beef available to the poor and working class in the Texas countryside was from thin, tough range cattle and cows that were too old and poor to survive the drive to market. Though it certainly had antecedents in Mesoamerica, Mexicans vehemently disavow any connection with chili as we know it, calling it a Yankee abomination. Even so, there are historical accounts of conquistadors being sacrificed and thrown down the steps of Aztec pyramids to the waiting peasants, who took parts home and made a stew seasoned with spicy peppers. Freshly killed beef (or conquistador) is tough

Chili cook-offs and competitions began in Texas in the 1950s and 60s, therefore Texas precepts and prejudices predominate and define competition chili.

and tasteless. Without refrigeration, it also tends to ripen quickly and has to be cooked, smoked, salted or dried before it spoils. Dental hygiene was a problem on the frontier. One way to make this meat, and other available wild meats, edible was to chop it into small pieces and cook it slowly with lots of chili peppers, garlic, cumin and whatever other herbs were available until it was tender enough to eat, even with bad or no teeth.

Trail cooks on cattle drives had to come up with simple and hearty meals to feed hungry cowboys and adapted the spicy local stew to trail conditions. Some cooks even planted gardens at stopping places along the routes so that they could have fresh chilies and herbs on subsequent drives. The dish became so popular that several Spanish-American women set up stalls in the San Antonio market square and sold their chili. They became known as "Chili Queens" and operated for many years until finally being shut down by the health department in the mid 1930s. At the same time, chili was standard fare in Texas jails because it was popular, cheap and easy to make.

As railroad workers and travelers spread chili culture across the country, it evolved until it got to Cincinnati, where a Macedonian immigrant created a version seasoned with Mediterranean spices and served it several ways: Just in a bowl (one-way), on spaghetti (two-way), with cheese on top (three-way), add onions (four-way) and with beans (five-way). In most of the country outside of Texas, including Virginia, chili is made with ground beef and cooked with beans. We won't discuss what Californians did to chili, but sometimes it involved tofu and broccoli rabe.

There is no question that beans and chili belong together. The question is,

"Should beans be cooked *with* the chili?" It is easier and simpler to cook beans in the same pot, but there are sound practical reasons to keep them separate until served, especially in a restaurant situation: Chili always tastes better the next day, but beans cook at a different rate than meat. After a couple of re-heatings, they tend to get mushy. Also beans do not seem to benefit from being cooked *in* chili. Cooking them together limits your serving options: Many people prefer eating beans along with chili or mixing their own; some like chili without beans or simply don't like beans; and others may want beans as a side for entrées. You also limit what you can do with chili, such as putting it on a hot dog, fries, spaghetti or grits.

Chili cook-offs and competitions began in Texas in the 1950s and 60s, therefore Texas precepts and prejudices predominate and define competition chili. Early Texas chilies were simple and basic: meat, peppers, garlic, cumin, maybe some oregano and other seasonings cooked slowly until the meat is tender and infused with flavor. Texans still passionately debate whether tomatoes or onions belong in real chili. It was typically served with beans and tortillas, but traditional Texas-style chili is never cooked with beans. Beans and other fillers and thickeners, such as cornmeal and flour, are banned at most sanctioned chili competitions. Some cook-offs even prohibit ground beef. There is a song sung at Terlingua, the granddaddy of all chili cook-offs: *If you know beans about chili, you know chili has no beans.* John Thorne wrote in *Simple Cooking*: "... it can only truly be Texas red if it walks the thin line just this side of indigestibility: damning the mouth that eats it and defying the stomach to digest it, the ingredients are hardly willing to lie in the same pot together." Chili should look good, smell

good and taste good. It should be spicy, assertive and flavorful but not necessarily painful. The art is in preparing a chili that is not so much *in your face* hot with raw heat that burns the tongue, but a deep heat farther back that makes your hair sweat.

The Chili Plunge in Urbanna is not a sanctioned event so we can do as we please. We please to conduct a no-holds-barred chili free-for-all. Anything goes, except maybe tofu. It may be red, green or white and may contain beans, turkey, tomatoes, ground beef, chocolate or whatever ingredients you dare to use that are legal. Visit Urbanna.com/chiliplunge for further details, rules and applications and join us for a stimulating experience. *pl*

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A Young Life of Light

A Grandfather Immortalizes his Grandson

By Nikki Madures



Harry Hathaway Warner

Dealing with the passing of a loved one is an ongoing process of grief, coping, and, eventually, the difficult steps to acceptance. Too often, we become caught up in our sense of loss and don't stop to reflect on the beauty of life—but with time comes perspective and a new sense of appreciation for the individual we've lost.

Harry Hathaway Warner, a native of Staunton, Virginia, has created his own way to pay tribute to his grandson, Patrick Gorman. Throughout his life, Patrick dealt with a variety of health crises. He was born with Marfan's Syndrome, a genetic disorder that involves the connective tissues and the body's ability to grow and develop normally, and he had severe respiratory complications. At birth, doctors gave Patrick a fifty-fifty chance of survival.

He persevered. Then at eleven months old, he contracted a virus that left him deaf in both ears.

The various challenges during his first year of life set the tone for the years that followed. When other medical concerns emerged, Patrick showed an incredible will to live. He rose above all adversity and became a young man with a talent for art and a passion for the outdoors. In his seventeen years, Patrick also developed an aptitude to inspire others. In *A Young Life of Light*, a new book published by Belle Isle Books in Richmond, Virginia, Warner immortalizes his grandson's memory and shares his unwavering message of perseverance and optimism.

The inspiration for the book stemmed from Warner's affection for his grandson. "He was my oldest grandchild out of seven. We were very close, and I could see a lot of



Patrick Gorman

myself in him. That closeness was compounded by all of the difficulties he faced in life. I have a great respect for how he faced it all.”

During the difficult grieving process, he realized that his grandson had a special message to share. Writing it down was the next logical step for Warner, who has always turned to writing to help him cope with difficult situations. He admits, “I’ve been a closet writer all my life.” While he has published some of his articles and essays over the years, this is his first book. He credits Patrick with the accomplishment. “I owe him a debt of gratitude. He took my lifelong passion for writing and gave it direction.”

This is merely one example of the motivation and inspiration Patrick provided to others during his life, but despite all of the positive impact he had, he never sought recognition. In truth, Warner admits, “A lot of his impact was news to me. He had a huge impact on people.” His persistence and his positive attitude touched those who knew him. After his death, countless social media postings and a highly

attended candlelight vigil revealed his lasting influence. His classmates contributed to a collage in which each created a piece of art as a memorial to him. This collage appears on the book’s jacket. Although his teen years were difficult socially, the outpouring of support demonstrated that his peers not only accepted him, but also embraced his powerful journey.

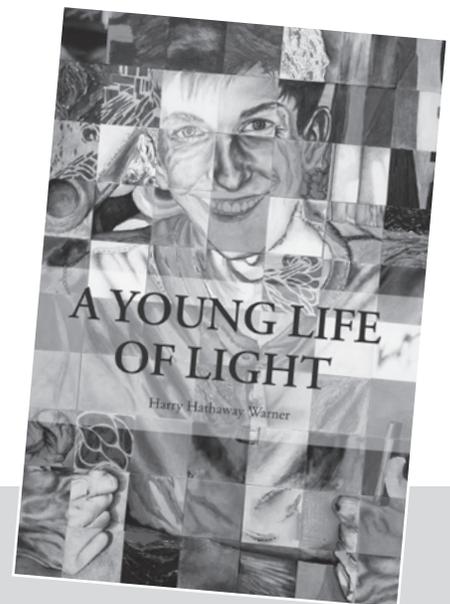
While the book started as a way to perpetuate his memory among family and friends, Warner came to realize that it had the potential for a much larger appeal. The book teaches that everyone has challenges to overcome, and Patrick’s journey is evidence that a person can go far beyond just overcoming an obstacle. With the right attitude and with courage, anyone can excel in life.

Readers have the opportunity to learn from Patrick and to get to know him on a profoundly personal level. Warner shares stories about their camping trips, Patrick’s talent for creating realist art, his underlying spirituality, and his personal philosophy: “Life is astounding, don’t waste it.”

By the end of the book, the reader will feel a sense of loss for a life taken all too soon, but, more importantly, the reader will understand that it’s not about the length of one’s life, it’s about the people one touches. The book is equal parts humbling and uplifting, and it challenges us to improve our perspective and to persevere through any hardship. Warner’s labor of love is both gripping and deeply moving.

When asked how Patrick would feel about the book, Warner says his grandson would be amazed that people find his story appealing.

That is what makes it all the more special. *pl*



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The 18th Williamsburg Film Festival Welcomes Stars from Film and Television

By Nuala Galbari / Photos by David L. Justis



The author with actor/interpreter, Michael J. Lair and author, Greg Overcash.

After the holiday festivities have passed each year, and the first New Year sunshine brightens the weary garden, our thoughts turn to spring, and there is a renewed hope and a seeming burst of energy as we launch plans for the new season.

One of the highlights in our spring calendar, the Williamsburg Film Festival always promises plenty of excitement: a new lineup of stars from film and television, meeting new acquaintances, sharing stories from the past year, listening to music stars perform daily, and enjoying the multitude of excellent wares in the dealers' memorabilia room.

Now in its 18th year, the festival has attracted visitors from national and international destinations, many of whom return to Williamsburg each year to share the fun, meet the actors, directors, screenwriters and others industry professionals, and learn about life in Hollywood's

golden days. The four-day festival is so much fun; patrons immerse themselves in the many offerings, often

staying on site at the hotel for the festival duration, and I can attest to the fact that it is time very well spent.

Each year, the lineup of stars seems to grow, and this March is no exception, with guests that will include Julie Adams, Veronica Carlson, Alex Cord, Robert Fuller, Ron Masak, Lee Meriwether, Larry Storch and Monique Vermont. Special musical guest R. W. Hampton, (a true cowboy and a great musician) is alone worth the visit. Mr. Hampton transports you to the Wild West with his stunning lyrics and his fine musicianship—in music that will genuinely touch your soul. Bobi and Ed Beard and Mike Davanzo also entertain on a daily basis with their upbeat western and classic 50's & 60's rock and roll songs to which the guests can definitely sing along—and even dance—if they desire.

But it's not all western. The Solar Guard Space Academy



Above: The author with actor Burton Gilliam (*Blazing Saddles*).



Above: Musician, Belinda Gail "Western Sweetheart".



The author with actor/interpreter, Michael J. Lair and author, Greg Overcash.

holds its annual reunion alongside the film festival, and you can meet patrons of early science fiction film and television and peruse the memorabilia, video and other collections in the dealers' room.

The festival begins on Wednesday March 5, at the Holiday Inn Patriot Hotel and Convention Center, Williamsburg, with the dealers' memorabilia room opening around noon and activities beginning at 2 p.m. Guests will be able to enjoy a large selection of posters, lobby cards, film stills, comics, video tapes, toys, books, magazines, audio tapes, records, CDs, star autographs, leather goods and many other items. 16mm & DVD movies will run throughout the festival in two viewing rooms from morning until late night.

The stars will arrive on Thursday, March 6, and will present daily interview panels hosted by film historians. Additionally, guests may attend daily autograph and photo sessions with the actors and enjoy nightly entertainment, culminating in the Saturday Night Dinner Program.

Last year, during the dinner program, we had the honor of being seated with Jimmy Hunt (*Invaders from Mars*), Bo Hopkins (*Wild Bunch*), Don Collier (*High Chaparral*) and the deftly entertaining Burton Gilliam (*Blazing Saddles*). I can honestly say that I have never laughed so much in my life during one evening. Not only did the four gentlemen relate remarkable stories of the Hollywood sets (and beyond), and engage us with

many highly amusing tales, we had the opportunity to ask questions about certain films of interest and how some of the horses were trained for special parts. *Blazing Saddles* has always been a favorite among my classic film collection, and Burton Gilliam not only recalled some of the finer details in the filming, but related stories about some of the equine actors who would not act out their parts. It was a challenging task attempting to eat dinner during these uproarious film recollections, and I finally left some of my delicious vegetables untouched on the plate. Mr. Gilliam abruptly silenced the guests seated at our table and commanded in a very stern voice, "Nuala, eat your greens!"

In addition to a highly memorable



The Wild West invades Williamsburg, Festival 2013.

This is a festival not to be missed if you enjoy western film and television, science fiction, meeting the stars, great fun, good food, and making new friends.

evening with the stars, we were delighted to be serenaded by the very talented Belinda Gail and Larry Maurice, both of whom are remarkable songwriters, poets and musicians.

The festival is warm, friendly, relaxed and casual, and guests have many opportunities to sit with and talk to the stars during the four days. It's like a trip to Hollywood, and you become immersed in the fun, film, storytelling and camaraderie. Students of film and theatre can learn much from the interviews and have the opportunity to speak with the actors and other professionals who can share many insights into the industry.

For more information, please call 757-482-2490 or visit the website at www.williamsburgfilmfestival.org.

Accommodations are available at the special rate of \$70.00 (single/double) by calling 800-446-6001; it is advisable to make reservations early. If you require further information, please e-mail: info@williamsburgfilmfestival.org and you will receive a prompt response.

This is a festival not to be missed if you enjoy western film and television, science fiction, meeting the stars, great fun, good food, and making new friends. It's completely family-friendly, and all ages are welcome. You can attend in casual clothing or western dress as you desire. It doesn't do any harm to get lost in Hollywood lore for a few days, and you will leave this convivial festival with great memories and stories of your own to relate to friends and family. *pl*



The author with Jimmy Hunt (Invaders from Mars) and his wife.

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Buckley Moss



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Festival Information

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Guest Stars appear in person
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Some may charge for
autographs

Dealer Room Will close @ 1pm
on Saturday

Dealer info: 757-423-4152
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Gloucester-Mathews Free Clinic

A Center for Regional Care

By Nuala Galbari / Photos by David L. Justis



New Gloucester-Mathews Free Clinic

The tiny building that is currently home to the Gloucester-Mathews Free Clinic in Hayes, has welcomed thousands of uninsured patients since its opening in 1998. Despite the hugely cramped conditions, physicians, nurse-practitioners, nurses, pharmacists and a full spectrum of providers and volunteer staff have taken care of the two counties' citizens who required medical, dental and other health care services, and they have done so with heart.

The clinic's focus is clear: to welcome each patient, understand his or her health care needs, and set them on a path to better health.

Most free clinics in the United States provide services that include prescription medications, physical examinations, health education, urgent and acute care, eye and dental care. The GMFC will soon extend their services to include nutritional education and mental health evaluations, and they will provide laboratory testing and x-rays through arrangements with other providers.

Since its inception, the GMFC's patient population has grown exponentially from 2,105 patient visits to over 10,000 visits in 2012, and the clinic's mandate has changed from accepting only those termed 'the working poor' to patients who cannot work, yet have medical conditions that require ongoing care. Like other free clinics in the United States, the GMFC fills the gaps in health care, providing services that are not readily available to many lower-income patients from other providers.

Comprehensive health care reform will not reduce the need for free clinics because patients from all walks of life will still witness problems accessing primary care and an estimated 23 million people will remain uninsured. How can free clinics help these uninsured patients, and in so doing, support the local economy? Consider for a moment that the average cost of an emergency room visit [for non-emergent care] in Virginia is \$1,400 for care that involves no further tests. Whereas, if a qualified patient visits a free clinic for similar care, the average cost is \$40.

Most of the patients are just like the rest of us: they never thought they would find themselves in a situation where they had no medical insurance.

Along with providing quality primary care, the free clinics offer a network of supportive services that can be arranged through their facility, including specialty care (such as chronic disease cardiac, orthopedic care), dental and mental health services, nutrition, and rehabilitation and case management.

The GMFC has provided neighborhood-based, patient-focused care that has changed the lives of its community members. Physicians, nurses and other medical specialists can often identify a patient's health needs at an early stage, and thereby create community-based solutions that are affordable, while also assisting with transportation to health care sites, when needed. The physicians and staff form good relationships with their patients and through constant care can recognize other needs as they arise. A patient may visit a clinic for a medical issue that may be linked to a previously undiagnosed dental issue, and both needs can be addressed by the clinic, often on site.

David L. Justis, M.D., a long-time volunteer for the GMFC, talks about the rewards of his involvement at the free clinic. "The ability to serve those among the community who are our neighbors is as rewarding to the patients as it is to the provider; their gratitude is more than enough payment for the time we spend in caring for them." He continues, "Often, a patient is someone who stops by the clinic with a question or a problem that may not even be directly related to his or her health; they may seek advice regarding an aging parent or even a concern regarding a relationship. The important

point is that we are here to help people better deal with concerns in their lives. For example, the question, 'How may I help you?' often elicits many unexpected answers. The problem may be psychological, beyond physical, and often involves social issues which require a team approach to resolve or, at least, attempt to ameliorate in part."

There are many within the community who are afraid to ask for help or do not know where to begin. The free clinic is a center for care where people can feel safe, where they can be assured of a kind, understanding approach, and where they can discuss a problem with a member of the professional staff, knowing that it will remain confidential.

There are numerous free clinic patients who were once registered with primary health care providers through their employers; many of them were full-time employees, who were unfortunate to have lost their jobs, their medical insurance and even, in some cases, their homes. Most of the patients are just like the rest of us: they never thought they would find themselves in a situation where they had no medical insurance. Many turned to the free clinics for assistance; they were not seeking handouts, but merely help to re-establish a plan for their health.

In 2010, *Dental Health Magazine* (WorldDental.org) cited a study that had been conducted by the School of Public Health at the University of Illinois, Chicago. Surveys were collected from 764 free clinics located in the U. S. The study found that there are approximately 1,000,000 Americans who make an estimated 3,500,000

dental and medical visits to a free clinic every year. The clinics treated patients eighteen hours each week, on average, and provided prescription medications (86.5%), urgent care (62.3%), physical examinations (81.4%) and management of chronic diseases (73.2%). Yet, the average operating budget of the free clinics was a mere \$287,810. Funding was provided by numerous sources, including corporations, foundations, churches, civic groups, and donations. Almost 60% of the clinics that responded to the study received no government funding. The study concluded, "*The free clinic remains a necessary part of the health care system in this country. Free clinics provide the critically needed dental and medical health care for those people who, for whatever reason, can't otherwise afford it. It is time that our policy makers in Washington recognized that.*"

For uninsured patients who reside in the counties of Gloucester and Mathews, there is a place to turn for health care needs: The Gloucester-Mathews Free Clinic. The clinic is currently the health care safety net for over 2,000 adults, most of whom are employed but have no medical insurance, whose income is at or below 200% of the poverty level (FPL).

The GMFC has served patients well in its tiny Hayes building for many years. Despite the difficult working conditions, the physicians and staff have helped their patients on the road to improved health, and now, with its numbers of uninsured patients climbing, together with the expiration of the current building lease, the need has arisen for a larger, better-equipped



Arleigh Pogue and Charry Hudgins in Medication Assistance Office

Director Ann Quinn, MSW

The clinic has over 300 active volunteers—many of whom are doctors, nurses, pharmacists, dentists and support staff.

facility that can also provide dental exam rooms and additional services.

The GMFC is currently conducting a \$2.5 million Capital Campaign to purchase, renovate and equip an existing building in Gloucester. In 2012, the clinic provided almost \$13 million dollars' worth of medical services to the uninsured patient community, including medical, dental, pharmaceutical and brokered specialty services. The clinic has over 300 active volunteers—many of whom are doctors, nurses, pharmacists, dentists and support staff. For every single dollar donated, the clinic provides over \$13 of services. The personalized care involved is priceless. Lives are saved, pain is reduced, chronic illness is brought under control—and many patients have peace of mind knowing they have a place to go, regardless of their health condition or income.

Serving the community benefits all—patients and caregivers. As Doctor Justis notes, “By volunteering to assist those in need of our individual expertise, we come to realize our own worth. The gratitude of those we serve is its own reward.”

The GMFC will continue to offer its services to patients in the Hayes building until the expanded facility opens in 2014. Presently, they offer

Chronic Care Clinics from Monday through Thursday, 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., and on Friday from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. They continue to provide Tuesday and Thursday night clinics for Acute Care, and on Thursday from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. they provide medical care to Mathews patients at the satellite office in the Mathews Health Department.

In order to offer quality services to the Gloucester and Mathews communities, research indicated that the GMFC needed to double the number of current exam rooms, add three to five dental treatment rooms, increase the size of the pharmacy and add office space for administration. Through the support of the Virginia Rural Development Office, it was deemed necessary to purchase the existing building while also adding additional square footage, equipment and infrastructure. The newer building will allow physicians and staff to care for an increasing number of patients while offering additional services, including

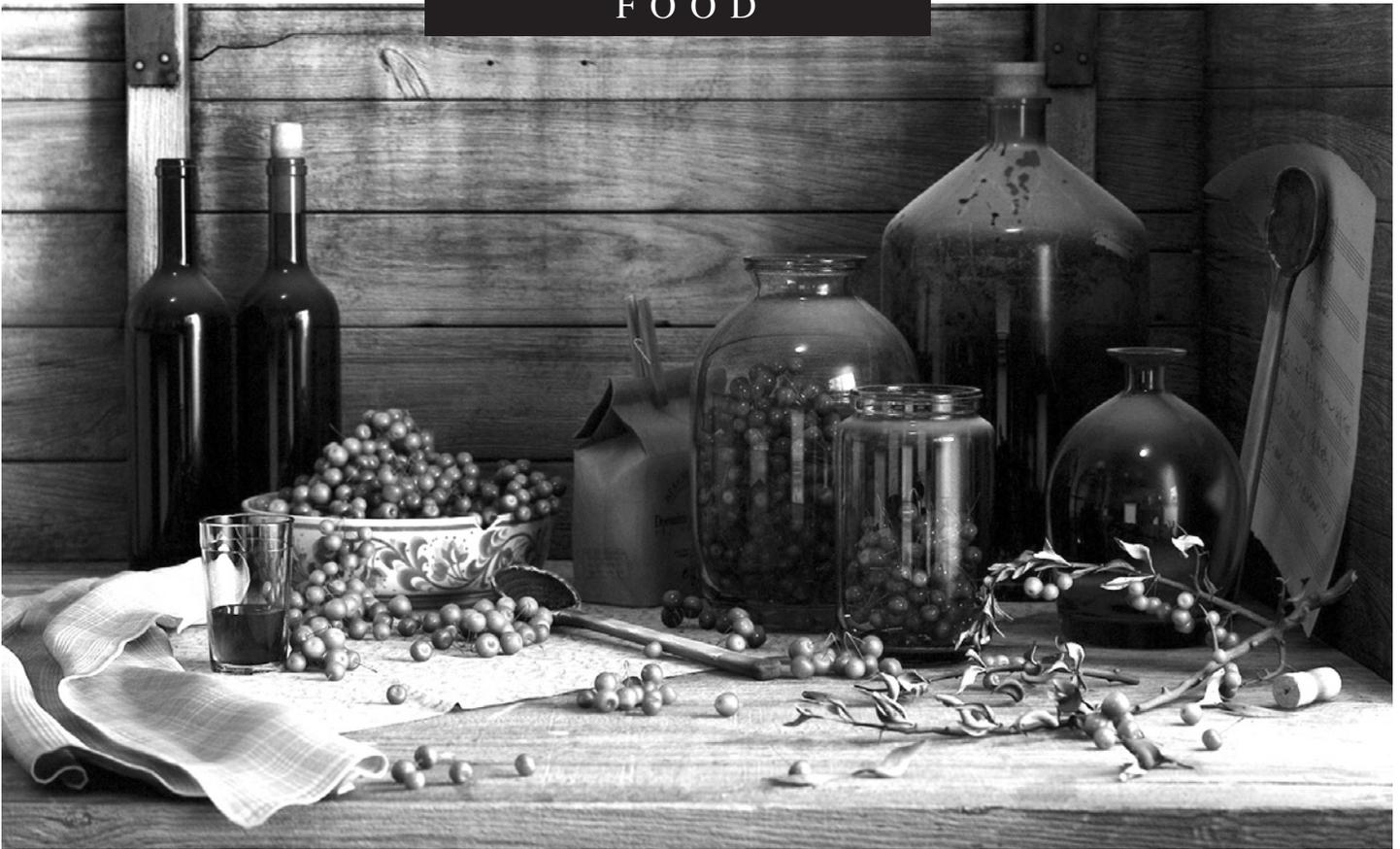
- A nutrition kitchen for patients with specific conditions, such as diabetes
- A rehabilitation room for physical therapy
- Dental rooms (over 50% of patients have dental problems)

- A smoking cessation program
- Focus on patient education
- The addition of a walking trail

The GMFC offers tours for potential supporters who are interested to learn more about how the clinic serves its community. Free clinics will play a vital role during and following the implementation of the Affordable Care Act. Thousands of Virginia citizens will remain uninsured due to lack of qualification for health care, inability to pay the premiums, or their incapacity to navigate the system.

For these reasons and others, the free clinics will be there to provide critical services to all patients who fall through the health care gaps. Policy makers and other safety net providers need to seriously consider the valuable role that free clinics play in the country's overall health care. *pl*

For more information, to take a tour or to make a donation to the Gloucester-Mathews Free Clinic Capital Campaign, please call 804.684.9829. Donations may be mailed to: GMFC, P.O. Box 700, Gloucester, VA 23061.



Wine and Cherries

Raise Your Glasses for President's Day Right Here in the River Country

By Alyssa Pruett

Over the past decade, Virginia has become more and more recognized for its unique and flavorful wines, not to mention the explosion of wineries and vineyards. Moreover, we Virginians are fortunate enough to have a National Treasure right in our backyard—the Chesapeake Bay. Unbeknownst to many, there are nine delectable wineries and vineyards located all along the Chesapeake Bay just awaiting exploration from area residents and travelers alike! *pl*

This President's Day weekend, February 14-17, 2014, the Chesapeake Bay Wine Trail will celebrate with "Wine & Cherries Weekend." Each Chesapeake Bay winery will offer a tasting to specifically pair with a cherry treat, in honor of the holiday. Visit www.chesapeakebaywinetrail.com for the list of participating locations for their hours and offerings. Cheers!

Oak Crest Winery

Oak Crest Winery

Ingleside Vineyards

Belle Mount Vineyards

General's Ridge Vineyard

Vault Field Vineyards

Athena Vineyard & Winery

Jacey Vineyards

Good Luck Cellars

The Dog and Oyster

WILDLIFE, HABITAT AND WINTERTIME THOUGHTS

Story by Steve Scala



The winter months of January and February provide time for reflection on the previous year's outdoor activities, especially when a day of temperate weather invites you outside. This time of year, strolling through one of Virginia's wildlife habitat management areas, a state park, or just a meandering, quiet country Tidewater road can be like night and day when compared to even a month ago. These are the quiet outdoor times, when the woods and waters appear to be at rest even though they are really in active transition. There are a lot of places in Tidewater Virginia where seeing a bald eagle or even a nesting pair taking up together in a high perched nest, is easier than it was just five years ago. In 2008, I was walking our property with a state forester as part of the forest stewardship program, and he pointed out a nearby bald eagle in flight. "Just a few years ago, we would have been cordoning off this area with yellow caution tape and asking you to keep people out of the area, just because we saw a bald eagle. That great bird sure has come a long way," he said. Our national heritage, the bald eagle, has enjoyed a fairly robust recovery as has other wildlife, but those success stories did not take place by natural osmosis or unexplained cyclical phenomena. Like it or not, people and

their habits and environmental influences were part of the problem, and it took our realizing that to make positive change.

Once the DDT equation and its adverse effect on the bald eagle population was determined and resolved, a slow but predictable increase in surviving egg hatches and eaglets spanned almost four decades of progress. In addition to increased sightings of bald eagles, there has definitely also been an uptick in human-to-eagle incidents. Some require our help and response, and that is where The Wildlife Center of Virginia has an important role. When conservation police officers (aka game wardens) or other law enforcement professionals rescue an injured or sick bald eagle, they often contact The Wildlife Center of Virginia and coordinate transport to their facility. Trained medical specialists with experience in diagnosing and treating a variety of wildlife including and especially bald eagles, consider The Wildlife Center of Virginia their work family.

The Wildlife Center of Virginia staff stays busy and may get calls for help 24/7, 365 days a year. On an average year, their facility treats thousands of wildlife animals and birds. This high tech, state of the art care does not come without significant expense. Even if you are not one of those outdoor sojourn walkers who

Time to FLY...



Photo Credit - Wildlife Center of Virginia

come upon an animal in distress, there is another important way you can help facilitate this important wildlife rescue care: by making a donation to The Wildlife Center of Virginia. Donation checks can be mailed to The Wildlife Center of Virginia, P.O. Box 1557, Waynesboro, VA 22980. Additional information can be obtained by calling (540) 942-9453.

The Wildlife Center of Virginia has some interesting websites, which tell you what their mission is all about. Visit <http://wildlifecenter.org/support-center> and also their web camera (*Critter Cam*) site, which shows views of their patients in various stages of recovery. The link that directs you to the "Critter Cam" is on the Wildlife Center of Virginia's homepage at www.wildlifecenter.org



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Soup, Stew and Chili Time

One way to fight cabin fever

By Alyssa Pruett

The doldrums of January bring most people down: holidays are over, decorations get put away, it's too early to think about gardening, and most folks are sick and tired of all the sugary baked goods that come along with the holiday season. One *good* thing about the cold weather ahead is the opportunity to experiment in the kitchen. Soup, stew, and chili recipes come to mind, and here are a few that will warm you from the inside out, and will envelope your kitchen with a homey aroma!

(Recipes found on www.allrecipes.com)

Slow Cooker Creamy Potato Soup

Ingredients

6 slices bacon, cut into ½ inch pieces
 1 onion, finely chopped
 2 (10.5 ounce) cans condensed chicken broth
 2 cups water
 5 large potatoes, diced
 ½ teaspoon salt
 ½ teaspoon dried dill weed
 ½ teaspoon ground white pepper
 ½ cup all-purpose flour
 2 cups half-and-half cream
 1 (12 fluid ounce) can evaporated milk

Directions

Place bacon and onion in a large, deep skillet. Cook over medium-high heat until bacon is evenly brown and onions are soft. Drain off excess grease.

Transfer the bacon and onion to a slow cooker, and stir in chicken broth, water, potatoes, salt, dill weed, and white pepper. Cover, and cook on low 6 to 7 hours, stirring occasionally.

In a small bowl, whisk together the flour and half-and-half. Stir into the soup along with the evaporated milk. Cover, and cook another 30 minutes before serving.

Original recipe makes 6 servings

Simple Turkey Chili

Ingredients

1 ½ teaspoons olive oil	2 tablespoons chili powder
1 pound ground turkey	½ teaspoon paprika
1 onion, chopped	½ teaspoon dried oregano
2 cups water	½ teaspoon ground cayenne pepper
1 (28 ounce) can canned crushed tomatoes	½ teaspoon ground cumin
1 (16 ounce) can canned kidney beans, drained, rinsed, and mashed	½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon garlic, minced	½ teaspoon ground black pepper

Directions

Heat the oil in a large pot over medium heat. Place turkey in the pot, and cook until evenly brown. Stir in onion, and cook until tender.

Pour water into the pot, mix in tomatoes, kidney beans, and garlic. Season chili powder, paprika, oregano, cayenne pepper, cumin, salt, and pepper. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat to low, cover, and simmer 30 minutes.

Original recipe makes 4 servings

Drunken Winter Stew

Ingredients

3 potatoes, peeled and cubed
¼ cup chopped onion
½ medium head cabbage, sliced
1 (15 ounce) can kidney beans, drained and rinsed *(can substitute with carrots and celery)
3 cups water
1 (12 fluid ounce) can beer *(can substitute with semi-sweet white wine)
1 tablespoon prepared Dijon-style mustard
¼ tablespoon garlic powder
Ground black pepper to taste
Salt to taste

Directions:

Bring potatoes, onions, and water to a boil, lower heat to simmer.

Add cabbage and mustard. Slowly add about ½ the beer (it will foam up a bit). Cover loosely. Let simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Add the beans, spices, and more/all of the beer to taste. Remove lid, let simmer another 10 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Add water is necessary. Re-spice if needed before serving.

Original recipe makes 4 servings

READERS WRITE IS BACK!

Welcome to our Readers Write column, another boomerang section of *PL* that was discontinued and is now back with a vengeance! Readers Write is a place where you, our readers, can share your personal stories, poems, essays, perhaps even illustrations in response to special topics that we announce each issue. A heartfelt thanks to those who have bravely shared their inspired thoughts with us in past issues! We hope to see many new contributors in *PL* in the coming year, so we'd love to hear from you!

Our March/April 2014 issue topic: What do you love about spring?

May/June 2014 issue topic: A beloved pet, past or present



No limit on length. Your contribution can be as long as you like! (We reserve the option to edit). Send your submissions to editor@pleasantlivingmagazine.com, or mail to 5 South First Street, Richmond VA 23219. (Kids are welcome participants, too). Your contribution will appear in the pages of *PL* or online, depending on available space in our print edition.

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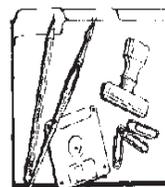
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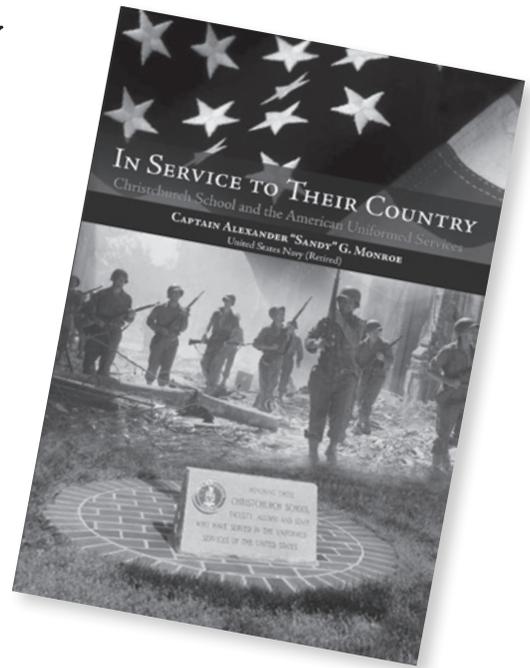
In Service to Their Country

BY CAPTAIN ALEXANDER G. MONROE, USN (RET.)



On a Virginia hillside overlooking the Rappahannock River, at Christchurch School, sits a simple granite monument. It was placed there to honor the school's faculty, staff, and alumni who have served in the American uniformed services. From its early years, and continuing still today, Christchurch has been home to men and women of diligence, accountability, and humble valor, often taking in struggling youths and cultivating in them the virtues and life skills they'll need to make their way in the world. The path many graduates have chosen is one of service to country.

Together with the hillside monument, this book exists in tribute to those members of the Christchurch family who have dedicated years of their lives—often their best years, and sometimes their last—to the protection of the United States of America.



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